

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

#Chapter 301 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 301

Chapter 301 - Selling His Daughter

“Chen!”

Old Master Tang rose to his feet, his face alight with surprise, “Are you referring to Mr. Su, the one who farms in the city center?”

Xiao Chen blinked, “He's quite handsome, and truly a good match for my sister!”

“Yes!”

Old Master Qin exclaimed with a slap to his thigh, “That's the one. I never imagined that besides ginseng, he would also possess such medicinal herbs.”

“Now that I think about it, isn't it incredible that the 300-year-old wild ginseng is actually the least expensive among his herbs?”

“Indeed.”

“Well, now we're all one family.”

“Absolutely!”

“My brother-in-law is the best; he even treated me to a Coke today!”

The three of them were overjoyed.

A nearby family of three watched, dumbfounded.

“Hold on!”

Xiao Ke'er's father, Xiao Luomu, interjected urgently, “Uncles, could one of you please explain what exactly is happening?”

His daughter was in a relationship, and he was completely in the dark?

The Xiao family was a distinguished lineage in the capital, known for their stringent family rules.

While they no longer arranged marriages as in ancient times, their approach to matrimony was still very strict.

They adhered to a rigorous set of regulations.

“Indeed, what is going on?”

Xiao Ke'er's mother, Ming Qiu, a daughter from another esteemed family in the capital, was equally baffled.

“Mr. Su is no ordinary man.”

Old Master Tang stroked his beard, nodding with satisfaction, “He was the one who discovered that national treasure; I was there when it happened.”

Old Master Qin was equally pleased, “The two 300-year-old wild ginseng plants are his. Normally, such ginseng would be invaluable, but Mr. Su asked for nothing in return. After interacting with him for several days, I've found his eloquence to be exceptional!”

Old Master Tang chuckled, “Indeed, I support this marriage!”

Old Master Qin agreed, “Absolutely, I think it's suitable as well.”

“So that's the situation. In that case, you should definitely bring him home for a visit,” Xiao Luomu nodded in understanding.

The two elders were venerable and esteemed figures in the capital, rich in experience and keen in judgment.

At the very least, it was unprecedented for these two esteemed gentlemen to simultaneously praise a young man.

“Since both uncles agree, this young man must be quite exceptional,” Ming Qiu remarked, finding that she shared her husband's opinion.

Xiao Ke'er stood by, utterly perplexed. She had no connection to Mr. Su whatsoever! Why were they suddenly talking about marriage as if it were imminent? Xiao Ke'er quickly interjected, “That's not the case, don't listen to Chen's wild stories. There's absolutely nothing between Mr. Su and me...”

Xiao Luomu chuckled, “There's no need to be upset. You're in your twenties; it's perfectly normal to consider marriage. Our family may have strict rules, but they revolve around common courtesy. We've all given our blessing, so why the secrecy?”

"Yeah, sis," Xiao Chen chimed in with a grin, "You're usually so aloof with those high-born gentlemen from the capital. Yet, you light up with joy whenever you're around your brother-in-law."

"You!" Xiao Ke'er was livid. Normally, they would be upset or object to such news. Why were they all laughing about it? She was at a loss for words. How could she possibly explain?

"Let's set this matter aside for now and focus on the prescription, shall we?" Xiao Ke'er quickly steered the conversation away.

"Of course!" The others finally snapped back to the matter at hand and took their seats.

"While Mr. Su and I have been acquainted for quite some time and are friends, we can't simply accept such a precious item without offering something in return," Old Master Tang mused.

"I completely agree," Old Master Qin concurred with a nod.

"How about we purchase it?" Xiao Luomu suggested.

"Luomu, Mr. Su isn't in need of money," Old Master Tang replied with a smile, shaking his head.

The group lapsed into contemplation. Usually, purchasing such valuable items would indeed cost them. However, with Su Ming, money wouldn't be the solution. Their eyes drifted towards Xiao Ke'er, who was deep in thought. As she looked up, a sudden realization hit her. They couldn't possibly be considering trading her for the prescription, could they?

"That's out of the question," Old Master Tang immediately dismissed the thought, shaking his head. "This matter of marriage will require time, and my dear friend likely can't wait that long."

Xiao Ke'er fell silent.

Just then, Xiao Chen slammed his hand down on the table with a force that startled everyone.

"What's the matter?"

"Why?"

The two elders, Old Master Tang and Old Master Qin, jumped at the sudden outburst.

An awkward silence filled the air.

The two venerable gentlemen quickly regained their composure.

Each gave Xiao Chen a reassuring pat.

Xiao Chen felt a deep sense of injustice within him.

Chapter 302 - Please Don't Say Anymore!

Xiao Chen clutched his head, feeling deeply wronged.

Yet, he remained silent, his sense of injustice palpable.

The two elders slapped him once more.

“You still have the nerve to act aggrieved?”

“When you deceived your parents and gallivanted around with your girlfriend, did you feel wronged then?”

“Exactly! You constantly dragged my grandson to the moat to fish, which left him feverish for three days. Didn't feel wronged about that, did you?”

“And when you urinated on the big stone lion at our doorstep, where was your sense of injustice?”

“You...”

Xiao Chen was immediately thrown into a panic.

He pleaded, “Elders, I admit my mistakes.”

“I'll never do it again!”

“Please, can we stop this discussion?”

What was critical was that his parents were unaware of some of his actions.

Xiao Luomu's eyes bulged in shock upon hearing this.

“You've done all this behind our backs? I had no idea!”

In a swift motion, Xiao Luomu slammed his hand on the table and stood up, deftly unbuckling his belt.

Yueqiu, too, reached for the slippers nearby.

In large families, it was not unusual for elders to discipline with belts and slippers.

Such items were conveniently at hand.

They inflicted pain but were not lethal.

In a state of alarm, Xiao Chen exclaimed, "Dad, Mom, Grandpa's health is what matters most."

"Why are you both so worked up?"

"He's just a kid. Making mistakes is part of growing up."

"We're peers with his grandpa. We shouldn't hold these missteps against him."

"True. But he did destroy the walnut I've cherished for years. That does sting a bit."

"And my two Golden Arowana? He killed them."

They seemed ready to go on.

"Enough!"

Xiao Chen couldn't take it anymore and blurted out.

"Please, Grandfathers, I'm begging you!"

"Don't say another word!"

"With my brother-in-law here, Grandpa's illness will surely be healed."

"Grandpa can recover and live another twenty years."

"But what about me?"

"My parents seem ready to beat the life out of me."

"I was thinking, since my brother-in-law enjoys farming so much, why don't we buy a building for him? We could demolish it and let him farm the land," Xiao Chen eagerly shared his newly conceived idea.

As soon as Xiao Chen finished speaking, everyone in the room was taken aback. They exchanged glances, then simultaneously nodded in agreement. Xiao Chen's idea was actually quite good.

Old Master Tang, who had known Su Ming the longest, was the most knowledgeable about the situation. Initially, he thought Su Ming's urban farming was just a publicity stunt. However, after observing for a while, he realized that wasn't the case at all. Su Ming was genuinely farming, and Old Master Tang noted that he only had five acres to work with. If they purchased a building for Su Ming, it might just solve the problem.

"It's quite late now; we shouldn't disturb Su Ming," Old Master Qin said, checking the time. "Father has just had his ginseng soup; he can last another week or two. We're not in any rush."

Xiao Luomu nodded in agreement. He resisted the urge to go to Su Ming immediately. His father was ill, and his anxiety was palpable. Furthermore, his father had an unfulfilled wish. If he couldn't satisfy this wish before his father passed away, he would live with that guilt for the rest of his life. Having a potential solution at hand, he was eager to act on it. But it was deep into the night, and it would be rude to disturb Su Ming now. It would reflect poorly on his upbringing. They would wait until tomorrow.

Even though he understood the reasoning, Xiao Luomu couldn't shake off his anxiety. He needed to distract himself. His gaze then fell on his son. He picked up the belt he had just set aside.

Xiao Chen saw this and exclaimed, "Dad! Is that really necessary? I just came up with a great idea!"

"You've been keeping secrets from me, getting involved in all sorts of foolishness!" Xiao Luomu retorted as he lifted the belt in his hand and swung it down.

Xiao Chen leaped three meters high to avoid it. Back when he lived at home, he was doted on by his sister and mother.

The elder gentleman always treated him with great kindness.

Yet, his father was the one he truly feared.

"Mom! Sister! Please help me!"

Xiao Chen turned and fled.

Yueqiu was seated on the sofa.

Xiao Ke'er was sitting there as well, their hands intertwined as they whispered secrets to one another.

The two old masters seemed oblivious to the unfolding scene.

Xiao Chen had no choice but to run away.

The villa was vast, resembling a palace.

From deep within its walls, a young man's scream echoed.

The night passed in utter silence, giving way to the morning of the next day.

Su Ming awoke early, brimming with energy.

He planned to buy some chickens that morning.

The farm owner had given him a contact number and a list featuring various breeds of chickens.

But Su Ming believed that if he was going to raise chickens, he should approach the task with genuine commitment.

Therefore, he resolved to select the chickens in person.

That was what he considered true “sincerity.”

No one could predict which aspect of the System might influence the final quality of the product.

So, Su Ming was determined to handle everything he could personally.

In the 21st century, sincerity is paramount!

Whether dealing with people, the System, or even chickens!

Since his home was a considerable distance from the farm, requiring about three hours for the round trip, Su Ming set out in his truck at dawn.

He headed directly to the rural breeding facility.

Xiao Chen and his companions were also up with the first light of day.

After a quick breakfast, they sat on the sofa in silence.

Old Master Tang remarked, “Mr. Su is young. It's typical for him to stay up late and rise late.”

“If we go knocking on his door this early, Mr. Su will be upset!”

“The deal would surely fall through.”

“Therefore, let's wait a bit longer!”

Chapter 303 - Who the Hell Is This Person??

Xiao Luomu and his wife were seated on the sofa, both dressed to the nines. He was in a sharp suit, while she donned an elegant qipao. Xiao Ke'er had opted for a stylish dress today, sitting there with grace. The two elderly gentlemen were just as they always were—one in a traditional Tang suit, the other in a Zhongshan suit, both leaning on their canes, eyes closed, resting peacefully. Xiao Chen, however, was the only one fidgeting uncomfortably.

Why, you ask? Because he was hurting. Luomu, a former soldier, had caught Xiao Chen before he could get far and had given him a good thrashing. Now, everyone was sitting properly on the sofa, and he didn't dare do otherwise.

Finally, the clock struck ten in the morning. Old Master Tang glanced at the time.

"It's time to head out. If Mr. Su isn't awake yet, we'll wait for him at the door for a bit," he announced.

"Sounds good," came the collective response, and with a nod, they departed.

Their vehicle procession left the suburbs, an impressive fleet of black Rolls Royce Phantoms with a stretched Lincoln at its center. The sight was nothing short of magnificent.

Down the main road approached the motorcade, preceded by police officers on motorcycles clearing the path, followed by a police cruiser. The procession itself comprised eleven cars: five Rolls Royce Phantoms leading, the extended Lincoln in the middle, and another five Phantoms trailing. Flanked by police cars and motorcycles, the motorcade was a sight to behold, leaving bystanders in awe.

"Who could this VIP be?" some wondered aloud.

"With such a heavy police escort, could it be a high-ranking official?" others speculated.

"Can you believe such dignitaries are visiting our Eastsea?"

"Don't sell our city short. Eastsea is a top-tier city, after all," were among the murmurs of the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen, today marks my first day in Eastsea City. I've heard there's an abundance of delectable food and exciting attractions here. Stay with me as we explore..." An exceptionally beautiful broadcaster was live-streaming at the roadside. Catching sight of the procession, she quickly aimed her camera at the unfolding scene.

"Which high-profile individual is this?" she pondered aloud.

“Rolls Royce Phantoms, no less?”

The early morning broadcast typically had a modest audience, but this spectacle immediately sparked a flurry of animated discussions among the viewers.

“Little Streamer, keep up and let's find out where they're headed.”

“Little Streamer, I'm sending you ten virtual gifts. Come on, keep up with them!”

“Right, I'm eager to see who's actually in that car.”

As Little Streamer noticed her live broadcast audience growing, she nodded emphatically.

“Don't worry!”

Without another word, Little Streamer strode purposefully to the side.

She then hopped on a shared bicycle.

Luckily, the abundance of traffic lights in the downtown area allowed her to just about keep pace with them.

Truth be told, the elders preferred not to fuss, otherwise, they would have had a clear path all the way.

They really didn't want to resort to a police escort, but it was a mandatory requirement.

Before long, the motorcade reached its destination.

As they emerged from their vehicles, they found the courtyard gate firmly closed.

“It looks like Mr. Su hasn't gotten up yet. Let's wait here for a bit. It's already past ten, he should be waking up shortly.”

“We need to show our sincerity.”

With the two venerable gentlemen remaining silent, no one else felt it was their place to speak.

The two seniors, leaning on their canes, were followed by a family of four who stood behind them with utmost respect.

Ten Rolls Royce Phantoms and a stretched Lincoln were parked along the curb, encircled by a contingent of police officers.

“What's going on here?”

“That elderly gentleman looks so familiar. I'm sure I've seen him on TV.”

“That's our esteemed traditional Chinese medicine expert, Mr. Qin Nanshan!”

“I've heard all his students are renowned doctors at the imperial court!”

“I recall this gentleman visiting before; it seems a young man resides here.”

“Yes, I've seen him too while passing by on my way to work.”

“That young man must be a servant; the real VIPs live in mansions!”

“Sounds about right!”

All around stood towering buildings, with many onlookers drawn to the spectacle.

Could it be they were waiting for someone?

Just then, Little Streamer arrived, pedaling her bicycle from afar.

She quickly parked and approached, phone in hand.

“What place is this?”

“I'm a local from Eastsea, and I can responsibly tell you all that this is the heart of Eastsea City!”

“Who are these dignitaries waiting for at the entrance?”

“Little Streamer, could you move a bit closer?”

“Little Streamer, stay strong!”

The number of viewers in the live broadcast room kept climbing.

What could it possibly mean to have such distinguished individuals waiting so patiently at the door?

It could only be because someone even more formidable resided within!

Might it be a retired official, perhaps?

After all, who else could afford to purchase land in the heart of the city to call home?

Everyone, both the viewers in the live broadcast room and the onlookers outside, watched with bated breath.

Chapter 304 - Very Different

Half an hour had gone by.

The crowd at the entrance kept a respectful silence.

Everyone was holding their breath in anticipation.

They were all eager to see who would emerge once the doors opened.

From a distance, Su Ming was driving his truck, drawing closer at a steady pace.

He noticed a throng of people obstructing his home's entrance.

Confusion set in for Su Ming.

What could have happened?

Was there an incident at the door?

Perhaps a car accident?

Yet, the scene didn't resemble the aftermath of a crash.

He inched the truck forward until it could no longer advance due to the sheer number of people.

The road was completely blocked!

Su Ming blinked and steered his truck to the roadside.

Stepping out, he surveyed the scene with a sense of awkwardness.

He had made it to his doorstep but couldn't enter.

"Brother, what's happening inside?" Su Ming inquired of a young man nearby.

"Little brother, take in this spectacle. You've arrived at the perfect moment. With all these celebrities gathered, something significant must have gone down! I'm determined to wait it out patiently. If I can see it with my own eyes, I'll have stories to tell for years to come!"

The young man glanced back at Su Ming, then at the truck behind him, and quickly caught on, speaking excitedly.

“It's a shame I can't get a clear view from here. Little brother, your truck is pretty great. Mind if I sit in the passenger seat for a bit? It's higher up, which should give me a better vantage point to see inside!”

The young man's eyes sparkled with anticipation.

By the time he had arrived, the place was already swarming with onlookers.

He couldn't make out anything from his position.

But Su Ming's truck had an elevated driver's seat.

If he could just sit there, he was sure to have a clear view of the entrance.

As for climbing a tree to get a better look...

That wasn't an option since a few individuals had already been detained for doing just that in the nearby police cars.

Truth be told, the young man felt a twinge of envy towards those in the police cars.

They were closer and had a clear line of sight.

But this young man had recently landed a good job.

If he got arrested for mere curiosity, he risked losing it all.

That would be a tremendous loss!

“Okay!”

Su Ming simply nodded in response.

“Alrighty!”

The young man was thrilled.

He quickly climbed into Su Ming's truck and took his place in the passenger seat.

What a broad view from here.

The young man activated his phone.

He turned on the camera function and zoomed in.

“Little brother, the passenger seat can squeeze in two, I'll join you up there!”

“Okay!”

Su Ming was unfazed.

“Little brother, I'm Little Streamer. May I sit in your driver's seat? Don't worry, I can compensate you!”

“Sure.”

Su Ming was indifferent.

Helping others is a virtue.

Plus, there was nothing in his truck worth stealing.

Even if they took the truck, it wouldn't matter.

But they had to leave the chickens behind.

“Little brother, may I sit on your car's roof?”

“I'll offer 200 for a spot on the roof!”

“I'll bid 500 for a back seat!”

“I'll go 1000!”

Su Ming's truck had four seats, front and back.

People could sit in the back as well.

Soon, Su Ming's cab was packed with passengers.

Two were perched on the roof.

Another two clung to the sides of the truck.

Su Ming wasn't pressed for time.

He suspected an emergency must be unfolding ahead.

Thankfully, the chickens were in good health.

It wasn't hot.

The chickens were unlikely to come to any harm in the back of the truck.

Su Ming decided to wait a bit longer.

"Half an hour has gone by. Why isn't my brother-in-law awake yet?"

Xiao Chen stood at the back, surveying the area.

"Keep it down and wait! If you upset Mr. Su, I swear I'll thrash you today."

"I'm sorry! I'll keep waiting!"

When Xiao Chen caught his father's stern gaze, he quickly stood at attention.

But his behind was sore.

Xiao Chen's legs ached from standing too long, and sitting too long made his behind hurt.

He was struggling to keep standing.

He scanned the area.

He desperately wanted to tell his brother-in-law, "Staying up late is bad for your health."

"Why can't you just go to bed earlier?"

Xiao Chen was lamenting when suddenly, something caught his eye.

Xiao Chen whipped his head around abruptly.

He spotted a strikingly handsome face peering curiously from the edge of the crowd.

Wasn't that his brother-in-law?

They had all been eagerly awaiting his arrival.

But why was he being held back outside?

The very person they had been anticipating for so long was inadvertently barred from joining them.

What a massive misunderstanding!

“Dad.”

Xiao Chen turned to his father in a rush and uttered a single word.

“Quiet!”

Xiao Luomu snapped, turning to glare at Xiao Chen.

The look in his eyes sent a shiver down Xiao Chen's spine.

“Mom?”

Xiao Chen shifted his gaze to his mother.

“No talking!”

Yueqiu's face was etched with sternness.

“Sister!”

Xiao Chen turned to Xiao Ke'er.

“Chen, I can put up with your antics normally, but this is a crucial time. Just wait a bit longer!”

Xiao Ke'er's expression was no-nonsense.

Xiao Chen's mouth hung open, but he was too flustered to form any words.

Was he really that invisible?

Couldn't they spare a moment to hear him out?

“Sister, look!”

Xiao Chen tugged at Xiao Ke'er's sleeve and pointed outside.

Xiao Ke'er paused, then glanced sideways.

Mr. Su?

Oh my goodness!

The person on the outskirts was Mr. Su himself!

“Dad!”

Xiao Ke'er turned to Xiao Luomu and spoke up.

"What is it, my dear? Are you feeling tired? There's water in the car, go have a drink."

Xiao Luomu responded immediately.

Beside him, Xiao Chen was utterly baffled.

Dad!

He was right there!

Could the disparity in the way he treated him and his sister be any more apparent?

Xiao Chen began to doubt if he was truly Xiao Luomu's own son.

He would get a glare and nearly a thrashing for speaking out of turn, while his sister received nothing but gentle responses.

Xiao Chen's heart sank.

"Dad, look!"

Xiao Ke'er pointed outside again.

"Who is that?"

Xiao Luomu looked on, puzzled.

It wasn't his fault, though.

He had never met Su Ming before.

"Grandpa Tang, Grandpa Qin, is that Mr. Su over there?"

Xiao Ke'er addressed the two elderly gentlemen.

Upon hearing this, the two elderly gentlemen were utterly perplexed.

Wasn't Mr. Su supposed to be asleep inside the house?

Simultaneously, the two seniors glanced to the side.

Indeed, it was Mr. Su!

The group had been waiting for quite some time.

They were expecting Mr. Su to awaken and open the door.

Yet, they had inadvertently left Mr. Su stranded outside.

“Girl, thank goodness you spotted Mr. Su. Go quickly and bring him inside!”

“Exactly. Otherwise, who knows how much longer we would have been waiting. You've really distinguished yourself this time!”

“This young man is Mr. Su. You should take a leaf out of your sister's book and learn how she discovered Mr. Su, while you've been of no help at all!”

They all moved briskly toward the side.

Xiao Chen overheard them from behind.

He felt deeply aggrieved.

It was he who had actually discovered Mr. Su!

Xiao Chen was on the verge of tears.

Ultimately, he resigned himself to his fate.

He was at the very bottom of the family hierarchy.

But he was accustomed to it.

He was a person of strong resolve!

Chapter 305 - I Want to Go Home!

Xiao Chen felt deeply aggrieved.

His standing within the Xiao family was already quite low.

He often said that even the family dog, pampered by his mother, ranked above him in status.

Xiao Chen had hoped that once his sister got a boyfriend, his own status might improve slightly.

After all, her boyfriend wouldn't be a member of the Xiao family.

His father surely wouldn't want his daughter whisked away by another man.

But his brother-in-law came from a family with considerable status.

Both elders in the family would deferentially address him as Mr. Su.

Xiao Chen was the one with the lowest status in the household.

“Look, those people are starting to move!”

“It looks like they've waited too long and are losing patience.”

“Perhaps.”

Onlookers turned their attention.

The group made their way to the side.

Everyone began to buzz with conversation.

“Those VIPs are heading this way!”

“That woman is stunningly beautiful.”

“Her face is completely free of makeup!”

“She looks like a goddess!”

The passengers in Su Ming's car were taken aback, their eyes wide with amazement.

Little Streamer, in the driver's seat, was beside herself with excitement.

“Ladies and gentlemen, check out these VIPs coming our way!”

“Get that video rolling!”

Little Streamer called out, her voice tinged with excitement.

“There are so many women on live streaming platforms, but none compare to this beauty!”

“I'm going to print a photo of her and hang it on my wall!”

“I'm the man she'll never have!”

“This is my wife, and she's out with my father-in-law without even telling me.”

“How disgraceful!”

A flurry of gifts started popping up in the live stream.

Little Streamer was overjoyed.

She was just an average streamer.

But now, her channel was attracting a substantial audience.

The two patriarchs, along with a family of four, made their way toward Su Ming.

Police officers cleared a path through the crowd.

Su Ming, being tall, obstructed the view for some people behind him.

“Young man, could you please move aside?”

“Young man, you seem uninterested, please step aside!”

Several onlookers quickly urged Su Ming.

At that moment, Su Ming was engrossed in a text message he had just received.

He didn't look up.

It was from the orchestra, informing him of a last-minute performance scheduled for that afternoon and inquiring if the performance time could be moved to the morning.

Su Ming was busy typing out his response.

Upon hearing the conversation behind him, Su Ming instinctively stepped to the side. The group that had been following him suddenly sensed something amiss. Why did their path change just as Su Ming sidestepped? Could he have foreseen something?

“Excuse me, could you step aside again?”

“There's plenty of room over there.”

“Here, take these two bottles of drinks,” offered the onlookers, eager to help.

Su Ming paused, having just finished replying to a text message. He looked up to see Old Master Tang and Old Master Qin approaching. A middle-aged couple he didn't recognize followed them, but he did know the two individuals behind them: Xiao Chen and Xiao Ke'er, likely a family of four.

“Mr. Su!”

"Mr. Su, what brings you outside?" the two elders greeted him cheerfully.

"Mr. Su," Xiao Ke'er approached with a gracious smile.

"Brother-in-law!" Xiao Chen called out loudly, silencing the crowd.

They had all been waiting for a chicken farmer? The passengers in Su Ming's car were equally astonished. So, these prominent figures had been eagerly awaiting the owner of this truck?

"Good to see you, Mr. Su!" Xiao Luomu stepped forward, extending his hand for a handshake. "I'm Xiao Luomu, and Xiao Ke'er is my daughter."

"Uncle Xiao!" Su Ming greeted him warmly.

Yueqiu remained silent, observing with a contented smile, clearly impressed by Su Ming.

Xiao Chen looked on, pondering, "Why did Dad only introduce my sister and not me?"

"Mr. Su, we've come regarding my father's health," Xiao Luomu explained.

"I'm aware," Su Ming replied with a smile. "Shall we go inside to discuss it further?"

"Certainly!" They eagerly agreed.

"Brother-in-law, is this your truck?" Xiao Chen asked, his eyes wide with curiosity.

"Yes, it is," Su Ming confirmed with a nod.

"May I sit in it for a while? I've never been in a truck before!" Xiao Chen exclaimed, his curiosity piqued.

Members of prominent families typically make their appearances in luxury vehicles.

The average person is drawn to such cars as well.

But for someone like Xiao Chen, there's a peculiar fascination with trucks.

He simply wanted to know what it felt like to ride in one.

"Chen, please don't cause trouble!"

Xiao Ke'er implored, trying to dissuade him.

“Sis, it's just a short distance, and my brother-in-law is an exceptionally careful driver. There's absolutely no risk. You can relax; I'll be perfectly safe!”

Xiao Chen reassured her.

His assurance, however, dashed the hopes of the onlookers.

The ethereal beauty before them, it turned out, was already spoken for.

Su Ming glanced back at his vehicle.

The group inside was still in a state of shock.

“Could you all get out? I need to move the truck.”

Su Ming blinked, his request laced with genuine politeness.

“Sure!”

Panic struck those inside the truck.

They scrambled to exit.

“Who pinched my rear?”

“Watch it! I'm wearing a brand-new suit!”

“Did someone take my wallet?”

“Get off my foot!”

The cab was crammed with people, all desperate to disembark.

In their haste, a few even took a tumble.

Is subtlety the new hallmark of wealth?

What's with the trend of using trucks to impress women?

And since when did tycoons take up chicken farming?

Chapter 306 - And This Kind of Operation!

?At the scene, a crowd of onlookers had gathered. The police had cordoned off the road, and everyone watched as Su Ming drove the truck through. Xiao Chen was in the passenger seat, visibly elated. The onlookers couldn't help but wonder if Xiao Chen had

lost his mind. What was so exciting about riding in a truck? They were even tempted to ask Xiao Chen why he was so cheerful, but their main concern was not to obstruct Su Ming's way. The drivers of the Rolls-Royce and the stretch Lincoln had all moved their vehicles aside. It was a sight to behold: luxury cars worth millions giving way to a modest truck!

Su Ming maneuvered the truck inside, followed by Old Master Tang, Old Master Qin, and a family of four. The entrance was strictly guarded by the police, barring anyone else from entering. "Mr. Su," Old Master Tang approached, but before he could say more, Su Ming swung the truck's rear door open to reveal cages of chickens. Su Ming looked puzzled for a moment. "Is something the matter?"

Old Master Tang was a clever man. Mr. Su had just brought back a truckload of chickens. Now was not the time to discuss herbal matters with Mr. Su inside the house. "Mr. Su, do you need any help?" Old Master Tang offered, reaching out to assist with the cages.

"Don't!" Su Ming quickly intervened. Old Master Tang might have been in decent shape, but he was nearly ninety years old, and each cage weighed over a hundred pounds. Su Ming, blessed with Stamina Talent and fortified by the Body-stretching Pill, was exceptionally strong and could lift a cage with ease. But it was a different story for the elderly gentleman; any injury or mishap could have serious consequences.

"Indeed!" Xiao Luomu stepped forward. "Uncle Tang, at your age, you shouldn't be doing this kind of physical labor. I think..."

Su Ming nodded in agreement upon hearing Xiao Luomu's suggestion. Xiao Luomu, in his fifties and in the prime of his life, was more than capable of helping Su Ming with a cage. However, after a moment's thought, Xiao Luomu glanced at his son and gave him a nudge with his foot. "What are you standing around for? Get moving and help Mr. Su."

?Xiao Chen was momentarily dumbfounded.

Why was it always him?

Why did they constantly make him do the work?

Xiao Chen even wished his parents would have another child to share his workload.

He hoped for a younger brother to take on some of the hardship.

But if his mother had a daughter, he'd be utterly doomed.

From that point on, he'd have no standing in the family at all.

If his mother had another son, that boy would surely be the apple of her eye.

Xiao Chen had no choice but to grin and bear it.

He stepped forward and offered, "Brother-in-law, let me help you."

Su Ming glanced at Xiao Chen. "No need, I've got this."

Xiao Chen's hand, already reaching out, froze in place.

Why did Su Ming look down on him?

Why did everyone seem to pick on him?

Why didn't Su Ming want his help?

It was because Xiao Chen was too skinny.

Su Ming was concerned that Xiao Chen might break a bone, so he decided to handle it himself.

"Alright, no need for anyone to help. Just wait here for me for a bit."

With that, Su Ming started lifting the cages one by one.

The breeding zone was split into five separate houses.

Su Ming had caught a total of 50 chickens this time.

He placed 10 chickens in each house.

After he had settled the chickens, he grabbed some feed and began pouring it out.

He also selected some premium fruits from the warehouse.

Su Ming was particular about which fruits he fed.

He started with the fruits that had a shorter shelf life.

The longer-lasting fruits would be saved for feeding the chickens later.

Even though he had spent over a million yuan on fruits, the quantity was limited because they were so pricey.

Their high unit price meant he had less of them.

"Damn! Aren't those cherries imported from abroad?"

“He's feeding them to the chickens?”

“Oh my god, that's the super expensive golden lemon from overseas, right?”

“Holy smokes, check out this mango! I saw it in the supermarket last time, it was over 100 yuan per half kilo!”

“I'm out of here! I can't handle this!”

“Same here. Farewell!”

Several disheartened people walked out the door.

They ate less than the chickens, yet they slept later and woke up earlier.

They couldn't even measure up to chickens, so they might as well head back to work.

They needed to earn money to pay off their car and home loans, as well as to afford a wedding.

Time is money.

They had no business gawking around here.

Old Master Tang and the rest stood quietly to the side, waiting without daring to make a move.

The yard spanned a full five acres.

Including the villa, thatched cottage, and warehouse, it totaled six acres.

The wheat Su Ming had planted was now tall, swaying with the breeze.

Amidst the hustle and bustle of the city center, they were transported to a pastoral scene, leaving them all somewhat spellbound.

Perhaps they should return to farming?

After all, it was a soul-enriching pursuit.

Living here every day would be wonderful.

The landscape was, after all, breathtakingly beautiful!

The two elderly gentlemen exchanged glances and resolved to cultivate a plot of land at home to grow some crops.

While Su Ming was busy feeding the chickens, a police officer hurried over.

“Mr. Su, there's an orchestra at your doorstep claiming you invited them.”

“Yes, let them in,” Su Ming replied.

An orchestra?

Old Master Tang and his companions were taken aback.

What was Su Ming up to?

Could it be that Mr. Su enjoyed music?

They hadn't heard anything about it.

Just then, the crowd parted, and a group of musicians with their instruments in hand made their entrance.

They greeted Su Ming with ease.

Afterward, they took their seats around the breeding zone.

The conductor ascended a small podium, gave a grand gesture, and the music began.

Everyone was astounded.

Even Old Master Tang and his group were agape.

Su Ming had brought in an orchestra to play for the chickens?

It was utterly astonishing.

A large crowd had gathered at the entrance, mesmerized.

The chickens got to enjoy a symphony while they were deemed unworthy.

Mr. Su had gone to the lengths of hiring a symphony orchestra just for the chickens.

The impact was overwhelming!

Little Streamer was just as flabbergasted.

Witnessing the scene, many viewers were too shocked to continue posting bullet comments.

No one had ever seen a symphony performed for chickens before.

Chapter 307 - This Tea Was Very Delicious

Among those present, Old Master Tang remained quite composed, having known Su Ming longer than anyone else there.

The rest of the group, however, was taken aback. It was their first time witnessing someone actually farming and raising chickens right in the heart of the city. And to top it off, he had even hired an orchestra to perform for the chickens! It was utterly preposterous!

Yet, they couldn't come up with a single argument against Su Ming. It was, after all, his choice to engage in such activities. He was hands-on with his work, requiring no assistance from start to finish. His adeptness made it clear that he wasn't putting on a show for their benefit. There was simply no reason for Su Ming to pretend.

Silent and unsure of what to say, the group stood obediently in the middle of the yard, soaking up the intense sunlight. It wasn't until a full hour had passed that Su Ming, content with his work, clapped his hands and nodded approvingly. When he turned around, he was startled.

Who were these people? Why were they standing there?

It took a moment for Su Ming to realize his oversight. He had been so immersed in his work that he had completely forgotten about his guests, leaving them under the sun for far too long. He felt incredibly impolite.

?"My apologies," he said.

Dressed in cloth shoes and covered in a layer of feed dust, Su Ming approached with a cheerful grin. "I got so caught up in my work that I completely forgot about you all. Please, come inside!"

"Mr. Su, there's no need for such formality. We're used to sitting all the time; standing for a bit is actually quite nice. After you, Mr. Su," Old Master Tang said, leading the way into the house.

?It was their first visit to Su Ming's home. As wealthy individuals, they found nothing unusual about the interior's style.

"Please, have a seat. I'll brew some tea for you," Su Ming offered, after quickly freshening up in the bathroom and changing into clean clothes.

"Mr. Su, you really shouldn't trouble yourself," Old Master Tang said, chuckling warmly.

"It's no trouble at all," replied Su Ming with a light smile before heading to the kitchen. He opened the refrigerator and pulled out a black plastic bag. Reaching in, he grabbed a handful of dark, mysterious objects and tossed them into the teapot.

The guests exchanged puzzled glances. What on earth was that?

These individuals hailed from wealth and privilege, accustomed to sipping the finest Longjing and Pre-Rain teas, each leaf delicately wrapped in exquisite packaging. Yet, Mr. Su casually retrieved a nondescript black bag from the refrigerator. Confusion rippled through the group, but no one dared to voice their doubts. They remained seated, a picture of compliance.

At that moment, Su Ming returned from the kitchen, brandishing a disposable paper cup. The sight caused the corners of the two elderly gentlemen's eyes to involuntarily twitch, and Xiao Luomu's mouth followed suit. All three were connoisseurs of tea, traditionally enjoying it from specialized tea sets designed to preserve the brew's authentic flavor. Now, faced with a disposable paper cup, they were at a loss. Nonetheless, in Mr. Su's presence, they were obliged to abide by his hospitality.

"I don't have guests often, so I'm short on cups. Disposable paper cups are all I have," Su Ming explained with a cheerful grin.

"Mr. Su, we appreciate your efforts. We're no strangers to using paper cups for tea," Old Master Tang replied, his face bright with a forced smile. Old Master Qin chimed in with agreement.

Xiao Luomu inwardly praised their performance; the elder statesmen's acting was impeccable. He knew he would have faltered under the same circumstances.

Su Ming proceeded to pour the tea into each cup. Old Master Tang observed the paper cup before him, filled with the dark liquid, and his expression momentarily seized up before he regained composure.

"We must drink the tea Mr. Su has graciously poured for us. Come now, let's all have a taste," Old Master Tang said, lifting his paper cup.

"Yes, indeed! Luomu, you're quite the tea aficionado, aren't you? Go on, give it a try," encouraged Old Master Qin.

Xiao Luomu hesitated, wondering if he was being used as a guinea pig. With his father's health in decline, who would care for him if something were to happen? Yet, catching the stern looks from the two old masters, Xiao Luomu swallowed hard, his gaze turning to his wife and daughter. He couldn't bear the thought of them enduring hardship.

Then, his gaze settled on Xiao Chen.

Xiao Chen was taken aback.

Recognizing the ill-intentioned look in his father's eyes, he knew exactly what his dad was up to.

"Thank you, brother-in-law. I never drink tea. Could you get me some plain water instead?"

"Sure!" Su Ming nodded and headed into the kitchen.

Xiao Chen quickly intervened to stop his father's actions.

Xiao Luomu was fuming.

He sighed deeply, resigned to his fate.

Xiao Luomu inhaled sharply and cautiously lifted the paper cup in his hands.

He gently blew on the surface, eyeing the dark liquid that swirled before him, noting the thin layer of impurities floating atop.

Xiao Luomu clenched his jaw and steeled himself for what was to come.

If it came down to it, he was prepared to die!

He had never intended to leave this world alive!

Su Ming, observing from the sidelines, was confused.

Why was Xiao Luomu so anxious about drinking tea?

He hadn't added any poison.

Once resolved, Xiao Luomu blew on the tea gently and took a tentative sip.

Instantly, Xiao Luomu stiffened.

"Hmm?"

The two elderly gentlemen were immediately on edge.

What was happening?

Xiao Luomu's eyes widened with astonishment as he gazed at the paper cup, "This is delicious!"

He indulged in another sip, savoring the moment with closed eyes.

The two seniors exchanged glances.

Was this genuine or a performance?

Was he putting on a show?

Xiao Luomu truly lived up to being his father's son.

His acting was top-notch!

“Uncles, you should try this. The flavor is surprisingly good,” Xiao Luomu encouraged.

The two old men eyed each other warily.

Was the young man speaking the truth or pulling their leg?

But they were not ones to shy away from a challenge.

At over eighty years old, they had little to fear from death.

With determination, both elders took a sip.

They were immediately taken aback!

What was this concoction?

It began with a bitter note, followed by a sweet aftertaste.

And the sweetness was exceptionally fragrant and lingering.

The tea left an enduring impression on their palates.

As the tea settled in their stomachs, a comforting warmth spread slowly to their extremities.

The two elders couldn't contain their curiosity any longer.

They had never experienced such an exquisite tea before!

Thus, they swiftly drained their cups and found themselves yearning for more.

“Mr. Su, if I may be so bold, what exactly is this tea?” one asked.

Old Master Tang was particularly impatient.

He simply had to find out the nature of this tea.

What on earth was it? And why was it so incredibly tantalizing?

Chapter 308 - Give Me Another Piece of Land

“Are you talking about tea?”

Su Ming smiled. “I’ve forgotten its name.”

Old Master Tang paused, blinked, and furrowed his brow in thought.

Then his eyes brightened with recognition!

He gasped in astonishment!

“Purple Bamboo Tea? The legendary black tea?”

Old Master Tang exclaimed.

His face was a picture of disbelief!

The Purple Bamboo Tea had vanished.

In the Tang Dynasty, it was acclaimed as the finest tea by the Tea Saint, Lu Yu.

The leaves were purple at harvest.

The tea was crystal clear, its aroma akin to blooming flowers.

It was refreshing and endlessly sweet!

Indeed, any tea enthusiast would be familiar with this variety.

It was even more prized than the renowned Big Red Robe Tea of Mount Wuyi!

But now, Purple Bamboo Tea was nowhere to be found.

One could only encounter extensive accounts of it in literature.

Its scarcity meant that only royals had the privilege of tasting it.

Today, only a ceramic jar in the J City Museum contains the carbonized remnants of these tea leaves!

It is the ultimate dream of tea connoisseurs worldwide!

The tea Su Ming offered was of the highest quality Purple Bamboo Tea!

Typically, tea leaves are harvested in the spring, but occasionally, the climate would be unusual.

During such years, there would be persistent drizzles without sunshine.

The weather might even turn suddenly cold.

The tea leaves would darken.

The brewed tea would also appear black.

Yet, such tea's flavor far surpasses that of regular tea leaves!

Even in the Tang Dynasty, this exceptional tea was only produced twice.

Only a select few had the chance to savor it!

They could hardly believe that today, they were tasting it courtesy of Mr. Su!

The two elderly gentlemen were so astounded that their fingers quivered, their faces awash with incredulity.

Such a precious commodity in their midst!

Who exactly was Mr. Su?

To him, a 300-year-old wild ginseng was trivial.

He seemed indifferent to the disappearance of such esteemed historical teas.

"What's the matter?"

Su Ming poured a glass of water for Xiao Chen. "Do you enjoy the tea?"

Under normal circumstances, the two elders would certainly be more reserved.

But at this moment, they were breathless, their complexions reddened with excitement.

They were trembling with excitement, as if a man brimming with energy had been stranded on a deserted island for twenty years and suddenly laid eyes on a woman with a stunning figure, wearing nothing at all!

The two elders nodded in perfect harmony. "Since you like it, go ahead and take it," Su Ming said with an easy smile.

“Really?” The two old men bolted upright from the couch, their eyes wide with disbelief.

Su Ming was taken aback by their reaction. “Of course, my word is true,” he assured them.

“If you're fond of it, I have even more tea leaves,” Su Ming added, winking and gesturing towards a bulging woven bag in the corner.

“Shall I give you some more?” he offered cheerfully.

The two elders promptly shook their heads. One must know when enough is enough; it's important not to be greedy. They were already fortunate to have received such fine tea leaves.

On the sidelines, Xiao Luomu couldn't help but cough to signal a shift in conversation. Wasn't it time to discuss more pressing matters? His father needed assistance.

The elders snapped back to reality. “Mr. Su, Chen told us you have all the herbs listed in the prescription, so we've come to ask for your help. Rest assured, we won't expect you to assist us without compensation,” Old Master Tang said with a hearty laugh. “You enjoy farming, so if you agree to help, I'll purchase the building next door for you to expand your land.”

Su Ming had been curious about what they might offer, as he had no need for money. But he never expected they would present him with the building adjacent to Old Man Yang's. This meant he could acquire more land—perfect!

Old Man Yang's building would soon be vacated. Once Su Ming demolished the building gifted by Old Master Tang, his land would grow by six acres, effectively doubling his planting area. This expansion would allow him to cultivate more crops and accelerate his progress.

Truthfully, Su Ming wouldn't be swayed by any worldly treasure, but he couldn't turn down prime city center land.

“Give me the prescription, and I'll fetch the herbs for you,” Su Ming agreed without hesitation.

“Great!” The visitors were ecstatic.

Xiao Luomu quickly produced the prescription, and Su Ming gave it a nod of approval before departing.

A collective sigh of relief filled the room.

The deal was sealed!

“Luomu, arrange for someone to purchase that building immediately!”

“Understood!”

Xiao Luomu nodded, filled with confidence.

Old Master Tang suddenly remembered something and fixed his gaze on Mr. Qin.

“We'll divide the black tea leaves evenly between us!”

“Agreed!”

Mr. Qin nodded in affirmation.

“There's something else!”

Old Master Tang, struck by another thought, turned to the family of four.

“You four, act as if you saw nothing. You're not to speak of this to anyone!”

Xiao Luomu thought they were being unreasonable.

He believed that those who witnessed it should get a share.

But the two elders intended to keep all the tea leaves to themselves.

“Do you have any objections?”

Old Master Tang gave him a stern look.

“Not at all!”

Xiao Luomu shook his head, not daring to protest.

They had already secured the medicinal herbs.

His father's return to health was just a matter of time.

Even in his fifties, he still feared the old man.

If they spoke ill of him in front of the old man, he'd be in trouble for sure.

Xiao Chen also let out a deep sigh of relief upon hearing this.

After every scolding his grandfather gave his father, a disheartened Xiao Luomu would find some pretext to take it out on him!

The worst was when Xiao Luomu berated him, yelling, "Your breathing is too loud!"

And that led to a beating.

Chapter 309 - We Don't dare to Take These Medicinal Herbs

Shortly thereafter, Su Ming arrived, carrying several black plastic bags in his hands. The group maintained their composure, knowing that in Mr. Su's home, such bags were reserved for valuable items.

"Check these out and see if the herbs are sufficient," Su Ming said as he laid the herbs on the table.

"Thank you, Mr. Su!" the two elderly gentlemen exchanged a glance before reaching out to open the first bag. They gasped at the sight within.

Rainbow Lingzhi Mushrooms! These were the legendary mushrooms that one would only encounter in ancient texts. They were modest in size, with a black surface, but underneath, they revealed a spectrum of colors. Undoubtedly, these were Top Grade treasures. In the outside world, they would incite fierce competition. Indeed, a single Rainbow Lingzhi Mushroom could be traded for a downtown house with a garage. And here they were, several of them in one bag, leaving the old men dumbfounded. To think, just one was needed to treat the old fellow!

The old men shared a look, a silent understanding passing between them as a palpable tension filled the air. It was as if a life-and-death struggle was the only resolution.

?They proceeded to the second bag, pausing briefly in surprise. A gourd? This didn't seem to match any ingredient listed in the prescription. They blinked, puzzled, until they noticed a seam on the gourd. Old Master Tang reached out, his touch met with an unexpected chill.

"So cold!" he exclaimed, unable to contain his surprise. Upon opening the gourd, they found Double Snow Toads, the epitome of Snow Toads. While Rainbow Lingzhi Mushrooms had been documented in the past, Double Snow Toads were creatures of legend, unseen by any living soul. The discovery sent their hearts racing, their eyes reddening with excitement and faces flushing with the thrill.

With shaky hands, they opened the third bag to reveal the Spirit Blood Bead. They had been skeptical of the ancient prescription, suspecting it to be a fabrication due to the rarity of its ingredients. Yet here they were, in possession of herbs so rare they were nearly mythical.

?Even now, they harbored some skepticism.

It wasn't that they distrusted Su Ming, but the situation was simply too fantastical.

Yet, the ingredients from the ancient prescription continued to surface one by one.

The two elderly gentlemen had always considered themselves well-informed.

But it was becoming clear that their knowledge was quite limited.

Old Master Qin was the first to succumb, fainting away.

Old Master Tang didn't last much longer.

He too passed out.

They had intended to rescue their friend, but ended up fainting themselves.

In that moment, Xiao Luomu gestured reassuringly: "Mr. Su, don't worry, all is well."

Xiao Chen nodded in agreement beside him.

They were accustomed to such occurrences.

Previously, when these two elders snuck into the storeroom and managed to steal a rare inkstone, they fainted as well.

Unaware of their presence, the storeroom owner had locked the door, trapping them inside for two full days and nights.

When they were eventually discovered, they behaved as if nothing was amiss.

They had even neatly packed up the contents of the storeroom.

The owner was furious.

The three nearly came to blows!

Su Ming observed their nonchalant demeanor and couldn't help feeling exasperated.

These two elders were exceedingly peculiar!

They needed to learn to keep their composure.

As expected, five minutes later, both gentlemen opened their eyes and were back to normal.

They eagerly inspected the herbs in the other pouches.

There were red dates the size of walnuts, intricately patterned wolfberries, and golden yams.

All of these were top-grade items, only mentioned in ancient texts and unseen by modern eyes.

“Thank you, Mr. Su!” Old Master Tang expressed his gratitude. “With these, my brother's health will surely improve.”

“It's no trouble. We each have our needs,” Su Ming replied with a slight smile.

“Mr. Su, we won't impose any further!” they said, standing up to take their leave.

But not a single person dared to touch the valuable Chinese herbs on the table!

They were far too precious!

By their understanding, such items should be wrapped in golden silk, yet Mr. Su had simply used black plastic bags.

The thought of the herbs being damaged was distressing to them.

Su Ming, taken aback, asked, “What's the matter? Are the herbs not to your satisfaction?”

“No!” the two elderly gentlemen exclaimed in unison, shaking their heads and gesturing emphatically.

“Mr. Su, to be completely honest with you, we're too apprehensive to take them,” one of them confessed.

Su Ming paused, taken aback for a moment, then observed their reactions.

The group silently retreated a step, not daring to make a move.

Feeling rather helpless, Su Ming stood up and offered, “I'll bring them over to you myself.”

At Su Ming's words, all six individuals breathed a collective sigh of relief.

“Saving lives is the priority. Let's get going,” he said.

Su Ming casually picked up several black bags with an easy gesture.

The two old men winced at the sight, their hearts aching.

They exited the villa, with Su Ming securing the door behind them before locking it.

They drove straight to the countryside estate.

It was Su Ming's first visit to this place.

He couldn't help but take a few extra glances at the grand and opulent manor, his curiosity piqued.

However, he felt no envy. To Su Ming, the world's most splendid vistas couldn't hold a candle to his own modest plot of land—that was where true beauty lay.

They quickly arrived inside the villa.?

Old Master Qin wasted no time in starting to prepare the medicine, accompanied by several students and the same apprentice as before.

After giving them a thorough briefing, the apprentices set to work processing the herbs.

Everyone settled onto the sofas, relieved at last.

“We have Mr. Su to thank for our success today. It's already noon. Mr. Su, would you care to join us for lunch?” Xiao Luomu offered warmly.

Yueqiu rose to her feet, chiming in, “Please don't leave, Mr. Su. Allow me to prepare a few dishes for you.”

“Alright,” Su Ming agreed with a nod.

Chapter 310 - An Arrogant Doctor

Su Ming didn't seem to think there was anything amiss.

Xiao Ke'er's face flushed instantly.

In her family, having her father invite him to stay for dinner and her mother cooking the meal herself signified their high approval of the prospective son-in-law.

They were even at the point where they could consent to her engagement with Su Ming.

Xiao Chen, observing from the side, was certain Su Ming was going to be his brother-in-law.

“Brother-in-law, I've never ridden in a truck before. Could you possibly...”

Xiao Chen sidled up to Su Ming.

But before he could finish his sentence, a sudden sharp pain shot through his waist.

He leaped up and spun around to find Xiao Ke'er, her face a deep shade of red.

Her delicate hand hovered mid-air.

"Did you have a late class today?" Xiao Ke'er demanded, her authoritative older sister persona in full display.

"Uh?" Xiao Chen was momentarily taken aback.

He blinked and glanced at the sun outside.

It was high noon, yet she was talking about an evening class.

"Sis, it's noon..."

"Aren't you supposed to have classes at noon? Go to your study and hit the books!"

"Sis, even Dad said I could take a few days off. You can't just pick on me because you're in love..."

"Quiet!" Xiao Ke'er stood up, glaring at her brother with indignation.

"Mom, save me!" Xiao Chen beat a hasty retreat.

Xiao Chen's antics had everyone laughing heartily.

"Mr. Su, Father, Grandfathers, I'm feeling a bit tired. I'm going to rest for a bit..."

With her cheeks still tinted with embarrassment, Xiao Ke'er excused herself and headed upstairs.

The two elders exchanged a look that spoke volumes.

Ah, the joys of youth!

The group settled comfortably on the couch, sipping tea and engaging in lively conversation.

Amidst the merriment, the butler entered with an odd look on his face.

He hesitated beside Xiao Luomu, as if unsure whether to speak.

"Hmm?"

Xiao Luomu, with a slight frown: "We're all family here; there's no need for secrecy. Whatever it is, just say it."

The butler's eye twitched, "The miracle doctor you invited has arrived..."

"Who?"

Xiao Luomu paused, a look of realization dawning on him.

He had completely forgotten about that!

The two elderly gentlemen exchanged glances.

They had forgotten as well!

Old Master Tang had been ill for quite some time, prompting Xiao Luomu to seek medical help far and wide for his father.

A young man later came by of his own accord, claiming his master possessed a couple of rare herbs that could prolong the old man's life.

Xiao Luomu, already desperate, eagerly invited him over.

Unfortunately, the man was abroad and couldn't return immediately.

Xiao Luomu had no choice but to wait anxiously.

They got in touch the day before yesterday.

But Xiao Luomu, having learned just last night that Su Ming had the necessary herbs, was so overjoyed he completely forgot about the other arrangement!

Now, the renowned healer had arrived today!

What was he to do?

The two old men were equally perplexed.

They had already acquired all the herbs, yet the doctor had shown up.

And they already possessed the very herbs he brought with him.

"What seems to be the problem?" Su Ming inquired, his curiosity piqued.

Old Master Tang offered a wry smile as he recounted the events that had unfolded.

Realization dawned on Su Ming: "He's made a personal visit; we can't simply turn him away, can we?"

"Mr. Su, you're absolutely correct. Please, invite him in."

"Very well." The butler nodded and departed.

Soon after, they entered.

Leading the group was a neatly dressed middle-aged man in his fifties, exuding an air of sage-like wisdom.

Following him was a young man, likely his apprentice, carrying a small medicine chest.

"Master Loong, your presence to treat my father is deeply appreciated," Xiao Luomu said, approaching with a welcoming smile.

Now that he had arrived, Xiao Luomu knew to extend due courtesy.

Master Loong lifted his eyelids ever so slightly, his demeanor cool and detached: "Show me the way."

"Yes."

Xiao Luomu was taken aback by his arrogance but ultimately nodded in agreement.

He had intended to be forthright.

But with the doctor already here, it would be quite rude to send them away.

With that, Xiao Luomu led the way, with Master Loong and his haughty apprentice trailing behind.

The two elders exchanged a glance and followed suit.

Su Ming joined the crowd to see what was happening.

"Master Loong, after you," Xiao Luomu said as he opened the door.

Loong Qingyuan entered the room, hands clasped behind his back.

"A chair, please."

His young apprentice commanded from the side with an icy tone, reminiscent of a eunuch proclaiming an imperial decree.

"My apologies for the oversight," Xiao Luomu said with a chuckle, quickly grabbing a stool from nearby and placing it behind Loong Qingyuan.

Su Ming, standing behind, slightly furrowed his brow. Such arrogance.

Loong Qingyuan took his seat with deliberate slowness.

The apprentice quickly positioned himself beside Loong Qingyuan, extracting the elder's arm from beneath the blanket. He retrieved a jade pillow from a small box, placing the elder's arm upon it, and then covered it with a towel. Next, he presented a damp towel to Loong Qingyuan, who accepted it leisurely and wiped his hands. The apprentice then carelessly discarded the towel on the floor.

?Such waste! A towel used just once and then discarded? If a patient were in critical condition and under his care, they could very well expire by the time he finished preparing.

Loong Qingyuan extended his right hand, resting two fingers on the elder's pulse. In less than ten seconds, he withdrew his hand.

"Silver needles."

"Right away!"

The apprentice fetched a small box filled with neatly arranged silver needles from the medicine chest.

"Hold on!" Old Master Qin interjected, "The patient is frail and his vitality is waning. He cannot undergo acupuncture!"

"No interruptions while my master is treating a patient," the apprentice rebuked sharply.

"Such disrespect!" Loong Qingyuan said with a measured smile. "So you are the renowned Mr. Qin, the medical authority from the capital?"

"Yes, that's me," Old Master Qin replied, clearly displeased. This was basic knowledge in traditional medicine. Acupuncture works by stimulating the meridians to enhance blood circulation, thereby tapping into the body's inherent potential to heal.

However, when someone is extremely frail, acupuncture can actually hasten their death!

"Mr. Qin, your reputation precedes you. I've long been aware of your renown. You're absolutely correct; acupuncture isn't suitable for those who are weak."

Loong Qingyuan offered a serene smile. “However, I possess a ginseng that is two centuries old. If we brew it into a soup and have the patient drink it, it could very well save their life.”

With that, his apprentice retrieved a small box from within a larger one and opened it.

Indeed, there lay a ginseng root inside!