

When the World's Billionaires Come Knocking by J.M.J

Chapter 43

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Chapter 43 Help Dad Sell Potatoes

The next morning, Greyson greeted Marlon.

Then they continued on their way.

It was after three in the afternoon when the two of them finally returned to Tannon.

Greyson's hometown is not far from the county town, it's only about three or four kilometers away.

Although the roads have been connected to every village now, there were no buses going to the villages.

Greyson asked Paloma to go to the county town and find a hotel to stay in, and to wait for his message at any time.

Then he hailed a motorcycle and rushed home.

"Every university, you have come back."

The taxi driver was also from the same village, named Wright.

In his thirties, without going out to work, he opened a small shop at the intersection between the county town and the village.

Selling things while giving customers a ride.

Sitting on Wright's motorcycle, Greyson paid attention to everything in front of him.

Tannon is still Tannon, just that he is no longer the previous Greyson.

The feeling of coming back this time was completely different, there

was a sense of something different in my heart compared to before.

The fields by the roadside were filled with thatch, and the former farmland had long been abandoned.

Few people cultivate the land now. The young people either go out to work or move to the city.

Only the lonely elderly were left.

Back in the village, Greyson paid fifteen dollars and Wright turned back.

Greyson arrived at the doorstep carrying a bag and called out, "Dad, Mom—"

Mom heard a sound and came out of the room, "Greyson, are you back?"

Greyson put the bag at home and asked, "Where is Dad?"

"He went to the county town today."

"Oh, where was the younger sister?"

"Your sister went to her classmate's house and hasn't come back yet."

Looking at everything in the house, Greyson's mind was filled with countless thoughts.

The house at home was still the old adobe house, although it had two floors, it was extremely old.

People have already built small villas, but the ground in Greyson's house was all dirt, without even a layer of cement.

Greyson looked at his impoverished family environment and wondered

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how to approach his parents.

After a while, a car horn sounded at the door.

Greyson walked out and saw that his sister, Judy Byrne, had come back sitting in a classmate's car.

Four male and female classmates came back with her.

A male classmate parked a 50% new Hyundai by the roadside and deliberately showed off the keys in his hand.

Seeing the situation, Mom quickly called a few of Judy's classmates.

"Hey, are you back, bro?"

Three classmates also sat at the door, and Mom poured tea and brought out some melon seeds.

The male classmate who was driving placed the car keys on the table and asked Greyson, "Your village doesn't even have cars, how did you come back? Did you walk?"

"Why didn't you tell us in advance so that we could pick you up?"

Greyson said no need, I rode a motorcycle.

"Oh!"

"You are a bit remote here, there are no buses."

"Our place was much more convenient, almost every household had a private car."

"Your family should also buy a car."

The girl next to her said, "How can we compare with your village?"

"Your village was considered relatively prosperous in the county"

The other two boys also responded, "That's right, he's lucky. Even if he doesn't get into college, he will still do better than others in the future."

The other person looked at Judy with a hint of pride, and Greyson could tell that this boy probably liked Judy.

However, he wasn't in the mood to chat with this group of little brats, so he went back to his room.

He came to the back of the yard, where pigs, chickens, and ducks were kept.

The environment was particularly poor, and there were many mosquitoes.

Now Greyson only had one thought in his mind, how to make his parents accept this reality?

Or, have them move to the city to live.

It was almost five o'clock when Mateo rode his bike back from the county town.

Just as a few of Judy's classmates left, Greyson took Mateo's bag and said, "Dad, why did you just come back?"

Mateo saw his son looking happy and said, "You came back? Tomorrow, come with me to the county town to buy potatoes."

Greyson nodded repeatedly, "Good idea."

Mom saw her son come back and specially killed a chicken. In the evening, the whole family had a lively and joyful dinner, eating happily.

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Greyson tentatively asked, “Dad, Mom, our house is too old and the ecological environment is also poor. Why don’t we rent a storefront in the city like them and do some small business?”

“Maybe in the future, there will be a chance to buy a house in the city.”

Mateo frowned when he heard this and said, “From now on, you can go to the city and buy a house yourself. The two of us old folks will stay here.”

Mom also said, “Yes, after you graduate from college, we will try to gather some money at home and see if we can help you with the down payment.”

“If a girl doesn’t have a house in the city now, she won’t get married.”

After speaking, she glanced at Judy and said, “You should also work hard, don’t fail to get into college.”

“Those classmates had less interaction and focused their minds on studying.”

Judy didn’t speak, she knew her mother loved to nag.

Greyson saw her classmates today and said, “I also think you should study hard. Now is not the time for you to play.”

“Even if you want to be in a relationship now, you will definitely regret it when you grow up in the future.”

Judy looked at her older brother in surprise, how did his perspective suddenly change?

Greyson also ignored her gaze and explained to her.

He took a few bowls on the table as an example, “Your current social circle, including classmates and friends, is like this bowl of

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vegetables.”

“Your current perspective must also be in this bowl of vegetables.”

“Only if you jumped into this circle, would you have a chance to see the chicken.”

“Don’t look at me with that kind of gaze, according to your brother’s understanding over the years, there are levels between people.”

“Their understanding, knowledge, perspectives, and social circles were different; the levels of these individuals were all distinct.”

“If I were in the countryside, my goal and life dream would be simply to get married, have children, and continue the days of farming and tilling the land, just like my ancestors.”

“But if I had entered higher circles, my life goal might have been to start a company, pursue a career, and become a person who is beneficial to our country and society.”

“Don’t you envy those workplace elites and domineering CEOs on TV?”

“You should also strive to reach their level.”

“Only when a girl is high—
end and exquisitely to the extreme, will she make those who are inferior to her feel ashamed.”

“Your level has risen, and your life has changed.”

Judy shrugged her shoulders, indicating that she couldn’t understand.

Mateo couldn’t understand either, Greyson’s words were too profound.

His request was very simple, as long as Judy went to college, he didn’t want her to stay in the countryside afterwards.

As for the rest, he couldn't help. The only thing he could do was to send his children here

It all depended on their own fate and abilities

The next day, Greyson went to sell potatoes with Mateo early in the morning

Greyson thought there would be a lot, but when his father took it out, there were only over three hundred kilograms.

It seems that they still used their old way of labor. The father and son borrowed a trailer and pulled the potatoes to the entrance of the market in the county town to sell.)

In this pattern, how much money can the father and son earn in a day?

Greyson shook his head and made an excuse to go to the restroom to call Paloma.

The sun was a bit too hot today. Mateo stood under the sun, wiping his sweat, and had been waiting for almost an hour, but didn't sell a single potato.

Greyson didn't know where to run again, just about to get angry, when a brand new Touareg drove up.

A particularly beautiful girl got off the car. Her figure and outfit were just like those from a big city.

She looked at the photos on her phone and then looked at the middle-aged man in front of her. "Sir, how much is the potato?"