

Golden 94

Chapter Ninety-Four: The Fat Man Who Pretended to Be Weak While Actually Being Strong

"Mr. Ma, I already told you, this Tibetan Mastiff isn't for sale. You don't need to bother anymore.

After Zhuang Rui settled into the car, he looked at Fatty Ma, who was examining the interior of the Hummer.

"Hey, this car of yours is really awesome. I'll buy a couple of them sometime. It's much more comfortable than those big Jeeps."

Fatty Ma did not answer Zhuang Rui's question, nor did he show any further interest in the little white lion. Instead, he started talking about the Hummer.

"This car isn't mine, I borrowed it from a friend. Mr. Ma, just say what you need to say, I like straightforward people."

Liu Chuan took out the baby bottle and nipple, preparing to feed his two little darlings again. The two little guys, not yet a month old, were quite robust and chubby, but they could only eat liquid food and had high requirements for formula. In the first few days, after eating infant formula, they also craved meat from the little white lion and ate some meat scraps, which caused them to have diarrhea continuously. If Zhuang Rui hadn't secretly used his spiritual energy to adjust them, they would probably be in grave danger by now.

However, since then, the little guys have stopped being picky about milk powder. In addition, with the calcium tablets that Liu Chuan brought, their nutrition has always been rich. The two Tibetan Mastiffs have shiny fur, one is pure black, and the other is slowly turning golden yellow, showing some of their father's style.

"Hey? Brother Liu Chuan, you're not being fair. You clearly have three Tibetan Mastiff puppies, but you won't sell me even one. Don't you think my money is money?"

When the fat man saw Liu Chuan take two more Tibetan mastiff puppies out of the trunk of the Hummer, his eyes, which looked like two thin slits, widened in displeasure, and he said to Liu Chuan.

"Those belong to Zhuang Rui. Both of mine are already taken. But if you can afford the price, Mr. Ma, I might be able to get one from you later."

Zhuang Rui understood Liu Chuan's thoughts best. He knew Liu Chuan wanted to keep the other dog for himself. Anyone who's been involved with dogs for years loves them, and besides, purebred Tibetan Mastiffs like this are extremely rare.

"Money is no problem. Brother Zhuang's pig, I can easily pay thirty to fifty million if you're willing to sell it. Brother Liu, I think your two are pretty good too, three million each, how about I have one?"

Fatty Ma really doesn't care about money; if a problem can be solved with money, then it's definitely not a problem.

Although Liu Chuan kept urging Zhuang Rui to sell when Fatty Ma was offering a price in the tent, he hesitated when it came to his own business. Normally, if someone is willing to buy a Tibetan Mastiff and the price is right, he should sell it. However, purebred Tibetan Mastiffs are extremely rare. Although Liu Chuan loves money, he was still undecided and couldn't make up his mind.

"Mr. Ma, we'll find you another one when we have time. A gentleman doesn't take what others like, so don't tempt us anymore. Aren't you afraid we'll kidnap you and extort money from you? That's much more lucrative than selling a dog."

After what had just happened, Zhuang Rui's resistance to money had increased considerably. He started joking with Fatty Ma. Fatty Ma had acted lecherously and vulgarly in the tent, but after getting in the car, he spoke frankly. Although he was a few years older than everyone else in the car and had a net worth of hundreds of millions, he didn't put on any airs, which made Zhuang Rui's impression of him much better.

"Hehe, I, Old Ma, don't have any other skills. The only reason I've gotten this far is because of my keen eye for people. You guys wouldn't do those kinds of things. By the way, Brother Zhuang, that painting of yours should be worth quite a bit of money, right?"

Fatty Ma stopped talking about Tibetan mastiffs and suddenly brought up Tang Bohu's painting "Li Duanduan". This surprised Zhuang Rui greatly. He asked himself if he had revealed any flaws in the process of going on stage to look at the painting and then buying it after being pressured.

"Mr. Ma, you're joking. I just wanted to take a look at that painting, but that old man Xie pressured me, so I bought it to hang up for fun. So many experts think it's a fake. If it were real, why would I be the one to buy it? Why don't you take a look and give your opinion?"

As Zhuang Rui spoke, he took out the scroll from the fishing rod cover and prepared to hand it to Fatty Ma. He was also thinking to himself, "Is this Fatty Ma really a hidden master?"

"No, don't give it to me. I don't even know who Tang Bohu is. How would I know what he painted? But, my brothers, did you think I was just a sucker who got ripped off?"

Seeing Zhuang Rui take the painting out, Fatty Ma quickly waved his carrot-like fan-like hand, signaling Zhuang Rui to put it back. He probably knew his own work wasn't up to par

"Hey Mr. Ma, judging from your behavior just now, you really do seem like a sucker."

Liu Chuan is straightforward and always says what he thinks. Although they know a little about Fatty Ma's wealth, Liu Chuan doesn't take it to heart. That's one of the advantages he and Zhuang Rui have: they never feel inferior to anyone.

"Hehe, let me tell you, at my place in Shanxi, there's a collection room where most of the items are genuine, and most of them I brought back myself. Hey, you two brothers, don't believe me. You'll see when you visit me sometime."

"Mr. Ma, you should know that the price of 700,000 for this money tree is a bit high, right? But by asking such a high price, doesn't it make you look like a sucker?"

Zhuang Rui was also puzzled. Even if you have money and can use it to bribe people, you can't guarantee that others won't set traps for you or that what they bring out is genuine.

Instead of answering Zhuang Rui's question, Fatty Ma asked him, "Brother Zhuang, let me ask you, back then, several people bid up to 600,000 for that money tree. Do you think it was real or fake?"

"Of course it's true." Zhuang Rui blurted out, then realized something was amiss and explained, "Although I don't understand and didn't go up to see, Old Man Xie and Boss Li must be experts, otherwise they wouldn't have raised the price to 600,000."

"Brother Zhuang, you're right. I may not understand it, but there are experts who can help me. What I need to do is observe this black market auction to see if it's a trap, a trap designed against me. Once I figure that out, I can move in and out as I please. You're looking at the items, I'm looking at the people. If someone else has appraised the items, I can just pay a little more. Seven hundred thousand is only one hundred thousand more than six hundred thousand. I'll just consider it an appraisal fee."

Ma Pangzi's words made the three people in the car suddenly realize that this guy was so shrewd. Everyone in the tent thought he was a sucker, but they didn't expect that this fat man had actually fooled everyone who participated in this auction. It seems that you really can't judge a book by its cover.

After a moment's thought, the group understood. If this Han Dynasty bronze money tree were put in a regular auction, it would definitely fetch over a million. The fat man spent 700,000, which seemed like a loss, but he actually made a profit. His bid was only 100,000 higher than the price they were willing to pay, which was just a little higher than what Old Man Xie and the others were willing to pay. Moreover, he put on an air of wealth and power, which made the others hesitant to compete with him. If he had started bidding from the beginning, he probably wouldn't have been able to get the money tree for 700,000.

"Old Ma, I've gotten to where I am today, and I don't know how many people have tried to scheme against me. It's better to be a little oblivious in life."

Fatty Ma suddenly started reminiscing, as if he had remembered something.

"Why would Boss Ma tell us these things? Isn't he afraid we'll spread the word?"

Looking at Fatty Ma's seemingly harmless smiling face, Zhuang Rui couldn't help but ask with some doubt, "Their relationship wasn't harmonious at the beginning. Could it be that this fat guy got something out of him and is now showing off?"

"Hehe, well, to be honest with you guys, I just love to figure out people. If I can figure out all kinds of people, I'll be able to get by in this world. If I encounter something I can't figure out, I'll lose my appetite and sleep for days."

Brother Zhuang's performance today left me a bit puzzled. I came to see you guys specifically to ask you a question: Was that Tang tri-colored pottery piece you found at the end a fake? I don't think you're very knowledgeable about the ins and outs of the antique business. How did you figure it out?

If it were said that Fatty Ma could tell that the painting by Tang Bohu was genuine, Zhuang Rui would only be slightly surprised, thinking that he had been overheard talking to Liu Chuan. But the fact that Fatty Ma could tell that he knew the sancai horse was a fake stirred up a storm in Zhuang Rui's heart. Even Zhou Rui and Liu Chuan believed that the sancai horse was genuine. It seemed that Fatty Ma was no ordinary person who had amassed a fortune of hundreds of millions.

"Are you kidding me? That tricolor horse is fake? You figured it out, you blockhead?"

Before Zhuang Rui could answer, Liu Chuan jumped up.

"Brother Liu Chuan, you're not being fair either. During the auction, you said something to provoke Old Man Xie and turned against me. Was that on purpose? You're a businessman, you must understand the principle of making money through harmony. You can't fool me with that playboy act."

Upon hearing Liu Chuan's words, Fatty Ma immediately changed the subject and brought up Liu Chuan again. Liu Chuan remained silent, as his behavior today had been somewhat affected.

"Mr. Ma, you're flattering me. To be honest, I came here today with similar intentions to you. My knowledge of antiques isn't any better than yours. I came to this auction partly to broaden my horizons, and partly to try and snag a bargain. As for that tricolor horse, I do believe it's genuine, but I didn't bring much money, only 300,000. I can't compete with your money tree, but I did want to take a gamble on that tricolor horse. I didn't expect to lack confidence, and others weren't interested."

Zhuang Rui answered with a serious expression. The reason he gave was so convincing that he almost believed it himself.