

## **The Billion 191**

### Chapter 191

#### C191 – Confession!

Under Captain Wu's gaze, filled with worry and hesitation, Su Ming strode confidently into the room.

The sound of footsteps at the doorway caused the man to crack open his eyes.

"Has Wu Xiaocheng run out of options? He sent you to face me?"

The man's sneer was tinged with scorn.

Captain Wu watched the exchange from the surveillance room, wondering if he had overthought the situation.

He couldn't really count on Mr. Su, after all.

He needed to focus on gathering evidence.

Su Ming approached the massive iron fence dividing the interrogation room. "I'm willing to bet you'll end up telling the truth," he said, standing at the gate.

The man simply closed his eyes, remaining silent.

"With your strength, why resort to robbing a jewelry store? You could find legitimate work," Su Ming prodded.

Again, the man said nothing, eyes shut.

"You're quite skilled, managing to evade the surveillance cameras."

Silence persisted from the man.

“Where’s your hometown? What do your parents do? Mine are farmers, and now, so am I.”

Still, the man kept his eyes closed, unresponsive.

Captain Wu, listening in the control room, couldn’t help but feel a sense of helplessness.

Was Su Ming trying to regale the criminal with stories?

Captain Wu might not have studied criminal psychology, but as a seasoned officer, he had some insight into the field.

This interrogation technique was new to him.

He sighed deeply, shook his head, and settled back into his chair, not expecting Mr. Su to extract any useful information.

Just then, the door opened, and Director-general Zhang entered.

“How’s it going, Wu?” he inquired.

Captain Wu activated the speaker.

“Ever grown strawberries?”

Director-general Zhang’s reaction mirrored Wu’s helplessness.

Exchanging a glance, both men felt a twinge of disappointment.

“Let’s call another meeting to strategize on the investigation,” Captain Wu suggested, rising from his seat.

“Sounds good,” Director-general Zhang agreed, nodding. “I’ll be there.”

“Why is it so sweltering in here? Captain Wu is really pinching pennies, not even turning on the air conditioning,” Su Ming grumbled.

Captain Wu, hearing the complaint, was resigned to the situation.

This tactic was standard in interrogations, designed to wear down a suspect’s mental barriers.

“It’s hot, but luckily I brought some water. Since you can’t drink, how about I just mist some around?”

After finishing his sentence, Su Ming pulled a small spray bottle from his pocket.

“The Truth Pill won’t affect the Host, so feel free to use it!”

A prompt echoed in Su Ming’s mind.

He offered a faint smile, having anticipated this outcome.

Captain Wu and Director-general Zhang’s expressions soured at the sight.

“Let’s just bring him out,” Captain Wu exhaled heavily.

“Agreed.”

Director-general Zhang gave a nod.

They had worked hard to establish a grave and tense mood, hoping the criminal might crack under the pressure.

But Mr. Su had just upended their entire strategy.

“What’s your name?”

Su Ming asked with an easy smile.

Disappointment etched Captain Wu’s features as he observed Su Ming’s approach.

It would be a surprise if Su Ming actually managed to extract any useful information.

“Is Mr. Su just causing a scene? I should just bring him out myself.”

Captain Wu shook his head in resignation and started for the door.

“He’s still too young...”

Director-general Zhang let out a sigh, shaking his head in agreement.

They had a rap sheet on the suspect, knew his name, and other details.

Yet, the man had never offered them anything of value.

Their professional interrogation techniques had yielded nothing.

The idea that Mr. Su's antics could coax out useful information was far-fetched.

If that were true, they might as well not bother coming to work.

"Wang Hu."

As Captain Wu and Director-general Zhang were shaking their heads in resignation, ready to exit, a voice transmitted through the control room's microphone.

They were dumbfounded.

What?

The suspect had actually spoken!

Had Su Ming actually pulled it off?

As seasoned detectives, they were completely taken aback.

What kind of interrogation technique was this?

Interrogating criminals through storytelling was unheard of for them.

The man's name was indeed Wang Hu.

That much they knew.

But Wang Hu had never personally admitted to it.

He wouldn't even give the police his real name, much less any other information.

They had lost all hope in Su Ming's methods.

Yet, against all odds, Su Ming had gotten Wang Hu to talk!

Captain Wu and Director-general Zhang were left reeling in bewilderment.

And the most baffled of all must have been the criminal himself!

Why had he suddenly confessed?

He had regarded Su Ming as nothing more than a joke.

Su Ming had rambled on, nearly lulling him to sleep.

And then, with just a spritz of water and a question, Wang Hu inexplicably found himself speaking the truth without a moment's hesitation.

What was happening here?

"How many people were involved in this incident?" Su Ming inquired.

"Five," Wang Hu responded promptly.

After his reply, he was bewildered once more.

He hadn't intended to reveal that!

What was going on?

Why had he spoken out?

Why was he so compliant?

“Where are they now?”

“In a dilapidated tile-roofed house in the third group of Lotus Flower Village.”

“And the stolen goods?”

“We stashed them in the sewer close to the jewelry store.”

With every question from Su Ming, Wang Hu answered with unexpected candor.

Captain Wu’s mouth hung open in astonishment.

Director-general Zhang’s eyes widened in disbelief.

They stood there, dumbfounded.

Was their interrogation technique obsolete?

Could it be that Su Ming was employing a cutting-edge method?

Yet, they attended annual training and had never encountered Su Ming’s approach.

They were truly in the dark.

But something still seemed off to them.

Su Ming had merely shared a story, and the criminal had confessed. It seemed like an impossibility.

Chapter 192

C192 – This Should be Enough!

“Zhang, Wu, we need to pick up the pace on this investigation...”

In the midst of their confusion, they heard footsteps at the door.

It was a city leader, Minister Chen.

The case had a terribly negative impact.

Though it wasn't a heinous crime, it certainly wasn't anything to celebrate.

It had sparked considerable panic.

After Minister Chen entered and spoke, he noticed the two were not paying attention.

“Did you two even hear what I just said?”

Minister Chen felt a sense of helplessness.

“Ah...”

Captain Wu snapped out of it, blinking rapidly.



“Ah...”

Director-general Zhang also turned, blinking in unison.

Their expressions mirrored each other’s shock, mouths agape and eyes wide.

Minister Chen was startled.

“Are you two okay?”

He approached them with urgency, “It’s my fault for rushing you. How about you both head back and rest a bit?”

“No need.”

Captain Wu closed his mouth.

“Really, there’s no need.”

Director-general Zhang nodded in agreement.

“You’re both so headstrong. Solving a case takes time and patience. I admit I’ve been too hasty. I’ll reflect on that. You two should go get some sleep. I’ll explain things to the higher-ups.”

Minister Chen spoke with urgency.

These were his competent subordinates, after all.

They looked like they were at their limit. Over half a month of overtime was taking its toll.

“The case is cracked.”

Captain Wu stated with a calm demeanor.

Don’t ask me why I’m this composed.

I’ve grown accustomed to it.

“Why won’t you two heed my advice? Our police station isn’t just the two of you. The entire criminal investigation team can lend a hand. Take my advice, go home, and rest up...”

Minister Chen hadn’t quite caught on: “Rest assured, you two are still in charge of the case. I’m granting you eight hours of leave. Get some food, get some sleep. You can’t keep pushing yourselves like this. You two are...”

Hold on!

What did Captain Wu just say?

The case is solved?

That quickly?

You two aren’t pulling my leg, are you?

Director-general Zhang, I just called you about this.

Just ten minutes ago, you were telling me that we were nowhere close to cracking the case. I've just raced over here from the city hall, and now you're saying the case is solved? That was quick.

"How did you solve it?" Minister Chen blinked in surprise.

"We... resolved it through a conversation..." Captain Wu hesitated before offering the most plausible explanation.

"Resolved through a conversation?" Minister Chen was clearly puzzled.

"You two aren't pulling my leg, are you? The higher-ups will take this seriously."

"Are you guys okay? Did the case get you so twisted up that you've confused yourselves?"

"No way, you two can't be lacking that much resilience," he protested.

Minister Chen couldn't grasp how a simple chat could lead to solving a case. They talked to the suspect? And something in the conversation moved him? That seemed impossible. Minister Chen knew exactly what kind of person they were dealing with—a very sly character. It wouldn't be that easy to crack him. A case solved by just chatting? He couldn't believe it.

"You don't believe it?" Captain Wu and Director-general Zhang exchanged a knowing glance. "Truth be told, we're just as skeptical. But the evidence is right before our eyes. If you don't believe it, see for yourself."

Minister Chen was taken aback. He stepped forward and then noticed a young man in the surveillance room, his back turned to them, speaking with the suspect. Minister Chen had been here before and had witnessed Captain Wu's interrogations, where the suspect remained silent, as if he hadn't heard a thing. Yet now, he was spilling everything to Su Ming.

"Are you married?"

"I am."

"Do you have kids?"

"Yes."

"Where do you live?"

"In Silverflower District."

"Does anyone else know?"

"I don't know," Wang Hu replied.

"Have you ever been to the women's restroom?"

"I have," he admitted.

"What other bad things have you done?" Wang Hu pressed.

"I've stolen sausage from next door, snatched a phone from the girl downstairs, and even taken the upstairs lady's underwear... Why should I tell you all this..." Wang Hu trailed off, and then Su Ming started spraying water again.

"As a kid, I stole 20,000 yuan from my cousin, sold my great aunt's TV, and set fire to someone's haystack..."

Okay.

Another person in the control room was utterly baffled.

Was the interrogation inherently simple, or had the world gone mad?

When did criminals start being so forthright, answering questions with such ease?

“Who is this guy? What’s happening now?”

Minister Chen turned around, completely bewildered.

“Remember the diamond case?”

“Yes. Is this young man the Mr. Su in question?”

“That’s him.”

“He’s the one who got you the interrogation results?”

“Yes.”

“How did he conduct the interrogation?”

“By chatting.”

The three veteran detectives in the control room, all past fifty with years of experience under their belts, were astounded by the effectiveness of a mere conversation as an interrogation technique.

Su Ming had been questioning the suspect for a solid half-hour, leaving him parched and weary.

“Captain Wu, can we wrap up the interrogation? He’s even confessed to stealing milk as a kid. Are we done here?”

Su Ming glanced at the monitor, aware that Captain Wu was listening.

It took a moment for Captain Wu to snap to attention. He quickly made his way to the interrogation room.

“We’re finished here! My sincerest thanks to you, Mr. Su.”

Captain Wu was moved to tears, and both Director-general Zhang and Minister Chen shared a profound respect for Su Ming’s abilities.

The youth had talent!

His approach to psychological interrogation was revolutionary!

Su Ming had merely shared a childhood anecdote with the suspect, yet it led to a full confession. How was that possible?

The most frustrated individual had to be the criminal himself.

He truly didn’t want to divulge anything.

I’m normally tight-lipped, honestly!

But for some reason, in Su Ming’s presence, he found himself involuntarily answering every question with complete honesty.

As compliant as an infant.

The most remarkable aspect was that, at one point during their talk, he suddenly regained control and attempted to lie. Yet, the moment Su Ming sprayed water,

He would immediately revert to telling the truth.

“No need to thank me. Assisting the police in solving cases is a civic duty.”

Su Ming offered a calm smile. “He’s confessed to the crime. I’ll leave the rest to you.”

“Good!”

Captain Wu nodded, knowing this wasn’t the time for gratitude. He quickly reviewed the surveillance footage, jotting down all the locations the man had mentioned, and then a swarm of armed officers were dispatched with urgency.

Minister Chen and Captain Wu watched the replay together.

As they observed Su Ming engaging in conversation, Minister Chen was equally baffled.

But the moment Su Ming began to ask questions, the criminal spilled the entire truth. Minister Chen was astounded beyond belief.

The term ‘muddled’ didn’t even begin to capture their state of mind.

At a loss for words to convey their astonishment, all they could muster was “incredible!”

Chapter 193

C193 – Please Teach Us!

Captain Wu swiftly apprehended the suspect and closed the case.

The suspects were in disbelief when they heard that one of their own had turned on them.

“There’s no way that’s true!”

“You’re not going to drive a wedge between us that easily!”

“We all know Old Wang. He would never betray us.”

Seated in his car, Captain Wu couldn’t help but chuckle at the conversation unfolding among the men in the back.

“Believe it or not, we’ve uncovered your hiding spot for the jewels—in the sewer, just a stone’s throw from the jewelry store.”

The suspects were visibly shocked by Captain Wu’s revelation.

The hiding place was incredibly secretive.

Only they knew about it; it was unthinkable that anyone else could have discovered it!

Could Wang Hu really have sold them out?

But Wang Hu had been in custody for days; it was inconceivable that he’d betray them now!

“Stop trying to fool us.”

“Without evidence of our crimes, we’re innocent!”



In the past, such a situation would have vexed Captain Wu. Now, he sat back, humming a tune, thinking to himself, "Just wait until Mr. Su has a word with you. You'll all be singing like canaries."

Before long, all the suspects were escorted to the police station, tight-lipped as ever.

Then Su Ming made his entrance.

All eyes in the conference room were glued to the large screen, where every officer had taken a seat.

"Mr. Su's interrogation techniques are state-of-the-art. You'd all do well to pay close attention," Minister Chen announced. "I'll arrange for Mr. Su to give you a class on it soon."

"Yes, sir!"

The officers were brimming with curiosity. The buzz had reached them: a young man had managed to extract a confession from a hardened criminal, using methods they had never encountered before. Their attention was riveted to the screen.

Su Ming entered the interrogation room at a measured pace.

"Mr. Su, I've isolated them to prevent any collusion. You can interrogate them one by one," Captain Wu suggested.

"That won't be necessary. Keep them together," Su Ming replied with a calm, assured smile.

Captain Wu felt a twinge of concern.

"Just follow Mr. Su's instructions," Director-general Zhang interjected.

Soon after, the five suspects, Wang Hu among them, were seated together.

“Old Wang, is it true? Did you betray us?”

“Man, how could you be so unreliable?”

Upon seeing Wang Hu, the remaining criminals immediately began to barrage him with questions, having already witnessed the interrogation footage. This tactic aimed to shatter their psychological defenses.

Wang Hu felt despondent. “I really don’t want to talk. I’m just as clueless,” he lamented.

“You’re utterly useless. We’d never spill the beans!” they retorted, regarding Wang Hu with scorn.

At that moment, Su Ming stood before him, recounting tales of his past and even delving into wheat cultivation techniques of all things. The criminals simply shut their eyes.

Then, a familiar voice cut through the silence. “Were you behind this robbery?” Su Ming inquired, his tone detached.

“Yes!” came the unanimous response from the five men.

All but Wang Hu were taken aback. Why had Wang Hu suddenly embraced honesty? This wasn’t part of the plan. The script had taken an unexpected turn.

“Did you stash the jewels in the sewer?”

“Yes!”

“Do you admit to your crimes?”

“Yes!”

Su Ming, hands clasped behind his back, posed question after question, each met with prompt admission from the quintet.

The police officers in the conference room were dumbfounded, scarcely daring to breathe, their eyes wide with astonishment. Even Minister Chen, Director-general Zhang, and Captain Wu, seasoned as they were, found themselves staggered by the scene.

Su Ming’s influence was undeniable. The five criminals were remarkably compliant before him, candidly answering every query.

What was Su Ming’s secret? Some entertained the outlandish notion that he might have conspired with the criminals, but such an idea was patently absurd. No other explanation seemed plausible.

The interrogation, lasting a mere half-hour, concluded with the criminals fully disclosing their misdeeds. They detailed their scheme, the timing, the tools used, their accomplices, and even confessed to past transgressions that had remained hidden.

As the interrogation wrapped up and the live feed ceased, the officers in the conference room remained rooted in place, the impact of what they’d witnessed beyond words. These were seasoned officers, well-trained and experienced. Yet, they had never encountered an interrogation technique so unorthodox, nor so remarkably effective.

Before long, Su Ming entered the conference room.

“Stand up!”

Minister Chen’s voice thundered suddenly, prompting every officer to rise in perfect sync.

“Applaud!”

The officers clapped fervently, the sound echoing their collective tension.

This case had weighed heavily on them, a puzzle that had stumped even the most seasoned detectives, yet it was Mr. Su who had cracked it using an astonishing approach!

Mr. Su's technique was something they all could learn from.

"Mr. Su, you're truly remarkable. I must ask a favor of you, and you simply must agree..."

Minister Chen's face flushed with excitement: "The interrogation method you employed was incredible. Could you possibly teach us?"

Su Ming found himself in a quandary.

Truth be told, he was quite embarrassed.

He had no knowledge of interrogation techniques.

But he did have the System.

And he had the Truth Pill.

That's how he got those five to confess their crimes.

Seeing the eager look in Minister Chen's eyes, Su Ming found it hard to say no.

Reluctantly, he decided to acquiesce.

After all, the life of a police officer was no easy calling.

## Chapter 194

### C194 – Liar

Inside the police department's conference room, a group of officers sat with earnest expressions, a security camera positioned behind them. What an excellent learning opportunity this was! They had never encountered such formidable and sophisticated interrogation techniques before. A single viewing wasn't enough to grasp the concepts.

Mr. Su was swamped with work, and they felt it would be impolite to request a thorough explanation. Their only option was to record the session and study it at their own pace later on.

Su Ming cleared his throat gently before addressing the room. "Vicious criminals have formidable psychological defenses," he began, prompting nods from the officers, who diligently scribbled notes. Su Ming, witnessing their earnestness, was filled with a sense of guilt.

"Our goal is to penetrate these defenses," he continued. "I employ what's known as an indirect approach. By discussing matters unrelated to the case, we can catch them off guard. They'll be puzzled, wondering about the relevance of our questions. That's when their defenses start to crumble."

"And that's when you use this spray," Su Ming added, placing a canister on the podium. "It contains a special concoction I've developed that induces relaxation upon inhalation. Suspects, already on edge from intense questioning, will let down their guard as they relax, potentially leading them to reveal the truth. It sounds straightforward, but it requires practice."

Su Ming delivered his advice with a calm demeanor, knowing he couldn't disclose the full reality of the situation—not that anyone would believe him if he did.

"Captain Wu, I'll leave this spray with you. Once it's used up, you can get more from me—I have plenty," he offered.

"Thank you, Mr. Su!" Captain Wu exclaimed, his delight evident as he carefully took possession of the spray.

"Wu, you're not being careful enough. Hand it over to me," one officer interjected.

“Chen, this is the detective squad’s business. Stay out of it,” another countered.

“I outrank you!” the first retorted.

“But Mr. Su gave it to me!” Captain Wu protested, as the three began to bicker over the canister.

From the sidelines, Su Ming watched the exchange and blinked. Then, something occurred to him.

“Captain Wu, what happened to the mineral water bottles I had with me?” he inquired, but Captain Wu was initially too preoccupied to respond.

Suddenly, it hit him!

That concoction that looked deadly was, in fact, a miraculous potion with a mango flavor.

“They’re in my office!”

Captain Wu responded.

“Distribute a bit to each person.”

“Got it!”

Su Ming announced, “It’s getting late, I should head out.”

Three men, each over fifty, saw Su Ming off. Get latest *novel chapters* on [novelbjn\(.\)c/om](http://novelbjn(.)c/om)

“Wu, what’s this water Mr. Su mentioned?”

“It’s got to be something special. You better not keep it from me!”

No sooner had Su Ming departed than Minister Chen and Director-general Zhang clutched Captain Wu’s arm.

“If you don’t cough it up, I’ll spill the beans about your secret stash to your wife!”

Captain Wu’s face went ashen with fear. “Brothers, I’ll give it up. Is that okay?!”

There’s always something that reigns over another.

For Captain Wu, it was no different.

He and his wife had a deep bond, having grown up together.

Outside, Captain Wu was a formidable force, apprehending countless criminals.

But at home...

He earned the dubious honor of “Kneeler of the Year”!

Whenever the detective squad faced an urgent case, Captain Wu would hurry from home, and the team could spot the telltale creases on his knees.

After finally receiving a bonus, he squirreled away some cash on the side.

Should his wife discover it, he’d not only lose the money but also face the dreaded washing board.

Ten minutes later, all the officers in the conference room eyed the bottles of mineral water before them.

The liquid was an ominous blend of black, purple, green, and yellow, and it shimmered with a hint of red in the sunlight.

It screamed poison!

“Wu, you didn’t accidentally bring pesticide, did you?”

Director-general Zhang’s eyes widened in astonishment as he stared at Captain Wu.

“You’re showing your naivety!”

Captain Wu smirked.

Yet another clueless one!

Captain Wu had forgotten that just an hour earlier, at Su Ming’s place, he’d been just as ignorant. He was no better than Director-general Zhang.

Grabbing a disposable cup, Captain Wu uncapped a bottle of the mineral water and filled it. He lifted the cup, ready to drink.

“Captain Wu, don’t be suicidal!”

“Wu, I admit my mistake earlier. I won’t tell your wife about your secret funds, okay?”

Director-general Zhang quickly stepped in to intervene.



It looked suspiciously like poison, no matter which way he turned it over in his mind!

“???”

“Captain Wu has a stash of cash?”

“Well...”

The news spread like wildfire among the police officers.

This was huge!

Captain Wu had a secret fund!

Captain Wu had no illusions left.

This was bad!

Very bad!

His team was excellent at their work.

They were diligent, conscientious, and maintained the utmost confidentiality on sensitive cases!

But as for the everyday rumors...

They were quicker to spread those than anyone else!

It wouldn't take long for his wife to catch wind of this.

At that thought, Captain Wu suddenly felt his knee ache.

It must be an old injury acting up!

“Just look at how clueless you all are!”

Captain Wu scoffed.

What was there to fear about being found out?

I’ve never feared my wife...

If she dares to take action, then I’ll...

I’ll just set up a bed in my office and not return home for a few days.

Chapter 195

C195 – The Little White Mouse Came!

Amidst the astonished stares of those around him, Captain Wu downed his drink in one swift gulp.

“It’s just as tasty as ever, that mango flavor,” he remarked, nodding in approval.

The other officers were dumbfounded.

Was Captain Wu truly unharmed?

At that moment, a police officer who had been out on a case returned, ready to brief Captain Wu on his findings.

As he approached the conference room door, a scream pierced the air from within.

“I refuse to drink this!”

“Captain Wu, this is on me. There’s no need to poison me over it!”

“Somebody help me!”

The officer at the door froze, his curiosity getting the better of him. He slowly pushed the door open, and the room fell silent.

All eyes in the conference room turned to him.

In a panic, the officer at the door blurted out, “Wrong room.”

“Don’t let him get away! We’ve got a guinea pig!”

Came a booming voice.

“Help!”

Another scream echoed down the hallway, “I don’t want to drink this!”

As the individual swallowed the medicine, everyone instinctively backed away.

“That smells amazing—it’s mango-flavored!”

The officer at the door was taken aback, then suddenly sprang to his feet.

His exhaustion from the day's work vanished in an instant, replaced by a surge of vitality.

"My knee injury—it's healed!"

He ran in a circle around the door and even managed a jump, his fingers grazing the ceiling tiles.

"Captain Wu, I want some too!"

Chaos erupted in the room.

Director-general Zhang, Minister Chen, and Captain Wu were all caught off guard.

"Have they drunk all the medicine already?" Minister Chen wondered, blinking.

Director-general Zhang shared the concern.

Captain Wu offered a knowing smile, "There's more where that came from."

"Captain Wu says there's more in his office. Let's go!"

The officers made a beeline for the office as Captain Wu gave a sly wink.

He then pulled out a bottle from behind his back.

"I never said the medicine was in the office."

The officers discovered that the potion could heal old wounds, strengthen the body, and significantly enhance physical capabilities. Even the balding officers found themselves sprouting new hair!

From this day forward, criminals would have a much harder time.

They had Su Ming's spray, but it was too valuable to use carelessly.

Yet, Su Ming's warehouse was stocked with plenty of the spray.

Thanks to Su Ming's miraculous concoction, these officers had seen a tremendous boost in their physical fitness!

The criminals were on the verge of tears.

These cops just wouldn't tire.

After 24 hours on the job, they were still bursting with energy!

Su Ming was oblivious to the events at the police station. Even if he were aware, he'd likely just offer a slight smile.

He made it back as dusk was approaching.

Considering Su Ming had risen at noon, it was a timely return.

At home, President Chen and Wang Guohui were hard at work.

One was pulling weeds, the other watering, and together they fertilized the fields.

From the pathway, Su Ming could see the wheat thriving.

He was well aware, however, that this was merely a facade conjured by the System. In reality, both plots lay barren, awaiting his planting.

A smattering of fennel did dot the land.

But since the fennel was sparse and Su Ming had a fondness for it, there was no rush to clear it away.

“Mr. Su, welcome back!”

“Mr. Su!”

Upon spotting Su Ming, President Chen and Wang Guohui quickly approached.

“Mr. Su, take a look—I’ve tidied up this plot. Pretty clean, isn’t it?”

“Don’t hog the limelight in front of Mr. Su. I’ve done my share of cleaning here too, alright?”

“You’re lucky you didn’t wreck it!”

“How dare you accuse me?”

“I’m speaking the truth!”

Su Ming watched from the sidelines, sighing in resignation.

Their penchant for squabbling was relentless.

“Enough bickering.”

Su Ming was exasperated. “Anyway, Boss Wang, about that real estate inquiry I asked you to make—any updates?”

“Oh, right!”

Wang Guohui smacked his forehead, nearly having forgotten the task.

“Mr. Su, I’ve inquired about the buildings in the area. The majority of the owners aren’t looking to sell. No matter how generous your offer, they’re not interested in selling.”

Wang Guohui explained, “Naturally, they’re referring to a reasonable selling price range.”

“I get it.”

Su Ming nodded in understanding.

These owners clung to their properties, not for lack of lucrative offers. For instance, a property in the city center could fetch 10 billion.

An offer of 11 or 12 billion would be within normal fluctuations, and even 15 billion wouldn’t be out of the question.

The real estate industry is currently on an upward trend, which is especially true in the city center where property values are expected to climb even higher. Selling off all the land now could likely result in a loss. However, if Su Ming were to make an offer of 100 billion, the property owners would surely jump at the chance to sell, as it would guarantee them a profit. After all, the land in the city center, no matter how prime, could never fetch such an exorbitant price.

But this is all hypothetical; Su Ming doesn’t have that kind of money, and even if he did, he wouldn’t spend it so recklessly. His goal may be to acquire land to expand his planting operations, but he understands that trade is trade, and he must adhere to market principles.

“There is someone interested in selling their property, though,” Wang Guohui mentioned. “It’s the owner of the securities building up ahead. He’s currently out of town and won’t return for some time, but he’s keen on discussing the matter with you in person.”

“Alright,” Su Ming responded with a nod. With this information, he felt no need to rush.

Chapter 196

C196 – Glass Pearl Chicken

“Boss Wang, I appreciate your efforts.”

Su Ming gave Wang Guohui a friendly pat on the shoulder.

Wang Guohui was pleasantly surprised.

“Mr. Su, after all this time, there’s no need for formalities. Just call me Old Wang,” Wang Guohui urged.

“Sure thing.”

Su Ming nodded in agreement. “You two head on back.”

President Chen and Wang Guohui exchanged glances, acknowledging the day was indeed drawing to a close.

Besides, Su Ming was a young man who deserved his privacy.

Perhaps for a date with a girl.

Noticing their speculative looks, Su Ming realized they were pondering over his personal life again.

But he didn’t bother to clarify.



Naturally, Su Ming's primary reason for sending President Chen and Wang Guohui away was that it was time to tend to his farming.

After shutting the door behind them, Su Ming headed to the warehouse.

He eyed the seeds he had previously purchased, indecision gripping him.

What to plant was the tough choice before him.

He had already cultivated a variety of vegetables and fruits, even cacti and coconuts.

Despite giving it much thought, Su Ming remained torn.

Maybe he should just code a program to input all the plantable varieties?

That way, he could eliminate the crops he'd already grown and randomly select those he hadn't. It would save him from this agonizing decision-making process.

Eventually, Su Ming, at a loss, closed his eyes.

He resorted to a time-honored technique.

He would use a nursery rhyme to make his random selection.

As Su Ming uttered the final word, his finger came to a halt.

You're the one!

Opening his eyes, Su Ming peered in the direction his finger pointed.

Blueberries?

Not a bad choice at all.

The blueberry trend had been growing in recent years.

They were deliciously sweet and tart, packed with nutrients, and rumored to have anti-cancer and anti-aging benefits.

The increase in blueberry cultivation was evident; during his last visit home, Su Ming noticed that some strawberry greenhouses had been converted for blueberries.

He was somewhat familiar with the process of growing blueberries, which was intricate.

He would need to extract the tiny seeds from the berries, wash them clean, and remove any remaining pulp.

The soil for planting required just the right temperature and moisture levels, and even the water's pH balance had to be considered. Only with these conditions could the blueberries successfully germinate.

After the seedlings had matured, it was necessary for him to transplant the blueberries from their pots into the ground, ensuring regular watering and ventilation. The blueberries demanded strict control over daylight exposure, temperature, and humidity to yield the finest fruit.

Hence, the premium price of blueberries was justified.

Yet, Su Ming was well-equipped to tackle these challenges, thanks to the System.

His sole responsibility was simple: dig a hole, bury some soil, and then wait.

The tasks of fertilizing, watering, and weeding fell to President Chen and Wang Guohui.

Su Ming was free from any labor.

All he had to do was await the harvest.

Without further ado, Su Ming set to work planting the blueberries.

Tilling, digging, planting.

“Blueberries successfully planted! They will ripen in 72 hours!”

After Su Ming had watered and fertilized the blueberries himself, he heard the familiar prompt signaling a shortened ripening period and boosted yield.

The process unfolded seamlessly.

Now, Su Ming truly was a bona fide Farming Expert!

With his work done, Su Ming dusted off his hands and surveyed his two plots of land with a sense of pride.

But then, he paused to ponder.

He had recognized a pattern.

Any crop that could be cultivated in real life was fair game for the System.

Yet, each crop offered a different amount of experience.

Although the maturation times varied as if whimsically set by the System, there was a discernible rhythm to the experience gained.

Crops with lower planting densities yielded less experience but bore fruit that was more precious and valuable.

Conversely, crops with higher densities and more experience tended to produce fruit of lesser quality.

This made sense, as scarcity often dictates value.

Armed with ample funds and a trove of rare items, Su Ming's top priority was to level up quickly.

He was eager for new features.

After all, he was only at level 6—a mere novice in the gaming world.

Yet even as a beginner, he possessed an array of impressive capabilities.

The thought of the System's potential growth filled Su Ming with an irrepressible excitement.

With the System's boost, Su Ming's farmland was nothing short of extraordinary. The crops he cultivated had the potential to bear any kind of fruit imaginable. That's why Su Ming's top priority was leveling up—the higher his level, the more new features he would unlock. Su Ming was certain that the System's post-upgrade functions would astonish him beyond belief. After all, anything produced by the System was guaranteed to be top-notch!

This sense of anticipation made farming far from dull for Su Ming. Each day brought a bounty of harvests and a wealth of excitement. Then, something dawned on Su Ming, and he glanced at the clock. Two days had flown by—the Snow Chickens must be fully grown by now! He rushed to check on them.

As expected, the Snow Chickens in the coop had matured. Their feathers were sleek, and their bodies were impressively larger than typical Snow Chickens, with a dazzling array of colors shimmering across their plumage. They were clearly extraordinary. “How can they be so stunning?” Su Ming marveled, momentarily transfixed at the doorway.

He quickly entered the coop, where the Snow Chickens remained calm and didn’t scatter. Su Ming gently picked one up for a closer look. “Congratulations on acquiring the Glass Pearl Chicken. Its meat is succulent, tender, and bursting with nutrition—ideal for nourishing the body and balancing Yin and Yang. Perfect for middle-aged and elderly individuals, it can invigorate the muscles and circulation, slow the aging process, and fortify one’s vitality!” The System’s description left Su Ming in awe.

What a treasure! The Body-stretching Pill was known for bolstering muscle strength and treating ailments, a perfect fit for the younger, more robust crowd. Its effects were immediate and potent, albeit somewhat blunt. The Glass Pearl Chicken, however, was a different breed of remedy—a powerful tonic that worked subtly and slowly to rejuvenate the body, offering a milder yet more profound impact. It was particularly beneficial for seniors and complemented the Body-stretching Pill perfectly. And the best part? The Glass Pearl Chicken was incredibly tasty!

Su Ming couldn’t help but chuckle with delight. He pondered whether he should indulge in a taste. Having skipped dinner, Su Ming gazed at the chickens in the coop, his stomach growling with hunger.

Chapter 197

C197 – Too Delicious!

Without a word, Su Ming reached for a Glass Pearl Chicken and swiftly put it to rest. He set a pot of water to boil, methodically plucked the feathers, and removed the innards. Anyone who’s ever butchered a chicken knows this is usually the most tedious part. But, thanks to the System, this chicken was a breeze to clean. It was devoid of even the smallest down, including the thick calluses on its feet.

As Su Ming sliced open the belly, he discovered all the organs neatly encased in a thin membrane. With a tug, everything slid out, including the trachea. He marveled inwardly at the System’s efficiency, which must have been designed to let him savor the joys of farming and reaping the rewards. Otherwise, the System might as well have taken care of the gutting itself.

Growing up, Su Ming often assisted his parents with such tasks, making chicken butchery second nature to him. What might take others hours, he could accomplish in a mere twenty minutes—not due to his own speed, but the System’s prowess.

Su Ming chopped the chicken into pieces, washed them thoroughly, and submerged them in cold water. This time, he was craving the simple pleasure of authentic chicken soup. He lounged on the couch, phone in hand, as the soup simmered gently on a low flame.

Just as drowsiness began to overtake him, a System alert jolted him awake: “The chicken will reach peak flavor in five minutes!” Instantly alert, Su Ming was greeted by the rich aroma permeating the room. The scent was hearty yet not at all greasy, leaving him feeling refreshed and his stomach rumbling in anticipation.

Checking the time, he dashed to the kitchen, eyes fixed on the pot. As the five minutes elapsed, he promptly turned off the heat. Donning thick gloves, he carefully transferred the ceramic pot from the stove to the dining table. Lifting the lid, the room was engulfed in the savory scent.

My goodness! The soup’s fragrance was enhanced by a subtle sweetness, robust yet wonderfully light on the palate. Su Ming could no longer contain himself. Disregarding the heat of the pot, he grabbed a chicken leg with one hand, chopsticks in the other, and tore into it with gusto.

A large drumstick was yanked off with a forceful tug.

Su Ming took a bite and was instantly in heaven!

The chicken was incredibly tender and silky, exactly as the System had described—succulent and juicy.

Finishing the drumstick, Su Ming savored the lingering taste on his lips and teeth, an endless delight.

It was an indescribable pinnacle of flavor.

Perfection!

Su Ming feared he might never enjoy any other chicken again.

He devoured the meal with gusto.

Before long, he had polished off over half the chicken and downed two bowls of chicken soup.

Reclining on the couch, Su Ming opened his mouth and let out a contented burp.

The chicken soup had a surprising hint of fruit sweetness.

The fruit's sweetness didn't clash with the soup; it was a seamless, perfect blend.

Truly, the ultimate taste sensation!

In that moment, Su Ming had an epiphany.

The Glass Pearl Chicken might share some similarities with the Body-stretching Pill.

But the differences between them were vast.

The Glass Pearl Chicken was simply too delectable.

The Body-stretching Pill was like a bottle of water—flavorless.

Eating is a basic human survival skill.

Cuisine is the ultimate pursuit.

A delicacy like the Glass Pearl Chicken, even if devoid of any special effects, would likely cause a frenzy among gourmands.

Su Ming longed for another bite.

But he was stuffed to the brim.

Patting his belly, he let the leftovers cool, wrapped them in plastic, and stowed them in the fridge, planning to indulge again tomorrow!

Full and satisfied, Su Ming prepared for bed.

Soon, he drifted off to sleep, a nagging feeling that he'd forgotten something lingering in his mind.

But the thought was fleeting, and he was quickly sound asleep.

The next morning, Su Ming awoke.

He brushed his teeth, washed his face, and used the restroom. Then, he warmed up the leftover chicken soup.

He finished the bowl with relish—it was just too good.

Sitting back, a sudden realization struck him—the chicken could lay eggs.

Su Ming sprang to his feet and hurried to the coop.

Inside, he found a clutch of golden eggs nestled in a corner.

Surely, these couldn't be ordinary eggs, could they?

Su Ming blinked in surprise.



Ordinary eggs were typically red or white, but he had never encountered a golden egg before.

With a surge of excitement, Su Ming approached.

He picked up an egg and gave it a shake, yet nothing happened.

Deciding against opening it there, Su Ming carried the egg back inside the house. He fetched a bowl and cracked the egg open.

Out tumbled a small item.

What was this?

He snatched it up and examined it closely.

A seasoning packet!

“Congratulations, you’ve obtained the Glass Pearl Chicken cooking seasoning packet. This exclusive seasoning is designed to enhance the flavor of the Glass Pearl Chicken to its ultimate potential.”

Su Ming was astounded.

The System had actually provided him with these seasonings.

It looked like the chickens’ destiny to be eaten was inescapable.

Even without any added seasonings, the chicken dishes were already delectable. With the addition of the System’s exclusive seasoning packet, Su Ming could only imagine how much more delicious they would become.

He had already consumed one chicken and taken an egg, but why hadn't the System prompted him about gaining experience?

Was the breeding zone different from the plantation area?

Ultimately, he chose not to dwell on it, trusting that the System wouldn't deceive him.

Su Ming's spirits were high.

As he was about to prepare another chicken, his phone abruptly rang.

Setting the knife aside, he went to the living room and inspected the caller ID.

It was the construction team leader.

It looked like his parents' villa was finally ready.

"Mr. Su."

The moment he answered, the construction boss greeted him warmly, "We've completed the construction of your parents' villa."

"How much do I owe you for your efforts?" Su Ming inquired.

"Mr. Su, it's our duty," the boss replied.

Su Ming responded calmly, "I intend to honor my promises." *Read latest chapters at [novelbin\(.\)co/m](http://novelbin(.)co/m)*

He remembered a previous warning from his superior never to contradict Mr. Su.

“Very well, Mr. Su, I’ll send the invoice to you shortly.”

“Fine,” Su Ming acknowledged with a nod.

After ending the call, he reflected on the completion of his parents’ villa. He decided it was the perfect time for a visit.

He could take some Glass Pearl Chickens for his parents to taste.

And as for the blueberries, they still needed plenty of time to mature, so there was no rush.

He began to gather his belongings, preparing to head home.

## Chapter 198

### C198 – Go Home!

Su Ming casually picked up a plastic bag and headed down to the basement. He packed it with some Body-stretching Pills, a bottle of coconut juice, and a few Truth Pills. Then, he made his way to the breeding zone and scattered some feed. He caught a total of five chickens and grabbed a selection of spices for stewing them. In the garage, he chose a car at random, called President Chen to ensure the daily feeding of the breeding zone was taken care of, and then drove straight home.

Arriving back home, Su Ming’s spirits were high. After a three-hour drive, he was greeted by the lively atmosphere of the house. The villa he had built for his parents, designed by a professional, was a rare sight in the village and had piqued the curiosity of many.

“Son!” Su Tao’s face brightened as he spotted Su Ming at the door. “Why didn’t you give me a heads-up about your return?”

Su Tao approached quickly. “Dad, I wanted to surprise you,” Su Ming said, scratching his head with a grin.

"It's great to have you back," Su Tao replied, then turned and called out loudly.

Lee Sumei, who was chatting with neighbors in the yard, heard her husband and caught sight of Su Ming, her face breaking into a smile. "You're back!"

"Mom, Dad, I've brought you some nice things this time."

"You and your spending. Do you have a girlfriend yet? We're eager for grandchildren!" Su Tao and Lee Sumei exchanged glances and resumed their daily nudging for marriage.

Su Ming could only sigh at their persistence. These things couldn't be hurried; they were a matter of destiny. He decided to wait a bit longer...

"Your son's home."

"Su's looking more handsome by the day."

"Does Su have someone special?"

"My niece just finished university and landed a job at a state-owned company," the aunties chimed in as they gathered around Su Ming.

Su Ming blinked, then spoke up. "Alright, alright."

The village chief intervened, "Su's back, and the family surely has plenty to catch up on. Let's not crowd around and give them some space."

Lee Sumei took mental note of the villagers' comments as they started to disperse. Su Ming drove into the courtyard and closed the gate behind him.

He popped the trunk open.

“What’s this?”

The couple peered inside.

But what breed of chicken was this?

They had never laid eyes on it before!

“Dad, Mom, this is a new breed of chicken, and it’s delicious,” Su Ming explained cheerfully.

“Son, genetically modified foods aren’t good for your health!” Lee Sumei said, her brow furrowed.

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

“Don’t worry, Mom,” he reassured her. “This has nothing to do with genetic modification.”

Carrying the cage, Su Ming walked over to the chicken coop his parents had insisted on building.

A chicken coop, a pigsty, and two untouched plots of land were part of the setup.

Though Su Ming’s parents were country folks now living in a villa, they couldn’t shake the need to grow and raise their own food.

Su Ming settled the chicken into the coop.

“System notification: The Glass Pearl Chicken, when raised outside the breeding zone, will grow at the same rate as regular chickens. The flavor will remain exceptional, and it can be fed with standard feed! However, it cannot reproduce!”

Hearing the system beep, Su Ming breathed a sigh of relief. Truth be told, he had been a bit anxious.

He had been concerned that the Glass Pearl Chicken might only thrive within a breeding zone.

Thankfully, the system's prompt put his mind at ease.

"Mom, Dad, haven't you eaten yet? Let's prepare one of these chickens for dinner!" Su Ming suggested enthusiastically.

"Sure!"

Lee Sumei and Su Tao adored their son.

Back when Su Ming was little, they would always save the tastiest morsels for him whenever they prepared chicken.

Now, even though Su Ming was all grown up, Lee Sumei and Su Tao's affection for him hadn't waned.

The couple expertly boiled a pot of water and dispatched two chickens.

Lee Sumei, holding a basin of boiling water, poured it over the chicken and froze.

She had never encountered this breed before.

The feathers came off with just a quick scald.

Lee Sumei and Su Tao exchanged a glance.

Had chickens become this advanced?

They felt out of step with the times.

Despite their astonishment, Lee Sumei and Su Tao kept their thoughts to themselves. They processed the two chickens and placed them in the pot, ready to cook.

Su Ming pulled out two packets of spices from his pocket.

“Son!”

Lee Sumei rushed to intervene: “Don’t just throw in any seasonings. Chicken should be savored in its natural state. Adding spices will alter its flavor.”

“Don’t worry, Mom and Dad!”

Su Ming gave a knowing smile. “These aren’t ordinary spices; they’re Chinese medicinal herbs. They’re meant to nourish the body—only good can come from them, no harm.”

Lee Sumei and Su Tao had an epiphany and refrained from stopping Su Ming any further.

Indeed!

Traditional Chinese Medicine (TCM) was the perfect justification. Su Ming knew that no other explanation would have convinced Lee Sumei and Su Tao.

Su Ming added the herbs and secured the pot lid.

Once the firewood was lit, a rich aroma soon permeated the air.

Although Lee Sumei and Su Tao's villa was equipped with a gas stove, they knew that the flavor imparted by gas cooking just couldn't compare to that of firewood.

That's why they had the construction crew build a traditional stove in the yard.

On fair weather days, Lee Sumei and Su Tao preferred the outdoor stove, but they'd resort to the indoor gas during inclement weather.

For a dish like chicken soup, a slow simmer over firewood was essential.

That was the secret to coaxing out the chicken's rich essence!

Chapter 199

C199 – Troubles!!!

"Wow, that smells amazing!"

Before long, the delicious aroma from the pot wafted throughout the room.

Lee Sumei and Su Tao couldn't resist standing by the pot to inhale the scent deeply.

"Son, where did you get this chicken?" Su Tao asked, looking at his son with a puzzled expression.

They had enjoyed fragrant chicken before, but none compared to this one!

The air was not only filled with the aroma of chicken but also carried a sweet fruitiness.

Flavors that seemed unrelated were perfectly fused together.

"It was a gift from a friend," Su Ming replied with a smile.



“Does your friend have more? I’m thinking of raising some...” Su Tao’s eyes sparkled with excitement.

What a fantastic business opportunity.

“Dad!” Su Ming said with a helpless grin, “These chickens are very rare and breeding them is quite challenging. Adult chickens are easy enough to keep, but the chicks require very specific conditions. We just can’t raise them at home right now.”

Su Tao let out a sigh.

“Oh, by the way, what happened to the construction crew?” Su Ming suddenly asked.

Su Tao chuckled, “They left after finishing the villa. I wanted to invite them for a meal, but they wouldn’t stay.”

Su Ming nodded in understanding.

He appreciated the dedication the construction crew had shown in building the villa.

They clearly didn’t want to impose on Su Tao’s life.

Su Ming took note of their thoughtful gesture.

The chicken soup, slow-cooked over firewood, was truly exceptional.

He had even added a special blend of seasonings.

The flavor was even more tantalizing than the batch Su Ming had prepared the night before!

Since the chicken was so tender, the meat was of excellent quality and didn't need much time to cook—just 40 minutes.

“Come on, give it a try!”

As the lid was lifted, the rich aroma intensified, and Su Tao couldn't wait any longer.

“Let your son have the first taste!”

Lee Sumei playfully scolded her husband, yet her eyes twinkled with mirth.

She was eager to try it herself!

“No worries, Mom, let Dad have the first taste,” Su Ming said with a smile. “I've already had some.”

The couple each ladled a generous bowl of chicken soup, complete with several succulent pieces of meat.

“This is incredibly delicious!”

“Who knew chicken could taste this good?”

Su Ming also snagged a slice of meat.

The flavor was even more exquisite than the night before!

The seasoning packets from the System really were something special!

The trio sat around the pot, savoring their chicken soup, as contentment gently wafted through the courtyard, a testament to their shared joy.

With bellies full, Su Ming pitched in to help his parents tidy up.

Su Tao, patting his full stomach, headed upstairs to catch some Z's.

Lee Sumei was settling in for some TV when a knock interrupted her plans.

"Old Lee, are you done with dinner?"

At the door stood a middle-aged woman in her forties, her face adorned with a welcoming smile, an apron tied around her waist.

"I've just finished. Please, come in and make yourself comfortable."

Their neighbor, the woman, lived just down the street.

"Your villa is absolutely stunning!"

"Old Lee, you're so lucky to have such an outstanding son. If my boy had even a fraction of your son's talent, I'd wake up grinning from my dreams!"

Wang Yue'e wandered through the house, her eyes sweeping over the immaculate hall. The floors and windows shone, crafted from the finest materials, a stark contrast to the more modest wares in the rest of the village.

"I'll get some fruit ready!"

Lee Sumei escorted Wang Yue'e inside, guiding her to the plush sofa.

Confronted with the lavish couch, Wang Yue'e hesitated. "Old Lee, do you have a stool? I wouldn't want to soil your sofa..."

"Old Wang, what are you implying? We've known each other since we were kids. Don't make me upset with talk like that."

Lee Sumei feigned indignation.

"Okay, okay!"

Wang Yue'e reluctantly seated herself at the edge of the sofa, rigid and cautious, afraid to make a wrong move.

In the adjacent bedroom, Su Ming was engrossed in a video game. Catching sight of Wang Yue'e, his heart skipped a beat.

She was surely here to set him up on a blind date.

Lee Sumei prepared a selection of fruits, placing them neatly on the coffee table.

"Old Lee, I'll be straight with you."

Wang Yue'e chuckled, producing a photograph from her pocket. "This is my eldest niece, a couple of years younger than your son. She's a graduate of a prestigious university and currently employed at a state-owned company. Plus, she's thrifty, a good homemaker, and deeply respectful to her elders."

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

His mom would surely give her approval!

"This young lady is quite striking."

Clearly pleased, Lee Sumei smiled broadly as she took the photo.

But when it came to his mother, Su Ming felt utterly powerless!

What was he to do?

Aha!

A spark of ingenuity struck Su Ming, and a mischievous grin spread across his face.

Chapter 200

C200 – Concealment

Su Ming swiftly made his way to his bed, pulled out a spray bottle from his backpack, and retrieved an Invincible Truth Pill.

He was about to stand and head out when he paused.

“The System has detected a unique circumstance regarding the host’s use of the medication. Would you like to specify a target?”

The sudden prompt in his mind caught Su Ming off guard.

He was concerned.

He didn’t want to risk harming his mother.

The System had instantly picked up on his intentions.

Still...

“Focus on the guest!”

“The Truth Pill has been modified to affect only the guest!”

With a grin, Su Ming opened the door and stepped out.

“Su, you’re home!”

Wang Yue’e’s face brightened at the sight of Su Ming.

She was on good terms with Lee Sumei, which was the only reason she’d been allowed inside.

“Auntie Wang, welcome!”

Su Ming greeted her cheerfully, “Auntie Wang, you and Mom go ahead and chat. The air’s a bit dry; I’m going to mist it a little.”

He took out the spray and misted the air.

“The house isn’t dry, though...”

Lee Sumei blinked, puzzled.

“Come take a look, too. This is Aunt Wang’s niece. Isn’t she beautiful?”

Lee Sumei showed Su Ming the photo.

He blinked in surprise.

After a quick scan and comparison, he realized the girl in the photo wasn't nearly as pretty as portrayed.

Beauty and ugliness are determined by nature, and genetics are beyond anyone's control.

But deception is another matter.

And what was the point of such a lie?

"Auntie Wang, what does your niece do?"

"She just lies around at home, unwilling to work, always on her phone. Her parents are beside themselves with worry."

Auntie Wang blurted out the truth.

Silence fell in an instant.

Lee Sumei was taken aback.

What was happening?

"I..."

Wang Yue'e was equally bewildered.

Why had she spoken the truth?

“Auntie Wang, how old is your niece now?”

“She’s only 28.”

Wang Yue’e was on the verge of swearing!

Why had she told the truth yet again?

Lee Sumei’s expression soured.

Was Wang Yue’e trying to deceive her son?

“Aunt Wang, is this really what your niece looks like?”

“No, my niece is over 200 pounds and covered in acne.”

Wang Yue’e stood up in a rush. “I need to get home...”

With that, Wang Yue’e made a hasty exit.

“You better not show your face around me again!”

Lee Sumei was seething with anger.

As Wang Yue’e stepped outside,

She glanced back, then down at herself.

Why on earth had she blurted out the truth?



Could Old Su's son possess some special power?

That seemed far-fetched!

Wang Yue'e, in a state of panic, hurried home.

"Mom, please, don't be upset. Trust my judgment," Su Ming said, trying to soothe Lee Sumei.

Out of the blue, someone inquired, "Is Old Lee in?"

"Old Lee, your son's no spring chicken, and my granddaughter's about his age. Have you thought about pairing them up?"

"My granddaughter's got a bank job, pulling in over 8,000 yuan a month. Plus, she's just bought her own place."

"Grandma Zhang, welcome! What's your granddaughter up to these days?"

"She's over at Old Wang's in the next village, playing mahjong."

"I thought she worked at the bank?"

"She was a sales clerk at a small business affiliated with the bank but got the sack last month for underperforming."

"And her monthly earnings?"

"2,500 yuan. She's quite the spender, and her dad has to top her up with another 2,000 yuan each month."

Everyone was taken aback by this revelation.

Grandma Zhang blinked, puzzled at her own candor.

Later that afternoon, a handful of visitors stopped by.

One seemed promising, so Lee Sumei kept her photo.

Word quickly spread through the village:

The Su family's son had an extraordinary gift.

Those seeking a marriage alliance with the Su's couldn't tell a lie.

Lee Sumei was initially pleased, but once the visitors had left, her mood soured.

Why did they feel the need to be dishonest?

"Mom, don't let it get to you. It's pretty standard for people to talk up their kids during matchmaking."

"But if they lie, they're bound to get caught out."

"Mom, it's just the way things are."

Lee Sumei felt resigned.

"Tomorrow's Old Master Liu's centennial birthday. Let's go celebrate with him."

“Alright,” Su Ming nodded in agreement.

He wasn’t rushed to return, preferring instead to spend additional time with his parents at home. With President Chen and Wang Guohui keeping an eye on the downtown property, he felt completely at ease.

Furthermore, Su Ming had a strong hunch that he would come away from this with something valuable. Yet, he couldn’t pinpoint the reason behind this intuition. He suspected it might just be his sixth sense at play.