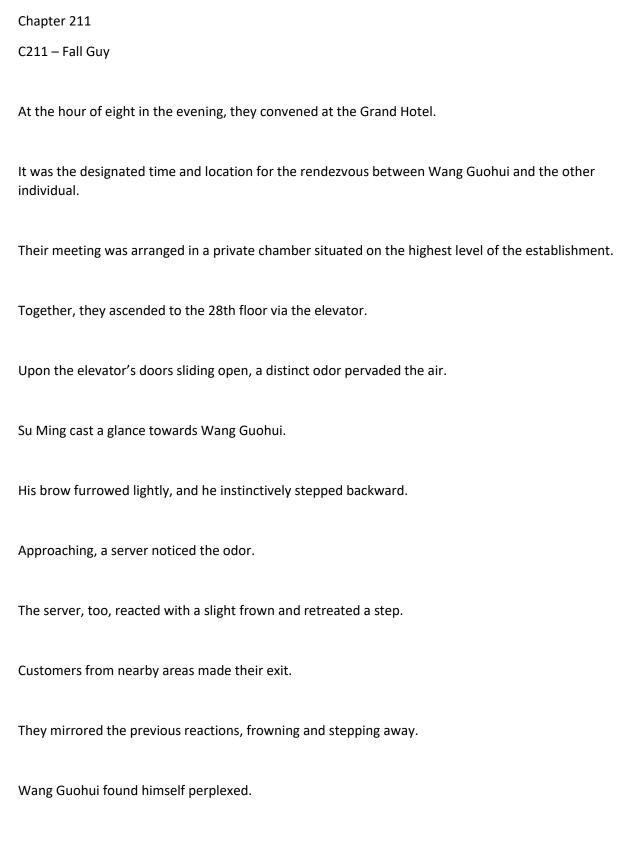
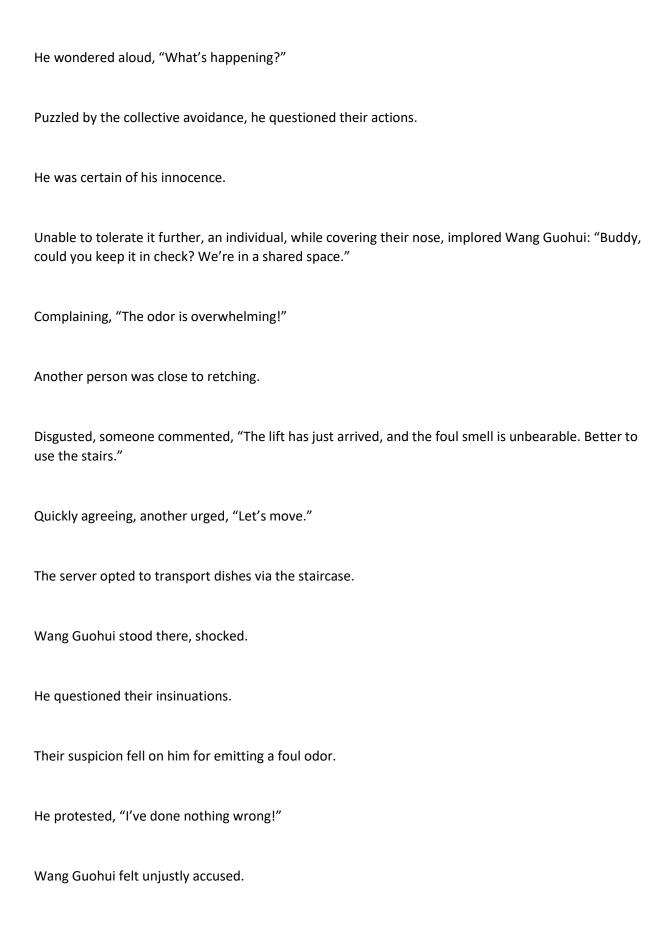
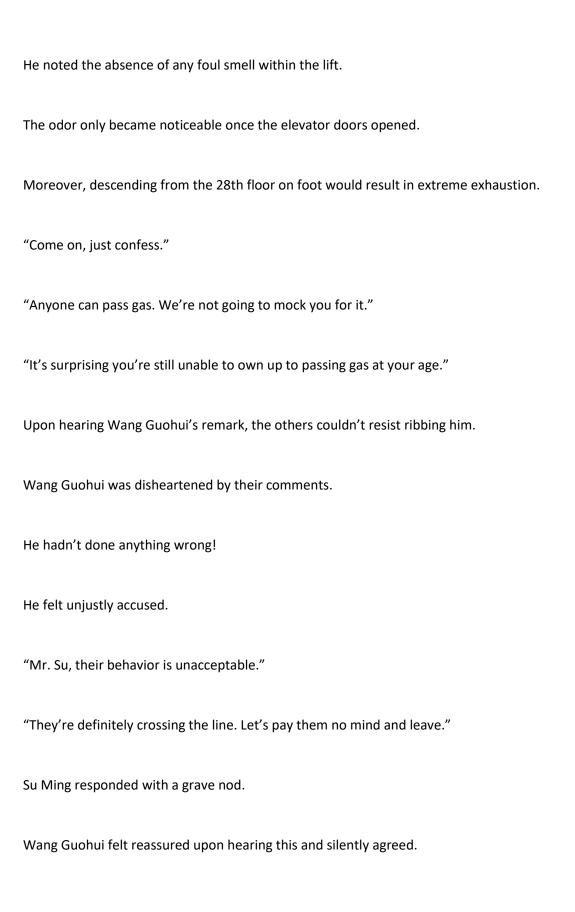
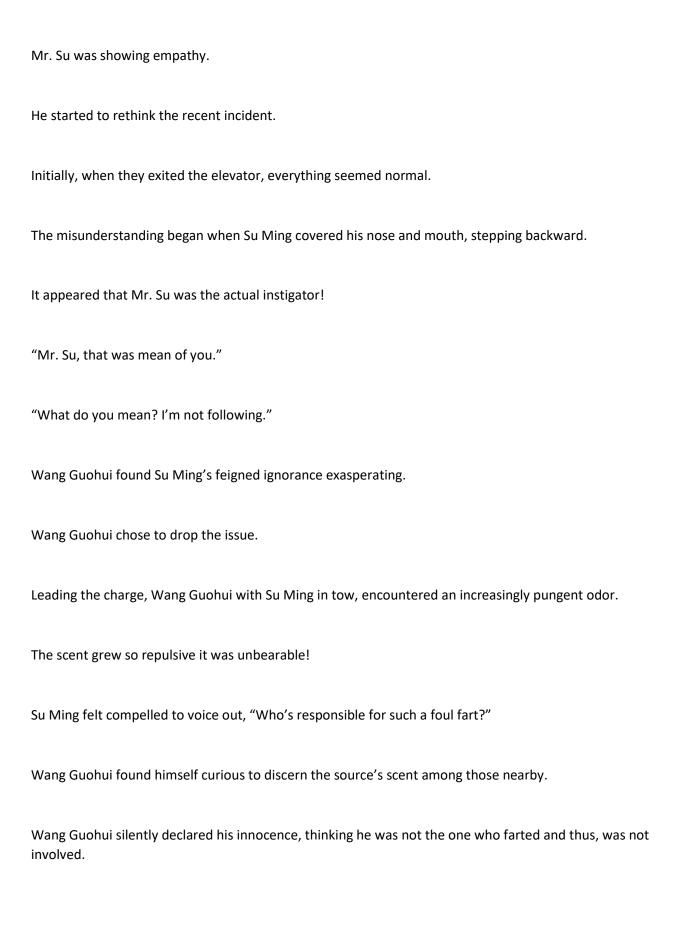
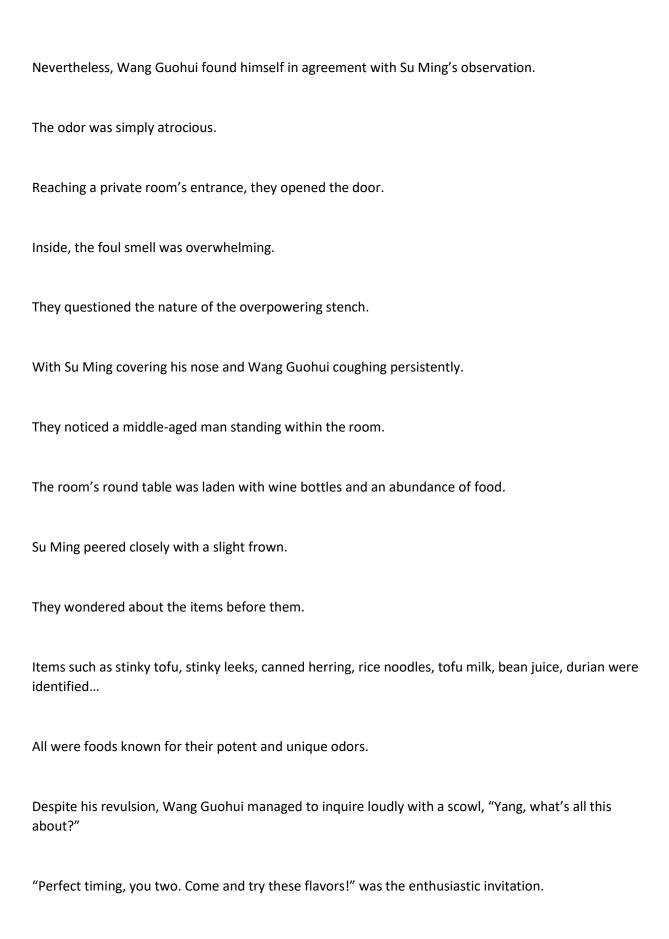
The Billion 211













He lamented, considering, "Perhaps some spices will help?"
"Enough, Yang. I'm here to discuss a real estate purchase with you today. Can we relocate to discuss this?"
Wang Guohui reached his limit.
Should Yang persist, Wang was prepared to eject him from the upper floor.
"Fine."
After a brief pause of surprise, Yang glanced at the spices with a hint of reluctance and then escorted Wang Guohui to a secluded room nearby.
The foul smell was considerably less intense there.
"Yang, this is Mr. Su, whom I mentioned earlier. Mr. Su, meet Yang."
Wang Guohui was introduced.
Suddenly, Yang interjected.
"I've decided not to sell."
Upon hearing this, Wang Guohui showed signs of displeasure, remarking, "Yang, that's not what you indicated earlier."
"My decision has changed."

Wang Guohui commented, "That's quite a swift change of heart!"
"It's my property, so the decision to sell is mine to make."
"Do the odors have you feeling lightheaded?"
"While it may have an unpleasant smell, it actually tastes quite good. Would you be interested in trying it?"
"Leave me alone!"
Wang Guohui, holding his nose, kept his distance.
Observing the exchange, Su Ming found himself at a loss for words.
He cleared his throat and advanced towards Yang.
However, he soon discreetly stepped back.
A foul smell lingered around Yang.
"Mr. Yang, my interest in purchasing your property is genuine. Let's talk about the price."
"Mr. Su, it's not that I'm unwilling to sell to you."
With a sigh of resignation, Yang Zhiqiang explained, "My plan was to relocate the headquarters to my hometown as a way of giving back. However, due to a recent unsuccessful partnership, I've been left with no other choice."
"You entered into negotiations with that disreputable person?"

Wang Guohui quickly understood the situation.
"Indeed."
Yang Zhiqiang confirmed with a nod.
"Creating so much foul-smelling food because you dared to engage in business with him? That's admirable!"
Wang Guohui expressed his admiration with a thumbs-up gesture.
Chapter 212
C212 – It Stinks too Much
It was uncommon for him to encounter someone Wang Guohui referred to as an old pervert.
The question arose: who could this person be?
Noticing Su Ming's confused look, Wang Guohui quickly offered clarification.
"Wang Guohui pointed out, "Perhaps Mr. Su isn't aware."
"In Eastsea, there's a renowned culinary expert who also oversees the region's food and beverage sector."
"This individual embarked on culinary explorations from a young age, sampling global delicacies and resurrecting numerous ancient recipes that had vanished over time."
"Any significant restaurant in Eastsea would invariably extend an invitation to this venerable chef to critique their dishes."

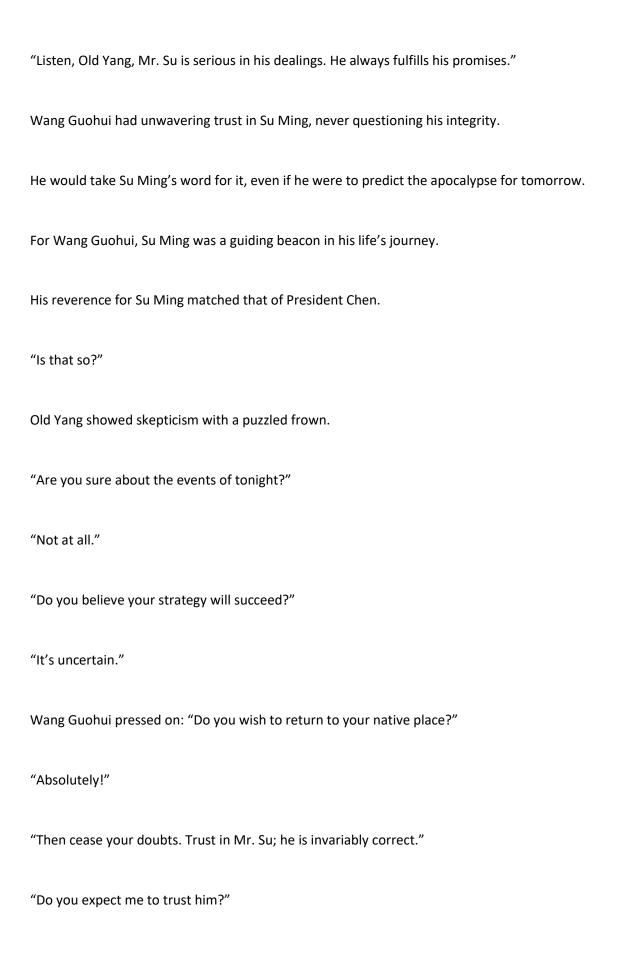
"Initially, his reviews were highly regarded. However, his taste preferences have recently become erratic, alongside a noticeable decline in his taste perception and an increasingly odd disposition."
"Considering his lifetime of experiencing exquisite flavors, only to face a deterioration in his taste senses, it's somewhat relatable."
"This situation understandably disheartened him."
Su Ming, upon hearing Wang Guohui's explanation, acknowledged it with a nod.
This shed light on why Old Yang had opted for such peculiarly scented dishes.
Feeling resigned, he expressed, "I'm left with no alternatives."
Upon hearing the discussion, Old Yang let out a sigh of resignation.
"Old Wang, I've always honored my commitments," he stated firmly.
"He had previously agreed to sell me his local eateries."
"Now, at an advanced age with my offspring independently established, I'm drawn back to my roots without concerns for their well-being."
"Yet, this morning, he informed me of his plans to dine at my place tonight."
Following this revelation, Old Yang could only shake his head in dismay.
"He's planning a visit to your home for dinner?"

Wang Guohui, upon hearing this, displayed visible frustration and concern, continuously sighing and shaking his head: "This situation spells trouble for us."
"Is it merely about hosting him for a meal?"
This inquiry piqued Su Ming's interest.
"Mr. Su, this issue is far from straightforward."
"Our agreement hinges on his dining experience; his approval means a sealed deal, but his disapproval signifies its failure."
Wang Guohui felt compelled to elaborate further.
This explanation led to Su Ming's slight furrowing of his brow.
The occurrence was beyond his expectations.
The elder seemed quite peculiar.
Yet, upon reflection, it appeared to be a natural development.
Losing his taste suddenly was a significant shift for someone with extensive experience in the culinary sector.
Thus, a change in his demeanor was understandable.
Under normal circumstances, he would not be concerned if it didn't involve Su Ming.
But in this case, it affected his own interests.

Clearly, Old Yang was still interested in offering him the property in the downtown area.
Subsequently, he went back to his place of origin.
Su Ming, on his part, was keen on purchasing the property.
His aim was to broaden his estate.
The crux of the matter rested on this enigmatic elderly chef.
Such a scenario might pose a challenge for someone else.
Fortunately, it was Su Ming who encountered it.
Should Old Yang have reservations about selling the property for different reasons, it could complicate matters.
The transaction depended on mutual consent.
Compelling someone was out of the question.
However, it serendipitously involved him.
Within the collection of remedies he had acquired was one capable of addressing this specific condition.
Additionally, his repertoire included an array of exquisite dishes.
Without going into further details, the mere mention of Guineafowl and Fruit Pig was bound to astonish.



"That's stinky food," declared Wang Yao, remarking on its formidable potency. Stinky food, as Wang Yao pointed out, possesses a significant level of potency. Su Ming blinked, his nose twitching at the scent. He then retreated a couple of steps to stand next to Wang Guohui, drawing in the fresh air from the window. Despite being a newly occupied room and Yang carrying nothing on his person, the stench clinging to him was unbearable. "Allow me to take charge of preparing tonight's meal." After a moment's thought, Su Ming expressed his confidence in persuading him but requested the prior removal of the odorous items. Their stench was simply intolerable. The foul odor drove everyone away from this level. "Please, Mr. Su, this is no time for humor." However, Yang remained skeptical of Su Ming's assertions. He couldn't afford to let go of the chance that presented itself tonight; it was crucial for him. The elder had mentioned that the odor didn't matter as long as his expectations were met.



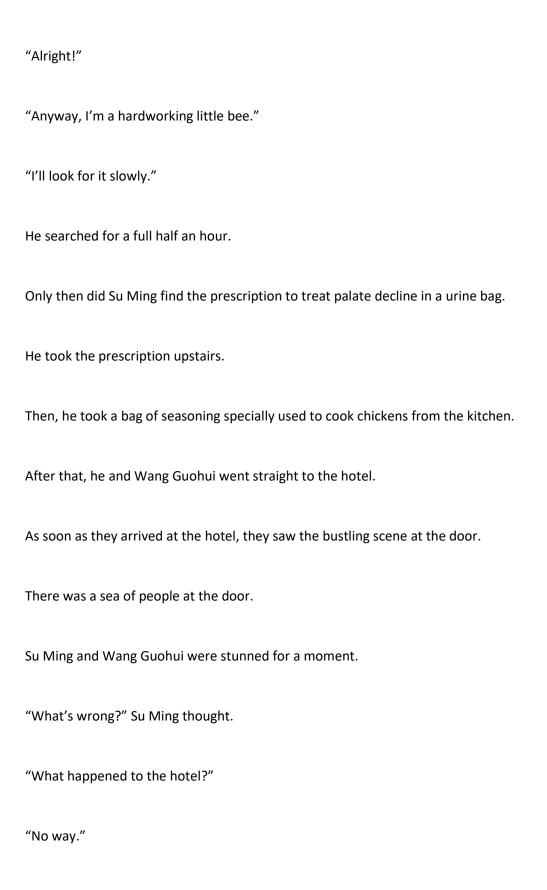
This matter was far from a mere jest.
Dealing with that elderly individual proved to be quite challenging.
What other reason could there be for him to be labeled as such a troublesome figure?
After pondering briefly, Su Ming suggested, "Let's organize those items first. I'll prepare some food for you to try. If you believe there's potential, we can keep attempting. If not, you'll have to decide on your own."
Upon hearing this proposal, Old Yang thought it was a logical approach.
Truthfully, he was somewhat skeptical about the success of this endeavor. However, given that Su Ming offered assistance in an acceptable manner, he saw no reason to decline.
"Understood."
With a nod, Old Yang expressed his agreement.
"Time to discard those containers!"
Wang Guohui exclaimed with emphasis.
"Understood!"
Chapter 213
C213 – Call the Police
Old Yang went back to pack.

Su Ming and Wang Guohui returned to the city center. As soon as they got out of the car, the two of them ran straight to the chicken house. "Mr. Su, I've always wanted to ask you what breed of chicken this is. It's so beautiful." Wang Guohui looked at the chicken in the chicken house. The seven-colored feathers were really beautiful. Under the sunlight, it sparkled brilliantly. This chicken looked delicious. What kind of identity did it have? It was the big boss of the Trade Company. In its life, it had eaten and seen many things. He had eaten and seen all kinds of things in the sky, on the ground, and in the water. He had eaten all kinds of things that could and could not be eaten. But he had never seen anything like this. "I took it from home. I don't know its name," Wang Yao said. Su Ming found a random excuse to stall Wang Guohui. These words were casually said by Su Ming, but when Wang Guohui heard it, he was stunned.



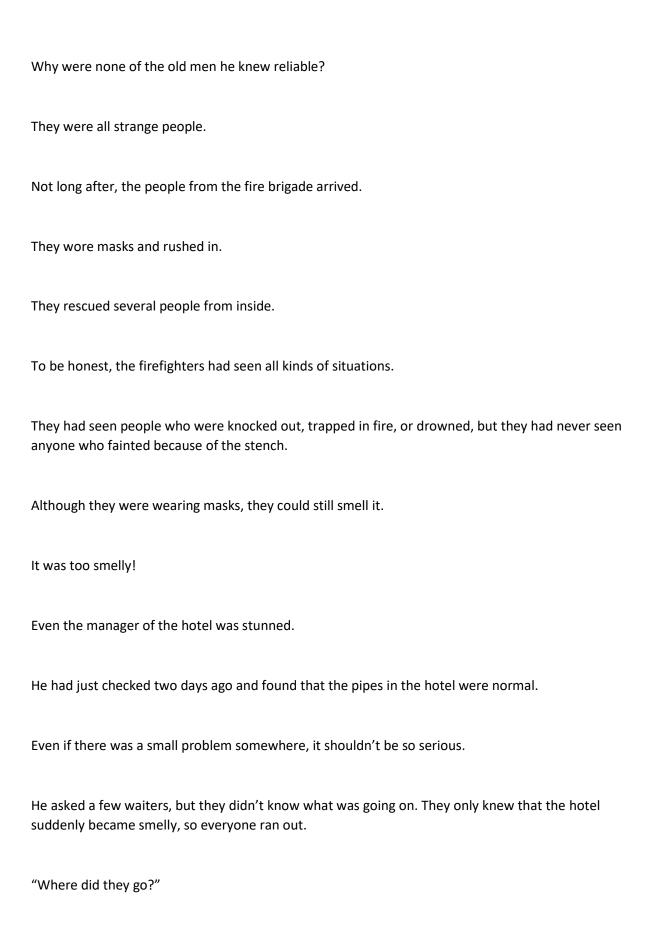


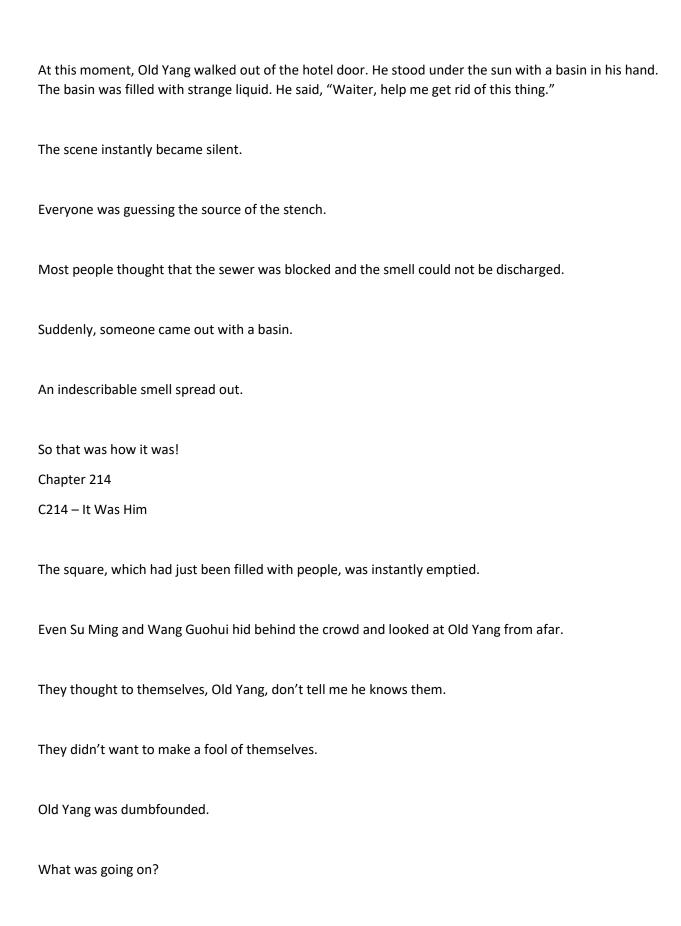
He thought: "This pork can be said to be the most ordinary meat."
"I don't even eat this anymore, let alone that old freak."
Su Ming said, "I have my own plans."
Su Ming smiled mysteriously. "Arrange for the people from the slaughterhouse to come over and drag the pigs away. Clean them up and send them over to me."
Hearing Su Ming's words, Wang Guohui did not stop him.
He could only nod his head.
Then, Wang Guohui went to arrange for people.
Su Ming entered the villa and came to the basement.
He walked into the warehouse and opened his urine bag.
He saw so many prescriptions.
Su Ming immediately felt vexed.
He thought: "How long will it take to find them?"
"There are too many prescriptions, it won't be easy for me to find it."
"It's definitely not good to have fewer things, but it's also troublesome to have too many things."





But if there was a fire, the fire brigade would have arrived long ago.
At that moment, a person covered his mouth and nose as he rushed out.
"The hotel's sewer is blocked!"
"The sewer is blocked?"
"Quick, tell me what's going on."
"Which floor's sewer is blocked? My wallet is still in the room."
"Are you okay?"
Seeing him rush out, the people around him surrounded him.
This group of people didn't understand what was going on, but Su Ming and Wang Guohui seemed to understand something.
The two of them looked at each other, and a bad feeling flashed across their hearts.
Could it be that Old Yang did this?
They asked Old Yang to clean up the things. Could it be that Old Yang poured those things into the toilet?
Su Ming really wanted to ridicule him.

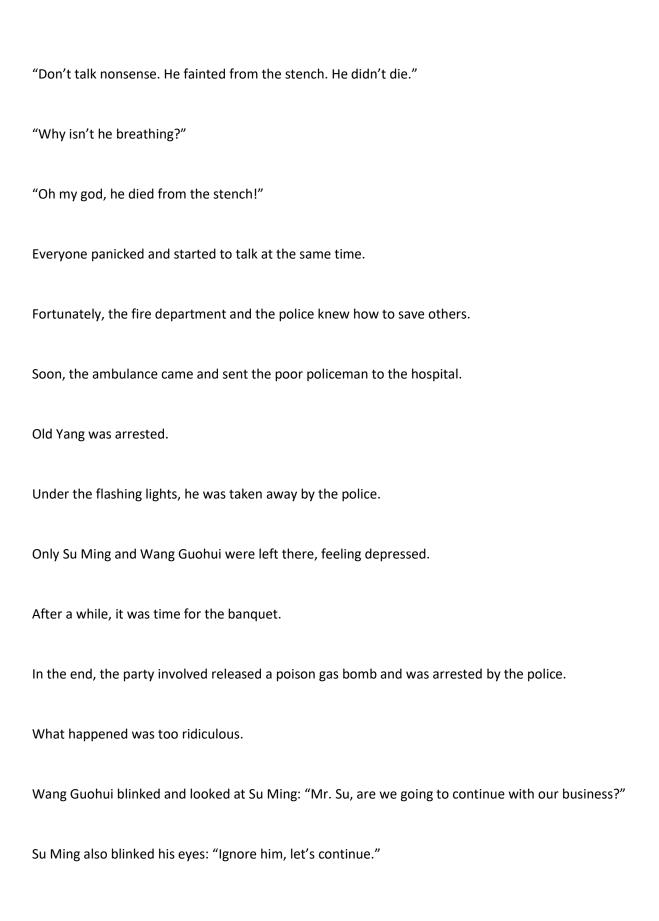


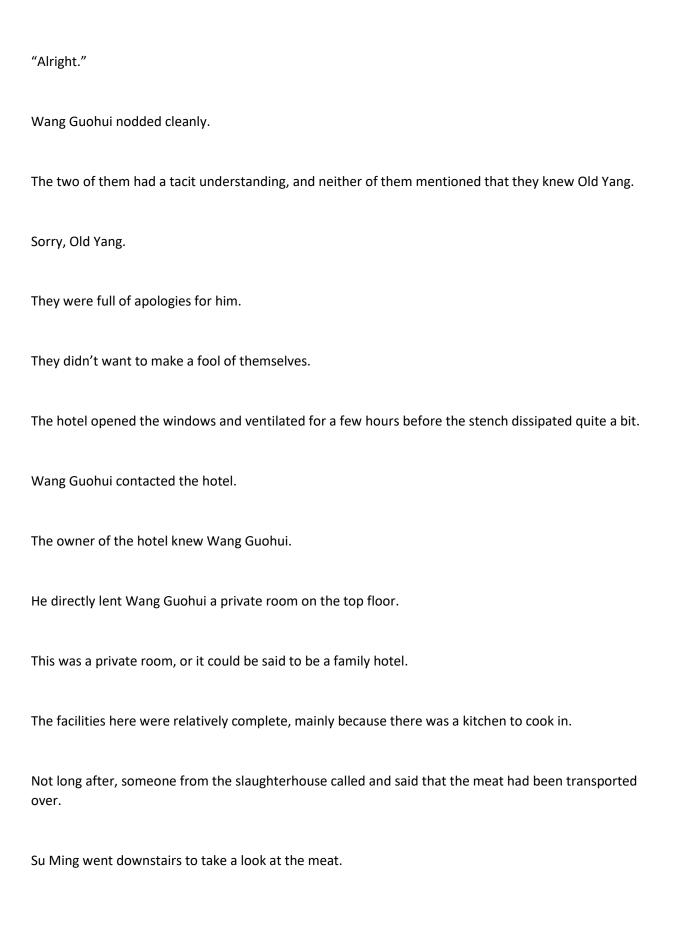


He v	wasn't a bad person, so why were the others staying away from him?
"Put	t the bowl on the ground and don't move!"
"We	e received a report that someone placed a biochemical bomb here!"
"Thi	s place is too smelly!"
Ever	n the police had arrived.
To b	be honest, when the police first received the call, they did not believe the report.
In to	oday's era, how could there be a biochemical bomb?
Whe	en they arrived at the scene, they were shocked.
Wha	at the reporter said was true!
This	place was too smelly!
Old	Yang had always been confused.
Не с	didn't do anything.
He j	ust put some rice noodles, some stinky tofu, and some stewed bracken into the bowl.
Не а	also put some canned herring into the bowl.

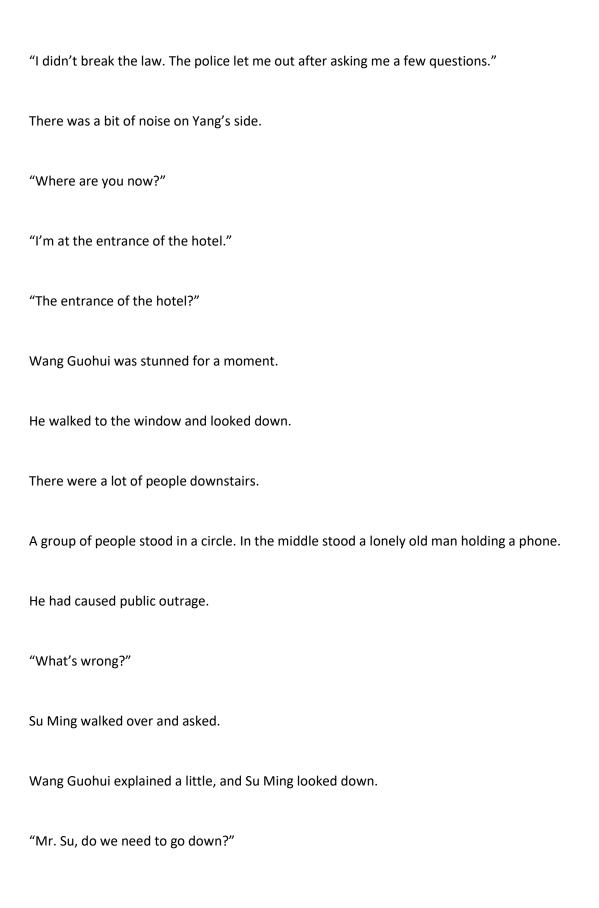






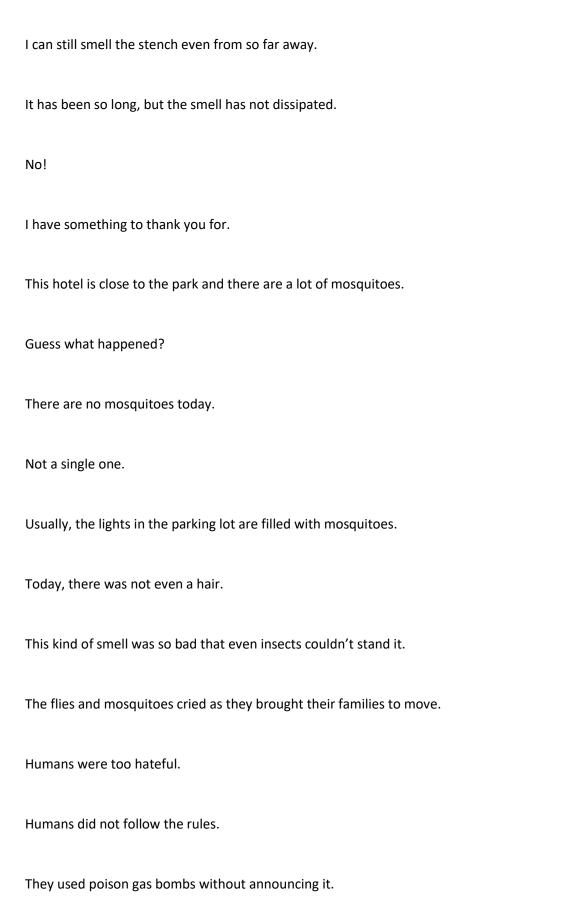


The people from the slaughterhouse did as he ordered and cleaned the pork very well.
With the help of the hotel, Su Ming, Wang Guohui and a few waiters carried the pork upstairs.
Su Ming slaughtered the chicken.
Soon, he and Wang Guohui finished processing the ingredients.
But at this time, Wang Guohui was still not confident.
He felt that this ingredient was too ordinary, and that old man would definitely not be satisfied.
Furthermore, he was once a gourmet. Even though his taste buds had degenerated, he was still very picky.
Otherwise, Old Yang would not have done such a thing.
Wang Guohui originally thought that Su Ming would take out some rare ingredients this time, but he only prepared domestic pigs and chickens.
Will this plan really work?
Just as Wang Guohui was muttering to himself, his phone suddenly rang.
He took out his phone and saw that it was Old Yang calling him.
"Old Wang, come out and pick me up."
"Have you left the police station?"





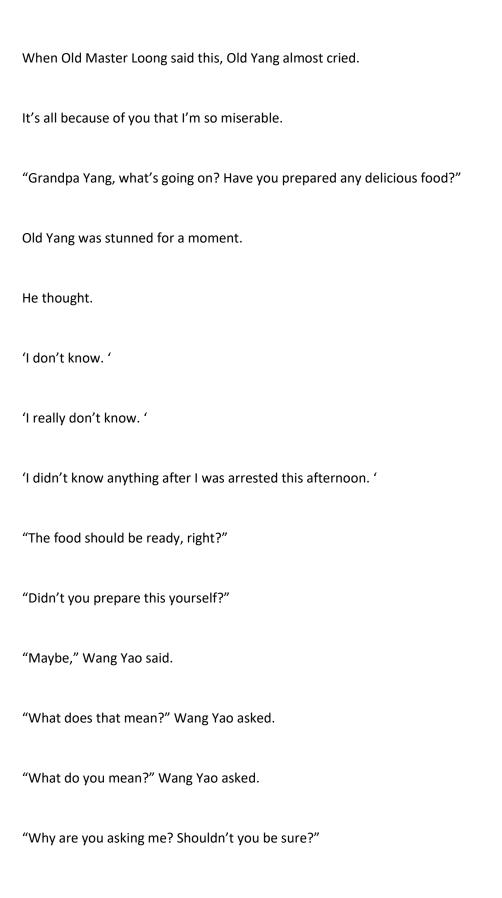




I'll find mosquitoes to bite you later.
At the door, the manager and Old Yang were in a stalemate when a car drove over from not far away.
After the car stopped.
A young man quickly ran out from the front passenger seat. He went to the back door and opened it.
The people watching at the door were stunned.
They all turned around to look.
This car was obviously a good car. It was not cheap. The person sitting in it was probably someone with a high position. After the manager saw it, he hurriedly ran forward.
There was an old man sitting in the car. He was not tall and was thin.
The old man was expressionless. He was wearing a pair of glasses. The flesh on his cheeks was concave, and his eyes were dull. He seemed to be floating when he walked.
He was holding a walking stick and wearing a suit.
Although he was old and his bones were not very good, he still stood straight.
"Old Master Loong."
When the manager saw the old man, he was shocked and hurriedly ran forward to greet him.

Old Master Loong was a well-known figure in the food industry.
He was a very amazing big shot.
Even if their boss came, he would have to be respectful in front of this old man.
The old man actually came personally today.
Was he here to make suggestions?
"Old man, our boss is not here, but don't worry. I will call him right away. I don't know why you are here today."
This old man was someone he couldn't afford to offend. Old Master Loong could shut him out with just a word.
"Manager Huang, my grandfather didn't come here for anything this time. He just wanted to see a friend."
The young man smiled.
"I understand."
The manager let out a sigh of relief after hearing that.
His clothes were almost soaked.
Everyone knew that the old man's taste buds had degenerated and his personality had become a little strange.

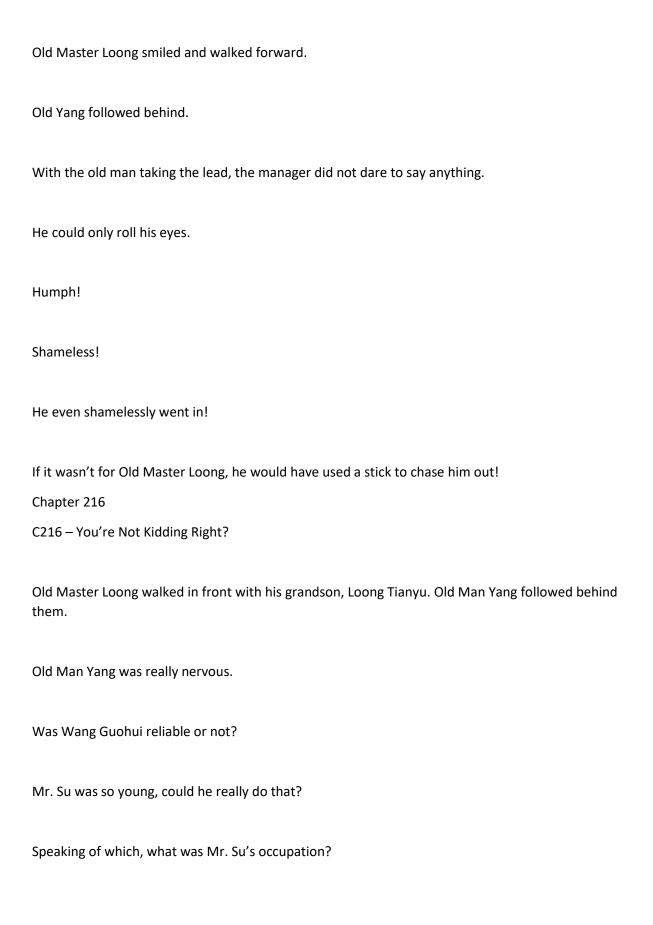
The old man also liked to randomly choose a hotel from time to time and go in to have a taste.
Under normal circumstances, it was definitely a good thing for customers to come to the restaurant.
However, when the old man came to the restaurant, everyone felt their scalps go numb.
They had no choice.
The old man was too difficult to serve.
Today, the manager was prepared to pay a certain price.
However, when the manager heard that the old man was here to see a friend, he felt much better.
"Old Man Loong, you're finally here."
Old Yang ran over with a frown on his face.
"Old Yang?"
Old Master Loong and Old Yang were of the same generation. According to age, Old Master Loong could be considered Old Yang's brother.
"Why are you downstairs? Didn't you say that you prepared a table of delicious food for me today and wanted me to have a taste?"
Old Master Loong frowned slightly.
"Don't say anymore."





He had eaten all kinds of delicacies in the imperial court.
Whether it was the food in high-end restaurants or the snacks on the streets, he had basically tasted them all.
There were also stunning works among them.
It was just that the old man's sense of taste had been getting worse and worse these past few years.
When it came to tasting dishes, he had not praised the food for many years.
Therefore, Loong Tianyu did not believe Old Yang's words.
To be honest, Old Yang was not confident either.
Yes, Wang Guohui was rich, but he had never heard of him being able to cook.
This Mr. Su was also rich. Everyone in the city knew about the diamond incident.
But he had never heard of him being able to cook.
It was true that the two of them were rich.
But Old Master Loong was also very rich.
No matter how rich he was, he couldn't cure his tongue.





Could Mr. Su be a chef?
That was possible. Otherwise, Mr. Su would not have paid attention to everything in cooking.
But the point was that Mr. Su's identity as a chef might be useful in front of others, but Old Master Loong had seen many chefs.
This deal might fail.
He would think of another way.
It turned out that Old Yang did not believe that Su Ming could do it from the beginning to the end.
Now he had no choice but to let Su Ming try his best.
Just as Old Yang was lost in his thoughts, the elevator arrived.
A group of three people walked out of the elevator.
Old Master Loong was dressed in a Tang suit, and he slowly walked forward with a crutch.
Loong Tianyu followed behind the old man and supported the old man with both of his hands. He was also walking very slowly.
They were not in a hurry.
Old Yang was very anxious.
He really hoped that they would walk faster.

He really wanted to see what Wang Guohui had prepared. However, no matter how anxious he was, he could only endure this anxiety. It was originally a very short journey, but Old Master Loong walked very slowly. He walked for a few minutes. They stood at the door of the private room and Loong Tianyu pushed the door open. Then he hurriedly stood behind his grandfather. He and his grandfather held their heads high. Their eyes were indifferent, and their faces were filled with pride. They raised their heads and walked in just like that. In their opinion, the people in the room would immediately stand up and greet them respectfully. Because Old Master Loong's status was too high. No matter where he went, there would always be many people flattering him. Every time he entered the room, everyone in the room would stand up to welcome him. In the end, when Old Master Loong and Loong Tianyu walked in, they were stunned. The three of them sat around a table.

They held poker cards in their hands and stared at each other as they played poker.
There was a plate on the table with some green paste on it.
They looked at the plate carefully again and saw that there were several empty mustard tubes beside the plate.
The loser would eat mustard, this was too tragic!
"I'll give you two 2 points poker cards."
Su Ming held the poker cards happily.
Wang Guohui was very depressed.
Mr. Su was too good at playing cards.
Mr. Su's realm was very high, and he had comprehended everything at a very young age. He came to the city center to farm and was successful. As a result, his gambling skills were so excellent.
He had completely understood the lifestyle of the elderly.
Wang Guohui and Su Ming played a few games, and he lost from beginning to end.
Sitting beside Wang Guohui was a chef sent by the hotel to help them.
He lost quite miserably.
He had already eaten several tubes of mustard.

Wang Guohui blinked his eyes and immediately recognized Old Master Loong. He said: "Mr. Su, this is Old Master Loong. Old Master, this is Mr. Su."
Old Master Loong nodded indifferently and did not say anything else.
Old Yang hurriedly walked in and asked him, "Old Wang, what did you prepare?"
"My things are all there."
Wang Guohui was full of confidence as he pointed to the side.
Old Yang turned his head to look.
He thought that Wang Guohui had prepared some rare treasures, but in the end, Wang Guohui only prepared some chicken and pork.
Old Yang was instantly disappointed.
Crap.
His deal might not succeed.
Old Yang thought: Why don't you just admit defeat?
'Two soldiers fighting against a fully armed general, oh my god!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
I don't even need to think to know that you will lose.
You only prepared ordinary ingredients like chicken and pork? How did you do that?

Old Yang son, what's the meaning of your expression?" Looking at Old Yang's expression, Wang Guohui was extremely unhappy, "These chickens and pigs were raised by Mr. Su."

Old Yang dared to look down on the ingredients prepared by Mr. Su.

Of course, the livestock that were raised on a land worth ten billion was not an ordinary thing.

After a while, he would let Old Yang experience the taste of these two things...

Suddenly, Wang Guohui thought of something. Wait, something wasn't right. Although the land was very expensive, even if it was a pig raised on the moon, it would still be a pig. The taste wouldn't change.

Even if the taste of the glass chicken was better than that of an ordinary chicken, it was still chicken.

Wait, how could he doubt Mr. Su?

This Old Master Loong was very picky.

Mr. Su's actions must have a deeper meaning!

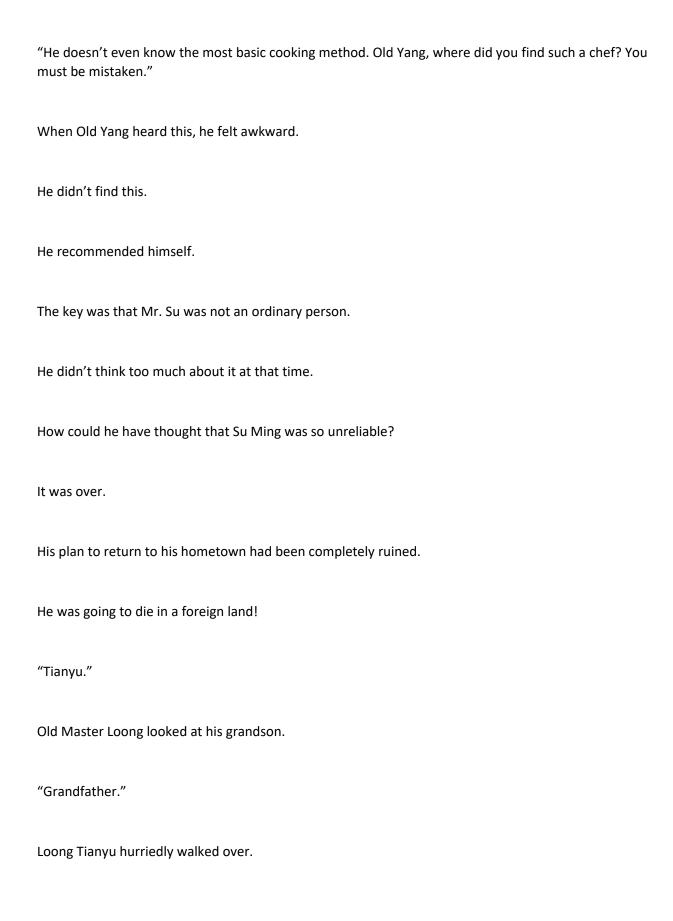
That's right, it must be so! Wang Guohui told himself to believe Mr. Su.

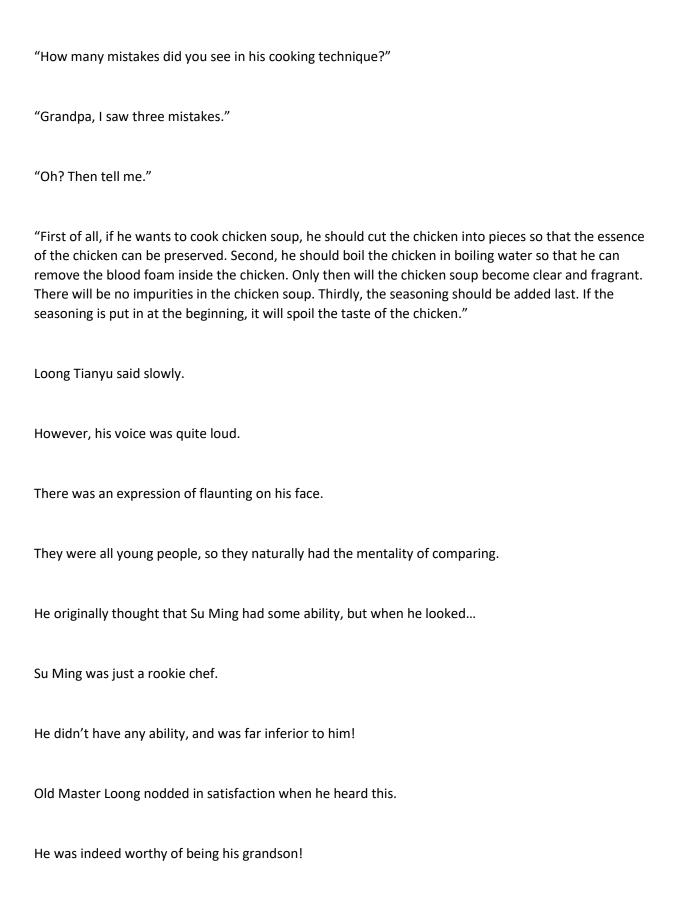
When Old Master Loong heard this, he frowned and looked at the ingredients beside him.

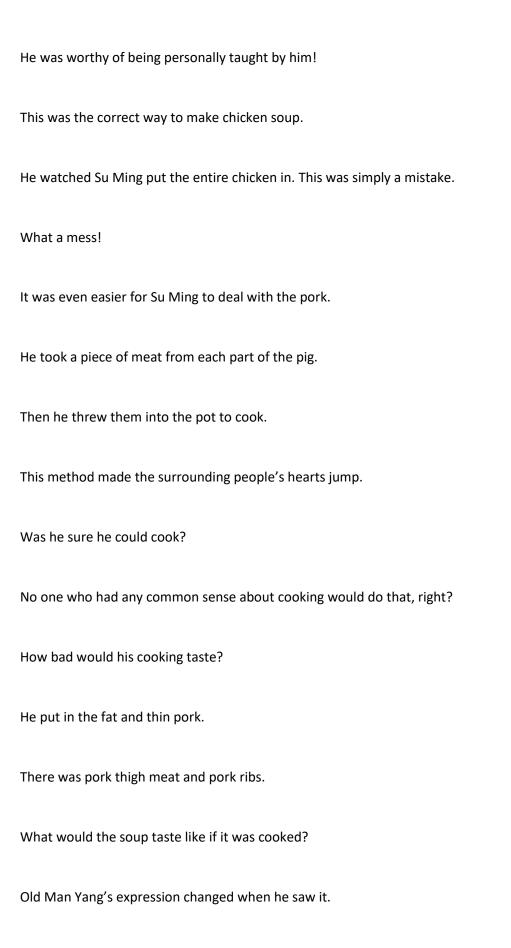
It was somewhat difficult to conquer the old man's appetite with just chicken and pork.

Su Ming only prepared ordinary chicken and pork, which made Old Master Loong a little unhappy.
He thought, "You are looking down on me."
Everyone living in Eastsea knows my temper.
If you prepared some precious ingredients, I would have nothing to say. But you only prepared the most ordinary ingredients to fool me?
It seems like you don't want to do business with me anymore.
"Yang, our business ends here. You have to know that it's not that I don't want to give you face."
After Old Master Loong finished speaking, he turned around and was about to leave.
Old Man Yang hurriedly stopped him and said: "Don't, Old Brother. Let's discuss this matter again."
Old Man Yang was about to cry.
He thought that everything had gone wrong.
Originally, he still had a chance to do business with Old Master Loong, but now it was all over.
Old Yang felt regret in his heart. If he had known earlier, he wouldn't have trusted Su Ming and Wang Guohui.
They had made things so bad.
Wasn't this causing trouble?

"Old Master."
Su Ming smiled faintly: "If you're not in a hurry, why don't you wait a while? When I'm done, if you're not satisfied, you can turn around and leave. I won't keep you. But I believe you'll definitely stay and have a good talk with me."
" Oh? "Old Master Loong stopped and asked with a smile," Are you really confident? "
"Of course I am confident. Old Master, sit down and watch my cooking."
"Alright." After saying that, Old Master Loong smiled faintly.
He felt that young people were always too blindly confident and somewhat arrogant. If they did not experience the tempering of society, how could they grow?
Since Su Ming was so confident, Old Master Loong had to let him know that overconfidence was not a good thing. He would teach him a lesson in place of Su Ming's parents.
Chapter 217
C217 – Could This be the Highest Realm of Chef?
He saw Old Master Loong sit down.
Su Ming smiled.
He walked to the kitchen and took a ceramic pot. He put the entire chicken in it and added condiments.
When Old Master Loong saw this, he shook his head.

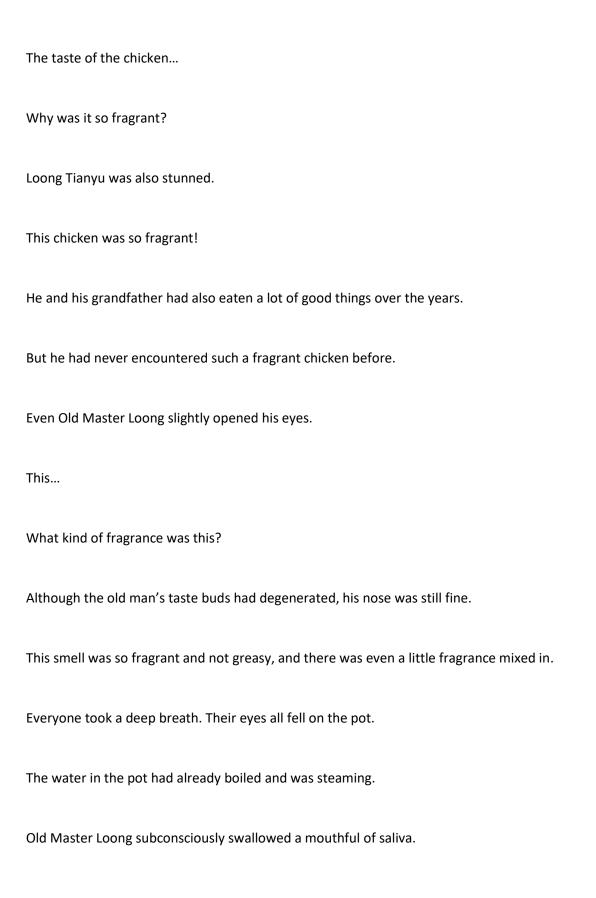


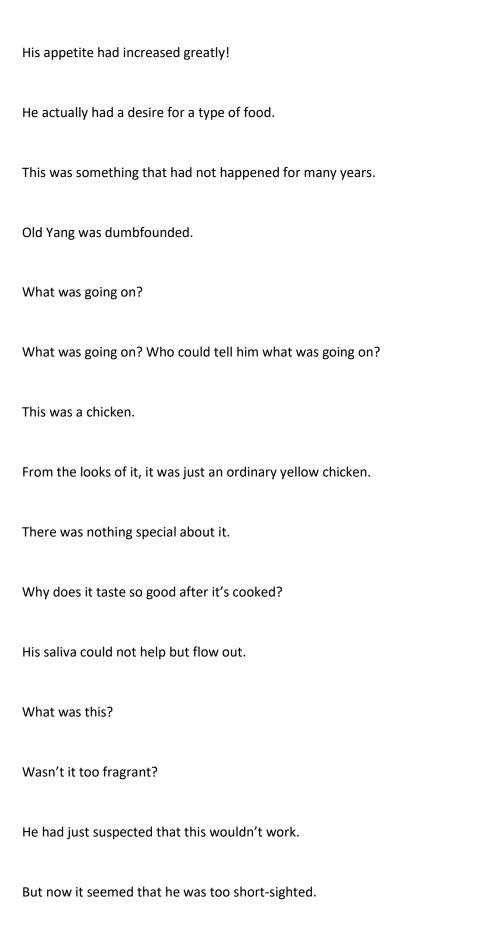


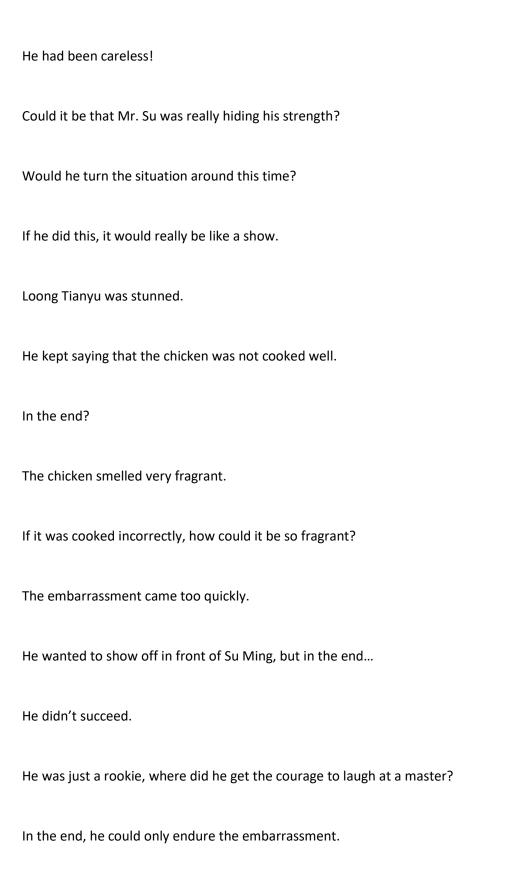


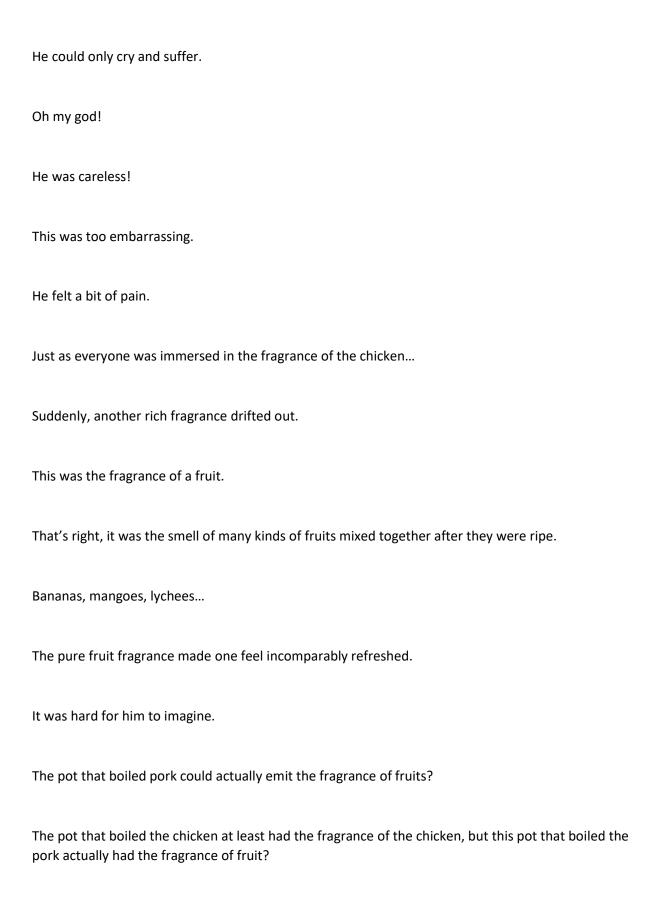


He was very depressed in his heart.
It seemed that he could only go back and drink a few glasses of vodka to vent the depression in his heart.
To be honest, not to mention them, even Wang Guohui felt his scalp go numb.
Isn't Mr. Su joking?
Is he cooking very seriously?
This is a little
Isn't he a little too casual?
Can this thing be eaten?
Although Wang Guohui was suspicious in his heart, he didn't dare to say anything.
Because based on his past experience, the uglier the food cooked by Mr. Su, the better the taste and the better the effect!
He and President Chen were very experienced!
Time passed minute by minute.
Old Man Yang suddenly sniffed and took a deep breath.
Something was wrong.







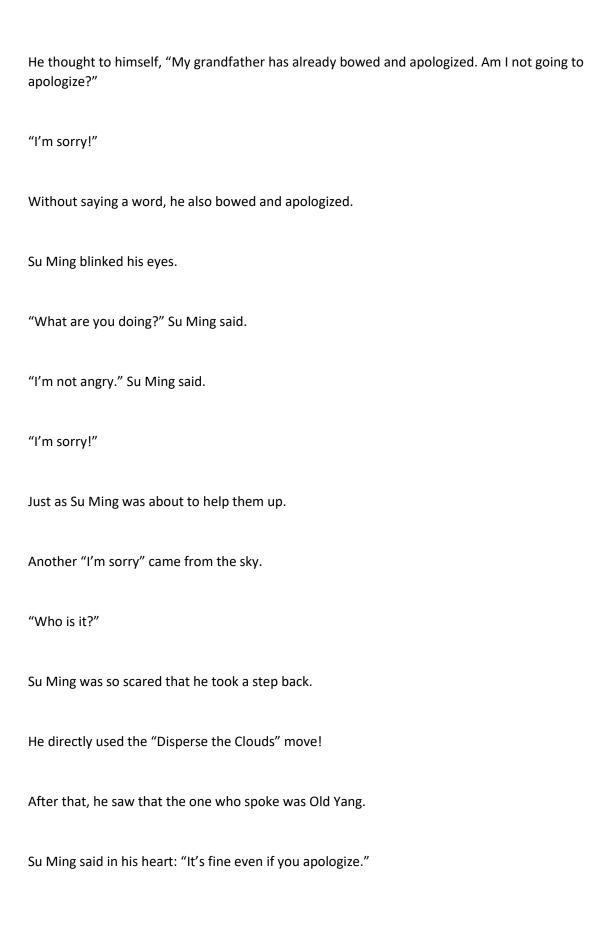


What exactly was Su Ming doing?
What kind of ingredients did he put in to make the pot have such a fragrance?
Everyone was stunned.
All the doubts in their minds had flown away.
"Could this be?"
Old Master Loong suddenly thought of something and stood up. His eyes were wide open, and his mouth was wide open. His entire body was trembling with excitement. "Could this be the highest realm of the legendary chef, returning to simplicity?"
"Impossible!"
Loong Tianyu was dumbfounded.
How was this possible?
This was not a skill, and it could not be trained to perfection.
It referred to a realm.
In this realm, he could stimulate the true taste of food.
This only existed in ancient books.
He had only heard of it for so many years, but he had never seen it before.

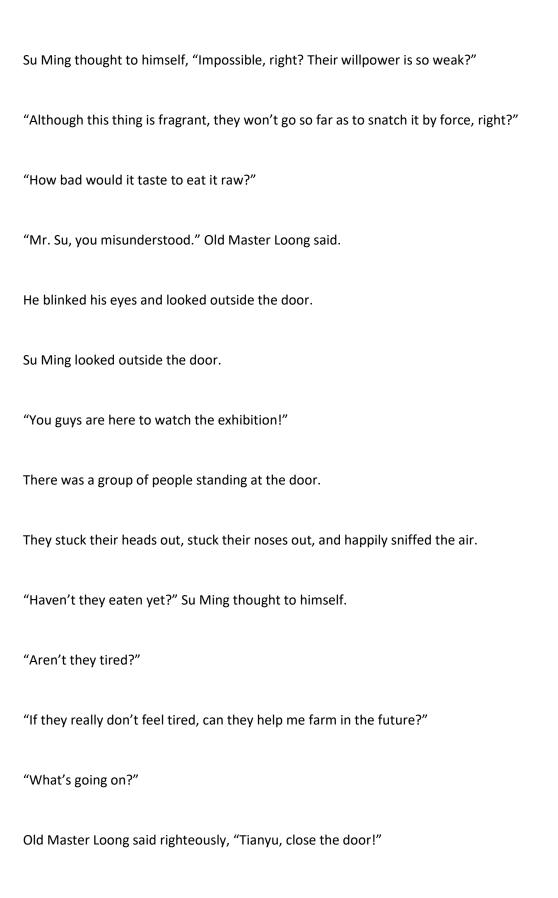














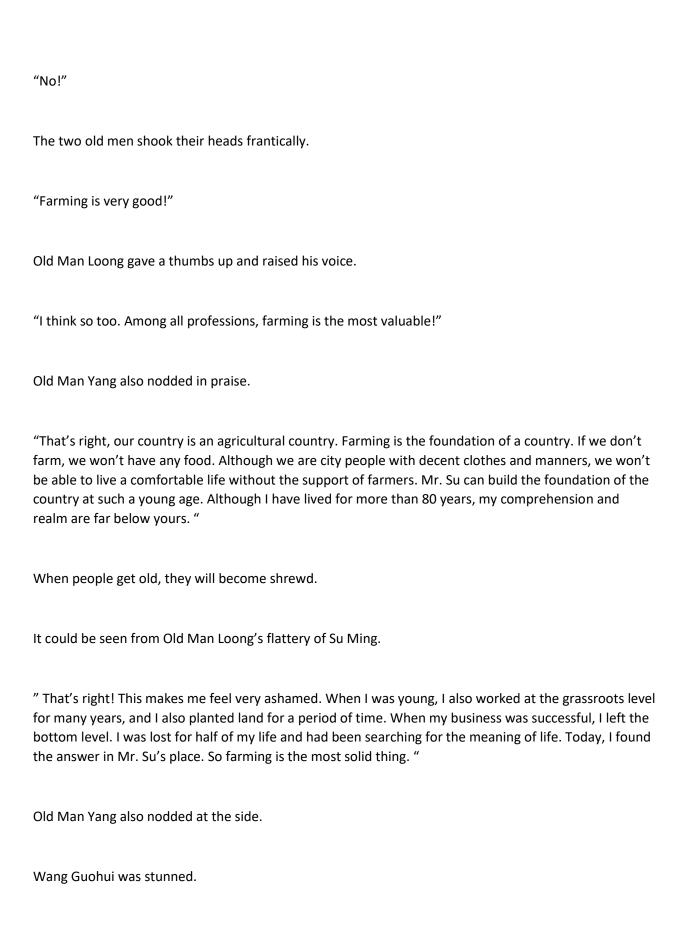
It seemed that they were fighting for other purposes.
"Look, what is that?"
Loong Tianyu suddenly shouted as he stood at the door. Then, he pointed in the direction of the corridor.
"What?"
The chaotic crowd instantly quieted down. Their heads all turned towards that direction.
"Go away!"
Loong Tianyu immediately kicked a man's butt.
The man's body staggered.
He crashed into a group of people and fell out of the door with them.
"Bam!"
Then, Loong Tianyu did something unexpected. He closed the door and locked it. Then, he pulled over a table and blocked the door.
His movements were fast and concise, and very smooth!
When they stood at the door, they realized that they had been kicked out.





Mr. Su looked very young, but his realm was not something that ordinary people could see through!
He had followed Mr. Su for a long time, but he still could not see through his realm, let alone Old Man Loong.
Chapter 219
C219 – We Can Farm too
There was stew in the pot.
Hot steam rose from the pot, and the fragrance filled the air.
Su Ming was sitting on a chair, playing a little game.
Old Man Loong stood on Su Ming's left, while Old Man Yang stood on Su Ming's right.
They pushed Wang Guohui away from Su Ming.
Wang Guohui was very angry in his heart.
How could the two of them do this!
He was the one who invited Mr. Su. Old Man Yang and Old Man Loong looked down on Mr. Su at first.
What happened?
It had only been a few minutes, and their attitude had changed?
Their attitudes changed faster than flipping a book.





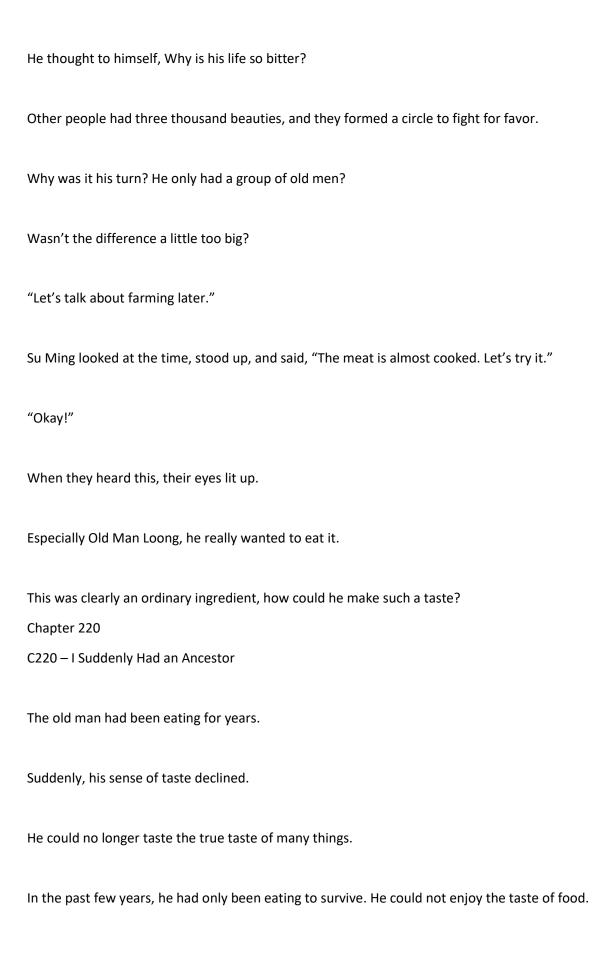


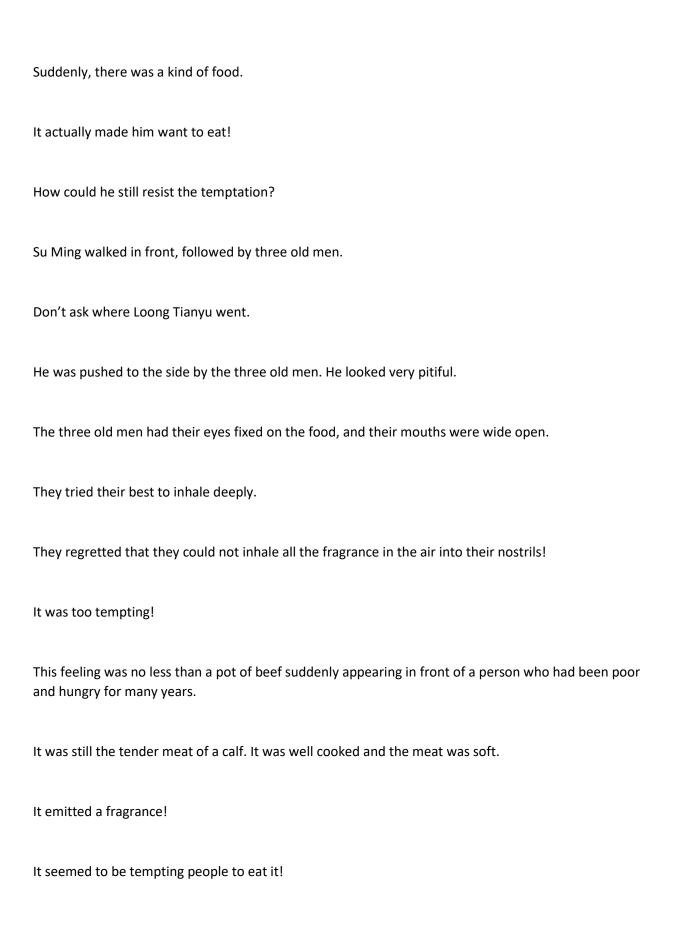


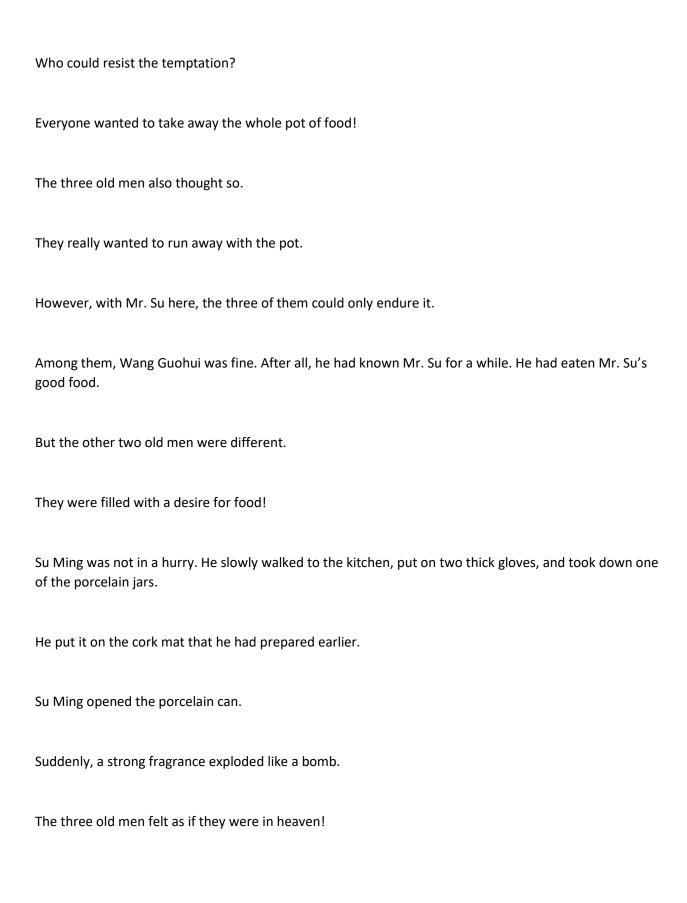
Old Man Loong glared at him.
"Uncle Wang, my grandfather and Grandpa Yang are old, but I am young. I am strong and can work."
Loong Tianyu stood behind and immediately said.
"You guys"
This made Wang Guohui extremely angry.
They were being unreasonable and robbing him.
It's over, the loss of this deal is huge.
He originally thought that he could help Mr. Su buy a piece of land, but in the end, three more people came to steal his credit.
Who could accept this?
Wait!
Wang Guohui suddenly thought of something.
What did Loong Tianyu call him just now?
Uncle Wang?
Damn it!

Old Man Loong was Loong Tianyu's grandfather, and he called Old Yang brother.
If Loong Tianyu called him uncle, wouldn't he be the son of Old Man Loong and Old Yang?
This brat!
Unknowingly, he had let these two old fellows take advantage of him!
Damn it!
No wonder these two old things were laughing so hard!
"No! I'm telling you, this is impossible. There has to be a first-come, first-served order to everything. Mr. Su's land can only be managed by me and President Chen. None of you are allowed to interfere!"
"I don't believe that there's no place in this world that can be reasoned with. If you don't accept it, let's go out and fight!"
"Fine, let's fight. I am not afraid of you!"
Wang Guohui and the two old men were furious, their saliva flying everywhere.
They were about to fight.
Su Ming was confused. He held his phone.
The person who was farming seemed to be him, right?









They felt extremely comfortable, as if every pore on their bodies was breathing.
Su Ming took four empty bowls from the side. He picked up the spoon and poured some chicken soup into them.
"Come, try it"
Su Ming turned around and said two words.
Three black figures appeared in front of him.
They were like three big black rats that flashed past.
Su Ming was shocked.
Their movements were very agile.
They didn't look like old men who were almost eighty years old at all.
The three old men rushed straight to the chicken soup.
They anxiously picked up the chicken soup.
"The soup is very hot"
Su Ming blinked and quickly reminded them.
This was the boiling chicken soup that he had just poured out after opening the lid of the pot.

How could they dare to hold it in their hands?
Didn't they feel that their hands were scalded?
But the three old men were not afraid of the heat.
The heat was nothing.
In ancient times, there were people who cut off their flesh in order to treat poison, all the way to the depth of their bones. Now, there were old men who were not afraid of burns and took hot soup with their bare hands!
The three old men blew impatiently, and then they all drank a mouthful of chicken soup.
In the next second, the three of them were stunned.
The three old men closed their eyes. The chicken soup was in their mouths, but they were unwilling to swallow it.
It was too fragrant!
It was an indescribable fragrance!
How did Mr. Su raise chickens?
The soup made from the chicken was actually so mellow, but it was not greasy. It had a variety of flavors, and it was mixed with some sweetness.
The one who was the most shocked was Old Man Loong.



Loong Tianyu was so scared that he trembled. He stood obediently at the side and did not speak anymore.
What else could he do?
Su Ming stood at the side and looked at them with a funny expression. "It's fine. You can take your time to drink. There's still a lot of soup."
After saying that, Su Ming scooped a bowl of chicken soup for Loong Tianyu.
Loong Tianyu impatiently carried the bowl and ran to the corner, afraid that it would be snatched away by these old men.
He had to be wary of these old men!
He knew them too well!
After more than ten minutes.
Only then did the three old men slowly return to normal.
However, they were still incomparably excited.
"Mr. Su, this is definitely the best chicken soup I've ever drunk in my life."
Wang Guohui's face flushed red. His eyes were lifeless, and he couldn't believe it at all.
"That's right, Mr. Su, this is the best chicken soup."
Old Yang also nodded.

"Dad!"
Old Man Loong suddenly shouted. Then he knelt in front of Su Ming, hugged his thigh, and called him "Dad."
"You are my father!"
Old Man Loong said with tears in his eyes.
The surrounding people were stunned.
Old Man Loong threw caution to the wind!
He actually called Mr. Su father?
He was too cunning.
If he could become Mr. Su's godson, then his relationship with Mr. Su would definitely be closer. At that time, if Mr. Su had anything good, he would definitely give him a copy.
No, they couldn't let go of this opportunity!
"Father!"
"Dad!"
The other two old men also knelt down.

Loong Tianyu was speechless.
He thought to himself, "Grandfather, I don't object to you calling others father. But can you consider my feelings?"
If that was the case, wouldn't Mr. Su become his ancestor?
Originally, he was about the same age as him, but now, he was three generations older than him.
No one would believe what happened today.
Loong Tianyu had only accompanied his grandfather here to eat, but he had actually witnessed this scene!
Loong Tianyu was completely dumbfounded.
However, the three old men did not care about this.
They all thought that Mr. Su was their father!
"Wait"
Only then did Su Ming react. He hurriedly helped the three old men up.
"No, Mr. Su, when did you admit that we are your sons?"
Su Ming felt very troubled.
"All of you are about the same age as my grandfather. If that's the case, wouldn't that shorten my lifespan? Don't tell me you don't want me to live too long?"

When the few old men heard this, they all felt that Mr. Su's words made sense.
They really didn't mean that. They hoped that Mr. Su would live as long as possible.
"Since you don't mean that, then hurry up and get up."
"Alright."
The three old men looked at each other and could only nod.
They all stood up, but their hearts were filled with regret.