

Golden Eyes

Chapter 4: Discharged from the Hospital

Zhuang Rui's major in college was financial accounting. This major has always been dominated by females, with only a few males. Out of 45 students in his class, 40 were girls. Naturally, the five male students were all assigned to the same dorm room.

The eldest brother's name was **Yang Wei**. It's unknown if his ancestors had any connection to Yang Dingtian from Jin Yong's novels. Judging solely by the name, the eldest brother's name was clearly more resounding, straightforward, and memorable than Yang Dingtian's. Literally, it means 'Yang is great.' However, whenever the eldest brother was introduced, he never elaborated on the true meaning of his name, so **Brother Wei** became his official moniker both inside and outside the school, used universally by all ages.

Brother Wei's parents were originally ordinary factory workers, but his mother had a unique vision and was bold yet meticulous. In the **Early Stage of City Name** Securities' establishment, the factory where his parents worked underwent restructuring and went public. In the late 1980s, people didn't quite understand or recognize this new concept of stocks. They always felt safer keeping money in the bank or at home, so they were unwilling to buy shares and only purchased a very small amount under duress.

At that time, Mother Wei defied all objections at home, borrowed over 100,000 yuan from her maiden family, and acquired a significant number of shares of her factory's stock from colleagues and co-workers at the original share price. After the listing, she made a substantial profit. Later, when the stock market began to heat up, Mother Wei carried several sacks of ID cards, hired people to queue up, and bought many subscription certificates for speculation. This series of actions completed her initial capital accumulation.

Afterward, **Yang Wei**'s family exited the stock market and started a company, focusing on foreign trade. During the dissolution of the former Soviet Union, they even undertook a massive project of chartering a special train to transport goods to Russia. Although **Brother Wei**'s parents were not highly educated, they are now considered prominent figures in the bustling metropolis.

Although there wasn't a saying about 'good-for-nothing rich second generations' in the 90s, **Brother Wei**'s parents had suffered greatly due to their lack of education in their early years. Learning from their painful experiences, they devoted all their efforts to raising their son, sending **Brother Wei** to a prestigious university. As for why his major was accounting, it was because the old couple often made calculation errors when they started their business, either giving too much or asking for too little money, and they suffered greatly from it.

Because he was quite promising and brought **Face** to his parents, **Brother Wei** was also relatively well-off financially. When he enrolled, he already had a 'big brother' phone in hand, a large, black brick-like device. Back then, it was still an analog number starting with '9.' He often saw the eldest brother carrying that black brick and wandering up and down the stairs looking for a signal.

Zhuang Rui was the **Youngest Brother** among the five, but he was diligent, steady, honest, and loyal. He often helped the others copy notes and answer roll calls. Thus, after four years, they became as close as brothers. **Zhuang Rui** was able to find work at the **Pawnshop** because **Brother Wei**'s mother pulled some strings for him.

"Hehe, **Uncle De** is here too. My dad bought a painting a few days ago and was just talking about asking you to appraise it. You know my dad, last time he insisted that **Tang Yin** and **Tang Yin** were two different people. I argued with him about it and he almost hit me with a broom. With that level of knowledge, he still insists on playing with antiques. He's completely clueless..."

Yang Wei and **Uncle De** were also familiar with each other, and as soon as they met, he started complaining about his father.

"You little brat, how can you talk about your father like that? But Old Yang, too. I told him last time that when playing this game, you should observe more, listen more, and act less. He's probably been fooled by someone's fabricated story again this time. Alright, I'll find time to take a look."

Uncle De laughed and scolded **Yang Wei**, then said to **Zhuang Rui** and his mother, "Little Zhuang, Old Sister-in-law, I won't see you off. When Little Zhuang comes back to **City Name** again, Old Sister-in-law should come and stay together. Living together will allow Little Zhuang to fulfill his filial duty and have someone to look after him, won't it?"

After **Zhuang Rui** saw **Uncle De** out, **Yang Wei** was already helping him pack his things. **Zhuang Rui** had asked him to help buy train tickets a few days ago. The Spring Festival travel rush had already begun, and if he didn't book tickets in advance, he probably wouldn't be able to go home for the New Year. The train ticket was for 1 PM, and he should be able to return to **City** by around 11 PM.

"**Youngest Brother**, your injury isn't fully healed, so you can't eat greasy food. When Aunt Zhuang came to **City Name** last time, I couldn't entertain her. How about I take you both to eat some **City Name** specialty snacks for lunch? Haha, we're brothers, why are you being so polite? Your company will settle the hospital bill, and your things are packed. Let's go..."

Many items in the VIP ward were provided free by the hospital, so **Zhuang Rui** didn't have much. After packing, it was just one backpack. **Yang Wei** carried it and turned to **Zhuang Rui**, saying.

Zhuang Rui opened his mouth but didn't say anything. He already owed the eldest brother too much. Saying thanks wouldn't clear the debt; he'd just keep it in his heart. **Zhuang Rui** felt at that moment that while learning knowledge was one aspect of his four years in college, having such true friends was his greatest wealth.

Walking out of the hospital, **Zhuang Rui** felt a bit regretful because he hadn't seen **Nurse Song**, who had been taking care of him for the past ten-odd days, even until he left. He had specifically gone to the doctor's office earlier, wanting to thank **Nurse Song**, but the news he received was that **Nurse Song** had taken leave.

Actually, in **Zhuang Rui**'s heart, saying thanks was secondary. He was still thinking that if the scene he saw that morning was real, then that person must have been **Nurse Song**. But now there was no chance. **City Name** was so big, there wouldn't be another opportunity to meet. Besides, even if he met her, he wouldn't recognize her.

"Hey, eldest brother, you've changed cars again? How come everyone else's cars get better and better, but yours gets worse and worse?"

Seeing the eldest brother throw his luggage into a dilapidated jeep, **Zhuang Rui** was somewhat surprised. The eldest brother always said that cars were his 'big wife' now, and the worst he used to drive was a Santana.

"Little Rui, what are you saying? Apologize to Brother Yang."

Aunt Zhuang said from behind. In her opinion, **Zhuang Rui**'s classmate was truly exceptional to him. For the half-month **Zhuang Rui** was injured, he ran around constantly, bringing plenty of food and supplies every day—something even close relatives would find hard to do.

Yang Wei's thick **Face**, almost matching its length, rarely turned red. He scratched his scalp and said with a smile, "It's nothing, Aunt Zhuang. We brothers are used to joking around. My driving skills are average, but don't worry, I won't hit anyone. I changed cars because I backed the previous one into a wall myself."

Zhuang Rui laughed heartily as he opened the car door for his mother, no longer trying to tease the eldest brother. Not only were his skills average, but he had been driving for nearly three years, and every time he backed up, it was a bumpy ride. He also had a major characteristic: he was directionally challenged. Don't expect him to remember a road unless he'd driven it dozens of times.

Once, **Yang Wei** had a dinner date with a girl in Huangpu District at 6:30 PM. Who knew the girl waited until 7 PM, and he still hadn't shown up? When she called, she found out he had gotten on the elevated highway at 5:30 PM, but after getting on, he didn't know which exit to take. He made several turns, took the wrong Dao, and ended up driving to Baoshan District, dozens of kilometers away. When the girl called him, he was on his way back. Needless to say, they didn't have dinner, he ate a lot of dust on the way, and the special condom he bought for the occasion naturally went unused.

Sure enough, it was still **Zhuang Rui** who gave directions. They drove around for over half an hour before finally finding a soup dumpling shop on Huanghe Road in Huangpu District. The business at this shop was exceptionally good; it was only a little past 10 AM, and it was already almost full.

However, the soup dumplings here truly lived up to their reputation. The skin was thin but didn't break. When picked up with chopsticks, one could vaguely see the meat filling and broth sloshing inside. Taking a careful bite, the soup was abundant and delicious, and the meat filling was firm and springy. **Zhuang Rui** had lived in this **City** for nearly six years and had never eaten such authentic local snacks.

After lunch, **Yang Wei** drove them to the train station. It was almost 1 PM. To accommodate the Spring Festival travel rush, the train station square had five or six waiting areas and entrance

areas set up with canopies. Each area had six ticket gates, each staffed with three ticket inspectors, and passengers needed to arrive four hours in advance to wait. Passengers on the square formed a long Dragon, waiting to enter the station.

In the ticket sales area, people were surging, a dense crowd squeezing the vast station square so tightly that not even a drop of water could pass. Although many **Armed Police** maintained order, the scene was still somewhat chaotic. Many people had been queuing here since the early morning, enduring the cold wind, and fruit peels and paper scraps were visible everywhere on the square ground.

After **Yang Wei** parked the car, he didn't move from the spot but made a phone call in front of the car. A few minutes later, a middle-aged man in a railway uniform rushed over.

"Xiao Wei, why are you only coming at this hour? The train departs in ten minutes! Hurry, follow me into the station." The man nodded to **Zhuang Rui** and his mother, not bothering with pleasantries, and turned to lead the way.

Yang Wei stuck out his tongue and whispered to **Zhuang Rui**, "This is an old neighbor of our family. He's doing well now and happens to be in charge of ticketing. If it were anyone else, it would be really hard to get tickets now."

Compared to the chaos outside the train station, entering the waiting hall became orderly. However, there was still a long queue at the ticket gate. The middle-aged man did not go through the ticket gate but led them through the staff passage to the platform. By now, since the departure time was approaching, most of the passengers from **City Name** to **City** had already boarded the train, and the platform appeared somewhat empty.

"**Youngest Brother**, go back and recover well. Next time you come, we'll go find **Nurse Song** again." After seeing **Zhuang Rui** to his sleeper car, **Yang Wei** whispered in **Zhuang Rui**'s ear, taking advantage of **Mother Zhuang**'s distraction.

Although the temperature inside the sleeper car was a good twenty-seven or twenty-eight degrees Celsius, **Zhuang Rui** still shivered. He hadn't expected this guy to still be so lecherous.