

The Billion 161

Chapter 161

C161 – Really Strange

Who is President Chen?

He's none other than the president of Tianhua Bank.

A major player, his standing is on par with their own boss.

Each visit from President Chen is met with personal hospitality from their boss.

Yet, despite several visits, President Chen never hinted at any significant deals. His idea of "big business" must be beyond their wildest dreams!

Before long, a spry, middle-aged man in his fifties, smartly dressed in a suit and tie, approached with a beaming smile.

"President Chen!"

The man grinned. "Thank you for coming to support my business once again, President Chen."

"You've got it wrong, Boss Fong."

Mr. Chen gave a knowing smile and stepped aside. "This time, it's Mr. Su who has brought business your way."

"Oh?"

Boss Fong was no fool.

Was he not aware of the kind of man President Chen was?

Only someone extraordinary could command such respect from President Chen.

“My apologies, Mr. Su. We’ve been a bit slow on the uptake. Please, come in!”

Boss Fong stepped aside to let them pass, though a question nagged at him.

Why would someone come to do business carrying a battered old suitcase?

But Boss Fong held his tongue.

He understood that he would learn what he needed to know in due time; it was better to ask fewer questions.

They were quickly ushered into the VIP room.

“Boss Fong, let’s skip the formalities. I’m here to sell something, and I’m curious if your company can handle it,” Su Ming said, his tone light.

“Haha!”

Despite knowing Su Ming’s distinguished identity, Boss Fong couldn’t suppress a hearty laugh. “Mr. Su, surely you jest. Our store is the largest in the entire appraisal center. There’s nothing we can’t handle.”

Su Ming nodded in assurance. “That’s good to hear.”

He then placed the suitcase down and smoothly unzipped it.

Initially, Boss Fong wasn't impressed.

What treasure could a shabby suitcase hold?

The idea that he might not be able to afford it was laughable.

But as Boss Fong glimpsed the contents, he shot to his feet.

The ever-steady Boss Faang became rigid at the sight of the diamonds, his body shaking uncontrollably until he fainted moments later.

President Chen was immediately thrown into a state of panic.

They had simply come to sell items, so why were they now facing extortion?

"Come on, Boss Fong, you can't fool me. Even if you fake a faint, we're not dropping the price."

President Chen rushed over to examine Boss Fong more closely.

He had actually fainted!

He was convulsing and frothing at the mouth!

Seeing this, Su Ming became alarmed.

It was just a sale. And now, someone's life was at stake.

The staff outside heard the commotion and burst into the room.

“Boss Fong, are you okay?”

“Boss Fong, what’s wrong?”

“Boss Fong hasn’t had a seizure in over a decade. What happened?”

Hearing this, Su Ming’s expression grew grim.

He wondered how Boss Fong could risk running a diamond recycling business with his epilepsy.

Boss Fong must have thought he was beyond being surprised by anything he saw.

Yet he hadn’t anticipated that Su Ming’s item would astonish him to such an extent.

“What’s this?”

“My goodness, they’re all diamonds!”

“Isn’t that the pair who just walked in?!”

“It turns out this shabby suitcase is stuffed with top-tier diamonds.”

“Ugh!”

“Ah!”

Several more people collapsed.

President Chen observed the scene.

His subordinate was quite the mimic of the boss.

Aside from this act, Boss Fong hadn't taught him anything else.

Was extortion part of their corporate culture?

"What's this about? Top-grade diamonds?"

"Let me have a look."

"They are indeed real!"

The disturbance inside inevitably caught the attention of those outside.

Several elderly gentlemen with snowy hair charged in.

Their chests bore name tags indicating their prestigious roles—five-star appraisers.

In the appraisal world, the more seasoned the appraiser, the more formidable their expertise.

These senior appraisers were treasures in their field, seldom making mistakes.

With just one look, these veterans confirmed the authenticity of the diamonds, and not just any diamonds—these were all of the highest quality!

If the younger man had fainted, how could these elders withstand the shock?

In no time, several of them had keeled over.

More people had succumbed to unconsciousness!

By now, Su Ming and President Chen had become desensitized to the chaos.

It no longer fazed them.

Su Ming was simply here to make a sale, yet you all seem intent on turning it into a tragic con?

Those in the know understood that Su Ming had come to sell diamonds. To the uninformed, it might as well have been poison gas bombs he was peddling.

Just then, a frail voice broke the silence.

Boss Fong regained consciousness and unsteadily rose from the floor. Barely on his feet, he quivered with urgency, “Where are the diamonds? Where are my diamonds?”

Now that’s how a boss behaves!

His words seemed to revive the others; the young and the elderly alike began to find their footing, rising slowly one after another.

But wait!

One old man remained on the ground!

“It’s a stroke. Call an ambulance—now!”

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

All he wanted was to conduct a quiet transaction: money exchanged for goods, and then he'd be on his way.

Who could have predicted that upon opening the case, everyone would keel over!

And to top it off, an old man had suffered a stroke!

The club had its own medical team, which suggested this wasn't their first rodeo with such incidents.

Seeing top-tier merchandise like today's was a rarity, of course.

More often than not, people would splurge on what they believed to be premium items, only to bring them here for authentication.

And then they're bluntly informed that their prized possession isn't an artifact from the Western Zhou dynasty, but rather from last week.

Quite the letdown.

"Don't worry, don't worry. The old master is just overly thrilled!"

An experienced doctor among them took charge, deftly making a small cut in Boss Fong's vein. A little bloodletting was all it took for Boss Fong to start coming around.

"A top-grade diamond!" The doctor caught sight of the gems.

His eyes bulged.

And then he, too, hit the floor!

After some initial chaos, a semblance of calm was restored. Yet the crowd swelled as word spread, with neighboring merchants swarming in a frenzy.

“May I touch them?”

Boss Fong resembled a bachelor who’d been deprived of female company for far too long. With his tongue out and lips puckered, his face was etched with raw longing.

He swallowed hard, anticipation building.

He carefully sought Su Ming’s opinion.

“Sure thing.”

Su Ming was indifferent. After all, he was in the business of selling, and it was only proper for Boss Fong to come and evaluate the merchandise.

Su Ming was unconcerned with Boss Fong’s meticulousness, though Boss Fong himself proceeded with great caution.

Boss Fong was visibly shaking, steadied by two of his aides. With deliberate care, he reached for a black diamond from the top of the pile.

Who was Boss Fong? A man of his standing had encountered countless diamonds, enabling him to instantly recognize the authenticity and exceptional quality of these stones.

Furthermore, these diamonds were still in their unprocessed, raw state.

Chapter 162

C162 – It Shocked Everyone

An uncut diamond is akin to a blank canvas, already commanding a high base price.

And if it were to be crafted by a master sculptor, its value would skyrocket.

In the end, Boss Fong was moved to tears.

“This is a top-grade diamond! I never imagined I’d see such a gem in my lifetime. I can die content!”

Su Ming was at a loss for words over Boss Fong’s dramatic reaction.

Boss Fong’s passion for the industry stemmed from his love for such treasures.

For someone of his stature, the pursuit transcends mere profit; it’s the thrill of discovering top-grade items that brings true joy.

It had been years since Boss Fong last experienced such elation!

Just then, an elderly man next to Su Ming, his voice quivering, asked, “Sir, may I take a photo?”

“Of course.”

Su Ming offered a serene smile.

A group of septuagenarians with silver hair gingerly photographed the diamond, posing alongside it, even planning to frame their photos for posterity.

These photos were destined to accompany them to the grave—a testament to the allure of a genuine top-grade treasure.

Meanwhile, next door, Boss Fong's rival, Boss Lee, was basking in the comfort of his air-conditioned shop. A portly middle-aged man, he was engrossed in examining a newly acquired diamond through his magnifying glass.

It was a pink diamond, sold by a greenhorn.

The stone was clearly worth over ten million yuan, yet it had been snatched up by Boss Lee for a mere eight million, thanks to his smooth talking.

With just a touch of refinement and an auction, Boss Lee was poised to make a fortune.

His reverie was interrupted by the commotion outside, which irked him.

Stepping out, he saw the crowd at Boss Fong's storefront.

"What's Old Fong up to now? What's the fuss about?"

Boss Lee scowled, clearly annoyed.

"Boss! Boss!"

A man came running, breathless and flustered, "Boss Fong's got a big fish—a diamond seller!"

At this, Boss Lee's interest waned, "It's just a diamond. Are you really that worked up? What's the quality of the stone? How much did Old Fong bid? Try to convince the seller to deal with us instead. But remember, we're only in the market for top-grade diamonds worth over a million yuan."

Boss Lee's enterprise had expanded significantly, and he had little interest in run-of-the-mill diamonds.

A single lucrative deal could sustain his operations for an extended period.

The man paused, scratching his head in confusion. “Boss, why don’t you come and take a look for yourself?”

Upon hearing this, Boss Lee let out a scornful chuckle. “After all this time with me, you still haven’t picked up a thing? Come on, I’m curious to see the kind of diamond that’s causing such a fuss.”

With his hands clasped behind him, Boss Lee had the newly acquired diamonds snug in his pocket.

Should he discover that Old Fong’s recent purchase paled in comparison to his own, he’d relish the opportunity to flaunt his superior gem and rib Old Fong in the process.

“Old Fong, I’ve heard you’ve got a major deal in the works. Show me the diamond that’s got you so worked up you’ve called in a medical team. You really lack sophistication. My goodness!”

Moments before, Boss Lee was brimming with excitement and confidence.

But at the sight of the diamond, he was utterly dumbfounded, his excitement surpassing even Boss Fong’s.

Boss Lee shivered uncontrollably, nearly passing out.

The seasoned man behind him gave his back a reassuring pat, bringing Boss Lee back to his senses.

“Whose exquisite diamond is this?!”

“Old Lee, what’s that supposed to mean? Are you angling for my client?”

“Old Fong, you know as well as I do—it’s the highest offer that counts in business.”

“They’re already in my store!”

“But you haven’t sealed the deal yet, have you?!”

“Old Lee, I’ve put up with you for far too long!”

The onlookers were taken aback, then shook their heads in resigned amusement.

The two were adversaries as much as they were comrades.

Unable to bear the spectacle any longer, President Chen cleared his throat pointedly.

Boss Fong snapped to attention. “Mr. Su, my apologies for the commotion.”

He continued, addressing Mr. Su, “What are your plans for these diamonds?”

“I intend to sell them all, of course.”

“Good.”

Boss Fong’s pulse raced. “While I’m confident in their authenticity, I still need to follow protocol and have them appraised.”

“That’s fine by me.”

Su Ming lounged comfortably on the sofa, casually pulling out his phone to play a game.

The appraisers nearby were all of five-star caliber.

They gingerly positioned a table, donning gloves before laying out a thick layer of blanket on its surface.

With equal care, they took out the diamonds for appraisal, placing them upon the blanket.

“Mr. Su, I hope you won’t take offense to a small question of mine. It’s just that I’m quite curious about the origins of these diamonds,” Boss Lee inquired with caution.

Upon hearing this, Su Ming’s brow furrowed slightly. “Do you doubt me?”

Boss Lee vigorously shook his head.

His curiosity was genuine!

Considering the volume of diamonds Su Ming had brought to sell, theft was out of the question.

Could it be that Su Ming was the scion of a prominent family?

“Old Lee, that’s enough!” Boss Fong interjected, displeased.

He hadn’t dared to ask a single question, yet Boss Lee had posed several. If Su Ming were to take offense, it could spell trouble.

Meanwhile, Boss Fong was secretly thrilled.

Securing this lot of diamonds would mean a substantial profit.

It would certainly put his shop on the map, and even more so, it might lead to acquiring additional rare finds.

The appraisers finished their assessment swiftly—all the diamonds were authentic.

The lead appraiser spoke with a hint of distress, “These items are of such high value, it’s truly challenging for us to offer a fair price.”

Chapter 163

C163 – Deal

Setting prices always follows precedent.

Even when faced with something entirely new to them, they could determine its selling price by assessing its value.

But there had never been diamonds of such exceptional quality on the market, and here there were so many!

Top Grade diamonds were typically auctioned off, circulating among the wealthy elite.

They had never encountered such exquisite diamonds before!

Su Ming was bewildered.

He had a pile of treasures, yet he couldn’t sell them?

“Mr. Su, please, let’s talk this over,” Boss Fong implored, his anxiety causing him to break into a sweat.

If Su Ming walked away, it would be a tremendous loss for him.

The bystanders were astounded.

This was an unprecedented situation for them!

The diamonds were authentic, but they were at a loss for a price due to their extraordinary value.

Boss Fong and the others were deep in discussion.

Minutes passed.

Then, suddenly, the sound of footsteps echoed from the entrance.

An elderly man, dressed in a traditional Zhongshan suit, with snow-white hair and a slight stoop, entered slowly, leaning on a cane.

“Dad!” Boss Fong exclaimed in surprise.

What brought his father here?

Old Master Fong had once worked in this field, but now, well into his eighties, he seldom ventured out.

His reputation in Eastsea City as the former president of the jewelry appraisal industry was unparalleled.

Though retired, he commanded immense respect and no one dared cross him—a venerable figure in the trade.

His decades of experience had honed his eye for quality.

“You’ve acquired a Top Grade treasure and didn’t think to inform me?” Old Master Fong chided, tapping his son with his cane, prompting suppressed chuckles from the onlookers.

Despite Boss Fong’s prominence, he was always cautious around his father.

“Mr. Su, President Chen, this is my father.”

Su Ming and President Chen rose to their feet, showing deference to the elder Fong.

“And you must be Mr. Su?”

“Old Master, others may address me as Mr. Su, but as my elder, please feel free to call me Su,” Su Ming responded with a smile.

Pleased, the old man nodded and declared, “These are fine pieces. We’ll take all of these diamonds.”

From the side, Boss Fong nudged his father, reminding him, “We haven’t agreed on a price yet.”

“How many diamonds are we talking about here?”

“A hundred, exactly.”

“Good.”

The elder approached Su Ming. “Let me offer you a price: two hundred million per diamond, totaling twenty billion. Su, how does that sound to you?”

Su Ming paused, a frown creasing his brow.

This was somewhat off from the figure President Chen had quoted.

President Chen’s expression grew slightly stern.

Old Master Fong chuckled, “You’ve misunderstood; I have no intention of undercutting the price.”

“You should realize that scarcity drives value. These diamonds are exceedingly rare in the market.”

“If only one or two were sold today, someone might be willing to pay four hundred million each. But flooding the market with a hundred diamonds all at once would disrupt the market and drive prices down.”

“I assure you, the price I’m offering is the absolute highest. You won’t find a better offer anywhere else.”

“If you agree to sell these hundred diamonds to me, keep in mind I’ll need to offload them gradually, which will take considerable time.”

Su Ming’s realization dawned. Old Master Fong’s reasoning was sound.

Moreover, Old Master Fong had indicated he wouldn’t immediately liquidate his purchase but would sell them off periodically.

Su Ming could do the same, of course.

But he didn’t have the luxury of time.

Besides, Su Ming wasn’t attached to the diamonds; to him, money was merely a number.

He had plenty more diamonds stashed away in his warehouse.

Old Master Fong’s words did serve as a wake-up call, though.

Su Ming decided he wouldn’t rush to sell his warehouse stock.

He’d hold onto them for a rainy day.

After giving it some thought, Su Ming found the offer acceptable.

President Chen had mentioned it would take twenty billion yuan to acquire that property. The proceeds from the diamond sale would cover it.

Even though demolition would cost extra, he had funds on hand that should suffice.

Su Ming nodded. "It's a deal!"

Without a trace of hesitation.

Old Master Fong let out a hearty laugh, lifting a diamond to the light.

"The wonders of this world never cease—such exquisite treasures do exist."

"Send the funds to Mr. Su right away!"

"Got it!"

The individual trailing behind Old Master Fong quickly stepped forward, jotting down Su Ming's account details. In no time, the transaction was confirmed.

With the deal sealed, Boss Fong let out a deep sigh of relief and slumped to the ground, his exhaustion evident as he disregarded his appearance.

The evaluators were intently examining the diamond they held.

Boss Lee, observing from the sidelines, was green with envy.

He had just been elated over that very diamond, but now it seemed trivial!

“Old Fong, we go way back. How about selling me a diamond? What do you say to 300 million yuan?” inquired Boss Lee.

“I don’t have the authority to decide that—you’ll have to ask my father.”

“I can’t do that; I’ve been scared of your dad since I was a kid!”

“Then it’s out of my hands.”

“Old Fong, my dear friend, please!” he pleaded.

“Don’t you have any pride?”

Boss Lee and Boss Fong were murmuring in hushed tones when the Identification Center’s security team arrived, dozens strong.

And that wasn’t all; they had summoned the police as well.

Two SWAT teams, armed and ready, dozens in number.

The staff began packing the items into boxes. Short on supplies, they borrowed boxes from neighboring stores until they scraped together a hundred, which they then cautiously transported to the vault.

Chapter 164

C164 – Diamonds

Old Master Fong cradled a diamond in his palm, clearly intent on keeping it for his personal enjoyment. “Su, I’ve met many young folks, but it’s rare to find someone as exceptional as you,” he remarked. “I’ve spent my life chasing after diamonds of this caliber. My friends each have one or two of these top-grade gems, and they’ve been flaunting them to me. You’ve really done me a favor.”

Su Ming chuckled. "You're giving me too much credit, old man."

President Chen trailed behind Su Ming, the very picture of a dutiful secretary.

"Mr. Su!" Boss Lee approached eagerly. "Do you have any more diamonds? Could you sell me a few?"

"You're interested in buying?" Su Ming mused, considering Boss Lee's request.

"Yes!" Boss Lee's eyes were alight with longing.

"There are a few diamonds left, but not many," Su Ming replied after a thoughtful pause.

Su Ming had his reasons for this cautious response. He figured he had enough to purchase the property, but the demolition and reconstruction would require additional funds. The prospect of a shortfall had been a nagging concern. Selling a few diamonds would comfortably bridge that gap.

Boss Lee was overjoyed. He lacked Old Master Fong's wealth, but he could afford a diamond.

"Mr. Su, I'd like to buy some diamonds as well," Boss Fong interjected, pushing forward.

"Old Fong, you're out of line. I was the first to ask Mr. Su!" Boss Lee protested.

"Mr. Su is in our store, and we were his first business partners," Boss Fong countered.

"Old Fong, please, is it so hard to let me make a little money?" Boss Lee pleaded.

"You've got a point," Boss Fong conceded, but the tension remained high.

The old man intervened with a strategic cough, his cane thudding against the ground. "Give the diamond to Lee. His dying father entrusted me to look after him."

The old man's word was final.

"Fine," Boss Fong conceded, albeit reluctantly.

"I want one too!"

"So do we!" The other eager buyers behind Old Master Fong began to clamor.

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

After a moment of contemplation, he said, "I do have a few diamonds left, but not enough for everyone here."

"It's all good!"

It didn't matter to them; securing the diamonds was the main goal.

They could even share a diamond between two people!

"Mr. Su!"

One of the men approached cautiously and said, "I have a modest proposal."

"What is it?"

Su Ming asked, his tone light and amiable.

"We all chip in to gather the funds. We pay upfront and then collect the diamonds."

“Exactly!”

“And we won’t bother you to come out. Just a phone call from you, and we’ll have someone pick them up.”

“We’ll divide the diamonds among ourselves here,” Wang Yao added.

“You won’t have to lift a finger. We’ll handle everything.”

Their desire for the diamonds was palpable.

They were seasoned veterans in the jewelry business.

They conducted their dealings with utmost caution.

With anyone else, they wouldn’t dream of paying first before receiving the goods.

Despite their flashy attire, they were known to be quite frugal.

Before Su Ming could even agree, the bosses were already outside, hastily counting their money.

They were the titans of the jewelry appraisal business.

Each had once invested a minimum of ten million to get a stake.

“Honey, sell all our properties. Got tenants? Evict them. No questions now, I’ve stumbled upon a goldmine!”

“Son, I’m cutting off your allowance while you’re abroad. We’re strapped for cash.”

“Old Sun, sell my factory!”

“I need both of my cars sold. I expect cash in hand within five minutes!”

Su Ming was astounded as he overheard the commotion from behind the door.

This deal was costing them everything!

Yet, Su Ming didn’t intervene.

This was a temporary sacrifice.

By this afternoon, once they had the goods, and in the days or months to follow, their returns would multiply exponentially!

After some time, a man approached Su Ming, bank card in hand.

“Mr. Su, we can’t match Old Master Fong’s financial power, so we’ve only managed to scrape together 800 million. I hope it’s not too disappointing...”

Boss Lee, leading the charge, spoke with trepidation.

They were concerned that the sum they had raised was too meager, that it might not meet Su Ming’s expectations.

“It’s settled, I’ll accept it!”

Su Ming offered a reassuring smile, nodded, and tucked the bank card into his pocket.

Boss Lee and the others finally exhaled in relief, their earlier tension dissipating.

This venture had netted them a staggering 20.8 billion.

The other small business owners could only look on with envy as they watched the big players rake in the profits.

They had just pocketed a staggering 20.8 billion yuan!

If they were to convert that 20.8 billion into cash, there wouldn't be enough room in the house to store it all.

That's why there's a saying that those who deal in antiques and jade are the quickest to amass wealth.

It's a rich man's game, out of reach for them. They might be considered wealthy by the average person, but next to these tycoons, they're just small fry.

Despite the sizable crowd of onlookers, the presence of security guards and police ensured everyone's safety.

"I'll head back and get your orders ready soon. It's noon now; you can pick up the goods from Tianhua Bank at four o'clock."

President Chen's eyes sparkled at Su Ming's words.

Su Ming was giving him free publicity.

"This gentleman is Chen Guosheng, the president of Tianhua Bank."

Su Ming gave President Chen a reassuring pat on the shoulder, “He handles all my affairs. Just see him this afternoon to collect your items.”

“President Chen, I’ve long admired your reputation, and meeting you in person, it’s clear you truly deserve it!”

“President Chen, with Mr. Su by your side, your prospects are limitless!”

“President Chen, do you have any free time tonight? May I treat you to a drink? I’m looking to open a savings account and am unsure which bank to choose.”

“That’s right, I’m also looking to deposit some money.”

They might not be able to befriend Su Ming, but they saw an opportunity to get close to President Chen.

Surrounded by a crowd eager to make his acquaintance, President Chen was pleasantly overwhelmed.

He was ecstatic.

He was filled with profound gratitude; Su Ming was a true heavyweight. His mere endorsement could lead to a windfall. This would surely cause his bank’s deposits to soar!

Come year-end, when he attended the big meeting in the capital, he was bound to be showered with accolades.

But as for being transferred to another bank by his superiors, that was out of the question. He was committed to following Mr. Su for life.

Chapter 165

C165 – The News

“Let’s break it up, folks. Mr. Su is worn out.”

Boss Fong rose to his feet, and with a nod from Su Ming, he and President Chen made their exit, the police-escorted crowd unable to get anywhere near them. Once they were in the car, Su Ming and President Chen sped away, quickly returning to the heart of the city.

“Here’s the key. Select a few diamonds that meet Old Master Fong’s criteria, roughly worth 900 million.”

Su Ming tossed the villa keys into President Chen’s hands.

President Chen caught on instantly.

He knew diamond valuations could fluctuate, and Su Ming didn’t want anyone to be shortchanged.

If someone paid Su Ming 800 million but the diamonds were later valued at 750 million, they might accuse Su Ming of being unethical.

They probably wouldn’t, knowing Su Ming wasn’t well-versed in the industry.

But that wasn’t Su Ming’s style. He’d rather take a hit himself than let someone else lose out, as long as they were fair with him.

Unbeknownst to Su Ming, the day’s events at the appraisal had already gone viral.

Industry insiders, particularly those in the jewelry sector, were abuzz with the news.

Eager journalists had converged on the scene, snapping up photos and videos on the sly.

By the time Su Ming got home, he was already making headlines:

“Several diamonds fetch 20.8 billion? Genuine transaction or blatant money laundering?!”

The headline was a magnet for attention.

The news spread like wildfire.

Journalists often have a penchant for sensationalism.

In this information age, smartphones are indispensable.

TV, media, platforms—all vying for eyes and clicks, and many were stirring the pot over this story.

“Did those few diamonds really sell for over 20 billion?”

“Laundering money!”

“I’m telling you, it’s laundering. Saw it with my own eyes on TV.”

“How dare they launder money so brazenly? What about the law?”

“I work in the jewelry business, and 20.8 billion is totally justified!”

“You think we haven’t seen these tricks before? Trying to fool us?”

“Someone call the cops!”

“Diamonds are a luxury. Who stores them in a shabby box? They could be glass for all we know!”

“This is a disgrace to us Eastsea folks!”

When faced with such events, people often jump to the most skewed conclusions.

Particularly when it comes to the wealthy, there's often a sense of resentment that surfaces.

At that moment, Su Ming was lounging in a chair, soaking up the sun.

Unbeknownst to him, their downtown service center had been reported, and calls were flooding in from across the nation to lodge complaints!

He was the captain of the city's criminal investigation division.

A man in his forties, he had apprehended numerous criminals throughout his career and was known for his fairness.

Upon hearing the reports, he slammed his fist on the desk.

"This is outrageous! Openly laundering money and causing such a negative social impact—I have to arrest him!"

Captain Wu grabbed his phone: "Get Team 6 on this. We're going to apprehend this lawbreaker!"

In Eastsea City, Captain Wu's reputation was stellar.

Where he was, safety was assured.

Soon, three police cruisers were speeding down the road.

They moved swiftly, pinpointing Su Ming's location through surveillance footage in no time.

But Captain Wu wasn't focused on the positioning.

That was the driver's job; he was preoccupied with refining the arrest strategy.

Yet, upon reaching the location, Captain Wu was taken aback.

This was Mr. Su's residence.

Mr. Su involved in illegal earnings?

That had to be a joke.

"Captain Wu?"

President Chen blinked in surprise: "Captain Wu, what brings you here with such a large entourage?"

A mix of amusement and frustration crossed Captain Wu's face. "You wouldn't believe it. Do you have any idea how many reports we've received about you having illegal income?"

Su Ming was equally shocked.

Illegal income? How could that be possible?

"There must be some mistake, Captain Wu."

President Chen's eyes narrowed thoughtfully: "The police have already responded, right? They should be able to discern the truth of the matter."

No sooner had President Chen spoken than Captain Wu's phone rang. After the call, Captain Wu was at a loss.

The local precinct had already dispatched officers to secure the scene.

The events were clear for all to see.

The body cameras had captured everything.

And those diamonds? They were genuine.

The diamonds were worth every penny, and Su Ming's earnings were entirely legitimate.

Captain Wu had heard of Su Ming before.

Su Ming owned six plots of land in the heart of the city.

With land that valuable, he had no need for illicit income.

Moreover, the police had already called him earlier.

Old Master Fong, a venerable figure in the jewelry world, was ready to vouch for Su Ming.

The entire jewelry community could collectively guarantee for Su Ming—that's how genuine the diamond was.

Su Ming was somewhat at a loss for words.

"Mr. Su, I apologize for the misunderstanding. But, I'm curious. What's the reason for withdrawing such a large sum of money all of a sudden?"

Captain Wu was genuinely intrigued.

“It’s simple. Mr. Su intends to purchase all the buildings in the vicinity. He plans to demolish them and convert the land into farmland.”

Captain Wu, along with his officers, was taken aback.

Yet, Su Ming was engaging in a legitimate transaction; there was no illegal activity whatsoever.

Provided he didn’t construct any unauthorized buildings on the land.

Furthermore, agriculture is a time-honored virtue of our imperial heritage.

Recently, when the imperial court’s satellite returned from the moon, the whole world was analyzing the soil composition.

But our people from the imperial court? They were more interested in whether the moon could be farmed.

It’s in their DNA; it’s something they can’t change!

“Mr. Su, President Chen, I sincerely apologize for my hasty actions and any inconvenience I’ve caused. But I was just doing my job.”

“Captain Wu, you’re too kind. Our city is safe because of you, which allows me to even consider farming in the city center. Without you, my property would have been long gone.”

Su Ming approached with a beaming smile.

Had Captain Wu known it was Mr. Su who had been reported, he would have refrained from coming.

20.8 billion is certainly a hefty amount.

But Mr. Su is not one to engage in illegal activities.

“Alright, I’ll be heading back now.”

Chapter 166

C166 – Abide by the Law

Captain Wu exchanged greetings and then returned to his duties.

Su Ming didn’t dwell on the issue.

President Chen remained unflustered, taking a few diamonds and heading straight back to the bank. After briefing his team, he quickly returned to his agricultural tasks, resuming the weeding and tilling of the land!

As Captain Wu arrived back at the police station, Old Master Fong made an appearance.

“Old Master Fong, what brings you here?”

Upon seeing him, Captain Wu quickly rose to greet the esteemed elder, a man of high moral standing and prestigious status.

It was Old Master Fong’s assistance in the past that had helped him clear up criminal activities within the jewelry sector.

“Captain Wu, I felt a sense of responsibility when I saw the news online.”

“I’ve instructed the jewelry store to issue a public statement and to display the diamonds sold by Mr. Su.”

“We invite anyone to inspect them. Should anyone find a diamond to be counterfeit, we will compensate them a hundredfold!”

“However, the internet is not lawless, and I hope, Captain Wu, that you can apprehend those who spread these rumors.”

“Particularly the unethical news outlets.”

Old Master Fong implored earnestly.

“Rest assured, sir, I am already on it. The law applies to the internet as well.”

Captain Wu nodded firmly, indicating his commitment to the task ahead.

“Very well!”

Old Master Fong breathed a sigh of relief.

The jewelry industry’s announcement followed shortly after.

“Do they take us for fools?”

“You’re the ones involved in money laundering, so naturally, you wouldn’t admit to such activities.”

“Don’t attempt to whitewash the truth; you’re not deceiving anyone.”

The police announcement, however, arrived promptly.

In addition, the police and the jewelry industry issued a collaborative statement.

They announced plans to exhibit all the diamonds Su Ming had sold.

Should any be found to be fake, they promised to offer a hundredfold compensation!

They also published the high-definition video of Su Ming's sales online.

The police apprehended the journalists responsible for initiating the rumors and tracked down numerous individuals who had maliciously targeted Su Ming on the internet.

Before long, the online sentiment took a sharp turn.

"Could it really be authentic?"

"Fellas, I just checked out the merchandise on-site—genuine diamonds indeed!"

"I've said it before; I'm a certified appraiser for a jewelry store. The diamonds are legitimate. You wouldn't believe me."

"Take a look at this pink diamond—it's absolutely stunning!"

Online, it wasn't long before numerous celebrities with verified badges began to emerge.

"I stake my reputation on the authenticity of these diamonds. If they're fake, you can call the cops and have me arrested on the spot."

"Indeed, such diamonds are exceptionally rare, and it's only natural that they fetch a high price. Do a quick search online, and you'll find that a diamond half this size once sold at auction for nearly 100 million!"

“The crown jewel among these has to be the black diamond—its purity and rarity are unmatched in the world. This single stone could easily be worth 300 million!”

“While the abundance of these diamonds might shake up the market and potentially lower prices, don’t expect them to plummet. These are high-end luxury goods we’re talking about, with incredibly high artistic value.”

Their boldness was a clear sign of their confidence.

The naysayers quickly fell silent, frantically deleting their comments to avoid police attention.

Onboard a high-speed train.

In a private VIP compartment.

An elderly man sat in meditative repose, a butler standing at his side.

All at once, the door was flung open by an exuberant young man, phone in hand.

“Grandfather! I’ve discovered an exceptional diamond!”

The elder’s eyes opened slowly, a frown creasing his brow, irritation evident in his tone, “You’re on the verge of taking over the family business, and yet you lack composure. We have no shortage of diamonds. There’s no need for such theatrics.”

“But Grandpa!”

The young man persisted, thrusting the phone before the elder, “Just look at this!”

Initially indifferent, the elder took the phone. But as the image came into focus, his eyes widened, his face a portrait of astonishment.

He rose abruptly, his composure shattered, his excitement surpassing even that of his grandson.

This elder was a person of considerable stature.

If Old Master Fong was known as a renowned collector in Eastsea City, then this man was celebrated throughout the imperial court.

Born into affluence, his family's wealth was substantial.

Aside from managing family affairs, his singular passion was the collection of antiques.

The old master purchased a sprawling quadrangle courtyard in the capital, valued at several billion.

Outsiders perceived the price of this property as exorbitant.

However, they were unaware that, despite its high cost, the value of the courtyard paled in comparison to the treasures it housed.

The old master had arranged his lifetime collection of antiques throughout the property, with the most extraordinarily valuable pieces secured in a concealed chamber.

Previously, he had presided as the president of the imperial court's jewelry industry.

Now advanced in years, he was nearing his ninetieth birthday, yet he continued to command immense respect from all.

"Where to next?" the old master inquired abruptly.

“Grandpa, we’re heading to Linhai,” came the reply.

“Which station along our route is closest to Eastsea?”

“If we’re driving, East Station is the nearest. But we could just fly directly from Linhai.”

“Good.”

The old master nodded with a spark of excitement, pacing the room energetically. “Make the arrangements!”

“Right away!”

The young man grabbed his phone and swiftly departed to book the flight.

“Get Old Fong on the phone now.”

Old Fong was at home, idly holding two diamonds when his phone suddenly rang. It was his old friend, Shangguan Wenqiang, calling.

“Old Fong, life’s been treating you well, I see.”

Shangguan Wenqiang ribbed him as soon as the call connected.

“Stop teasing me. I’m getting on in years, and who knows how much time I have left.”

“That line might work on others, but you can’t fool me,” Shangguan Wenqiang chided with a laugh.

“With all the fine things you’ve acquired, would you really be ready to part with this world?”

Shangguan Wenqiang was always remarkably well-informed.

“Let’s skip the small talk. Three hundred million. Will you sell me one?”

Chapter 167

C167 – Two Stubborn Old Men

“No!”

“Four hundred million!”

“No!”

“Five hundred million, that’s got to be enough, right?” Shangguan Wenqiang persisted.

“Impossible, goodbye!”

Old Fong abruptly ended the call.

Shangguan Wenqiang exploded with curses.

The butler watched, dumbfounded.

The old man had actually sworn.

Shangguan Wenqiang clutched the phone, still in shock.

Five hundred million!

If Old Fong agreed to sell him a diamond for that price, he'd stand to make a clean three hundred million profit.

Such a lucrative deal, and yet Old Fong refused.

With the number of diamonds Old Fong had, the market price was bound to drop.

There was no logical reason for Old Fong to deny the sale.

Old Fong's flat refusal left no room for discussion.

It was no surprise that Shangguan Wenqiang was furious enough to swear.

But Shangguan Wenqiang was not one to give up easily.

"Tell the young master to buy a plane ticket immediately. I can't wait any longer!"

"Right away!"

The butler left promptly, without another word.

The old man was usually the picture of composure, speaking and acting with deliberate consideration. This was the first time the butler had seen him so agitated.

Shangguan Wenqiang paced the room, hands clasped behind his back, not even needing his cane.

He had amassed a wealth of antiques, calligraphy, sandalwood, and precious stones and jewels.

He aimed to collect any rare artifact he could find.

Cars, cosmetics, handbags, and watches held no appeal for him.

He had once acquired a diamond during an overseas trip, a chance find.

That beachside discovery had been snapped up by him for a handsome sum.

The seller had been ecstatic, and the old man quite pleased.

But that diamond paled in comparison to the one in the photograph!

Before long, Shangguan Tianyu had secured their plane tickets, and they disembarked.

Upon reaching their destination, they made a beeline for Old Fong's residence.

"Old Fong, we go way back. You have a hundred diamonds; can't you part with just one for me?"

"No!"

Old Fong shook his head, rejecting them through the iron gate.

"Old Fong, why not sell the diamond to me? I'll pay you cash. Isn't that a good deal?"

"It's not that I don't want to do you this favor; I just haven't decided what to do with it yet. I'm still enjoying it. Once I'm done, it's yours."

"Fifty years ago, you got your hands on an original Wang Xizhi. You said you'd give it to me after you'd had your fill of looking at it. Fifty years have passed, and I'm still waiting!"

“Had you not brought it up, it would’ve slipped my mind. Do you want it now?”

“Absolutely, if you’re willing to part with it, I’m eager to have it!”

“Sorry, I’m still not done admiring it!”

The two elderly men started hurling insults at each other across the metal gate.

The butler and Shangguan Tianyu were at a loss for words.

All they could do was try to calm the old gentleman down.

“Grandpa, there’s no need to rush. I’ve done some digging; the seller’s name is Su Ming. You can pay him a visit directly.”

“Really?”

The old man’s eyes sparkled. “Let’s hurry over!”

Su Ming was busy watering his fishpond, with little else to occupy his time.

President Chen was out in the field, pulling weeds.

All of a sudden, they heard the sound of footsteps at the entrance.

Su Ming and President Chen exchanged glances.

Today was shaping up to be quite eventful!

Boss Fong entered, followed by an older gentleman, with two others trailing behind.

Who was this elder?

Seeing Boss Fong, Su Ming felt a chill run down his spine.

Back at the shop, Boss Fong had a seizure, and luckily, there were plenty of witnesses to vouch for Su Ming. Now, if Boss Fong were to collapse in front of Su Ming's house, it would be hard to explain.

Unaware of Su Ming's concerns, Boss Fong grinned and said, "Mr. Su, allow me to introduce Shangguan Wenqiang, the honorary president of our national jewelry industry. He's a senior of mine who came specifically after hearing you sold my father a hundred diamonds. Perhaps you could..."

Su Ming, taken aback, blurted out, "You're interested in buying diamonds?"

"Yes!" Old Master Shangguan eagerly nodded and exclaimed, "Mr. Su, I had no idea you were such a young and accomplished individual."

"You're too late, Old Master Shangguan," Su Ming said with a smile. "All my diamonds have been sold."

Su Ming recalled Old Master Fong's words about the value of scarcity. Flooding the market with too many diamonds at once would devastate their prices. So, he had no intention of selling off all the diamonds immediately. Besides, Old Master Shangguan was a man of high standing. By turning him down, Su Ming was effectively signaling to everyone that he was out of diamonds.

"You've run out of diamonds?" Shangguan Wenqiang was taken aback.

Suddenly, he began to tremble and his eyes shut tight, looking as though he might pass out. "Are you okay?" Su Ming asked with concern.

"I'm fine!" Shangguan Tianyu deftly retrieved a pill from his pocket and placed it into his grandfather's mouth. Su Ming watched, silently incredulous. Clearly, Old Master Shangguan had a history of fainting, given how practiced Shangguan Tianyu's response was.

A few minutes passed, and Shangguan Wenqiang exhaled deeply, slowly opening his eyes. Reflecting on Su Ming's words, he was filled with regret for his late arrival. Old Man Fong had snapped up all the diamonds. It was time for Old Master Shangguan to make a move.

"Mr. Su, I won't impose any further. It's unfortunate I was late," Shangguan Wenqiang said, his voice tinged with disappointment. "Here's my card. Should you come across any more fine items, please give me a call."

"Sure," Su Ming replied, accepting the card with a nod. In the future, he knew he could reach out to Old Master Shangguan directly for purchases, which would save him considerable hassle.

With that, Shangguan Wenqiang departed. He drove straight to Fong's Residence and parked right at the entrance.

"Old Fong, if you don't sell me those diamonds, I'm not leaving," he declared.

"You're welcome to stay at the gate. All this land is mine, and I won't be charging you any rent," came the reply.

One person was adamant about purchasing diamonds, while the other was steadfast in their refusal to sell.

Chapter 168

C168 – The System Has Been Updated

Su Ming, busy cleaning the fish pond, was oblivious to the recent developments.

Even if he were aware, he'd likely just smile and shake his head in amusement.

“The System Update is complete!”

“Congratulations, Host, on activating the breeding zone!”

“Now available for raising: chickens, pigs, ducks, geese!”

Out of nowhere, a notification chimed in Su Ming’s mind, catching him off guard.

He had completely forgotten about the System Update.

Now, he could raise livestock!

Eagerly, Su Ming checked his data panel:

Farmer: Su Ming.

Level: LV5.

Experience: 11050/20000.

Farm: Level Two.

Livestock: Level One Chickens, Pigs, Ducks, Geese.

Skills: Blessing from Plants, Initial Scanning Ability, Stamina Talent.

As expected, the System had undergone a transformation, introducing a new livestock feature!

And his farm had been upgraded to Level Two.

This was just the starting point, and it was already impressive. The future promised even greater things.

With determination in farming and breeding, success was within reach.

This thought made Su Ming burst into hearty laughter!

Just then, a cellphone ringtone interrupted the moment.

Turning his head, Su Ming noticed it was President Chen's phone.

Caught off guard, President Chen quickly made his way over, washing his hands before apologizing, "Mr. Su, excuse me, I need to take this call."

"Of course."

Su Ming responded with an understanding smile.

"What's the matter? Haven't I made it clear that no calls are to come through when I'm with Mr. Su?"

President Chen answered the call, his brow furrowed, his tone firm and reproachful.

A timid voice responded, "My apologies, President. It wasn't intentional. A customer has come to the bank, and they require your personal attention."

"Who is it?"

President Chen's frown deepened.

In his eyes, no one took precedence over Mr. Su.

“President, a representative from the headquarters has arrived. It would be best if you could meet with them personally.”

“Headquarters!”

President Chen was taken aback.

“Did they mention what it’s about?”

“No.”

“I’ll return shortly.”

After hanging up, President Chen offered an apologetic smile and said cautiously, “Mr. Su, I’m terribly sorry for the interruption.”

“No problem at all, go ahead with your business.”

Su Ming flashed a smile and gave President Chen a reassuring pat on the shoulder. “No need to worry, there’s nothing I need help with at the moment.”

“Much appreciated, Mr. Su.”

President Chen let out a deep sigh of relief, fearful of upsetting Su Ming. He wiped the sweat from his brow and made a swift exit.

Once President Chen was out of sight, Su Ming made his way into the fields.

He was currently tending to two plots of land.

To the left of the house lay the original two-acre plot.

To the right, the three acres gifted to him by Wang Guohui.

Unsure which plot had been designated as the breeding zone, Su Ming decided to inspect each one.

Stepping onto the two-acre plot, a system alert chimed in.

“Breeding zone unlocked. Crops detected within the breeding zone, preventing building construction.”

“Buildings will generate automatically once the breeding zone is cleared of crops!”

Caught off guard by the alert, Su Ming paused. A patch of land in the corner stood out with its distinct color—clearly the breeding zone.

The pears planted there were the only thing keeping the buildings from being erected.

Glancing over, Su Ming noted the pears were nearly ripe.

Once harvested, he planned to clear the breeding zone completely.

He was eager to start raising livestock and build his wealth!

With the System unveiling new features, Su Ming’s spirits were high, and he was in no rush.

Then, his stomach growled, reminding him that he had barely eaten all day.

He returned to the villa for a refreshing shower and slipped into fresh clothes. Then, he picked a car from the garage and drove to the night market on the city's east side.

Parking the car along the street, he entered a cozy eatery.

Tonight, Su Ming was in the mood for a late-night snack.

He ordered a hot pot and selected an assortment of food, settling down by the pot, ready to dine.

"Su Ming?"

A voice, filled with surprise, called out.

Su Ming looked up to see Wang Kai.

Wang Kai's face lit up with a broad grin. He clapped Su Ming on the shoulder and took a seat beside him.
"What are the odds!"

"You're no beauty, you know."

Su Ming couldn't resist ribbing him.

Wang Kai couldn't resist either, and landed a punch on Su Ming.

"Why haven't you come to see me lately?"

Su Ming inquired.

After all, Wang Kai worked right next door at the Guoxing Building.

With a sigh and a shake of his head, Wang Kai replied, "By the time I finish work, you're already asleep. And when I start, you're still not awake."

"That bad, huh?"

Su Ming was taken aback.

"It's out of my hands!" Wang Kai lamented dramatically, as if pondering his destiny.

"Once upon a time, I had a full head of hair, youthful and dashing. Now, it's been ages since I've even thought about shampoo."

Su Ming listened and couldn't help feeling a bit hopeless.

Too bad he didn't have anything to promote hair growth.

"Sure, you had hair once, but 'handsome' might be stretching it a bit."

"I'm going to obliterate you in the name of the moon! Hey, boss, hit me with 10 pounds of crayfish, extra spicy!"

They were old friends.

Even with Su Ming's change in status, Wang Kai showed no signs of estrangement.

Today, Wang Kai had finished work early, with time to spare, and they were delighted to run into each other, enjoying food and drinks.

They were quite content in the shop, basking in the cool breeze of the air conditioner.

Outside, the evening sky was slowly turning to dusk.

Suddenly, a striking figure approached from a distance, clad in a black dress and live-streaming on her phone.

“Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Eastsea City’s renowned snack street in the Dongcheng District.”

“There’s an array of tasty treats here, all worth trying. If you’re visiting Eastsea City, make sure to stop by.”

“And the most famous spot has got to be this one!”

“This is the Hennessy Venom GT!”

She was a food vlogger, showcasing the street’s culinary delights.

But then, her eyes caught a glimpse of a sleek sports car, and upon closer inspection, she was dumbfounded.

A globally limited, hundred-million-dollar sports car was right there before her eyes!

Could she be dreaming?

Chapter 169

C169 – Little Streamer

Little Streamer gripped her phone and circled the car.

“Behold, a top-grade sports car—only ten of these exist worldwide!”

She glanced at the sparse audience in her live stream and a wave of helplessness washed over her.

Becoming a popular streamer was no easy feat these days.

Beauty seemed to be the ticket to fame.

And Little Streamer? She was stunning.

But good looks weren't enough; she needed connections.

Without them, she'd be voiceless, even if the platform clamped down on her.

"Sports cars just have that allure," she mused, completing her lap around the vehicle.

The street was known for its culinary delights.

As evening approached, the crowd swelled with hungry patrons.

Parking was at a premium—yet not a single car dared park near this one.

After all, it was a hundred-million-dollar machine!

No one wanted the liability of an accidental scratch.

While Little Streamer snapped pictures, Su Ming and Wang Kai emerged.

A bit tipsy, they were on the hunt for their driver when Su Ming spotted Little Streamer by his car.

With a twinkle in his eye, Su Ming approached, all smiles.

“This car is perfection incarnate, the dream of countless men.”

Little Streamer’s hand graced the hood, savoring the unique texture.

Suddenly, the comments in her live stream multiplied.

“Little Streamer, run! You’ve caught someone’s attention!”

“Hard to make out his features, but he looks pretty handsome.”

Startled, Little Streamer spun around and there she was—Hsiao Kemeng, the girl from the other night!

“It’s you!”

Both Su Ming and Little Streamer exclaimed in unison.

“Do they know each other?”

“If this were a movie, they’d be destined to fall in love,” the viewers speculated.

Wang Kai, meanwhile, nonchalantly scratched his nose.

He gave Su Ming’s shoulder a friendly tap. “My ride’s here; I’m heading out.”

“You sure you can make it?”

Su Ming inquired.

“Absolutely,” Wang Kai assured him with a chuckle, his tolerance for alcohol well-known.

Before leaving, Wang Kai leaned in, whispering with a mix of caution and mischief, “Old Su, don’t overdo it tonight.”

“Beat it!” Su Ming retorted, laughter in his voice.

Wang Kai’s laughter echoed as he strolled to his car, a tune on his lips.

“Thank you so much for last time.”

Little Streamer said with a grateful smile, “If it weren’t for you taking me in, I would’ve definitely caught a serious cold.”

“Don’t mention it.”

Su Ming replied with a casual smile.

“Is there something going on between them?”

“Is that guy an actor?”

The audience was set abuzz by Little Streamer’s comment, their imaginations running wild.

“You’re fond of this car too?”

Little Streamer’s eyes were fixed on the Hennessy Venom GT: “This car is truly a top-grade sports car, one of only ten in the world. I never expected to see one here in Eastsea City. Who do you think the owner is?”

Su Ming thought for a moment, then pulled the car keys from his pocket and pressed the unlock button.

The roar of the engine broke the silence, and the taillights flashed on.

“It’s quite warm out here. Would you like to go inside and cool off with the AC?”

“This car is yours?”

Little Streamer was taken aback.

She knew Su Ming had money.

He did live in a villa in the city center, after all.

But she had never imagined that he owned this car.

Though the car’s price was sky-high, there were certainly many people in the world who could afford to spend hundreds of millions on a car.

For the ultra-rich, money was no object.

But the real catch was that there were only ten of these cars worldwide!

She could hardly believe that Su Ming owned this car!

Wasn’t that just incredible?

“Looks like Little Streamer is embarrassed.”

“Little Streamer just said she’d follow the owner of this car. Now that he’s right in front of you, what are you waiting for?”

Little Streamer was utterly flabbergasted.

Could this really be happening?

The car was Su Ming’s!

“So, you’re the Little Streamer.”

Su Ming smiled, clearly amused.

“I am not Little Streamer!”

The teasing tone Su Ming used, along with the recent awkward moment, made her slightly furious.

She stamped her foot in frustration!

Su Ming casually glanced at Little Streamer’s phone screen.

“With so few viewers in your livestream, you’re definitely Little Streamer!”

He couldn’t resist commenting.

Upon hearing this, Little Streamer responded defensively, “Take a good look, I have over 100,000 popularity points!”

Seeing the defiant expression on the Little Streamer’s face, Su Ming couldn’t help but chuckle.

He had spent some time watching live streams himself and was well-acquainted with the rules of the game.

Popularity and viewer count are two entirely different beasts, aren't they?

The channels of elite streamers might boast a popularity score in the millions, yet their actual live audience might number merely in the tens of thousands.

And here she was, a Little Streamer who had only recently surpassed the ten-thousand-fan mark.

Chapter 170

C170 – Driving for Su Ming

"Turn off the camera first," Su Ming said with a smile. "100,000 fans? I bet there are barely a couple hundred people tuning into your stream, right?"

The female streamer's face flushed with anger at being called out, but obediently, she switched off the camera.

"The big spender's got a point!"

"Don't turn off the camera! The rich guy looks pretty handsome."

"This streamer is such a joke!"

"She has the nerve to claim she's famous."

"There's probably just around a hundred people watching her stream, if that."

The streamer's irritation soared as she read the comments.

“Hey! Would you all zip it? I’m your streamer, remember?”

“Where’s the moderator? Ban them from commenting!”

Moderator: “I can’t do that. If I ban them, your stream will be a ghost town.”

“Now even the moderator’s not taking her side.”

“Streamer, why so overconfident?”

“You barely have an audience, and now you want to silence us too?”

Su Ming couldn’t help but chuckle at the streamer’s frazzled state.

“It’s sweltering out here. Come sit in the car for a bit.”

He opened the car door, then suddenly recalled he’d been drinking.

Driving under the influence was a crime, and Su Ming prided himself on being a law-abiding citizen.

“Oh, can you drive?” he asked, blinking innocently.

The streamer looked puzzled. “Yes, I can drive. Why?”

“Perfect. You can drive me home. Saves me the trouble of finding a ride-share.”

Su Ming settled into the passenger seat and shut the door.

The streamer blinked, rooted to the spot in disbelief.

What in the world?

She didn't recall agreeing to drive Su Ming anywhere.

Is this how all wealthy people act?

"What? I..."

She blinked again, her words faltering.

"Come on, get in. What are you waiting for?" Su Ming called out, a hint of bewilderment in his voice as he rolled down the window.

"Alright."

She nodded meekly and climbed into the car.

"They're on the move!"

"What's going to happen next?"

"Do rich people really get to do as they please?"

The comments only heightened the streamer's anxiety.

Was Su Ming planning something?

“Car keys.”

Su Ming tossed the keys into the streamer’s hands. “Drive carefully, okay? I don’t want any disturbances while I’m sleeping.”

The female streamer was perplexed.

He was planning to sleep?

Her mind flashed back to that stormy night. Alone in a room with Su Ming, nothing had happened.

She was attractive, so why didn’t Su Ming show any interest?

Could Su Ming be into guys?

“What’s with that look?” Su Ming asked, catching the puzzled gaze of the streamer. “Don’t overthink it. I’m just not into you. And just so you know, you won’t get paid for driving. But feel free to stream from my car, camera and all.”

He stressed the point deliberately.

As expected, the streamer bristled at his words.

But she had no choice and revved up the car.

Su Ming watched, slightly taken aback.

She could handle a sports car like this?

Driving a sports car isn't like driving a regular vehicle; it takes special training. Yet, here she was, maneuvering the Hennessy Venom GT with ease.

She was no ordinary streamer, but Su Ming didn't pry or dwell on it.

"Pretty impressive!"

"Poor streamer, overthinking things."

"She really is unfortunate."

"We can never predict the boss's thoughts!"

"Maybe she should just become a professional driver."

Initially, Little Streamer was tense, worried Su Ming might have other intentions.

Turns out, she was worrying over nothing.

Su Ming, having drunk alcohol, was in no state to drive. Finding a substitute was a hassle, so he had her drive instead.

"Alright, you know where I live. Let's hit the road."

Su Ming glanced at the time. The pears should be ripe, ready for a fruitful harvest.

He was also curious to check out the breeding zone.

Realizing she was indeed just a stand-in driver, she rolled her eyes.

But the opportunity to stream from the car was too good to pass up, so she kept quiet. To her viewers, she boasted, “Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the interior of the Hennessy Venom GT. Isn’t it the epitome of luxury and cool?”

“Alright, let’s hit the road!”

She fired up the engine. Su Ming settled into the passenger seat, closing his eyes for a quick rest.

“Ease up on the brakes, will you? Take it slow.”

Midway through the journey, Su Ming warned, “Watch it. I might just leave you a bad review.”

Annoyed by his comment, she retorted, “Got it!”

Despite her impatience, her driving did become noticeably smoother.

Su Ming appeared to doze off in his seat.

Before thirty minutes had passed, they had reached their destination.

Su Ming stirred awake right on cue.

“Thanks for your efforts.”

Su Ming gave a nod, adding, “I’ll be sure to call on you as my driver in the future.”

“I’m not some stand-in driver; I’m a streamer!”

“You’re not just a streamer; you’re Little Streamer!”

“You!”

“See ya!”

With that, Su Ming exited the car, leaving a fuming Little Streamer behind.

She hadn’t expected Su Ming to be so adept at getting under someone’s skin.

“Little Streamer seems really ticked off.”

“Poor Little Streamer got picked on.”

“The boss sure took off in a hurry.”

“Little Streamer was so self-assured, but the boss didn’t spare her a second glance.”

Reading these comments, Little Streamer was seething, yet powerless to respond.

Biting back her frustration, she stormed off.

Su Ming chuckled to himself as he watched her go.

He made his way into the orchard, examining a pear tree.

The fruit was ripe, though the tree bore only pears.

No diamonds or other treasures were to be found.

Could it be that pears, like fennel, possessed unique properties?

Curiosity piqued, Su Ming blinked.

He approached a pear tree and plucked a fruit from its branches.

The scent of the pear was enticing.

After giving the pear a thorough wash, Su Ming sank his teeth into it.

“Deliciously sweet!”

Su Ming’s eyes lit up, savoring the delightful flavor of the pear.