

Golden 901

Chapter 901 The Emperor's Tomb

What is this?

Through the glass of the oxygen mask, Zhuang Rui saw a corpse emerge, but it was grayish-white and hard to the touch, it didn't look like a human body at all.

"Gold...gold-lined jade clothes?!"

As Zhuang Rui was pondering this, Professor Meng let out a gasp and lunged at the bronze coffin. If the mercury level hadn't dropped, he would have been soaked. 69HUX.COM

"Quickly, speed up! This ancient corpse is protected by a jade burial suit, so it probably hasn't decayed yet..."

Although Professor Meng's face was obscured by the oxygen mask, his words revealed his intense excitement; he was practically ready to snatch Zhuang Rui and Dr. Ren's ladles and personally clean up the mercury.

Mercury has antiseptic properties, and jade also has a preservation effect. Combining the two, it's no wonder Professor Meng made such a deduction.

Jade burial suits, also known as "jade caskets," were burial garments worn by emperors and high-ranking nobles in the Han Dynasty. They were shaped like human bodies.

Jade burial suits were a symbol of the wearer's status and rank. The jade burial suits of the emperor and some close officials were made with gold thread and were called "gold-threaded jade burial suits". Other nobles used silver or copper thread to make them and were called "silver-threaded jade burial suits" and "copper-threaded jade burial suits".

To date, eighteen Western Han Dynasty tombs in my country have yielded jade burial suits, but only eight of them contain gold-threaded burial suits. The most representative of these is the gold-threaded jade burial suit of Liu Sheng, Prince Jing of Zhongshan, unearthed from Tomb No. 1 in Mancheng, Hebei Province.

According to the research on the relevant stone materials, this jade burial suit was made by stringing together 2,498 jade pieces of varying sizes with more than 1,000 grams of gold thread. It was completed by more than 100 craftsmen over a period of more than two years. The entire jade suit is exquisitely designed and meticulously crafted, making it a rare and precious work of art.

When this jade burial suit was unearthed in 1968, it caused a sensation in the archaeological community at home and abroad. Countless scholars from home and abroad rushed to Hebei to conduct scientific research on this rare treasure.

The fine lines with a faint golden luster can be seen with the naked eye between the jade pieces now exposed inside the coffin. Even a novice like Zhuang Rui, who has never handled a jade burial suit before, can easily tell that this is a jade burial suit!

As the mercury in the coffin was continuously scooped out, more of the corpse dressed in a jade burial suit was revealed to the crowd. At first, only his abdomen was visible, which was bulging high. Now, his chest and feet were also exposed.

"There's something on my head..."

Professor Meng, who had been staring intently at the jade burial suit inside the coffin, suddenly shouted, drawing everyone's attention. The head of the corpse that emerged from the water was gleaming with golden light; it was actually a golden mask.

Unlike the golden mask that Zhuang Rui had obtained before, this mask was not very large, only covering the nose of the corpse. However, the mask was carved with extremely intricate patterns, and the entire mask was densely covered with various patterns.

Professor Meng leaned out and tried to remove it. The rope binding the mask to the jade suit was probably rotten, and he easily took the mask off.

"A national treasure, a national treasure! It's even more exquisite than the gold mask unearthed at Sanxingdui in Hubei..."

Professor Meng seemed to want to take off his gloves and stroke the mask directly, muttering to himself as if he couldn't put it down.

After examining the mask for a while, Professor Meng looked at Zhuang Rui and said, "Zhuang, although this mask isn't as big as the one in your museum, its craftsmanship is much more exquisite..."

"Hehe, that's right, the skills of our ancestors are certainly better than those of the foreign devils..."

Zhuang Rui smiled, but after saying that, he suddenly felt a little awkward. Wasn't what he was doing now disturbing the ancestors?

"Dude, we're doing archaeology, so that we don't get dug up by tomb raiders later..."

Zhuang Rui found a reason in his mind: in fact, national archaeology is also a kind of official piracy. The only difference between it and tomb raiders is that one is used for private profit, while the other is open to the public.

"Xiao Zhuang, Xiao Ren, take all this mercury out immediately. Also, tell them to prepare the necessary tools. We need to transport this jade burial suit to the laboratory in Henan Province. We're worried about problems if it takes too long. If necessary, call in a local helicopter..."

Upon seeing the jade burial suit and gold mask unearthed, Professor Meng immediately made a decision.

To be honest, the opening of the coffin was a bit too hasty, but it was also due to the limitations of the conditions. It was simply impossible to transport such a large and heavy bronze coffin out of the tomb intact.

As soon as Professor Meng said this, everyone got busy. Protecting the jade burial suit and the body inside was the most important thing at the moment. Any unearthed artifacts in the coffin were put aside for now. After all, the things were inside and wouldn't grow legs and run away.

The state apparatus was mobilized with great efficiency. A little over half an hour later, a helicopter landed on the mountaintop and transported the people, along with their bodies, out of the mountains in a jade burial suit that had been carefully placed in a bag full of ice.

Meanwhile, the mercury gas in the tomb had mostly dissipated thanks to the blower, and the group went back down into the tomb to begin taking inventory of the items inside the bronze coffin.

It's worth noting that over ten days have passed since the initial survey and excavation began, and the identity of the tomb's occupant remains unclear. This has left many experts and scholars, including Professor Meng, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

Although many unnamed tombs have been unearthed in China, those tombs were looted by bandits and thieves who took away all the items that could prove one's identity. However, this tomb is very well preserved. If the identity of the tomb's occupant cannot be verified, it would be a laughing stock among those in the industry.

There was originally a layer of mercury inside the bronze coffin that had not been scooped out, but the mercury, which was more than two thousand years old, quickly evaporated after being exposed to air, revealing a thick layer of burial goods inside the coffin.

"Is this a jade grip?"

Wearing gloves, Zhuang Rui pulled out a pair of jade artifacts that were entirely black, olive-shaped, round in the middle and pointed at both ends, with some patterns on them.

"This should be a jade pig..." Zhuang Rui examined it for a long time and recognized the shape of the object. It was a long cylindrical piece with single lines carved on it, a typical Han Dynasty eight-cut technique.

Jade grips are one of the jade funerary objects, and they have always been objects held in the hands of the deceased. The ancients believed that one should not die empty-handed, but should hold wealth and power. Pigs represent wealth, so jade grips in the Han Dynasty were basically shaped like jade pigs.

Professor Meng took the jade object from Zhuang Rui, nodded, and said, "Yes, it's a jade grip, but you definitely won't find the jade plug inside. That thing must be inside the jade burial suit..."

As the cleaning work progressed, artifacts were taken out of the coffin one by one, including gold and silver items, small animal figurines representing auspicious meanings, and most of all, jade artifacts.

Jade pendants, jade ornaments, jade figurines—all sorts of jade artifacts were laid out on the white cloth on the ground. Protected by mercury, these jade artifacts looked as new as if they had been unearthed, without any trace of being excavated.

The most surprising item was a sheathed bronze short sword. The sword was no more than two fingers long, but it was extremely sharp. Zhuang Rui tried it and easily sliced through the dozens of layers of white cloth.

The bronze dagger had just been unearthed when Professor Meng wrapped it in soil from the tomb. According to him, unearthed bronze artifacts undergo a qualitative change when exposed to oxygen, so they need to be wrapped in soil from the tomb and then processed in the laboratory.

Zhuang Rui didn't know if Professor Meng's statement had any scientific basis, but when he found the Dingguang Sword, it seemed to be covered in copper rust and dirt.

"Be careful, this is pottery..."

"Wow, this jade is top-quality mutton fat jade..."

The discovery of each artifact elicited gasps of amazement from those around, including a set of sixteen colorful terracotta figurines, each no bigger than a thumb.

These terracotta figurines likely depict the emperor's imperial chefs, some cutting meat and cooking vegetables, others washing rice and steaming it. There is also a terracotta well with terracotta figures drawing water.

Although these terracotta figurines are extremely small, their facial expressions are depicted with remarkable realism and detail, making them almost like miniature versions of real people.

There were originally some brocade quilts inside the coffin, but when the mercury was scooped out, the brocade quilts were disintegrated and stuck to the inside of the coffin, forming clumps that were difficult to clean.

"What's going on? Are there no seals or imperial seals?"

The cleaning of the coffin was nearing completion, but the jade seal or stamp that everyone had been looking forward to had not yet appeared. Professor Meng, who had been very calm throughout, was now starting to get anxious.

"No, could it be that the tomb's occupant deliberately kept his identity a secret?"

"Impossible. Burial is something done by descendants, who would definitely put their personal seal in the tomb..."

"How can it not be there? Everyone, please look carefully again..."

Professor Meng was not the only one who was anxious; the others were also quite uneasy. If the identity of the owner could not be found inside this coffin, then there would be even less chance of finding any objects in the other side chambers to prove the owner's identity.

While everyone was discussing, Zhuang Rui released the spiritual energy in his eyes and re-examined the inside of the coffin. When he saw the upper right side of the bronze coffin, his gaze stopped.

There was a large piece of decaying brocade, but Zhuang Rui sensed a very strong spiritual energy in the middle of it. Although the object inside was only the size of an infant's fist, it was filled with purple spiritual energy.

"Teacher, I found this thing, it should be the imperial seal, right?"

Zhuang Rui reached out and took the remnants of the brocade in his hand. After peeling off the rotten brocade, a lump of jade appeared in his hand.

The jade is square, with a coiled dragon carved on the top. The dragon's scales are clearly visible, and a dragon pearl is inside its head. The dragon looks very majestic. Below it is a square seal.

Zhuang Rui flipped it over and took a look. There seemed to be quite a few characters on it, but he only recognized one character, "玺" (xi).

Recognizing the character "玺" (xi) is enough; it at least indicates that this is an imperial tomb. In ancient times, the use of seals was clearly hierarchical. After the Qin Dynasty, there was a distinction between "玺" and "印" (yin). The seal used by the emperor was called "玺," while the seal used by his subjects could only be called "印."

According to Han Dynasty records, the emperor possessed six seals: the Emperor's Traveling Seal, the Emperor's Seal, the Emperor's Credential Seal, the Son of Heaven's Traveling Seal, the Son of Heaven's Seal, and the Son of Heaven's Credential Seal. Each of the six seals served a different purpose and was managed by the Director of Imperial Seals.

However, the Imperial Seal of the State is not among these six seals. This seal is used to represent legitimacy. The so-called "Son of Heaven" must possess this seal; otherwise, he can only be a chicken king rather than a true dragon emperor.

The so-called Imperial Seal of the State naturally refers to the famous He Shi Bi jade in history. After Qin conquered Zhao and obtained the He Shi Bi jade, Qin Shi Huang ordered Li Si to inscribe the eight characters "Received the Mandate of Heaven, May it last forever" on the jade. Wang Sunshou, a jade craftsman from Xianyang, meticulously polished and carved the He Shi Bi jade into a seal, and the Imperial Seal of the State was thus completed.

The Imperial Seal of the State passed through the reigns of the Eastern and Western Han, Song, Qi, Liang, and Chen dynasties before finally being acquired by Yang Jian and placed in the Sui Dynasty palace. However, after the fall of the Sui Dynasty, Empress Xiao, along with her grandson Zhengdao, fled to the Northern Turks with the Imperial Seal of the State.

Later, when Li Jing campaigned against the Turks, Empress Xiao returned to the Central Plains and presented the Imperial Seal of the State to Li Shimin. However, at the end of the Tang Dynasty, the world was in chaos and heroes rose up everywhere. The last emperor of the Tang Dynasty, Li Congke, embraced the Imperial Seal of the State, climbed the Xuanwu Tower, and committed suicide by burning himself. The Imperial Seal of the State disappeared from then on.

"The Imperial Seal?!"

Zhuang Rui's words drew everyone's attention to him. More than a dozen hands reached out to Zhuang Rui at the same time, which made Zhuang Rui retreat in fright. If this thing breaks, who will be responsible?

"Give it to me..."

Professor Meng also lost his composure at this moment. After taking the jade seal from Zhuang Rui, he didn't care whether there were any harmful substances on it. He took off his gloves and pressed the seal onto the back of his hand.

As Professor Meng examined the seal characters on the back of his hand, an incredulous expression suddenly appeared on his face, and he stammered, "Liu... Liu Xiu's imperial seal?!"

"Liu Xiu? Wasn't the matter of Liu Xiu's tomb already settled?"

"Yes, how could that be? Liu Xiu's tomb is only a few dozen miles away..."

"Professor Meng, you must be mistaken."

As soon as Professor Meng said this, the tomb chamber erupted in chaos. Over the centuries, Liu Xiu's tomb had been identified as being located on the banks of the Yellow River, and a garden had been built around it. How could another Liu Xiu's tomb appear here?

"It's real, Lao Li, Lao Song, come and look at these words, it can't be fake..."

Professor Meng could hardly believe his eyes, but the few words on the back of his hand that were gradually becoming blurred confirmed that this was Liu Xiu's imperial jade seal.

After handing the jade seal to several colleagues, Professor Meng muttered to himself, "Could that legend be true?"

"Teacher, what legend?"

Zhuang Rui had good hearing, and after hearing Professor Meng's words, he asked a follow-up question.

"Legend has it that Liu Xiu's son was a very rebellious person. If Liu Xiu told him to go east, he would definitely go west. If he told him to chase a dog, he would definitely chase a chicken."

Legend has it that when Liu Xiu was dying, he asked his son to bury him on the banks of the Yellow River, actually wanting his disobedient son to bury him in Mangshan. Now it seems that this legend has some truth to it...

The truth of history can no longer be verified, and Professor Meng can only use these unofficial historical accounts to explain the discovery of Liu Xiu's jade seal.

Chapter 902 Friends

Liu Xiu, though not frequently depicted in television or books, is an extremely important historical figure. Despite being a member of the Han imperial family, he rose to power as a commoner, and is historically considered one of the "two commoner rulers" of the Han dynasty, alongside Liu Bang. He was truly a great and capable ruler.

Liu Xiu fought many battles throughout his life, leaving behind numerous folk tales. However, due to the passage of time, many of these stories are now impossible to verify. If this tomb is indeed Liu Xiu's tomb, then many historical records will be rewritten.

Such an important archaeological discovery could not be determined by a single jade seal alone. After cleaning the coffin, the side chambers were immediately excavated, and a large number of bamboo slips were found in one of them.

The value of these bamboo slips even surpasses that of the gold mask and jade burial suit, because written materials are extremely rare in tombs throughout history, and they have extremely important research value for understanding the social structure and scientific development of that time.

Thanks to proper protection measures, the bamboo slips were not damaged and were transported by helicopter overnight to the relevant department for safekeeping.

The discovery of these bamboo slips brought great joy to the archaeological team. Through the study of the characters on the bamboo slips, they believe they will be able to confirm the identity of the tomb's occupant.

However, just as everyone on the archaeological team was thrilled by this major discovery, Zhuang Rui and Hao Long had quietly left the place where they had worked for several days. After returning to Old Zhang's house, they drove to Beijing overnight.

"Brother Hao, thank you for your hard work. Find me somewhere to eat something, and after you take me back to the manor, go home and check on things..."

When Zhuang Rui got out of the car, it was already bright outside. He glanced out the window and realized that they had already entered the capital city. Seeing Hao Long's bloodshot eyes as he drove, Zhuang Rui felt a little embarrassed.

Not only has Peng Fei gotten married and had children, but Hao Long has also taken a wife. Zhuang Rui wanted to find a new close confidant, but firstly, there weren't many people he could trust, and secondly, he was comfortable using Peng Fei and Hao Long, so he usually had these two with him when he went out.

"Boss, it's okay, staying up all night is nothing..."

Hao Long knew Zhuang Rui wasn't picky about food, so he turned the car around and stopped at a roadside breakfast stall.

When Zhuang Rui first came to Beijing, he really couldn't get used to the taste of douzhi (fermented mung bean juice). However, over time, a bowl of douzhi with two fried dough sticks became Zhuang Rui's favorite. At home, Aunt Li would prepare this breakfast for Zhuang Rui every morning.

This is what they call "different strokes for different folks." In Beijing, many wealthy people enjoy drinking Erguotou (a type of Chinese liquor) in small restaurants; they just really like it.

After breakfast, Hao Long drove Zhuang Rui to the manor and then drove back to the courtyard house. Although Zhuang Rui had reserved an apartment for him in Ouyang Jun's neighborhood, Hao Long felt it was his duty to stay in the courtyard house.

In the early morning of May, Beijing was already starting to get warm. King Kong loved this kind of weather the most; wearing a thick cotton-padded coat in winter made him feel very uncomfortable.

King Kong is currently wearing a huge pair of floral shorts. A while ago, he saw Zhuang Rui wearing sunglasses and secretly ruined three pairs of Ray-Ban sunglasses for Zhuang Rui, costing tens of thousands of yuan in total. Zhuang Rui had no choice but to order a pair of glasses for him, and King Kong is so happy that he wears them on his face every day.

"Ho ho!"

Upon seeing Zhuang Rui enter, Jin Gang eagerly rushed forward, extending both arms to hug Zhuang Rui, and then extending his right arm to shake hands with him, displaying manners comparable to those of a British gentleman.

"Where are my two friends?"

Zhuang Rui patted King Kong's big head. He knew that King Kong could understand him. This big guy was becoming more and more human-like and had now become the most popular member of the family.

Even Zhuang Rui's children are closer to Jin Gang than to their own father. Whenever they come to the manor, they cling to Jin Gang all day long, which makes Zhuang Rui feel very depressed.

"Hoho, Awoo!"

King Kong pounded its chest and led the way for Zhuang Rui. To be honest, it didn't really like those two. They hadn't even played with it since they arrived at the manor, and that pretty boy hadn't even acknowledged its greeting.

Animals' preferences are very straightforward. After King Kong took Zhuang Rui to a lawn near the swimming pool, he went off to play on the electric scooter. The manor's security guards charge it every day, and it's one of King Kong's favorite toys.

"These two brothers are in good spirits, getting up so early this morning?"

Zhuang Rui walked over and woke up Lao Si, who was lying on the lawn with his eyes closed.

"Young...youngest..."

The fourth brother sat up, called out Zhuang Rui's name, and then lowered his head. He knew that he was able to leave the casino unharmed thanks to Zhuang Rui.

After all, more than 100 million is no small amount. Even some so-called large corporations might not be able to turn over such a large sum of cash in a short period of time. The fourth brother knew that this time they had probably emptied Zhuang Rui's coffers.

It's been almost a week since he left the casino. Now, Lao Si has a full beard, his eyes are bloodshot and look like he has conjunctivitis, he's lost a lot of weight, and his mental state is extremely poor.

"Fourth Brother...you..."

Seeing his fourth brother, who used to be so full of vigor and used to pick up girls and joke around with him, now looking so dejected, Zhuang Rui had a lot to say, but he couldn't say it at this moment.

"Youngest, I'm sorry..."

The fourth brother lowered his head, making a sound as soft as a mosquito's buzz. He dared not face Zhuang Rui at all, let alone his family. His phone was already switched off, and his family was probably frantically looking for him.

"Get up! What kind of state are you in?"

Lao Si was a typical Chaoshan native. In all the years of college, Zhuang Rui had never heard him say sorry. Looking at Lao Si's appearance, Zhuang Rui didn't know what to feel, so he pulled him up.

"The person isn't dead, why are you putting on this act? Are you begging for pity?"

Seeing the fourth brother's face, which looked like it hadn't been washed for days, Zhuang Rui's anger flared up. He turned around and shouted, "Jin Gang, take him to take a bath..."

Jin Gang, who was riding his electric scooter and yelling loudly in the distance, immediately jumped off the scooter and ran over after hearing Zhuang Rui's call, picking up Lao Si in one scooter.

"What are you doing, old man? What are you trying to do? Let me go..."

The fourth brother had no idea what King Kong was going to do. Being held by this enormous creature, it was impossible not to be afraid. No matter how much he struggled, he couldn't break free from King Kong's grasp.

"I'm just trying to wake you up. You can come up when you're ready..."

Zhuang Rui ignored the fourth brother and looked at Yang Wei, saying, "Brother Wei, you've had a tough time these past few days..."

"What are you saying? Fourth brother is also my brother..."

Wei Ge shook his head, punched Zhuang Rui, and then turned to watch the show. He had been frustrated by Lao Si these past few days, and seeing Lao Si get his comeuppance made him feel incredibly happy.

After carrying the fourth child to the edge of the swimming pool, King Kong swung his long arms and threw the fourth child in. With a "plop," the water splashed, and King Kong grinned from ear to ear on the shore.

This is a game that King Kong and Zhuang Rui often play in the summer. However, Zhuang Rui is just as strong as him, so he finds it fun. Throwing at Lao Si's thin arms and legs is not a challenge for King Kong at all.

Although he grew up by the sea, being thrown into the water like this still made the fourth brother swallow several mouthfuls of water. In addition, the weather in May was not yet the season for outdoor swimming, and the cold pool water immediately cleared Bi Yuntao's mind.

"Damn it, old man, are you trying to murder me for money?"

The fourth brother hadn't been eating or drinking well for the past few days, and he had no strength in his hands and feet. It took him a lot of effort to climb ashore, where he lay there panting heavily.

"Trying to swindle you? You still have money for me to cheat?"

Zhuang Rui walked over and tossed a bath towel over Lao Si, saying, "Alright, dry yourself off, don't catch a cold..."

"Zhuang Rui, I'm sorry..."

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Bi Yuntao's spirits, which had just lifted slightly, vanished again, and he began to dry his hair with a towel.

"Fourth Brother, don't say sorry. I'm not only helping you, but also helping myself..."

Zhuang Rui's words made the fourth brother suddenly raise his head. He was a little confused as to why Zhuang Rui said he was helping him.

"It's been so many years since graduation. Although I've made a lot of money, I feel like I've lost something. At the very least, the contact between us brothers has decreased, and we don't seem to have the same tacit understanding we had in college..."

Zhuang Rui paused for a moment, then said, "Fourth Brother, while it's possible you were scammed, the main reason you got into this mess is probably because you felt spiritually empty and wanted to use gambling to stimulate yourself, right?"

To be honest, all of us brothers share responsibility. If we had kept in touch more often and known each other's current situation, we would never have let this happen to you..."

Zhuang Rui's words silenced Wei Ge, who was standing to the side. It was indeed true. After graduation, everyone had their own path to follow, and they settled down to their own lives with their wives, children, and warm beds. Their contact with each other had indeed decreased significantly, and their feelings had gradually faded.

If something like this happens to Lao Si five years from now, Wei Ge honestly asks himself if he really can still find people to help him like he does now.

"Money can be earned back, but family and friends are a lifetime's wealth. Fourth Brother, stop saying sorry. The first person you're sorry to is yourself..."

Zhuang Rui spoke with great emotion, his eyes already misting over. The fourth brother lowered his head and began to sob. Wei Ge also quietly wiped away his tears.

Only King Kong didn't know why these people suddenly became sad. Feeling uncomfortable staying there, he quietly slipped back to get his electric scooter.

"Alright, Fourth Brother, let's talk about this. We can't just suffer such a huge loss for no reason..."

Once the fourth brother calmed down a bit, Zhuang Rui pulled him up, a cold glint in his eyes. He was determined to get back what he had lost!

Chapter 903 Thousand Gates

There are rules in the underworld, especially among con artists. When swindling, they always leave a way out for their clients. As the saying goes, a cornered dog will jump over a wall. Con artists rely on skill and rarely go to extremes, lest they create future problems for themselves.

The art of swindling has existed in China since ancient times. Many mysterious figures who rose to prominence like meteors were cultivated and trained by hermits of the art of swindling. For example, Su Qin and Zhang Yi were disciples of Guiguzi, while Zhang Liang was a student of Huang Shigong.

However, the term "swindling" has been passed down to this day and has become synonymous with fraud. Modern swindlers are far less sophisticated than their ancestors. Small-time swindlers set up scams on the street or play with cans on buses, while larger swindlers frequent casinos and shopping malls. But all their methods revolve around the word "deception".

However, the group that set this trap for Lao Si was really too unethical. They had already driven him to the brink of despair by making 200 million. Even without the subsequent 180 million, Lao Si would not have fared well when he got home. They were pushing Lao Si to his death.

Logically speaking, rats have their own paths and cats have their own ways. Zhuang Rui isn't a member of the underworld and shouldn't interfere in this matter. However, he was the one who provided the money, and Lao Si is his brother, so Zhuang Rui couldn't ignore it. Besides, he also harbored a lot of resentment.

"That man's name is Liu Minghui. He's from Hong Kong and owns a teahouse in Guangzhou. I met him there when I went for tea. Later, we went to nightclubs together a few times, and we gradually became acquainted..."

After taking a cold shower early in the morning, the fourth brother felt much clearer-headed. Recalling his experiences over the past few months, he began to recount his family's current situation.

The fourth brother, Bi Yuntao, came from a family that made their fortune through "free trade" with Hong Kong in his early years. Apart from him, who is a college graduate, the rest of them were rough men.

However, the fourth son's grandfather was very insightful. After retiring from business, he started a multinational trading company, which grew rapidly in the early days of reform and opening up. But as the company grew larger, the fourth son's grandfather defied all opposition, hired a professional manager to run the company, and withdrew all the family members.

Even now, many people in Guangdong don't know that the famous XX Group is actually the business of the fourth son's family.

However, while this made the company's management more standardized, the fourth brother's entire extended family, including uncles, aunts, and dozens of others, became idle, receiving millions in dividends every year.

The fourth son's so-called management of the family company's finances actually meant he had no say in the company's internal finances. All he could manage were the family funds, which were distributed as dividends only once a year.

So, like the rest of the family, the fourth brother was bored every day, spending his time playing cards, drinking tea, and going to nightclubs.

After he met Liu Minghui, he went to nightclubs several times at Liu's invitation. During these visits, Brother Hui was very generous, spending lavishly each time. He spent tens of thousands of yuan in just a few visits, but he didn't ask anything of Lao Si. Gradually, Lao Si lowered his guard and truly regarded him as a good friend.

Anyone who's been to a nightclub knows that Cantonese people love playing drinking games like rock-paper-scissors and guessing dice. Lao Si was no exception; it's all normal social interaction.

Sometimes, in order to save face in front of the hostesses (that's how Lao Si understood it at the time), Liu Minghui would occasionally take out a stack of hundred-dollar bills to gamble at the nightclub. However, he lost more than he won, and he had excellent gambling manners. Over time, Lao Si got used to it. Winning or losing was only a matter of ten or twenty thousand dollars, and he didn't care much about it.

About a month or two later, during a tea party, Liu Minghui said he was going to Macau to gamble and asked Lao Si if he wanted to go.

By then, Lao Si had already considered Hui Ge a friend. He had been to Macau before, and since he was bored all the time, they made plans to go and have some fun together.

The first time they went, Lao Si started playing in the lobby with 50,000 yuan worth of chips, but he had bad luck and lost everything. Later, Liu Minghui suggested they go to the VIP room and play with some familiar faces.

The fourth brother didn't want to go at first, but Liu Minghui said he would find a card-playing partner and that if they lost, he would cover the losses, but if they won, the fourth brother could keep the winnings. The fourth brother couldn't resist Liu Minghui's provocation, and besides, several hundred thousand yuan wasn't much to him, so he went up with him.

Whether it was because Lao Si was incredibly lucky or those other guys were just incredibly unlucky, after playing for four or five hours, Lao Si actually won over three million. This made Bi Yuntao, who had always felt spiritually empty, a little interested in gambling.

Later, Hui would invite Lao Si to Macau every weekend. In his words, it was just to relax on the weekend, and Lao Si didn't suspect anything.

Living in Guangdong, Lao Si naturally knew that gambling was illegal in Hong Kong, so many Hong Kong people would take a boat to Macau to gamble on weekends. He assumed that Hui Ge was doing the same.

On his previous visits, Lao Si had made a considerable profit, winning a total of seven or eight million. Lao Si wasn't greedy for the money, but he was quite nostalgic for the adrenaline rush that occurred

when the cards were dealt. Later, when Liu Minghui invited him to gamble on weekdays, Lao Si gladly accepted.

However, in the next few games, Lao Si's luck turned soared, and he lost all his previous winnings in just two or three games, even losing several million yuan.

The fourth brother knew that gambling was addictive. He had lost several million and was planning to quit, but he was already somewhat addicted to the thrill of gambling. With Liu Minghui's encouragement, he unknowingly fell into it, and the stakes became higher and higher, from tens of thousands of chips to hundreds of thousands or millions.

He didn't keep losing, but he lost more than he won, and his losses were large while his wins were small. By the time the fourth brother came to his senses, he found himself deeply mired in the situation and unable to extricate himself. Moreover, he had lost all the family funds under his control.

Because Liu Minghui always gambled with different people, Lao Si didn't suspect Liu Minghui at the time. However, when he ran out of money and Liu Minghui offered to lend him money, Lao Si realized what was going on. But by then, he was penniless and didn't even dare to go home.

At that time, Bi Yuntao's first thought was Zhuang Rui, but Zhuang Rui was deep in the mountains and didn't have his phone on. That's how he found Wei Ge, which led to the whole incident.

...

"Damn it, it's all the tricks of the Thousand Gates. They've even tricked us brothers..."

After hearing what the fourth general had said, Zhuang Rui's face darkened. The antique business was like (jianghu, a world of martial arts and chivalry), and he was very familiar with these methods. Even if he hadn't eaten pork, he had seen pigs run.

Zhuang Rui wasn't particularly blaming Lao Si anymore. Once these con artists targeted you, they had a hundred ways to drag you down with them, and it was impossible to guard against them.

This isn't a matter of whether one's stance is firm or not; it's a weakness that everyone possesses. Only a saint could resist temptation. Let alone the fourth brother, even Zhuang Rui himself would probably fall into the trap. Of course, if Zhuang Rui were to gamble, it would be hard to say who would win or lose.

Wei Ge didn't understand the slang Zhuang Rui used, so he asked curiously, "Hey, what's Qianmen? Are they the gangsters from before Liberation?"

"They're similar in some ways, but not quite the same. 'Scammers' specialize in deception, which is different from 'playboys'..."

Zhuang Rui shook his head. He knew what Wei Ge meant by "bai xiang ren" (白相人). It was a slang term used in Shanghai before liberation. In Shanghainese, "bai xiang" means to play around, and "bai xiang ren" can be interpreted as a person who is idle, does bad things, or is a hooligan.

In the old days, street urchins dressed fashionably, cleanly, and neatly, not sloppily, to distinguish themselves from the petty thugs who also hung out on the streets. They were generally well-versed in eating, drinking, whoring, gambling, and swindling. Back then, countless outsiders who ventured into Shanghai were swindled out of their fortunes by these street urchins.

However, the people of the Thousand Gates are extremely self-disciplined. Although they are proficient in eating, drinking, gambling and whoring, they do not become addicted to these things. They only use them as a means to get close to their target.

There are eight generals in the Thousand Gates, collectively known as: "Positive Lifting and Reverse Removal, Wind and Fire Eliminating Rumors".

Zheng Jiang is someone who makes a living by running a gambling den using cheating techniques; he's the one who hosts the games, a rather unsavory role. Ti Jiang is the "pond crane" of the gambling den, responsible for persuading people to join the game. According to Lao Si, Liu Minghui's actions have a bit of Ti Jiang's style.

A counter-strategy is a method of using the opposite approach or provocation to lure someone into a trap. The method Liu Minghui used later was a counter-strategy.

As for the remaining generals, the escape general will help people run away, the wind general will be in charge of looking out and inspecting the environment, the fire general will be responsible for resolving things by force, that is, thugs and killers, the rumor general will specialize in spreading rumors to lure "old guys" into believing the lies and getting involved, and the removal general will be responsible for negotiating the terms and cleaning up the mess after the game ends. This is also Liu Minghui's job.

It can be said that each of the eight generals of the Thousand Gates had their own duties. If all eight generals came out together, ordinary people would not be able to resist them. Liu Minghui did several jobs among them, so his status in this Thousand Gates organization must not be low.

"Holy crap, this...this is way too complicated!"

After listening to Zhuang Rui's explanation, Wei Ge was dumbfounded. These things were too far removed from his life, and he never came into contact with them in his daily life. They were like two completely different social systems.

Even the fourth brother didn't know there were so many twists and turns involved. It turns out that dozens of people were plotting against him. It's not unjust that he suffered this setback.

"Complex? Viagra, there are billions of people in the world, doing all sorts of things, and there are many things that are much more complicated than this..."

Zhuang Rui knew so much because Uncle De, who had once been involved in Shanghai, taught him all of that.

"Old man, so... we're just going to suffer this loss for nothing?"

The incident happened overseas, and no one forced you to gamble. No matter how hard Lao Si thought about it, he couldn't figure out how to get the money back.

"Don't rush, let me make a call and see if there are any similar cases..."

Zhuang Rui thought for a moment, then took out his phone and called Officer Miao. It was better to find a professional for this matter.

Chapter 904 Mediation

"Zhuang Rui? What's the matter?"

Miao Feifei finally understood that Zhuang Rui would never call her unless there was a reason. However, several years had passed, and Officer Miao wasn't so insistent on it anymore, accepting that they remained friends.

Miao Feifei is now focusing all her energy on her work, and while her career is thriving, her family is very dissatisfied with her love life. They have arranged several blind dates for her, but Miao Feifei hasn't liked any of them.

"Officer Miao, I need to consult you, as a professional, about something..."

Zhuang Rui told Miao Feifei everything that had happened to Lao Si, and then asked, "Has anyone reported this kind of thing to the police? Can the police handle it?"

"Someone did report it to the police, but they couldn't accept it. First, the incident didn't happen in mainland China, and gambling is legal in Macau, so it can't be considered a crime for 'gathering a group to gamble.' Second, your friend went to gamble on his own, so it doesn't constitute fraud..."

Miao Feifei's words were actually within Zhuang Rui's expectations. This matter was impossible to explain. Although he knew it was a trick, without any evidence, he couldn't do anything to the other party.

"Officer Miao, thank you. I'll treat you to tea another day..." Zhuang Rui said, preparing to hang up the phone.

"Wait, Zhuang Rui, you mustn't gamble! Gambling is like drugs; once you're addicted, it's very difficult to break free..."

Miao Feifei reminded Zhuang Rui that she knew he had once been extremely lucky and won tens of millions of Hong Kong dollars and some calligraphy and paintings in Hong Kong. She was afraid that Zhuang Rui would gamble for his friends.

But what she didn't know was that for Zhuang Rui, gambling meant knowing the cards every time, so there was no excitement whatsoever, and it was impossible for him to experience any pleasure.

"Okay, I understand..."

After hanging up the phone, Zhuang Rui fell into deep thought. If the police could get involved, that would be the best outcome. When the state apparatus is in operation, even the most skilled swindlers would flee in terror. However, Officer Miao's reply dashed Zhuang Rui's hopes.

Go gamble by yourself? Zhuang Rui shook his head inwardly. The last time he made a move, it caused quite a stir. He didn't want to be in the limelight again. Besides, the other party might not even be willing to gamble with him. Who knows where those con artists are living happily in some corner of the world right now?

After much thought, Zhuang Rui couldn't come up with a good solution, and he frowned. Seeing his brother suffer such a huge loss, and having lost over a hundred million himself, watching those con artists live happily ever after, Zhuang Rui couldn't swallow his anger.

Seeing Zhuang Rui's troubled expression, the fourth brother stood up, walked up to Zhuang Rui, and said, "Youngest brother, that guy surnamed Liu has businesses in Guangzhou. Give me another million, and I'll handle this myself..."

Chaoshan people are not only good at doing business, but also extremely brave and ruthless. The term "Big Circle Boys," represented by Ye Huan, who used to fight with the Hong Kong Flying Tigers, specifically referred to Chaoshan people at a certain time.

While Chaoshan people do business all over the world and are more united than Wenzhou people, there are still many poor people in the Chaoshan region, and quite a few people engage in shady dealings. There is also a group of people who idolize Ye Huan.

The fourth brother had lived in that place since he was a child and knew that as long as you were willing to pay, there were people who could solve your problems. One million was enough to buy several lives.

"Nonsense, what's wrong? Still hot-headed? Want to cool down a bit more?"

Zhuang Rui glared at Lao Si. Even if they spent money to get rid of that person, what good would it do? What's lost is lost, and you can't get it back. This is the most foolish thing to do.

After thinking for a moment, Zhuang Rui took out his phone and dialed again, this time to Uncle De.

Uncle De had no family growing up and started hanging out in Shanghai when he was seven or eight. He knew all sorts of people from all walks of life. And most of the con artists now operating in mainland China, Hong Kong, Macau and Taiwan are descendants of those from old Shanghai. Maybe Uncle De has some tricks up his sleeve.

"Zhuang Rui, the matter you're talking about was done by the Thousand Gates!"

After Zhuang Rui finished explaining the whole story, Uncle De said with certainty on the phone.

"Uncle De, do you know these people? Could you find someone to mediate and get some money back? After all, what they did was really unethical. As you said before, this is a cardinal sin in the martial arts world—the ruthless pursuit of the very few..."

Zhuang Rui knew that Uncle De used to be a person of high status in the gang, and his words carried more weight than those of the police in some situations.

"Hey, Zhuang Rui, these days, the words of us old fogies don't carry any weight. Besides, I've been in the antique business for years, and outsiders don't listen to me at all..."

Uncle De sighed on the phone. In the past, those old swindlers, although they were also swindlers, never cheated ordinary people. On the contrary, some of them would even give some money to help the poor.

Young people today don't care about these things at all. They scoff at the so-called code of honor in the martial arts world and will stop at nothing to achieve their goals.

"Uncle De, what do you think about this matter..." Zhuang Rui and Uncle De had a very good relationship. He only had a superficial understanding of the ways of the underworld and wanted Uncle De to come up with a plan.

"Sigh, you really have guts to gamble with your friend. It's amazing he could come up with hundreds of millions to gamble. These guys probably just made a quick buck and then quit..."

Uncle De was also stumped by this matter. He knew he didn't have the influence to mediate, so after thinking for a moment, he said, "How about this, I'll ask Uncle Ba to see if he can find someone to mediate and get the other party to return the last 180 million..."

Uncle Ba, whom Uncle De mentioned, is a bigwig in old Shanghai. He is now over ninety years old and has countless disciples and followers in China. Back when the country was first liberated, even the government needed him to maintain order.

According to seniority, Uncle De should call him Eighth Uncle. However, even if Eighth Uncle intervened, Uncle De was not confident. Those scoundrels were ruthless and might not necessarily listen to Eighth Uncle.

"Alright, then I'll leave it to you, Uncle De..."

Zhuang Rui had no other choice. If he could get back 180 million, that would be about half of the money. He would then use that money to help his fourth son cover the family's deficit.

After this incident, it's unlikely that the fourth son will be able to work in the family business anymore. Even his nominal management rights over funds have been stripped away. Zhuang Rui is thinking of letting the fourth son stay in Beijing to help him from now on.

The fourth brother isn't addicted to gambling; he was set up and schemed against. At most, we'll just stop letting him manage the money in the future.

With things starting to look promising, the fourth brother's mood improved considerably. At noon, the second brother, Yue Jing, also arrived at the manor. The brothers had a few drinks together, and in the afternoon, Zhuang Rui returned to the courtyard house.

...

"Dad... Dad..."

Looking at his one-year-old children sitting on his lap, Zhuang Rui felt very content. Both little ones were healthy and especially loved animals, whether it was a white lion, a golden eagle, or a macaw, they all adored the two little ones.

However, Zhuang Rui felt a little regretful that the Tibetan Mastiff was unable to have puppies last year, and the puppies from the year before were all taken away. Zhuang Rui decided that if the Tibetan Mastiff could have another litter this year, he would do everything he could to keep one for each of Fang Fang and Yuan Yuan.

"Zhuang Rui, are we not going out again this time?"

Having not seen her husband for more than ten days, Qin Xuanbing's words carried a hint of resentment.

"Probably not, I'll stay home with my wife and kids..." Zhuang Rui pulled Qin Xuanbing, who was sitting next to him, over, and his big hand started to wander.

"You rascal, it's daytime now..."

Qin Xuanbing was startled by Zhuang Rui, especially with her children around, she just couldn't bring herself to do it.

"Fangfang...Yuanyuan, let's go see the white lion..."

With a mischievous grin, Zhuang Rui picked up one of them in each arm and headed outside. He knew that once these two little guys started playing with the white lion, they wouldn't want to go back inside for several hours.

The irresponsible Zhuang Rui's father, after handing Fang Fang and Yuan Yuan over to Bai Shi, returned to the house, where the atmosphere was naturally filled with passion, and the sound of panting lingered for a long time.

"By the way, Zhuang Rui, I'm thinking of sending Fangfang and Yuanyuan to kindergarten next year. What do you think?"

Qin Xuanbing's pretty face still had a blush that hadn't faded as she drew circles on Zhuang Rui's chest with her finger.

"kindergarten?"

Zhuang Rui was taken aback for a moment upon hearing this. He seemed to have never attended kindergarten as a child. He immediately said, "Let's forget about kindergarten. There are plenty of kids in this alley. I can play with them when I'm older. Besides, Mom gets lonely at home. She's a teacher, so we don't need to worry about her early education..."

Zhuang Rui's childhood was all about playing. He would climb trees to steal birds' nests and go down to the river to catch shrimp. He still has many happy memories of these days.

Children in cities today have no access to these things. They start enrolling in extracurricular classes from kindergarten to cultivate so-called skills. In Zhuang Rui's opinion, it's all nonsense. If they don't play when they're young, are they going to play when they're older?

"But....."

Qin Xuanbing hesitated a bit. As a mother, she always thought about her child and wanted him to learn more skills.

"There are no 'buts', Xuanbing. From now on, Fangfang should be raised frugally so he understands that everything must be earned through hard work, while Yuanyuan should be raised lavishly so she can experience everything and won't be tempted by material things when she grows up..."

Zhuang Rui interrupted Qin Xuanbing. He had researched a lot of information about children's education and finally felt that the saying "boys should be raised frugally and girls should be raised lavishly" was especially true.

"Okay, we'll do it your way..."

Qin Xuanbing's small hand slid down, causing Zhuang Rui, who hadn't tasted meat for over ten days, to groan. Just as he was about to turn over and have another round, the phone rang unintentionally.

"Wait, I need to take this call..."

Zhuang Rui saw that it was Uncle De calling and quickly answered it.

"Zhuang Rui, the matter you mentioned has been investigated. It was done by a group of people from Hong Kong and Southeast Asia. Uncle Ba has passed on the message for you, but they said they can only give you a reply tomorrow..."

Uncle De treated Zhuang Rui like a son or nephew. At noon, he brought several boxes of pastries to visit Uncle Ba. Uncle Ba had a lot of influence, and after instructing a few people in Shanghai, news came immediately.

Chapter 905 This is too much!

"Uncle De, thank you so much. I'll visit that old man when I go to Zhonghai later..."

Zhuang Rui knew this was an enormous favor; a man in his nineties going out to mediate would surely earn him some respect, even if the other party was utterly unreasonable. Otherwise, he would have a very difficult time navigating the underworld.

"Zhuang Rui, this is all I can do. As for whether the other party will accept it, I'm not sure. But I feel there's something strange about this matter..."

Uncle De knew the nature of young people these days; they never respected the elderly. Besides, Uncle Ba was almost in his coffin. Although he had many disciples and grand-disciples, it was still uncertain whether the other party would give him face.

"Strange? Uncle De, what do you mean..."

Zhuang Rui was stunned for a moment after hearing Uncle De's words. It was obvious that someone had set a trap for Lao Si. What was so strange about it?

Uncle De asked, "Your classmate gambled in a casino in Macau, right?"

"Yes, they opened a VIP room specifically for gambling, and the casino just takes a cut..." Zhuang Rui didn't know what Uncle De meant by asking this.

"Here's the thing, ever since gambling king Yip Hon opened his gambling den in Macau, legitimate casinos have never allowed anyone to cheat inside. So why didn't the casinos react when your friend lost hundreds of millions?"

Uncle De is a seasoned veteran and knows the gambling industry very well. Even though legitimate casinos in Macau allow loan sharks to operate there, they abhor cheating to protect their reputation.

"The casino only takes a cut; they shouldn't be involved in these things, right? Besides, if those people cooperate well, they might not even use cheating techniques to win money..."

Zhuang Rui hadn't expected this. Cheating doesn't necessarily involve hiding or switching cards as shown on TV. In fact, as long as you exchange secret signals beforehand, a small gesture can let the other party know your hand.

Several people were plotting against this newbie, Lao Si. If they couldn't win, they wouldn't even dare call themselves members of the martial arts world.

"Maybe I'm overthinking it, but you should also be careful. Some casino executives are quite familiar with those involved in gambling. Okay, I'm hanging up now. I'll give you an answer tomorrow..."

Uncle De is an old-fashioned man who thinks things through and is quite comprehensive. However, whether the casino is lenient or not is irrelevant to Zhuang Rui. As long as the other party is willing to compromise tomorrow and return the money Zhuang Rui took, that will be enough.

Knowing that Zhuang Rui had returned home, Ouyang Jun brought his son, who was already running around everywhere, over for dinner that evening. His real estate company had grown very large and was no longer satisfied with developing in Beijing; it was starting to expand into the coastal areas, and the momentum was very strong.

However, Boss Ouyang was very dissatisfied that he had not received any dividends from the 5% stake in the African project that Zhuang Rui had transferred to him. After all, he had exchanged a real clubhouse for it.

So Ouyang Jun used this excuse to come to the courtyard house for meals whenever he had free time, and even boasted that he would make his son keep eating there until he could eat back those hundreds of millions of yuan.

...

After a lively and joyful night, Zhuang Rui arrived at the manor again around noon the next day. He wanted to wait for Uncle De's call. If Uncle De agreed to return the remaining money, Zhuang Rui would have to persuade Lao Si to stay and work in Beijing, because this was something that couldn't be kept secret from his family.

"Hey, what did they say?"

After receiving Zhuang Rui's message yesterday, Lao Si and Wei Ge both looked like they hadn't slept well all night, their eyes were bloodshot and they looked rather haggard.

"No call yet. Oh, I was just saying that, Uncle De's calling, I'll answer this first..."

As Zhuang Rui was speaking, his phone rang. He glanced at the number and saw it was Uncle De calling.

"Uncle De, it's me, Zhuang Rui..."

"What? They said that?"

"Isn't this going too far?"

Zhuang Rui's expression kept changing as he listened to Uncle De's phone call. Wei Ge and Lao Si, watching from the side, both felt a sense of foreboding; it seemed their attempt to mediate had failed.

"Zhuang Rui, that's how it is. Even Uncle Ba's influence won't work this time, because these people usually operate in Southeast Asia and don't come back to China much, so..."

"I understand, Uncle De. Thank you for this. I'll consider their terms and get back to you later..."

After hanging up the phone, Zhuang Rui's face was extremely grim.

"Hey kid, what's wrong? Does the other party disagree?"

Wei Ge asked cautiously, but judging from Zhuang Rui's reaction, it was clear that the negotiations had fallen through.

Zhuang Rui nodded and said, "Well, their base isn't in China, so Uncle Ba's influence won't work. However, they've put forward a condition..."

"What are the conditions?" Lao Si and Wei Ge asked in unison.

"Let's gamble again!"

Zhuang Rui paused for a moment, gritted his teeth, and continued, "A message came from over there saying that matters of the martial world should be settled in the martial world, and grudges at the gambling table should be settled at the gambling table. If we are not satisfied, we can have another round of gambling!"

"Damn it, they want us to give them money?"

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Wei Ge, the good man from Zhonghai, immediately exploded and started cursing: "They've swindled several hundred million from Lao Si and they still don't know when to stop? Are these people tired of living? Damn it, Lao Si, I'll give you 2 million. Find someone to take care of them..."

"Brother Wei, this won't work. The other side is an organized group of swindlers. Among the Eight Generals of the Thousand Gates is the Fire General, who specializes in bodyguards and assassins. We don't want them to turn on us..."

Upon hearing Yang Wei's words, Zhuang Rui immediately dismissed them. He figured his older brother had probably never even killed a chicken before, and was likely just furious to have spoken so recklessly.

"Brother Wei, I don't want the money anymore. I'm going home now, even if I have to face family discipline, to make this clear. I want those bastards to know that we Cantonese aren't so easily bullied..."

The fourth brother bit his lip hard, and bright red blood flowed from his mouth. The other party was really going too far, which brought out the fourth brother's sinister nature.

Zhuang Rui had never heard of the fourth brother's family having any family rules, so he asked curiously, "Family rules? What family rules? The three cuts and six holes?"

The "three cuts and six holes" mentioned by Zhuang Rui originated from the Shanghai Small Knife Society before liberation. Members who violated certain gang rules had to make three cuts through their calves with a knife, resulting in six holes, hence the name "three cuts and six holes".

Later, many gangs, including the Shanghai Green Gang and triads in Hong Kong and Taiwan, used this kind of gang rule. This is not something made up on TV, but something that actually existed.

The fourth brother shook his head, his face pale, and said, "It's not about three cuts and six holes. It's a rule our family established when we were out at sea years ago: revenge must be taken, and wrongdoing must be punished..."

"How will you be punished if you do something wrong?" Wei Ge asked curiously.

"Die! I won't have the face to live anymore if I go home, but those bastards, none of them will get away..."

The fourth brother seemed to have made up his mind. He raised his head and looked at Zhuang Rui, saying, "Brother, I'm sorry, I can't pay back that money. Let's be brothers again in the next life!"

After speaking, the fourth brother lifted his foot to leave, but Zhuang Rui grabbed him and yelled, "Wake up, will you? This society doesn't care about fighting and killing anymore. Damn, I think you've been watching too many Hong Kong gangster movies..."

Zhuang Rui spent over 100 million yuan just to save Lao Si. If he followed Lao Si's method, he might as well not have spent the money at all.

"Let's gamble, let's gamble with them again, damn it, let's make them pay back their money with interest..."

After pacing around the room a few times, Zhuang Rui finally made up his mind. As the saying goes, flies don't land on eggs without cracks, and Lao Si was also at fault. Zhuang Rui originally thought of paying some money to settle the matter.

But to everyone's surprise, they went too far. Not only did they abscond with hundreds of millions of dollars, but they also brazenly wanted to settle their score at the gambling table. It was clear that they were bullying Zhuang Rui and the others because they didn't dare to take the challenge.

"Youngest brother, this...this won't do. None of us know how to gamble, and fourth brother...let alone fourth brother. No, this absolutely won't do..."

When Wei Ge heard Zhuang Rui's words, he was dumbfounded. He had already lost hundreds of millions of dollars, and he still wanted to gamble with the other party? Wasn't that just crazy?

"Don't worry about this, Wei-ge..." Zhuang Rui said coldly as he dialed Uncle De's number.

"Uncle De, just do as they say. Settle your scores at the gambling table." You give them your reply, and they'll arrange the time, but the location must be a legitimate casino in Macau...

Since the conversation had turned sour, leaving no room for compromise, Zhuang Rui wasn't afraid to take a gamble. As long as it was in a proper setting with a notary, Zhuang Rui wasn't worried about the other party cheating or engaging in any shady dealings.

As for gambling skills, Zhuang Rui has these eyes, so it's obvious he won't lose. The reason he doesn't gamble is that he doesn't want to tarnish the eyes that God gave him, but the other party is really going too far.

"Zhuang Rui, I think we should think of another way to handle this. You don't understand gambling; you'll suffer a huge loss..."

The story of Zhuang Rui's battle with the gambling king on the high seas was only known to some people in Hong Kong's upper class and had not spread. Therefore, neither Brother Wei nor Uncle De were optimistic about Zhuang Rui's decision.

"Uncle De, it's alright. China is full of hidden talents and has plenty of room for maneuver. Don't worry, just make an appointment with them..."

Zhuang Rui didn't say that he was going to gamble, because if he did, Uncle De would never pass on the message.

Lao Si and Wei Ge, who had been by Zhuang Rui's side, breathed a sigh of relief after hearing Zhuang Rui's words. They knew that Zhuang Rui had a powerful background and that there might really be such a talented person.

Uncle De on the other end of the phone shared the same idea and quickly replied: One week later, at a casino in Macau, both parties will each contribute HK\$500 million in betting funds. As for the betting method, the two parties will negotiate it at that time.

After receiving the reply, Zhuang Rui immediately made several phone calls. He needed to raise funds, but he couldn't come up with even five million, let alone five hundred million.

Chapter 906 Raising Funds

In a room of a manor on the outskirts of Beijing, three or four people were gathered around a table covered with red silk, examining a piece of jadeite. Among them was Mr. Han, a former employee of the Pingzhou raw jade market, and even Zhuang Rui's father-in-law.

"Old man, is your solution selling these jadeite pieces?"

Wei Ge gently nudged Zhuang Rui. He had originally planned to discuss with his father about raising 100 million yuan in cash for Zhuang Rui, but Zhuang Rui refused, saying he had his own way. Wei Ge was surprised that Zhuang Rui wanted to sell jade.

Although Wei Ge and Lao Si both knew that jade was valuable, there were only sixteen or seventeen pieces of jade on the table. The two brothers didn't really believe that such a small amount of jade could be worth 500 million RMB.

"Yes, you just need to watch, you don't need to say anything..."

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Zhuang Rui nodded, looked at Han Haowei, and said, "Mr. Han, there's no need to look anymore. Seven pieces of jade, 350 million, you'll make a profit..."

These seven rough stones are all jadeite slabs that have already been cut open. The worst one is of icy quality, and there is also a fist-sized piece of imperial green jadeite. All of them are top-quality jadeite slabs.

"Well... Brother Zhuang, do you think... could you make it a little cheaper?"

Fatty Han still had the same build, with a pair of glasses on his chubby face, looking completely harmless. If you weren't familiar with him, you wouldn't guess that he was a jewelry tycoon with a net worth of over 100 million.

"Hehe, Mr. Han, we're old friends. I'm offering a fair price. To be honest, even with these seven pieces of material, my father-in-law won't allow me to sell them..."

Zhuang Rui smiled upon hearing this, adopting an attitude of "take it or leave it." In truth, if Zhuang Rui didn't have other motives, he wouldn't have sold it for 350 million, let alone 400 million. You know, the price of top-quality jadeite changes every day.

Since deciding to gamble with those con artists the day before yesterday, Zhuang Rui has been raising funds. He's already cut open about half of the dozens of rough stones in his inventory, and then called and invited several of the most powerful jewelers in the country to his home.

Zhuang Rui has a quirk: he dislikes taking out loans from banks. Since making his fortune through gambling on jade, he has never owed a bank a single penny. Perhaps this is why he is destined not to become an entrepreneur? Because those who run businesses have always treated banks as their own personal vaults.

"Old Han, I'll buy all the raw materials you don't need. Xiao Rui, just say so if you need money. Why buy raw materials? The store in Beijing needs these materials too..."

Qin Haoran rushed to Beijing from Hong Kong yesterday, only to find that his son-in-law had invited him to do business, and had also invited the owners of two jewelry stores in China. This made Qin Haoran very unhappy. Now, hearing Han Haowei and Zhuang Rui negotiating the price, he couldn't be happier that Zhuang Rui would not sell.

Zhuang Rui smiled and said, "Dad, the domestic market is so big, no single company can dominate it. More cooperation would be beneficial..."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Qin, your Qin Jewelry business is so large and powerful, you won't mind this small amount. Brother Zhuang, let's go with your price. I'll transfer the money to you later..."

How could Han Haowei not know the current market price of jade? The bargaining he did earlier was a businessman's habit, and now that Qin Haoran spoke up, he immediately agreed.

Since the export of raw jadeite was restricted in 2005, the domestic jadeite market has seen prices change almost daily, with an upward trend comparable to that of real estate. Many merchants are frantically hoarding raw jadeite, and opportunities like Zhuang Rui's to transfer finished jadeite are extremely rare.

"Boss Zhuang, I'll take these three pieces of jade. Name your price..."

At this moment, another jeweler also selected his material. Zhuang Rui glanced at it and said, "Mr. Yu has a good eye. Three pieces of high-grade icy jade, worth 120 million..."

"Okay, then it's settled. Let's get the formalities done in a bit..."

The shop owner was very agreeable, mainly because he knew Zhuang Rui's reputation in the jade industry. Although Zhuang Rui had hardly gambled on jadeite rough stones in the past two years, the reputation he had built up in those years meant that no one dared to underestimate this young man.

Moreover, the fact that Zhuang Rui can now offer jadeite rough worth over 500 million yuan demonstrates his capabilities. Although domestic merchants are currently stockpiling goods, it is estimated that no one can match Zhuang Rui's scale.

Another boss also chose materials worth 80 million, and Zhuang Rui asked Peng Fei to take them to complete the transfer.

A dozen or so pieces of jade sold for 550 million, leaving Lao Si and Wei Ge speechless. Although they had been to jade gambling sites before, they had no idea that such things would be so valuable.

Especially the fourth brother, who used to manage more than 200 million yuan of family funds, which he thought was a huge sum of money, but unexpectedly Zhuang Rui only took out a few pieces of raw materials and easily made five or six hundred million yuan. This is simply robbery.

...

"Dad, don't be angry, I still have a lot of fabric left for you..."

After seeing off Boss Han and his group, Zhuang Rui invited Qin Haoran to another room, leaving Lao Si and Wei Ge out so that the father-in-law and son-in-law could talk.

"What are you doing, kid? Why sell such good material to them? If we need funds, even a billion or so, we could manage..."

Qin Haoran clearly didn't understand Zhuang Rui's actions. In his view, Zhuang Rui was handing a knife to his competitors, who might turn around and stab him in the back.

"Hehe, Dad, look at these materials. I heard that colorless, high-ice-type jadeite has been very popular these past two years, so I kept them all. What I gave them just now were all mass-market items..."

Zhuang Rui pulled back the cloth covering the fabric on the table in the room, and more than ten pieces of pre-cut fabric were immediately presented in front of Qin Haoran.

"Hmm, not bad. This batch of material is a grade higher than what you just sold. But Xiao Rui, we don't need to sell all of it. These days, nobody complains about having too little material..."

After examining the jadeite, Qin Haoran was still a little puzzled. He didn't know that Zhuang Rui was going to gamble with someone.

"Dad, you can take these materials, but... I really need some working capital from you. I don't need more than a billion, five hundred million will do..."

A cold glint flashed in Zhuang Rui's eyes. When he spoke with Uncle De on the phone yesterday, Uncle De specifically instructed him that people in the Thousand Gates were fond of cheating, and that Zhuang Rui should raise more funds so that he wouldn't be caught off guard if the other party increased the stakes.

Zhuang Rui was afraid that the other party wouldn't play too big a game; the bigger the game, the happier he would be. Since the other party was so disregarding the rules of the martial arts world, he was not a member of the martial arts world anyway. Even if he wiped them out, he believed no one would blame him.

The reason Zhuang Rui sold the raw jade to Boss Han and others was to spread the word that he was short of money. Given the current shortage of finished jadeite, he believed that this news would soon reach the ears of those who were interested.

"Alright, I'll take these materials. But let's keep things clear between father-in-law and son-in-law. I'll give you 700 million. These materials are worth that price. But Xiao Rui, what do you need such a large sum of money for?"

Qin Haoran didn't know what Zhuang Rui wanted the money for, but he knew that Zhuang Rui seemed to have never suffered a loss in business since his debut.

Not only Qin Haoran, but anyone who knew Zhuang Rui unconsciously developed confidence in him. That's why Qin Haoran asked Zhuang Rui for the reason after deciding to give him the money.

Zhuang Rui didn't hide anything from his father-in-law and told him the whole story of what had happened to his classmate.

"You...you're going to gamble with others again?"

Qin Haoran looked at his son-in-law with a strange gaze. He clearly remembered the scene when Zhuang Rui beat the foreign gambling king to a pulp on the gambling ship.

Qin Haoran wondered if there were lucky stars in the sky. If there were, then his son-in-law must be a reincarnation of a lucky star; he had never seen anyone with such good luck.

"Dad, it's not that I want to gamble, it's that they're going too far and forcing me to gamble..."

Zhuang Rui gave a helpless bitter smile. He really didn't want to be in the limelight, but if he didn't take the bet now, not only would he lose hundreds of millions, but he would also lose face for Uncle De and Uncle Ba.

Uncle Ba and Uncle De acted as intermediaries to mediate, but the other party didn't give them any face at all. If Zhuang Rui could teach them a lesson at the gambling table, Uncle Ba and Uncle De would be very happy.

Qin Haoran pondered for a moment, then looked at Zhuang Rui and asked, "Is that so... Are you confident you can win the bet?"

Zhuang Rui laughed upon hearing this, and said confidently, "I've always had good luck, and I have a very keen sense of smell. As long as the opponent doesn't cheat by changing their cards, I shouldn't lose..."

For Zhuang Rui to lose, there's probably only one possibility: he'll have a run of bad luck and his cards will never be as good as his opponent's. If that's the case, then Zhuang Rui will accept it.

"You don't need to worry about that. As long as it's gambling in Macau, having the old man put in a good word with the gambling king will absolutely guarantee that the other party won't cheat..."

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, Qin Haoran immediately gave his assurance, stating that the Qin family was a prominent clan in Hong Kong and he believed that the Macau gambling king would give them some face.

Five days later, Zhuang Rui, along with Yang Wei, Lao Si, and Peng Fei, landed at Hong Kong Airport in his private jet. Zhuang Rui planned to take a boat from Hong Kong to Macau, as his father-in-law had already made arrangements.

The plane he ordered had eight more seats than the one that had previously broken up over the Indian Ocean, making it much more comfortable to travel in.

The crew members were the same old people, but there was an additional airport security expert. Zhuang Rui had poached this expert from the civil aviation industry with a high salary. This expert had to accompany him every time he went out, because that incident had taught Zhuang Rui a great lesson.

"Hey kid, you've got some serious style, always traveling by private jet. I'm getting a taste of that this time too..."

After getting off the plane, Wei Ge excitedly looked around, feeling extremely superior to those who boarded and disembarked in tow trucks.

Chapter 907 Mobilizing a Large Army

"Dad, what brings you here? You could have just sent someone to pick me up..."

As soon as Zhuang Rui got off the plane, he saw Qin Haoran standing beside several cars and quickly went to greet him.

"Get in the car, I'll go to Macau with you..."

Qin Haoran nodded to the people behind Zhuang Rui, indicating that Zhuang Rui should get into the car he was in, while Peng Fei and the others got into the car behind. After leaving the airport, the cars headed directly towards the dock.

A Mercedes led the way, followed by Zhuang Rui's extended Cadillac, and the last car was also quite valuable. As the convoy drove out of the airport, it immediately attracted the attention of many people.

"Dad, why are you making such a fuss?"

Sitting in the car, Zhuang Rui looked at Qin Haoran with a puzzled expression. He had originally planned to go and gamble, and then quietly return to Beijing. Now, Qin Haoran's actions had probably been noticed by many people.

"I didn't want to either..."

Qin Haoran gave a wry smile and said, "I don't know who leaked the news, but there's supposed to be a betting match like this. Xiao Rui, you have no idea how famous you are in Hong Kong and Macau. For this betting match, at least ten Justices of the Peace and five knights will be watching..."

Ever since Zhuang Rui won against that foreign gambling king on the gambling ship, the wealthy people of Hong Kong and Macau have become increasingly interested in him and have been inquiring about his background. With their connections and backgrounds, they easily found out what they wanted to know.

Although Zhuang Rui has a background as a descendant of a revolutionary, his wealth was built from scratch, which made these self-made tycoons look at him with new respect. After learning about this gambling game, they all expressed their interest.

Many people have already rushed to Macau and are waiting for Zhuang Rui in the casino. Zhuang Rui is the son-in-law of the Qin family, so Qin Haoran also has to put on a show. After all, the Qin family is a prominent family in Hong Kong.

"This...this requires our consent too..."

Zhuang Rui was stunned upon hearing this. This was far too respectful of Zhuang Rui's personal wishes. This was just a private matter between two people. If this were done, wouldn't the whole world know about it?

"Sigh, I didn't expect this either. When I mentioned this to Sir He, the old man patted his chest and guaranteed that no one would cheat, but he made one condition: the betting must be made public..."

Qin Haoran wore a helpless expression. Sir Ho from Macau, though not a particularly skilled gambler, had driven the former gambling saint, Yip Hon, to the brink of extinction in Macau, making him a true legend in the world of gambling.

Moreover, Sir He is of a very high seniority and is nearly ninety years old. Whether in terms of personal feelings or social status, he far surpasses Qin Haoran. Since he made this request, Qin Haoran simply did not have the confidence to object.

"It's just borrowing his casino, right? We can find another casino. Macau doesn't belong to him alone..."

Zhuang Rui knew that since Sir Ho established Sociedade de Turismo e Diversões de Macau (STDM) in 1961, he had practically ruled the Macao Special Administrative Region.

However, after SJM Holdings was established in 2002, the gambling rights were opened up, and many gambling giants from Monte Carlo and Las Vegas also entered Macau. Now Macau has entered a Warring States period, and the heyday of one company dominating the market is no more.

"It's not as simple as you say. Even with your classmate's situation, there are probably connections to the European and American gambling industry behind it. I wouldn't feel comfortable letting it happen in any other casino..."

Qin Haoran shook his head and said something that shocked Zhuang Rui, who immediately asked, "Fourth brother, are other casinos involved in this matter?"

"Sir He had someone investigate, and it seems there's something wrong with the dealers at the casino they frequent. As for whether the casino itself is involved, that's hard to say..."

The gambling king, who had married seven or eight concubines, was deeply impressed by Zhuang Rui. After learning about this matter, he had someone investigate. He discovered that Zhuang Rui had been operating in Macau for decades and his connections and influence were far beyond what ordinary people could imagine.

Putting aside other factors, almost all the veteran croupiers in Macau originally came from his casinos, and even some of the newer ones have shady connections with them. Therefore, for the gambling king to uncover anything in Macau would be incredibly easy.

"Damn, I'll go back to that casino after I've finished gambling..."

Upon hearing Qin Haoran's words, Zhuang Rui couldn't help but swear in front of his father-in-law. Just as Uncle De had said, the person who plotted against Lao Si had someone inside the casino, which made Zhuang Rui even angrier.

"What? You want to cause trouble?"

Qin Haoran laughed upon hearing this. His son-in-law had a very powerful background. As long as he followed the rules, no one in China would dare to harm him, not even foreign forces.

"Let's talk about it later, this isn't going to be resolved so easily..."

Zhuang Rui wouldn't mind winning hundreds of millions at that casino. After all, you're running a business, and it's perfectly normal for me to gamble there. If you're so capable, then close down. That guy can't do anything about it.

"A bunch of traitors..."

This news made Zhuang Rui even more annoyed with those so-called masters of cheating. Cheating is a skill, and Zhuang Rui wasn't discriminating against these people.

However, using cheating techniques to wipe out people without leaving any room for mercy, and also having connections with foreign casinos, would absolutely be considered a crime punishable by everyone in ancient times, or even before liberation.

"By the way, Brother Ma arrived in Macau yesterday. He'll be waiting for you there..."

Qin Haoran was referring to Uncle De, who was also concerned about Zhuang Rui's matter and, as the mediator, it was essential for him to be present.

"Sigh, I told Uncle De not to come, but he just can't let it go..."

Zhuang Rui shook his head, guessing that Uncle De would probably be very surprised to see him gambling in person.

After arriving at the pier, Zhuang Rui and the others did not take the hourly ferry from Hong Kong to Macau. The Qin family naturally had their own yacht, and in Hong Kong, sometimes these things were still needed to save face.

It's very convenient to travel from Hong Kong to Macau. There are ferries running every day from morning till night, once an hour, and it only takes 50 minutes to reach the Macau ferry terminal. Many Hong Kong people go to Macau after get off work on Friday and stay until Sunday night before reluctantly returning to Hong Kong.

Therefore, it is no exaggeration to say that Hong Kong gamblers support Macau's gambling industry. Although many high rollers are not from Hong Kong, without the support of these ordinary Hong Kong people, the business of Macau casinos would decline by at least 50%.

...

Standing at the bow of the yacht, watching the white waves broken by the hull, and feeling the warm sea breeze, Zhuang Rui's expression was very relaxed, without a trace of the tension that came with the impending battle.

On the contrary, Wei Ge and Lao Si were restless, pacing back and forth on the deck, because the two of them did not see the "expert" that Zhuang Rui had mentioned.

After hesitating for a while, Wei Ge couldn't hold back any longer. He walked to the bow of the boat, handed Zhuang Rui a cigarette, and asked, "Hey, what about the people you...you invited?"

"Hire someone? Whom do you want to hire?"

Zhuang Rui had long forgotten about this matter. He originally planned to do it himself. Could Zhuang Rui really trust someone else to gamble with five or six hundred million?

"Didn't you say you were going to hire someone to gamble for you?" Wei Ge was dumbfounded when he heard Zhuang Rui's words. It turned out that this kid had just been fooling him and Lao Si.

"I'll gamble myself, Wei Ge, don't worry, I have a special ability, I always lose when I gamble..."

Zhuang Rui burst into laughter, attracting the people who were chatting in the cabin to come over. The Qin family had brought quite a few people this time, including Qin Haoran's second and third brothers, as well as many of Qin Xuanbing's cousins, who were all on the yacht.

"I really suspect you have some kind of special ability, otherwise how could you have beaten the gambling king last time?"

Qin Haoran couldn't quite figure out his son-in-law, so he stepped forward and jokingly said something.

"What special abilities? What gambling king?"

The fourth brother and Wei Ge were confused. They had known Zhuang Rui for almost ten years. Apart from playing "Run Fast" in the school dormitory, they had never seen Zhuang Rui gamble. Moreover, even when they played "Run Fast", Zhuang Rui lost more often than he won.

Upon hearing his father-in-law's words, Zhuang Rui quickly coughed twice and said, "Just kidding, nothing of the sort. I'm just lucky. Fourth Brother, have you forgotten? Before, when you touched girls behind their backs, people always knew it was you..."

Upon hearing this, the fourth brother immediately became anxious and said, "Nonsense, you're all talk and no action. Sometimes you're the one who touches me, but you just look honest..."

"Cough cough..."

Wei Ge, who was standing nearby, quickly stepped on Lao Si's foot. How could he bring up such things when Zhuang Rui's father-in-law was right in front of him?

Qin Haoran didn't pay attention to what they were talking about. He pulled Zhuang Rui aside and started introducing him to the Macau buildings that were already visible. Of course, he talked most about the casinos in Macau.

About forty minutes later, Zhuang Rui and the others disembarked at the Macau pier. Their travel permits and other documents had already been processed, and Qin Haoran had arranged for a car to wait at the pier. The group went directly to the casino.

"The Lisboa Casino!"

Zhuang Rui stood at the entrance of the Lisboa Casino, looking up at its large signboard. Although he had never been to Macau, he was already very familiar with the casino's reputation.

Macau has 11 casinos with 353 gaming tables, and the Lisboa Casino is the largest of these 11 casinos in terms of scale, number of gaming tables, and number of employees. To date, no other casino has been able to shake the Lisboa Casino's leading position in Macau.

"Zhuang Rui, don't go through the front gate, it's bad luck..."

Seeing Zhuang Rui about to enter the casino, Qin Haoran grabbed him from behind. What a joke! In Hong Kong and Macau, who doesn't know that the two main entrances of the Lisboa Casino are the tiger's den and the lion's mouth?

"Dad, you're really superstitious..."

Zhuang Rui smiled. He had heard some rumors about the Lisboa Casino, but he was dismissive of them. He believed that gambling in the long run inevitably leads to losses, and that luck had little to do with anything.

Chapter 908 A Special Gambling Hall

Macau was formerly a Portuguese colony, and the name "Lisboa Casino" comes from the capital city of Lisbon. With an average of over 30,000 customers visiting daily, Lisboa Casino boasts the highest number of customers and revenue among all casinos in the world.

The unique, birdcage-like architecture of the Lisboa Casino has not only become a major attraction in Macau, drawing millions of domestic and international tourists every day, but it also serves as a window into Macau, attracting people from all over the world who are interested in the city.

The Lisboa Casino alone has more than 3,000 staff members, and its 26 VIP rooms are filled with high rollers from all over the world. If a wage earner with a monthly income of only around a thousand yuan were to take a peek inside, the "generous" spending of the big gamblers would definitely make your heart skip a beat!

The design of the Lisboa Casino is full of hidden feng shui secrets. The most ominous of these is the main entrance, which features a pair of large, lifelike bats that seem ready to swoop down and suck people's blood.

One of the two main gates is shaped like a lion's mouth, and the other like a tiger's mouth. There are taxi stands in front of both gates. When gamblers enter the casino through these gates, it's as if they've fallen into the mouths of lions and tigers, and they're easily "eaten up" by them.

Because lions are the king of beasts and are believed to attract wealth in feng shui, while tigers are fierce beasts and are believed to guard wealth and protect the house, experienced gamblers generally avoid entering casinos through these two doors, as it would be considered "sending sheep into the tiger's mouth."

"Zhuang Rui, we should be more inclined to believe these things, rather than dismissing them entirely. Let's go through the side door..."

When Qin Haoran saw his son-in-law standing at the entrance of the Lisboa Casino for a long time, he thought he was being stubborn and insisted on entering through the main entrance.

"Okay, Dad, let's go through the side door..."

Zhuang Rui smiled. Although he had the help of spiritual energy in his eyes, he still couldn't win without luck. Many things in this world are inexplicable. Since there is such a saying, perhaps there is some supernatural element to it.

"Mr. Qin, hello, please follow me..."

After Zhuang Rui and his group entered the casino through a side door, a middle-aged man in his forties, wearing a suit and tie, was already waiting there.

The middle-aged man didn't bring any people into the casino hall. Instead, he went straight to the elevator. According to Qin Haoran, in Macau casinos, the higher the floor of the casino hall, the larger the betting amount. Even Qin Haoran didn't know which casino hall they would be opening.

"For the rest of my life, which VIP room have you arranged for me?"

When he saw the middle-aged man press the elevator button to the top floor, Qin Haoran couldn't help but frown. Although he wasn't a gambler, he would occasionally accompany customers to gamble for business purposes. He had never heard of a gambling room on the top floor of a casino.

The middle-aged man turned around, glanced at Zhuang Rui, and then replied, "Mr. Qin, Mr. He has instructed that the room used for today's gambling will be converted into a money-counting room..."

"What? The secret money counting room at the Lisboa Casino?"

Qin Haoran was clearly taken aback upon hearing this, and then asked, "Was it Mr. He who personally gave the order?"

"Yes, to ensure no one can cheat, Mr. He decided to use the money counting room as the gambling room for this round of betting, which is a first in Macau..."

As the middle-aged man spoke, his eyes kept scanning Zhuang Rui. He didn't know who Zhuang Rui was, that he could make Old Master He make an exception and open a money counting room.

"Dad, what's a 'money-counting room'?"

Zhuang Rui lowered his voice and asked Qin Haoran, but the elevator was only so big that everyone in the elevator could hear him clearly, no matter how soft his voice was.

"I've heard a bit about it, but I don't really know the specifics..."

Qin Haoran looked a little embarrassed. Money-counting rooms were a legendary thing in Macau, and it wasn't clear to outsiders whether they actually existed. He couldn't explain the details either.

"This must be Mr. Zhuang."

The middle-aged man who led the way glanced at Zhuang Rui and said, "The money counting room is the most important place in every casino. Even the casino's senior management is not allowed to enter. I haven't been there yet. Inside..."

After hearing Yu Sheng's explanation, everyone finally understood. As the name suggests, the purpose of the "money counting room" was for counting money.

Every day, the operating revenue of the 11 casinos under Mr. He's name is escorted here in time slots, where dedicated staff count the cash bills one by one. The cash delivered is mostly in Hong Kong dollars or Macau dollars with a face value of 1,000 yuan. It takes 40 employees an average of 16 hours a day to count the day's revenue.

At its peak, the amount involved was several hundred million yuan per day, and even the smallest amounts were forty or fifty million yuan. The security measures there were so tight that outsiders had no way of knowing anything about it. Even most of the casino's employees were unaware of the details and had no right to set foot there.

Only special envoys from the government's Gaming Inspection and Coordination Bureau, along with numerous surveillance cameras at different angles inside the house, were closely monitoring every move inside.

Because of the tight security measures at the money counting room, with countless cameras pointing at the room from all angles, it is virtually impossible to cheat here.

The gambling tycoon's choice of this room as the venue for Zhuang Rui's bet was quite a thoughtful move.

After reaching the top floor of the elevator, you are greeted by a large lobby. However, outside the elevator, there are two rows of security guards dressed in black suits. Judging from the bulging waistbands of their guards, they are very likely carrying weapons.

"Mr. Qin, I'm sorry, this is the only way I can take you. Manager Wu will be here to assist you..."

As soon as Yu Sheng stepped out of the elevator, he was stopped by the security guard, and another man in his forties walked towards him.

"Mr. Qin, Mr. Zhuang, my surname is Wu. I'm sorry, but according to the rules, including Mr. Zhuang, you can only have a maximum of five people entering..."

Manager Wu first introduced himself, then gestured to the security guard next to him to stop the group behind Zhuang Rui.

Besides Peng Fei and Wei Ge Lao Si, there were also seven or eight people from Qin's Jewelry who came to Macau with Zhuang Rui this time. Of course, they were all just there to watch the excitement.

"Dad, Peng Fei and two of my classmates are going in..."

Zhuang Rui turned his head and whispered to Qin Haoran. He didn't like the Qin family having such a large group of people. Did they think he was a monkey show?

"Okay, with me included, that makes five..."

Qin Haoran nodded, turned around and said, "Second brother, third brother, take them downstairs to play, give them 500,000 in chips..."

Qin Xuanbing's cousins were initially unhappy when they heard they couldn't go in, but when Qin Haoran agreed to let them gamble, their faces lit up with smiles.

The Qin family has extremely strict rules. You can be a playboy, spend money on minor celebrities and drive luxury cars, but gambling and drugs are absolutely forbidden. If any descendant of the Qin family gets involved in these two vices, they will be stripped of their inheritance rights and dividend shares.

So even if these people had been to Macau before, they only played around, betting only tens of thousands of dollars. Now, Qin Haoran, who was practically the head of the Qin family, was talking about 500,000 dollars with a single word, so they were naturally overjoyed.

Upon hearing Qin Haoran's words, Manager Wu quickly replied, "Mr. Qin, although these people can't enter the casino, they can watch from another room through a glass partition. It's the same as being in the room, so the impact isn't significant..."

Today, some prominent figures from Hong Kong, Macau, and even Taiwan came to watch the game. These people are usually surrounded by a large entourage when they come and go. However, the number of people who can enter the casino is limited, so the casino came up with this solution to allow them to watch the game from separate rooms.

Besides the five people each side can bring into the battle, the rest of the spectators can only enter alone. Except for some elderly people with mobility issues who can bring a caregiver, everyone else can only enter the adjacent room.

Those rooms were originally used to monitor the money counting room. They were separated by a one-way glass partition, so the money counting room couldn't see outside, but the people in the room could see every move inside the money counting room and even hear the sounds.

"Okay, second brother, you take them there. Don't let them wander off. If Xiao Rui wins, he'll definitely give you kids a reward..."

Qin Haoran's words made several people who originally thought they could go to gamble secretly unhappy, but they didn't dare to disobey Qin Haoran's arrangements. After all, the old master Qin basically didn't care about things now, and Qin Haoran was the one who made the decisions in the family.

"Gentlemen, please have your information checked, and then you may enter..."

After hearing Qin Haoran's words, Manager Wu couldn't help but glance at Zhuang Rui. He was on a much higher level than Yu Sheng and knew about Zhuang Rui's battle against his casino's gambling king on the gambling ship.

After the gambling king's defeat, he resigned from his job as the casino's technical director, which affected the casino's operations. Later, he poached another gambling king from an overseas casino with a high salary, which finally solved the technical director problem.

It's important to understand that the technical director of a casino plays a crucial role. Although there's usually nothing to do, if a gambling expert comes to cause trouble, the casino king will have to step in.

During that period without the gambling king in charge, the entire casino was on edge, and all of this was thanks to Zhuang Rui.

Zhuang Rui was naturally unaware of his grudges with the Lisboa Casino, and even if he did, he wouldn't care. Who told you to stick your neck out?

The security checks for entering the casino are extremely strict. Watches, rings, and all metal objects are prohibited from being brought into the casino. Even shoes must be changed into disposable slippers provided by the casino.

What surprised Zhuang Rui the most was that the knife on Peng Fei's body, which couldn't even be detected when boarding a plane, was actually found during this security check. Peng Fei was also stunned, which showed how professional the other party was.

Stepping onto the thick red carpet and entering the large gambling hall, which was at least two or three hundred square meters, Lao Si's eyes immediately turned red, because he saw Liu Minghui, the one who had led him into the trap.

Chapter 909 A Towering Mountain to Admire

Although the gambling hall was quite large, there was only one gambling table in the center, with twenty chairs on each side. This meant that at most forty people could watch the game today.

Quite a few people were already seated at the table. Many of them were already acquainted and were chatting quietly while waiting for the game to start.

As soon as Qin Haoran entered the casino, people all around him greeted him. Hong Kong and Macau are so small, you'll run into each other all the time. Qin Haoran also clasped his hands in greeting and kept performing the salute.

"Young man, that man is Liu Minghui..."

The fourth brother grabbed Zhuang Rui's arm, his eyes filled with intense hatred, and looked at a middle-aged man sitting in a chair next to the gambling table.

Seeing the fourth brother's gritted teeth, Zhuang Rui was certain that if he were given a knife, his older brother would definitely stab him right now.

"Fourth Brother, they beat you with their brains. Don't always think about fighting and killing. Winning back at the gambling table is the right thing to do..."

Zhuang Rui was afraid that Lao Si might act impulsively and confront Liu Minghui. If that happened, it would be seen as a low act by everyone.

"That's right, the martial arts world these days is all about deception and treachery; fighting with knives and guns is beneath us..."

Uncle De, dressed in an old-fashioned cultural robe, appeared beside Zhuang Rui at some point.

Upon seeing Uncle De, Zhuang Rui, forgetting to persuade the fourth brother, hurriedly said, "Uncle De, I'm so sorry to have troubled you this time, and made you come all this way..."

"What are you saying, kid? Why are you being so polite with Uncle De?"

Uncle De glared at Zhuang Rui, then lowered his voice and said, "Xiao Rui, where are your experts? I've heard that they've invited last year's World Gambling King Championship winner to gamble against you. That guy is incredibly skilled with both dice and poker..."

In the martial arts world, betting games conducted due to certain grudges can be played by proxy. Judging from Uncle De's words, those members of the gambler's gang who set up the scheme to deceive Lao Si probably won't be making a move this time.

Zhuang Rui followed Uncle De's gaze and looked at Liu Minghui and his group. There were also five of them. Besides Liu Minghui, who was over forty years old, fair-skinned and chubby, and looked harmless, there were four other people.

One of them looked to be in his thirties, nearly two meters tall, with bulging muscles all over his body. He was probably a henchman named Fire General from the Thousand Gates. The other two had very ordinary appearances, the kind that you wouldn't notice if you threw them into a crowd.

The last person, and the one who caught Zhuang Rui's attention the most, was a foreigner, around forty years old, a white man, but it was impossible to tell what country he was from. He was sitting there with his eyes half-closed, resting. If nothing unexpected happened, this person was the champion of the World Gambling King Competition that Uncle De had mentioned.

Seemingly sensing Zhuang Rui's gaze, the man slightly opened his eyes, looked Zhuang Rui up and down, and then disdainfully withdrew his gaze, as if he felt that Zhuang Rui was not worthy of being his opponent.

Jervis Mariz certainly has the right to look down on Zhuang Rui. He is the champion of the World Gambling King Competition for the past two years, and he is in his prime. He swept his opponents almost effortlessly in both competitions. Looking at the current gambling world, he is definitely the world gambling king.

If it weren't for the fact that the people from the Thousand Gates were willing to give 20% of the profits from this bet to Jervis, he really wouldn't have wanted to gamble with this young man. Although he knew that the other party had beaten Stevenson before, Jervis didn't take Zhuang Rui seriously.

Jervis had carefully watched the video of Zhuang Rui and Stevenson's betting game and came to only one conclusion: Zhuang Rui was incredibly lucky. He bet on big or small without revealing his cards, which could only be explained by luck.

However, Jervis was confident that, whether it was his gambling skills or luck, he could beat Zhuang Rui to a pulp and take away the HK\$200 million that was rightfully his. It should be noted that this 20% also included the gambling funds of the gamblers in the gambling world.

...

"What? You want to go up and gamble?"

Uncle De's barely suppressed gasp silenced the gambling hall instantly, as dozens of eyes focused on him and Zhuang Rui.

Who is that young man?

"I heard it's about betting against the gambling king..."

"You don't recognize him, do you? A few years ago, this young man beat Stevenson..."

"Yes, Stevenson never recovered after that game, otherwise Jarvis wouldn't have won the championship two years in a row..."

Upon seeing the main figure arrive, the people in the casino began to discuss it. The total amount involved was HK\$1 billion. Although it could not be said to be unprecedented, apart from the crown princes of Saudi Arabia, very few people would gamble like this.

These people sitting in the casino are all prominent business tycoons who are involved in the gambling industry. Some of them are even shareholders of SJM Holdings, so they are quite knowledgeable about the dynamics of the gambling world.

Zhuang Rui coughed twice, pulled Uncle De aside, and whispered, "Ahem, Uncle De, there's no need for such a big reaction. You know, I've always been quite lucky..."

"Nonsense, can luck feed you?"

Uncle De treated Zhuang Rui like a son or nephew, so he spoke very bluntly. However, after saying those words, he was stunned. For Zhuang Rui, luck... seemed to be something that could really feed him.

Putting aside Zhuang Rui's keen intuition when gambling on stones, he has never been fooled in the past few years when appraising items on Taobao. Modern people do not believe in ghosts and gods, so Zhuang Rui's situation can only be attributed to good luck.

Although facts speak louder than words, Uncle De was still worried and asked in a low voice, "Have you made up your mind?"

"It's alright, Uncle De, I'm the kind of person who brings bad luck to the gambling king..."

Zhuang Rui recalled the disdainful look that Jarvis had given him earlier and couldn't help but sneer inwardly, "Damn it, I'm here to crush the gambling king. Even if you're a hundred times better than Stevenson, you're still going to fall in Macau today!"

...

"Hey, Brother Bi, look at the mess this has made. It's really not good. We're all friends, winning or losing is just for fun, why did it have to be like this..."

While Zhuang Rui was talking to Uncle De, Liu Minghui, who was fair-skinned and chubby, walked over and warmly grabbed the hand of the fourth brother, Bi Yuntao. His expression was so sincere that to onlookers, they really thought they were old friends who hadn't seen each other for a long time.

"Fourth Brother..."

Zhuang Rui pulled Lao Si back with concern, afraid that Lao Si would lose control and start fighting on the spot.

"Don't worry, little brother..."

The fourth brother gently brushed Zhuang Rui's hand away, looked at Liu Minghui with a smile on his face, but his eyes flashed with cold light, and said, "Brother Hui, I will never forget your great kindness in my life. As the saying goes, 'A fall into the pit, a gain in your wit,' and in the future, I will always think of you, Brother Hui, in whatever I do..."

The fourth brother knew that hitting someone in this setting was definitely not a good thing, so he could only make a few sarcastic remarks about Liu Minghui.

"Ah...haha, it's good that you think that way, Brother Bi. You're still young, haha..."

Liu Minghui didn't expect the fourth brother to be so calm. He chuckled and turned to leave, but his smile instantly turned gloomy. For some reason, he had a bad feeling.

Although Liu Minghui has lived in Hong Kong for a long time, he holds a passport from an African country without an extradition treaty. He is also the leader of the swindling organization that plotted against Bi Yuntao.

Previously, Liu Minghui mainly set up schemes in Southeast Asia, scheming against some local tycoons. Over the years, he had accumulated a fortune of five or six hundred million yuan. He originally planned to run a small business in China and then stop, but he never expected to encounter Bi Yuntao, this fat sheep.

After making inquiries, Liu Minghui learned that Bi Yuntao had a large sum of money, which is why he set up this scheme. However, he did not expect that it would lead to the exposure of Zhuang Rui.

Although Liu Minghui had learned about Zhuang Rui's background, there was no way he would make Zhuang Rui spit out the meat he had already eaten. On the contrary, Liu Minghui was thinking of making a final big profit and then buying a small island abroad to live a carefree life.

So Liu Minghui paid a considerable price to invite the gambling king, Jervis, to the gambling game. After this gambling game, Brother Hui could enjoy life without any worries.

As for whether Jervis would lose? Hui Ge had absolutely not considered that.

While luck might determine the outcome of a few hands, a game with 500 million in stakes is definitely not something that can be won by luck alone; skill is absolutely the most important factor.

"Mr. He has arrived..."

Just after Liu Minghui walked back, the doors of the casino opened, and a woman in her thirties pushed a wheelchair into the hall.

Immediately, those who were sitting down all stood up and greeted the old man. In Macau, the gambling king is a living legend. Whether they are legitimate businessmen or underworld bosses, they all respectfully call him Mr. Ho.

Although the gambling king, who was sitting in a wheelchair, was very thin, one could still see the handsome and dashing figure he had in his youth on his face.

"Young man, gamble well and beat that foreigner..."

The wheelchair came to Zhuang Rui, and the old man stretched out his withered hands and shook hands with Zhuang Rui.

However, the words spoken by the gambling king made Liu Minghui and the others sitting on the other side turn pale. But intimidated by the gambling king's reputation, they did not dare to say anything and could only be angry.

"Mr. He, as you wished..."

Upon hearing the gambling king's words, Zhuang Rui could only laugh inwardly. In fact, the gambling king himself had some foreign ancestry, but the old man considered himself Chinese his whole life, which Zhuang Rui greatly admired.

Zhuang Rui doesn't think much of the billions of dollars that the gambling king built. If he wanted to gamble, he could win so much that he could make all the casino owners in the world lose face. However, Zhuang Rui admires another strength of the gambling king to the point of utter admiration.

What Zhuang Rui admired even more was that the gambling king had married seven or eight concubines in addition to his legal wife, which made Zhuang Rui extremely envious; he could only look up to him with awe.

Chapter 910 The Yangtze River's back waves push the front waves forward.

The conversation between Zhuang Rui and the gambling king made the faces of the people opposite them turn dark, but they didn't dare to challenge the gambling king in front of them. They all lowered their heads and sulked, which made the fourth brother feel very happy.

"By the way, young man, I heard you came straight here after you just got off the plane. Why don't you rest for a day and then have the betting game tomorrow?"

It must be said that Old Master He really took good care of Zhuang Rui. There were dozens of wealthy tycoons from Hong Kong, Macau and Taiwan present, but he didn't even ask them anything. It was as if as long as Zhuang Rui said to reschedule, it could proceed immediately.

"Never mind, Mr. He, it's just a little fun, it won't take long..."

Zhuang Rui's expression was humble, but his words drew everyone's attention. A bet totaling 1 billion was nothing more than a small game in Zhuang Rui's eyes? If things went bigger, how much would the stakes be?

The wealthy people present, although they are worth hundreds of millions, have mostly worked their way up from the bottom. It's no big deal for them to gamble with three to five million or even thirty to fifty million. But if they were to gamble with five hundred million, I'm afraid not many people would have the courage to do so.

"Good, the younger generation surpasses the older, young man, I have high hopes for you..."

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words, the elegant woman behind the gambling king pushed the wheelchair to the seat. The gambling king knew many people, and as soon as he arrived, he was surrounded by people talking to him.

"Gentlemen and distinguished guests, today we will be holding a two-person gambling game between Mr. Zhuang Rui from Beijing and Mr. Jervis from Las Vegas, with a stake of one billion Hong Kong dollars..."

The game will consist of two rounds. The first round will be dice, and the second round will be all-in. After both rounds, the winner will be determined by the amount of chips held. Do either of you have any objections?

After the gambling king left, a master of ceremonies, around fifty years old with gray hair, stood next to the gambling table. A beam of light shone on him from somewhere, making him look like a celebrity making an entrance.

"How do you gamble with dice?" Zhuang Rui asked, since he needed to know the rules to play.

"There are two ways to bet: one is to bet directly on whether it's big or small, and the other is to guess the number. I wonder which one you two would like to choose?"

Also, I'd like to point out that the dice cups we're using today are the latest model, and they don't make a sound when shaken..."

The old emcee explained the dice game: the first method involved the dealer rolling the dice, and Zhuang Rui and Jervis each placing bets on whether it was big or small. Whoever guessed correctly kept their chips; if both guessed incorrectly, it was a tie, and the game was restarted.

The second method is much more difficult. Not only do you have to guess the size, but you also have to guess the number of points on the dice. This requires the two people betting to have the ability to read the dice.

Despite the incredible feats shown on TV, it's practically impossible to tell the exact number by rolling dice. Even with professional training, you'd be lucky to get three or four points out the exact number.

Today's dice cups are specially made, with a layer of sponge inside to absorb the sound made when the dice are shaken, so it's basically all about luck.

So when Jarvis heard the emcee's words, his expression changed. He knew the other party was extremely lucky, so he didn't say anything and didn't dare to make a decision rashly.

Upon hearing about this gambling method, Zhuang Rui couldn't help but glance at Old Master He sitting in the guest seats, secretly feeling grateful for his help.

In terms of gambling skills, probably no one in the room favors Zhuang Rui. But when it comes to luck, those who know about Zhuang Rui's previous battle with the gambling king will definitely bet on Zhuang Rui.

Liu Minghui and the others didn't look too good. It was all about luck. Even if the old gambling king Ye Han came, let alone Jarvis, he wouldn't dare to say that he was guaranteed to win.

"I choose the second option. Since we're going to gamble, let's gamble on something challenging..."

Zhuang Rui's voice rang out. If gambling on cards requires luck, then gambling on dice is all about cheating for Zhuang Rui. Of course, he would choose the more difficult dice.

"Mr. Jarvis, what are your thoughts?"

The emcee asked Jarvis in English that the rules of the betting required negotiation between the two sides.

"I have no objection. I've always been very lucky..."

As the world's gambling king, Jarvis certainly couldn't show weakness, so he shrugged and agreed.

"Alright, please exchange your chips first..."

As soon as the emcee finished speaking, two waiters pushed in two carts, each carrying chips worth HK\$500 million. Two finance personnel followed behind the carts, ready to verify the funds and transfer them.

"Peng Fei, you go..."

Zhuang Rui saw that Liu Minghui had already taken out his card and started transferring money, so he turned his head and winked at Peng Fei.

After the transfer, the two finance staff members brought several documents and had Zhuang Rui and Liu Minghui sign their names before placing the mountain of chips on both sides of the gambling table.

"Damn, two million chips per chip..."

The fourth brother, who had been standing next to Zhuang Rui, stared wide-eyed and speechless when he saw the chips neatly stacked on the table.

"What's wrong? Fourth brother, it's five hundred million! Even if each chip is two million, that's over 200. What's so strange about that?"

Viagra didn't think so. In this room, money was no longer money, but rather chips marked with numbers. Of course, if it were cash piled up on the table, the game probably wouldn't be able to continue.

"Brother Wei, you don't know, in Macau casinos, chips are usually in denominations of 50, 100, and 1000 yuan. In the VIP rooms, they're usually in denominations of 10,000, 50,000, and 100,000 yuan. This is the first time I've ever seen chips worth 2 million yuan..."

Although the fourth brother has been coming to Macau frequently in the past six months, he has never bet a large amount each time, with the largest bet being only 50,000 or 100,000. However, despite the small amount, he has lost several hundred million in just a few months.

Anyone who has been to Macau is particularly sensitive to chips, because in Macau, chips are money. In many situations, people are very happy to use chips to pay for tips, especially in bars and restaurants near casinos, where chips are highly valued.

As long as you have casino chips, you can exchange them for cash or checks. So in the early days, many people tried to steal the casino chips, but the casinos eventually bought them back.

However, the robbers disappeared after committing the heist. A few weeks later, their bodies were found floating at sea. Since then, almost no one has dared to rob casino chips in Macau.

"Let's begin, I'm ready..."

Over the years, Zhuang Rui's business has grown bigger and bigger, and his wealth has increased. He has unconsciously developed a sense of authority and is not used to being looked at like this.

So after placing the chips on the table, Zhuang Rui sat down and signaled to the dealer standing next to the table that it was time to begin.

"Oh, no, wait, I need to wash my hands..."

On the other side, Jarvis, perhaps out of habit, suddenly made a condition.

"Of course you can, but you can't leave the casino..."

The emcee turned and gave an order, and immediately a waiter brought in a basin of water. Jarvis rolled up the sleeves of his white shirt, muttering something to himself, and carefully washed his long, slender hands.

"Playing tricks..."

Zhuang Rui glanced at him dismissively, "Don't even mention washing your hands, even if you just wash your feet clean, I'd still beat you to a pulp today."

Out of boredom, Zhuang Rui looked at the chips in front of him. The chips on the table were slightly different from those he had used at the casino last time. They were divided into three types: 500,000, 1 million, and 2 million. Judging from this, the minimum bet for each round was 500,000 Hong Kong dollars.

Wei Ge picked up a 500,000 yuan chip, fiddled with it in his hand, and said, "Hey, this thing is really well made, it even has anti-counterfeiting features inside..."

"Hehe, Wei-ge, take one of each of these three types of chips to play with later. Hmm, Fourth Brother... you can skip it, no matter how many you have, you'll still lose..."

Zhuang Rui's joke made Lao Si laugh awkwardly, but he didn't blame Zhuang Rui. He could only blame himself for being blind and walking headlong into someone else's trap.

"Well, forget about the fourth one, we can't give it to him, it's not even enough for 'Brother Tao' to lose in one round..."

Zhuang Rui's relaxed demeanor also infected those around him. Wei Ge laughed and joked with Lao Si, whose real name was Bi Yuntao. Back in school, Lao Si had the powerful nickname "Tao Ge" (meaning "Trap Brother").

"Fine, it was my fault, so feel free to criticize me all you want..."

The fourth brother was not as relaxed as the two in front of him. If Zhuang Rui lost the bet today, his actions would not only harm himself, but also trap his good brother.

"Hey, can we start now?"

Zhuang Rui looked at Jervis, who was still slowly wiping the water off his hands, and shouted in annoyance, "I'm a scholar now, leaving behind archaeological discoveries that could shock the world, and I'm just playing around with you. You're making me wait?"

Over the past week or so, tens of thousands of artifacts have been unearthed from the large tomb in Henan Province, and this is just the tip of the iceberg. Around the tomb chamber, there are also burial pits covering thousands of square meters, which are currently being cleared.

As for the tomb's occupant, it has been confirmed that he was Liu Xiu, which has caused a great stir in the domestic scientific research community. The discovery of this tomb will rewrite much of history.

"Alright, young man, don't be in such a hurry..."

Upon hearing Zhuang Rui's shout, Jervis, his hands dry and bare, walked to the gambling table and sat down, looking extremely relaxed, as if the hundreds of millions of chips in front of him were merely numbers.

"Gentlemen, the stakes for this dice game are two hundred million, and the game lasts for two hours. After two hours, the side with the most chips wins. Now... the game begins!"

After the old emcee repeated the rules, the young dealer next to him walked to the gambling table, picked up a completely black dice cup, and said, "Gentlemen, would you like to have it checked?"