

The Billion 151

Chapter 151

C151 – Happiness

Wang Guohui asking for directions? That was a first!

“The Green Cloud Club?”

Wang Guohui paused, then gave the table a solid thump: “Tell him I’m in. But he doesn’t need to foot the bill—I’m hosting tonight!”

The secretary was taken aback.

Wang Guohui was usually swamped with work, not known for being particularly demanding in other areas.

He had simply preferred his secretaries to be younger and more attractive, though their work capability always came first.

Truth be told, they had been somewhat apprehensive when they first started working for him. However, years passed, and they found that he never once harassed them.

The chairman of Cloudsea Navigation Company had extended multiple invitations to Wang Guohui, who seldom accepted.

Filled with curiosity, she quickly returned the call.

At the club, two men past fifty were enjoying the hot springs.

CEO Sun gave Wang Guohui a sly smile: “Old Wang, you used to tell me to stay away from here. What’s gotten into you today, suddenly inviting me and offering to pay?”

“That’s my business!”

Wang Guohui replied with a secretive grin.

“Come on, drop the act. What’s the deal?”

“You’re always buried in work, and it’s taken a toll on you. It’s about time you took a break. Your company is so well-established that you hardly need to lift a finger anymore; your team can handle everything, can’t they?”

“Exactly, and I happen to know the club owner. He mentioned they’ve got some new staff these days. I thought I’d bring you along to meet them.”

They exchanged a knowing look and burst into laughter.

After their bath, they made their way to the top-floor VIP room.

Old Sun was visibly surprised by Wang Guohui’s confidence.

The following morning.

Old Sun was helped out by attendants.

He had twisted his waist the night before.

Luckily, being at a massage club, he got some therapists to work on him, and he was almost back to normal.

Standing at the door, Old Sun was all set to tease Wang Guohui as he came out. But to his surprise, Wang Guohui emerged with his back straight and a spring in his step, flanked by the two technicians from the previous evening.

The two technicians were visibly uncomfortable.

They kept smiles plastered on their faces and clung to Wang Guohui with their arms, seemingly unable to bear the thought of letting go.

Their complexions were pale, and they walked with a noticeable wobble.

Old Sun spotted the oddity immediately and was utterly baffled by it.

Old Sun gulped down his saliva and cautiously approached Wang Guohui: “Old Wang, you’ve got to spill it—did you come across some kind of miracle drug? Look, we go way back, you can’t keep secrets from me. If you’ve got something good, name your price—I’ll pay whatever it takes.”

Wang Guohui, now in his fifties, was brimming with vitality, a clear sign that something was amiss.

“Old Sun, don’t spout such nonsense. I’m not on any strange medication. You know every drug comes with side effects.”

Wang Guohui was feigning ignorance, but what if this charade upset Mr. Su?

“I’ll offer two million.”

“Do I look like I need your two million?”

“Five million!”

“Get lost!”

“Ten million!”

“Old Sun, you’re chasing fantasies.”

Yet, Wang Guohui had no intention of revealing the truth.

Indeed, his visit was to gauge the potency of Su Ming’s fennel. He hadn’t expected much, but last night’s outcome had taken him by surprise.

The efficacy of the fennel was astonishingly potent.

It had exceeded all his expectations.

He vividly recalled not even being this formidable at eighteen.

If word got out, Mr. Su would surely hold him accountable.

What’s more, Mr. Su had mentioned having an ample supply of both the potion and the item. This implied that Mr. Su had even more valuable treasures at his disposal. Should Mr. Su feel generous enough to share even a fraction with Wang Guohui, the benefits would be immense.

But if Wang Guohui managed to offend Mr. Su over this trifle, the regret would be unbearable.

Lost in his elated thoughts, Wang Guohui was jolted back to reality when Old Sun suddenly dropped to his knees.

The gesture took Wang Guohui completely by surprise!

Chapter 152

C152 – Kneeling Down?

Old Sun was crying and sniffing. “Old Wang, we’ve been friends for years, always supporting and looking out for each other. I’ve always treated you well. How could you keep such good news from me?”

Wang Guohui was taken aback. My goodness. Old Sun, when did you master my ultimate move of kneeling down in desperation?

“This could have negative repercussions! The club entrance is always bustling with people. What happens if they see us?”

It was common knowledge that the club was involved in shady dealings, yet no one could openly discuss it. The mornings were particularly busy, and it wouldn’t do for people to witness such a scene.

“I’m certain it’s true! Listen, if you don’t explain what’s happening, I’m prepared to kneel right alongside you to prove it!”

Wang Guohui was exasperated.

How did he end up with such a persistent character?

“Old Sun, stand up first, then I’ll fill you in,” Wang Guohui offered.

“Don’t deceive me.”

Reluctantly, Old Sun rose to his feet, still skeptical.

“Fine, I’ll give it to you straight. I did receive something from someone. But I beg your forgiveness. The person has a mysterious background and the backing of a formidable power. I wouldn’t dare cross him. If he doesn’t give the word, I wouldn’t even dare speak to him.”

Guohui felt a sense of helplessness. Seeing his old friend kneel before him was deeply unsettling.

But he couldn't just offend Mr. Su Ming over this, could he? Only a fool would dare cross Mr. Su Ming.

Old Sun was taken aback. So that was the issue?

Such talk was pointless.

"Old Wang, you're not treating me like a friend. We've been partners for over two decades. I've always charged you less for transporting your goods, never once demanding a higher fee."

"Yes," Wang Guohui acknowledged.

"So, you shouldn't keep secrets. Are you trying to make money without considering me a friend? I'm not asking for much, just a small share, okay?"

Wang Guohui was troubled.

Old Sun had indeed been a long-time collaborator. He managed the transportation team for the overseas Trade Company.

They had several large ships, and many of Wang Guohui's shipments were handled by Old Sun.

And Old Sun was someone who paid great attention to detail.

Old Sun's shipping fee was just about 10% above the going rate. It might not seem like much, but that 10% adds up when you're dealing with shipments valued in the tens or even hundreds of millions.

They were friends, after all. Minor slip-ups happened now and then, but they weren't significant enough to fuss over.

Without this partnership, Wang Guohui's business would face serious obstacles, and finding a replacement partner would be a daunting task.

Yet, Mr. Su had gifted him something truly valuable. If Wang Guohui spread the word, Mr. Su might think he was bragging.

Being too conspicuous could prompt Mr. Su to cut ties, which would be a devastating blow to Wang Guohui.

Seeing Wang Guohui's dilemma, Old Sun's resolve faltered, and he found himself kneeling once more, powerless.

This was a matter of his pride as a man.

Old Sun was wealthy, with a net worth surpassing President Chen's, though not quite reaching Wang Guohui's level.

His health had been in decline since he turned 45. Medical checks revealed no illness, but his virility was severely diminished.

A barbaric king in a game could unleash his power move for six seconds; Old Sun's stamina fell short of even three.

He tried everything: herbal remedies, Western medicine, acupuncture, and countless local concoctions.

Despite his wealth, it was all for naught.

Money couldn't cure everything, and he knew it.

Wang Guohui had been through it himself, understanding that such prescriptions were futile, which is why he seldom sought them. Holding off for a few months before seeking help would have been preferable.

Now, with a potential solution within reach, Old Sun couldn't afford to let the opportunity slip by.

Feeling cornered, Wang Guohui quickly lifted Old Sun to his feet, saying, "I've recently come across a master named Su. He's the one who provided this. I can't promise he'll be willing to assist you, but I can at least put you in touch with him."

Seeing Old Sun in such a state, Wang Guohui felt a pang of sympathy.

"Mr. Su?" Old Sun, who was well-acquainted with Wang Guohui and his circle of friends, inquired, "When did you meet such a friend? What's his occupation? Is he a practitioner of Chinese medicine?"

"Quit speculating—he's a young fellow, yet a remarkably formidable sage from beyond this world."

"Look, I'm not concerned with Mr. Su's background, but I truly desire this item. Please, help me out. Money is no object."

Old Sun's grin was irrepressible as he sensed a shift in their fortunes.

"Fine, hop in my car, and I'll take you there shortly."

"However, we need to set some ground rules first. Stay in the car until I've had a chance to check things out. If Mr. Su gives the green light, then you can come in. But if he doesn't, we leave right away—no fuss, understood?"

Old Sun nodded eagerly, "Rest assured, I've got this."

"Now listen, Old Sun, don't even think about offending him with money. Mr. Su might very well be wealthier than I am."

Wang Guohui, as an old friend, was well aware of the gears turning in Old Sun's head.

Never mind that Su Ming owned six acres in the heart of the city.

The Body-stretching Pill and fennel that Su Ming had bestowed upon him were in themselves invaluable.

Yet Su Ming was indifferent to such wealth; his sole passion was tending to his land.

Upon arrival, Old Sun's eyes were opened to the truth of Wang Guohui's words.

"Good heavens, you can't be serious that all this prime city center land belongs to him. These six acres are easily worth tens of billions!"

Although Old Sun himself was no stranger to wealth, the revelation still left him astounded.

"You old coot, always sizing up noble intentions with your narrow-mindedness. Did you honestly believe Mr. Su was planning to develop this site? You couldn't be more wrong. Mr. Su has no intention of building here—he's cultivating the land right in the city center."

"What?"

Old Sun was utterly flabbergasted, his admiration for Su Ming growing by the moment.

He had heard tales of reclusive sages who shunned worldly riches.

But he never imagined he would encounter such a person in real life.

"Remember what I've told you. If you don't, I won't be able to bail you out."

Chapter 153

C153 – Fennel

Su Ming was busy filling his newly constructed fish pond with water. Where a lawn once greeted visitors at the villa's entrance, Su Ming had envisioned something grander. He had the builders transform it into an expansive fish pond.

Earlier that morning, he had phoned the market to deliver a selection of ornamental fish. They arrived and were now swimming in a glass tank beside him, a collection of exceptionally valuable species. Among them were goldfish and the highly prized Golden Arowanas, along with a variety of other species.

Su Ming had plans to excavate another pond nearby, with the idea of raising piranhas.

The crunch of footsteps on gravel drew his attention, and he looked up to see Wang Guohui approaching.

"Mr. Su, you're up with the dawn. I specifically came over to express my gratitude for the gift you gave me yesterday—it was truly remarkable!"

"Did it wear you out last night?" Su Ming asked, a hint of intrigue in his smile.

"Not at all. Thanks to the medicine you gave me, I'm feeling robust," Wang Guohui replied.

"But Mr. Su, I need to discuss something with you, and I hope it won't upset you. I have this friend, we've been close for over two decades. Physically, he's much like me, but he's facing some... delicate issues," Wang Guohui said, cautiously watching Su Ming's reaction, wary of offending him.

"I understand," Su Ming said, turning off the water faucet.

"Please, Mr. Su, rest assured. I'm only here to inquire. If you're not on board, I'll take my friend away at once!"

Wang Guohui was visibly anxious, knowing full well the importance of staying on Su Ming's good side.

“There’s no need to worry,” Su Ming reassured him with a smile.

Su Ming was a man of principle. Wang Guohui had presented him with a generous gift and always treated him with the utmost respect. Besides, Wang Guohui had brought him a significant amount of fennel—a commodity of great value to others but of little consequence to Su Ming.

“I have a bit more left. Just wait here,” Su Ming said as he headed back into the villa.

He had harvested all the fennel the previous night. Now, he grabbed a handful of the fragrant herb and brought it out.

“Pass this along to your friend,” Su Ming said, placing the fennel in Wang Guohui’s hands, who was moved to the brink of tears by the gesture.

Above all, Su Ming acted out of complete trust in him.

Su Ming had never once asked him for money. Get the **latest novels** at **novelbin(.)com**

But he was determined to repay Su Ming’s kindness.

Old Sun sat in the passenger seat, fighting the impulse to bolt out. Then, he finally caught sight of Wang Guohui.

As Wang Guohui slid into the car, Old Sun blurted out, “Did he agree?”

“He did. You’re in luck. Ten million apiece.”

Old Sun wasn’t balking at the price; he was just shocked to discover the items were merely fennel.

“Come on, Old Wang, don’t mess with me.”

“I’m serious, I’ve eaten this stuff. Are you buying or not?”

Old Sun’s skepticism irked Wang Guohui, who was starting to second-guess his decision.

“Ten million yuan each.”

Old Sun hesitated. Could even a solid gold bar fetch such a price?

Indeed, he had the funds to purchase them.

“You’re not serious, right? Not even gold and diamonds command such a price.”

Old Sun wavered.

“Do I look senile to you? I’m telling you, this is Mr. Su’s prized possession. It was hard enough to get my hands on it. If you’re not interested, I’ll take it back.”

Wang Guohui made a move to grab the bag.

Yet, Wang Guohui was aware that Su Ming hadn’t asked for money, but he himself couldn’t afford to give it away for free.

“Fine, I trust you. But you do realize this small bunch has at least thirty pieces, right? Combined, they’re worth a fortune—three hundred million at least.”

“How about a discount?”

Old Sun gazed at him hopefully.

“If you don’t want them, hand them over,” Wang Guohui said, showing no signs of compromise, ready to walk away.

“Hold on, I’ll take it!”

Old Sun knew Wang Guohui wasn’t the type to deceive, especially after noticing the changes in him. With a heavy heart, he made up his mind to make the purchase.

“Why the long face, Old Sun? Ever wonder what these could fetch at auction?”

Wang Guohui was clearly annoyed.

“I’m paying right now!”

Without further hesitation, Old Sun paid up.

Truth be told, it did sting a little to part with that much money.

His company was valued in the tens of billions, yet his bank account held a mere 400 million.

He blinked, peering into his pocket, uncertain of the medicine’s efficacy.

Just then, Wang Guohui approached Su Ming with haste.

“Mr. Su, I’ve successfully sold the item. Rest assured, it fetched a handsome price!”

“What?”

Su Ming paused, caught off guard.

But upon reflection, he recognized Wang Guohui's kind gesture. To him, the item was worthless, but its market value could be astronomical.

"Mr. Su, the card holds a total of 380 million!"

Wang Guohui placed the card in Su Ming's hand reassuringly. "This bank card may be mine, but please, feel free to use it as you wish."

"10 million yuan each?" Su Ming asked, astonished.

Su Ming blinked again.

Chapter 154

C154 – Effect

Upon seeing Su Ming's bewildered look, Wang Guohui was at a loss for words.

The asking price was just too low.

Who exactly was Mr. Su?

And what was this medicine?

"Mr. Su, my apologies. Please, just name your price, and I'll have the money wired to you right away!" Wang Guohui pleaded urgently.

He simply couldn't afford to alienate Su Ming.

His connection with Su Ming was of utmost importance.

Thankfully, they were within the privacy of Su Ming's villa, enclosed by towering walls.

Their conversation was hushed, ensuring that no passersby could eavesdrop.

Otherwise, outraged onlookers might have stormed in and demolished the villa!

In the market, a large bunch of fennel could be had for a mere 10 yuan.

Observing Wang Guohui's tense demeanor, Su Ming couldn't help but chuckle.

"Don't overthink it."

With a smile, Su Ming gave him a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "You've done well."

Truth be told, the money was a trifle to Su Ming.

Not long ago, he had raked in several billion.

For Su Ming now, money was merely a series of digits.

What truly mattered was his five-acre property in the heart of the city.

Wang Guohui breathed a deep sigh of relief, only then noticing his sweat-soaked clothes.

With a laugh, he said, "Mr. Su, as long as you're happy, that's all that matters. I'll be on my way now!"

With that, Wang Guohui turned and made his exit.

Old Sun sat in his car, examining a piece of fennel with scrutiny.

Could it be that he'd been duped?

Still, Wang Guohui was an old friend.

Resolved, Old Sun decided to just eat it.

At that moment, Wang Guohui climbed into the car.

"Old Sun, let's get you home. Oh, right, you didn't drive. I'll take you. And when you get there, have your wife whip up something good for you."

"I'm telling you, if this doesn't work, I'll pay you back ten times over," he assured.

Old Sun blinked in confusion. "Is it only effective when fried?"

"What's the matter?"

Wang Guohui had just started the car and was about to drive off when he suddenly realized something and slammed on the brakes. "You didn't eat it raw, did you?"

Old Sun's face was the picture of bewilderment.

Could it be?

He felt as though he'd thrown his money away.

Wang Guohui asked urgently, "Do you feel anything?"

Truth be told, he wasn't sure if Old Sun could eat the fennel raw; he always cooked it at home before consuming it.

Tears in his eyes, Old Sun replied, "Nothing."

Despair washed over Old Sun.

Wang Guohui had just mentioned how incredibly rare the fennel was.

But in his haste, Old Sun had eaten it without knowing the proper way to do so.

Wang Guohui couldn't help but exclaim, "Why did you rush into it?"

Old Sun was filled with regret.

As he was on the verge of tears, he suddenly froze.

He noticed a gradual warmth in his lower abdomen, and his bodily functions were slowly being restored.

Old Sun blinked in astonishment.

Wang Guohui realized what was happening.

Clapping Old Sun on the shoulder, he said, "See, I didn't lie to you, did I?"

"You didn't," Old Sun confirmed.

In his youth, Old Sun hadn't taken good care of himself, and his health had suffered for it.

It had been ages since he'd felt this good.

"So, was it a fair trade?" Wang Guohui asked.

Old Sun, with dramatic flair, declared, "This is the most worthwhile transaction of my entire life."

It was only then that Old Sun truly grasped the truth in Wang Guohui's earlier words.

Even if the fennel was valued at a hundred million, there would be buyers.

"Old Wang, I've been in this city for some time, yet I've never heard of Mr. Su. What's his story? Could you introduce us?" Old Sun inquired, his curiosity piqued. He was eager to learn who Su Ming was.

Wang Guohui quickly shook his head, "Mr. Su's choice to farm in the city center speaks volumes—he shuns the limelight and prefers not to make too many acquaintances. Please, don't bother him."

Old Sun sighed, a twinge of disappointment in his breath.

Wang Guohui wouldn't be making introductions to Mr. Su.

To him, Mr. Su was an almost divine figure.

Thus, he wouldn't allow anyone to disrupt Mr. Su's peaceful existence.

Chapter 155

C155 – I Understand

He was well aware that President Chen had been a constant presence by Su Ming's side, likely reaping considerable benefits.

Now, with President Chen as a rival, the addition of another competitor would only make things more challenging for him.

However, if it were just him and President Chen, there would be no issue.

It was, after all, just the two of them.

Mr. Su wasn't one to be tightfisted; he would treat them both with fairness.

But with more people in the mix, the dynamics could shift.

As Wang Guohui drove, he mopped the sweat from his brow.

He had never imagined that at his age, these concerns would still weigh on him.

"Old Wang, is it so much to ask to meet him just once? Do you have a photo of him?"

"Old Sun, you'd better drop it!"

Wang Guohui brought the car to a stop at the red light, turning to face his friend with a seriousness he had never shown before: "Listen, Old Sun, we may be friends, but I've told you clearly—Mr. Su doesn't want any disturbances. If you dare to bother him, I'm willing to take a financial hit just to cut our ties immediately!"

Wang Guohui meant every word.

The two had been friends for ages, having met in their youth, and such a stern warning from Wang Guohui was unprecedented.

Old Sun was no fool; he got the message loud and clear, silently nodding in understanding.

Truth be told, he wasn't interested in ingratiating himself with Su Ming; he was simply curious to see what this reclusive sage looked like.

Despite Wang Guohui's harsh tone, Old Sun's spirits remained undampened.

He hummed a tune, bobbing his head in contentment.

He was eager to head back and experience the newfound changes in his body.

Knowing what needed to be done, Wang Guohui decided to drive back to the same clubhouse they had visited the day before.

"You old rascal, it's because of you that those girls are working late!"

Old Sun just grinned, offering no reply. He hopped out of the car and vanished into the clubhouse like a puff of smoke.

Unbeknownst to Su Ming, these events were unfolding.

He had given the fish pond a quick clean, drained it, and then refilled it with fresh water.

After checking the water for impurities and pH levels, he was satisfied.

The water quality was quite good—perfect for the fish he was raising.

Su Ming released the fish into their new home, infusing the water with oxygen and adding touches of gravel, artificial rock formations, and a sprinkling of sand.

This was a task Su Ming took on personally, as he grew up with a vast lake right at his doorstep. As a child, he spent countless hours playing by its shores, developing an innate connection to the water.

Afterwards, Su Ming retreated to his villa for a refreshing shower before settling down at the entrance. Early autumn had brought with it a crisp coolness. Sheltered by the trees, he gently swayed in his rocking chair, the soothing sounds of comedic crosstalk in his ears and the tranquil sight of goldfish at the villa's threshold.

Yet, Su Ming's thoughts were far from still. The fence enclosing his three-acre plot was nearing completion. What should he cultivate there? Perhaps more fruit trees? That was certainly an option.

But Su Ming's mind wandered further afield. The discovery of the System's absorption feature had sparked a flurry of ideas. Imagine purchasing all the high-rises surrounding the city center, leveling them, and then, with other walls dismantled, encircling the area with one massive barrier. Inside, he could cultivate the land at his leisure.

To Su Ming, wealth was merely an external asset, but the happiness derived from tilling the soil was irreplaceable. Yet, realizing such a vision would require significant expenditure. The land in question was prime city center real estate, valued at tens of billions.

Most crucially, Su Ming couldn't voice these plans just yet. Proclaiming intentions to demolish the city's heart and revert it to farmland would surely earn him the label of a madman. After all, securing a residence in or near the city center was a mark of prestige.

But Su Ming had gone beyond mere acquisition; he envisioned reducing buildings to fields. A twinge of concern lingered—could this patchwork of properties truly be unified into a single, fertile expanse? If, after all his efforts, he ended up with nothing more than ordinary farmland, it would all be for naught.

With a heavy sigh, Su Ming's contemplation was interrupted by the sound of footsteps at the door. In that moment, he realized he had perhaps developed a new skill.

The footsteps were firm and strong, signaling the approach of President Chen.

Looking up, Su Ming confirmed it was indeed President Chen.

But the man before him now was a stark contrast to his former self.

After taking the medicine, President Chen had been robust, yet his complexion remained pallid.

Now, he strode confidently, his posture erect, his cheeks flushed with health.

His looks hadn't changed much, but the transformation was undeniable.

Su Ming couldn't help but be amused.

Noticing the dark circles under President Chen's eyes, Su Ming deduced he likely hadn't slept a wink the previous night.

"Mr. Su, you're truly remarkable. I've never experienced such potent fennel!" President Chen exclaimed, rubbing his hands together with enthusiasm.

"It's been ages since I've felt like this," he said, his excitement palpable.

Feeling slightly awkward, Su Ming quickly steered the conversation in a different direction.

Chapter 156

C156 – Planted a Coconut

Seeing President Chen's weary appearance, Su Ming immediately realized the old man hadn't rested at all the previous night.

President Chen had come to express his gratitude to Su Ming, and his timing couldn't have been more perfect.

Su Ming allowed himself a smile when he noticed President Chen's excitement had somewhat subsided.

"President Chen, there's something I'd like to inquire about," Su Ming said with a serene smile.

“I’ll share everything I know, and if I don’t know, I’ll make sure to find out for you!” President Chen replied, his spirits lifted even higher than before, as if he’d been invigorated with a surge of energy.

He was thrilled at the prospect of finally being able to handle a significant task for Mr. Su!

Hadn’t he been eagerly anticipating this very moment? He was determined to respond thoroughly and make a good impression, to show Mr. Su that he was indeed valuable.

“Take a look, this is the Guoxing Building, and there are two more office buildings behind it. If I wanted to purchase and demolish them, how much would that cost?”

This was a topic Su Ming had not previously considered in depth.

“Su Ming?” President Chen was momentarily taken aback.

He wondered if he had misunderstood. The office buildings were in fine condition; why would anyone want to tear them down?

But President Chen was quick on the uptake. He soon grasped the situation.

Was Su Ming planning to convert the area into farmland?

“You’ve guessed it,” Su Ming confirmed. “I feel that five acres isn’t sufficient. Including these two office buildings should make up the difference. I’m not considering demolishing the Guoxing Building just yet. Could you help me figure out the total cost?”

Su Ming’s tone remained even as he proposed this astonishing plan.

President Chen felt a whirlwind of emotions. He himself would never consider such an action if he owned a piece of prime city center land.

The audacity of Su Ming's plan astounded him!

President Chen managed to speak, despite his shock: "Mr. Su, you must realize that Eastsea is a top-tier national city, and downtown land comes at a premium. These two buildings occupy a significant area. To acquire them, you'd be looking at a minimum of 20 billion."

President Chen blinked, adding, "And if you plan to purchase and then demolish them, the cost could be substantially higher, perhaps by several billion more."

"Really?" Su Ming said, now with a clear idea in mind.

"Is 30 billion really going to be enough?"

Su Ming gave a slight nod, signaling his acknowledgment.

President Chen felt a twinge in his heart.

We're talking about 30 billion here.

Why did Mr. Su seem to treat such an astronomical amount of money as if it were chump change?

Su Ming stroked his chin, contemplating. The total in his bank accounts was nearing a billion.

It seemed a bit of a stretch, but Su Ming was confident he'd reach his goal before long.

After all, the Body-stretching Pill and fennel alone promised to bring in a substantial revenue.

President Chen managed to quell the astonishment bubbling inside him.

Yet, a part of him felt a surge of joy.

Farming was exhausting work. He used to manage two acres of land on his own, but now Old Wang was competing for the same work.

However, if Su Ming were to purchase two more Guoxing Buildings, the farming land would significantly increase.

The workload was too much for one person, and even Su Ming couldn't handle it all alone.

"Mr. Su, I have no doubt you'll make it happen. Please, if there's ever anything you need, don't hesitate to call me. Anytime, day or night," President Chen offered eagerly.

He had made some money over the years, but it paled in comparison to what he'd earned in just half a month working with Su Ming.

The Body-stretching Pill and the fennel alone had netted him more than all his previous earnings combined!

"Rest assured, if I truly need assistance, you'll be the first to know," Su Ming reassured him, standing and giving President Chen's shoulder a reassuring pat.

"Don't worry, I'll keep you in mind for any future opportunities."

Su Ming offered a warm smile.

He genuinely appreciated President Chen.

If he came across another windfall like the Body-stretching Pill, sharing a bit with President Chen was the least he could do.

At those words, President Chen felt a lump in his throat.

To him, not even the world's largest bank could compare.

No amount of money could outweigh the importance of Mr. Su!

His health had been failing, but after taking the Body-stretching Pill, he felt revitalized.

His family's health had improved dramatically too.

And that handful of fennel? It brought back the vigor of his youth.

"Mr. Su, I won't keep you from your rest any longer. I've got things to attend to."

President Chen set his clothes aside and got down to work. With Old Wang absent today, he was on his own.

Su Ming blinked, his mind turning over ways to make money.

He still had a large collection of antiques that hadn't been sold at auction.

Together, the proceeds should suffice.

But Su Ming gave it some more thought.

Their approach made sense; this cycle was likely to be a lengthy one. After all, flooding the market with antiques all at once would depress prices across the industry.

Su Ming wasn't worried. The fence around the adjacent three-acre plot was nearly complete. He needed to decide what he would plant there first.

He rose and strode to the nearby warehouse, swung the door open, and surveyed the seeds within.

The usual array of fruits and vegetables no longer piqued Su Ming's interest.

Then something caught his eye.

Coconuts!

A moment of realization struck Su Ming.

He could plant coconut trees right there in the soil.

Chapter 157

C157 – The Pear Tree Matured

Coconut trees require quite specific growing conditions.

They are typically found in the southern regions.

Although Su Ming resides in Linhai, which is coastal, it leans more towards the north.

As a result, the winters there can be somewhat chilly.

The chances of coconut trees surviving in that climate are slim, but with the System in place, there's nothing to worry about.

Su Ming couldn't help but let out a hearty laugh as he strode confidently out to the adjacent construction site.

The workers were already wrapping things up, ready to depart, while the boss meticulously inspected every detail of the wall, head bowed in concentration, fearful of overlooking the slightest flaw.

From an aerial view,

One could see that the previously separate two-acre and three-acre plots were now enclosed by a single wall.

The wall that had bordered the three acres was gone.

From the comfort of his villa, Su Ming could survey the three-acre expanse.

And, in line with his wishes, there was also an exit on this tract of land.

The wall stood impressively tall, reaching a full three meters.

Constructed of reinforced concrete, it was designed to endure Level-13 gales.

Yet, the boss confidently claimed it could easily withstand Level-15 gales, not just Level-13.

Upon spotting Su Ming, the boss quickly rose to his feet and approached with a beaming smile.

“Mr. Su, take a look—the wall is complete. Does it meet your expectations?”

Su Ming, hands clasped behind his back, circled the wall twice, scrutinizing it as a foreman would a job site.

“The wall is exceptionally well-built.”

Hearing this, the boss was inwardly delighted.

He recognized the extent of Su Ming's influence.

President Chen and Wang Guohui had visited several times in recent days, their earnest attention to Su Ming's affairs signaling their respect.

The boss was well aware of their stature, far surpassing his own, and he rarely had the opportunity to even meet such individuals. Yet, in Su Ming's presence, these influential figures seemed like mere staff members.

Clearly, Su Ming's status was far greater than the boss had ever imagined!

"I'm pleased to have your endorsement. Everything's been cleared; the land is ready for you to cultivate whenever you wish."

"Thank you for your diligence."

Su Ming offered a smile. "I've reserved a few tables for you at the nearby restaurant. Enjoy your meal before you head out."

"It's not quite right for us to do this."

"Are you turning down my invitation?"

Su Ming feigned irritation.

"We will certainly accept your invitation!"

The boss, startled by the response, quickly assured, "We'll not only join you for the meal, but we'll make sure to clean our plates!"

"Good."

Su Ming nodded. "Off you go."

"Let's get going."

The boss, in a fluster, nodded and dabbed at the cold sweat on his forehead.

He was nearly scared out of his wits.

"By the way, I'll make sure to pay you your wages once our villa is completed."

"What payment are you referring to?"

"Aren't you aware of the bill?"

"The bill? I'll send it to you later!"

"Alright."

By the time the boss got to the door, his clothes were drenched.

It wasn't the heat; it was sheer fright that had him sweating bullets.

He had never encountered such a situation before.

Usually, those who owe money are reluctant to pay, while those who earn their living by working can't wait to ask for more.

But with Su Ming, it was the complete reverse.

One reluctant to take money, the other insistent on giving it!

Standing at the doorway, the boss shook his head, realizing his perspective had been too narrow. To Mr. Su, the sum on the bill was trivial.

He had nearly angered Su Ming.

Thankfully, Su Ming wasn't upset. It looked like the boss would need to tread more carefully from now on!

Su Ming checked the time.

Due to the regular fertilizing and watering, the pear tree was expected to bear fruit by tonight.

With a sense of excitement, Su Ming headed to the warehouse, pulled out the farm vehicle, and tilled the entire three-acre plot.

President Chen was eager to lend a hand, but Su Ming stopped him.

"President Chen."

Su Ming handed over the bank card Wang Guohui had given him: "There are hundreds of millions on this card. Take care of it for me later. No, do it now, and transfer the funds to my bank account. It's important, and I need you to handle it personally."

"Yes, sir!"

President Chen snapped to attention, ready to carry out his boss's command.

This was a task entrusted to him by Mr. Su.

He was in Su Ming's service now. There was no need to question the reasons.

Following orders was all that mattered!

Just follow Mr. Su's orders without question!

Su Ming chuckled as he watched President Chen drive away.

It wasn't that Su Ming distrusted Wang Guohui; he simply wanted to distract President Chen to plant coconuts!

After all, an acre could only sustain 25 to 30 grams of coconut trees.

Thus, for three acres, 100 grams were sufficient.

He was sure to finish planting before President Chen's return.

Su Ming downed a Body-stretching Pill, feeling a surge of strength.

He hoisted two bags of coconuts and strode into the field, quickly getting the planting done after measuring the distances.

Satisfied, he dusted off his hands and stood in the aisle.

The System seamlessly disguised the three acres, leaving no trace of disturbance.

Shortly after Su Ming wrapped up, just as he took a sip of water, President Chen was back.

“Mr. Su, I’ve completed the task you assigned to me!”

“Good.”

Su Ming nodded. “I’ve just finished with these three acres. Could you water and fertilize them for me?”

“You got it!”

President Chen’s eyes sparkled at the request.

He licked his lips eagerly, eyeing the three acres as if they were a stunning beauty.

Su Ming couldn’t suppress a chuckle at President Chen’s fervor.

“Coconuts successfully planted! Harvest time: 28 hours!”

Not wanting to interrupt President Chen’s enthusiasm, Su Ming let him be.

Wang Guohui arrived later in the afternoon.

The two old men nearly came to blows upon meeting.

Eventually, Su Ming had to set boundaries for them.

President Chen took on the weeding, watering, and fertilizing of the three acres.

Wang Guohui handled the same tasks for two acres, plus the maintenance of the farm machinery.

This arrangement finally brought some peace between the two.

Night fell in the blink of an eye.

After tidying up, President Chen and Wang Guohui said their goodbyes and departed.

The once-lively courtyard fell silent.

Su Ming grabbed a bite to eat and glanced at the clock – it was past eight in the evening, and the pears would ripen in an hour.

In the past, he might have been antsy, but now he remained perfectly serene.

Su Ming headed upstairs for a bit of gaming before glancing at the clock.

Time's up!

Setting the mouse aside, Su Ming hummed a tune while making his way downstairs to the yard.

A garden of pear trees, heavy with fruit, greeted him.

Chapter 158

C158 – Shock

Upon catching the scent of fruit, Su Ming's initial thought was: Could this be akin to fennel?

The trees bore pears, but was there something else special about them?

Approaching for a closer look, Su Ming was astounded.

The trees were laden with diamonds!

These weren't like the diamonds he'd unearthed before; these sparkled with color.

Pink diamonds, blue diamonds, black diamonds – all of considerable size.

Su Ming had a friend who was a designer in the diamond industry, who once mentioned that a 24-carat pink diamond fetched 320 million yuan at auction.

That was a decade-old price. Today, it would have surely doubled at the very least!

Nearby, a pink diamond dangled from a branch, appearing even larger.

The notion of diamonds as luxury goods was a deception in itself.

Long ago, there was no link between marriage and diamonds.

Yet, diamond merchants coined a phrase that married the two concepts, crafting one of the most successful advertising campaigns ever.

It shifted the marital values of countless people!

While diamonds are seen as luxury in society, they aren't inherently rare.

The world is home to numerous diamond mines.

If all the earth's diamonds were extracted, everyone could have a handful, diminishing their worth. Diamond merchants, to maintain market value, curtailed mining.

Yet, the value of colored diamonds has never waned.

Colored diamonds are the epitome of luxury!

Each tree bore diamonds of a single hue – one tree pink, another blue.

Su Ming recalled an auction four years prior where a 14.62-carat Auburn Heimeran diamond sold for an astonishing 400 million yuan, breaking the world record for diamond auctions!

Su Ming blinked in disbelief.

With roughly ten diamonds per tree, the collective sum amounted to thousands.

He had fretted over financial sources, but with these gems, thirty billion seemed trivial.

Even now, Su Ming was momentarily stunned.

He swallowed hard and rushed back inside to grab more bags for harvesting diamonds.

After a quick tally, he estimated nearly 2,000 diamonds in his possession!

The yield seemed modest compared to when red wine had grown in his cornfield.

But when placed next to diamonds, red wine just seemed too inexpensive.

Su Ming chuckled heartily, ready to unfold his grand plans at last!

Containing his excitement, Su Ming strolled over to the field and tidied it up a bit.

The pear tree remained verdant and thriving, clearly poised for another fruitful season.

Could diamonds actually be sprouting from the tree?

Having over two thousand diamonds wasn't too concerning for Su Ming, and he had no intention of selling them all.

Selling too many at once would surely disrupt the market value.

He resolved to offload his diamonds gradually, but if the quantity became overwhelming, he'd be at a loss.

Su Ming had assumed that two subterranean levels would suffice for storage.

Yet, he now found the space somewhat cramped.

In just a few days, the warehouse was nearly filled to capacity.

What was he to do?

You can't even fathom your own luck!

If it's too much for you, pass one our way.

We certainly don't see it as excessive.

"Ding! Crop harvest successful. You've earned 2,000 experience points! Next harvest in 24 hours!"

"Ding! Congratulations, Host, your level has increased! In 24 hours, the System will unlock new features!"

The sudden notification sound in his head left Su Ming momentarily dazed.

Farmer: Su Ming

Level: LV5

Experience Points: 11,050 / 20,000

Farm Level: Level One

Skills: Blessing from Plants; Initial Scanning Ability; Stamina Talent

Su Ming had completely forgotten!

His level had gone up!

He burst into jubilant laughter.

This time, his profits were substantial.

The System had not only unlocked a new feature but also rewarded him with a plethora of diamonds. And he had harvested crops once again.

Su Ming couldn't be sure diamonds would be part of the next haul. But whatever the next yield brought, it was bound to be valuable.

He had enough diamonds to last a considerable time!

Thus, Su Ming hoped for something different next time – perhaps a genuine pear tree that bore succulent fruit for him to savor.

Calming his racing heart, Su Ming made his way upstairs.

Real estate was foreign territory to Su Ming.

But President Chen and Wang Guohui were likely to assist him with the endeavor.

He needn't be involved personally.

The top priority was to offload these items.

He needed to make enough money.

Lying in bed for a bit, Su Ming drifted off to sleep.

The next day, bright and early, Su Ming had just finished freshening up when President Chen arrived.

"President Chen is here so early," Su Ming mused.

Feeling somewhat resigned, Su Ming watched as President Chen, without disturbing him, quietly made his way to the three-acre plot and started watering and fertilizing.

Su Ming chuckled to himself as he headed downstairs.

"Mr. Su, you're up early!"

President Chen expressed his surprise. Mr. Su had the air of a sage about him, but he was still a young man. Sleeping in would have been perfectly normal.

Su Ming couldn't help but smile at President Chen, thinking about how he must have been up late again last night, likely in a lengthy battle of sorts, undeterred by the thought of his wife being exhausted.

"President Chen, I need to ask you something," Su Ming said.

"Of course, ask away."

President Chen responded eagerly.

"Do you know of any places that offer diamond recycling services?" inquired Su Ming.

"Diamonds?" President Chen paused briefly before responding, "Our bank provides that service. Plus, there are specialized jewelry stores that also recycle diamonds."

"Ah, I see."

Su Ming nodded, showing his understanding, then posed another question, "Can your bank handle a 30 billion transaction?"

"How much?" President Chen was taken aback.

He had assumed Su Ming would bring out a few more diamonds from his stash to sell.

President Chen had figured Su Ming might want to offload diamonds worth a few tens of millions at most.

But the idea of Su Ming wanting to sell diamonds valued at a staggering 30 billion caught him off guard.

For a moment, President Chen couldn't decide who was more out of touch with reality – himself or Su Ming.

Then he remembered their conversation from the day before.

That explained why Su Ming had asked him about the cost of purchasing two buildings.

“Mr. Su, diamonds are indeed valuable, but 30 billion...” President Chen hesitated, unsure how to continue.

Ordinary diamonds worth 30 billion would require such a massive quantity, they’d need to be hauled by train.

And even several high-grade diamonds wouldn’t fetch a price anywhere near 30 billion.

Chapter 159

C159 – Shortsighted!

Su Ming caught the wary look on President Chen’s face and couldn’t help but chuckle to himself.

“President Chen, are you questioning my abilities?”

“Just be straight with me, is it enough or not?” Su Ming asked with a serene smile.

Upon hearing this, President Chen’s mind raced.

Could Su Ming actually possess diamonds worth 30 billion?

President Chen had always considered himself wealthy, but next to Mr. Su, he felt as poor as a church mouse.

“It’s enough,” President Chen finally managed to say, though the words came out with great difficulty.

“Chen Guosheng, you’re utterly useless! Mr. Su gives you a simple task, and you can’t even manage that?”

He used to take pride in his title as president, but now he saw himself as a complete failure.

The more President Chen dwelled on it, the more despondent he became, until he abruptly slapped himself.

“Mr. Su, I apologize, I’m not able to assist you,” President Chen confessed, his eyes brimming with tears.

Su Ming was taken aback.

Why did this remind him so much of Wang Guohui’s behavior?

“President Chen, calm down, I was just asking,” Su Ming said, shaking his head in disbelief. “Is there anyone capable of handling such a large transaction with us?”

President Chen paused, scratching his head in thought. Then, a spark of realization lit up his eyes.

“You know what, Mr. Su? There actually is someone in Eastsea City who can handle it!”

“Good!” Su Ming nodded in approval.

“Then follow me.”

Leading the way, Su Ming set off with President Chen trailing behind. Approaching the villa, President Chen was a bundle of nerves—it was his first time stepping inside Su Ming’s home. He took several deep breaths to calm his racing heart, reminding himself not to touch or gaze at anything out of place.

Before entering, President Chen meticulously cleaned his shoes at the roadside before cautiously stepping onto the floor.

But as soon as he reached the basement, he was dumbstruck.

Is this a dream? What in the world?

Rows upon rows of red wine, and not just any red wine—these were bottles of exceptionally rare and valuable vintage!

In anyone else's care, these bottles would be treasured and carefully preserved. Yet here, Su Ming had them scattered carelessly.

President Chen was frozen in place.

Su Ming offered a smile. "President Chen, if any catch your eye, feel free to take a few bottles home to enjoy."

"What?" President Chen was taken aback, then quickly shook his head: "No!"

"Fine, once you've handled this for me, I'll pick out a few bottles for you."

Su Ming chuckled to himself. To others, this liquor was a treasure, but to him, it was of no value.

They soon arrived at the adjacent warehouse. Su Ming pulled open the door and stepped inside.

President Chen was rooted to the spot in shock.

This time, he lingered at the doorway for a full thirty seconds, his breath caught in his throat.

His earlier surprise was premature.

The room was filled to the brim with diamonds!

Large, raw diamonds were carelessly arranged in boxes by Su Ming.

The display-worthy ones were all black, pink, or blue diamonds.

President Chen had harbored doubts about Su Ming's ability to produce such an abundance, but now his belief was unshakeable.

President Chen gave himself a sharp slap.

It served both to jolt him back to reality and to banish any lingering skepticism he held towards Mr. Su.

If Mr. Su claimed he could scoop up the moon, President Chen would take him at his word.

Noticing President Chen's dumbfounded look, Su Ming blinked.

Was there a side effect to the Body-stretching Pill?

He had taken it as well, yet noticed no adverse effects.

"Mr. Su, I was mistaken. I'll never doubt you again!" President Chen declared emphatically from the doorway.

Su Ming paused, his mouth agape, eyes blinking in surprise.

He was oblivious to President Chen's inner turmoil. Had he known, he surely would have laughed.

"President Chen, I'm not well-versed in diamonds. Could you have a look for me?" Su Ming gestured towards a nearby shelf. "How many diamonds would you say are needed to fetch 30 billion?"

President Chen inhaled sharply, gathering his courage before stepping inside with caution.

He seemed to forget that diamonds are among the hardest materials on Earth.

Initially overwhelmed, President Chen eventually regained his composure.

After witnessing Mr. Su's stockpile, no diamond, no matter how precious, would ever impress him quite the same way again.

With his extensive banking experience, President Chen had encountered numerous diamonds and his appraisals were spot on.

He selected roughly 100 diamonds.

"Mr. Su, these ought to do the trick."

"Is this sufficient?"

President Chen chuckled. "I presume you've already researched the prices of these diamonds online. While pricey, they don't come close to matching the size and quality of your stones. I'd wager your diamonds could fetch at least several times more."

"You're aware that the larger diamonds are nearly depleted. Should these gems hit the auction block, I'm confident the wealthy would spare no expense."

"However, auctioning them means paying a commission, not to mention the lengthy process."

"I estimate that 70 diamonds ought to do the trick."

Su Ming nodded in agreement. He ascended the stairs and retrieved an old suitcase.

Once, he had acquired a diamond.

It was a mere third of the size of Su Ming's.

That diamond had been secured in a heavy-duty safe, escorted by a police car, as bystanders steered clear.

Chapter 160

C160 – Are You Guys Buying Diamonds??

He tossed all the diamonds into the suitcase.

Even someone as desensitized as President Chen found his eyelids twitching at the sight.

Why did Su Ming look as though nothing was amiss?

Having followed Mr. Su for so long, President Chen had not only expanded his worldview but also deepened his knowledge.

Those he once considered formidable now seemed insignificant next to Su Ming, like a light rain.

President Chen was taken aback once more when Su Ming led him to the underground garage. He knew of Su Ming's penchant for cars, but the sight of the luxury vehicles lined up left him in awe: the display was simply breathtaking!

Su Ming let out a sigh, startling President Chen.

“What's the matter? Mr. Su, are you feeling unwell? Or has something happened?”

President Chen was visibly concerned.

“President Chen, do you ever find yourself extremely frustrated?”

“Yes,” he replied earnestly.

“And how do you deal with the issue that’s bothering you?”

“Just let things take their course...”

President Chen was puzzled.

“That’s a good approach,” Su Ming agreed with a nod.

“Mr. Su, may I ask what’s troubling you?”

President Chen was genuinely perplexed; he had no clue about Su Ming’s concerns.

Su Ming’s sigh was enigmatic, leaving everyone in the dark about its cause.

“With all these cars, which one should I choose to drive?” Su Ming mused aloud.

President Chen felt like he was going to lose it. All this time, Su Ming’s dilemma was simply choosing a car to drive.

Mouth agape, President Chen was at a loss for words.

After pondering for a moment, Su Ming stroked his chin. “Never mind, I’ll stick with the usual method.”

With that, he picked up a pebble from the ground and tossed it forward.

The pebble rolled several meters before coming to a halt.

“That’s the one!” Su Ming had made his choice.

It was a flashy red Ferrari sports car.

Witnessing Su Ming’s unconventional selection process, President Chen was dumbfounded.

Could it really be that simple? he wondered.

Su Ming was truly in a league of his own.

President Chen realized he had learned something new.

“Mr. Su, your approach is truly impressive. It appears effortless, yet it’s underpinned by profound wisdom.”

President Chen offered his heartfelt admiration.

Su Ming turned to face President Chen.

He couldn’t help but chuckle.

Su Ming wondered if President Chen’s love life had been particularly vibrant lately.

How did he suddenly get so sharp?

His talent for doling out compliments seemed to be on the rise.

Without hesitation, President Chen swiftly stowed Su Ming's suitcase in the car's trunk.

Truth be told, the trunk space in a sports car is quite limited.

Taking his place behind the wheel, President Chen assumed the role of Su Ming's personal chauffeur.

The car was a Ferrari, equipped with a state-of-the-art suspension system. Plus, they were in the heart of the city, where the roads were impeccably smooth, without a single pothole in sight.

Still, Mr. Chen drove with utmost caution.

He even touched the brakes with a feather-light press.

After all, if he upset Mr. Su and caused him any discomfort, the regret would be immense.

Especially considering there was a case of diamonds in the trunk.

Imagine if he tossed that diamond-filled suitcase onto the street...

And then proclaimed, "Help yourselves to the diamonds! They're free!"

He was certain that his international friends would hear the news and swoop in with fighter jets to snatch them up, risking life and limb if necessary.

Eastsea City was expansive.

It was, after all, a coastal metropolis and a top-tier national city.

Su Ming was situated downtown.

The city itself was laid out like a disk, divided into four quadrants: north, south, east, and west.

Su Ming had spent time working and living in the East District.

Whether shopping or heading home, he always passed through the East District. The antique market he had visited was also on the outskirts of this area.

Now, he was venturing into the West City District, a region he seldom explored.

Walking the streets, he took in the somewhat unfamiliar architecture with a quiet sense of wonder.

Previously, Su Ming's relentless work schedule left him no leisure to visit the West City District.

But now, with time on his hands, it seemed right to broaden his horizons. The city was vast, after all, and driving from one end to the other could take close to an hour.

Before long, President Chen pulled up to their destination.

Su Ming noted it was a clubhouse.

It boasted an expansive area, complete with a massive parking lot at the entrance.

The doors were wide open, with a steady stream of people bustling in and out. The parking lot was filled with luxury cars, a testament to the wealth that frequented the area.

"Mr. Su, this is the largest jewelry appraisal and trading center in Eastsea City," someone explained.

“Only multinational corporations have the expertise to appraise jewelry here.”

“They won’t hesitate to acquire something valuable, even if it means borrowing money to do so.”

“The profit they turn after a second round of processing the jewelry is substantial.”

Su Ming simply nodded in understanding.

The arrival of a flashy red sports car turned heads. Good cars were common here, but most were worth a few million at best. A car with a price tag in the tens of millions was a rare sight indeed. The owner of such a vehicle was undoubtedly someone of significance, and onlookers couldn’t help but pause and stare as several people approached.

President Chen popped the trunk of his car and retrieved a worn suitcase, catching everyone off guard. Sellers in this market handled their wares with the utmost care; no one used a battered suitcase for precious jewels and jade. Could it possibly contain money? That seemed unlikely—cash transactions were a rarity these days, and the suitcase was too small to hold more than a million, a mere starting bid in this marketplace.

Unconcerned with the speculation swirling around him, Su Ming strode confidently inside alongside President Chen. The onlookers exchanged glances, certain that these two men were wealthy. What could possibly be inside that dilapidated suitcase? Curiosity was a powerful force, and several people, unable to resist, discreetly followed them.

President Chen led the way with Su Ming in tow. They ascended to the third floor by elevator and continued deeper into the building. Soon, they arrived at an expansive shop with a grand hall at its center, flanked by two attractive attendants.

Recognizing a familiar face, the attendants’ eyes sparkled with recognition. “President Chen, welcome back! We’ll notify the boss right away.”

“Make it quick,” he replied with a grin. “I’ve brought him a major business opportunity this time!”

The attendants hurried to accommodate, eager to please.