

The Billion 111

Chapter 111 - Confession!

Moreover, it was clear to everyone who Mr. Su was.

People were undoubtedly showering Mr. Su with gifts, yet he never had to reciprocate.

In Mr. Su's philosophy, whatever he received was a symbol of a profound bond between him and the giver.

He was confident that President Chen would be delighted with anything from Su Ming, regardless of what it was.

Above all, showing up at the hospital with just a bottle of ink for President Chen would be inappropriate.

Wouldn't that reflect poorly on Mr. Su?

"Mr. Su holds a lofty position. He tends to act on impulse, but we must deliberate carefully before taking any action."

With that thought, Wang gave a firm nod. He drove directly to a gift shop near the bank.

Surely, there would be a gift shop close to the hospital.

He purchased some exceptionally pricey health supplements. Despite the cost, he believed it was money well spent.

At that moment, President Chen was resting in a private ward.

The room was a secluded single, complete with a bathroom, TV, and dedicated medical staff.

The setting was comfortable, though President Chen looked quite unwell.

He was suffering from a severe cold and fever, appearing frail and weak in his bed.

His wife had just left to prepare a meal at home.

Upon seeing Wang, President Chen made an effort to sit up.

“You're back! Did Mr. Su return today? Listen, you must take your responsibilities towards Mr. Su seriously. In his absence, your diligence is even more crucial. You're the one I count on most among our younger staff. Handle this well, and I'll promote you immediately.”

President Chen was quick to instruct Wang upon his arrival.

He would have preferred to handle these matters personally, but illness had sidelined him.

Most importantly, he couldn't rest easy unless he took care of things himself.

Wang approached briskly, grinning. “President Chen, rest assured, I've got this. Mr. Su returned today and was extremely pleased with my work, as well as with our bank.”

President Chen's spirits lifted at the news.

“Wang, I've said it before: you don't need to buy me anything. Just focus on the tasks I've assigned you. Your salary isn't substantial, and these supplements must have set you back quite a bit. Please, return them as soon as you can.”

President Chen truly didn't mind.

Wang, now just an employee, was making only a few thousand yuan a month. There was no reason for him to blow half his paycheck on nutritional supplements.

After all, President Chen wouldn't touch those things.

For Wang, stashing away savings for a house trumped everything else. His dedication to Mr. Su's work was what really mattered.

"President Chen, I'm going to be honest with you, and I hope you won't take offense. I just can't justify spending so much on fancy supplements for you."

Wang spoke his mind.

Yet, President Chen wasn't upset by his candor.

He appreciated Wang's frankness.

"These aren't from me. Mr. Su sent them for you."

"What?"

President Chen bolted upright.

In his haste, the needle in his wrist jabbed deeper into his skin.

"Ouch! Nurse, the needle!"

A nurse hurried over, removed the needle, and after repositioning it, President Chen finally relaxed.

"Quick, put Mr. Su's gifts right here!"

Without a second thought, President Chen swept the tabletop's contents onto the floor.

He then gingerly arranged each item from Mr. Su with his left hand.

Wang watched the spectacle, barely containing his amusement. The items he had picked out were quite run-of-the-mill.

But President Chen was an ardent fan of Su Ming!

Even a ginseng worth tens of thousands of yuan was relegated to a corner, treated like garbage without a second glance.

Yet, the items from Mr. Su were cherished, placed carefully by his side as if they were treasures. The priciest among them was merely a box of sea cucumbers.

President Chen was ecstatic.

"This bird's nest is brain food, it's good for circulation and resolving bruises. Mr. Su has thought of everything. He knows I'm getting on in years and that a cold could impact my brain, so he's advised me to rest. I'm deeply moved."

"Milk powder? That's so like Mr. Su. He's aware that I'm aging and my health isn't what it used to be, so he suggests I drink more milk. Mr. Su has my well-being in mind."

"Sea cucumber! How did Mr. Su know I love sea cucumber?"

Even in Su Ming's absence, President Chen couldn't stop singing his praises.

Wang stood there, momentarily taken aback.

If his eyes didn't deceive him, nestled among the items in the corner was a pile of Top Grade blood swallows.

A single box of these blood swallows could fetch upwards of a hundred thousand.

Yet the box Wang had purchased was valued at merely a few thousand yuan.

Additionally, the can of milk powder was nothing more than your run-of-the-mill variety.

President Chen, however, was deeply moved by the gesture.

Wang was well aware that President Chen had a strong aversion to sea cucumbers.

Despite this, the corner was adorned with an array of premium sea cucumbers.

Because President Chen believed these gifts were from Mr. Su, he held them in high esteem.

Truth be told, the items arrayed in the corner were of even greater value.

The fact that they were procured by Mr. Su transformed them into invaluable treasures.

Chapter 112 - A Profound Skill!

Above all, the items were just common health supplements, mere vitamins and nutrients without any medicinal properties.

Yet, to President Chen, these weren't mere supplements; they were nothing short of a miracle cure.

Wang had learned a great deal from President Chen.

Overjoyed, President Chen had long since forgotten his sickness. His complexion had lost its sallow tint, and his body had shed its frailty.

Perhaps it was the wild rush of adrenaline that was to thank!

“You little rascal, didn't I tell you explicitly? I emphasized that I was perfectly healthy and only leaving due to a business trip. Why on earth did you spill the beans to Mr. Su? You're just causing him unnecessary worry,” President Chen chided, unable to contain his reproach.

Though his words were tinged with complaint, his face was undeniably beaming with smiles.

Wang had reached his limit.

“President Chen, I'm not sure if I should bring this up,” he said, hesitating.

“Out with it, Wang. Haven't I always said to be forthright? If you've got something on your mind, speak up,” urged President Chen.

“President Chen, it's just us here—no nurses, no doctors outside, and no cameras in the room. There's really no need for pretense.”

Truth be told, Wang saw no point in it, especially with Mr. Su absent.

“Wang, you must understand the importance of integrity. Never badmouth others behind their backs,” President Chen advised.

“My respect for Mr. Su is genuine. My reactions earlier came straight from the heart,” Wang replied, taken aback by the sincerity in his own words.

President Chen truly was someone who had worked his way up from the very bottom to his current stature, and his conduct was nothing short of remarkable.

After a moment of reflection, President Chen coughed and settled back onto his bed. “Wang, how's Mr. Su been? Did you find out where he's gone? What's that you're holding? Ink? Are you planning to practice calligraphy at home? That's a commendable pursuit—it soothes the soul. Is that something Mr. Su suggested?”

Wang felt a twinge of embarrassment.

President Chen, you've got it wrong. This isn't ink.

The item I'm holding is the one Mr. Su gave you; everything else is my purchase.

Wang suddenly wondered: What would President Chen do if he spoke the truth?

“President Chen, this is from Mr. Su for you,” Wang said, hesitating before speaking softly.

“What?”

Upon hearing this, President Chen eagerly extended his hand, “Quick, go out and get me a pen and paper. I'm suddenly seized with the urge to practice calligraphy. Mr. Su's thoughtfulness is truly exceptional.”

Wang's face showed embarrassment.

But this wasn't ink.

“President Chen, there's been a misunderstanding. This isn't ink; it's a drink from Mr. Su.”

President Chen's eyes widened in surprise and delight: “Is this cola? Mr. Su is really looking out for me.”

“You might not be aware, but cola was originally a medicine with the power to cure colds. Mr. Su is indeed knowledgeable; he's actually sent me something like this.”

“I'm deeply moved. It's been ages since I last had cola. Bring me that cup, quickly.”

“Be careful. If you spill the cola, I'll have your head.”

Yet, what was in the bottle didn't resemble cola at all. Cola might be black, but upon closer inspection, it had a reddish hue. This bottle clearly contained ink.

Wang was at a loss.

This is why others could be a president, and he could not.

He lacked the necessary smoothness!

He resolved to follow President Chen for life!

Wang glanced cautiously at the gifts piled in the corner; they had everything here.

There were all sorts of premium supplements.

Any gift he picked out was far superior to this half-bottle of ink.

But an item's value is relative. Without humans on Earth, gold means nothing to animals.

Yet, with humans, it's a different story.

Gifts from ordinary folks might be worthless, but not those from Su Ming.

President Chen was thrilled.

If Mr. Su sent it, he would drink it, even if it were poison, not just ink!

Of course, that was hyperbole. Mr. Su wouldn't send poison, would he?

Wang fetched a cup, and President Chen opened the bottle, inhaling a strong medicinal scent.

It was medicine after all!

President Chen was on the verge of tears.

It was Chinese medicine, and he was profoundly moved!

Chapter 113 - Miraculous Medicine!

President Chen downed the drink without a second thought.

The chilly concoction slid down his throat—a tad bitter with a hint of sweetness.

The warmth spread from his lower abdomen, radiating energy in every direction.

Almost instantly, President Chen felt a wave of relief wash over him.

He yanked out the IV, slipped on his shoes, and paced the floor.

His cold had vanished, and the headache was gone.

Bouncing twice in place, President Chen was brimming with excitement.

He was on the verge of shouting when Wang watched, utterly taken aback by the display.

“This medicine is incredible!”

Wang suspected an act, but with Mr. Su absent, he doubted President Chen had any reason for theatrics.

“I feel amazing!”

Catching sight of the bottle in Wang's grasp, President Chen downed the remaining medicine in one go.

Wang's jaw dropped.

Had President Chen lost his mind?

After finishing the medicine, President Chen wiped his mouth and felt a rush of well-being.

Wang asked, concern lacing his words, “President Chen, are you sure you're okay?”

“I'm perfectly fine.”

With a hearty laugh, President Chen boomed, “I'll have you know, I feel fantastic. You thought you brought me poison? What's in this bottle is traditional Chinese medicine. It's completely healed me.”

“Mr. Su is remarkable. Others just send expensive tonics, but Mr. Su's gift actually cured my ailment.”

President Chen was in top form.

Wang was speechless, his mind filled with regret. Had he known the medicine's potency, he would've taken a sip himself.

A little wouldn't be missed by President Chen, he reasoned.

As President Chen continued his jubilant strides across the room, his eyes bulged, and his body shook.

He let out a piercing scream of agony and collapsed, writhing on the floor.

"The medicine's poisoned!"

Wang bolted to summon the doctor and nurse.

But in a heartbeat, President Chen was on his feet again.

Unable to contain himself, he exclaimed, "Fantastic!"

Wang, fraught with anxiety, pressed, "President Chen, what in the world is going on?"

"It can't be!"

"Are you sure you're okay? Should I get the doctor?"

President Chen blinked and declared, "My nearsightedness is gone."

Wang stood up abruptly, his shock palpable.

"These damp days have been torturing my leg with rheumatic pain, but now, it's gone."

“In my youth, working in the countryside left me with a back injury, yet now, I'm pain-free.”

“But the real miracle is my severe stomach condition. I used to be unable to eat anything, but suddenly, I feel like I can eat everything!”

Back when President Chen was younger, there was an exceptional traditional Chinese medicine practitioner in the village. Those with colds would drink his concoction and feel a chill descend from their heads, seeping through their bodies until they were cured.

This man was a genuine TCM doctor, and his potent herbs were handpicked from the mountains.

Incredibly, after taking this particular remedy, President Chen's longstanding ailments were healed.

His rheumatism, stomach issues, and lumbar strain vanished.

Even more astonishing, numerous other hidden ailments disappeared. He removed his glasses and saw the world with crystal clarity—sharper than with his lenses!

“Wang, give it to me straight. Did Mr. Su say anything else when he handed you this?”

President Chen seized Wang, eager for answers.

Wang, still dazed, blinked and racked his brain.

“Mr. Su didn't say much. He simply instructed you to drink it.”

President Chen burst into hearty laughter. “I knew it! Mr. Su never ceases to amaze.”

“Look at me! I was in such poor health, but after this drink, I've been transformed. I feel like I've gained another 50 years!”

Overjoyed, President Chen knew well that a severe cold alone could take a week to overcome.

Yet his cold had vanished instantly after the medicine, and with it, all his hidden health issues.

“It's nothing short of a divine gift. Mr. Su, you're my guiding light from now on.”

Wang stood there, utterly bewildered. President Chen's transformation seemed genuine, especially remarkable given his long history of severe nearsightedness.

Now, having cast aside his glasses, his eyes were astonishingly clear.

“President Chen, please, take a moment. Should I go and fetch a doctor to check on you?”

“You're right, we need to get the doctor here, fast.”

Soon enough, the doctor and nurses arrived to examine President Chen.

“Have all your symptoms really vanished?”

“Your lumbar muscle strain is gone.”

“My goodness, your eyesight is in perfect condition!”

“Even the minor kidney stones you had before are no longer there,” Wang Yao noted.

“That's impossible,” Mr. Su exclaimed in disbelief.

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Chapter 114 - He Was Extremely Excited!

The senior doctors at the hospital huddled together, each one as baffled as the next, their faces a picture of utter bewilderment.

President Chen's role in the hospital's establishment was indispensable. The director himself had insisted on summoning the hospital's finest doctor for President Chen's consultation.

Many doctors had hurried from their homes to the hospital, yet upon reviewing the examination results, each was left utterly dumbstruck.

These were seasoned physicians, their hair silvered with experience, facing a scenario like none before.

The pulmonologists had detected a minor infection in President Chen's lungs earlier that afternoon. Typically, one would expect the symptoms to worsen before gradually subsiding, possibly leaving behind negligible aftereffects.

But now, President Chen's symptoms had vanished, his respiratory system in exceptional health.

The ophthalmologists were perhaps the most perplexed. They had prescribed President Chen's glasses, yet now his vision had inexplicably improved to optimal levels.

Unable to contain their curiosity, they whisked President Chen away for a brain CT scan, only to discover his brain teeming with the vigor and vitality of youth—a medical marvel!

Brain cells, once thought irreparable, defied expectations in President Chen's case.

He reported enhanced hearing and vision, improved memory—it was as if he had reverted to the prime of his twenties.

“How can this be?”

“President Chen, what exactly happened?”

“Did you consume something extraordinary?”

“Could the equipment be faulty?” The white-haired doctors, after much puzzlement, ventured their questions with caution.

Wang stood to the side, mouth shut, head bowed, saying nothing. Mystery was of the essence.

True to form, President Chen offered no explanation, merely a serene smile. “Doctors, my health is satisfactory, wouldn't you agree? Surely, I'm fit for discharge?”

“Yes!”

Even the deputy director was at a loss.

Frankly, were it not for the man's identity as President Chen, they might have been tempted to detain him for a thorough examination to unravel the mystery.

An ordinary individual would have been subjected to a battery of tests by now, but President Chen was not someone they could simply compel.

Arriving by ambulance, President Chen had appeared listless. Yet within a mere day, he emerged from the hospital, the epitome of rejuvenation and vigor.

He suddenly felt invigorated, believing he could work until he was 80, 90, or even retire at 100 without issue!

“Wang, make sure to round up a few people later to pack up these supplements and deliver them to my house.”

“Understood!”

President Chen drove straight to the city center. As he was about to step out of his car, he glanced at the time—it was already past ten in the evening.

Su Ming was likely asleep.

It wouldn't be right to disturb him at this hour.

After a moment's consideration, President Chen decided he must pay Su Ming a personal visit the next day.

“I'm amazed Mr. Su still remembers me; this medicine is certainly extraordinary.”

“Mr. Su, you're aware that my dealings with you were initially just for financial gain, but I never imagined you'd not only welcome me but also consider me a friend.”

“Rest assured, Mr. Su, from this point forward, I will loyally follow you and dedicate myself to your service.”

Moved to the brink of tears, President Chen sat in his car, overwhelmed with emotion.

He had no doubts about the medicine's integrity.

There are many wonders hidden among the folk—perhaps those fabled traditional Chinese medicines aren't just myths.

It's quite possible that Su Ming has come into possession of something truly valuable.

A treasure of immeasurable worth.

And yet, Su Ming was willing to share it with President Chen.

“Mr. Su, why are you so kind to me? I am utterly humbled.”

“Previously, when you deposited several hundred million in my bank and sold some bamboo shoots, I admit I felt slighted, though I never let it show.”

“Now, I realize how petty I was. Even if you hadn't deposited a penny, the privilege of calling you a friend is an honor in itself.”

Su Ming had nonchalantly stacked what President Chen regarded as a miraculous medicine in a corner.

It was in abundant supply.

With just one planting, he could harvest plenty of this substance.

Truth be told, Su Ming hadn't anticipated such impressive results. His only intention was for President Chen to recover quickly, especially since President Chen had been quite helpful to him.

The most crucial detail was that Su Ming had only filled the bottle halfway.

He harbored some concerns that if the medicine's effects were too astounding, it could cause an uproar. Little did he expect that even half the dosage would prove so effective.

After lingering at the door for quite some time, President Chen finally started his car and left.

He had to arrive early the next morning to properly express his gratitude to Su Ming.

He couldn't possibly show up empty-handed, yet given Mr. Su's esteemed position, lavish gifts like expensive jewelry would be inappropriate.

Upon returning home, President Chen found his family sound asleep. Energized and wide awake, he had no desire to go to bed. Instead, he sat on the sofa, deep in thought about the perfect gift for Su Ming.

Before he knew it, daylight broke.

With a sigh, President Chen headed to the bathroom for a quick freshening up. By then, his wife had also awakened.

Despite the early hour, not yet five in the morning, she rose to prepare breakfast for President Chen.

Chapter 115 - Bring the Car!

Mrs. Chen had barely stepped out when she spotted a man sitting on the couch. It was President Chen, and he was startled by her sudden scream.

He was in the midst of contemplating how to express his gratitude to Su Ming when the piercing shriek interrupted his thoughts.

"What's going on?" President Chen asked with urgency.

"When did you get back?" Mrs. Chen's voice was a mix of surprise and relief upon seeing her husband, though her heart still raced.

"I got back last night, saw you were sleeping deeply, and didn't want to wake you," he explained, visibly relaxing.

"But why are you here? Weren't you supposed to stay in the hospital?" she inquired, her concern evident.

"I've recovered," President Chen declared, rising to his feet.

"This time, you need to heed my advice. No more hiding behind work; your health is paramount. Wait, you're better?" Mrs. Chen's astonishment was palpable.

He had been down with a severe cold, and the doctor had even warned of a near miss with pneumonia. She had left the hospital at six the evening before, and President Chen had been in considerable discomfort.

Could he really be well already?

"It can't be!" Stunned, Mrs. Chen stood frozen, rubbing her eyes in disbelief.

"I truly am better," President Chen assured her with a hearty laugh. "I'm starving. Make me something to eat, will you? Honestly, it was Mr. Su's medicine that did the trick. He's quite remarkable."

"Mr. Su?" Mrs. Chen recognized the name; her husband had a major client by that surname.

Without further questions, she nodded briskly and scurried to the kitchen to prepare a meal.

Meanwhile, President Chen pondered, "What should I offer as a token of my appreciation to Mr. Su?"

Su Ming, having risen early, had already plowed the field. Wang's visit the day before had kept him from his tasks, but today he was determined to catch up.

After finishing with the plow, Su Ming surveyed his seeds, contemplating his next choice of crop. He had grown a variety of vegetables before, but he wasn't inclined to replant the same ones anytime soon; they simply didn't pique his interest anymore.

Then, his eyes landed on the corn seeds. Corn, a staple and significant economic crop in the country, was versatile—consumed by both humans and livestock, and its oil was an essential in many households.

Su Ming brought a wealth of planting experience from his hometown. He would dig a hole in the soil, sprinkle a bit of fertilizer, drop in some seeds, and then cover it up. Since corn is typically produced in large quantities, the planting was done at a high density. Su Ming was confident that with this round of planting, he would achieve another level up.

After a morning of hard work, he had the ground covered in corn. He proceeded to fertilize and water the crops to boost yield and reduce growth time. “Corn successfully planted. Harvestable in 36 hours.” Su Ming paused, realizing the actual growth cycle for corn wasn't short. It appeared the System's timing was arbitrary.

Once he finished up in the field, Su Ming grabbed a bite to eat and drove to the car dealership, which hadn't opened for business in days, though the staff had been coming in daily. They all knew Su Ming's license plate by heart. “He's here!” Eyes brightened as a sleek car pulled up—they had been waiting for Su Ming for days.

Inside, Zhou Hai was poring over documents when the door burst open. He looked up, ready to rebuke the intruder, but the man's face was alight with excitement. “He's here?” “Yes, he's here!” Zhou Hai was on his feet and out the door in an instant.

He made his way to the entrance, took a deep breath, and greeted the young man in slippers with an enthusiastic smile. “Mr. Su!” Zhou Hai approached Su Ming, offering a hearty handshake. “Are you here to collect all the cars today?” “Indeed, I've just finished building my underground garage,” Su Ming replied with a smile.

The sales staff overheard and were impressed. Su Ming had constructed an underground garage just for his fleet of cars! It must have taken months to build, indicating Su Ming had planned this well in advance. He spoke with such nonchalance, as if he were discussing storing cabbages in a root cellar.

“Mr. Su, we've kept your car here, and all the paperwork is ready,” they informed him. “The license plates are all set as well.” Su Ming examined the documents carefully, finding everything in order.

“Thanks for your effort, but the combined insurance payout for all these cars is quite a substantial amount,” Su Ming acknowledged with a smile.

Zhou Hai vigorously shook his head. “We're just following orders from our superiors,” he insisted.

Hearing this, Su Ming found it difficult to object.

It was clear what Zhou Hai was after—he was keen on forging a friendship with Su Ming.

Su Ming was known for his laid-back nature; apart from his work on the farm, he preferred not to get his hands dirty with other tasks. Should he need assistance in the future, a simple phone call to Zhou Hai would suffice, and Zhou Hai would undoubtedly handle it with aplomb.

Chapter 116 - Really Spectacular!

“Much appreciated, Manager Zhou.”

Zhou Hai was thrilled to hear that.

“No need to thank me. It's part of our job and truly an honor,” Zhou Hai said, beaming. However, his smile soon turned to a frown as he pondered, “But how do you plan to transport all these cars back? With over 400 vehicles here, even if we each took one, it would take us well over 50 round trips.”

It was a genuine concern.

Su Ming was momentarily taken aback; he hadn't considered this.

Noticing Su Ming's look of consternation, the sales staff nearby could barely contain themselves.

They were eager to assist in driving the cars back, not minding the hassle one bit.

Still, it was a daunting task.

Even hiring a large transport truck would consume an entire afternoon.

The shop's staff, including security, totaled only eight or nine people.

Plus, these were luxury vehicles. Su Ming wasn't worried about them causing damage, but he suspected they'd be hesitant to drive them, fearing the cost of potential damages they couldn't afford.

Su Ming stroked his chin and furrowed his brow in thought.

“Mr. Su, if you're troubled, I might have a suggestion,” Zhou Hai offered. His line of work had made him quick-witted, and an idea had just sparked in his mind, which he shared with a grin.

“What is it?” Su Ming asked, intrigued.

“With this many cars, it would take several trips to move them all. And considering the value of your cars, we're honestly apprehensive about driving them.”

“But here's my thought: why not reach out to a proxy driving service and hire a fleet of drivers? That should solve our problem,” Zhou Hai suggested softly.

It was an excellent solution!

Su Ming's eyes brightened.

The drivers from the service typically worked evenings, and it was only noon—chances were they'd be available.

Besides, in a bustling metropolis like Eastsea City, with a population exceeding ten million, there would be no shortage of drivers. If the driving service didn't have enough hands, he could always recruit from security firms and the like.

After all, these drivers were professionals, trained for the task.

They're adept at handling sports cars, and their driving is steady enough to avoid any major incidents.

To be frank, Su Ming wouldn't bat an eye if his cars got scratched or dented.

For Su Ming, these vehicles are no longer mere cars; they're essentially four-wheeled toys.

He's come up with a plan to use an app to randomly select which car to drive each day.

“Alright, let's go with that plan!”

Su Ming gave a nod of approval, and Zhou Hai's eyes sparkled with excitement.

If President Chen were here, he'd surely grumble about Zhou Hai upstaging him.

Meanwhile, Ma Chunlai, the general manager of Eastsea City's driving service, was lounging in his chair, sipping tea and enjoying a tune.

The company's platform offered chauffeur services. Customers paid for drivers to take the wheel, and the company earned a cut of the profits.

This venture was not only low in risk but also promised high returns.

As Ma Chunlai was absorbed in the music, his phone abruptly rang. He glanced at the caller ID.

Could this be Zhou Hai?

They were both prominent figures in their community—Zhou Hai in car sales and Ma Chunlai in the driving service business. They were friends from way back, although their professional circles didn't overlap much, making them somewhat distant.

“Manager Zhou, to what do I owe the pleasure of your call?”

Ma Chunlai inquired.

“Manager Ma, I'm bringing you a lucrative deal this time, and I'll introduce you to a VIP in the process.”

“Oh?”

Ma Chunlai perked up at the news.

Zhou Hai, as the head of a 4S dealership, held a status equal to his own. And since Ma Chunlai wasn't too close to Zhou Hai, he knew this was no joke.

“Could you give me more details, Manager Zhou?”

“Mr. Ma, remember the deal I mentioned earlier? A friend visited our store and purchased over 400 cars.”

“I'm aware.”

Ma Chunlai was quick on the uptake, instantly connecting the dots to the enigmatic VIP.

“Mr. Su picked up his car today, but he's bought a total of 480 vehicles. There's no way a few of us can drive them all. Could you mobilize all the drivers from your app? The more, the better.”

Upon hearing the news, Ma Chunlai sharply inhaled a breath of shock.

They intended to drive off with all 480 cars?

Ma Chunlai had never witnessed such an event.

Mr. Su was incredibly formidable.

“Mr. Ma, is it possible or not?”

Zhou Hai could tell that Ma Chunlai was undoubtedly stunned by the news. But Su Ming was waiting, and he couldn't afford to keep Su Ming in suspense.

“Absolutely. Rest assured. Tell Mr. Su I'm on the phone this instant. Within ten minutes, I'll have this sorted out!”

Setting aside Mr. Su's enigmatic status, anyone in the market for 480 luxury cars was clearly no average Joe.

This single deal would net them a hefty profit.

After ending the call, Ma Chunlai strode purposefully to the door and burst into the vice president's office.

The vice president, a corpulent man, was in the midst of a flirtatious exchange with his secretary.

The abrupt entrance startled the man.

“Manager, what's the meaning of this?”

The vice president wasn't the least bit sheepish; they were both men, after all, and he frequently accompanied Ma Chunlai on their escapades.

Chapter 117 - A Lot of Cars!

"Hurry up! We need more drivers: as many as we can get!"

He suspected the general manager had one too many drinks.

They were the drivers; there was no need to hire more.

"A mysterious tycoon at Zhou Hai's 4S store just bought 480 cars."

Fatty's eyes bulged with realization as he sprang to his feet.

"I'm on it right away!"

Fatty was in charge of the driving company's Human Resources Department.

He swiftly phoned the regional teams, each with dozens of drivers.

Though the team leaders were confused by the news, they obeyed the orders.

The drivers, too, were baffled.

"A meeting?"

"I'm currently hauling bricks at the construction site. I can't make it to a meeting."

“Usually, the company gives us a heads-up before any meeting. What's this about?”

“Some bigwig bought 480 cars at the 4S store, and we're short on drivers. Complete the task, and you'll each get a 500 yuan bonus! It's first come, first served!”

Ma Chunlai, who rarely showed up in the group chat, suddenly joined and made an announcement.

“Forget bricklaying—I'm off to drive!”

“I've got to see who this big shot is.”

“Let's get moving!”

Whether resting at home or busy with other tasks, everyone headed to the 4S store upon hearing the news.

In under ten minutes...

The streets filled with drivers in blue, zipping along on their electric scooters.

“What's going on here?”

“Are they gearing up for a brawl?”

“Do we need to call the cops?”

“Are you out of your mind? They haven't done anything.”

Passersby were perplexed by the sight.

The drivers, all heading in one direction, seemed both elated and urgent, as if on the verge of a skirmish.

Two patrol officers were taken aback by the spectacle.

Maintaining public order was their duty, and this crowd, all moving en masse—were they looking for trouble?

The group was sizable, at least two hundred strong.

“Hold on, comrade, where are you headed?”

A policeman flagged down one of the drivers to inquire.

“Officer, I really can't chat—I'll miss out if I'm late. We're on the job, driving on behalf of others.”

The officer was taken aback.

Who in the world needs that many drivers?

“Sir, someone just bought 500 cars at the 4S dealership and they're short on drivers.”

A grinning young man beside him offered an explanation before the pair zipped off on their electric bikes.

The policeman was left scratching his head. Who would purchase such a staggering number of cars?

Both officers found it hard to believe and decided they needed to check out the situation for themselves.

Before long, the video had gone viral, sparking curiosity among many who were eager to see what the fuss was all about.

Initially, the 4S dealership's entrance was empty, but it wasn't long before a crowd began to form.

As the crowd swelled, a sea of electric bikes filled the storefront. Ma Chunlai had just arrived at the dealership.

“Mr. Ma, meet Mr. Su, the man who purchased five hundred cars. Mr. Su, this is Ma Chunlai, the general manager of the driver service company.”

“Hello, Mr. Su. Feel free to call me Ma.”

Su Ming wasn't the only one feeling uncomfortable; Zhou Hai was also put off by the encounter.

Ma Chunlai was eager to foster a good relationship with Mr. Su, but his approach was off-putting, especially considering his advanced age.

“Manager Ma, I truly appreciate your help,” Su Ming said with a light smile.

Ma Chunlai thought to himself how unusually courteous the young man was.

“Serving our customers well is our ultimate pursuit,” Ma Chunlai said, laying on the flattery.

This young man was something else.

Most people with such wealth would be arrogant, but not Su Ming. He behaved as though buying hundreds of cars was no big deal.

Once everyone had gathered, Su Ming gave a nod.

Ma Chunlai stepped forward and cleared his throat. Everyone recognized him as their company's general manager.

“Ladies and gentlemen, any car here with a red ribbon is one of Mr. Su's. Each of you will take one. Make sure none are left behind.”

“Yes!” the drivers responded, their enthusiasm palpable.

They had seen it with their own eyes: the man their general manager was trying so hard to please was no ordinary customer.

“The destination has been sent to your phones, complete with GPS coordinates. Remember, drive carefully. If you damage any of these cars, the cost will be more than you can handle!”

The drivers nodded in agreement and made their way into the 4S store one by one.

The sight was truly magnificent: luxury cars filled the interior, while electric vehicles lined the exterior.

“What's this?”

“Oh my goodness, is that a Ferrari?”

“Isn't this sports car a limited edition, available worldwide?”

“I've seen this car before—it's worth over 80 million yuan, isn't it?”

“I wouldn't dare drive this car.”

“The car I drive is valued at two million yuan. I used to think it was pretty decent, but next to yours, it's practically insignificant.”

The drivers were gobsmacked as they flooded in.

Mr. Su truly lived up to his reputation as the man who cleared out the entire 4S store.

He was incredibly impressive.

But then, the drivers who arrived later found hardly any cars left. Why had he summoned so many people?

“Why are you all just standing there? There are more cars upstairs.”

Ma Chunlai, noticing the drivers' stunned expressions, urgently raised his voice.

Everyone dashed upstairs.

Then, the whole floor erupted with gasps of astonishment and the clicking of cameras as they captured the moment.

Chapter 118 - A Magnificent Fleet of Cars!

Su Ming glanced around before declaring, “Let's set out.”

Zhou Hai took the lead.

Ma Chunlai was right behind Su Ming's car, ensuring his safety.

A procession of vehicles trailed behind him—all of them luxury cars.

Two police officers, having arrived from a distance, halted at the intersection to observe the impressive convoy.

A throng of onlookers gathered to gawk at the luxury vehicles.

The sight of hundreds of luxury cars arriving simultaneously left everyone in awe.

Upon recognizing Su Ming inside one of the cars, the officers pieced it together.

These cars had to be Su Ming's purchases. Given Mr. Su's wealth, such a spectacle seemed quite fitting.

While the officers regained their composure, the crowd buzzed with excitement.

“Look at all these luxury cars!”

“It's absolutely breathtaking!”

“I remember reading a post online a while back about a mysterious rich person buying out an entire car dealership. I was skeptical, but now it's clear—it was true.”

They had never witnessed such an extravagant display of luxury vehicles.

Each car was a high-end model, with the least expensive worth millions and the most expensive valued at over a hundred million yuan.

Su Ming had made it a point through Ma Chunlai to remind everyone to adhere strictly to traffic laws and, above all, not to disrupt the regular flow of traffic.

However, to their surprise, only a few police cars were clearing the path ahead, and the road was nearly devoid of other traffic.

Countless individuals snapped photos while numerous live streamers began broadcasting the event.

Such cars were a rare sight for them.

Now, assembled together, they created a truly remarkable spectacle.

Some onlookers speculated that the cars weren't actually purchased but were part of an automobile company's marketing stunt.

But quickly, Ma Chunlai dispatched his PR team to dispel the rumors and confirm the truth.

The announcement went out that a mysterious buyer had acquired hundreds of cars and was in need of a substantial number of drivers.

Despite initial skepticism, the official statement was swiftly released. The police also confirmed that this was no promotional gimmick; someone had indeed bought all those cars.

"This young man has actually bought so many cars!"

"He's incredibly wealthy."

"The combined value of all these cars might well exceed one billion yuan."

"It's unlikely there's another person in the world with a collection of cars to match his."

"Normally, when we shop, we might buy fruits and vegetables in bulk, but buying luxury cars wholesale? That's unheard of."

“This wealthy individual might spend every day pondering which car to take out for a spin.”

“The sight is absolutely staggering.”

They were green with envy over Su Ming's success.

Before long, the motorcade pulled up to Su Ming's newly constructed villa in the heart of the city, with the entrance to the underground garage just a stone's throw away.

The construction site supervisor had wrapped up all the final details and was eagerly awaiting Su Ming's approval.

Out of sheer boredom, he was flicking through the news. The live broadcast made him do a double-take.

But once he caught a glimpse of Su Ming's photo, he was flabbergasted, suddenly realizing why Su Ming had insisted on building two parking lots simultaneously.

Initially, he had thought Su Ming's decision to construct a two-level parking facility was extravagant. He no longer held that opinion.

He had started the project under the weight of his boss's expectations, but learning about Su Ming's two-acre property downtown had filled him with immense respect. Now, he was convinced Su Ming was even wealthier than he'd imagined.

Su Ming had snapped up hundreds of high-end cars in one fell swoop.

He himself had been over the moon with his recent Audi A6 purchase. In comparison to Su Ming, he felt utterly insignificant.

“Mr. Su!”

As Su Ming's car rolled to a halt before him, the supervisor's eyes were dry as he swallowed hard, his voice quivering.

"Are you alright? Coming down with something?"

"No!"

The supervisor vigorously shook his head, "I'm just overwhelmed with excitement."

Su Ming offered a slight smile, "Is everything inside good to go?"

"Rest assured, all is in order."

"Good. I appreciate your diligence."

Leading the way, Su Ming watched the cars file in behind him, one after another.

The drivers were exceptionally skilled, managing to avoid any scrapes or mishaps, and had a clean record of no traffic incidents en route.

The excitement was palpable among the drivers. Though the cars weren't theirs, just the experience of driving such fine vehicles was a thrill of a lifetime.

Quickly, the cars were neatly parked, and as the drivers stepped out, their legs were nearly giving out.

"Good heavens, my legs are like jelly."

"Same here! If I had caused even the slightest damage to one of these cars, I'd never be able to cover the cost."

“But honestly, there's nothing quite like the thrill of driving this luxury car. That Bentley I had before just doesn't compare—it was too much of a bargain.”

“Zip it! I drive a Bentley, you know! You're one lucky guy, getting to drive a sports car with an 80 million price tag!”

Chapter 119 - This Is the Rich!

Regardless, they got a taste of driving luxury cars this time.

They'll have stories to tell in the future.

Even though the cars weren't theirs, they had the chance to drive them.

A group of drivers huddled together, reflecting on the day's events.

Their eyes filled with envy as they focused on the young man.

So young, and yet he'd driven so many luxury cars.

Today's events truly broadened the drivers' horizons and altered their life perspectives.

Nothing would surprise them anymore.

After all, who buys 480 luxury cars in one go?

The drivers lingered in the corner, not blocking entry, yet reluctant to leave. Many snapped photos, overwhelmed by the spectacle.

“Great job, everyone!”

Su Ming called out to them, his voice earnest. He could sense their trepidation as they returned the cars.

These were, after all, high-end sports cars. Any damage could mean a hefty bill.

“Mr. Su, we're just doing our job.”

“It's been an honor to drive for you.”

Su Ming gave a light round of applause.

Zhou Hai soon appeared, lugging two suitcases.

Curiosity piqued as people watched.

Opening the cases, Su Ming revealed stacks of cash.

He generously handed out 1,000 yuan to each driver.

With the platform's bonus of 500 yuan, everyone pocketed a total of 1,500 yuan.

Su Ming didn't regret the expense; he recognized the drivers' diligent efforts in returning his vehicles.

“Mr. Su, there's really no need for this. Our platform...”

“Manager Ma, that's your platform's concern. This is my way of showing gratitude to the drivers. But don't let my contribution be an excuse not to give them their due 500.”

Su Ming advocated for the drivers.

Ma Chunlai's face flushed with embarrassment at the implication; he had indeed entertained the thought.

"Mr. Su, they will be paid."

Hearing this, the drivers exchanged knowing looks, rolling their eyes. Ma Chunlai was notorious for finding reasons to skimp on their pay.

Their gratitude toward Su Ming deepened.

"Su Ming truly is a man of wealth."

"I'm deeply moved."

"Before, I might have envied someone this wealthy. But now, I don't feel a twinge of jealousy."

The drivers nearby were profoundly thankful to Su Ming.

Su Ming was aware that these individuals were earning their pay through hard work. Driving, after all, demands focus.

Being wealthy now didn't mean Su Ming had lost touch with his roots. He too had once toiled at the bottom.

He understood that while wealth was a blessing, the majority weren't so fortunate. They were still striving to make ends meet.

"It's the least I could do."

With a casual smile, Su Ming warmly bid each driver farewell, leaving several close to tears as they departed.

They were overwhelmed with emotion!

After seeing Zhou Hai and Ma Chunlai off, Su Ming clapped his hands, surveyed the two-story car facility, and nodded in satisfaction. The task was complete.

Meanwhile, the manager remained at the entrance.

“Mr. Su, I've just been to your house. We'll begin work shortly. We've already assisted your parents with moving. They're now renting a house in town, which we arranged for them,” the manager reported eagerly. He had been briefed by his superior, who he suspected was also aware of Su Ming's purchase of 480 cars.

“I appreciate your efforts! I insist on paying you for this job. Please, don't rush to decline. Money is not an issue for me,” Su Ming said with a smile, giving the manager a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

Initially inclined to refuse, the manager found himself speechless after Su Ming's remark.

Walking to his own doorstep, Su Ming was surprised to see a very familiar figure. Was that not President Chen, back at work?

“Mr. Su, I can't thank you enough for what you did yesterday. I racked my brain but couldn't come up with a suitable gift. I apologize...”

President Chen faltered, struggling to articulate his gratitude.

After all, Su Ming was so affluent that he wanted for nothing.

“Don't worry about it, President Chen. You've been a great help to me over time. We're friends, after all.”

Hearing Su Ming's response, President Chen was on the verge of tears, deeply moved by the gesture.

“Looks like your plot has sprouted some new grass. Let me help you take care of the weeding right away.”

After President Chen had spoken, he wasted no time, promptly rolling up his sleeves to get down to work, leaving Su Ming feeling rather resigned.

Just yesterday, Wang had finished weeding for him, and the grass hadn't even had a chance to grow back yet. And now, here was President Chen, ready to tackle the job again. It seemed almost impossible for weeds to take hold on Su Ming's land.

While he was getting ready to work, President Chen's phone rang out of the blue. He paused, about to dismiss the call, but then he noticed something peculiar about the caller ID.

“Mr. Su, my apologies, I need to take this call.”

“No problem at all.”

Basking comfortably in the sunlight on his recliner, Su Ming watched as President Chen acknowledged him with a nod and answered the phone.

Chapter 120 - A Mysterious Call!

“President Chen?”

Upon connection, a voice both deep and authoritative emerged from the other end of the line. Yet despite its commanding tone, it carried an unmistakable weariness.

“I'm President Chen, how may I assist you?”

This wasn't the number President Chen typically used for work. It was a private line known only to his family and closest relatives.

Rarely did anyone call his office line; those seeking him would normally schedule through his secretary.

So who was this enigmatic caller who had managed to bypass the usual channels?

“President Chen, your reputation precedes you. Allow me to introduce myself—I'm Wang Guohui from Angel Group. Perhaps you've heard of us?”

A moment of recognition flickered across President Chen's mind. The name Wang Guohui rang a bell.

With a blink, the realization hit him—he was speaking to a major player.

Becoming the president of Tianhua Bank had catapulted President Chen to the upper echelons of Eastsea City society.

He was known for his distinct way of handling affairs, not one to be readily accessible to just anyone.

This was only the second time President Chen felt such a surge of excitement upon answering a call—the first being when Su Ming had reached out to him.

The Angel Group, a titan in maritime trade, conducted most of its business overseas, with their products manufactured domestically but seldom branded locally.

While their domestic profile was modest, their international reputation was stellar.

The general public might be oblivious to such details, but President Chen, well-versed in the affairs of major corporations, was all too aware.

And there he was, on the line with Wang Guohui, the esteemed chairman of Angel Group.

A figure of legend, Wang Guohui was in his fifties, a peer in age to President Chen, yet his stature far exceeded that of Chen's.

President Chen had entertained the idea of collaborating with Wang Guohui, envisioning the financial windfall should Guohui choose to bank with him. Such a partnership could exponentially increase his bank's market value.

In that scenario, not only the banks of M City but even those in the capital would pale in comparison to his.

Yet, despite the allure of the limelight, President Chen was acutely aware of his true standing. Though he held the title of president at the Eastsea City Bank, he was, in the grand scheme of things, merely a minor branch president within the vast network of Tianhua Bank.

Wang Guohui had his sights set on international markets, with many prominent foreign banks holding his overseas accounts. A fixture on the domestic rich list, his wealth was formidable, though the exact amount was unknown to President Chen, who was certain it was substantial.

"Ah, Mr. Wang, what a pleasure it is to speak with you. I'm truly honored by your call. How may I assist you today?"

President Chen's excitement was usually reserved for calls from Su Ming, but receiving a call from Wang Guohui elicited an equal thrill. Wang was an industry titan, his stature surpassing even that of the head of their own bank.

"President Chen, you flatter me. There's no need for such honorifics between friends," Wang Guohui offered a weary greeting, clearly not eager to dwell on pleasantries.

Quick-witted, President Chen grasped that Wang wanted to discuss serious matters.

“Mr. Wang, ...”

He trailed off, hoping Wang was about to propose a partnership, potentially boosting his bank's funds significantly.

“President Chen, I've been informed that you were gravely ill, nearly succumbing to pneumonia, yet you made a miraculous overnight recovery and were discharged. Is there any truth to this?”

The fatigue in the caller's voice was palpable, laced with profound exhaustion.

The news left President Chen momentarily speechless. His mere cold had somehow caught the attention of both Mr. Su and Wang Guohui?

He reflexively touched his face.

“Indeed, Mr. Wang, that is the case. I appreciate your concern, and I'm pleased to report that I've fully recovered.”

Initially, President Chen had thought Wang's inquiry might segue into a discussion about a potential collaboration, a chance to subtly strengthen their rapport. However, it seemed he might have been a bit presumptuous.

“President Chen, the reason for my call is to inquire about the specifics of your recovery. The doctors suggested a serious condition requiring weeks of convalescence, yet you bounced back in a single night. Could you share your treatment method? I find myself in need of such a remedy.”

President Chen was taken aback, realizing he had overthought the situation.

He let out a silent sigh. Wang Guohui was a heavyweight, while he himself was insignificant by comparison.

It was likely that only the president of Tianhua Bank had the clout to discuss business with Wang Guohui. After all, he was merely the president of a branch of Tianhua Bank.

Their statuses were worlds apart.

A twinge of disappointment settled in President Chen's heart, yet he had a clear understanding of where he stood. Disappointed he may be, he wasn't surprised, nor did he show any sign of it. Wang Guohui had cut straight to the chase, leaving no room for other topics.

Still, a flicker of surprise crossed President Chen's mind. He had only been discharged from the hospital yesterday—how did Wang Guohui come by that information? Wang Guohui had his ways of staying informed.

But upon further reflection, President Chen considered that perhaps someone in Mr. Wang's family or his circle had fallen ill.

Mr. Wang would surely seek out a doctor with a strong reputation. Given that Mr. Wang likely resided nearby, a simple inquiry would have led him to the news. Being somewhat of a public figure himself, it made sense that Mr. Wang would be privy to such information.

“Mr. Wang, have you caught a cold as well?” President Chen inquired instinctively. Why else would he inquire about a treatment?

Wang Guohui paused briefly before letting out a weary sigh, tinged with a mix of fatigue, resignation, and a hint of sorrow.

Truth be told, Wang Guohui had been quite taken aback by the news himself. It was astonishing that someone could recover from a severe cold overnight.