

The Billion 141

Chapter 141

C141 – Fight for the Job

Wang Guohui was acutely aware that Su Ming wasn't in need of money. Therefore, he aimed to choose a gift that was both practical and thoughtful.

After much deliberation, President Chen was still at a loss. Consequently, he convened a meeting of all the company's senior executives—a highly unusual move. The summoned employees were taken aback, wondering if a significant event was on the horizon.

It was a rare occurrence for Wang Guohui to call for such a wide assembly; he typically preferred targeted meetings with relevant departments. A gathering of this magnitude often signaled a grave issue within the company.

Upon entering the conference room, the executives were in for a surprise. The sole agenda item was the art of gift-giving—a task that required finesse to genuinely delight the recipient.

During the discussion, one employee mentioned that Su Ming had purchased numerous cars, and the hassle of refueling them must be a nuisance. This insight struck a chord with Wang Guohui, who promptly secured a plot of land nearby and commissioned the construction of a gas station.

Building a gas station was no small feat, demanding extensive connections and authority, as well as passing stringent inspections. But Wang Guohui was no ordinary man; a few phone calls were all it took to get the green light. Discover new chapters on [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Gift-giving, however, necessitates an appropriate occasion. Wang Guohui had previously gifted Su Ming three acres of land as gratitude for curing his mother's illness, but he couldn't use the same reason again. A new justification was needed for this latest gesture.

After some thought, it dawned on him that Su Ming had just finished building his villa and was about to move in. Seizing the moment, Wang Guohui expedited the gas station's establishment and promptly delivered the fuel card to Su Ming.

“Thank you, Mr. Wang,” Su Ming expressed, “I must say, your gift has truly come to my rescue at a critical time.”

Su Ming offered a faint smile.

Upon hearing this, Wang Guohui nearly burst into tears. His hard work hadn’t been for nothing.

It seemed he would need to continue seeking everyone’s input in the future. Just look at how pleased Su Ming was with the gift! Could just anyone pick out something so perfect?

Wang Guohui blinked, taking in his surroundings.

“I’m from the countryside too. As a child, my parents supported me through farming...”

“I haven’t had the chance to farm in such a long time. Mr. Su, you simply must let me have a go at it.”

The sentiment struck a chord with Su Ming; it was all too familiar.

Could it be that you and President Chen are cut from the same cloth? Are you two from the same village by any chance?

Before Su Ming could respond, Wang Guohui had already shed his suit and leather shoes. He grabbed a bucket and set to watering and weeding with practiced ease.

Wang Guohui worked with remarkable efficiency, outpacing even President Chen.

Su Ming watched, gobsmacked.

Was it possible that Wang Guohui and President Chen had orchestrated this behind the scenes?

Something about him seemed incredibly suspect.

The movements of Wang Guohui and President Chen were nearly identical.

Wang Guohui's secretary had accompanied him here. Seeing his boss ready to take to the fields, he too prepared to join in.

"Don't come any closer!" Wang Guohui bellowed.

A sense of urgency overtook him; this was his time to shine. He didn't want his secretary stealing the spotlight.

"Go back now. I'll catch a taxi home later. Just leave!"

The secretary paused, blinked in surprise, but then nodded in agreement.

Having worked with Wang Guohui for so long, he knew his boss genuinely relished this task.

Wang Guohui was typically a man of swift action. Yet today, in front of Su Ming, he seemed like a consort vying for the emperor's favor.

The secretary figured, let him seek Su Ming's attention.

He could use this opportunity to head home for a meal.

"Mr. Su, please, go rest! I've got this under control," Wang Guohui urged, seeing Su Ming standing there, lost in thought.

Rooted to the spot, Su Ming could only let out a resigned sigh, allowing Wang Guohui to indulge in his desires.

Su Ming retreated to his room and dove into his video games. Meanwhile, Wang Guohui was a whirlwind of activity, tending to the land with gusto. He weeded, watered, and fertilized with zeal, even going so far as to sweep the entire corridor until it was spotless. He took such care with Su Ming's farm vehicles that not a single tire bore a trace of dirt.

Before they knew it, the clock struck past ten at night. Wang Guohui, though breathless from his exertions, was brimming with pride. Unbeknownst to President Chen, he had unwittingly gained a new rival.

Standing at the villa's entrance, Wang Guohui lightly rang the doorbell. Su Ming answered, and Wang Guohui, with a hurried smile, said, "Mr. Su, I've nearly completed all the tasks. It's quite late, so I won't keep you from your rest. I'll be heading back now..."

"Let me walk you out..."

"There's no need, please get some rest!" With that, Wang Guohui dashed off.

Su Ming sighed and shook his head, stepping outside to check the time. The corn was on the cusp of readiness. At the construction site, he found it ablaze with light, the workers laboring with fervor. Yet, a few lay sprawled on the ground, sound asleep.

A frown creased Su Ming's brow, a pang of sympathy stirring within him. He felt a twinge of guilt; he had always provided meals for the villa's builders and insisted they stay at a hotel to rest.

With that thought, Su Ming approached the site. "It's Mr. Su!" the foreman exclaimed, rushing to greet him. "Mr. Su, rest assured, given our current pace, we'll finish in two days! And since your plots of land are adjacent, I've installed a door where your thatched hut once stood, so you can drive the farm vehicles straight through."

Su Ming nodded in approval.

"There's no need to push yourselves so hard," he advised. "Please, don't overexert yourselves. I've booked a hotel for you all; go and get some rest."

He showed the foreman the hotel reservation on his phone. It wasn't a five-star establishment, but it was far from shabby, equipped with computers, TVs, and air conditioning. Su Ming's choice wasn't about sparing expenses; this hotel was simply the closest and the finest option available.

"This..."

Chapter 142

C142 – The Corn Matured

Su Ming understood these workers all too well. If the five-star hotel he had reserved was too far away, they would undoubtedly be reluctant to stay there—it would mean precious time lost from their work. That's why Su Ming opted for a hotel just over a hundred meters away, which also boasted a rather pleasant environment.

"Mr. Su, we..." The boss, clutching his phone, was visibly moved to tears. Su Ming was not only wealthy but also genuinely kind-hearted. In comparison to those sly tycoons, Mr. Su was in a league of his own.

"Enough talk," Su Ming interjected. "I've ordered some food for you all. Once you've had your fill, go and get some rest. You shouldn't wear yourselves out just because you're helping me build a fence." He gave the boss a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

The nearby workers listened, eyes wide with disbelief. This was a first for them—an employer who not only booked a hotel but also took care of their meals.

"He booked such a nice hotel for us?" one murmured.

"We're used to employers who'd rather have us work nonstop, without even a break for food or water," another added.

"It's incredible how different people can be. Mr. Su is truly a good soul."

"People usually dismiss us, the workers on the ground, but Mr. Su has given us both a place to stay and food to eat."

“I’m going to work even harder to get that wall up as soon as possible!”

“Mr. Su, we don’t need a hotel. Rest assured, we appreciate your generosity and we’ll put in our best effort!”

Though weary, the workers were buzzing with excitement. As construction laborers, they were accustomed to being at the bottom rung of society, always grimy from their grueling physical labor, health concerns a distant afterthought to the imperative of earning a living. They had worked for many who wished they would forgo rest and meals altogether.

Typically, their accommodations were dormitories on the job site, where they’d pack into a single room by the dozens, in less-than-ideal conditions. If they were lucky enough to find a small hotel, it was always the cheapest option. Otherwise, they’d just find any available spot to crash for the night.

Passersby would often give them a wide berth, as if a mere brush against them would stain their clothes. But an employer as compassionate as Su Ming was a rare find indeed.

They certainly owed him a great deal of gratitude!

Su Ming stood there, lost in thought for quite some time, feeling somewhat at a loss. He genuinely wanted the workers to take a break, not to spur them on.

With a sense of resignation, Su Ming shook his head. “The meal I ordered is already on its way, and the hotel reservation is non-refundable.”

“If you all don’t go, that money is just going down the drain,” he said, spreading his hands. The workers looked on in stunned silence.

“Alright then, carry on. I’m heading out,” he said, and without waiting for a response, Su Ming turned and made a beeline back, sensing that the corn was ready for harvest.

Upon his return, he found the corn indeed ripe and ready! Just by looking, one could tell how plump the ears were.

Drawn in by curiosity, Su Ming approached and plucked an ear of corn, hastily peeling back the husk to inspect it more closely.

What was this?

No corn kernels were to be found. Instead, he discovered a glass bottle filled with a red liquid.

Red wine?

He had planted corn, yet here he was, reaping an abundance of red wine.

Su Ming wasn't much of a drinker. At gatherings with classmates, he stuck to beer and baijiu. Red wine was a rarity for him.

Intrigued, Su Ming took to the internet for answers.

Romanee-Conti.

The Romanee-Conti vineyard was renowned as one of the finest producers of red wine in the market, its bottles considered treasures.

Its yield was quite limited, producing only about 6,000 liters annually. The Romanee-Conti in Su Ming's possession was not just precious but also carried a hefty price tag.

A standard bottle of Romanee-Conti could fetch hundreds of thousands of yuan. Aged for decades under optimal conditions, this wine offered an exquisite taste experience.

Such a bottle could easily be the star of an auction.

Su Ming swallowed hard, setting the bottle aside to examine another ear of corn.

In his hand materialized yet another bottle of the coveted Romanee-Conti.

A surge of excitement washed over him. He had stumbled upon several bottles of Romanee-Conti, but the surprises didn't stop there. Other varieties of red wine began to appear.

The latest bottle was a 1998 vintage, its color a deep, dark purple.

He took a sip, and the rich flavors of fruit, caramel, mocha, and vanilla filled his senses.

After swallowing, a lingering sweetness and tartness remained in his mouth. Next, Su Ming acquired a bottle of black cherry red wine. This variety was highly sought after by collectors, and its value was exceedingly high. Surveying the sea of red wine before him, Su Ming felt a twinge of concern. There was simply too much wine. There was no way he could drink it all on his own. Discover new chapters on [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

His collection grew with the addition of white wines, including Maotai Liquor, Sorghum Liquor, and Five Grain Liquor. Rare red and white wines, usually scarce on the market, were all present here. Su Ming was certain that any wine enthusiast or collector would be thrilled at the sight of such a bounty.

With a sigh of resignation, Su Ming heard the System's notification in his mind: "Fragile items detected in the harvest. A two-hour protection period for the new items has been initiated."

Startled by the prompt, Su Ming quickly wheeled over a small cart and began loading the bottles into it. It took him an hour and a half to transfer all the red wine into the cellar, where he stacked them haphazardly.

Whenever exhaustion set in, he would take a Body-stretching Pill. The effect was immediate, revitalizing his strength. After consuming five of these pills, Su Ming had completed all the tasks at hand.

He did a rough count of his haul. The two acres of corn had yielded 7,000 ears, translating to 7,000 bottles of wine.

Chapter 143

C143 – Leveled Up Again

It occupied three of Su Ming's storage rooms.

Yet, what truly thrilled Su Ming wasn't the wine; it was the imminent prospect of leveling up.

He realized that cultivating such extensive crops was essential for rapid advancement. Each level up promised significant transformations.

Crucially, the farm's level remained unparalleled. Even after an upgrade, there were no indications that further leveling was possible.

Nonetheless, Su Ming trusted the System. It wouldn't act without reason.

There had to be a way to ascend in level, but he wasn't quite there yet.

As Su Ming's level climbed, he felt the system's vastness, akin to the ocean, brimming with untapped features.

"Ding! Crops harvested successfully. You've earned 7100 experience points!"

"Ding! Congratulations, your level has risen!"

"Ding! Congratulations, you've unlocked a new feature: Stamina Talent!"

"Ding! With Stamina Talent, you'll remain forever vigorous, with robust sinews, free from chronic fatigue. This Passive Talent can be toggled off at will!"

The notification left Su Ming momentarily dumbfounded.

Was this talent tailor-made for him?

Did it anticipate his weariness from extended farming?

Su Ming had assumed his Body-stretching Pill would suffice for energy replenishment. Yet, the System preemptively addressed his stamina shortfall.

What was there to fear? The System ensured perpetual vigor!

Su Ming realized that not only would farming cease to exhaust him, but he would also tackle any task without fatigue. And after marriage...

Delving deeper into that thought might just earn him a block from the System.

Initially, Su Ming viewed the talent as somewhat trivial. But upon reflection, it was an unbeatable asset.

What did perpetual stamina entail? It meant he could run a marathon without pausing for a breath.

Tiredness was a sensation he'd no longer know.

Su Ming was destined to maintain boundless energy!

The System had spelled it out clearly.

Those ailments that plagued the overworked would never touch him.

And the chronic neck issues from prolonged stooping? They wouldn't be his to bear.

People who spend too much time sitting are prone to lumbar spondylosis.

But he wouldn't succumb to such ailments.

He was unbeatable!

Fantastic!

Farmer: Su Ming

Level: LV4

Experience Points: 8950/10000

Farm Level: Level One

Skills: Basic Scanning Function; Blessing from Plants; Stamina Talent

"[Ding! System Notice: The system will update after reaching level 5!]"

While Su Ming was reviewing his data panel, the familiar notification chimed in once more.

At last!

Su Ming was pleasantly surprised.

He seemed to have noticed a pattern, theorizing that maybe the System would update with a new feature every five levels.

But what lay beyond that...

No use speculating; the future was still a mystery.

Su Ming was elated, bursting into laughter.

Thanks to his Stamina Talent, Su Ming was energetic and tireless. He hopped into the farm vehicle and began gathering items.

In no time, the two-acre plot was spotless.

“Ding! Items have been collected. Congratulations to the host for earning 200 experience points!”

It was undeniable; the heavier the item, the more rewarding the experience points.

Su Ming resolved to plant some fruit trees—apples and peaches, to be specific.

Truth be told, with his boundless energy, he feared insomnia. So, Su Ming proactively deactivated his talent.

After all, he considered himself an ordinary person. Sleep seemed trivial now, yet he was accustomed to it. Without it, something felt amiss.

The next morning, Su Ming awoke with a yawn and made his way to the garage. Standing before it, he was struck by indecision.

Too many cars. He couldn't decide which one to drive.

A lottery system might be necessary in the future—he'd simply drive the car that got picked.

He glanced around.

Su Ming stepped aside and picked up a small stone from a corner.

With a light toss, the stone joyfully skipped across the ground, coming to a halt in front of a vehicle.

Upon closer inspection, Su Ming marveled at the coincidence—it was the Rolls Royce Phantom once again.

Su Ming could only shrug and drive off.

He noticed that the perimeter wall was completely erected. It seemed their task for the day was cleaning.

Surprisingly, the gas station next door was already up and running.

Su Ming pulled in, stopped, and filled his tank with gas before driving off. Having a gas station right by his house was a huge convenience.

"Why is there a new gas station here?"

"You're not mistaken; there was nothing here just yesterday."

"A gas station in the city center?"

"I'm clueless too."

Many drivers passing by couldn't believe their eyes.

A few tried to use it but were unable to pump any gas.

The fuel pump displayed a message that this was a private station!

Surely this was an illegal construction?

Several drivers didn't hesitate to report it to the police, who promptly arrived to investigate.

They discovered the gas station was owned by the Angel Group Trade Company.

Only employees of the Angel Group could use the station, which was perfectly legal.

Su Ming then drove directly to the farm supply store.

The owner was tidying up at the entrance and his eyes nearly popped out of his head at the sight of a Rolls Royce Phantom pulling up.

Once Su Ming emerged from the vehicle, the owner had an epiphany – Su Ming was someone who could afford such a car.

"Boss, you've really let me down. I told you I needed a fruit tree, why haven't you delivered it?"

Su Ming asked, grinning as he stepped out of the car.

"Mr. Su, you've got me all wrong. I wouldn't dare neglect that."

The store owner quickly gestured with his hands, "I always aim to provide the best. Those fruit trees need a few more days to mature."

Su Ming nodded, understanding.

“Do you have any other types of fruit trees available?”

The owner, eager to please, nodded vigorously. “Yes, we do.”

He rushed inside and returned shortly with a notebook. “We have pear trees, cherry trees, and of course, mulberries and chestnuts.”

After a moment’s thought, Su Ming decided, “I’ll take a pear tree.”

Chapter 144

C144 – Banker Chen

Su Ming was well aware that in many instances, pear trees require grafting.

The rootstock was from a local variety.

While the pear tree was hardy, its fruit was tiny and tasted awful.

But grafting brought together the best of both worlds.

Su Ming, however, wasn’t concerned, thanks to his System.

He didn’t have to worry about planting conditions or whether to graft.

The System would ensure optimal conditions for him.

“By the way, load up on the fertilizer,” he requested.

“Sure thing!” the shopkeeper replied hastily.

“Have it delivered using the truck.”

After paying, Su Ming set off, leading a convoy of two large trucks.

One truck was filled with saplings, the other with fertilizer, creating an impressive sight.

Entering the city center, they came to a stop at a red light.

The two trucks trailing a Rolls Royce Phantom turned many heads.

At the intersection, two traffic cops were managing the flow of vehicles.

One, new to the job, was visibly perplexed by the scene.

“Brother Sun, what’s with the big truck downtown?” he inquired.

The officer blinked, his mind racing with scenes from countless movies he’d seen, all the various smuggling tactics he knew of.

He was itching to put his knowledge to the test!

Was he about to crack a major case so early in his career?

The veteran cop took a puff of his cigarette, arched an eyebrow, and advised, “Don’t stick your nose where it doesn’t belong.”

“Huh?” the younger cop was taken aback.

This didn’t sound like Brother Sun.

Brother Sun was the epitome of a hard-boiled cop, a paragon of justice.

Why would he say such a thing?

Could it be...

Noticing the young cop’s puzzled look, Brother Sun chuckled and gave a light tap on the officer’s cap. “Kid, he’s driving fine, not breaking any laws. What’s it to you? Here’s a tip: memorize the license plate of that Rolls Royce Phantom. And don’t you meddle with it from now on.”

“Huh?” The young officer was baffled.

What exactly was happening?

He was brimming with questions, yet he dared not voice them.

Meanwhile, Su Ming remained oblivious to the entire exchange.

He kept driving and quickly reached his destination.

The workers unloaded the cargo at breakneck speed.

Without further ado, Su Ming tidied up the two acres and fired up the specialized fruit tree planting machine.

Fruit trees require a lot more space to grow than corn.

Typically, an acre can support three thousand stalks of corn.

But for fruit trees, you're looking at just a few dozen to a little over a hundred per acre.

For pear trees, you're talking about a hundred per acre.

In no time, thanks to Su Ming's diligent work, the two acres were planted.

"Pear trees successfully planted! Harvest time: 72 hours!"

Once he was done, a familiar alert chimed in his mind, prompting Su Ming to breathe a sigh of relief.

Yet hearing the same alert as before sparked his curiosity.

Why was it identical?

There should have been at least a slight variation.

This time, Su Ming hadn't purchased many pear trees—just around 150 grams, leaving half an acre fallow.

He wasn't one to idle away his time.

After rummaging around the seeds, something caught his eye.

Fennel!

This crop, with its unique aroma akin to cilantro, was polarizing—irresistible to some, intolerable to others.

But Su Ming was a fan.

The scent of fennel in dumplings was unforgettable—a little in a plate of meat filling brought out a subtle, rich fragrance.

He chuckled to himself and got straight to planting the fennel. His hands moved with practiced ease.

In under two hours, he was done.

“Fennel successfully planted! Time to maturity: 2 hours!”

That quick?

Su Ming had never seen such a rapid growth time in all his planting.

Watering and fertilizing would only speed up the process.

He laughed again, unable to contain his excitement, and started off to the side. But before he could take another step, a familiar silhouette appeared at the doorway.

President Chen made another visit!

“Mr. Su, I see you’re hard at work!”

“Mr. Su, you shouldn’t be doing such grueling tasks yourself. Let me handle it!”

“Since I’ve been working in the fields recently, I’ve noticed my back doesn’t ache, my legs aren’t sore, and I’ve got more energy when I walk. There’s definitely a benefit to hard work. Please don’t hesitate to let me pitch in!”

While talking, President Chen moved beside Su Ming, took the bucket, and began watering with ease.

“Mr. Su, I’ve always enjoyed playing with water since I was a kid. I used to swim in the reservoir with my friends all the time.”

“Every spring, I’d help my parents water the rice paddies. Those were the days I cherished the most.”

“Sadly, I stopped farming after high school, and university took me even further from the countryside’s serenity. Now, in the hustle and bustle of the city, I often feel agitated.”

“But meeting you has brought back that inner peace. I owe you a debt of gratitude; you’ve elevated my life to a new level!”

President Chen cheerfully continued his work and conversation, effortlessly offering compliments to Su Ming.

Truth be told, Su Ming had grown somewhat indifferent to President Chen’s flattery.

He wasn’t one for vanity.

But then again, who doesn’t enjoy a little praise?

With President Chen around, Su Ming could enjoy some downtime, especially since President Chen was much quicker at these tasks.

Yet, the field’s weeds were somewhat forlorn.

The crops that grew here were invisible and untouchable to others, only Su Ming could see and harvest them.

And it was only when he stepped onto the field that he could actually see the crops.

To any onlooker, it appeared to be just a wheat field.

But the weeds that truly grew there were visible to all.

President Chen was delighted to have taken the route that led him here today. This place had become his daily destination, almost like a second job.

However, it had been a long while since he last visited the bank.

Mr. Su was the priority, after all!

Above all, President Chen had become competitive. Wang Guohui was also vying for Mr. Su's favor. If Mr. Su took a liking to Wang Guohui, President Chen's efforts would be rendered pointless.

His diligence is unmatched; he makes it a point to come here and work every day. It's a commitment he steadfastly adheres to—it's his principle!

However, age has caught up with President Chen. After a bit of work, he begins to feel the strain in his waist and legs.

Chapter 145

C145 – Buying the Fruit Tree

Su Ming offered a wry smile as he entered the house and retrieved a bottle of black mineral water.

"President Chen, you've been such a great help to me. Have some water to quench your thirst," he said, placing the bottle in front of President Chen.

President Chen was visibly moved, nearly brought to tears. “This is far too valuable; I simply can’t accept it!”

He was acutely aware of its worth. It was a cure for severe illness, a miraculous remedy. Wang Guohui’s mother had been on the brink of death, yet she regained her health after consuming just half a bottle. And now, Su Ming was offering it to him!

“President Chen, I have plenty to spare,” Su Ming reassured him.

With a casual toss, Su Ming sent the bottle into President Chen’s arms. Catching it quickly, President Chen delicately wiped it with his fine suit before setting it down with care. He knew that many would clamor to purchase such an item. Among his acquaintances were wealthy individuals plagued by grave illnesses who would surely seek out this wonder drug if they knew of its existence.

Yet both President Chen and Wang Guohui understood that Mr. Su was not in need of money. They shared an unspoken agreement to keep this secret, with Wang Guohui even instructing his staff to maintain silence on the matter.

President Chen treasured the bottle too much to drink from it. He was getting on in years, as was his wife, and they had both children and elderly to care for at home. His own parents may have passed away, but his in-laws were still with them. This elixir could prove essential in the future.

Currently in good health, President Chen had felt a surge of vitality after his last drink of Su Ming’s concoction. He was astonished that Su Ming would gift him such a valuable medicine for the modest assistance he had provided.

A newfound vigor filled President Chen. He threw himself into his work with renewed zeal.

“President Chen, as I mentioned, I’m well-stocked,” Su Ming reminded him. “It’s only right to share some with you after all the help you’ve given me.”

Hearing this, President Chen was on the verge of tears. His hard work had paid off. The daily grind had its rewards, and Mr. Su's generosity was proof of that. Even a lifelong laborer would feel the ache in their back ease with such gratitude.

President Chen had sampled that concoction, and now his body felt significantly more robust than before. He was somewhat weary, sure, but it was hardly worth mentioning.

With a clear objective in mind, President Chen set about his tasks with meticulous care. He simply wanted to spend more time in Su Ming's presence.

"Mr. Su, the fertilizer you've purchased is quite impressive. It's the best on the market at the moment. You certainly have an eye for quality," he complimented.

"No worries, I can handle it myself. I grew up in the countryside; I'm used to physical labor," President Chen assured.

He hurried over to where the fertilizer was stored. Having boasted about his strength, he was determined to live up to his words. But the sight of the fertilizer bags took him aback.

There was a mountain of bags, each weighing a hefty 100 kilograms. Such a weight would be a challenge for anyone not accustomed to regular heavy lifting.

Stealing a glance at Su Ming, President Chen felt a twinge of helplessness. He had claimed to be strong, but calling Mr. Su over now would be mortifying.

Resolved to try, President Chen inhaled deeply and positioned himself beside a bag. Placing his hands firmly on it, he hoisted the bag onto his shoulder with a grunt, then took another breath and found his balance.

His eyes went wide with astonishment. He could hardly believe he had managed to lift it. The bag was heavy, akin to an ordinary person hefting a large watermelon, but he had done it.

The revelation stunned him. He was no longer a young man, and in the past, he wouldn't have been able to lift such a weight without risking injury. But now, it seemed effortless, and he felt confident he could lift another.

It dawned on President Chen that his newfound strength was thanks to Su Ming's miraculous water. Could it really cure ailments and fortify the body?

His thoughts turned to his daughter. She had grown up comfortably, which had led to a bit of extra weight and poor physical fitness. Could this elixir improve her health as well?

He resolved to try it out when he returned home.

With his body invigorated, President Chen was overjoyed and threw himself into his work with even greater vigor.

Before long, he had completed the watering and fertilizing tasks.

Next, he meticulously cleaned Su Ming's farm vehicle until it was spotless. After sharing a meal with Su Ming, he departed with a sense of reluctance.

Su Ming headed over to the neighboring construction site.

Noticing that the workers were still laboring diligently, he advised them to take it easy and provided them with some food. Having done so, Su Ming returned to rest.

Chapter 146

C146 – Knocked on the Door

As Su Ming made his way back, he was caught off guard by a sudden gust of wind.

He glanced upward.

The sky was a blanket of dark clouds, with the moon now hidden from view.

Though it was just past seven in the evening, darkness had already fallen, obscuring the once-visible mountains in the distance.

Checking the weather forecast on his phone, Su Ming saw a heavy downpour was predicted for the night.

He needed to rush back and tell the workers to call it a night.

The construction site foreman, upon hearing of the impending storm, quickly directed his crew to secure the building materials.

The tasks were a breeze for them, and in no time, they had tidied up the site and headed off to rest.

Back at the villa, Su Ming flicked on the lights and settled into his bedroom. He booted up his computer, ready for a gaming session.

Just then, lightning streaked across the window, followed by a massive gust of wind and the onset of torrential rain.

A wave of concern washed over Su Ming.

Could this deluge harm his crops?

Still uneasy, he grabbed an umbrella and decided to check on his fields.

Standing there, everything was serene, as if untouched by the storm. The soil was dry, the crops thriving.

Yet, just beyond, the rain was relentless.

Could the System truly be this formidable?

Relieved, Su Ming let out a sigh. With the System's safeguard, his crops were in no danger. He yawned, ready to dive back into his game.

But as the game loaded, a knock at the door jolted him.

Su Ming paused, realizing in his haste, he'd left the door ajar.

Only President Chen and Wang Guohui would visit, and the construction boss had already retired for the night.

With a hint of curiosity, Su Ming approached the window for a closer look.

A woman stood there.

From this distance, her features were indistinct, but her silhouette was striking in a short skirt, showcasing her slender, pale legs.

With a smile, Su Ming made his way downstairs to greet his unexpected guest.

The girl burst through the door.

"Thank you so much!"

Completely soaked, she apologized, "I'm sorry, it started pouring out of nowhere while I was walking, and with no shelter in sight, I took the liberty of knocking on your door. I hope I haven't intruded..."

Su Ming was momentarily taken aback.

“Aren’t you scared I might be a bad guy?”

He smirked mischievously.

But to his surprise, the girl burst into laughter.

Su Ming was perplexed.

Was she questioning his intentions?

“Tell me, what was that laugh about?”

“I’m sorry, so sorry!” she quickly realized her mistake and apologized profusely.

She had been lucky to find shelter from the rain and couldn’t risk offending Su Ming.

“I, I, I...”

Then, an idea struck her. “Someone as good-looking as you couldn’t possibly be a bad person, right?”

Su Ming arched an eyebrow, skeptical of her flattery.

“I...”

The girl, catching Su Ming’s doubtful look, hung her head.

“I’m sorry.”

She seemed extremely anxious.

With a resigned shake of his head, Su Ming said, “The third room on your right is the shower. Once you’re done, you’ll find clean clothes in the wardrobe; they’re all men’s, but feel free to wear whatever fits. Next to the shower is the kitchen, stocked with food. Help yourself to whatever you’d like to cook.”

With that, Su Ming headed upstairs.

The girl breathed a sigh of relief as he left, still feeling a bit on edge.

She had only just recovered from an illness and was still quite frail.

The area was dominated by office towers – banks, business centers – places she couldn’t enter without an access card.

The downpour had been abrupt.

She had been right at this doorstep when the skies opened up. Even if she had dashed for the nearest Guoxing Building, it was a good two hundred meters away. By then, she would have been drenched.

Taking a taxi home would mean another half-hour on the road.

She was certain to catch a cold, perhaps even ending up in the hospital.

Above all, she had a deep-seated fear of thunder.

With a quiet sigh of relief, she watched Su Ming ascend the stairs to the second floor. Stealthily, she slipped into the room, gently closed the door behind her, and turned the lock.

Upon opening the wardrobe, she was met with an array of pristine men’s clothing, the packaging untouched.

She grabbed a towel from nearby and headed into the bathroom.

She quickly showered in the hot water, her nerves heightened by the unfamiliarity of being in someone else's home.

Post-shower, she was somewhat dismayed at not having brought any undergarments.

Her only option was to wash her underwear and use the dryer to dry them.

With everything taken care of, she finally felt a bit more at ease.

No sooner had she stepped out of the room than she let out an involuntary sneeze.

"Are you okay?"

It was then that Su Ming descended from the second floor, suggesting, "Take a seat on the sofa for a bit. I'll whip up some ginger soup for you."

She nodded meekly and settled onto the sofa, taking in her surroundings.

The villa was expansive and exuded luxury.

What kind of person was he to own such a place in the heart of the city?

Her curiosity piqued.

Su Ming prepared a bowl of ginger soup, into which he dropped a Body-stretching Pill.

As he did this, memories flooded back to him.

He recalled a time with Wang Xue when she had a cold, and he had made her ginger soup.

Times had changed, though.

A smile crept onto Su Ming's face. Since when had he become so nostalgic?

Shaking off the sentiment, he presented the ginger soup to the young woman. She eagerly clutched the steaming cup with both hands and began to drink.

After a cautious blow to cool it, she took a tentative sip.

The scalding ginger soup slid down her throat, sending a comforting warmth radiating through her body, soothing her considerably.

"Thank you."

Chapter 147

C147 – The Kitchen Destroyer!

"What's your name?" Su Ming inquired, a smile on his face.

"I'm Hsiao Kemeng. My parents and friends just call me Kemeng," the little girl replied, taking another sip of her drink.

Su Ming nodded understandingly. "I checked the weather forecast earlier. The rain won't let up until tomorrow morning, so you should stay here tonight. Feel free to choose any room on the first floor; I'll be upstairs on the second floor and won't come down."

"Thank you," Hsiao Kemeng said, feeling a warmth in her heart. She appreciated that Su Ming was trying to put her at ease.

"May I ask you a few questions?" she ventured.

"No!"

"How about just one question?"

"No!"

"What's your name, then?"

"Su Ming."

"What do you do for a living?" Hsiao Kemeng continued.

"I'm a bad guy!" he joked.

Hsiao Kemeng couldn't help but laugh.

Su Ming was puzzled. Did he not come across as a bad guy at all? It was the dead of night, a storm raging outside. She should be on high alert in a stranger's home. Yet, she seemed completely at ease, as if she were in her own home. Where did this sense of security come from? Was it his kindness?

"Alright, I'm off to bed. You should get some rest too," he suggested.

"Wait!" Hsiao Kemeng called out suddenly, then added sheepishly, "I haven't had dinner yet."

"Do you know how to cook?"

“A little.”

“There’s food in the fridge; help yourself.”

Standing up, Su Ming added, “If it’s not too much trouble, could you make something for me as well? I’m getting hungry.”

“Sure!” Hsiao Kemeng agreed enthusiastically, rising to her feet.

Half an hour later, Su Ming set aside his phone and stared at the charred mess before him, frowning in dismay.

What on earth was this?

“I’m sorry,” Hsiao Kemeng murmured, her head bowed in guilt, hands nervously clutching her apron.

“Stop!” Su Ming quickly intervened. “Don’t ruin the apron, give it here.”

Donning the apron himself, he rummaged through the fridge for some vegetables and meat. Hsiao Kemeng watched from the sofa as Su Ming got to work in the kitchen. In no time, the meal was prepared.

Hsiao Kemeng’s eyes widened in admiration. “You’re incredible!”

“You’d be a good cook too if you lived alone for two years,” Su Ming replied with a smile.

Su Ming chuckled as he grabbed his bowl and chopsticks and started eating heartily. Soon enough, both he and Hsiao Kemeng were contentedly full. Eager to help, Kemeng took the initiative to wash the dishes. Shortly after, a crisp sound echoed from the kitchen.

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine.”

Then, another sharp sound rang out. Su Ming had no choice but to take over the dishwashing himself. He realized he’d need to buy more bowls tomorrow; otherwise, he wouldn’t have enough for his own use.

“Time for bed!” Su Ming declared, feigning anger as he tidied up the kitchen and gestured towards the bedroom.

Kemeng, unphased, giggled, “I know you’re not really mad.”

With that, she scampered off to the bedroom. Su Ming could only sigh in resignation.

Outside, a fierce storm raged, but inside, it was as cozy as spring. Su Ming stretched lazily and settled down to play video games, his skills noticeably improving.

He gamed into the wee hours, and come early morning, he slowly opened his eyes. After a refreshing shower and changing into a clean outfit, he headed downstairs.

Kemeng was already up, a freshly bought breakfast waiting on the table, dressed again in yesterday’s clothes.

“Thank you for letting me stay over last night. I really appreciate it,” she said with a mischievous smile. “I got you breakfast. You can’t skip it; it’s bad for your health. Here’s my name and contact info. I’ve got to run, but let’s keep in touch.”

With that, she slung her backpack over her shoulder and dashed off, clearly in a rush but having waited for Su Ming to wake before leaving.

Shaking his head with a smile, Su Ming didn’t dwell on it. It was just a small interlude in the grand scheme of life.

After breakfast, he made his way to the field and was struck by a realization—the fennel had matured!

“I completely forgot!” he exclaimed, a smile spreading across his face.

He had thought Kemeng’s visit wouldn’t make a difference, but it had indeed thrown off his usual routine. Grabbing his sickle, he headed out to the field. As his feet touched the soil, he paused. Despite all his efforts, the land had yet to yield a single fruit.

Yet now, the ground was dotted with fennel.

Su Ming crouched down and tenderly plucked a sprig of fennel.

The scent of fennel wafted up to him.

Doubt swirled in Su Ming’s mind. Could there be a glitch in the System?

Impossible!

He was more inclined to accept the end of the world than to entertain the thought of a malfunction in the System.

But why fennel?

Perhaps it was akin to the Body-stretching Pill. It might possess some unique properties.

Chapter 148

C148 – I No Longer Doubt the System

This item was different from the Body-stretching Pill; the latter came with instructions, while this had none whatsoever.

Su Ming paused, blinking thoughtfully, before deciding not to dwell on it any longer.

He swung his sickle, harvesting a large swath of fennel, then carried it over to a nearby faucet for a thorough rinse.

In the kitchen, he blanched the fennel in boiling water, chopped it into bite-sized pieces, and wrung out the excess moisture.

Next, he found a piece of pork in the kitchen.

Everything was ready, but then Su Ming froze.

He was out of dumpling wrappers!

With no other choice, Su Ming headed to the garage and drove off to the market.

Today, Su Ming was behind the wheel of a Hennessy Venom GT.

This wasn't just any sports car; it was a globally limited edition worth over a hundred million, with only ten in existence.

The engine's roar was music to the ears, a far cry from mere noise.

The car's hefty price tag was common knowledge, prompting countless onlookers to turn their heads. It stood alone, with no other vehicles in sight.

If they knew Su Ming was driving this car just to buy dumpling wrappers, they'd be gobsmacked.

Even the designer of the Hennessy Venom GT probably never envisioned such a scenario.

But for Su Ming, it was of no consequence.

The car was his to use as he pleased.

Still, Su Ming was law-abiding; he wouldn't use the car for hauling goods.

He parked at the market entrance, an old hand at vegetable shopping.

The vendor quickly packed his purchase, announcing, "That'll be 58 yuan."

Su Ming paid with his phone and left the market, goods in hand.

The vendor's eyes then caught a glimpse of a vehicle.

Upon closer inspection, a wild sports car was parked not too far off.

"Hennessy Venom GT!"

The young owner, in his thirties and a car enthusiast, couldn't resist the urge to snap a photo. With only ten of these cars worldwide and seemingly none yet in China, it was a rare opportunity.

It wasn't that people in China couldn't afford it; rather, hefty tariffs made importation a challenge, and the international demand was simply overwhelming.

Just as the boss was about to join the young man for a photo, he realized the guy had slipped into the car and started the engine.

The boss was left speechless.

“You’re joking, right? You’re a billionaire and you’re haggling over prices at the farmers’ market?”

But Su Ming was oblivious to the commotion.

He vanished in the blink of an eye.

Back at home, Su Ming expertly prepared a pot of dumplings.

He dropped them into boiling water.

There are many techniques for cooking dumplings, but Su Ming’s go-to method was the one his mother always used.

Once the dumplings bobbed to the surface, they were about 80% done.

He then added a splash of cold water and waited for the boil to return. After the second boil, he added another splash of cold water and waited for a third boil. After that, the dumplings were perfectly cooked.

The cold water trick not only lowered the temperature, causing the dumpling skins to contract and become delightfully chewy, but it also left the filling untouched.

Su Ming was eager to feel the effects of the dumplings on his body.

The dumplings were ready in no time. Su Ming scooped out a bowlful and whipped up some garlic sauce.

He hastily popped a dumpling into his mouth.

After swallowing, he was perplexed. Aside from the scalding heat, he felt nothing.

He blinked and tried another.

Still nothing.

One more try!

Eventually, Su Ming polished off the entire bowl. His belly was full, yet he felt no different.

What was going on?

Could the System have glitched this time?

Then, Su Ming froze.

A fiery warmth surged in his stomach, spreading to his lower abdomen and beyond.

Su Ming was astounded!

The System was functioning perfectly!

And the effect? It was something countless men could only dream of!

If a man were standing in the middle of the street,

and a crowd claimed he wasn't handsome,

I'd be that man and take it in stride because, truthfully, I'm not handsome.

If they labeled him poor,

I'd be that man and shrug it off. Sure, I'm poor now, but I can make money with my own two hands.

But if they said your lovemaking lasted only a brief moment...

I assure you, any man would either seethe with rage or flee in sheer embarrassment.

The Barbarian King's ultimate move lasts at least 6 seconds, and you're done in 3?

Who could stand for that?

The Body-stretching Pill works wonders for healing and fortifying muscles and bones.

Its effects might be straightforward, but they're the stuff of countless men's dreams.

With such a marvel, you'd be an unstoppable force in the realm of romance!

Su Ming couldn't help but burst into laughter.

From that moment on, Su Ming could never doubt the System again—it was the most formidable force in the world!

How could anything from the System be anything less than stellar?

Absolutely out of the question!

And Su Ming believed that even if you didn't wrap fennel into dumplings but simply ate it fresh from the earth, its potency wouldn't diminish.

If he mastered the art of extraction and condensed the fennel into a single pill...

Enough said.

Should word of fennel's benefits get out, he'd likely have crowds flocking to his doorstep.

Chapter 149

C149 – I'll Give You Guys Some Good Things!

As Su Ming stood in surprise, two familiar figures emerged at the doorway: President Chen and Wang Guohui.

These elderly gentlemen held positions of distinction—one as a bank president, the other as the chairman of a trade company.

Yet, they found themselves on Su Ming's property.

Despite their irritation, they were powerless to act, which was quite endearing!

"Mr. Wang, I got here first, yet you've snatched my job. That's hardly fair, is it?"

"Cut the pleasantries. Only the competent get to stay."

"First-come, first-served should be honored. Don't think you can flaunt your wealth and intimidate Mr. Su."

"Bringing up 'first-come, first-served' is pointless. We both run companies. Why haven't your employees shown any improvement?"

"Wang, if you're going to talk like that, don't expect me to hold back!"

“What’s that? Boss Chen, are you challenging us to a fight?”

Each old man grabbed a bucket, poised for a scuffle.

The commotion inside the room startled Su Ming.

He wondered, Who could this be?

Was someone drunk and brawling at his doorstep?

Rushing outside, Su Ming found the two seniors tussling over a bucket, both donned in the quintessential old man’s shirt.

He couldn’t help but feel exasperated.

Good heavens!

It was a good thing he came out when he did.

Otherwise, he might have been the one with a cracked skull and brains spilling out.

“Hold on, hold on!”

Su Ming intervened hastily.

“Mr. Su, you’ve finally appeared. Please, I need you to set things right. This man has taken my livelihood, and he’s only been here a short while. I’ve been the one assisting you all along,” pleaded President Chen.

“Mr. Su, don’t buy into his bluster. His work is sloppy, not nearly as thorough as what I do,” retorted Wang Guohui.

“Wang, listen up. Your company may be more profitable, and I can’t compete there. But don’t you dare try to usurp my place helping Mr. Su!”

“I will vie for it! What are you going to do about it? If you’re brave enough, go ahead and hit me!” President Chen continued defiantly.

Su Ming’s head throbbed with the onset of a sudden headache.

Typically, these scenarios involved a dramatic struggle for favor within a harem.

But now, it was two elderly men vying for attention.

Why is my life filled with so much hardship? Su Ming wondered.

After a moment’s thought, he told them, “Hold on a second.”

With a shake of his head, Su Ming headed to the neighboring warehouse and retrieved a bucket.

“One bucket per person, one acre each. That should suffice, shouldn’t it?”

“Hmph!”

The two seniors each grabbed a bucket, exchanging glances before snorting coldly and turning away, refusing to acknowledge one another.

Outside, two lines of carriages stood at the ready—one belonging to Wang Guohui, the other to President Chen. The tension between the two parties was palpable.

Su Ming couldn't resist the urge to rub his temples.

"Could you have your men stand down for now?" he asked them.

"Sure!" one replied.

"No problem," the other agreed.

Despite their mutual animosity, both men showed considerable respect toward Su Ming and promptly dismissed their followers.

Before Su Ming even had the chance to delegate tasks, the two elders were already fiercely competing in a race to weed, fertilize, and water—like rivals in a contest.

Their pace was astonishing.

Su Ming watched them for a long while, his expression blank with astonishment.

He blinked, his mouth agape in surprise.

Let them have their fun. I'm staying out of it, Su Ming resolved.

After indulging in another round of dumplings, Su Ming patted his full stomach and was struck by a sudden thought.

President Chen had been a great help to him, and Wang Guohui had presented him with a generous gift.

Truth be told, the two seniors had put in a lot of effort, and Su Ming couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt.

As he gazed down at the fennel, a spark of inspiration flickered in his eyes.

These two gentlemen were no longer in their youth, and after years of toil, their strength was not what it once was. Perhaps in certain respects, they might...

The old adage goes, when one reaches middle age, they have little choice but to add wolfberries to their thermos.

Yet, even a potent brew of ginseng, turtle, and oyster might struggle to rejuvenate a man's vitality in certain areas.

Could these two seniors regain their youth by eating fennel? Would they be ecstatic to the point of madness? Su Ming chuckled at the thought. He went to the kitchen and retrieved the previously harvested fennel that had no immediate use. He split it into two roughly equal bundles, intending to present them as gifts once the elderly gentlemen had finished their work.

Before long, it was midday, and the two seniors, having previously benefited from Su Ming's medicinal concoctions, were in robust health and completed their tasks with ease. Su Ming emerged to treat them to a lunch in gratitude.

"Thank you for your help," Su Ming said. "You've both assisted me greatly, and I can't thank you enough. Please accept a small token of my appreciation." With that, he handed each of them a bag.

He patted their shoulders with a significant look. "Don't underestimate these gifts or discard them; they possess extraordinary properties."

The two men exchanged puzzled glances, recognizing the fennel but unsure of its significance. One was the president of Tianhua Bank, the other the chairman of a Trade Company—both highly esteemed figures. They were accustomed to receiving countless gifts, yet they wanted for nothing.

And now Su Ming was offering them fennel? The thought would surely amuse anyone in the know. These wealthy individuals had no need for such a simple herb.

President Chen and Mr. Wang exchanged a knowing look. They were no ordinary men, especially having witnessed the wonders of Su Ming's medicinal brews. The potions, resembling ink and tasting almost lethal, were in fact potent tonics capable of bolstering health and even saving lives.

Mr. Su had been explicit about the fennel's remarkable effects. Could it be just an ordinary herb? Certainly not! It must be as beneficial as the famed Body-stretching Pill.

"Mr. Su, we don't doubt you," they said. "We know this must be akin to that miraculous pill you gave us before. But forgive our ignorance—what exactly does this fennel do?" President Chen inquired with cautious curiosity.

He had no idea what the object was for.

Su Ming chuckled and gave the shoulders of the two elderly gentlemen a reassuring pat, his tone laced with intrigue, "You'll find out in due time."

At his words, the eyes of the two seniors sparkled with anticipation.

It had to be a Top Grade treasure!

After all, Su Ming wouldn't wear such an inscrutable expression for nothing.

Chapter 150

C150 – So That's How It Is

Su Ming had left things unsaid.

"You'll understand once you've had a taste," he hinted.

"Just don't call me after you figure out what it's for," he warned with a smirk. "Enjoy it at your leisure."

With that, he departed, leaving the two elders frozen in the hallway.

No longer vying for the upper hand, they exchanged a glance, each pondering the same question: What was the purpose of this item? Yet, they knew anything from Mr. Su was bound to be extraordinary.

Unable to contain himself, Wang Guohui declared, "Let's call it a day on our little contest. I've got other matters to attend to. Farewell."

"Wang, we'll pick this up tomorrow," came the reply.

Driven by insatiable curiosity, the two hastened home to discover the use of their mysterious acquisition.

From his doorway, Su Ming watched the pair scurry away, confident they'd be singing his praises once they'd sampled the item. He had long noticed their declining health.

President Chen and Wang Guohui raced home, with President Chen's wife, still the picture of grace and elegance in her forties, awaiting them.

"Old man, why on earth did you bring home fennel?" Mrs. Chen asked, taken aback. In nearly thirty years of marriage, he'd never once shopped for groceries.

President Chen offered a knowing smile. "You're in for a treat. This is from Mr. Su. He insisted we eat it promptly, claiming it works wonders."

Her interest piqued, Mrs. Chen was visibly startled. She had once taken a tiny sip of a potion Su Ming had given her husband, and to her amazement, her chronic rheumatism had vanished. Her esteem for Su Ming was every bit as profound as her husband's.

Unable to wait, Mrs. Chen took to the kitchen. She washed the fennel and stir-fried a modest serving, careful to add just a touch of oil and salt, fearing she might diminish its potency.

The couple exchanged a tentative look, then cautiously sampled a piece. No immediate effect.

But then, a shared glance. They sensed a subtle change in their bodies, a faint stirring in a place long forgotten.

President Chen's eyes bulged in astonishment.

It had been years since he'd experienced such a sensation.

"This truly is a miraculous gift from Mr. Su—it's nothing short of magical."

In that moment, President Chen was profoundly grateful for his past decision to align himself with Su Ming. It had brought only benefits and not a single downside.

A mere casual gift from Su Ming had brought him immeasurable rewards.

President Chen even felt as though he had regained the vitality of his youth!

Mrs. Chen blinked in surprise.

Truth be told, after years of marriage and since hitting their thirties, the occasions they shared a bed had dwindled to a rare few.

But now, President Chen was brimming with vigor.

.....

Wang Guohui returned to his company.

His actual home was in the capital, not here.

Old Wang's wife had died a few years prior.

He had remained single due to his dedication to work, and with his children grown, he found solitude to be quite agreeable.

Yet, after consuming the fennel, he was utterly astounded by the transformation in his body.

He was acutely aware of the changes within himself.

Wang Guohui licked his lips, and just then, his secretary approached. She was taken aback to see Wang Guohui had cooked a dish himself.

He had prepared it right in the company cafeteria, to the astonishment of everyone present. The man running the cafeteria was particularly shaken, fearing that Wang's actions were a critique of the cafeteria's offerings.

In truth, despite the manager's minor skimming, the food quality wasn't poor.

But having done misdeeds, he couldn't help but feel fearful!

Little did Wang Guohui realize that his simple act would transform the cafeteria's culture!

"Do you need something from me?"

Wang Guohui glanced at his secretary before inquiring.

Despite her being an attractive woman, Wang Guohui was far from a lascivious man, especially considering that his secretary was married with children.

“Chairman, the chairman of Cloudsea Navigation Company called just now. He’s invited you to unwind with him this evening.”

Wang Guohui was always swamped with work, and he typically wouldn’t accept such invitations. However, the chairman of Cloudsea Navigation Company was a man of considerable standing.

Wang Guohui would usually respond courteously, explaining that his work schedule was packed and he couldn’t spare the time to attend.

“Where’s the event?” Wang Guohui inquired.

“The Green Cloud Club,” replied the secretary, momentarily taken aback.