

The Billion 91

Chapter 91 - The School Anniversary

"You're back just in time."

Cao Mingyuan seemed to have thought of something. "Our school's celebration tomorrow."

"Tomorrow's celebration?"

Su Ming was stunned for a while.

Over the years, many big shots had appeared in the school. During every school anniversary, they would come back to donate money to the school.

"Don't forget."

Cao Mingyuan patted Su Ming's shoulder.

"How many people can come to our class?"

Su Ming asked.

When Su Ming was studying, there weren't many students in the same class.

It turned out that there were only five classes in each grade, and there were less than 30 people in each class.

"I don't know about that, but he will definitely participate."

Cao Mingyuan couldn't help but roll his eyes.

Su Ming knew who he was talking about.

That guy's name was Han Peng. He relied on his money to bully his classmates.

But the school leaders didn't dare to say anything. After all, his parents donated money to the school every year.

However, that was more than a decade ago.

Han Peng would definitely appear at the school anniversary.

Su Ming smiled faintly. If it was before, Su Ming would have to take a detour when he met this guy, but now...

Su Ming wanted him to know that there was always someone better than him.

"Alright, I'll definitely be there tomorrow. Come find me tomorrow morning. I'll drive the two of us there."

"Alright!"

Cao Mingyuan was very happy. He chatted with Su Ming for a long time before returning.

Su Ming went home to tidy up his courtyard and change some medicine for his father.

In the blink of an eye, a day passed. The next morning, Cao Mingyuan was already waiting for him at the door.

Su Ming drove Cao Mingyuan to the primary school.

It turned out that there was also an elementary school in their village. Decades ago, each couple had at least four or five children. Therefore, the primary school in the village was full every year.

However, with the appearance of family planning, the primary schools in the village were slowly banned and integrated.

Su Ming and the others went to school in the town after the third grade.

From afar, they found that the primary school was very lively today.

Cars were parked at the door one after another.

Su Ming found a parking spot by the side of the road and parked his car.

After getting out of the car with Cao Mingyuan, they walked towards the primary school.

They hadn't been back for a few years, and the school hadn't changed much.

It was just that the sports field had turned into a plastic track, and the teaching block had been rebuilt. The small tree beside it was still there.

"Isn't this our classmate?"

After walking a few steps, Cao Mingyuan saw a few people standing at the door.

Su Ming took a closer look and saw that there were more than a dozen people.

They were all standing at the door.

Just as Su Ming and Cao Mingyuan were wondering what was going on, a figure walked over from the side.

Isn't this Han Peng?

As soon as Han Peng appeared, these students immediately surrounded him. Especially the well-dressed girls, they all looked at him flirtatiously.

“Han Peng, you are really getting more and more handsome.”

“Han Peng, do you have a girlfriend?”

“I heard your parents have a company in the city. You are now the young master.”

A group of people surrounded Han Peng and praised him.

Su Ming and Cao Mingyuan looked at each other and couldn't help but laugh in their hearts.

They didn't know Su Ming's true value. If they did, they would immediately surround him.

“I didn't expect so many people to come to the school anniversary this time.”

Han Peng smiled faintly, his eyes full of pride and disdain. He had a polite smile on his face as he spoke faintly.

“How could we not dare to come?”

Hearing the flattery of the people around him, the disdain in Han Peng's eyes became even stronger.

He couldn't help but pat his sleeve lightly, as if these people would dirty his clothes.

At this moment, a Porsche worth more than three million drove over. There was a man in the driver's seat. After he got out of the car, he quickly walked to Han Peng's side: "Young master, you need to sign this document now."

Han Peng nodded, looked at the document, and signed it in a carefree manner. "Go."

"Yes!"

The man nodded, took the document, and drove away.

Su Ming almost burst out laughing after reading it.

Chapter 92 - They Flattered Each Other

Cao Mingyuan, who stood nearby, couldn't help but burst into laughter.

While Cao Mingyuan might not be wealthy, he was far from unintelligent.

His personality wasn't all that different from Su Ming's, which is why they had become close friends.

But the individuals who fawned over Han Peng would never dare to express such thoughts, even if they secretly harbored them.

"Young Master Han, you're truly affluent. If I'm not mistaken, this Porsche costs over three million, doesn't it?"

"What? Over three million for this car? My goodness!"

"I barely make a hundred thousand a year. It would take me 30 years of hard work to afford such a car!"

Most of these students had left school early to join the workforce.

Some had acquired skills and earned a stable income, while others were still unemployed and made even less.

For them, owning a car was already an extravagant dream, let alone a sports car worth more than three million.

“It's nothing.”

Han Peng smiled faintly and said, “With your dedication, you'll one day have the chance to drive such a fine car.”

At that moment, Su Ming and Cao Mingyuan also approached. Han Peng looked at them with a hint of sarcasm in his smile.

What a pleasant surprise. He hadn't expected these two fellows to show up.

Today might turn out to be quite interesting!

Among those Han Peng had bullied in primary school, Su Ming and Cao Mingyuan had been the most resilient.

They had repeatedly made him lose face. While Han Peng had matured and no longer bullied others as he had in his youth, his fundamental character remained unchanged.

Moreover, in Han Peng's view, he had already proven that Su Ming couldn't compare to him.

These students had gathered today to flatter him. Although Su Ming had been stubborn in his youth, the harsh realities of life should have taught him to acknowledge the importance of money. Face held no practical value.

If Su Ming were to apologize to him, Han Peng might actually arrange a job as a security guard for Su Ming and his friends.

This would allow Su Ming to earn three or four thousand yuan a month.

A significant improvement over farming.

Seeing Su Ming's arrival, the surrounding students automatically excluded him.

They were well aware that Su Ming and Cao Mingyuan hailed from ordinary farming families and couldn't hold a candle to Young Master Han's status.

"Han Peng?"

At that moment, a surprised voice echoed from the entrance, followed by an elderly man with white hair emerging.

"Principal Ding, why have you come out in person?"

Han Peng quickly approached Principal Ding, and they warmly shook hands, both wearing broad smiles.

"Han Peng, I didn't expect you to attend the school anniversary. We are delighted."

Principal Ding chuckled and remarked.

"This is my alma mater! Without my alma mater, I wouldn't be where I am today. My parents often mention how kind you were to me during primary school."

Han Peng replied with a smile.

“Speaking of my parents, I must convey their gratitude when I return. They contribute money every year, which allows you to upgrade many facilities in this school.”

Principal Ding continued with his speech.

“This is nothing, really. After all, my father also graduated from this primary school, and you were his teacher too. Giving back to our alma mater is the least we can do.”

They exchanged compliments with each other.

Su Ming felt a sense of disgust creeping over him as he listened.

To be honest, their skill in flattery was not on par with President Chen's.

President Chen excelled in the art of flattery.

“Let's head inside and chat.”

Principal Ding warmly held Han Peng's hand and guided him indoors, completely ignoring Su Ming and the others.

Su Ming and Cao Mingyuan exchanged glances.

The school was abuzz with activity.

The students seated on the field were in grades four to six.

On the left sat the current students, while on the right were the alumni.

Su Ming and Cao Mingyuan found a secluded spot to sit.

Other students also located seats and settled in.

Han Peng, however, received special treatment. Principal Ding escorted him to the front.

Behind the podium, there were VIP seats adorned with watermelons and bottles of mineral water.

Han Peng exchanged handshakes with the school's prominent leaders.

VIP attendees mingled and greeted each other.

Han Peng maintained a friendly smile, hoping his facial expressions were evident to everyone.

"I'm starting to regret coming."

Cao Mingyuan glanced at the blazing sun.

"Don't worry, the best part is yet to come."

Su Ming gave a mysterious smile.

Cao Mingyuan didn't press the matter further.

After about thirty minutes, the school's principal began his address.

Finally, the most pivotal moment arrived.

The donation ceremony!

Wasn't the school anniversary all leading up to this very moment?

“Dear students, parents, and esteemed guests.”

Principal Ding stood up and positioned himself at the microphone. “Our VIP seats are graced by distinguished alumni who have achieved significant positions in society. We'd like to invite a few representatives to speak.”

After uttering these words, Principal Ding initiated applause. Han Peng stood up and adjusted his attire.

Han Peng approached the microphone and cleared his throat, capturing the attention of countless female students.

With an air of confidence, Han Peng scanned the audience and offered a faint smile. “Dear students, I want to express my gratitude to our alma mater for nurturing me and enabling my current success. To show my appreciation, I've prepared a small gift today. I hope our alma mater will accept it graciously.”

Han Peng then produced a check from his pocket and placed it in front of Principal Ding. “Principal Ding, on behalf of my company, I'd like to make a generous donation to our alma mater. I hope you'll accept this contribution.”

Chapter 93 - Mr. Su You Are Here too

“The school has supported you as a matter of course, and we don't expect anything in return.”

Principal Ding swiftly declined.

“Principal Ding, you're mistaken. You've worked tirelessly. As students, it's our duty to give back. Moreover, this money isn't for you personally; it's for the school and the future generations of students.”

Han Peng pretended to be indignant.

“Very well, then I'll express my gratitude on behalf of the school.”

Principal Ding sighed and feigned helplessness. “Students, let's give our seniors a round of applause.”

Amidst the applause of his fellow students, Principal Ding examined the check more closely, and his eyes widened.

“One million! Thank you, Student Han!”

“You're welcome, Principal Ding. Lately, my company has been facing some financial constraints, and this one million yuan is just a small contribution. When my company's funds become available, I'll make another donation.”

“Certainly!”

Principal Ding nodded with a smile.

“Young Master Han is truly remarkable. He just donated one million yuan.”

“I only earn 100,000 yuan annually. He donated ten years' worth of my income in one go.”

“We can't even compare. I wonder if Young Master Han has a girlfriend now.”

“Even if he does, so what? Wealthy men can have multiple partners.”

Many of the girls sitting near Su Ming couldn't help but whisper.

Some of the distinguished guests and parents couldn't help but be a bit astonished.

This wasn't a trivial sum; it was a total of one million.

What did it signify for someone to donate one million? It indicated that their wealth far exceeded that amount. One million was a mere fraction to them.

Han Peng had come here today to display his wealth. He felt a surge of pride when he noticed the envious glances from his peers.

This was the exact scene he had hoped for.

Furthermore, he couldn't help but glance at Su Ming.

How did it feel?

Su Ming had always been at odds with him during their youth, and now the disparity between them was evident.

Back then, as youngsters, they hadn't comprehended the true value of money.

"Let's express our gratitude to Student Han for his generous donation. We have another guest!"

Han Peng represented the younger generation, while the next person was from the middle-aged generation.

This individual was around forty years old, with a few strands of white hair and a neatly dressed attire. Despite the hot weather, he wore a shirt and suit pants, appearing remarkably vibrant.

He stepped up to the podium, offering a faint smile. "Young Han's generosity at such a young age is truly admirable. I'm in awe. I'll contribute 2 million."

His announcement didn't elicit a significant reaction.

After all, he was relatively older, and his career had already peaked.

People knew that he worked in the banking sector and held a senior executive position.

Two million yuan meant little to him.

Han Peng, on the other hand, was only in his twenties and had just started his career, yet he had already donated one million yuan.

As Han Peng aged, his accomplishments were bound to be impressive.

Although the response from the audience was relatively subdued, Principal Ding was still elated.

He had just secured three million in donations at once.

This amount of money would enable him to upgrade the school's equipment and carry out some basic renovations.

Furthermore, he stood to receive a share of the donation.

“Mr. Zhang, we appreciate your generous contribution,” Principal Ding addressed Zhang Chongyang with a warm smile.

Principal Ding stepped closer to Zhang Chongyang and continued, “Your support means a lot to us.”

Zhang Chongyang responded modestly, “It's the least I can do.”

Many individuals found it meaningful to give back to their alma mater. Not only did it enhance their public image, but there was also the prospect of having a commemorative plaque displayed at the school's entrance.

Some people accumulated wealth from undisclosed sources, even tainted money. Oftentimes, they chose to donate such funds.

As Zhang Chongyang spoke, he suddenly noticed someone in the crowd.

The person struck a familiar chord with him.

Zhang Chongyang scrutinized the individual more closely and was taken aback.

It was Mr. Su!

So, he and Mr. Su were actually former classmates!

Without delay, Zhang Chongyang released Principal Ding's hand and made his way swiftly through the crowd.

The audience below the stage, as well as those in the VIP section, were bewildered.

What was happening?

Several people stood up, attempting to get a better view of the situation.

Breathless, Zhang Chongyang arrived in front of Su Ming, who was grinning. He inquired, "Mr. Su, what brings you here?"

Su Ming responded with a faint smile. Zhang Chongyang worked under President Chen and held the position of vice president at Tianhua Bank.

“Mr. Su, I had no idea you were a fellow graduate of this elementary school. It's an honor.”

Zhang Chongyang extended his hand for a handshake with Su Ming.

When he was pulling weeds, he was just an employee at the bank, working diligently.

He had diligently climbed the ranks.

“I'm equally surprised,” Su Ming said with a subtle smile. “They're all waiting for you.”

Vice President Zhang shook his head vehemently.

He couldn't miss this opportunity.

The donation had already been made, and now all he needed to do was accompany Mr. Su.

“Mr. Su, it's quite warm here. Would you consider joining me in the VIP section?”

“No need, here is perfectly fine,” Su Ming replied with a smile.

Zhang Chongyang looked around and spotted a large parasol nearby. He fetched the parasol and approached Su Ming, placing it behind him.

A hush fell over the crowd.

People were taken aback.

Vice President Zhang was actually holding an umbrella for a young man?

The entire assembly fell silent.

Everyone was left stunned.

Zhang Chongyang's actions raised eyebrows.

There was no doubt that Su Ming held a significant status!

Chapter 94 - Showing off

It was very quiet.

On the platform, whether it was the school leaders or the VIPs, they were all silent.

It was as if someone had suddenly pressed the pause button.

Zhang Chongyang was the vice president of Tianhua Bank.

Their president was very mysterious, and this vice president was actually similar.

President Chen was already in his fifties and was about to retire.

Vice President Zhang was only forty years old this year and was at the peak of his career.

In other words, Zhang Chongyang would very likely become the president of Tianhua Bank in the future.

He was a big shot. Because of the school anniversary, Zhang Chongyang would only come here today. Normally, no one would be able to see him at all.

Even if they wanted to take a loan, with their status, an ordinary bank manager or minister could receive them.

They had almost no chance to come into contact with such a big shot.

However, this big shot was very respectful to a young man.

This scene was too shocking!

Who was that young man?

The podium was very quiet, attracting the attention of the students and parents.

Now that the internet was highly developed, the students already knew a lot of things.

Parents had a lot of social experience, so they could naturally see some things.

Su Ming said helplessly, "Vice President Zhang, this is all your fault."

Vice President Zhang's actions made Su Ming feel uncomfortable.

"Mr. Su, it's fine. You're so handsome and rich. Of course they want to see you."

Zhang Chongyang insisted on following behind Su Ming.

The people on the platform looked at each other before coming to Su Ming's side.

The principal smiled and said, "Vice President Zhang, may I ask who this is?"

“Principal Chang, don't ask any more questions. I can't reveal Mr. Su's identity. All you need to know is that I, as the vice president, am nothing in front of Mr. Su.”

Everyone was shocked.

They were all guessing who this person was, and Han Peng felt very embarrassed.

Han Peng came here to humiliate Su Ming, but he didn't expect Su Ming's status to be so high.

The white-haired Principal Chang smiled at Su Ming and said, “Mr. Su.”

Su Ming stood up and said, “Principal Chang, please don't call me Mr. Su. Just call me by my name. You were the principal when I was studying at this school.”

No matter how rich he was, he had to respect his teacher.

Principal Chang smiled and said, “I didn't expect our school to have such a talent like you.”

“Principal Chang, I came here this time to take a look at the school and meet you teachers.”

Su Ming smiled faintly and said, “Since it's the school anniversary, I naturally have to donate. I'll donate 20 million.”

20 million?

What a huge number.

Principal Chang was stunned on the spot.

He wondered if there was something wrong with his ears.

Under normal circumstances, it would already be amazing if all the donations for the school anniversary exceeded five million.

In the end, Su Ming took out two million alone.

“Principal Chang, say something.”

Seeing Principal Chang standing there in a daze, Zhang Chongyang reminded him from the side.

Principal Chang was flustered and dumbfounded.

Principal Chang had been the principal of Central Primary School for almost twenty years.

In fact, Principal Chang could have been promoted based on his status and position, but he didn't want to. If he was promoted, he would immediately become the lowest existence in that class.

When he became the principal, he was already over forty years old.

He had to be the principal for at least six or seven years before he could be promoted. But by that time, he was almost fifty years old. No one would promote an old man who was about to retire.

That was why he had refused the opportunity to be promoted many times in order to secure his position.

Principal Chang had experienced a lot of things, but now that he was facing Su Ming, he couldn't keep his composure any longer.

“Principal Chang, why are you stuttering? I don't remember you stuttering.”

Zhang Chongyang said from the side.

"I'm sorry!"

Only then did Principal Chang react. He took a deep breath and forced himself to calm his racing heart. "I'm sorry, Su Ming. To be honest, although I've been the principal for many years, it's still rare for me to see such a large sum of money."

Han Peng was even more shocked.

He thought that the money he donated this time would definitely be the best, and his name would be engraved on the front of the stone tablet.

After all, whoever donated the most money would have a higher ranking on the stone tablet. In the end, Su Ming donated much more money than him.

This stone tablet would be preserved for many years. As long as this school existed, the stone tablet would exist. Poor Han Peng might be oppressed by Su Ming for the rest of his life.

"Su Ming, donating is not just talk. Take out the money first."

Han Peng sneered and said.

No one didn't know how to brag.

Everyone felt awkward when they heard this.

Han Peng might really be stupid.

Chapter 95 - Looking for Trouble

Han Peng was so jealous of Su Ming that he even lost his mind.

Even Zhang Chongyang respected Su Ming so much, so how could Su Ming lie?

But since Han Peng said this, no one could say anything.

Although Su Ming boasted that he wanted to donate money, there was nothing they could do if he went back on his word.

“What you said makes sense.”

Su Ming nodded and looked at Principal Chang. “But I didn't bring a check with me today. I'll transfer the money directly to you, okay?”

“No problem, absolutely no problem!”

Principal Chang hurriedly nodded.

“Vice President Zhang, please check my bank balance for me. I don't even know how much money I have in my bank card.”

“Alright, please wait a moment!”

Vice President Zhang took out his phone in a panic and called the bank headquarters.

“Hello, this is Tianhua Bank.”

“I'm Zhang Chongyang. Check Mr. Su's account for money. Just give me a rough number.”

“Alright!”

When the customer service staff on the other end of the phone heard Zhang Chongyang's voice, he immediately became nervous.

However, when he found out Zhang Chongyang's goal, he immediately became incomparably enthusiastic.

This bank employee was eager to announce Su Ming's savings in front of everyone.

“Vice President Zhang. I've already checked, Mr. Su's account has a total of 25625,000 yuan!”

So much?

Su Ming was slightly stunned.

He seemed to have only sold some golden bamboo shoots, and the other two sums of money had not been transferred to his account yet.

Su Ming took out his phone and saw a message on it.

Only then did Su Ming understand that the old gentlemen had auctioned his antiques.

When the surrounding people heard this, although they were a little envious, their hearts were filled with doubt.

This was because a few of the people present had already reached this number.

Two hundred million was not a small amount indeed.

But the key point was that Zhang Chongyang's identity was not simple. He had more than ten billion yuan in his hands.

A person who had more than 200 million in savings could indeed be considered a rich man, but he was not worth Zhang Chongyang's attention, right?

"I forgot to tell you."

Zhang Chongyang hung up the phone and smiled faintly: "This money is only a part of Mr. Su's savings. It can be completely ignored by Mr. Su."

What the hell?

"I'm sorry, everyone. This is just a little pocket money of mine."

Su Ming smiled and said.

The doubts in everyone's hearts were swept away.

They were all shocked when they heard Su Ming's words.

Pocket money?

Who could have more than 200 million pocket money?

Even those billionaires probably didn't have that much pocket money, right?

The most embarrassed person was Han Peng.

When he heard the amount of Su Ming's savings, he was secretly happy.

In his opinion, Su Ming must have grasped something on Zhang Chongyang.

But he never thought that he would be asking for trouble this time!

“Principal Chang, send me the school's account number. I'll transfer the money over.”

“Alright!”

Principal Chang hurriedly nodded and sent Su Ming the school's account number. However, in his heart, he was incomparably shocked.

When did such a big shot appear in his school?

He was too powerful!

The classmates who had been standing far away from Su Ming all came forward when they heard this.

The boys were eager to establish a relationship with Su Ming, and the girls began to leer at him wildly.

They did not expect to become Su Ming's wife. As long as they could become his girlfriend, they would be satisfied.

“Su Ming, thank you for your donation. I'm really grateful.”

Tears streamed down Principal Chang's face.

“The school has not been developing well these past few years, and the facilities in the school have never been changed. With your money, we can finally change the facilities.”

Principal Chang shook hands with Su Ming, and the media reporters beside them kept taking photos.

“Whose photo is this?”

“Oh, these are Han Peng's photos. Delete them. There's no point in keeping these photos.”

Han Peng almost cried when he heard the reporters' discussion.

He wanted to show off in front of others, but he didn't expect to be completely suppressed by Su Ming.

This was the first time in so many years that he felt so awkward.

The principal enthusiastically won Su Ming up, and Su Ming brought Cao Mingyuan and Cao Mingyuan up the stage together.

As for the former protagonist, Han Peng, he had long been ignored.

Han Peng could not stay any longer. He found a random excuse and ran away.

The school anniversary celebration continued, but it was a little different.

Everyone's eyes were focused on Su Ming, and the school leaders didn't have time to watch the performance below. They all went to talk to Su Ming.

A few of the teachers who had taught Su Ming could chat with him. The teachers and leaders who came later were jealous of them.

Zhang Chongyang was so happy that he followed behind Su Ming like a loyal guard.

Previously, only President Chen could follow behind Su Ming. This time, he actually encountered such an opportunity!

If President Chen knew about this, he would definitely regret it to the extreme.

This school anniversary was unusually lively.

Principal Chang made a special call to the school's purchasing department and asked them to buy more firecrackers.

Originally, the school anniversary celebration would only release firecrackers for more than ten minutes, but this time, because of Su Ming's arrival, it lasted for half an hour.

Originally, the school leaders wanted to keep Su Ming for a simple meal, but Su Ming said that he wanted to go home and accompany his parents, so no one dared to keep him.

When he reached the door, Cao Mingyuan was still a little dizzy.

Cao Mingyuan was an ordinary person.

But today, he was chatting happily with the leaders, and his pocket was filled with all kinds of business cards.

Cao Mingyuan and Su Ming had a special relationship, like brothers. Since they couldn't directly establish a relationship with Su Ming, it was also a good thing to have a relationship with Cao Mingyuan!

Most importantly, there was a company that had just opened a local branch office and let Cao Mingyuan be the vice president.

Establishing a good rapport with Cao Mingyuan was the key to potentially connecting with Su Ming, and he was well aware of it.

Others couldn't help but envy this individual, but they had no other option.

It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon when Su Ming was finally able to leave.

"Mr. Su, I deeply regret this. My accidental revelation of your identity caused you significant inconvenience."

Standing before Su Ming, Zhang Chongyang offered a heartfelt apology.

Su Ming chuckled and affectionately patted Zhang Chongyang on the shoulder. "Vice President Zhang, don't worry. I must head home now. Carry on with your responsibilities, Vice President Zhang."

Feeling the strength in Su Ming's touch, Zhang Chongyang was nearly moved to tears.

Mr. Su had truly touched him!

As Su Ming departed, Zhang Chongyang wiped away a few tears from the corner of his eyes.

He was determined to follow in President Chen's footsteps and be a loyal companion to Mr. Su forever!

Han Peng was feeling despondent.

After leaving the school anniversary event, he sought refuge in a hotel to drown his sorrows with a drink.

In his inebriated state, he suddenly spotted a Rolls Royce Phantom pulling up at the hotel entrance.

Han Peng's eyes lit up.

This was a multi-million-dollar luxury sports car!

Could it belong to one of the VIPs from the school event?

But the VIPs had their own exclusive parking area.

A Rolls Royce Phantom wasn't parked there.

Just as Han Peng puzzled over this, the car window rolled down.

Cao Mingyuan greeted him with a warm smile, "Class Monitor Han, are you having a drink here?"

Han Peng was momentarily stunned but quickly sobered up.

He rubbed his eyes vigorously, frowned, and scrutinized the person carefully.

The person behind the wheel was none other than Su Ming!

Han Peng felt like crying.

Su Ming had taken things too far.

He was already suffering, yet Su Ming didn't let him off the hook.

Han Peng had initially guessed that the driver's identity was significant.

Now he was certain that this individual held great importance.

Su Ming gave a faint smile. He hadn't intended to flaunt anything, but Cao Mingyuan had insisted on stopping the car.

Han Peng had chosen to drink outside instead of indoors; this wasn't Su Ming's doing.

When Su Ming departed, Han Peng felt utterly helpless.

He was completely sober now, and the food before him seemed tasteless.

He had to return!

Otherwise, the embarrassment would only escalate.

Cao Mingyuan sat in the passenger seat, laughing heartily. "Old Su, you should have seen that guy's embarrassed expression."

Su Ming smiled and shook his head. "We don't need to stoop to his level."

Cao Mingyuan laughed. "He used to flaunt his wealth and status in front of me. Honestly, I was a bit envious. But now, I just pity him a little."

The two of them conversed as they headed back.

Cao Mingyuan stayed over at Su Ming's place for dinner.

Their bond stretched back to their childhood, solidifying a strong connection between them.

Lee Sumei and Su Tao regarded Cao Mingyuan as their own son.

They prepared a bountiful feast and engaged in lively conversation while relishing their meal.

Once Cao Mingyuan had eaten his fill, he took his leave.

Su Ming and Su Tao were engaged in a conversation when the sudden blare of a car horn emanated from outside their front door.

This was followed by a series of knocks.

“Who's there?”

Lee Sumei wiped her apron and hurriedly went to answer the door.

Su Ming, too, felt curious and stepped out of the room alongside his mother.

“Sister-in-law, why did you close the door in the middle of the day? What's going on?”

A mocking voice drifted from the door, causing Lee Sumei's expression to change slightly upon hearing it.

Su Ming also furrowed his brow.

They exchanged glances and realized that it was Su Ming's second aunt, Fong Yuemei, who had arrived.

Their family enjoyed relative affluence, owning a clothing factory in town that yielded hundreds of thousands annually.

In the nearby villages, they were undoubtedly considered well-off.

Fong Yuemei had a naturally quarrelsome personality, which was exacerbated by her family's wealth, making her haughty and dismissive of others.

Lee Sumei and Su Tao were inherently honest, often falling victim to Fong Yuemei's exploitation of her family's wealth.

These two individuals were straightforward and didn't know how to argue back.

No matter how much Fong Yuemei berated them, they responded with smiles.

Furthermore, Su Ming's family was not financially well-off, occasionally requiring loans from Fong Yuemei.

Each time they approached her for money, Fong Yuemei's countenance darkened. She scolded Lee Sumei and Su Tao as though lecturing her own son, and they dared not utter a word, simply grinning through it all.

It often took hours of scolding before they could secure a loan.

Su Ming had never held any fondness for Fong Yuemei since his youth.

But Fong Yuemei was his elder, and his parents repeatedly urged him to treat her kindly.

After all, if they needed financial assistance in the future, they would have to turn to Fong Yuemei.

So, up until now, Su Ming had endured her ill temper.

"Open the door."

Su Ming smiled faintly, no longer needing to tolerate her behavior.

Lee Sumei nodded at her son and unlocked the door.

“Why did it take you so long to open the door? Are you worried that a thief might have broken in and scolded you? Don't fret. Your family is so destitute that nobody would bother stealing from you.”

As the door swung open, Fong Yuemei sneered.

Fong Yuemei, in her forties, sported a dark complexion, a face creased with wrinkles, and a lean figure. Nevertheless, she adorned herself with a multitude of jewelry, wore heavy makeup, and boasted curly hair.

Upon seeing her attire, Su Ming felt repulsed.

But Fong Yuemei thought otherwise, believing herself to be exceptionally beautiful.

“Sister-in-law, whose car is that outside? Why has someone parked their vehicle in front of your home? Hurry and instruct them to move it; I want to park my car there.”

Fong Yuemei frowned as she spoke.

“That's my son's car.”

Lee Sumei smiled.

“What? Your son bought a car?”

Hearing this, Fong Yuemei's frown deepened, and she hurled insults, “Sister-in-law, does your family have the means to buy a car? When did you learn to flaunt your wealth? It's one thing to show off, but you need the resources to back it up! When did you become so prosperous? Only then can you show off to others. Since you lack the capability, why do you still insist on bragging?”

Chapter 97 - His Plan Was Perfect

Upon hearing this, Su Ming's expression darkened. He had something to say, but his mother gestured to silence him.

Witnessing his mother's gesture, Su Ming could only sigh and shake his head.

“But...”

Lee Sumei was about to provide an explanation, but Fong Yuemei interrupted her abruptly, “What kind of car is this? Why do the two letters on the hood overlap? Is the hood ornament malfunctioning? If your family doesn't have money, why did you buy a car? Park it on the roadside; I want to park my car here.”

Su Ming gave a faint smile.

It appeared that Fong Yuemei was a nouveau riche with no sense of refinement.

She didn't even recognize the hood ornament of a Rolls-Royce?

Inside the Rolls-Royce was a Flying Lady figurine.

She didn't even identify that, yet she claimed to be wealthy.

“My car is top-notch.”

Fong Yuemei proudly glanced at her Audi.

Out of curiosity, Su Ming activated the scanning system.

It was an Audi A6, 2012 model. It had been involved in an accident, and Fong Yuemei had bought it for 78,000 yuan.

Su Ming was taken aback.

He had assumed Fong Yuemei would purchase a brand-new car, considering the Audi A6's price ranged from 400,000 to 600,000 yuan.

Yet, this car had a history of accidents.

Moreover, it was a 2012 model, the first Audi A6 to enter the domestic market.

And Fong Yuemei had actually paid 78,000 yuan for it.

She had likely been swindled.

If Fong Yuemei discovered the car's background, she would undoubtedly be furious.

"Your family is truly impressive. You're driving an Audi."

Lee Sumei remarked with a smile.

"Of course," Fong Yuemei replied confidently.

Fong Yuemei lifted her head proudly. "Well, you don't need to move your car. I came here for a reason."

"What is it?"

Lee Sumei asked, puzzled.

“The 100,000 yuan you borrowed from our family, it's time to pay it back, don't you think?”

“100,000 yuan? I only borrowed 50,000 yuan from you.”

“When you borrow money from others, don't you usually pay interest?”

Fong Yuemei sneered.

“Even if there's interest, it shouldn't be this high, right?”

“That's the interest rate I set, what do you think?”

Fong Yuemei retrieved an IOU from her pocket and tossed it over. “See for yourself. This IOU is crystal clear.”

Lee Sumei was astonished. She quickly examined the IOU.

There was a clause in the promissory note stating that the interest was 50,000 yuan.

Her signature and fingerprint were clearly visible on the document.

Lee Sumei was stunned. “There was no such clause when I signed it. How did you...”

Typically, there should have been three copies of the IOU.

One for the borrower, one for the lender, and one for the guarantor.

However, since they were all relatives and Lee Sumei was too trusting, she had signed the document without scrutiny. She hadn't expected Fong Yuemei to sneak in an additional provision.

Lee Sumei had missed this detail when she signed it. Fong Yuemei had gone too far!

“Don't have the money?”

Fong Yuemei smiled faintly. “No problem. Our family just happens to be short of two workers for a couple of days. You and Su Tao will come to our house to help. You can work at the factory, and Su Tao can assist me at home. I won't pay you a salary. You can use your earnings to repay the debt.”

“You...”

Despite Lee Sumei's generally good temperament, she couldn't help feeling a bit irked.

Wasn't Fong Yuemei taking things too far?

Fong Yuemei's intentions were crystal clear.

Fong Yuemei understood perfectly well that Lee Sumei couldn't afford the money at all. Her true objective was to exploit Lee Sumei and Su Tao as unpaid labor.

This way, she could dismiss four workers and have Lee Sumei and Su Tao shoulder the workload of two people each.

The combined salary of four workers amounted to over 20,000 yuan!

Over the course of a year, she could save more than 200,000 yuan.

Furthermore, as long as she refrained from signing a labor contract with Lee Sumei, she could compel her to pay up.

After all, this was merely an oral agreement.

“I have an IOU, so I'm bound to win.”

“Since you're people of integrity, you'll work for me for the rest of your lives.”

“It's either you repay me now or you work for me. Choose.”

“Here's 100,000 yuan. If I take legal action, you might end up in jail. As for Su Ming's future...”

Fong Yuemei knew that Su Ming was the one they cherished the most.

For Su Ming's sake, they were willing to toil themselves to exhaustion!

Lee Sumei's expression underwent a transformation.

“It's just 100,000 yuan, no problem. I'll repay you right away.”

Su Ming unexpectedly interjected.

“Are you really going to pay us back?”

Fong Yuemei clearly didn't anticipate Su Ming's response.

“Su Ming, you spent a few years in university and then worked in the city for two years. Have you become a braggart? Where would you find the money to repay us?”

Fong Yuemei sneered, her disdain palpable.

Su Ming offered a faint smile. "Give me your bank account number. You'll find out soon enough, won't you?"

Fong Yuemei was taken aback. Su Ming had changed, and his resolve was unwavering.

"Fine, I'll give you my account number. If you can't transfer the money, don't blame me for being blunt!"

Fong Yuemei sneered as she shared her account details. Swiftly, Su Ming transferred 100,000 yuan.

"Su Ming, we're family. I've watched you grow up. If you don't have the means, don't pretend..."

Fong Yuemei continued to sneer, anticipating Su Ming's humiliation. "He really has no future."

Just as she was about to make her point, her phone rang suddenly. She retrieved it and glanced at the screen.

"Dear customer of XXX Bank: Your bank account has received 100,000 yuan!"

Fong Yuemei was dumbfounded.

Su Ming had indeed returned her 100,000 yuan!

Fong Yuemei's expression grew incredibly awkward.

Had Su Ming won the lottery?

She couldn't fathom another explanation. After all, just a few days ago, Lee Sumei had approached Su Tao to borrow money for the dowry.

Yet, Fong Yuemei had relentlessly mocked Lee Sumei for three hours and sent her packing.

In just a few days, Su Ming had become so wealthy?

“I never expected your family to be able to come up with 100,000 yuan.”

Fong Yuemei questioned, “Did you sell your house?”

“Whether we sold the house or not is none of your concern.”

Su Ming offered a faint smile. He reached out, grabbed the IOU, and tore it into pieces. “It's getting late. We need some rest. Aunt, please go back.”

With those words, Su Ming closed the door.

Chapter 98 - A Treat

“You!”

Fong Yuemei had assumed this time would be no different from the rest.

She believed they would comply with any demand she made, holding an IOU as her trump card.

She was aware that Su Tao and his spouse had racked up considerable debt for Su Ming's wedding.

Burdened by debt, they had no spare funds to settle their dues.

She had it all figured out.

Yet, reality begged to differ.

She didn't even make it past the front door.

How dare they refuse me entry!

Such a thing had never occurred before!

They'll regret this, I won't let it slide! Fong Yuemei seethed internally.

With fury, Fong Yuemei spun on her heel and stormed off.

Lee Sumei lingered at the doorway, her discomfort and indecision palpable.

Now that her family was affluent, the years of poverty still weighed heavily on her, making it hard to shift her mindset.

“Son, she is your aunt, after all. Are we being too harsh?”

Lee Sumei faltered.

“Mom!”

Su Ming responded with a sense of resignation, “You and Dad are well aware of Fong Yuemei's treatment towards us. She's keen on making snide remarks and bossing you around. Out of 365 days a year, you spend 360 working for them without pay. Every harvest season, after you and Dad have toiled away at our own chores, she comes knocking, expecting you to labor in her fields.”

“If it weren't for the endless work you do for her, neither you nor Dad would be worn out. Sure, she lent us money, and helping out is one thing, but she's crossed the line. What's worse, she only lent us fifty thousand, but then she tacked on an extra clause, inflating it to a hundred thousand. She's just malicious!”

Lee Sumei wanted to interject, but she couldn't deny her son's logic.

"Mom."

Su Ming offered a reassuring smile. "Things are different now. We're no longer in need of loans. Our situation is far better than theirs."

It was then that Lee Sumei had an epiphany—her son was wealthy. The days of hardship were behind her.

They chatted for a bit before heading back inside.

Fong Yuemei drove home, fuming as she stormed out of the car.

Lying on a lounge chair in the yard was a middle-aged man, squinting slightly with a cigarette between his fingers. It was Su Tao's older brother, Su Hai.

"Why are you back alone? Where's the Third Brother?" Su Hai opened his eyes a bit more, noticing his wife had come back by herself.

"Humph!" Fong Yuemei let out a cold snort in response, "They've come into money now."

"Hmm?" Su Hai perked up, "What happened?"

"Su Ming has returned." Just mentioning Su Ming made Fong Yuemei seethe with anger. She plopped down furiously onto a nearby chair and said, "I don't know what kind of stroke of luck he's had, but he's suddenly flush with cash. He's even paid back every penny he owed."

"Paid it all back?" Su Hai was taken aback. "How much? One hundred thousand or fifty thousand?"

“One hundred thousand.”

“What?” Su Hai was utterly astonished.

He knew all too well the state of the Third Brother's finances. They were dirt poor. To afford Su Ming's wedding, his parents had scraped together 500,000 yuan by borrowing from wherever they could.

“Could it be that the kid's wedding fell through? Did the bride's family return the dowry?” Su Hai speculated with a blink.

“I don't know,” Fong Yuemei shook her head, “But it doesn't seem likely. Think about it, that five hundred thousand was cobbled together with great difficulty. He wouldn't just hand over an extra fifty thousand. They're honest folks, but we're talking about fifty thousand yuan here. Yet, Su Ming didn't even hesitate to hand over the money.”

Su Hai found it strange too. Su Ming had been working in the city, but he'd been laid off, as far as he knew. How did he suddenly strike it rich? A lottery win, maybe?

Fong Yuemei found the idea incredulous. She often played the lottery herself and hadn't heard of anyone hitting a jackpot in the city.

Fuming with pent-up rage at Su Ming's place, Fong Yuemei had no outlet for her frustration. She clenched her teeth in anger for a good while before storming back into the house.

At that moment, the Su family of three was cozily gathered around the television.

“Mom.”

A thought suddenly struck Su Ming: “The uncles in the village have been a huge support to our family. I'd like to reserve a hotel in town and invite everyone over for a meal.”

“That's a great idea.”

Su Tao was on board: "I've been meaning to do that for a while, but we just didn't have the funds. Now that we're financially able, it's definitely time to show our gratitude."

"We should invite anyone who's been good to us or has lent us money. They all deserve to be treated to a meal."

Lee Sumei nodded in agreement.

"How about the day after tomorrow?"

Su Ming glanced at the calendar; it was conveniently a weekend.

With no work or school, everyone should be available.

The more, the merrier.

"Sounds good!"

Lee Sumei nodded. She walked over to a cabinet, opened it, and pulled out two worn, thick notebooks.

Flipping through the pages, she found the ink faded with age, a testament to the years gone by.

"This is our family's ledger. I've kept a detailed record of everyone who's lent us money over the years."

Lee Sumei perused the ledger, line by line.

While Su Ming remained engrossed in the TV show, Lee Sumei and Su Tao took on the task of finalizing the guest list. Night fell, and they all turned in for the night.

At the crack of dawn, Lee Sumei set out to notify the neighbors.

Meanwhile, Su Ming hit the road for town.

The town was sizable and bustling with activity.

Its prosperity was largely due to the main road that cut through it, a vital artery connecting two cities, bringing life and commerce to the area.

Having spent three years in junior high there, Su Ming knew exactly which hotel was the best.

He drove straight to the establishment.

Parking in front of the restaurant, Su Ming stepped out and entered.

“Here for a meal?”

The proprietor, a robust middle-aged man with a bare chest, a sweat towel over his shoulders, and an apron tied around his waist, approached with a friendly, sweaty smile.

“Boss, I'd like to book your place for tomorrow. I'm planning a big feast.”

“You've got perfect timing, young man. We've been slammed lately, but today and tomorrow we're wide open!”

The boss chuckled, “Young man, what's your budget?”

“The priciest dishes you have.”

Su Ming offered a smile.

The boss paused, taken aback. This guy must be loaded. “Look, you don't really need to splurge on the expensive stuff. Naturally, I'd love for you to—after all, it means more profit for me. But I get it, earning money is tough. There's no need for you to go all out on the high-end dishes.”

Chapter 99 - You Have to Give Me the Right!

“No need for that.”

Su Ming offered a light smile. “I'll still opt for the most expensive dishes. But, you've got to guarantee the quality, boss.”

The boss chuckled heartily. “I've been running this restaurant for nearly thirty years. The quality of my dishes is always top-notch. If it weren't, I wouldn't have lasted this long.”

The top-tier package was priced at 4888 yuan per table.

In a major city, that price would be considered quite standard.

But this was a small town, and despite the residents' improved living standards, they still valued frugality.

Moreover, the spending power here was nowhere near that of the big cities, making this price quite steep for the locale.

The owner, with years of experience, seldom encountered customers who requested the priciest dishes.

Su Ming quickly estimated the headcount. Each table seated eight, so around twenty tables should suffice. To accommodate any unexpected guests, he reserved an additional ten tables.

After putting down a 20,000 yuan deposit and confirming the time for the next day's feast, Su Ming was about to head out when a middle-aged man entered.

“Mr. Soong, will you have the usual set meal today?”

The shopkeeper greeted the newcomer with an eager smile.

“Yes.”

Mr. Soong nodded, adding, “There's another reason for my visit today. You should be grateful; I've brought you a substantial order. Our school has chosen your hotel for tomorrow's gathering. I'd like to reserve ten tables at the highest standard.”

The shop owner found himself in a bind upon hearing this.

Su Ming had already secured the venue for a banquet the following noon.

The owner would naturally prefer to honor Su Ming's reservation, given the larger number of guests and the promise of greater profits.

The total for thirty tables would approach 150,000 yuan, netting him a handsome profit.

However, Mr. Soong was his grandson's homeroom teacher, and he couldn't afford to upset him.

If Mr. Soong harbored any resentment, it could spell trouble for his grandson at school.

Scratching his head in consternation, the owner glanced at Su Ming and said with a hint of difficulty, “Mr. Soong, your timing is unfortunate. This young man has just booked a banquet for tomorrow.”

Upon hearing the news, Mr. Soong's brow furrowed slightly. He sized up Su Ming, realizing he didn't recognize him. “Young man, are you from around here?” he inquired.

"Yes," Su Ming replied with a subtle nod.

"That's good to hear," Mr. Soong said, a newfound confidence in his voice.

Why was he so confident? Because right across from the hotel stood Central Primary School, where he taught. In the past, having children meant adding a laborer to the family to earn extra money. However, as times changed, parents increasingly valued their children's education. All the local residents' children attended Central Primary School.

Dare to cross me? Dare to cross Central Primary School? No problem, I could simply place your child in the school's worst class, ensuring they struggle academically. Ruining a child's education or childhood is far easier than nurturing them properly.

Though Su Ming was young, likely a recent college graduate, if he settled down and had children locally, they'd inevitably attend Central Primary School. And even if Su Ming had children in the city who attended a different school, he had other means at his disposal.

"Young man, you might have been here first, but some things are more urgent than others. Yesterday was Central Primary School's anniversary, and tomorrow our school's leaders and teachers will have an important dinner. How about you let us have your reservation for tomorrow?" Mr. Soong suggested, his smile barely concealing his intent.

"Don't be too quick to turn me down," Mr. Soong continued smoothly. "Even if your future child doesn't attend Central Primary School, surely the children of your relatives and friends will, right?"

Su Ming couldn't help but chuckle at the veiled threat.

He wasn't pressed for time on this issue. If necessary, he could simply choose another restaurant. Had Mr. Soong approached him respectfully, he might have considered stepping aside, especially since Mr. Soong was a teacher from his old school. But the teacher's tone was off-putting, and the threat was clear.

Su Ming detested being threatened more than anything.

"I'm sorry," Su Ming said, his smile calm and unwavering. "I don't see my plans as any less important. I made the reservation first, and I have no intention of giving it up."

"You!"

Mr. Soong's face soured instantly upon hearing that.

He had encountered someone today who just didn't get it.

"Fine, you'll see!"

With those words, Mr. Soong stormed off in a huff.

The shopkeeper's heart skipped a beat at this. What if he got dragged into this mess? What would happen to his grandson?

"Listen, young man, could you please just back down a bit? My grandson attends Central Primary School, and I can't afford to cross Mr. Soong," the shopkeeper pleaded with a heavy sigh.

"Trust me, boss, there won't be any trouble," Su Ming assured him with a smile, casually taking a seat.

The shopkeeper wavered, torn with indecision, and let out another sigh. Mr. Soong had been deeply affronted today, and he hadn't stood up for him.

Surely Mr. Soong would pin the blame on him, making his grandson's life at school miserable. He'd better figure out a way to transfer his grandson to another school quickly.

While the shopkeeper was lost in thought, footsteps approached the door once more.

The door swung open, and someone entered.

It was Principal Ding, followed by a still-seething Mr. Soong.

In the midst of the sweltering summer, the bright sunlight was overwhelming. Principal Ding, being on in years, felt a bit dazzled as he stepped inside. He could make out two figures—one standing, one sitting.

On closer inspection, he recognized the shopkeeper's familiar silhouette. The seated figure had to be the young man.

Principal Ding's brow furrowed as he approached. "Young man, you..."

He had barely begun to speak when he paused, sensing something familiar about the person before him. He blinked away his confusion.

Then, as his vision cleared, a joyful smile spread across Principal Ding's face.

Wasn't this Mr. Su?

"Principal, this is the guy," Mr. Soong interjected from behind, his displeasure evident. Yet, upon facing the principal, his demeanor shifted to one of warm cordiality. "Principal, in this heat, I'm sorry to have you come out here. Really, I could have handled it myself."

Chapter 100 - He Had No Choice

"Su Ming, what brings you here?"

Principal Ding beamed with a smile as he quickly approached.

"I'm hosting a banquet tomorrow and I'm inviting everyone in our village for a meal. Would you like to join us, Principal Ding?"

“I wouldn't miss it!”

Principal Ding was elated. Receiving a personal invitation from Su Ming, he knew he had to show his respect.

“Principal Ding, Mr. Soong sure is overbearing. Does he do anything besides teach and intimidate people?”

Su Ming's smile was slow to form, but it spoke volumes.

Principal Ding frantically waved his hands and shook his head, his voice tinged with panic as he explained, “Please don't get the wrong idea, Su Ming. The fault lies with me. I haven't properly guided our teachers, but trust me, Mr. Soong is not the norm.”

Having said that, Principal Ding turned sharply and fixed Mr. Soong with a stern look. “Mr. Soong, aren't you going to come over and apologize?”

Mr. Soong was seething with rage as he had stormed out earlier.

He had been on his way to gather support from the school's leadership when he encountered Principal Ding exiting the building.

Mr. Soong approached and began to dramatically recount the events.

He even claimed that Su Ming had slandered the school.

This news did not sit well with Principal Ding.

One should not resort to insults.

He had served as the school's principal for many years with unwavering dedication.

His reputation was well-known in the surrounding community.

Surely, for the sake of his standing, this young man had no right to insult the school.

Feeling slighted, Principal Ding was determined to confront the individual. But upon entering and seeing Su Ming, everything clicked into place.

If Su Ming truly harbored grievances against the school, would he have donated twenty million?

Clearly, Mr. Soong was the instigator.

Mr. Soong, observing from the background, began to doubt what he was witnessing.

What was going on here?

Were the two of them in cahoots, making a fool out of him?

Seeing Principal Ding's deferential attitude toward this young man, and now being told to apologize?

"What's the matter, Mr. Soong? Cat got your tongue?"

Principal Ding let out a cold chuckle before revealing, "You've been so curious about the identity of the school's twenty-million donor. Well, it's him."

What?

Mr. Soong froze in place.

From the principal's expression, it was clear this was no joke.

Mr. Soong had been away in the city for training yesterday and missed the school's anniversary celebration.

His luck couldn't have been worse.

Mr. Soong was on the verge of tears.

How had he managed to offend someone even the vice president of Tianhua Bank sought to please?

"I'm sorry..."

With no other option, Mr. Soong reluctantly bowed his head.

He couldn't afford to cross this young man.

Yet, Mr. Soong was utterly perplexed.

Who was this man?

As a local, Mr. Soong might not know everyone, but he was well-acquainted with the wealthier individuals.

He had never heard of this mysterious new rich man.

"Mr. Su, I truly apologize, I..."

Principal Ding fidgeted, clearly uncomfortable.

Su Ming had made a generous donation to the school just yesterday, and now they had somehow managed to offend him.

Although it was unlikely Su Ming would demand his donation back, if he became angry, he might never give to the school again.

That would be a significant loss, especially since Su Ming was still young and could have been a continuous benefactor.

What a costly mistake!

“Principal Ding, don't worry about it.”

Su Ming offered a reassuring smile and gave Principal Ding a comforting pat on the shoulder. “Since you're hosting a dinner party tomorrow, let's all join in. I'll cover the expenses. Boss, tally up the headcount. I'll take care of the bill tomorrow.”

“Absolutely!”

The boss responded eagerly.

He had noticed Principal Ding's deference to Su Ming, signaling that Su Ming was no ordinary individual.

Most crucially, with the school's staff and Su Ming's personal guests attending, he'd need to prepare for forty or fifty tables. It was a lot of work, but it promised good earnings.

“This is incredibly generous of you.”

Principal Ding was somewhat flustered. He had accepted Su Ming's donation just the day before, and now Su Ming was offering to host a meal.

“No problem at all, Principal Ding.”

Su Ming said with a smile, “Respecting teachers is a cherished tradition in our country, and you've contributed so much to the school. As a student, it's only right for me to treat my teachers. Make sure everyone comes by noon tomorrow.”

Principal Ding responded with a firm “Alright!”

Mr. Soong may have rubbed Su Ming the wrong way, but it seemed to roll right off Su Ming's back.

To Su Ming, it was as if the incident hadn't even grazed his mood.

After a brief exchange, Su Ming excused himself.

He then strolled over to the adjacent mall and purchased the entire stock of cigarettes and liquor from a counter.

He arranged for the items to be delivered to the hotel by noon that day before driving himself home.

Lee Sumei didn't return until noon.

She reached out to dozens of relatives, inviting them for a meal the following day.

Su Ming tallied up the number of attendees and found it matched his expectations.

While reviewing the guest list, Su Tao realized they had forgotten to notify Su Hai.

With a smile, Su Ming suggested, “Dad, I think it might be best to limit our interactions with Su Hai's family going forward.”

Hearing this, Su Tao let out a weary sigh, fully grasping the implication behind Su Ming's words.

Su Ming's Second Brother and Second Sister-in-law had a history of wrongdoing.

After a moment's pause, Su Tao remarked, "Regardless, they're still our family."

"You may see them as family, but they certainly don't see us that way," Lee Sumei interjected, walking in from the next room with an eye roll. "You're aware of how that pair has treated us over the years. Just last night, Fong Yuemei came demanding we repay our debt. We borrowed only 50,000 yuan, yet they're insisting on a repayment of 100,000 yuan. She even threatened that if we don't pay up, we'd have to work off our debt for them. They're well aware of your injury, and yet they still expect you to labor for them."

Su Tao remained silent, his sigh speaking volumes.