

The Billion 121

Chapter 121 - Please Help Me!

The idea that this news might be believed by only a few might seem far-fetched, yet Wang Guohui was confident that the information he received was accurate; he knew the hospital doctors wouldn't dare deceive him.

Still, Wang Guohui harbored some concerns.

Indeed, anything capable of curing his illness outright couldn't possibly be trivial.

Wang Guohui was a man of the world, well-versed and well-traveled. Despite the seemingly fantastical nature of the situation, he was not taken aback. In a country as vast as this, it was not uncommon to find masters of their craft living in obscurity.

He was convinced that such skilled physicians existed.

The question that plagued him, however, was whether President Chen would be forthcoming about the nature of this cure. If President Chen was willing to divulge the details, all would be well. But if he chose to remain silent, Wang Guohui couldn't very well compel him.

Truth be told, Wang Guohui was rather displeased. In his eyes, President Chen's status was insignificant, and yet here he was, needing to seek his assistance.

"President Chen, could you please tell me? This matter is of great importance to me," Wang Guohui implored, his voice weary.

President Chen paused, momentarily taken aback. The credit for his recovery, after all, belonged to Mr. Su.

But President Chen was puzzled. It was just a cold. Wang Guohui was usually so protective of his health. Surely a cold wouldn't warrant such urgency to warrant a phone call.

“Mr. Wang, have you caught a cold as well? Surely it's not that grave? If it's just a cold, a good rest at the hospital should suffice, shouldn't it? I'm not unwilling to share, but I fear the influential individual involved might not consent. Besides, you understand the complications that could arise if word of this were to spread.”

President Chen spoke with measured caution. This remedy was Su Ming's secret, and he couldn't risk causing him any trouble.

Initially, Wang Guohui hadn't held out much hope, but President Chen's words filled him with certainty and joy. Clearly, there was indeed something miraculous at play. Consuming it would restore his health instantly.

Had President Chen claimed robust health or attributed his recovery to an injection, Wang Guohui would have been left without recourse.

But now, there was hope!

Wang Guohui found President Chen's cautious tone to be perfectly understandable. After all, since President Chen had received the item from someone else, it was clear that the individual would prefer to remain anonymous and avoid any complications.

“President Chen, allow me to explain the situation,” Wang Guohui said.

He proceeded to share the entire backstory with President Chen.

The reason Wang Guohui had personally reached out to President Chen was solely for the sake of his mother.

In his twenties, Wang Guohui joined a company and worked his way up from a junior position to general manager. Eventually, he acquired the company and founded a Trade Company.

He had single-handedly transformed a modest trading business into a major multinational enterprise.

With tens of thousands of employees and substantial assets, he owned several large ships, each worth hundreds of millions.

Wang Guohui's intellect and foresight were truly exceptional.

Even after amassing wealth, Wang Guohui preserved several commendable qualities.

First and foremost, he treated his employees well, offering them generous salaries and benefits.

Employees received overtime pay without fail, and female staff were entitled to paid maternity leave.

Single, young employees had the option to reside in company apartments, which they could purchase at a significantly reduced cost upon deciding to marry.

Wang Guohui was a man of integrity. His critiques were always fair and issue-focused, never resorting to personal attacks.

His staff held him in high regard, recognizing the privilege of working for such an esteemed leader.

Above all, despite his affluence, Wang Guohui remained deeply devoted to his family.

In his early twenties, when his father passed away, Wang Guohui was just embarking on his entrepreneurial journey. His mother sold their family home and moved to be by his side, managing his affairs and maintaining the cleanliness of his company.

She even took on a job as a nanny to financially support Wang Guohui's burgeoning career.

Now, at over seventy years old, Wang Guohui's mother had reached an age for relaxation and enjoyment. Yet, it was at this very moment that an unforeseen incident occurred.

Wang Guohui felt utterly helpless. Despite his wealth and high status, which allowed him to hire numerous doctors, his mother's illness weighed heavily on him.

Recently, she had taken ill, but it was merely a cold, nothing serious. Yet, out of fear that Guohui would worry, she sought treatment at a local clinic. Tragically, she encountered a quack doctor, and now, with her lungs infected and multiple organs compromised, her condition had become difficult to manage.

Age was not on her side, and this serious illness only compounded her frailty. The doctors warned that surgery posed a high risk of death on the operating table and wasn't the best course of action. Her weakened state also meant she couldn't handle a heavy dose of antibiotics.

She now resided in the ICU, with a team of top doctors vigilantly attending to her around the clock. Despite their efforts, her health continued to decline, her life hanging by a thread, sustained only by medication.

The ordeal had taken its toll on Guohui. He had visibly aged, his once black hair now peppered with gray. Eating and sleeping had become difficult tasks, and he lacked the energy to tend to his business affairs.

He consulted numerous physicians, both traditional Chinese and Western, but after examining his mother, they all felt helpless. Under normal circumstances, they might have attempted surgery, but no better options were available.

However, the patient was Wang Guohui's mother. The doctors could not shoulder the responsibility if she were to die on the operating table.

Even his mother urged him, "You've been working too hard. I've lived over seventy years and enjoyed my life. It's okay, let me go."

It wasn't that she no longer wished to live or be by Guohui's side; she simply couldn't bear to see her son so worn out.

Chapter 122 - A Filial Son!

What kind of man is Wang Guohui?

Despite nearly facing bankruptcy, he remained remarkably composed. Yet, upon hearing his mother's words, he secluded himself in a corner and wept bitterly.

His mother had endured great hardships in her youth, alongside him.

Now, he could do nothing but watch helplessly as she inched closer to death.

The situation was utterly despairing. Wang Guohui had wealth, but his money was powerless to fix this. For the first time, he felt a profound sense of helplessness.

The doctors pinpointed a severe lung infection as the critical issue. If the infection could be cured, the other health problems could be managed over time, posing no significant threat. However, the difficulty of treating the infection was immense.

Then came the news that President Chen had also suffered from a lung infection but had been discharged from the hospital overnight.

Subsequent examinations showed that President Chen was in better health than before, with many of his old ailments having disappeared.

Wang Guohui sought out the doctor personally. The doctor was startled upon seeing him and uttered words that plunged Wang Guohui into deeper despair.

“Mr. Wang, the details of this are known only to President Chen. We are as much in the dark as you are.”

Hearing this, Wang Guohui felt a twinge of despair mixed with a glimmer of hope.

Without a second thought, he located President Chen's number and called him directly.

“President Chen, my mother's condition is critical and cannot wait. Rest assured, whatever your terms, I am prepared to meet them.”

Wang Guohui's desperation was clear; he would relinquish his chairmanship without a second thought if President Chen so desired.

However, President Chen had made a promise to Mr. Su to keep the information confidential, which put him in a difficult position.

Wang Guohui grew increasingly anxious.

“President Chen, where are you? I'll come to you immediately. I'm ready to offer you 10% of our company's shares. I can even transfer all our trade stocks to your bank,” Wang Guohui persisted.

“If it's money you want, I'm willing to provide whatever I can. And if that's not enough, I'm prepared to step down as chairman in your favor. What do you say?”

Wang Guohui was prepared to go to any length.

That was his own mother.

Nothing could hold a candle to his mother.

All he wanted was for his mother to be alive!

“Mr. Wang, please don't get me wrong. I'm not being greedy; it's just that I don't have the authority to decide on this matter.”

“A friend actually gave me a bottle of medicine that looked like ink. After I drank it, I got better. Honestly, I still don't know what was in it.”

If the medicine had been President Chen's, he wouldn't have hesitated to give it to Wang Guohui.

But the truth was, it wasn't President Chen's to give.

The medicine was Su Ming's and had nothing to do with him.

Setting aside whether Su Ming would be willing to part with it, it wasn't even certain he still had any of the medicine left.

Yet, from that conversation, Wang Guohui discerned the most crucial piece of information.

It was real!

The substance truly existed!

“President Chen, I'm begging you, could you please reach out to your friend for me? Whatever you ask for in return, I'll provide!”

On the other end of the line, Wang Guohui's weariness had vanished, replaced by a look of sheer excitement.

President Chen hesitated.

“Mr. Wang, I'll try my best. I'll get back to you shortly.”

“Great!”

Upon hearing this, Wang Guohui quickly agreed and hung up without a second thought. Time was of the essence.

Holding his phone, President Chen sighed deeply and gazed at Su Ming, who was meditating quietly in the distance.

This was going to be tricky.

He was admittedly a bit fearful; the word was out. If Su Ming held this against him, it could ruin the amicable relationship they had built.

Wang Guohui's devotion to his mother was undeniable; he couldn't refuse to help.

President Chen knew that if Wang Guohui were there in person, he might even kneel in plea.

Moved by Wang Guohui's filial piety, President Chen resolved to assist him this once.

With determination, President Chen approached Su Ming.

“Mr. Su, there's something I need to discuss with you.”

President Chen reached Su Ming's side, pausing with uncertainty.

Su Ming's eyes opened slowly. “What's the matter?”

Anxious, President Chen fidgeted, took a moment to gather his courage, and finally asked with resolve, “Mr. Su, do you have any more of that black water?”

President Chen might have sensed a hint of greed in his own tone, as if he were asking for a favor, so he quickly laid out the entire situation.

“Mr. Su, please don't get the wrong idea. I'm not after this item for myself. You're familiar with Angel Group, aren't you? Its chairman, Wang Guohui, is the one requesting this medication for his mother.”

After listening to the explanation, Su Ming blinked in understanding.

He was aware of Angel Group, being a local enterprise in Eastsea City. Yet, despite its lack of widespread renown, he didn't have a deep knowledge of the company, nor did he know Wang Guohui personally.

However, Wang Guohui's devotion to his mother struck a chord with Su Ming, considering his own parents were also in good health.

He pondered that if he ever found himself in a situation similar to Wang Guohui's, he might well make the same decisions.

A successful son showing such profound respect and care for his mother was indeed commendable.

“So, it's like that. Wang Guohui learned about your situation and now he's hoping I can lend a hand, correct?”

“Exactly,” President Chen confirmed eagerly. “And he's prepared to meet any terms you set—be it shares, cash, or even offering you the chairman's seat.”

President Chen was well aware that Su Ming wasn't in need of money. With a prime real estate parcel in the city center valued at ten billion yuan and the means to purchase five hundred luxury cars, financial concerns were the least of his worries.

Nevertheless, it was crucial to communicate the offer Wang Guohui had made.

Whether or not Su Ming was interested in the rewards was his prerogative, but the willingness of Wang Guohui to provide them was a clear indication of his intent, and President Chen felt obligated to convey that.

Chapter 123 - Save His Mother!

“Mr. Su, I'm aware that this item must be incredibly valuable and scarce, so I understand if you choose not to consent...”

President Chen spoke with caution, wary of upsetting Su Ming over the matter.

He had, after all, disclosed the information to Wang Guohui without Su Ming's approval. If this angered Su Ming, President Chen had no recourse.

Su Ming paused, then let out a chuckle and shook his head.

President Chen was being overly cautious.

To others, this medicine might be priceless, but for Su Ming, it was trivial.

He had an abundance of Body-stretching Pills.

President Chen's face drained of color as he watched Su Ming shake his head.

Was Su Ming upset?

What could he do now?

“Just give me a moment,” said Su Ming as he stood and entered the house.

President Chen was momentarily taken aback.

Su Ming returned inside, grabbed a bottle of mineral water, and dropped an entire Body-stretching Pill into it.

Wang Guohui's mother was seriously ill, President Chen had mentioned, necessitating a larger supply of the pills.

President Chen's spirits lifted when he saw Su Ming holding a bottle of mineral water filled with what looked like black ink. He believed in the curative power of this item, having experienced it firsthand.

The Body-stretching Pill's effects were indeed miraculous.

"Thank you, Mr. Su. I'll call Wang Guohui immediately. How much are you asking for it?" President Chen asked eagerly.

As a middleman, President Chen couldn't afford to let Su Ming incur any losses.

Yet, President Chen had his own agenda. While the item belonged to Su Ming, he was the intermediary.

Wang Guohui would surely be grateful to him in the end.

If he could secure a partnership with Wang Guohui, the financial rewards would be substantial.

"Don't worry about it," Su Ming said with a smile, pressing the item into President Chen's hand. "I won't be joining you. Please deliver it on my behalf; the old lady has been ill for quite some time. You should get going."

President Chen stood there, stunned.

As a banker and a businessman, President Chen knew that securing the profit was paramount. You didn't hand over goods without it. That was his instinctive business mindset.

Su Ming was unfazed by such concerns.

President Chen couldn't help but silently marvel at Su Ming's lofty character.

Had President Chen possessed such a treasure, he would have certainly sold it for a hefty sum. Yet, for Mr. Su, price was inconsequential; saving a life was paramount.

Though Su Ming was not in want of money, he was still a regular person and wouldn't just hand out items for free.

Wang Guohui's status was lofty, his position esteemed, his wealth abundant. His willingness to sacrifice everything for his mother's sake was a testament to a filial devotion that could stir the heavens.

To Su Ming, money was of little consequence. He had numerous renowned paintings and antiques yet to be auctioned, and a substantial sum of money still to be deposited. The bags, too, remained unsold.

The eventual deposit of these funds was sure to astonish.

Setting aside other considerations, the land beneath his feet alone was valued at tens of billions. Money was the least of Su Ming's worries.

What was exceedingly valuable to others was, to Su Ming, rather trivial.

The revelation that Su Ming had a stockpile of these special medicines, just gathering dust in a corner, would surely astound anyone.

"Come on, President Chen, snap out of it. You better get going. The old lady's health is what matters most."

With those words, Su Ming settled into his chair, gently rocking as he soaked up the sun.

President Chen stood there, momentarily frozen.

He realized that even if Su Ming were an average Joe, he would have offered the medicine without a second thought.

A typical person would have seized the chance to inflate the price.

Was Su Ming a naive youngster, easily fooled?

Impossible!

Su Ming's conduct consistently reflected a deep-seated life philosophy.

President Chen inhaled deeply, having thought he understood Mr. Su. He now recognized his error. Su Ming, in his view, had grown even more impressive and deserving of admiration.

“Rest assured, Mr. Su, I'll take care of the task you've entrusted to me.”

With a nod from Su Ming, President Chen wasted no time. He spun on his heel, rushed to his car, fired up the engine, and immediately placed a phone call.

Wang Guohui kept vigil in the VIP ward of the hospital, seated wearily at the entrance to the room. Sleep had eluded him the previous night; his mother's health was precarious, and she could require emergency care at any moment. As her next of kin, he was tasked with both monitoring her condition and being on standby to sign any necessary documents, leaving no opportunity for rest.

The sound of his ringing phone jolted him into action, and he quickly fished it out. Recognizing the caller ID as President Chen, he involuntarily inhaled sharply. He was aware that the call could carry news, potentially good but equally likely to be bad.

With a deep breath to steady himself, Wang Guohui shakily answered the call. It was rare to witness such a prominent figure gripped by anxiety.

“President Chen,” he greeted, his voice quivering.

President Chen's response was immediate, his tone conveying an understanding of the tension Wang Guohui felt. "It's settled, Mr. Wang. Where are you? I'm on my way."

"Really?!" A spark of hope ignited in Wang Guohui's eyes as he perked up, his exhaustion vanishing in an instant, his face breaking into a wild grin.

But he realized this was no time for astonishment. He quickly relayed the hospital's location to President Chen.

"Understood. Just wait a moment. Have someone meet me downstairs; I'm on my way," President Chen said before ending the call and flooring the gas pedal, racing off.

Wang Guohui rose to his feet and peered out the window at his mother, a surge of determination filling him.

"Mom, I've found a way to save you!"

Chapter 124 - Divine Medicine!

After Wang Guohui finished speaking, he bolted down the stairs without a second thought.

An elevator was right beside him, but Wang Guohui was too impatient to wait for it. He preferred to take the stairs.

Soon, a car appeared in the distance, escorted by a police car at the front and back.

President Chen had been stopped for speeding, but after a quick explanation, the officer didn't hesitate to escort him. What would have been a 20-minute drive took only 5 minutes.

"Mr. Wang!"

President Chen approached briskly, holding a bottle filled with black ink.

“Thank you, President Chen. Do you have it?”

Wang Guohui asked urgently.

“Right here!”

President Chen handed over the item, which Wang Guohui received with a momentary pause. Had he not been previously informed, he might have suspected an attempt to poison his mother.

“Mr. Wang, let's save the other talk for later. We need to get upstairs and save your mother now!”

President Chen urged. Wang Guohui nodded quickly and took off running.

He was agile and swift!

Upon reaching the upstairs ward, he found the door ajar. Nurses stood by as urgent medical instructions echoed from within.

“Get ready...”

A doctor called out loudly.

Terrified, Wang Guohui dashed into the room, where seven or eight doctors were huddled in a circle, their expressions etched with concern.

Nurses bustled about in a frenzy.

“What's happened? What's going on?”

Wang Guohui demanded loudly.

“Mr. Wang, your mother... she suddenly... I'm afraid there's no hope for her this time...”

The lead doctor sighed heavily behind his glasses.

“Guohui...”

The elderly woman opened her eyes, gazing at her son with a cloudy gaze. “I'm not young anymore. Passing away now isn't so bad. You're grown up; take good care of yourself...”

“No!”

Wang Guohui vehemently shook his head, dropping to his knees before his mother, and quickly unscrewed the bottle of mineral water. “Mom, drink this. Once you do, you'll get better.”

The doctors around were taken aback.

Upon closer inspection, the mineral water in the bottle was as black as ink.

There were practitioners of traditional Chinese medicine among them, yet they were certain this could not be any form of TCM.

“Mr. Wang, given the old lady's condition, we'll do everything we can. But please, don't fall for any bizarre treatments. They could hasten her passing...”

“Enough from all of you!” Wang Guohui snapped, turning to silence them with a shout.

He stepped forward, positioning the bottle at his mother's lips, supporting her back and neck with his hands to help her sit up slightly.

Wang Guohui's actions caused every nurse and doctor left in the room to watch with bated breath.

They were unsure what he had given her, but they knew Wang Guohui was no fool.

Someone as astute as Wang Guohui wouldn't be easily deceived.

The doctors scarcely dared to breathe, while President Chen stood motionless at the doorway.

The old lady managed to drink more than half the bottle in just a few sips before she couldn't take any more.

Wang Guohui's eyes were wide with intense anxiety.

Suddenly, the old lady's eyes snapped open.

The next second, her body began to shake violently.

Wang Guohui's fists clenched, his lips tight.

Was the medicine not working? Or...

“Look, it's taking effect. Her heartbeat is strengthening, her blood pressure is normalizing...”

Just then, a nurse exclaimed loudly.

Wang Guohui, momentarily stunned, quickly turned his attention. His mother's blood pressure had been dangerously low, her heart beating only forty times a minute—a rate indicative of someone nearing death.

But now, her heartbeat had not only grown stronger but was also nearing the rate of a healthy person.

Most crucially, her breathing had evened out, and the pallor of her face was returning to a healthy glow.

“It's incredible!” Wang Guohui exclaimed, unable to contain his relief.

Immediately, several doctors converged on her to begin their examinations.

“My goodness, this is miraculous!”

The old lady, previously suffering from severe pneumonia and multiple organ failure, was now showing signs of recovery according to the medical instruments.

At this pace, her recovery won't be far off.

The key issue was the old lady's chronic rheumatism.

Her legs had always been cold, but now they were gradually warming.

Wang Guohui stood, his whole body shaking with excitement.

“It's nothing short of a medical miracle!”

“Mr. Wang, what is this medicine? Could you spare a drop for me to analyze back at the lab?”

“If this were to be widely distributed, it would be incredible...”

The surrounding doctors were beside themselves with excitement.

Among them were seasoned veterans, utterly speechless at the sight, unable to believe their eyes.

Wang Guohui fixed his eyes on President Chen, strode over, seized his hand, and knelt down emphatically.

“Thank you, President Chen. From this day forward, we are brothers. Whatever you need, I won't hesitate to help.”

President Chen immediately shook his head, quickly lifting Wang Guohui to his feet.

“Mr. Wang, you've got it wrong. This isn't my doing.”

“What?”

That's when it clicked for Wang Guohui; President Chen had mentioned this before.

Regardless, President Chen played an undeniable role in his mother's turnaround.

“Regardless, you played a significant part in saving my mother. Please, don't dismiss my thanks.”

Wang Guohui implored with urgency.

His mother had been critically ill, teetering on the brink of death, and the succession of blows had left Wang Guohui in utter despair.

Moreover, he was wracked with guilt. If only he hadn't been so consumed by work and had spent more time with her, she wouldn't have resorted to that sham clinic for treatment and nearly lost her life.

Chapter 125 - He Was Very Touched!

Wang Guohui felt a deep sense of gratitude toward President Chen.

“This isn't mine; it belongs to Mr. Su.”

“Which Mr. Su?”

Wang Guohui paused, racking his brain, but no renowned doctor by that name came to mind.

Yet, Wang Guohui was no fool.

As soon as President Chen mentioned it, he got the picture.

The item belonged to Mr. Su.

Without Mr. Su's intervention, his mother might well have passed away long ago.

“Mr. Su is the rightful owner. Upon hearing the news, he entrusted it to me without a second thought, urging me to hurry here. He never once brought up the issue of payment.”

Reflecting on Su Ming's words and demeanor, President Chen couldn't help but hold him in high esteem.

Hearing this, Wang Guohui was moved to tears.

As a businessman engaged in international trade, he'd spent years pursuing profit.

There was no shame in that, of course.

He was accustomed to making deals, with every transaction serving the almighty dollar.

Deep down, he believed that if someone possessed a miracle drug that could save his mother's life, they would surely demand a king's ransom without hesitation.

He had braced himself to pay whatever it took, having already moved 20 million into a highly confidential account to ensure his and his mother's future.

But he had completely misjudged Mr. Su.

Once Mr. Su was informed, he had the item sent over immediately.

“Mr. Wang, Mr. Su emphasized that nothing is more important than your mother's well-being,” President Chen said, his voice laden with emotion.

At those words, Wang Guohui let out a heavy sigh, tears streaming down his face.

He had been ready to leave his company behind, having nearly finished arranging its transfer.

Upon receiving the news, Mr. Su had President Chen deliver the item without delay.

President Chen had made it just in time; his mother's condition had become critical upon his arrival.

Had he been delayed by even a few minutes, she might not have survived.

If Su Ming had shown any greed, his mother surely wouldn't have made it.

“Mr. Su is my lifesaver.”

“Had it not been for his swift and selfless actions, my mother would no longer be with us.”

For the first time in many years, Wang Guohui found himself deeply moved by someone other than his mother.

“President Chen, I must make a proper visit to Mr. Su. He saved my mother's life. I need to thank him face-to-face!”

President Chen paused briefly, then offered, “Take my car, I'll drive you.”

“Great!”

As Wang Guohui turned to leave, a thought struck him. He spun back to address the doctors: “You must keep this a secret, tell no one. And please conduct another full-body examination on my mother.”

The doctors in the room were momentarily taken aback.

Upon hearing Wang Guohui's request, they quickly nodded in agreement.

Then they followed President Chen out of the room.

Seated in the passenger seat, Wang Guohui couldn't help but smile. After so many exhausting days, he finally succumbed to a deep sleep, comforted by the news of his mother's rescue.

Before long, they reached their destination. Wang Guohui opened his eyes, slightly confused.

Isn't this the city center, surrounded by office buildings and shopping malls?

Could Mr. Su be the owner of one of these stores?

“Mr. Wang, take a look at the plot of land to your right.”

Sensing Wang Guohui's bewilderment, President Chen explained with a smile, “This land spans nearly three acres, and Mr. Su resides here. He has a villa on one acre and grows wheat and other crops on the remaining two.”

“What?”

Wang Guohui was momentarily speechless.

When the realization hit him, he was astounded. This was prime city center land, and he was acutely aware of its worth—tens of billions.

If this land were developed effectively, its auction value could skyrocket.

Yet its owner chose to cultivate crops here?

It dawned on him why Su Ming had refused his money. Su Ming was genuinely wealthy!

A man as affluent as Su Ming sought only the quality of life and was indifferent to the allure of money.

President Chen continued to lead the way, sharing insights: “Mr. Su is actually quite young. I never imagined I'd learn so much from him. He imparts new knowledge to me every day. He's truly an impressive individual...”

President Chen continued speaking as he stepped inside. With a look of curiosity, Wang Guohui followed suit. To their side, a two-acre plot was sown with wheat.

Mr. Su owned this land, yet he chose to cultivate only wheat on it.

Soon enough, Wang Guohui laid eyes on the young man in slippers, his clothing smeared with dirt.

The young man sat with his eyes closed, soaking up the sun. A radio by his rocking chair filled the air with the strains of Peking Opera.

He seemed the very image of a retiree.

“Here we have Mr. Su,” President Chen murmured at the entrance.

Wang Guohui paused, taken aback, then strode forward decisively. He knelt before Su Ming and fervently bowed his head three times.

Startled by the commotion, Su Ming, who was nearly dozing off, jolted awake.

Chapter 126 - You Can't Blackmail Me like This!

Seeing Wang Guohui kneeling before him, Su Ming was momentarily taken aback.

“Who are you? Are you sure you're kneeling to the right person?”

Blinking in surprise, Su Ming quickly got to his feet. “I'm not even married yet.”

He had been on the verge of dozing off, enjoying the gentle breeze and the warmth of the sun, with the strains of Peking Opera in the background.

But suddenly, footsteps approached, and a man knelt before him, bowing his head three times, giving Su Ming quite the shock.

Was this a plea for money?

The man had knelt so abruptly.

Yet, the problem was Su Ming had no cash on him.

Should he rummage through his house for something to give?

But everything he owned was worth a small fortune, even the cheapest items were his phones.

He couldn't possibly hand over a phone to a beggar.

What if word got out? Would that draw all the other beggars to his doorstep?

This was Su Ming's initial panicked thought. However, he quickly sensed that something was off.

The man was smartly dressed in a suit and tie, looking very tidy.

It was clear his circumstances were far from dire.

“Mr. Su, I never imagined you'd be so young. I had you pegged for someone in their forties or fifties, at least.”

Wang Guohui blinked in disbelief.

He had assumed that anyone possessing such wealth must be in their seventies or eighties.

Yet here stood a young man in his twenties.

It was then that Su Ming noticed President Chen at the doorway, giving a nod and a knowing wink. It all clicked for Su Ming.

This was the Wang Guohui he had spoken with on the phone.

“Please, get up. We're surrounded by malls here; it's a busy place with lots of people around.”

Su Ming tried to help him up, but Wang Guohui resisted.

“Mr. Su, you're a lifesaver to my mother. Without you, she would surely be gone by now. How can I ever repay you?”

Wang Guohui moved to bow again.

“Stop!”

Su Ming interjected sharply, “If you bow one more time, I'll take offense!”

At that, Wang Guohui scrambled to his feet.

The last thing he wanted was to upset Mr. Su.

“Mr. Su...”

Wang Guohui's vision went dark, and he collapsed.

Su Ming was frozen in shock.

President Chen hurried over, gave a quick check, and breathed a sigh of relief.

“He's okay, Mr. Su. Don't worry, he's not in any danger. I've heard he's been missing out on sleep these past few days. He's utterly exhausted. Plus, the kowtowing he did earlier was so intense, he's even bleeding from the head.”

He advised, "Take him to the hospital. He needs to rest up properly."

Just then, two bodyguards entered. They had accompanied President Chen and Wang Guohui. Upon seeing their employer faint, they rushed to his side. After President Chen briefly explained the situation, the bodyguards were caught between concern and amusement.

Nonetheless, Wang Guohui's well-being was paramount. They quickly placed him in the vehicle and sped off to the hospital.

With Wang Guohui gone, President Chen resumed his work with the bucket, while Su Ming reclined in his chair, soaking up the sun.

The company executives, upon hearing of the chairman's mother's recovery, were ecstatic and made a beeline for the hospital.

Their joy was genuine; their boss had always been good to them.

Not long ago, they had been anxious upon learning that their boss was considering selling his shares and stepping down as chairman to fund his mother's treatment. They feared that a change in leadership could mean an overhaul of the company's policies.

And if the new boss turned out to be harsh, their days would be tough.

But what they didn't expect was to arrive at the hospital to find Wang Guohui being carried out of the car.

After some time, Wang Guohui's eyes fluttered open, his head throbbing with pain.

Blinking, he took in his surroundings—his company's top executives encircled him, looks of concern etched on their faces.

“Chairman, you got too worked up and passed out,” one bodyguard said, holding back the details of Wang Guohui's kowtowing to Su Ming in front of the employees.

Wang Guohui blinked again, his mind slowly piecing things together.

“How's my mother? Did the test results come back?” he asked with urgency.

“Mr. Wang, please be at ease. We've conducted a thorough new examination of your mother's health. Her previously failing organs have made a remarkable recovery, and she's on the path to regaining her strength. Even the colds and back pain she endured in her youth have vanished. She's in excellent health now. I can assure you, she could easily enjoy another thirty years of life!”

An enthusiastic doctor proclaimed, marveling at the miraculous turn of events.

Wang Guohui let out a deep sigh of relief upon hearing the news. He closed his eyes, taking a moment to process the information, and then slowly reopened them.

“Is Secretary Yang around?” he inquired.

Secretary Yang made her way through the crowd. “Chairman, what do you need?”

“Do we own any property in the downtown area?”

Secretary Yang looked puzzled. “Boss, our business is in international trade. We've never dabbled in domestic real estate.”

“Do you have a downtown map on you?”

Secretary Yang pulled out her smartphone, launched the map app, and displayed a map of the city center.

“Are you all familiar with this location?”

“Absolutely. That's the Guoxing Building, the tallest in Eastsea City.”

The employees exchanged curious glances. What exactly was their boss up to?

Chapter 127 - He Was Very Fast in Carrying out His Plan

“There's a vacant lot next to the Guoxing Building, you're all aware of it, correct?”

“We're aware, but that plot has been unused for quite some time. Rumor has it that there were plans to develop it into a real estate project, but no one could locate the owner, and the city government has yet to give its approval,” a deputy general manager commented.

“Excellent. Focus your investigation on every property within a 500-meter radius of that land,” Wang Guohui instructed urgently.

The employees, interpreting their boss's directive, surmised he was eyeing a venture into real estate.

This wasn't surprising or out of the ordinary. Real estate was lucrative, and with Guohui's substantial funds and extensive network, it was unlikely he'd incur losses in property development.

It appeared Guohui had an epiphany. Trading was fraught with risk, particularly his dealings with foreigners, which were often riddled with pitfalls.

But real estate was a different game. There was no need for deception like some domestic companies practiced. All he had to do was follow the proper procedures, ensure the construction met quality standards, and the money would pour in like a tide.

They were convinced that by engaging with the impersonal nature of buildings rather than people, they could turn a profit.

“Excellent. In addition to your current tasks, your next major assignment is to thoroughly investigate all nearby properties, be they hotels or office buildings, and find out if any are for sale,” Guohui continued.

The team nodded in agreement. Their boss was planning to build on this land and create a chain operation.

What a flawless strategy!

“I don't care how you do it or what it costs, but you must acquire at least one property.”

“Chairman, rest assured, we've got this covered. Our negotiation team is highly skilled,” they assured him confidently.

They were adept at such transactions; with sufficient incentive, no property owner would refuse a sale.

“After purchasing the building, dispatch a construction crew to demolish it immediately. Clear out the foundations and convert the land into farmland.”

Wang Guohui's subsequent statement left the employees utterly stunned.

Had the chairman lost his mind?

These were prime city center buildings, each worth at least a billion yuan.

If they were serious about purchasing that plot of land, it could cost them tens of billions of yuan. They had the funds, yet astonishingly, after acquiring the land, Wang Guohui intended to convert it into farmland.

What was the boss thinking?

Regardless of their reactions, Wang Guohui simply closed his eyes and pondered in silence.

Mr. Su was cultivating crops right in the heart of the city, but his farmland was far too limited.

He needed to allocate more farmland to Mr. Su.

Imagine if he bought up the entire downtown area and transformed it into farmland—Mr. Su's plots would be nothing short of impressive.

Yet, Wang Guohui's rationale remained a mystery to everyone.

The employees were completely taken aback, eyes bulging in disbelief at what they were hearing.

“From now on, remember, you'll all follow Mr. Su's lead.”

“Mr. Su?”

Confusion struck them once more. Who was this person?

Perhaps the boss had a dream during a moment of unconsciousness, a vision of a sage? Hopefully, he wasn't mixing up dreams with reality.

Some employees even contemplated secretly arranging for a doctor to perform a brain CT scan on their boss, to check if something was amiss with his brain.

If Wang Guohui wanted to farm, the countryside was full of available farmland. With 10 million yuan, he could secure a vast expanse.

But to purchase a costly skyscraper in the city center only to farm on its ruins?

That was utterly bewildering.

Yet, the two security guards seemed to grasp the situation, nodding in understanding, as did a few doctors nearby.

“Enough. Don't linger here. You're not privy to the full story. Just follow my commands.”

Wang Guohui, growing impatient and not in the mood to elaborate, quickly sat up. “Where's my mother? I need to see her.”

The employees' heads were swirling with confusion, but they dared not object. The company was Wang Guohui's domain, and his authority was unmatched by any ordinary individual.

Even Secretary Yang, the longest-serving employee under Wang Guohui, could only offer a nod of agreement.

Observing Wang Guohui's demeanor, they were convinced he hadn't lost his mind, but the rationale behind his decision was baffling. There had to be an underlying motive.

They weren't fools; the boss's mother hadn't passed away that morning but had miraculously regained her health in an instant. Clearly, someone had saved her.

The crux of the matter was that even after this person had saved his mother, there was no need for his boss to sell the Guoxing Building to turn it into farmland. It was unheard of.

A group of employees emerged from the hospital, their minds swirling with confusion.

“You folks are in the dark about this whole situation, aren't you? Well, we're clued in,” chimed in the two bodyguards, grinning broadly.

“What's the story?”

Usually, these bodyguards would have to show the utmost respect to the executives. But now, it was the bosses who were treating the bodyguards with exceptional courtesy.

With smiles still on their faces, the bodyguards recounted the entire sequence of events.

The employees were gobsmacked by the tale. The idea that such a thing could happen was beyond their wildest dreams.

But the most astonishing part was that this enigmatic figure, Mr. Su, was actually cultivating land right in the heart of downtown. It was utterly bewildering.

“Let's put that aside. We may not understand why this VIP is farming in the city center, but there's something critical we need to focus on,” CEO Fu said, his brow furrowed in thought.

“Starting today, we follow the boss's orders to the letter. This task takes precedence over everything else. All other business dealings are on hold. We're going to give this our all.”

“Absolutely. It's thanks to the boss that we enjoy the company's perks, share in its profits, and receive annual bonuses. Since he's tasked us with this, we've got to excel at it. Disappointing him isn't an option.”

“After all, we owe a debt of gratitude to the mysterious Mr. Su. Without him, we might be dealing with a whole new boss right now.”

“True enough.”

Chapter 128 - The Commotion in Angel Group!

In their eyes, Su Ming's actions had not only saved them but also the livelihoods of tens of thousands of employees at Angel Group.

He had also been a savior to Wang Guohui and his mother.

Su Ming was their hero.

“Let's call an emergency meeting immediately and devise an action plan as quickly as possible. We need to purchase that land without delay.”

“I'm on it. I'll get in touch with the demolition crew right away to ensure they're ready with all the tools needed for a swift teardown.”

“I'll canvass the area around the mall to see who's willing to sell their property. If there are no takers, we'll keep increasing the offer until they can't refuse.”

“Could you two reach out to President Chen for a photo of Mr. Su?”

“Absolutely, we need to commit Mr. Su's face to memory. From now on, whenever we encounter Mr. Su, we must show him the utmost respect.”

“That's right, even if we overlook our own boss, we can't afford to overlook Mr. Su!”

The employees were invigorated after getting the full picture.

Wang Guohui was known for his exceptional character and devotion to his mother, and his staff were equally honest and upright.

They were all aware of the tough times Wang Guohui had been enduring, visibly losing weight and spirit.

Yet, it was Su Ming's intervention that had rejuvenated their boss.

They were determined to make this project a success.

After finalizing their plans, they dispersed in their cars to attend to their respective tasks, all with the knowledge that Su Ming was the savior of Angel Group.

This was precisely why Wang Guohui had made his decision.

For the first time, Angel Group—a prestigious conglomerate known both internationally and among the domestic elite—was united in effort for a single cause.

The city center buzzed with the activity of countless diligent workers.

Unbeknownst to Su Ming and President Chen, the latter basked in the sun, ready for a nap, while President Chen was busily tending to the grounds with great diligence.

President Chen's efficiency had been remarkable, maintaining the entire area in pristine condition.

Moreover, he had meticulously cleaned the villa, inside and out, attending to the overlooked nooks and crannies left by the previous clean-up crew.

With a headlamp affixed and an assortment of tools in hand, President Chen scoured every last corner, leaving no spot untouched.

To tell you the truth, Su Ming wasn't bothered by the small stuff. He was a country boy at heart. But President Chen, he had a bit of a thing for cleanliness.

President Chen, true to his rural roots, could clean like a whirlwind.

If that weren't the case, Su Ming would never have entrusted him with a plot of land valued at ten billion, capable of yielding a cornucopia of crops.

That afternoon, Su Ming and President Chen teamed up to give the villa a thorough cleaning. The place was decked out in opulence.

The second subterranean level was spotless, lined with warehouses. Each one featured a sophisticated temperature and humidity control system that Su Ming could adjust at will—a boon for storage.

By day's end, both men were beat.

Su Ming produced a bottle of black elixir. A cup each and they were reinvigorated, as if their energy had multiplied a hundredfold.

Dusk was closing in. After a hearty meal with President Chen, Su Ming was ready to bid him farewell.

Mr. Su cherished his privacy, yet President Chen found it hard to part ways.

He always felt uneasy leaving Mr. Su's side.

But leave he must.

“Mr. Su, I'll be taking off now.”

“Alright, I really appreciate your hard work today.”

“No worries, Mr. Su. It's all part of the job. I'll come by again tomorrow!”

“That won't be necessary. You've left the place spotless.”

“Okay then.”

With that, President Chen departed, his heart heavy with the knowledge that he wouldn't return the next day, wouldn't see Mr. Su.

Just yesterday at work, President Chen overheard Zhang Chongyang recounting his encounter with Su Ming back in their hometown. Regret gnawed at him—if only he had gone back with Zhang.

That's why today, he poured extra effort into his tasks for Su Ming.

Sitting in his car, President Chen exhaled deeply. He'd acquitted himself well and now pondered a bit of relaxation. Perhaps a visit to a reputable massage parlor.

Though President Chen could be audacious in his actions, he was meticulous in his personal life. Getting caught in a compromising situation was the last thing he needed.

Frankly, President Chen initially aligned with Su Ming for the land and the endless wealth, shrouded in mystery. But the more he learned about Su Ming, the deeper the enigma seemed.

Su Ming had effortlessly cured Wang Guohui's mother, a feat that didn't go unnoticed.

He was convinced that there was more to Su Ming than met the eye, that he harbored many more secrets.

Determined, he resolved to keep pace with Su Ming from that moment forward.

Upon returning to the thatched hut, Su Ming flung open the box and haphazardly packed its contents. He then transported everything to the villa in several trips. The distance was short, and he had no other evening plans.

Selecting a bedroom in the villa, Su Ming set up his computer. It was time to start savoring the villa lifestyle.

That night, Su Ming was engrossed in gaming. He teamed up with two players whose skills were impressively high.

What stood out was that these players routinely passed on all their in-game earnings to Su Ming.

Despite not being particularly skilled at the game, Su Ming managed to rack up an impressive record by the night's end.

Chapter 129 - How Did This Building Disappear?

Su Ming had spent the entire night playing and felt incredibly refreshed.

He had gone to bed in the wee hours and by the time he woke up, it was already noon.

After ordering some takeout and eating his fill, Su Ming took a refreshing bath and changed into a fresh set of clothes. Then, he stepped outside, intending to check on his fields first.

The corn was thriving; the ears had formed but were still quite small.

Su Ming figured that in roughly twelve hours, the corn would be ready to harvest.

That would be in the early morning hours.

Accustomed to the growth patterns of his crops, Su Ming felt no urgency. He strolled leisurely to the door. Despite it being midday, there was a bustle of people and traffic.

Yet, something felt off to Su Ming today.

He blinked, taking in his surroundings. Having lived here for some time, he sensed an oddity about the place today.

A sudden realization hit him, and he gaped, looking to his left.

Where had the building gone?

Just yesterday, as he finished moving his things, he had noticed lights on in the neighboring building.

Su Ming had even remarked to himself about the exhausting overtime work of the people inside.

But now, the building was gone?

Su Ming's field was situated to the right of the Guoxing Building, with a tall office building to the left, a road in front, and several more buildings behind.

His field was essentially encased by these structures.

The presence of the neighboring buildings, along with a ring of trees and fences, had always given Su Ming a sense of security.

How could the building simply vanish?

Confusion washed over Su Ming. The building's disappearance was alarmingly swift.

Having mingled with construction workers in the past, Su Ming knew that demolishing such a structure would take at least a month, from blasting to clearing the debris.

Yet now, there was no trace of dust, and the entire building had vanished without a trace.

What in the world was happening?

Puzzled, Su Ming headed towards where the building once stood.

He couldn't help but wonder as he walked—had demolition speeds really become this rapid?

In just one night, the building had been taken down.

It reminded Su Ming of a news story he had once seen about a train station that was rebuilt overnight.

He never imagined he'd witness such construction speed firsthand.

Su Ming had previously struck up conversations with the occupants of the Guoxing Building.

As he approached and surveyed the scene, Su Ming remained indifferent. The building held no significance for him. Yet, for the Angel Group's team, the task was grueling. Aware of Su Ming's proximity, they had to keep the demolition noise to a minimum and ensure the swift removal of debris. They had worked tirelessly throughout the previous night.

Scores of workers had toiled at the site the night before, pulling off a seemingly impossible feat in just twelve hours. But, this was par for the course.

Once Wang Guohui issued the command, his employees snapped up the property with remarkable speed, promptly commencing the internal strip-down. They stripped the building of all its internal fixtures, revealing that the individuals Su Ming had observed the night before weren't working; they were dismantling the structure from within.

Numerous expert crews were enlisted, including the original construction teams and architects who were intimately acquainted with the building's design. Concurrently, they obliterated the underground foundation.

They also introduced cutting-edge demolition techniques, opting for a machine that methodically deconstructed the building floor by floor from the top down, rather than using explosives. This approach allowed for rapid demolition with minimal dust, facilitating the immediate disposal of the rubble.

The cost of the demolition was substantial, but the Guoxing Building had stood for many years.

Constructed of brick, the building came down with surprising speed. Its central location was key, and the designers had anticipated the potential for its eventual demolition.

The Angel Group and the construction crews had exerted tremendous effort to dismantle the building in such a short span. Workers were roused from their beds and converged from various sites, driven by the promise of pay. They gave it their all.

To Su Ming, however, the demolition was inconsequential. Erecting and razing buildings was all in a day's work.

The demolition not only promised additional revenue for the local government but also the opportunity to erect iconic new structures in its place—a scenario where everyone stands to gain.

Su Ming simply glanced around and, without a word, headed straight back. He surveyed the field, found no work to be done, gave the yard a quick sweep, and organized his modest storage shed. As he was about to return, a sudden noise at the entrance caught his attention.

Turning his head, Su Ming was met with a line of sleek black cars. It was clear that these vehicles were of high value, each one custom-ordered from overseas.

Wang Guohui stepped out of one of the cars, looking sharp in a suit and exuding an energy that belied his previously listless demeanor. A sizable entourage followed, unmistakably his associates.

The day before, after visiting his mother, Wang Guohui was overjoyed to find her truly on the mend. Her appetite had returned, her spirits were high, and they had shared a meal together.

Despite a sleepless night fueled by excitement, Wang Guohui felt more invigorated than ever. He couldn't help but attribute this vigor to the ink—after all, his mother had only consumed half, and he had tasted the remainder.

That single sip seemed to have revitalized his health and boosted his vitality. The doctors, too, were astounded by the swift improvement in his mother's condition.

Chapter 130 - He Is Completely Rich Now

Even the top doctors from the neighboring city, who were away on business, couldn't resist driving through the night to get there.

“It's incredible. She was suffering from such a severe infection, yet she managed to recover completely overnight.”

“The condition of these organs is akin to those of a middle-aged person. To find them in an elderly woman in her eighties is simply astonishing.”

“As long as this elderly lady keeps exercising, her health is sure to be excellent.”

As people age, their organs begin to fail, bones become brittle with osteoporosis, and muscles atrophy. Some even experience brain shrinkage.

But this old lady is an exception. Her bones are not only strong, but her bone density is comparable to that of a young adult. Her muscle atrophy has been completely reversed. Her organs show no signs of failure; on the contrary, they're improving.

Her once snow-white hair is now showing dark roots. And all this change happened in just one night.

It's nothing short of a miraculous phenomenon!

Wang Guohui had never anticipated such an astonishing turn of events. For him, it was more than enough that his mother had regained her health.

Yet, Su Ming's medicine did more than cure the old lady's illness; it rejuvenated her to the vitality she had in her forties or fifties. She could easily live another three or four decades without any issues!

Amidst his overwhelming joy, Wang Guohui was acutely aware.

It was all thanks to Su Ming.

Without him, his mother would have been long gone.

So, he had been waiting here for quite some time, but he refrained from disturbing Su Ming, knowing that young people often keep late hours.

It wasn't until Su Ming stepped out and noticed Wang Guohui that he signaled his motorcade to approach from a distance.

“Mr. Su.”

Upon seeing Su Ming, Wang Guohui quickly approached him.

This wasn't Wang Guohui attempting to ingratiate himself; it was a genuine display of respect.

The executives behind Wang Guohui exchanged glances, their surprise evident. Even in the presence of foreign dignitaries, Wang Guohui had never shown such deference.

This alone spoke volumes about the young man's formidable presence.

“So it's Chairman Wang. How's your mother doing?”

Su Ming offered a slight smile.

“Mr. Su, I owe you a debt of gratitude. My mother has made a full recovery. Her health has even reverted to what it was in her forties or fifties. She could easily live another thirty or forty years!”

Wang Guohui couldn't contain his enthusiasm.

Su Ming's immediate concern for Wang Guohui's mother showed his deep care for her, which deeply moved Wang Guohui.

“That's wonderful to hear. Just make sure you take care of yourself too. At your age, try not to get too worked up.”

“Mr. Su, did you notice it?”

Wang Guohui asked, a grin spreading across his face.

“Notice what?”

Su Ming paused, puzzled by Wang Guohui's question.

“This vacant lot right next to us.”

Su Ming paused again, taking in the information.

“I came here today specifically to bring you a gift.”

Wang Guohui continued, beaming.

Su Ming responded, “There's really no need. I'm not in need of money, and I'm not interested in acquiring a company.”

Su Ming's assistance wasn't motivated by Wang Guohui's wealth. He was willing to help anyone who showed filial devotion to their mother.

Filial piety comes first, after all.

And Su Ming himself was a devoted son. He understood Wang Guohui's desperation when his mother fell ill.

“But you must accept this gift. It's a token of my appreciation. I would be heartbroken if you refused.”

Wang Guohui urged, his face etched with earnest desire.

With a resigned sigh, Su Ming knew he couldn't turn him down.

“Alright, what have you got there?”

Wang Guohui gave a secretive smile, took a document from his assistant, and handed it to Su Ming.

Su Ming looked at it, momentarily taken aback. It was indeed a document.

Why did it look so familiar?

“Mr. Su, I had a conversation with President Chen yesterday. He mentioned your keen interest in agriculture. But with only two acres to your name, how could that possibly satisfy your hobby? So, I took the liberty of purchasing the office building next door. I've had it demolished. I hope the noise didn't disturb your sleep last night, did it?”

“This was a decision I made on my own, so please, don't be upset. I figured you'd need at least five acres to have enough space.”

“You see, this field is sown with wheat, but you could also plant a variety of seasonal fruits and vegetables.”

Wang Guohui offered the explanation.

At that moment, Su Ming was taken aback.

It suddenly made sense why the document felt so familiar—it was a land title deed!

It confirmed one thing: the land was Su Ming's.

He already owned three acres—one for his home and two for farming. Now, he had acquired an additional three acres.

The last thing he expected was for Wang Guohui's gift to be this.

“Mr. Su, are you pleased with my gift?”

Upon hearing this, Su Ming was torn between laughter and tears. He possessed what one might call a ‘golden touch.’

The crops he grew here not only matured quickly but also yielded many extraordinary things. Ordinary land held no value for him.

Yet, Su Ming found it hard to be brutally honest, considering the thoughtfulness behind Wang Guohui's gift.

As Su Ming was about to respond, a notification tone unexpectedly echoed in his mind.

“System check: Host has acquired an additional three acres of land, adjacent to the existing property.”

“These three acres meet the System's criteria for generation!”

“Congratulations, Host, on initiating land integration!”

Su Ming's eyes bulged with astonishment!

This time, he had truly struck it rich.

The two parcels of land had merged!

He definitely owed Wang Guohui a debt of gratitude.