

## Golden 93

### Chapter Ninety-Three: The Grassland Black Market (Part 8)

Sitting behind Zhuang Rui, Zhou Rui's face twitched slightly upon hearing Zhuang Rui's words. He knew that after trading the painting Zhuang Rui was holding, he had less than 300,000 yuan left in his bag. However, with everyone in the tent focused on Zhuang Rui, he didn't dare to speak up.

"Wood, is this tricolor horse genuine? Is it worth that much?"

Liu Chuan, however, had no such concerns. He still had tens of thousands of yuan in his handbag, so raising 300,000 yuan wouldn't be a problem.

Zhuang Rui smiled and said, "You rascal, do you know how much a tricolor black horse was auctioned in England in 1989?"

"How much?" Liu Chuan asked cooperatively.

"50,000 pounds, did you hear me? It's pounds!"

Zhuang Rui's voice was a little loud, and not only Liu Chuan heard it clearly, but probably everyone in the tent also heard it.

"Holy crap, 4.95 million! By the way, is the pound worth more than our RMB? It shouldn't be worth about the same as the Vietnamese dong, right?"

Liu Chuan was startled by the number. However, he obviously didn't know much about the exchange rate between the British pound and the RMB. But Liu Chuan knew that a few years ago, some scammers on long-distance buses would use large denomination Vietnamese dong that were worthless to trick people into exchanging RMB. 4 million Vietnamese dong was equivalent to about 1,000 RMB. If the British pound was the same, then they would have lost a lot of money.

Zhuang Rui was both amused and exasperated by Liu Chuan's words. How novel! Comparing pounds to Vietnamese dong, he said, "Can't you learn something more? If you multiply 4.95 million RMB by 10, it equals 4.95 million pounds..."

"Ten times 4.95 million is 49.5 million, more than ten times! Holy crap, that's worth more than 50 million RMB!"

Liu Chuan's eyes lit up as he looked at the tricolor horse. This was no ordinary clay horse; it was worth more than a golden horse.

"Mr. Liu has already offered 300,000 RMB. Is there anyone else bidding? Everyone has seen it; this tricolor horse piece has a very high chance of being authentic. With your abilities, it shouldn't be difficult for you to make a bid.

Lang Jie's seductive voice rang out again. In truth, he wasn't sure about this sancai horse either. Judging from its shape, it was round and full, and the horse's shape was rather plump, which was very much in line with the characteristics of the Tang Dynasty. Moreover, the glaze was exquisite and had an inner luster, soft and warm. From these two aspects, it was indeed a rare treasure.

However, this sancai horse has a soft yet brilliant glaze, and a warm yet subtly gleaming sheen, but it lacks the halo effect (halo effect refers to a kind of iridescent light on porcelain, like the purplish-blue color of clam shells; generally, this kind of light on old porcelain glazes is caused by lead content). Of course, not all Tang sancai pieces have halo effect, so it cannot be ruled out that this sancai piece without halo effect is also genuine, but it inevitably raises doubts.

"I'll offer 350,000..."

The woman in sunglasses hesitated for a moment. Zhuang Rui suddenly raised the price by 100,000, which put some pressure on her. It wasn't the money that was the pressure, but rather the pressure on her own judgment. She had originally set her sights on 250,000 for this tricolor horse, but Zhuang Rui's bid made her confidence waver.

"Four hundred thousand..."

Boss Jiang was clearly unwilling to give up on this last item. It was a matter of face. Even if it was a fake, he couldn't come all this way and leave empty-handed. Besides, Takeuchi also had his eye on the tricolor horse. He had already made Takeuchi very unhappy that he hadn't bid on the previous items.

"Mr. Liu, Mr. Jiang has already offered 400,000..."

Lang Jie shouted towards Zhuang Rui, his meaning clear: keep shouting, the higher you shout, the happier I am.

No one present knew that just as the woman in sunglasses shouted out 350,000, Zhuang Rui's heart, which had been pounding in his throat, finally relaxed. He leaned forward slightly, only then realizing that his bra was completely soaked with cold sweat, clinging tightly to his body.

This thing isn't Tang Sancai at all; it's over 1,300 years removed from the Tang Dynasty. It doesn't even qualify as Republic of China Sancai; it's a genuine, typical post-Liberation Sancai.

Zhuang Rui himself only has a general understanding of Tang Sancai (Tang tri-color glazed pottery), knowing only its origins. If you ask him about the glaze, body, production process, etc., he will know absolutely nothing. The reason he concluded that this tri-color horse was a modern imitation was not only because the horse lacked any spirit, but also because there was a character "许" inside the horse's right leg in front of it. Of course, only Zhuang Rui could see this character.

As everyone knows, simplified characters were only introduced after the liberation. Before the liberation and even earlier, the character was always written as 许. However, the character "许" in this horse's hoof is written as the simplified character. This way of writing did not exist before the liberation. In other words, this object must be a modern high-quality fake.

This forger is quite interesting. This tricolor horse is almost indistinguishable from the real thing. It has all the basic characteristics of a genuine tricolor horse. It can be said that the similarities are over 99%. The remaining less than 1% of the more special features cannot be imitated at present because these special features can only be formed over thousands of years, which is beyond human capabilities.

However, besides that 1%, the forger also left a mark, which is the character at the horse's hoof. It's just that the character is written inside, making it impossible to identify. It is estimated that the master meant that he left a flaw, and whether you can find the flaw depends on your skills. This flaw is precisely left at the horse's hoof, which should be taken from the Tang Dynasty when a horse was used to replace a unicorn in a dance, and the horse's hoof was not properly covered, thus revealing the horse's hoof.

Some modern forgers are undoubtedly highly skilled; if they were in ancient times, they might have been masters. However, no matter how well they are made, without the test of time, they can only be considered handicrafts, not antiques. Some people are indignant about this, so after aging and forging, they deliberately leave some flaws.

As for why Zhuang Rui asked for 300,000, the reason is simple: he wanted to rip off that Japanese guy. Although Takeuchi is a friendly person towards China, coming to a place like this still means he wants to take our country's national treasures back to Japan. It's a cultural invasion. Although Zhuang Rui is not a radical, he has never had any good feelings towards the Japanese.

Zhuang Rui had been observing for half a day. The Japanese man, Takeuchi, was very interested in the tricolor horse and kept whispering to Boss Jiang. Then, Boss Jiang, who was bidding on behalf of Takeuchi, put on a determined look. Seeing that no one was raising the price, Zhuang Rui couldn't help but call out a price of 300,000.

It felt great to bid, but as soon as the words left his mouth, Zhuang Rui regretted it. What if the shrewd people in the room noticed something amiss and stopped bidding? He would be left with a bitter pill to swallow. Although Zhuang Rui was now quite wealthy, he would definitely slap himself if he had to spend 300,000 yuan to buy a fake and take it home. Fortunately, the woman in sunglasses' bid got him out of a predicament and also prompted Boss Jiang to bid again.

"Mr. Liu, this is a rare opportunity! Mr. Jiang has already offered 400,000 RMB..."

Seeing that Zhuang Rui had not spoken for a long time, Lang Jie called out again.

"Dude, I only brought 300,000, I don't need it!"

Zhuang Rui gently shook his head. Liu Chuan understood what he meant and said loudly, completely ignoring the contemptuous looks he received from everyone present.

"Miss, would you like to raise the price?"

Seeing that Liu Chuan had given up, Lang Jie immediately asked the woman in sunglasses.

"Just now I saw him raise the price to 300,000, looking like he was determined to get it. Now he's not going to match the price. Could it be that he's really short of money? Impossible. People who come here, even if they don't have enough cash, can still write a cash check and confirm by phone."

The woman in sunglasses was trying to figure out Zhuang Rui's intentions. Her first impression of the tricolor horse was that its quality, glaze, and shape made it seem like an authentic piece. However, it was precisely because the tricolor horse was too perfect that she had a bad feeling. So when Zhuang Rui quoted a price of 300,000, she only added 50,000.

I give up!

Shaking her head, the woman in sunglasses rang out in the tent with her clear and melodious voice.

"Congratulations, Mr. Jiang. The last item in today's auction, the Tang Dynasty tricolor horse, belongs to you."

Lang Jie had every reason to be happy. Today's auction brought him millions, while his expenses were minimal. Although he had many people working for him, his expenses were not high, and even the cost of acquiring these items was very low. It was a highly profitable business.

However, Mr. Jiang's expression was not very good. His thoughts were similar to those of the woman in sunglasses. However, due to his own pride and the pressure from Takeuchi beside him, he still bid 400,000. When he saw Zhuang Rui and the woman in sunglasses withdraw from the auction at the same time, he naturally had some doubts. However, he made up his mind to give the item to Takeuchi. Whether it was real or fake, he didn't care.

"I have arranged some events in Lhasa. Friends who are interested are welcome to attend. Today's auction is now over. I hope to see you all again at the next auction."

Lang Jie's words brought the auction to a close. After speaking, Lang Jie, holding a business card, walked straight to Liu Chuan and the others, presenting each of them with a business card. Although Liu Chuan and his group had only acquired a fake painting by Tang Bohu this time, Lang Jie did not dare to underestimate them because of the purebred Tibetan Mastiff in Zhuang Rui's arms. If he knew that

Zhuang Rui had made a fortune by tricking the Japanese, his attitude would probably be even more respectful.

"Boss Langjie, could you send a car to take those two back to the hotel? I'll hitch a ride with Brother Liu Chuan. How about it, Brother Liu Chuan? My physique isn't strong enough to crush your tank, is it?"

After Mr. Ma stood up from his chair, he actually asked to ride with Zhuang Rui and the others, which puzzled everyone. Just now, this fat man Ma was so eager to bury the other party in money, but now he was shamelessly trying to curry favor. This fat man was flexible and adaptable, quite a character. However, everyone thought that the fat man Ma was asking to ride with Zhuang Rui and the others because of that purebred Tibetan Mastiff.

Liu Chuan's personality has always been such that he responds better to gentleness than force. Seeing that Fatty Ma had taken the initiative to back down, he immediately said, "Let's go. I bet you'll have a hard time squeezing into that Santana's door."

Fatty Ma paid no attention to Liu Chuan's words. His lecherous eyes no longer glanced at the woman flirting beside him. He chuckled and followed Zhuang Rui and the others into the Hummer.