

The Billion 171

Chapter 171

C171 – My Pear Can Make People Grow Hair

The pear was intensely fragrant.

Su Ming savored its delightful taste, even though he was clueless about any special benefits it might possess.

After finishing the pear, he paused to survey his surroundings, only to find that nothing had changed.

Was it possible that it was merely an ordinary fruit with no special properties?

Lost in contemplation, Su Ming's thoughts were interrupted by an alert from the System.

"Congratulations, you have obtained the Hair-Growth Pear."

"This pear is succulent and has the power to promote hair growth."

Su Ming was astonished.

Instinctively, he ran his fingers through his hair, which was now lustrous and dark.

This would surely be a boon for programmers.

He thought of Wang Kai, whose hair was thinning, much like several of his colleagues.

Su Ming resolved to share some pears with them when time permitted.

“This item is perishable. The System will prolong its shelf life. Please be assured.”

The System’s prompt message brought relief to Su Ming. He had previously experienced how quickly purchased fruit could spoil, and even refrigeration only helped so much.

With the System’s intervention, spoilage was no longer a concern.

He carted all the harvested pears into the warehouse.

Upon his return, he discovered the pear trees had withered—a sobering sight.

It appeared that these perennial plants were now limited to bearing fruit just twice.

The first yield had been of superior quality, and the second yield, while merely fruit, had its own unique benefits.

That was quite satisfactory.

Without hesitation, Su Ming tidied up the area, earning 2,000 experience points in the process.

He then attended to the withered pear tree, gaining an additional 50 experience points.

With the tree’s disappearance, a small house materialized in the corner.

Measuring 10 meters by 5 meters, it contained numerous separate compartments within its 50 square meter space, resembling a pigpen.

Su Ming quickly inspected the structure.

The System had automatically generated a small house, complete with all necessary equipment.

Though roofless, the System's protective measures ensured an optimal environment for the growth of crops and animals housed within.

Su Ming had no reason to worry.

"Congratulations on unlocking the breeding zone!"

"Animal waste and other refuse in the breeding zone will be automatically cleared by the System."

"Please be aware that the animals in the breeding zone require timely feeding to prevent starvation."

Upon hearing this, Su Ming grasped the situation immediately.

The System would take care of everything else for him.

Yet, to truly engage in the breeding process, Su Ming was responsible for feeding the animals himself.

And if he neglected to feed them for too long, they were at risk of starving.

Su Ming stroked his chin thoughtfully.

Before him lay a vast expanse of open land and the newly acquired breeding zone.

What should he plant and raise?

The thought left Su Ming feeling both exhilarated and overwhelmed.

Eventually, he decided to put it out of his mind.

The next morning, Su Ming planned to visit the owner of the local farming co-op.

He could pick up a few live poultry from there.

While he was at it, he might as well purchase some additional seeds.

With this plan in mind, Su Ming spun around decisively and, humming a tune, made his way back to the villa.

Back at the villa, Su Ming settled in front of his computer, turned it on, and hummed contentedly. He was in his element.

The moment Su Ming launched his game, Little Streamer popped into his head.

He had noticed the name of her live broadcast room while eating.

Why hadn't he tuned into Little Streamer's broadcast?

Earlier that day, after parting ways with Su Ming, Little Streamer had been playfully ribbed by her audience, leaving her feeling somewhat downcast.

She had been in the streaming business for a year and was no stranger to the many pitfalls and unwritten rules of being a broadcaster.

Little Streamer was attractive and had a great figure, which had led many viewers to seek favors from her in the past, only to be turned down.

But their approaches had always been covert.

Su Ming was different.

He hadn't even sought her consent.

He had simply assumed she would be his stand-in driver!

Initially, she had thought Su Ming was playing hard to get.

But eventually, she realized it was just a figment of her imagination.

Su Ming's behavior had taken her by surprise.

With the time for her broadcast approaching, Little Streamer inhaled deeply, composed herself, and with a smile, went live.

The scene hadn't changed a bit from before.

The live stream's audience remained sparse, mostly made up of casual passersby.

The top viewer on the leaderboard had a username that caught the eye: "I tipped by mistake, Little Streamer, give me back my money!"

Su Ming chuckled upon reading it.

"Little Streamer, when will you give me back my money?"

As soon as Little Streamer went live, that viewer wasted no time in shooting her a private message.

"Thanks for reaching out!"

“When will you return my money?”

“Thanks for the tip! You’re incredibly generous, thank you!”

The viewer was at a loss for words.

His intention had been to get his money back from Little Streamer.

It was his own fault, really, for getting drunk a few days prior.

In his inebriated state, he had tipped Little Streamer, a complete stranger to him.

“Little Streamer, don’t feign ignorance. I want every penny back!”

“Thanks for the glow stick, dear viewer!”

Little Streamer paid no mind to his demands.

Unless the viewer was a minor, she had every right to keep the money.

Let’s face it, Little Streamer was strapped for cash.

The viewer’s tip of 5,000 yuan was the largest she had received all year.

“Appreciate your affection, but there’s no chance for us!”

The viewer was seething with anger.

Chapter 172

C172 – Poor Little Streamer

Su Ming couldn't help but chuckle at the sight before him.

He decided to update his ID.

Farming Expert!

Farming Expert chimed in on the chat: "Little Streamer, I've got my wine and peanuts ready. Shout out the story of you and your NO.1 fan for us!"

"Sorry, there's no epic tale to tell. Just a mishap!"

NO.1 fan clenched his jaw in frustration.

"NO.1 fan, you're being so cold. You didn't talk to me like this when things between us were sweet..."

"Little Streamer, you're shameless. We've never actually met!"

"I always knew I should let go of things I can't hold onto. I knew this day would come..."

Little Streamer feigned heartbreak, dramatically pressing a hand to her forehead. Big Brother NO.1 fan was shaking with anger.

He nearly met his maker at 21, but the thought of Little Streamer's unpaid debt to him spurred him to hang on.

That's the power of money for you!

"I totally forgot tonight's the guild's PK battle. I need all the support I can get, friends!"

Little Streamer glanced at the clock and gasped in surprise.

“Little Streamer, got a fever again?”

“You haven’t slept, and you’re already talking nonsense.”

“I’ve always tuned in for free. You think I’m going to start paying now? Not happening.”

“Exactly, what’s wrong with free entertainment?”

The bullet comments flew by in a frenzy.

Despite her sweet smile, Little Streamer felt a twinge of discomfort.

Such was the plight of a bottom-tier streamer.

Many were easily replaced, and once they fell from the pyramid, there was no coming back.

“Little Streamer, life’s been rough on you...”

Farming Expert dropped a bullet comment.

“Huh?”

Little Streamer hesitated; “I don’t recognize this ID. Is this your first time in my stream? Please hit follow.”

“Sorry, you’ve got it wrong.”

Farming Expert sent another comment: "I was curious to see what the least popular live stream looked like. Now I've seen it."

"Well, enjoy the show," she replied.

Don't let her youth fool you; Little Streamer was savvy.

Another viewer hoping for a free ride.

She discreetly visited Farming Expert's profile.

She saw he followed quite a few streamers, mostly gamers, with the occasional beautiful female streamer in the mix.

He might have been the highest level, but he'd never spent a dime.

Here was a user who wouldn't open his wallet for anyone!

I've got plenty of users like that; adding one more to the mix is no problem.

Another person adds a bit more buzz to the place.

Just as long as she doesn't rub anyone the wrong way.

"The guild war is about to start. I'm hoping the big shots here can lend a hand. Thanks in advance."

Little Streamer stood up, offering a slight smile.

“We’ll send you gifts. What’s in it for us?”

“How about a song, Little Streamer?”

“You’re kidding, right? Singing’s boring. We want to see Little Streamer dance.”

“Too bad, this guy’s going to be let down—Little Streamer can’t sing or dance.”

“He must be a die-hard fan to know that much about Little Streamer.”

“Damn! I’ve made the wrong payment before too!”

“Really? That bad, huh?”

Little Streamer’s expression soured as she read the bullet comments.

She truly lacked any special talents.

She might have been easy on the eyes, but her singing was off-key.

And dancing? She had even less aptitude for that.

Her streams did better outdoors, where her popularity would spike.

But indoors, her viewership would plummet.

Come guild PK time, most would vanish into thin air.

They’d feel a pang of guilt for not spending after so long.

They were somewhat ashamed.

We may not spend money, but we've got our pride!

Exactly, they had their pride!

Su Ming chuckled to himself, seeing the few scattered viewers and the sluggish bullet comments.

Should he propose that Little Streamer take over his driving duties?

He was going to be trading goods more often in the future.

Besides, Little Streamer was quite the looker.

Time was ticking.

Little Streamer remained silent, just sitting there, engaging with her audience.

She was accustomed to it.

She always came in last.

Fame was an elusive dream for Little Streamer.

"Do you want to win?"

Farming Expert posted a bullet comment.

“Are you suggesting you can help me win? Don’t kid me!”

Little Streamer was visibly annoyed.

But Su Ming’s eyes sparkled; he’d picked up on a crucial bit of info.

“Have you been tricked by someone?”

“That’s none of your business!”

Su Ming burst into laughter.

The girl was just too adorable.

Yet, upon further reflection, he realized it made perfect sense.

Little Streamer’s thirst for victory was immense.

Glancing at the clock, Su Ming noted it was already 8 PM.

The competition was underway.

Little Streamer’s adversary was a female streamer, strikingly beautiful in a pink outfit.

Her channel was aptly named Ms. Pink.

“So it’s you.”

Ms. Pink’s smile was courteous, her barely concealed excitement evident.

Everyone was aware of Little Streamer's losing streak.

Facing her meant a sure ticket to the next round for Ms. Pink.

A single win promised a reward.

Her fortune seemed boundless!

Just then, a high roller entered Little Streamer's channel.

He went by Mr. Pink.

"Consider this your medical expenses."

Mr. Pink dropped a \$99 treasure map gift for Little Streamer before swiftly returning to Ms. Pink's stream.

Little Streamer struggled to come to terms with the gesture.

Chapter 173

C173 – The Live Broadcast

"Thank you," Little Streamer said with a hint of gratitude.

No sooner had the words left her lips than Mr. Pink was on his way out. He didn't waver for a second, moved by pity to give her a small gift worth just 99 yuan. Little Streamer's face fell into a somber expression, helpless in her situation. Ms. Pink had her connections, but she was on her own.

Su Ming's brow creased slightly at the scene. Sure, Mr. Pink had more money than Little Streamer—that was his edge. But that didn't give him the right to belittle anyone. At least Little Streamer was a reliable driver.

"You really have it rough, Little Streamer," Farming Expert commented.

"I've gotten used to it," she replied with a weary sigh. "This is nothing. Some people don't even pay me for medical expenses."

"Seeing how tough you have it, I'll lend you a hand," Farming Expert offered.

"You're not drunk, are you?" she asked.

"Farming's a tough gig," he mused. "Making a bit of money is never easy."

Others in the chat couldn't resist poking fun at Su Ming's message. They thought he rarely tuned into live streams, had a low user level, and sported an old-fashioned username. Su Ming just chuckled inwardly. He took pride in his farming life, and he knew they'd be green with envy if they knew what he was growing.

After linking his bank card, Su Ming sent over a lavish gift that left everyone in the live stream room, including Little Streamer, utterly astonished. It was a 5,000-yuan present, only the second time she'd ever seen such generosity. The first was a few days prior when NO.1 fan, in a drunken mistake, sent the same gift.

"Did you have too much to drink as well?" NO.1 fan teased.

"Little Streamer isn't going to pay you back, even if it was a mistake!" he continued. "Are you out of your mind? Why not go to another stream and have a well-figured host dance for you? There goes your three acres of crops, I bet."

It was clear he knew a thing or two about farming. The most one could hope to earn from three acres was 5,000 yuan. But Su Ming? He had sold a single fennel for a whopping 10 million yuan.

“Thank you for the gift, really, thank you!” Little Streamer expressed her gratitude.

“NO.1 fan, I’ve paid you back already,” she assured him.

“I gave you five thousand yuan, and you return just fifteen hundred?” NO.1 fan retorted.

Little Streamer lamented, “But I can only take away 30%.”

NO.1 fan retorted, “I don’t want to hear it, just pay up! You have no idea how tough it is to lug bricks around.”

The chat went quiet in an instant.

Little Streamer’s two supporters were a farmer and a bricklayer.

The place was steeped in the essence of rural life!

The viewers in another streamer’s room were left in shock.

Especially Ms. Pink.

Her eyes popped wide open!

Mr. Pink was equally flabbergasted.

“This is hilarious!”

“Don’t worry, Little Streamer. The opposition has no fight in them.”

“The two heavyweights on the other side are a construction worker and a farmer.”

“How does Little Streamer manage to draw in such a crowd of nobodies?”

Right then, Ms. Pink’s stream was flooded with new comments.

These were from people who had just popped over to Little Streamer’s broadcast to scope things out.

The comments brimmed with sarcasm and mockery.

Ms. Pink finally breathed a sigh of relief, then cooed, “My dear NO.1 fan, if you secure this win for me, I’ll say yes to anything you want.”

NO.1 fan, who had been on the fence, perked up at her words.

He’d been pursuing Ms. Pink for ages without ever getting a chance to meet her in person.

Could this be his chance?

Poor Mr. Pink.

If he ever discovered that Ms. Pink was actually a fifty-year-old woman...

He’d surely pass out!

“Hmph! A farmer thinks he can strut around me?”

Mr. Pink barged into Little Streamer's broadcast and fired off a comment: "If you're a man, don't back down!"

After posting his taunt, Mr. Pink went back to Ms. Pink's stream and sent her a rocket!

Oh, the audacity!

Su Ming caught wind of it.

This was a challenge!

What, he thinks farmers are beneath him?

Su Ming thought, "Well, I'll just have to show him a farmer's strength!"

Without hesitation, Su Ming launched two more rockets!

Brilliant effects lit up the stream.

Mr. Pink was gobsmacked.

Are farmers really this formidable now?

"Big brother NO.1!"

Seeing defeat looming, Ms. Pink pleaded in her sweetest tone, "Please, I'm begging you, help me out! I've got plenty of moves up my sleeve..."

Mr. Pink was still on the fence.

But Ms. Pink's final words jolted him to action.

She was well-versed in many techniques...

Her intentions couldn't be clearer.

Determined to secure his own happiness, Mr. Pink was ready to go all out!

Besides, he was up against just a farmer. How much could a farmer possibly have in the bank?

Chances were, the farmer had already blown through his entire nest egg.

Mr. Pink sent out two more Air Force Ones!

But before he could bask in his glory, Su Ming countered with three of his own.

Now, Mr. Pink was at a complete loss.

"Top fan brother..." Ms. Pink began.

"Stop!"

Mr. Pink quickly cut her off, "No more, I'm out. This guy is too much to handle!"

Watching her top fan back down, Ms. Pink realized she had lost this round.

She had been so certain of her victory.

Yet, unexpectedly, a mere farmer had managed to propel the Little Streamer into the next round.

She couldn't fathom why the farmer would do such a thing.

With Mr. Pink conceding defeat, Ms. Pink had no choice but to follow suit.

Ultimately, out of three rounds, the Little Streamer clinched two.

Su Ming couldn't help but chuckle.

Then, something suddenly crossed his mind.

Rumor had it that many beauties in the streaming world hid behind beauty filters. In reality, they were far from attractive.

He had met the Little Streamer before and knew of her genuine allure.

But what about Ms. Pink?

Su Ming gave in to curiosity and took a closer look.

Oh my...

Chapter 174

C174 – What Is This??

Upon scanning, her true identity was unveiled!

She was a 50-year-old lady!

Su Ming nearly retched.

He glanced over at Mr. Pink.

In just one week, the gifts Mr. Pink had lavished on her totaled nearly twenty thousand yuan.

Would he be furious enough to spit blood if he discovered the truth?

“Thanks, bro!”

Little Streamer rose to her feet and gave Su Ming a respectful bow.

Her hands were shaking.

“I’m good.”

Su Ming offered a slight smile and commented, “Nice driving.”

The audience bombarded the chat with question marks.

“So, this is the tycoon with the Hennessy Venom GT!”

“Little Streamer, spill the beans, what were you up to hours before the stream?”

“Watch your words! You could get your account banned!”

“A farmer can afford a Hennessy Venom GT? I’m quitting my job to farm tomorrow!”

The chat went wild.

Turns out, the Farming Expert was the tycoon with the Hennessy Venom GT!

Little Streamer was flabbergasted!

Could it really be Su Ming?

She was momentarily at a loss for words as she read the comments in the stream, suggesting something had transpired between her and Su Ming.

But upon reflection, she barely knew Su Ming.

Why would Su Ming want to help her?

Lost in thought, Little Streamer caught sight of a new comment.

Farming Expert: "Little Streamer, don't overthink it. I just couldn't stand by as they bullied you. And just so you know, you're not my type."

"LOL! Little Streamer just got dissed!"

"Poor Little Streamer!"

Su Ming just chuckled and held his tongue.

Instead, he reached out to Mr. Pink with a private message.

"Bro, you there?"

Su Ming sent the message.

Mr. Pink, phone in hand, read Su Ming's message.

"What's he up to? I've already thrown in the towel! Is he trying to mock me now?"

"Ever seen Ms. Pink's real face?"

Unexpectedly, Su Ming sent another message.

"I haven't."

Mr. Pink responded, a sense of foreboding growing inside him.

Su Ming shot back, "Bro, you've got quite the unique taste."

Mr. Pink was taken aback. "Clarify, now!"

After Mr. Pink's demand, Su Ming went silent for a long while.

Mr. Pink was on edge.

He was a veteran in the audience.

He was well aware that the true faces of many streamers were far from pretty.

But he trusted his own eyes – he couldn't have made a mistake.

Or could he have this time?

Out of the blue, a message from Su Ming popped up.

Mr. Pink glimpsed a photo.

He clicked on it hastily.

What on earth was this?

A middle-aged woman stared back at him from the photo.

Mr. Pink was dumbfounded!

He glanced back at the computer screen at Ms. Pink.

The streamer he'd been fond of for so long was a middle-aged woman?

His mind was in turmoil!

"Take care, brother."

With those parting words, Su Ming logged off.

The photo was a product of the System.

Su Ming discovered that activating the scanning feature caused his phone to snap pictures automatically. It captured everything he saw.

The System was incredibly potent!

Mr. Pink wept.

“You charlatan!”

He blasted a message into Ms. Pink’s group chat.

In that realm, Mr. Pink was the undisputed top dog.

“What’s the matter, sweetheart?”

Ms. Pink was taken aback by the message.

“Don’t you dare call me that!”

He used to relish that nickname, but now it made him nauseous.

Without another word, Mr. Pink uploaded the photo to the group.

“Who is this?”

“What kind of creature is this?”

“This person looks a bit like the streamer.”

“Is this actually the streamer?”

“It is indeed!”

“I can’t handle this. I need to throw up!”

“All my hard-earned cash!”

“I’m done with live streaming!”

“Poor Mr. Pink, all that money spent!”

“Let’s have a moment of silence for Mr. Pink.”

The group’s heavy hitters were all fiercely reactive.

Ms. Pink was in shock.

She had been so cautious during her streams; nobody was supposed to know.

How did Mr. Pink find out?

What was she to do now?

Distraught, Mr. Pink left the chat group immediately.

Rumor had it that many of Ms. Pink’s patrons ended up in the hospital that night.

Some suffered from high blood pressure spikes, others from heart attacks.

And many more sought to cleanse their stomachs and eyes.

“Even though she’s not widely known, the streamer is quite attractive.”

“I’ve met Little Streamer. She’s authenticated her features on stream, proving her natural beauty.”

“No wonder the Farming Expert is such a fan of Little Streamer.”

“Could farming actually sharpen your eyesight? That’s a compelling thought. More time in the fields and less on my phone would certainly be better for my eye health. I’m going to try my hand at farming tomorrow!”

“You’re making a lot of sense!”

While Little Streamer was basking in her joy, the number of viewers in her live broadcast room surged.

A flurry of bullet comments filled the screen.

The audience, clueless about the situation, frantically inquired about what was happening.

Before long, led by an influential figure, a chat group was formed, and Little Streamer was added to it.

Once the truth was unveiled, everyone was astounded.

Indeed, with photo editing technology, anyone could transform into a stunner!

As the crowd’s attention was fixated, the second round kicked off.

This broadcaster was leagues ahead of Ms. Pink.

She was a streamer with a following in the hundreds of thousands.

She went by the name Wind Zither!

Her talent lay in her musical performances, and she was strikingly beautiful.

Regardless of her actual looks, her artistry was undeniably valuable.

And she had no shortage of patrons willing to open their wallets for her.

The sponsorship board listed at least a couple hundred names.

The top sponsors had contributed tens of thousands of yuan each.

But Little Streamer's situation was quite different; she was rather unfortunate.

Aside from Su Ming and one person who donated by mistake,

The rest contributed only a handful of yuan.

Furthermore, the sponsorship board's 50 slots weren't even filled.

Just a mere dozen or so people had donated.

The disparity was starkly evident.

Chapter 175

C175 – Pitiful President Chen

The showdown is about to kick off!

After successfully connecting, both sides quickly exchanged courteous greetings.

Following tradition, the top sponsor from the opposing side dropped by Little Streamer's live broadcast.

ID: Financial Tycoon Mr. Chen

"Sorry, Little Streamer, but we clinched this round."

Mr. Chen posted a bullet comment and generously threw in five "treasure maps."

President Chen topped the big streamers' sponsorship leaderboard.

His generosity was unmatched.

"What a coincidence!"

Su Ming chuckled upon seeing President Chen's bullet comment and fired back with one of his own:
"Apologies, but Little Streamer took this round."

He then hopped into the rival stream and gifted five treasure maps.

"Farming Expert?"

Mr. Chen scrutinized Su Ming's ID.

Where did this impulsive fellow spring from?

Farming Expert?

In his circle, only one person bore that title!

The rest were nobodies!

Mr. Chen let out a scoff after witnessing the Farming Expert's reciprocal gesture.

He was determined to outdo this "Farming Expert."

Without hesitation, Mr. Chen sent over three "Air Force Ones"!

Su Ming countered with five.

Mr. Chen, witnessing Su Ming's lavishness, refused to back down.

He quickly upped the ante with six more!

Su Ming responded with eight!

The fierce competition between the two sent the audience into a frenzy.

"Farming Expert vs. Financial Tycoon Mr. Chen!"

"It's a clash between the working class and the bourgeoisie!"

"Seems like someone's been studying their philosophy."

The stream of bullet comments grew.

Both streamers were dumbfounded.

They neglected to thank their generous benefactors or offer any pleasantries.

Was the live broadcast duel always this intense?

They had never faced such a scenario before.

What expression should they wear now?

What words should they speak?

How could they express their gratitude to these two?

They were at a loss for words. Yet, neither Mr. Chen nor Su Ming wished to cease. As one gifted, the other reciprocated, creating a buzz of activity.

Mr. Chen mused, “Are farmers really this wealthy these days?”

Farming Expert sent eight!

The items were worth a whopping forty thousand yuan!

Surely, that money would be better spent on some tasty treats.

Financial Tycoon Mr. Chen stepped into Little Streamer’s live broadcast room.

He addressed the Farming Expert, “Making money from farming isn’t easy. Wouldn’t it be better to save your earnings for some tasty treats?”

Mr. Chen dropped a bullet comment.

“I’ve just offloaded some space-hogging diamonds. Now, I’m swimming in cash I can’t possibly spend.”

Su Ming replied to Mr. Chen with a bullet comment of his own.

“Is generosity a common trait among farmers these days?”

“What a revelation! He’s actually complaining about diamonds taking up too much space?”

“The Farming Expert really knows how to talk big!”

“If diamonds are such a bother to you, feel free to pass them my way.”

“Even though I suspect you’re all talk, I can’t seem to debunk your claim.”

“I wasn’t quick enough to dodge that one.”

“Watch out, Mr. Chen!”

After much contemplation, Mr. Chen, the financial magnate, sensed that something was amiss.

The Farming Expert claimed he had more money than he could spend.

And he had sold off diamonds, too.

The Farming Expert...

Mr. Chen ran his fingers through his hair.

A sudden realization struck him!

Could it be...

Mr. Su?

Mr. Chen was taken aback.

Who else could the Farming Expert be, if not Mr. Su?

“Mr. Su, is it you?”

Mr. Chen messaged the Farming Expert, probing for confirmation.

Su Ming read Mr. Chen’s message.

How on earth did this man know his last name?

Financial Tycoon Mr. Chen...

Could this be President Chen?

Su Ming was convinced he was right.

To think that a bank president would join a live stream for fun, even adopting such a quirky alias.

“Enjoying the fennel flavor, Boss Chen?”

Su Ming teased with a bullet comment.

President Chen was floored.

It was indeed Mr. Su!

He must be out of his mind, daring to challenge Mr. Su!

This was a death wish!

“Mr. Su, my apologies!” President Chen hastily sent a bullet comment.

He then quietly retreated to his original live stream, conceding, “We surrender!”

“Mr. Chen actually threw in the towel!”

“What just happened?”

“Don’t lose your head, Mr. Chen.”

Wind Zither was equally bewildered.

Boss Chen, her new fan of just two weeks, was both wealthy and magnanimous.

Every bigwig had their own set of demands, but Boss Chen was simple – he just loved to hear her sing. And when it came to spending money on her, Boss Chen was never tight-fisted. Reflecting on his username, she realized he could indeed be a heavyweight in the finance industry. But how could someone of his stature ever concede defeat?

“What’s the matter, Boss Chen?” the host inquired.

“Just drop it, we’re no match for the Farming Expert!” President Chen swiftly posted a bullet comment: “Everyone stop sending gifts, stop the competition. I concede this round!”

“Can even a financial titan not measure up to a farmer?”

“Is farming really that trendy now?”

“After 20 years of my mom insisting I leave farming for an office job, I’m suddenly filled with regret.”

“I’m considering taking up farming myself!”

President Chen mopped the sweat from his brow and made his way back to Little Streamer’s live stream.

“Hello, Little Streamer. I’ve made up my mind to be your fan from here on out.” Following this declaration, Financial Tycoon Mr. Chen updated his username to Weeding Expert Chen Xiao’er.

The crowd was taken aback by President Chen’s sycophancy. Yet, the more he behaved like this, the more intrigued they became about the real identity of the Farming Expert. Their interactions suggested a familiarity. Moreover, President Chen’s immediate username change implied that the Farming Expert was genuinely into farming.

Have farmers become this formidable?

Wind Zither watched with a heavy heart as Boss Chen, her patron, walked away. She was deeply upset but powerless; she couldn’t dictate Boss Chen’s actions. Nonetheless, her mind was now brimming with curiosity. Who exactly was this Farming Expert? Had farming become so alluring? Maybe she should consider streaming her farming activities.

“Mr. Su, I’ll take it from here. I assure you, I’ll make sure Little Streamer clinches the title!” President Chen hastily sent out a message, his nerves frayed. He had just been vying with Mr. Su. On reflection, he felt like giving himself a few good slaps. Mr. Su surely had plenty more treasures. If this incident caused Mr. Su to withhold those treasures out of anger, no amount of damage control would suffice. The regret was overwhelming.

Chapter 176

C176 – Another Person Who Likes to Show off

Su Ming couldn't help but chuckle to himself. President Chen must be in a state of panic right now.

To Su Ming's surprise, President Chen was also into live streams, and he was a fan of a particular female streamer. But what really took the cake was the flamboyant name President Chen had chosen for himself: Financial Tycoon Mr. Chen. Fennel must have had quite the effect on him.

"Hard work pays off, Boss Chen," Su Ming teased, dropping a bullet comment into the chat.

President Chen let out a sigh of relief so deep it could have filled a balloon. Thankfully, Mr. Su wasn't upset. Tomorrow, he'd put even more effort into his farming—President Chen was determined.

With President Chen's support, Little Streamer sailed through to the finals without a hitch. There, she faced a heavyweight—a streamer with a staggering fan base of over five million. She was a top-tier streamer, no question about it.

The competition had barely started when NO.1 fan, the smug contender from the other side, swaggered in. It was President Wang of the Trade Group, his ID proudly displayed.

Su Ming raised an eyebrow. The naming style was uncannily similar to President Chen's. Could this be Wang Guohui?

President Wang of the Trade Group wasted no time upon entering Little Streamer's broadcast, declaring with a bullet comment, "The finals are ours to win! Just throw in the towel!"

"Old Wang, the Farming Expert is Mr. Su!" President Chen shot back immediately. He was a sharp one. Having previously discussed live streaming over dinner with Wang Guohui, he knew exactly who he was dealing with.

"Who?" President Wang of the Trade Group was momentarily baffled. "Which Mr. Su?"

“Think hard—what other Mr. Su could it be?” President Chen prodded.

That’s when it hit President Wang of the Trade Group. He glanced at their IDs again: Farming Expert and Weeding Expert Chen Xiao’er. He was completely flabbergasted.

“Mr. Su?” he repeated, his voice trailing off. Then, in a rush to make amends, he blurted out, “Little Streamer, I’ll ensure you win the championship!”

Without another word, he changed his ID to Watering Expert Wang Laosan. His sudden switch left everyone, including the streamer on the other side, utterly bewildered.

The match was over. It had ended before it even had a chance to start.

The onlookers were completely baffled.

“What in the world is happening here?”

“I’ve got to get in on this farming action!”

“Clearly, the folks from the imperial court have a knack for agriculture!”

For these individuals who never spent a dime, including those modestly well-off who could drop twenty thousand yuan a month, it was a curious sight.

Whether it was Financial Tycoon Mr. Chen or President Wang of the Trade Group, these titans of industry were used to calling the shots!

On a good day, they wouldn’t think twice about gifting tens of thousands of yuan.

But here they were, suddenly cozying up to a farmer.

What was the deal?

It looked like they were acquainted, too.

Clearly, the Farming Expert's true identity was beyond anyone's wildest guesses.

The most telling sign was their IDs.

This Farming Expert was, indeed, a bona fide farmer.

Inspired by the two tycoons' name changes, the crowd followed suit.

Li Laosi, the Fertilizing Whiz!

Liu Lao Wu, the Watering Wizard!

Zhang Lao Liu, the Harvesting Hero!

The live stream competition had turned into a fan meetup for Su Ming.

The chat was no longer filled with jokes but had become a hub for agricultural exchange.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Wheat Planting 101..."

"Don't listen to that guy; he's a fraud. I've been farming for years."

"My corn yield's been disappointing lately. Any tips?"

“We’ve got a bumper crop of apples—delicious! Anyone interested in a taste test?”

Su Ming chuckled to himself.

Yes, this was the allure of tilling the land!

“Feeling sleepy, off to bed now.”

With that, Su Ming dropped a final comment and logged off.

President Chen and Wang Guohui breathed a sigh of relief—thankfully, Mr. Su wasn’t upset.

Little Streamer was left in shock.

She had inexplicably made it to the finals and won, again.

Her channel had transformed into a hub for farming enthusiasts.

She prided herself on being ahead of the curve.

Yet, suddenly, she felt out of step with the latest trend.

For Su Ming, this was nothing more than a minor detour.

After freshening up and checking the time, he noted that the breeding zone was now active.

He planned to introduce some livestock there tomorrow.

The thought thrilled him!

He turned off his Stamina Talent, collapsed into bed, and was soon fast asleep.

At the crack of dawn the next day, Su Ming was up.

He grabbed a quick bite and headed straight for the outskirts.

The shop owner had just unlocked the door and was tidying up when Su Ming's arrival caught him off guard.

"Mr. Su, you're here bright and early!"

The boss quickly approached Su Ming, recognizing him as a valuable customer.

"Do you carry any poultry?"

"Poultry?"

The boss mainly dealt in farm products and didn't stock poultry.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Su, we don't carry that here."

The boss's face showed his dilemma as he wrung his hands. "However, rest assured, I have several contacts in the industry. What exactly are you looking for? I can reach out to them right now."

Su Ming stroked his chin thoughtfully.

The System imposed a limit; he could only raise four types of poultry.

He reminisced about his childhood when his parents often raised chickens and pigs.

Those were the animals he knew best.

“Do you have pigs and chickens?”

“Yes, we do!”

The boss nodded eagerly, recognizing these as the most commonly sought-after types of poultry.

“Let me take you to them, Mr. Su.”

With that, the boss made a beeline for his vehicle.

“Let’s take my car instead.”

Su Ming offered with a grin.

The boss paused, his gaze shifting from Su Ming’s sleek sports car back to his own worn attire.

“Please, get in.”

Su Ming climbed into the driver’s seat as the boss hesitated. After vigorously rubbing his clothes with a towel, he gingerly settled into the passenger seat.

“Relax, there’s no need to be nervous.”

Su Ming chuckled and gave the boss a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

Chapter 177

C177 – Experienced too Little

The sleek interior and the explosive roar of the engine left the boss feeling a bit lightheaded.

Is this the allure of a sports car?

It's no wonder they're the ultimate fantasy for so many men.

So cool!

But then, a thought struck the boss.

Didn't Mr. Su arrive in a different car each time?

What on earth!

The boss was momentarily dumbfounded.

Just how many sports cars did Mr. Su own?

Was this the true mark of wealth?

The boss remained in a state of shock throughout.

Stepping out of the car in a haze, it took a moment for the boss to gather his bearings.

"Ah? That was quick..."

Blinking rapidly, the boss swallowed hard and rushed to the front: "Mr. Su, right this way, please."

"Isn't that Boss Faang?"

He was at a sizable breeding company.

As he approached the entrance, the security guard greeted him: "Boss Faang, what brings you..."

"Enough talk, get your boss out here. There's an important guest waiting!"

Boss Faang cut the security guard off mid-sentence.

"Huh?"

The guard was taken aback. He glanced at Su Ming trailing behind. Though unaware of Su Ming's status, he knew anyone who commanded such respect from Boss Faang was no ordinary individual.

The guard quickly nodded and made a call to his boss. Soon after, someone approached from a distance.

"Faang, who's this important guest you mentioned?"

"Wu, you'll owe me big for this one!"

Boss Faang stepped aside and introduced, "This gentleman is Mr. Su. He's interested in purchasing some poultry from you."

"Oh?"

Boss Wu perked up at the news.

If Faang considered him a major client, his background couldn't be minor!

"Mr. Su, my apologies for not greeting you sooner. What would you like to purchase?"

Boss Wu ushered Su Ming inside and inquired with a warm smile.

"Chickens and pigs."

"We've got those!"

Boss Wu's enthusiasm was palpable. He slapped his chest and boasted, "We carry a range of breeds here. We've even recently acquired some rare ones. How many are you thinking of buying?"

"I'd like to take a look around first, then we can talk numbers."

"Sounds good!"

Boss Wu led the way, and they quickly made their way into the breeding zone.

The area was vast, permeated by a distinctly unpleasant odor.

It's perfectly normal, considering these are farm animals. Even with timely cleaning and a tidy environment, it's impossible to eliminate the smell entirely.

"These are our free-range chickens. Here we have the Treasure Chicken and the Guinea fowl. And this beauty is the Snow Chicken, a new breed we've just introduced. It's a rare species endemic to our country. Naturally, we've managed to breed them in captivity."

Boss Wu knew his stock well and introduced each one in turn.

“Alright.”

Su Ming’s gaze settled on the Snow Chicken, a breed with an elegant stature and striking appearance. “I’ll take this one. Thirty, please.”

“Thirty?”

Boss Wu was taken aback.

I pegged you for a major buyer, but you’re only getting thirty?

Noticing Boss Wu’s hesitation, Boss Faang nudged him discreetly.

Exchanging a resigned look, Boss Wu could only sigh. After all, this was a referral from Boss Faang.

“Alright, no problem!”

Shortly afterward, Su Ming made his way to the pig enclosure. He didn’t seek out any exotic breeds this time, opting instead for the ubiquitous white pig.

He purchased a pair.

“Okay, that’ll do. Please arrange for their delivery.”

Su Ming settled the bill.

Boss Wu was inwardly irked.

You expect me to deliver such a paltry order?

Other major clients purchase by the thousands.

Your total barely scratches forty.

But for Boss Faang's sake, it's fine.

I'll do as he asks.

Boss Wu was seething with discontent, yet powerless to act.

"The city center?"

The address left Boss Wu dumbfounded.

Could this young fellow be a procurement officer for some company?

But even if he were, who buys live animals for slaughter these days?

Don't most people get their meat from the market or a slaughterhouse?

Boss Wu was puzzled but refrained from prying.

Before long, Su Ming was leading the way, with the others trailing behind.

After a three-hour drive, they reached the heart of the city.

Su Ming pulled over. Stepping out of the car, he directed, "Unload the goods into the courtyard."

Boss Wu was baffled.

But it didn't take him long to catch on.

Looking up, he was astonished to find such a vast expanse of land right in the city center!

The area was completely enclosed by a wall, with a villa nestled within!

Upon closer inspection, he was surprised to see a swath of wheat growing on the ground!

Mr. Su was actually farming right in the heart of the city!

He must have found farming a tad dull, which is why he decided to bring in some livestock to keep things interesting!

It all made sense now why Boss Faang had mentioned that Su Ming was a major client!

Mr. Su was cultivating crops and tending to animals on land valued at ten billion dollars!

Every ounce of frustration in Boss Wu's heart vanished in an instant!

He made a mental note to treat Boss Faang to a meal once he got back.

Without Boss Faang, he would never have crossed paths with such an influential figure!

Following Su Ming's instructions, Boss Wu rolled up his sleeves and, along with his team, swiftly moved the goods into the courtyard.

Looking up, he noticed a section in the corner of the wall that resembled a pigpen and chicken coop.

“Mr. Su, do you plan on raising chickens and pigs over there?” Boss Wu inquired, gesturing toward the spot.

Su Ming paused, taken aback.

They could see it?

So, the structures created by the System were visible to them, but presumably, they couldn’t see the contents.

“That’s right,” Su Ming confirmed with a nod.

“Mr. Su, now that your structures are ready, I’ll move your items over for you.”

“Sounds good,” Su Ming agreed with another nod.

In no time, Boss Wu and his crew had transported everything.

“Mr. Su, feel free to call me if you need anything,” Boss Wu offered warmly.

He had only ever encountered such tycoons in his dreams and on television.

“Weeding is my responsibility!”

“Where does it say that weeding is exclusively your task?”

“If you’re going to do that, then I’ll handle the watering!”

“But that’s my responsibility!”

Amidst their conversation, Su Ming and Boss Wu were interrupted by a familiar bickering nearby.

Su Ming turned to see none other than President Chen and Wang Guohui making their entrance through the gate.

Chapter 178

C178 – The Coconut Is Ripe

“Mr. Su!”

President Chen and Wang Guohui’s faces brightened as they spotted Su Ming, and they hastened toward him.

“Planning on raising pigs and chickens, are you?”

“I’ve got this. I grew up with these back home!”

“That’s a bunch of baloney. You said your family were farmers, right?”

“Cut it out. Haven’t you always boasted to Mr. Su about your farming roots? Do you even know how to care for these animals?”

The two elders had a restless night following the live broadcast incident.

At the crack of dawn, they arrived, unspoken agreement between them, to lend a hand to Su Ming.

Eventually, they saw that Su Ming had constructed a coop in the yard and had acquired some chickens and pigs.

It all clicked for them.

Su Ming could only feel resigned.

Yet, Boss Wu, standing right there, was utterly flabbergasted.

He recognized them; his money was in Tianhua Bank.

As the head of a breeding company worth a hefty one to two hundred million yuan, with tens of millions more to his name, he was a VIP customer at the bank.

His poultry was top-notch, having been exported abroad.

To him, these two were titans.

And yet, they were showing such deference to Su Ming!

What did this imply?

It meant Su Ming was a force to be reckoned with, far surpassing them.

Su Ming wasn't just a major client; he was akin to a father figure!

Looking ahead, he'd have to do more than just dine with Faang; he might even find himself kneeling before him!

All thanks to Faang, for without him, he'd never have met someone as awe-inspiring as Su Ming.

“Enough. Both of you, knock it off.”

With a touch of exasperation, Su Ming directed, “President Chen, you’re on chicken coop duty. Boss Wang, you handle the pigsty.”

“Understood!”

“We’ll get it done!”

The two seniors stood tall, invigorated.

Boss Wu’s jaw dropped.

“What are you waiting for? Get over here and pitch in!”

Caught off guard, Boss Wu quickly spun to his workers and bellowed orders.

Then he himself hoisted a crate and set to work!

President Chen and Wang Guohui were seething.

How dare Boss Wu try to upstage them?

Fortunately, once Boss Wu had finished packing up his things, he bid farewell and departed. It was only after he left that the two elderly gentlemen could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

“The weeds are taking over the field again!”

“The soil’s dried out once more!”

With an unspoken agreement, the two set to work.

“Poultry: Chicken, successfully bred! Growth time: 48 hours! Capable of laying eggs upon maturity. Egg-laying interval: 8 hours! Egg production multiplier: 3!”

“Poultry: Pig, successfully bred! Growth time: 72 hours! Edible!”

“Host, please ensure the poultry are fed every 12 hours! Should their satiety reach zero, they will perish after three hours!”

As Su Ming stood to the side, a notification tone unexpectedly echoed in his mind.

These alerts filled Su Ming with delight.

This was fantastic!

Most importantly, the chickens could lay eggs.

Maybe these eggs had special properties!

He was brimming with contentment.

Su Ming moved aside where Boss Wu had left some animal feed.

He got the feed ready and distributed it into the chicken coop and pigsty.

Above the heads of the chickens and pigs, he noticed progress bars.

These bars indicated their fullness.

At present, each bar was a stark red and empty.

As Su Ming added the feed, their fullness levels gradually rose.

With a total of fifteen hours between the feedings every twelve hours and the three-hour grace period, the system proved to be remarkably thoughtful.

Once everything was in order, Su Ming clapped his hands together, feeling quite pleased with himself.

Checking the time, he realized the coconuts should be ripe by now.

Unable to resist, he walked over for a closer inspection and, sure enough, the coconuts were ready.

Clusters of green coconuts adorned the tree.

But with President Chen and Wang Guohui still around, it wasn't the opportune moment for harvesting.

How could he tactfully get the two men to leave?

"President Chen, Boss Wang."

After a brief moment of thought, Su Ming beckoned them over with a friendly smile.

"Mr. Su, what can we do for you?"

They hurried over in response.

“I need to step out for a bit soon.”

“Don’t worry, I assure you there won’t be any thieves getting in!”

“With both of us here, you can rest easy!”

The two elders quickly assured him with resolute voices.

Su Ming paused briefly and blinked. “I’m expecting some friends soon, and it wouldn’t be convenient for you two to stick around.”

The two elderly gentlemen exchanged a knowing glance and nodded in sudden understanding.

What on earth were they thinking?

But Su Ming didn’t feel like going into details.

At least they wouldn’t be a bother for the rest of the day.

“Mr. Su, do take care of your health.”

“Mr. Su has fennel!”

“Old Wang is right!”

“Well then, Mr. Su, we’ll be on our way.”

The two old men chuckled, gathered their belongings, and departed.

Work mattered, but it paled in comparison to Mr. Su's well-being.

Watching them go, Su Ming couldn't help feeling a bit exasperated.

They had gotten the wrong idea.

Yet, he had no desire to set the record straight. With a wry smile, he watched the old men drive off, then shut the door behind him and headed out to his coconut grove.

The coconuts were ripe all right, but the tree was dauntingly high.

Su Ming blinked up at it.

Was he really expected to climb?

"The System has detected that the Host's crops are elevated and harvesting poses a risk. The System can assist the Host in picking the coconuts. Does the Host consent?"

Caught in his quandary, Su Ming's ears perked up at the System's prompt.

He didn't hesitate.

"Yes!"

He was genuinely eager to see what would happen.

"Please step back from the coconut tree, Host."

Retreating a few paces, Su Ming watched as coconuts tumbled down from the branches, one after another.

He knew from experience that coconuts falling naturally were often overripe.

In no time, neat little heaps of coconuts lay at the base of each tree, which, to his surprise, withered away in moments.

Su Ming eagerly scooped up a coconut.

It was just a coconut, nothing out of the ordinary.

Yet, Su Ming had a hunch there was something extraordinary about the juice inside.

Now, how to get a taste of that coconut juice?

Chapter 179

C179 – Poison

An enigmatic sound echoed through the villa.

In reality, Su Ming was grappling with a coconut, screwdriver in hand!

Thankfully, Su Ming possessed the Stamina Talent.

Without it, he would have been completely worn out by now.

On TV, Su Ming had watched people effortlessly crack open coconuts.

They made it look so easy.

Why was it so difficult for him?

Feeling defeated, Su Ming was on the verge of frantically twisting the screwdriver when it suddenly plunged into the coconut.

Dumbfounded, he pulled it out, noticing the glistening coconut juice clinging to it.

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

The coconut water was tainted!

But it didn't bother him.

He casually set the screwdriver aside and poured out the juice.

He had expected the liquid to be pure white, but upon closer inspection...

The coconut water was an odd mix of purple and green.

It resembled poison.

Su Ming considered his options.

Was this coconut water even safe to drink?

"Congratulations, you've acquired the Sober Potion! It ensures you'll never get drunk, an indispensable remedy for your business negotiations over drinks!"

Su Ming was astounded.

Its bizarre color was one thing, but the name was even more peculiar.

He quietly grumbled to himself about the System.

Still, he couldn't deny it was a valuable find.

In today's culture, social drinking was ubiquitous.

Contracts required a toast, business deals were sealed with a drink, and even family gatherings weren't complete without alcohol.

Wine had become an integral part of life in the imperial court.

Sure, the market was flooded with remedies to prevent drunkenness.

Yet, most were ineffective.

Though harmless to the body, they did little to keep one sober.

But anything the System provided Su Ming was bound to be exceptional.

Despite its odd name, the potion's effectiveness was guaranteed.

If Su Ming were to sell this potion, it would surely be a hit.

"Not bad at all, this is quite the find," Su Ming chuckled to himself.

He pushed his cart inside, organized all the coconuts, and transported them to the warehouse.

A total of six hundred coconuts filled the space to capacity.

“You’ve successfully harvested your crops and earned 3,000 experience points!”

As Su Ming wrapped up his work, a notification chimed in his mind.

Could a single coconut really grant him 5 experience points?

Yet, it made sense. With the limited yield of coconuts from his three-acre plot, earning merely one point per coconut would have been a significant loss.

The System had thought of everything.

Su Ming also collected all the coconut trees, gaining additional experience points in the process.

Now, with the exception of the fennel, he had harvested all his crops.

Su Ming headed to the warehouse.

After a lengthy search, he emerged with several strawberry seedlings.

These were familiar territory for Su Ming.

The family’s farmland was scant, most of it now under plastic greenhouses. Come winter, Su Ming intended to plant strawberries there for off-season sales.

A kilogram of strawberries fetched no less than 20 yuan.

Once the dealer took them off his hands and resold them, their price would soar.

And the strawberries were of excellent quality.

So, Su Ming was set on planting strawberries, though the outcome was uncertain.

He was eager to see the results.

After downing a bottle of Body-stretching Pill Charging Liquid, he felt a surge of vigor.

Normally, the strawberry planting routine was quite intricate.

Su Ming had to bury the seeds, cover them with plastic film, and wait for them to germinate. Then, he'd remove the film and transfer the seedlings into cup-sized containers before planting them in the soil and watering them.

Temperature and sunlight exposure also needed monitoring.

But with the System's assistance, these steps were trivial.

Su Ming simply had to dig holes and scatter the seeds into the earth.

Covering five acres was no small feat, taking up his entire day.

Once the strawberries were in, the System alerted him.

"Strawberries successfully planted! Harvest time: 36 hours!"

He proceeded with watering and fertilizing.

Before long, the tasks were complete.

Su Ming breathed a sigh of relief.

He washed up at the tap and made his way back to the villa.

He ordered some takeout and indulged in a hearty meal before drifting off to sleep.

He didn't wake until noon.

Once up, Su Ming whipped up a meal, took a refreshing shower, and slipped into fresh clothes before heading down to his fields.

The five acres were a sea of strawberries, a sight so delightful that Su Ming couldn't help but feel content.

Opening the door, he was greeted by the usual bustle of the city center.

Just as Su Ming was about to head back inside, something—or rather, someone—caught his eye.

His door overlooked a pedestrian crossing lined with trees. In the heart of Eastsea City, these were Parasol Trees, towering and robust.

And there, behind one of the trees, was a foot that seemed oddly familiar.

Puzzled, Su Ming approached cautiously.

He found President Chen, dressed in a suit and tie, but in a sorry state: one shoe missing, his suit smeared with dirt, and his trousers torn.

His face was flushed as he slept off the alcohol, the stench wafting in the air.

Clearly, President Chen had overindulged.

But why here? Most people would stumble home when drunk. Had President Chen mistaken this place for his own home?

Su Ming realized that to President Chen, this spot must hold a significance greater than home.

With a sigh, Su Ming went back inside and fetched the leftover coconut juice from the day before.

He gently poured the coconut juice into President Chen's mouth, much to the shock of passersby.

The coconut juice's odd color might have led them to suspect poison.

Did these two have some unresolved feud?

This was the city center, teeming with people who were now unwitting witnesses.

"What are you doing? Murder is a crime!"

An elderly gentleman, alarmed by the scene, rushed over to confront Su Ming.

Chapter 180

C180 – It Smells so Good

"Kid, you're too young to be killing someone!"

"Murder is a crime, and you could get the death penalty!"

“You two must have some serious bad blood! Why would you pour poison on him right out here in the street? And if you were going to kill someone, at least pick a secluded spot. You’re doing this in broad daylight, where everyone can see you.”

The bystanders began to intervene.

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

He could stomach the first two comments.

But what was the third person suggesting?

Find a secluded place for murder?

“Brother, you seem to have quite the expertise!” Su Ming mused.

As the crowd murmured among themselves, President Chen’s eyes snapped open.

“Hey! That smells amazing!”

Witnessing President Chen’s astonished face, the onlookers were itching to knock some sense into him.

Had President Chen lost his mind from the poison?

He thought the poison smelled good?

Nobody had ever heard of a poison with a particularly pleasant aroma.

Aren’t poisons supposed to taste awful?

President Chen's mouth was filled with a delightful scent, and he felt much better. He looked around, bewildered.

Isn't this the city center?

Why was he here?

And isn't that Mr. Su?

Scrambling to his feet, President Chen dusted himself off and said, "I apologize, Mr. Su. I overindulged last night and have no idea how I ended up here."

The crowd was stunned.

Wasn't he just drinking poison?

Why did he suddenly sober up after downing that dark liquid?

Judging by his lively gait, he certainly didn't seem drunk.

What in the world was happening?

"Young man, are you alright? He just gave you poison," said the elderly gentleman cautiously.

"Poison?"

President Chen was baffled, then it clicked.

Mr. Su must have given him another one of his remarkable concoctions!

“Thanks a lot, Mr. Su! Look at me, repeatedly on the receiving end of your kindness. I’m quite embarrassed. Are there weeds in your field again? Wang Guohui didn’t show up, did he? Rest assured, I’m on the job today!”

With that, President Chen strode energetically into the yard.

The crowd was left agape.

What in the world just happened?

What had he ingested?

Poison?

That can’t be right! Who ever heard of someone bursting with energy after drinking poison?

If it wasn’t poison, then what on earth was it?

What could possibly sober up a drunk person instantly?

“Maybe he’s just promoting his own hangover cure?”

“That makes sense.”

“I was worried for nothing. Turns out he’s just an actor.”

“Let’s head out!”

The crowd around them started murmuring in unison.

Su Ming, standing at the doorway, overheard and suppressed the urge to grumble.

President Chen adeptly removed his coat. It was filthy anyway, so he tossed it aside.

He knew the ins and outs of weeding and watering like the back of his hand.

“Mr. Su, you’ve brought back the joys of my childhood,” he said with gratitude.

“I feel like something’s missing if I don’t get my hands dirty in the fields every day.”

“To keep pace with Mr. Su, I’ve leased three acres of land just outside the city. Tending to the crops daily has brought immense satisfaction to my life!”

President Chen showered Su Ming with compliments as he toiled.

Su Ming had grown accustomed to the flattery.

Still, it was nice to be on the receiving end of such praise.

After a long stint of work, President Chen was nearly finished. He cautiously approached Su Ming and asked, “Mr. Su, may I inquire what you fed me this morning?”

Su Ming then remembered, “Oh, it was nothing special, just some Sober Medicine I had at home.”

“Sober Medicine?” President Chen echoed, puzzled.

The fragmented memories of the previous night began to piece themselves back together.

A few days prior, an inspector from headquarters had visited to review their operations.

They worked by day and socialized by night.

The inspector and President Chen had a rocky history, once being rivals.

Their mutual animosity was palpable at the dinner table, taking turns with their toasts.

Sadly, President Chen's ambition to drink heavily outpaced his tolerance.

A few rounds in, he found himself slumped under the table.

Later that night, he stumbled to Su Ming's doorstep in a stupor and collapsed.

This wasn't President Chen's first rodeo with overindulgence.

Typically, a hangover meant a throbbing headache and a day spent in discomfort.

It usually took him at least two days to fully recover.

But this time, after taking Mr. Su's medicine, he felt energized and revitalized.

It was truly a testament to the quality of Mr. Su's remedies!

Everything Mr. Su provided was of the highest caliber!

He had tried various hangover cures in the past, but none had worked like this.

To be honest, those medicines were really just a placebo.

“Oh, right, President Chen.”

Su Ming broke into a smile. “This medicine has an additional benefit.”

“What kind of benefit?”

President Chen leaned in, all ears, eager to hear more.

“After taking this medicine, you could drink a thousand cups of wine and not feel a thing.”

Su Ming grinned.

“Is that so?”

President Chen leaped to his feet, startling Su Ming.

“Mr. Su, you’re my savior! Actually, I was hoping to leave early today.”

“No problem, go ahead.”

“Thank you!”

President Chen grabbed his coat with excitement and strode out the door, muttering to himself, “Old man, today you’ll witness what I’m truly capable of!”

Su Ming, lounging in his chair, knew President Chen was off to settle a score and chuckled at the thought.

Inside Tianhua Bank.

A lean man in a white shirt and glasses sat frowning in the conference room, exuding an air of sophistication. President Chen's subordinates were busy with the books while he observed.

Suddenly, the door burst open and in walked a jubilant President Chen.

Zhao Dahai stood up as he saw President Chen arrive, "Chen, back on your feet so soon? Normally, you'd be out for a couple of days at least..."

"Hmph!" President Chen scoffed.

"Zhao, I wasn't feeling well yesterday and didn't perform my best. Care to go another round of drinks with me?"

President Chen stood with hands on hips, full of bravado.

He had downed Mr. Su's concoction and feared no one.

Zhao Dahai gave President Chen a skeptical look.

He was well aware of President Chen's usual alcohol limit.

Fine!

If President Chen was feeling defiant, Zhao would show him up with his own drinking prowess.

“Keep working on the accounts. I’ll check back in a few days. Chen, let’s go have that drink!”

With that, they left the bank and headed to a nearby restaurant.

“Chen, remember to pace yourself. You were plastered just yesterday. Are you sure your body can handle it...”