

Chapter 139

Harold wanted to take the opportunity to establish a relationship with Fungui Bao, but he never dreamed that Fungui Bao would suddenly kick him off.

He rolled on the ground several times before he could stabilize his figure and sat on the ground at a loss: "Mr. Bao, what is going on, is there any misunderstanding?"

The others in the room also looked silly.

"Is this guy from the Willson family? Why did you offend Mr. Bao?"

"The Willson family doesn't have many abilities. Now that you offend the pavilion master, you won't be able to mix in Aurous Hill in the future?"

For a time, there were a lot of discussions.

Many people even watched Fungui Bao fighting against Harold with the mentality of watching a good show.

At this time, Fungui Bao glared at Harold and snorted coldly: "Misunderstanding? I mistook your mother!"

After that, he came up and kicked him again, and the kick made him cry out for a change.

Fungui Bao still didn't subdue his hatred, so he stepped directly on his chest and said sternly: "b*stard, do you know who you offended?"

Harold's face was dumbfounded: "I haven't offended anyone, Mr. Bao, this is really a great injustice"

Fungui Bao raised his hand and slapped him twice, and scolded angrily: "Dog, the two you offended are distinguished guests of Miss Song, I really kill you and it still would not reduce my hatred!"

After he finished speaking, he immediately instructed the people around him: "Drag this b@stard out of my face and beat him up! In addition, from now on, apart from the two distinguished guests just now, our Treasure Pavilion bans Harold and the entire Willson family. The other people step in, who dares to let them in and break their legs directly!"

Immediately afterward, Harold was beaten by several security guards.

After a fight, these people dragged him directly and threw him out of the Treasure Pavilion!

He had a blue nose and a swollen face, and his whole body was shaking, and he was too scared to speak.

He knew that he had caused a catastrophe and harmed the entire Willson family!

But how could he think that Charlie turned out to be the guest invited by Warnia?

Why can he know the eldest lady of the Song family!

Why can this waste be favored by Warnia!

After Charlie and Jacob came out, they drove home.

Jacob sighed in the car: "Charlie, it's not your dad who told you. If you really can't find the invitation letter, why should you steal someone else's?"

"Dad, there is no problem with the invitation letter, it is the people who look down on others," Charlie explained helplessly.

Jacob said angrily: "If you can be a little better and have some ability, would they dare to treat us like this? After all, you are too incapable and too useless!"

Charlie shook his head, too lazy to explain.

At this moment, a Rolls-Royce from the rear speeded up, and after passing by two people's cars, it slowed down and stopped on the side of the road.

Seeing that the other party was looking for him, Charlie also stopped the car.

Warnia stepped on a pair of elegant long legs, stepped out of the car, and said apologetically to Charlie: "Mr. Charlie, I'm really sorry about the accident just now. I didn't arrange it. Please don't worry about it."

Charlie shook his head and said, "It has nothing to do with you. It is Mr. Bao who has to take care of his employees."

Warnia hurriedly said, "Mr. Charlie, he has already fired the manager involved. Let's go back and continue participating in the auction now. What do you think?"

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Charlie refused: "Sorry Miss Song, today's good mood has been spoiled by one or two flies, so I won't go back to participate in the auction. Let's talk about it next time."

Warnia felt very sorry: "I'm so sorry, Mr. Charlie."

After finishing speaking, she took out a wooden box from the car, stuffed it into Charlie's hand, and said: "Mr. Charlie, this is a little bit of my heart, as a little apology."

When Charlie got the wooden box, he felt an aura from it, so he didn't refuse.

Seeing Charlie accepting the gift, Warnia went on to say: "Well, today's auction will be suspended. I will ask Fungui Bao to rectify the team of Treasure Pavillion. When he finishes the rectification, we will hold another one, and I will invite Wade Mr. and Uncle Willson."

Jacob was already stunned. Isn't this woman the last lady from the Song family that Jiqingtang smashed the antique bottle last time?

She was so polite to his son-in-law and even willing to suspend the auction for him and start anew. This is too much face, right?

Is it because the bottle was repaired last time?

A good deed, I will really have to look at my son-in-law in the future.

Charlie also noticed Warnia's sincerity, so he nodded faintly, and said: "Then when it reopens, we'll come and join in."

Jacob hurriedly echoed: "Yes, yes, you must go."

"Okay, let's go back to those two first, I'm really embarrassed about today's affairs!"

After Warnia apologized again, she said goodbye to the two and turned to leave.

When Warnia left, the Old Master hurriedly pointed to the wooden box in Charlie's hand and asked, "Charlie, what kind of baby did Miss Song give you? Open it and take a look!"

Charlie nodded and opened the wooden box.

Suddenly, a strong aura poured out, refreshing people.

"Huh, what is this?" Jacob stretched his head and took a look, his face suddenly surprised.

There was a black thing in the box. The fist was thick and thin. At first glance, it looked like a piece of coal, but it was rough and soiled.

When he saw this, Charlie couldn't help but feel shocked, secretly surprised at Warnia's generous shots.

Jacob looked at the "black bump" and looked at it, but couldn't see what it was, and said in wonder: "I thought it was a good baby, but I didn't expect it to be a piece of wood."

Charlie smiled and said, "Dad, it is indeed wood, but it is very rare."

Jacob was even more surprised: "My son-in-law, what the h*ll is this?"

Charlie said: "This is lightning strikes the wood."

"It's formed by the trees that fell during the thunderstorm."

Jacob had heard about it one or two before and said quickly: "But this kind of wood is often seen when thundering in the mountains. How can it be valuable?"

Charlie smiled and said, "Dad, ordinary trees struck by lightning can of course be seen everywhere. But this section of the wood struck by lightning, you see, it has been charred and black jade, only instantaneously charring under extremely high temperature, indicating this. The energy of the sky thunder is extremely strong, I am afraid it is a huge thunder that has been rare in hundreds of years."

"In addition, this section of lightning-struck wood is black and shiny, with faint bloodline patterns, indicating that it is the heart of the blood dragon wood, the king of wood, and it is even rarer."

Hearing this, Jacob said disdainfully: "I don't believe that a piece of wood that has been struck by thunder is worth so much money? It's all a lie. The real value is an antique cultural relic. If your wood was plated by Lord Qianlong, Maybe it's worth two more."

Charlie smiled. This kind of thing is of high value. Not only does it have ample spiritual energy, but it can also even be refined according to the records of the Nine Profound Heavenly Secrets.

However, Jacob naturally cannot understand.

So Charlie didn't explain much to him and put the box away.