

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

#Chapter 311 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 311

C311 – This Thing Is Not Worth Showing off

Upon unveiling the ginseng, the two men couldn't hide their smugness.

They stood tall, chests puffed out in pride.

They were convinced that Su Ming had never laid eyes on a ginseng aged 200 years!

Watching from the sidelines, Su Ming couldn't help but chuckle at the sight.

He thought it might be time to join in their little celebration.

Loong Qingyuan was brimming with self-satisfaction.

"Mr. Qin, even as a renowned physician, you've surely never encountered a 220-year-old wild ginseng, have you?" he asked, a challenging grin on his face as he lifted his chin in arrogance.

But then, he was met with silence.

Where were the gasps of astonishment and the rounds of applause he expected?

Why was it so eerily quiet?

Loong Qingyuan blinked, perplexed.

He scanned the faces around him, sensing that something was amiss.

Their composure baffled him.

Surely, they were struck dumb by his impressive display!

It was only natural for them to be stunned by such a treasure.

They weren't calm; they were utterly astonished.

After all, the ginseng was a rare gem.

With a nonchalant smile, Loong Qingyuan addressed Xiao Luomu, "Your father is a man of great esteem. I wouldn't be here if not for him. But, as you know, medical treatment comes at a cost."

"I've already presented something of great value, a testament to my sincerity. Now, shouldn't you reciprocate that sincerity?"

"This treatment will require the use of one of my ginseng's rootlets. Naturally, my demands are modest."

"I've heard your family owns a quadrangle courtyard in J City. It wouldn't be unreasonable to offer it as payment for medical services, would it?"

"With the aid of my ginseng, he could live for at least another year or two. That's a significant amount of time, enough to accomplish many things. Trading a quadrangle courtyard for an additional two years of life seems like a fair deal to me."

Loong Qingyuan spoke with a sly smile, as if he were the one making a sacrifice.

Those around him were taken aback by his words.

Could he possibly be serious?

Why on earth would Xiao Luomu enlist someone like him to treat his father?

Was he insinuating that his father had overstayed his welcome?

Xiao Luomu was at a loss for words.

He couldn't believe this man was actually asking for the quadrangle courtyard in the capital!

He was utterly shameless.

Had Xiao Luomu known earlier how bizarre that person was, he never would have allowed him to treat his father.

Xiao Luomu pondered for a moment.

Loong Qingyuan asked, "Mr. Xiao, are you considering a refusal? Are you reluctant to spend money in exchange for a few more years of your father's life?"

"No, that's not it."

Xiao Luomu hesitated, wanting to speak further.

Loong Qingyuan pressed on: "Mr. Xiao, let's be clear, the Xiao family is a distinguished lineage in J City. Ignoring your father's wellbeing would tarnish not only your personal reputation but also that of your entire family."

Xiao Luomu was at a loss for words.

Did the man ever stop talking?

Could he not pause for a second?

Would he ever allow Xiao Luomu to get a word in?

Loong Qingyuan proposed, "Mr. Xiao, true to your family's stature, you certainly have a knack for negotiation. I'm willing to offer another rootlet. What do you say to trading two rootlets for a quadrangle courtyard?"

Xiao Luomu was utterly dumbfounded.

The man's lack of shame was astounding.

He actually thought he could trade two rootlets for a quadrangle courtyard in the capital!

Initially, Xiao Luomu had thought this person, despite his arrogance, possessed some talent.

But now, Xiao Luomu was convinced he was dealing with a madman escaped from an asylum.

As Xiao Luomu opened his mouth, he saw Loong Qingyuan about to interject. He quickly interjected, "Mr. Loong, please hear me out. We do have the ginseng."

"Mr. Xiao, you're pushing your luck with this haggling! I'm only asking for a quadrangle courtyard. Fine! I'll accept a loss on the deal."

Loong Qingyuan believed he had anticipated Xiao Luomu's response.

But suddenly, he sensed something amiss.

They had ginseng?

"Mr. Xiao, stop kidding around. This is a wild ginseng over two hundred years old. If you can produce a ginseng superior to mine, I'll walk out of here on my hands!"

Loong Qingyuan was utterly incredulous.

The onlookers, however, were quite entertained by the prospect of him walking out on his hands.

“Alright,” Su Ming overheard from the sidelines.

He couldn’t believe someone would have such a desire!

Being a good Samaritan, Su Ming resolved to help him fulfill his dream.

Thus, Su Ming pulled a ginseng root from his pocket.

He had given them an abundance of herbs.

The surplus was stored in Xiao Luomu’s father’s hospital room for any unforeseen needs.

Initially, Loong Qingyuan paid them no mind.

He assumed they were envious of his superior possessions.

He dismissed their ginseng as mere artificially cultivated roots.

Suddenly, Loong Qingyuan stood up.

Judging by the color and shape, this ginseng was indeed a genuine wild rootlet.

His own ginseng had shriveled.

It turned somewhat black, its surface marred by numerous wrinkles.

In contrast, the ginseng in Su Ming’s hand was plump and appeared exceedingly fresh.

He had come by this ginseng through a combination of luck and tremendous effort.

Once in his possession, he cherished it like a treasure, carefully preserving it in a small box.

The ginseng Su Ming held, both in color and form, far surpassed his own.

Yet, Su Ming produced it with such nonchalance.

If he wasn’t mistaken, Su Ming had retrieved it from a pile of plastic bags.

How could he treat such a valuable item with such indifference?

He had previously mistaken it for a heap of fruit.


With a grin, Su Ming inquired, “Dr. Loong, wouldn’t you say my ginseng is a tad better than yours?”

Loong Qingyuan paused, his forehead beading with sweat.

“A ginseng of such high quality might be one of a kind. You’re incredibly fortunate to have found it.”

Loong Qingyuan swallowed hard, feeling quite embarrassed.

Su Ming, astonished, exclaimed, “I have many ginseng roots of this caliber.”

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C312 – I Really Don’t Want You to Lose Face

Su Ming reached out and grabbed the plastic bag.

He opened it nonchalantly.

Loong Qingyuan took a careful look.

Inside, four ginseng roots of similar age and quality were tossed in as casually as if they were mere radishes.

Loong Qingyuan suddenly clutched his chest.

He wondered, “Why?”

“Why does my chest feel so tight?”

“My heart is aching.”

“Is this what it feels like to be heartbroken?”

“I have some of this ginseng at home. I usually brew it into tea, and it tastes quite good,” he thought to himself.

Su Ming chuckled and said, “If you’re fond of them, you could trade them for two ginseng roots with a quadrangle courtyard in the capital’s first ring.”

Loong Qingyuan immediately felt humiliated.

His own words had been thrown back in his face.

He was truly uncomfortable.

Loong Qingyuan thought, "Good heavens!"

"Do I even own a quadrangle courtyard?"

"If I had one, I wouldn't be out here toiling away."

"And now I've lost face in front of you."

"It's agonizing."

"My soul feels bitter."

Loong Qingyuan forced a laugh.

"I'm quite taken aback. I didn't expect you to find such a gem," Loong Qingyuan remarked.

"Still, ginseng can only prolong life, not save it. Even though your ginseng is slightly better than mine, at best, it could extend someone's life by three years."

Having lost face in front of everyone, Loong Qingyuan's expression soured.

He thought, "I can't afford to be embarrassed any further."

"Do you think that's all I've got?"

"I have another ace up my sleeve!"

"I possess another treasure here, which, if used with the ginseng, could potentially extend a person's life by at least ten years."

Loong Qingyuan bit his lip.

Truth be told, he had reserved this item for himself.

But today, to save his own reputation, he had no choice but to bring it out.

Loong Qingyuan resolved, "I'm all in!"

"Alright."

Xiao Luomu had no interest in engaging with Loong Qingyuan.

"You don't believe me? Well, prepare to have your minds blown!"

Loong Qingyuan let out a cold laugh.

He thought to himself, "They're looking down on me now."

"They're in for a surprise."

With that, Loong Qingyuan carefully extracted a small wooden box from within his clothing.

The box was modest in size, measuring two centimeters in length, width, and height, its surface beaded with tiny droplets of moisture.

"I assume you've all heard of the Snow Toad. It's an exceedingly rare and precious creature, seldom seen. I was fortunate enough to come across one," Loong Qingyuan declared.

"Perhaps you've only encountered it in texts, never witnessing one firsthand, correct?"

"Today, that changes. I'll open your eyes to something extraordinary."

Loong Qingyuan's demeanor exuded pride as he stood tall, brimming with confidence.

He opened the box.

At its center lay a Snow Toad.

The creature was small, barely twice the size of a glass ball.

Its surface had taken on a yellow hue, even blackening in places.

Yet, despite its appearance, it was a treasure of legend, unknown and unseen by many.

Should the Snow Toad make an appearance elsewhere, it would surely cause a sensation.

However, when Su Ming and his companions laid eyes on it, they merely blinked in bewilderment.

They thought to themselves, "What on earth is this?"

"A black toad?"

"So this Snow Toad is actually a Feizhou toad?"

"Why else would it be black?"

"It's quite unsightly, isn't it?"

“Loong Qingyuan considers this a treasure?”

“I find it rather off-putting.”

Loong Qingyuan had anticipated awe and reverence at the unveiling of the Snow Toad.

Instead, as the toad was revealed, there was no such reaction.

Far from reverence, their faces were etched with disdain.

Su Ming cleared his throat, thinking, “Though I’m a guest here,”

“I’m among allies, at least compared to Loong Qingyuan.”

“As the host, I certainly can’t let my guests sit in awkward silence, can I?”

“This item seems decent enough.”

Su Ming struggled to keep his distaste in check.

He thought to himself, “My apologies!”

“I just couldn’t help it!”

At that moment, Loong Qingyuan was slightly irritated.

“What are you implying? I came here with the best of intentions to save the elder. Fine, if you’re willing to pass up the opportunity to extend the old man’s life by ten years, then I have nothing more to say.”

Loong Qingyuan let out a scornful laugh.

“No, that’s not it.”

Su Ming smiled, “You’ve got the wrong idea.”

“Oh? Now you want to correct your mistake?”

Loong Qingyuan crossed his arms behind his back, expecting an apology from Su Ming.

“What I mean is, we have one of these as well,” Su Ming clarified.

Loong Qingyuan was puzzled.

He thought to himself, “What?”

“Could you repeat that?”

“You also have one of these?”

“How can that be?”

“I don’t believe you. Show me,” demanded Loong Qingyuan.

“Very well.”

Su Ming blinked, thinking, “You’re the one who insisted on seeing it.”

“You can’t hold me responsible.”

“And if you end up embarrassed, it’s not on me.”

Su Ming stepped aside and pulled a gourd out of a black plastic bag.

Loong Qingyuan caught sight of the black plastic bag and felt an ominous premonition stir within him.

His eyes twitched uncontrollably.

He thought, “Oh my god!”

“Why am I suddenly feeling apprehensive about a black plastic bag?”

But then, as Loong Qingyuan laid eyes on the gourd in Su Ming’s hand, he sneered.

He thought, “And here I was expecting something impressive.”

“It’s just a gourd.”

“What kind of treasure could it possibly be?”

Without further ado, Su Ming opened the gourd.

Loong Qingyuan was dumbfounded once more.

He thought, “What?”

“Is that really the legendary Double Snow Toads?”

The Snow Toad was already a rare spiritual entity in the world.

The Double Snow Toads were even more extraordinary.

They were the epitome of Top Grade treasures.

Loong Qingyuan looked down at his own Snow Toad, taken aback.

It was only slightly larger than a glass ball, yet it was distinctly yellow and black. Loong Qingyuan turned his attention to the one Su Ming was holding, which was considerably larger and shone with a snow-white, crystalline purity. Loong Qingyuan was astounded.

He wondered to himself, "What's happening here? Did they do this deliberately? Was this a trap they laid for me?"

Seeing Loong Qingyuan's astonished face, Su Ming and the others could barely contain their laughter. They mused, "It's one thing to strut in front of others, but to do so in front of Mr. Su is another. We've seen people embarrass themselves, but never someone so eager to do it publicly. It's like he's asking for it."

Loong Qingyuan felt a sinking feeling in his chest. "This isn't fair play," he thought. "This has to be a joke! No, I refuse to accept this."

With his hands defiantly on his hips and breathing heavily in frustration, Loong Qingyuan's reaction prompted everyone to take a cautious step back. They joked among themselves, "What's the matter? About to show your true colors? Are you actually a transformed toad? Why else would the sight of the Snow Toad excite you so much? Is it because it's like seeing a family member? No wonder you treasure that yellowing, blackening Snow Toad in your arms as if it were a gem. It must be a relative of yours. Is it your third aunt or your fifth? You must share a close bond to keep it so near."

"I have another treasure up my sleeve, and I bet you can't top this one!" Loong Qingyuan declared as he strode over to a chest. He pushed his young apprentice aside and pulled out a small key. Inserting it into a slit in the chest, he twisted it left and right, revealing a hidden compartment. Inside was a jar containing a dark, unassuming object.

"Prepare to witness a true unparalleled treasure, the Flying Dragon Blood Herb!" Loong Qingyuan announced, holding the jar as if it contained the ultimate prize.

It was actually a variant of the herb known as polygonum multiflorum.

The growth environment it required was incredibly demanding.

The Flying Dragon Blood Herb differed from common varieties; as it matured, it would assume the form of a dragon.

Furthermore, the Flying Dragon Blood Herb was a blood-red color, translucent and gleaming.

Indeed, it was a genuine spiritual treasure of nature.

It was an item of immense value, capable of seizing the vitality of spirits and deities.

A single bite could forcibly prolong one's life.

It had the potential to sustain a person's life for at least several months.

If Xiao Luomu had only ginseng and Snow Toad at his disposal, he could certainly extend the old man's life by a decade.

Yet, during those ten years, the old man would suffer from frailty.

Surviving the full ten years would be a challenge; he might succumb to various illnesses along the way.

But with the addition of the Flying Dragon Blood Herb...

This remarkable herb had the power to replenish both Qi and blood.

It was the epitome of a Top Grade restorative.

With the Flying Dragon Blood Herb incorporated into his medication, the old man wouldn't just surpass the ten-year mark; he would spend those years robust and healthy, indistinguishable from an ordinary person.

To speak frankly,

If Loong Qingyuan were to showcase this herb in front of others, he would effortlessly impress them!

But regrettably...

It pains me to say this.

I truly have no desire to see Loong Qingyuan face further humiliation.

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C313 – My Mom Won't Let Me Play with Trash

Loong Qingyuan was brimming with self-assurance.

He had expected to be surrounded by words of praise.

Instead, the silence was deafening.

“Brother-in-law!”

Just then, Xiao Chen entered from outside: “Mom says the food is nearly ready. We can sit down to eat now.”

It turned out Xiao Chen was inviting them to dine.

After speaking, Xiao Chen noticed the jar in Loong Qingyuan’s hand.

“Who’s this?”

Xiao Chen blinked: “What’s inside this jar? I’ve seen this before in a book. Grandpa Qin, this is the Flying Dragon Blood Herb mentioned in the ancient text you gave me!”

Loong Qingyuan perked up at this.

Finally, he had an audience.

He boasted, “Young man, you must be Xiao Chen, the young master of the Xiao family, correct?”

Loong Qingyuan gave a smug smile, lifting his chin: “You’ve never seen something this exceptional, have you? Take a good look now; you won’t get another chance in the future.”

Xiao Chen’s brow furrowed: “You’re saying I won’t have another chance to see the Flying Dragon Blood Herb?”

“That’s right.”

Loong Qingyuan was visibly pleased with himself: “I might be the only person in the world with the Flying Dragon Blood Herb. No one else could possibly have it.”

Xiao Chen nodded earnestly.

Loong Qingyuan swelled with pride.

“Examine the Flying Dragon Blood Herb closely. You might even want to take some photos to remember it by, since you won’t get to see it again.”

Loong Qingyuan was quite magnanimous.

Xiao Chen blinked: “I think I’ll pass.”

“Don’t worry, even if you drop it, I won’t hold it against you!”

Loong Qingyuan said with a casual smile.

He set the item before Xiao Chen.

Xiao Chen stepped back, a hint of reluctance in his movement.

But Xiao Chen was a sincere kid and couldn't bring himself to lie.

Rubbing his nose, Xiao Chen admitted, "At our house, we use this to feed the dogs."

Loong Qingyuan froze.

"I just said I was the only one in the world with this, and you agreed! It looks like you're no different from the rest!"

Loong Qingyuan let out a cold snort.

"What I'm saying is, trash like this is something only you would have."

Xiao Chen's expression was one of pure sincerity.

He was speaking the truth!

Loong Qingyuan was seething with anger.

"You're pushing me too far!"

"Don't you believe what I'm saying?"

Xiao Chen blinked and glanced back at Su Ming, "Brother-in-law."

Why didn't he take it himself?

Because he was afraid.

The items were too valuable, and he feared damaging them.

Su Ming gave a nod.

Once more, he reached into the black plastic bag.

Loong Qingyuan shuddered inside!

He had always dreaded black plastic bags.

Su Ming's hand emerged, clutching a Flying Dragon Blood Herb.

It was large and plump.

It truly resembled a dragon, lifelike and vibrant.

Its entire body was a blood-red, shimmering with clarity.

And it was perfectly intact.

Loong Qingyuan was dumbfounded.

Such a valuable item in a plastic bag?

He had thought he'd be the one to astonish the Xiao family today.

Instead, he was the one left in shock.

Without uttering another word, Loong Qingyuan began to gather his belongings!

With a darkened expression, he stormed off without looking back.

His young apprentice followed behind, head bowed.

From behind, Su Ming called out, "No need to rush off. Why not stay for dinner?"

Upon hearing this, Loong Qingyuan nearly stumbled!

He hastened his steps.

Loong Qingyuan resolved to walk away the moment he saw Su Ming!

Watching Loong Qingyuan beat a hasty retreat, they all burst into laughter.

They weren't really bothered.

People like Loong Qingyuan were not uncommon; they loved to flaunt their treasures.

And if someone was in need, they would surely demand a hefty price.

Now, the sight of a black plastic bag sent Loong Qingyuan into a panic.

For him, it had become the most terrifying object in the world.

Su Ming remained in the villa, enjoying a meal.

The conversation flowed easily and joyfully.

Su Ming didn't read too much into it, assuming they had simply invited him for a meal.

But in a family as traditional and strict as this, the invitation held significant meaning.

After the meal, the preparation of the Chinese medicine was deemed a success.

They administered the traditional medicine to Grandpa Qin. Although he remained unconscious, a healthy flush returned to his cheeks. His breathing grew stronger, and his blood pressure gradually normalized. The indicators for his organ functions also showed steady improvement. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing he was out of danger.

Su Ming then took his leave and headed home. Xiao Luomu assured him that he would resolve the building issue within the next two days. Xiao Chen gave Su Ming a lift back to his place.

"Brother-in-law, is it okay if I visit you here often?" Xiao Chen asked, poking his head out with a grin.

"No! You better listen to your sister," Su Ming responded, feigning sternness.

Xiao Chen's face fell. He had hoped his brother-in-law would indulge him, but now he faced yet another person setting boundaries for him!

"What's the matter? You don't seem happy. Should I call your sister?" Su Ming teased, still smiling.

"No!" Xiao Chen shuddered, "I'm very happy! I should get going now, brother-in-law. I won't bother you any longer!" He quickly got into his car and drove off.

Su Ming chuckled to himself. He could see that Xiao Chen was clever and talented, yet still lacked maturity. Besides, Su Ming had his hands full with farming. Frequent visits from Xiao Chen would only complicate matters.

C314 – The Black Plum Matured

Su Ming arrived back at his home. He changed into his work attire, which consisted of a long-sleeved shirt and long pants, both made of cloth, along with a pair of cloth shoes. One might wonder, "Isn't he too hot in that?" But actually, it's necessary to wear long clothing when working in the fields to avoid sunburn from prolonged exposure to the sunlight. Despite appearing somewhat warm, Su Ming had grown accustomed to it over time. Under his coat, he wore a tank top to soak up the sweat and topped it off with a hat, completing his farmer's ensemble.

He gathered some herbs and ground them into powder using a blender, then mixed this with the fertilizer. He applied the mixture to the black plums, watering each one

thoroughly. The black plums had grown tall and would soon be ready for harvest. This time, they still radiated a green glow. Excellent. He was confident that this harvest would be bountiful, for the System never misled him.

Covering five acres, he devoted the whole afternoon to watering and fertilizing each black plum. Come evening, Su Ming stepped out to grab some fast food. He shed his long garments and sat down in the field, eating his meal while watching the bustling traffic. Once he finished, he resumed his work—pruning branches, organizing the soil, and weeding. He even attempted hand pollination.

After completing the day's tasks, it was already past 8 PM. Su Ming quickly made his way to the chicken coop, where he fed the chickens, provided fresh water, and cleaned their living space. He even played music for them. By the time he finished, it was well past 11 PM. Bedtime had arrived.

Stretching out his tired muscles, Su Ming pondered the upcoming harvest. If his calculations were right, he could harvest the black plums the next day. He checked his data panel; he was just over 70,000 experience points shy of leveling up. With tomorrow's harvest, a level-up was certain. Filled with anticipation, he collapsed into bed and fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, Su Ming bolted out of bed and dashed to the fields. Wow! The black plums had indeed ripened! But something was amiss. Su Ming had expected each black plum tree to yield an abundance of fruit.

But now, he noticed that each black plum tree bore only a single fruit.

Every tree had a sizable green orb of light dangling from its branches.

What in the world was this?

Su Ming approached with a look of curiosity.

He extended his hand, seized a light orb, and yanked hard.

Accompanied by a sharp sound, the green glow vanished instantly.

What? Su Ming blinked in surprise.

A share certificate?

He was momentarily taken aback.

He hastily opened it to inspect the contents.

Holy smokes! It was actually a share certificate!

And not just any shares, but those of a major local financial company.

The certificate indicated that Su Ming owned 51 shares.

What in the world!

He had become the chairman in the blink of an eye!

Su Ming blinked again in disbelief.

The System was incredibly generous!

Could it really accomplish such feats?

“Ding! System Notification: The shares you have acquired were bought on behalf of the Host through the System’s virtual financial operations. All transactions are traceable and completely legal!”

At this point, the System began to explain with thoughtful detail.

Su Ming eagerly reached for another.

What? Shares in a local Michelin company!

Even though Michelin was an international franchise, each store had its own independent shares.

That was excellent!

Su Ming extended his hand to grab another.

To his astonishment, these were shares of the car sales service store he had previously booked!

Su Ming was utterly amazed!

This was simply incredible!

He quickly reached out again, picking up another item.

This time, it wasn’t the share certificate he had expected.

Instead, it was a small golden pouch, embroidered with the words “brocade bag.”

Could the System actually produce such items?

A brocade bag? Might there be some ingenious strategy inside?

Yet, it seemed he had no use for it.

Why would the System generate this?

It was truly bizarre!

Su Ming opened the brocade bag without hesitation.

What was this? A set of puzzles?

He paused, taken aback.

He pulled a piece from the bag.

Su Ming couldn't be certain it was a part, but if not a part, he had no idea what else it could be.

Typically, parts were items like screws, nuts, or wires—things manufactured in a factory and assembled into a final product.

But the part in Su Ming's hand seemed as though someone had taken a large knife and sliced a car twice horizontally and twice vertically.

Then, he picked up one of the objects and exclaimed, "Look! This is a part!"

Yet if it was a part, it certainly didn't resemble the usual ones.

And if it wasn't a part, what could it be?

That was exactly what Su Ming was holding. It was small, roughly the size of a glass ball.

"Ding! Congratulations, Host, you have obtained Smart Assistant Fragment 1/400! Collect all the fragments to activate it!"

What? A Smart Assistant?

What on earth was this?

I've never come across anything like this before!

"System, what is this Smart Assistant?"

“Ding! Host, you must discover the answer on your own. Once unlocked, you will be able to access some of its functions.”

Some of its functions!

That meant this device could be upgraded!

Su Ming’s mind raced to Iron Man.

The AI in that film was named Jarvis.

Could this eventually evolve into a suit of armor?!

Armor!

That’s the ultimate dream for many!

Su Ming’s excitement surged.

This was more thrilling than gaining shares in a company.

He had a total of five acres.

There, he had planted 500 black plum trees.

Su Ming started harvesting the fruit with fervor.

He toiled away in the fields with intense dedication.

Meanwhile, the corporate world in the city was in a frenzy.

Inside one such company, a man who owned 35% of the shares sat in a room.

He reclined in a specially crafted executive chair, cradling a cup of expensive tea.

He grinned as he admired the Top Grade Orchid he had just received.

Suddenly, “Bam!” the door was forcefully flung open.

The man’s secretary rushed in, his face etched with distress.

Startled, the man snapped, “Secretary Sun, what’s the matter? Why are you so panicked? I’ve told you time and again, a man must remain composed. Like me, even if the Himalayas were to crumble before me, my expression would remain unchanged. Now, what’s the issue?”

“Chairman, a mysterious buyer has just snapped up the shares of six shareholders. He now holds a 51% stake and has become the new chairman of the company!”

“What?” The man’s face blanched with shock.

He rose to his feet, but in his haste, he knocked over his cup of tea.

“Ah!” He winced as the hot tea scalded him, flailing his arms and legs in discomfort.

Upon witnessing the scene, the secretary couldn’t resist rolling his eyes.

What happened to your promise of “I won’t change my expression”?

Where’s your composure now?

Is this your idea of maintaining calm?

Inwardly, the secretary snickered at the spectacle.

But he understood that it was perfectly natural for the chairman to be taken aback.

Actually, it was the former chairman who should be surprised!

The former chairman had dedicated five to six years and a considerable amount of effort to acquire a 35% stake in the company.

Despite his pleas, the other shareholders wouldn’t budge on selling their shares to him.

Yet, this enigmatic buyer had accomplished it with ease.

This indicated that the individual’s background was anything but ordinary.

He could very well be a heavyweight from an ultra-affluent dynasty!

Chapter 315 - Smart Assistant

“Do you have the information?” the man asked urgently.

“Yes!” The secretary quickly placed the documents in front of the man.

The man was Lyu Qingyun, a figure of considerable standing in Eastsea. He wouldn’t have been the chairman otherwise. But his eyes nearly popped out of his head when he read Su Ming’s information. He couldn’t believe it! Su Ming, a man barely into his twenties, had effortlessly acquired a 51% stake.

Lyu Qingyun blinked in astonishment. What did it mean for someone so young to be so formidable? It suggested that Su Ming had an extraordinary background beyond his wildest dreams. He had encountered the kind of legendary heavyweights people only hear about in stories! He was eager to get acquainted with Su Ming.

Lyu Qingyun's heart pounded as he struggled to catch his breath. The information didn't include Su Ming's phone number, but it did list his address. In the city center? Lyu Qingyun paused, puzzled. Why would he live there? No matter. The affairs of influential people were beyond his comprehension.

"Quick! Get the car ready! I need to go see him!" Lyu Qingyun commanded his secretary, trying to steady his nerves with a shaky voice.

"I've prepared everything. You can depart at any moment," the secretary assured him.

"Good!"

Meanwhile, this same scenario was unfolding across various corporations in Eastsea, unbeknownst to Su Ming. He was still out in the fields, collecting fragments. The company shares weren't his priority. What mattered to Su Ming was the smart assistant.

He had already gathered most of the fragments, now totaling over 200. It looked like he might be able to collect them all this time. At last, he had harvested all the fragments from the five acres. Su Ming pulled the final piece from the last silk pouch.

"Ding! Congratulations, Host. You have completed the collection of the smart assistant fragments!" chimed a voice in Su Ming's head.

Su Ming was ecstatic. This was fantastic! He hurriedly tossed the final fragment into the pocket with the rest. He had previously returned to the villa to fetch a plastic bag for storing the fragments. The share certificates? He tossed them aside carelessly.

"The smart assistant is now assembling..." the voice continued.

"1%... 20%... 50%... 99%..."

"Host, congratulations on the assembly of your smart assistant being complete!"

As a golden light flashed, all the pieces in the plastic bag vanished and came together to form an object.

Su Ming examined it closely and realized it was a watch resembling a child's smartwatch.

"System, is there any way to change its appearance?"

“Apologies, Host. I'm currently unable to alter its appearance. Once your land is upgraded, it will produce advanced chips that will enable the smart assistant to upgrade. With each upgrade, the assistant's appearance will change randomly! Once it reaches a high level, it will be able to adjust its appearance autonomously!”

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

Yet, this was actually promising news for him.

The System had indicated that his land would eventually yield advanced chips, allowing for the assistant's upgrade.

Could it be possible that his land might even produce Iron Man's mechanical armor someday?

“Ding! Host, it's time to name your assistant!”

Name it?

Su Ming was instantly perplexed.

The smart assistant didn't come with a name?

What about the name Little Green?

Su Ming was deep in thought.

He didn't typically engage with the Legend of the White Snake, so why did that name come to mind?

Da Bai?

Maybe not.

Naming was never Su Ming's strong suit, a trait he inherited from his father.

The Su family tended to choose very simple names.

Despite pondering, Su Ming couldn't come up with a suitable name.

He resorted to searching on his phone.

The first name that caught his eye was Yuvyuv!

“Let's name it Yuvyuv.”

“Ding! Host, you've named your smart assistant Yuvyuv!”

Su Ming pulled the watch out of his pocket.

He blinked and called out, “Yuvyuv?”

“I am here, Master!”

The watch responded with a voice that was intelligent and female, somewhat reminiscent of popular voice assistants.

However, Yuvyuv's voice lacked the warmth of human emotion.

“What capabilities do you have?” Su Ming inquired, eager to learn more.

“I can automatically log your planting times and remind you when it's time to harvest. Upon entering the land, I will assess its condition and suggest the optimal planting strategy to enhance the quality and yield of your crops! My features are equally applicable in the breeding zone!”

Su Ming's spirits lifted at the news.

This is fantastic!

Yuvyuv truly lives up to its reputation as a smart assistant.

With Yuvyuv's help, Su Ming's life just got a whole lot easier.

This has to be the greatest gain of all.

The assistant's voice was mechanical, lacking any inflection.

Yet, Su Ming speculated that with each upgrade, the variety of crops he could grow would expand.

Once he planted a high-level chip for the upgrade, the assistant would gradually evolve into an artificial intelligence, complete with its own emotions and vocal fluctuations.

But that was a concern for another day!

For now, his priority was to tidy up the space.

Glancing at the share transfer documents scattered on the floor, Su Ming allowed himself a chuckle before picking them up.

While he was busy cleaning, a cacophony of noise erupted from outside the firmly shut door.

It was still early morning, and he had only just woken up.

In his rush to gather the fragments, Su Ming hadn't had the chance to open the door.

The sounds from outside piqued his curiosity.

What was happening?

Was there a fight at his doorstep?

City dwellers were becoming increasingly impatient.

What was the reason for their quarrel?

They could have resolved their issues amicably.

Or, if all else failed, they could turn to farming, basking in the serenity of nature—a truly delightful prospect.

Cars had filled up the entrance.

The individuals stepping out were visibly stunned, recognizing one another.

They were the chairmen of renowned companies from Eastsea City.

“Zhang, what brings you here?”

“A young man bought 51% of our company's shares. He lives right here.”

“No way! You too? Is this guy Su Ming?”

“Yes, that's him! You're telling me you're in the same boat?”

“Exactly!”

“Unbelievable! Me too!”

“Same here!”

“Me too!”

They began to converse, drawing in the surrounding crowd.

Once the details were shared, everyone was left utterly bewildered.

What in the world was happening?

How had a single young man simultaneously acquired so many companies?

And to top it off, he had secured a 51% stake in each one!

Chapter 316 - There Was Still too Little Land

The group of executives were clearly bewildered.

It made sense for a wealthy individual to purchase shares in one or two companies at a time.

But to acquire stakes in numerous companies all at once was truly baffling.

The cars parked at the entrance of the skyscraper were nearly overflowing, and the employees from nearby buildings were clueless as to why this was happening.

They began to wonder aloud, "Why are all these company owners converging here? Is there some major event taking place today?"

Upon learning the truth, they were utterly astounded.

Someone had actually spent a fortune to acquire so many companies in one fell swoop!

It was beyond belief.

Such madness!

Then, suddenly, the building's doors swung open.

Su Ming emerged, and the once noisy surroundings fell silent.

All eyes turned to Su Ming.

He donned a straw hat, a long shirt, and trousers, his attire smeared with soil, and a child's watch wrapped around his wrist.

As Su Ming stepped out and surveyed the crowd, a hush fell over them.

The onlookers scrutinized Su Ming closely.

Before long, they recognized that this oddly dressed man was indeed their chairman.

Yet, Su Ming's attire left them perplexed.

They had expected that a young man capable of buying shares in so many companies would be clad in a suit and leather shoes, exuding confidence and perhaps a touch of arrogance.

But the chairman before them defied their expectations.

To their eyes, the chairman was quite unconventional.

Glancing at the yard behind Su Ming and then at his clothes, they quickly realized that Su Ming had been gardening.

Instant respect washed over the crowd.

They all marveled, "He's truly incredible. To think he could buy such a vast tract of land in the city center and live a life of retirement at such a young age."

Yet they were also puzzled. They couldn't fathom why Su Ming would lead such a tranquil life while simultaneously purchasing shares in so many companies.

It was a conundrum.

Though initially shocked, they soon gathered their wits.

After all, the man before them was their chairman, and his background was undoubtedly extraordinary. They couldn't afford to slight him.

"Good day, Chairman!" all the executives called out in perfect unison.

The onlookers were left in sheer amazement.

They each questioned whether their ears had deceived them.

A hundred of Eastsea's upper-middle-class business owners were simultaneously addressing a young man as their chairman.

The situation felt surreal.

The crowd began to suspect it was all an act.

But clearly, it was not.

Among these entrepreneurs, some had even collaborated with them in the past.

It was simply astounding!

“Hello!” Su Ming stood there, nodding in acknowledgment.

After a moment of contemplation, Su Ming said, “You remain the decision-makers of your companies. I won't meddle in your affairs; just ensure that my dividends are delivered on time. Now, let's disperse.”

With those words, Su Ming turned and shut the door behind him.

The sound of the closing door left the business owners even more perplexed.

Was that all Su Ming had to say?

Their new chairman was certainly not playing by the usual rules.

They were still at a loss to understand Su Ming's behavior.

Su Ming seemed indifferent to owning their shares or their companies, yet he had reluctantly accepted them because they were offered, and it would have been rude to refuse.

Su Ming also conveyed that he had no interest in managing their businesses; he simply expected them to continue their operations and provide him with the year-end dividends.

“If he weren't so wealthy, I'd give him a piece of my mind! He's too impatient for a company boss. If he's so reluctant, he might as well hand the company over to me.”

“You're absolutely right. He's crossed the line. It's unbearable!”

“Who is this guy, really? Police cars clear the way for him, VIPs pay him visits, he's the chairman of numerous companies, and he even farms in the city center!”

“If you're so curious, go ask him. I'd like to know as well.”

“That's easy for you to say, but do I dare approach him?”

“It seems like he's unprotected, but someone of his stature probably has countless unseen guardians.”

“You've hit the nail on the head. Otherwise, the media would have been all over him by now.”

The journalists scoffed at the thought, knowing better than to approach such a high-profile individual.

They weren't foolish; they understood which individuals were approachable for interviews and which were not.

The 100 executives stood outside the door, exchanging glances, each wanting to speak but unsure of how to begin.

They had anticipated that the new chairman would invite them in for an hour or two of conversation.

Instead, he uttered just one sentence.

The door opened and closed within a mere ten seconds.

Yet, they quickly regained their composure and resolved to follow the chairman's directive.

They would work diligently to earn money.

Before long, they had all dispersed.

Su Ming returned to his harvesting.

Once the harvest was complete, a notification chimed in his mind.

"Successful crop harvest. Earned 80,000 experience points. Additional Experience Points: 16,000."

"Recycled. Congratulations, Host, on earning 5,000 experience points. Additional Experience Points: 1,000."

"Congratulations, Host, on leveling up!"

"Congratulations, you've earned a chance to spin the Wheel Lottery!"

Su Ming was thrilled. He had actually won a chance at the Wheel Lottery?

Just then, his watch beeped. He picked it up and examined it closely.

To his amazement, the Wheel Lottery interface was displayed on the screen.

The wheel was segmented into eight sections, each marked with a distinct-colored question mark.

The notification sounded once more, "Master, would you like to initiate the lottery?"

"Absolutely!" Su Ming responded.

He was confident in his exceptional luck.

The lottery wheel began to spin immediately, and Su Ming watched intently.

After a suspenseful ten seconds, the wheel gradually came to a halt.

“Congratulations, Host, you've gained one skill point!”

Su Ming paused briefly upon hearing the notification.

But he quickly regained his composure.

Without hesitation, he allocated the skill point to his Experience Buff.

In no time, his experience jumped from 20 to 25!

Su Ming swiftly pulled up his data panel.

Farmer: Su Ming

Level: LV10

Experience: 323,927 / 500,000

Farm: Level Two

Breeding: Level One

Skills: Blessing from Plants, Initial Scanning Ability, Stamina Talent, Mosquito Immune System, Experience Buff at 25.

Su Ming paused again. Was this the extent of his data?

Wasn't there supposed to be a significant change upon reaching level ten?

What about the fabled Unlocking Store?

“System, shouldn't there be a significant change at level ten?” Su Ming, unable to contain his curiosity, inquired.

“The System has detected that the Host's farming area is too small!”

“System Notification: If the farming area exceeds 10 acres, the System will upgrade and update!”

Su Ming paused for a moment, processing the information. Did he really need to cultivate 10 acres of land?

The rule caught him off guard.

But after giving it some thought, Su Ming realized it was feasible. Old Man Yang's building occupied three acres, and the Xiao family was set to gift him another building, also covering three acres. Together with his original five acres, that would total eleven acres.

That would suffice!

Initially, Su Ming wasn't in any rush, but now he felt a stir of urgency.

Well, it wasn't so much urgency as it was curiosity.

Su Ming was eager to see what the System would look like after the update and what wonders the Unlocking Store might hold.

He was confident that the outcomes wouldn't disappoint.

Deciding to put those thoughts aside for the moment, Su Ming knew he'd soon be in a position to tear down the building.

First, he headed to the breeding zone to feed the animals.

Afterward, he hopped on the tractor and thoroughly plowed the five-acre plot from end to end.

Next, he pondered what crops he would plant.

Chapter 317 - Using Scientific Methods

"Yuvyuv."

Su Ming suddenly remembered his assistant.

"Master!"

Yuvyuv responded promptly.

"What do you think I should plant?"

"Considering your current planting situation and the recent soil conditions, I recommend planting rice!"

Rice?

Su Ming paused for a moment, then nodded in agreement.

This intelligent assistant was quite impressive.

It had certainly resolved his indecision.

“Yuvyuv, what's the best way to plant it?”

“There are two methods I can suggest. The first is the conventional approach: simply sow the rice seeds into the soil, water them, and apply fertilizer. The yield and quality are average with this method. The second is the standard approach: soak the rice seeds until they germinate, then plant the seedlings in a wetland before transferring them to a paddy field. This method yields a higher quantity and quality of rice.”

Su Ming's interest was piqued.

His assistant was truly remarkable!

It was so clever!

As for which method Su Ming would choose, it was obvious.

He would opt for the second method!

After all, there were paddy fields back in his hometown.

Su Ming had experience planting rice fields with his parents as a child.

He was quite familiar with the rice cultivation process.

Without further ado, Su Ming confidently walked into the field.

He pondered for a moment.

Typically, one could plant six to ten pounds of rice seeds per acre.

Su Ming had a total of five acres.

He decided to start with 40 pounds of seeds.

He then selected a plot of land approximately 10 x 10.

From the warehouse, he retrieved a shovel.

He began digging, constructing a circular embankment around the plot.

He then compacted the soil with his feet to prevent erosion from the water.

Afterward, he fetched a long hose from the warehouse and began to irrigate the land.

Meanwhile, Su Ming was far from idle.

He went to the nearby mall and purchased a large plastic basin.

He filled it with water, added a generous amount of rice seeds, and poured in nutrient solution.

This was the seed soaking process!

“Just a reminder, the seeds will sprout in two hours, and you’ll be ready to start planting them!”

Su Ming nodded in agreement.

Having Yuvyuv around made things much more convenient for him.

Glancing at the clock, Su Ming realized he was starting to feel hungry. He decided to head back, grab a bite to eat, and then wait for another two hours.

At the Xiao family home, the household of four, including the two elders, kept vigil by the sickbed.

Yet, the Xiao family patriarch had not awakened.

The tests indicated that he had transitioned from a coma to a deep sleep.

It wouldn’t be much longer until he awoke.

Minutes later, the old man’s eyelids twitched slightly, and then he slowly opened his eyes, looking somewhat bewildered.

He glanced around.

“You’re awake!”

The people around him were ecstatic at the sight.

Fantastic!

His awakening was indeed a stroke of luck!

“Dad, how are you feeling?” Xiao Luomu asked anxiously.

“I want to sit up,” Xiao Luyuan said, his voice raspy.

Xiao Luomu gently assisted him into a sitting position.

“I'd like some water,” Xiao Luyuan requested, reaching out.

Beside the bed, there was a cup of water.

Xiao Luomu quickly handed it to him.

Xiao Luyuan took the cup and drank eagerly.

He sighed deeply, feeling much more comfortable.

“I feel a lot better,” Xiao Luyuan remarked, assessing his physical state. “It's odd, why do I feel so light? I know my illness was severe. What have you given me?”

“By a fortunate twist of fate, we managed to collect all the ingredients for the prescription,” Old Master Qin said, beaming with joy.

“What?” Xiao Luyuan was skeptical.

“Don't fool me! Each ingredient in that prescription is a rare treasure, and some have been lost to time,” he protested.

Xiao Luyuan paused, then shook his head in disbelief.

Old Master Tang chuckled, “I knew you'd be doubtful. Chen, bring the items here.”

“Right away!” Xiao Chen responded, moving to the corner to fetch several plastic bags.

“What's this?” Xiao Luyuan asked, eyebrows knitted in curiosity. “What treasure is inside these plastic bags?”

“Just take a look, and you'll see,” Old Master Tang said with a smile, motioning for Xiao Chen to open the bags.

Xiao Luyuan bent down to inspect their contents.

He was astounded!

“There are so many treasures here! Where did you find them all? Did you raid a treasure vault?”

Laughter filled the room.

From the sidelines, Xiao Luomu briefed Xiao Luyuan on the events that had transpired.

Xiao Luyuan's brow furrowed slightly upon hearing the story.

Such a thing had actually occurred?

"So, Mr. Su is my lifesaver? Then I must meet him! Could you invite him to our home?" Xiao Luyuan inquired.

"Dad, Mr. Su may be young, but he's incredibly capable. He's carefree and loves his freedom. He's neither a member of our family nor our subordinate, so we can't just summon him at will," Xiao Luomu quickly interjected.

"Indeed."

Xiao Luyuan nodded in agreement. "You're absolutely right. Once I'm better, I'll make it a point to visit him personally to express my gratitude."

Xiao Luomu continued, "Regarding the reward, we're considering giving Mr. Su a building."

"That's fine."

Xiao Luyuan didn't hesitate for a second.

Even though he was well into his eighties and had come to view death lightly, he still harbored a significant unfulfilled desire.

If he didn't satisfy this wish, he would die with regret.

Saving his life was no small feat, and giving Su Ming a building—or even several—was the least he could do.

"Dad, you might be under the wrong impression. Mr. Su isn't interested in wealth. We plan to give him a building in the city center because Mr. Su enjoys farming there," Xiao Luomu said with a smile.

"What?"

Xiao Luyuan was taken aback. "Farming?"

He struggled to grasp the concept.

Su Ming was a young man shrouded in mystery.

And he was farming right in the city center?

His curiosity was piqued.

“Su Ming is surely no ordinary individual. We must cultivate a strong relationship with him and act swiftly on this matter.”

“Rest assured, Dad. Kemeng is already handling it.”

Xiao Luyuan nodded.

He shifted his body slowly.

During his illness, he had experienced dizziness, chest tightness, and overall weakness. Walking just a few steps would cause him to tremble and break out in cold sweats.

His heartbeat would occasionally race or slow down.

His blood pressure was alarmingly erratic.

Now, he felt a newfound clarity in his hearing and vision. His body was at ease, and he sensed an inexhaustible supply of energy coursing through him, as if he had reverted to the vigor of his forties or fifties.

Who exactly was Mr. Su? How was he able to produce such an array of precious medications?

He was determined to pay Mr. Su a proper visit!

Chapter 318 - Don't Let Him Know

In the penthouse office of a towering skyscraper, a middle-aged man sat comfortably—the very owner of the building.

Xiao Ke'er faced him, ready to state her business.

“I'm not selling!” he declared resolutely.

“I haven't even mentioned my offer yet,” Xiao Ke'er replied with a smile.

“It doesn't matter what your offer is; I'm not selling this building,” he said, his stance unwavering.

The building was a prime piece of real estate in the heart of Eastsea City, valued at ten billion. By simply renting it out, he could live a life of luxury without a care in the world. Selling it could mean a potential loss, a risk he was not willing to take.

Xiao Ke'er smiled again. "I think it would be in your best interest to at least hear my offer."

"I'm not interested in selling."

"I'm prepared to purchase the building at a price ten percent above market value."

"No."

"I can offer you a building of equal value in J City's Second Loop."

"No!"

"The First Loop of J City."

He shook his head.

"I can secure a household registration for your family in the capital!"

"Alright!"

The butler trailed behind Xiao Ke'er, listening to the exchange as if it were a haggling session at a vegetable market. Moments ago, the man had been adamant about not selling. Before arriving in Eastsea, the butler had considered himself quite worldly, but Eastsea had proven to be a place brimming with unique talents and distinctive business styles.

The middle-aged man was well aware of Xiao Ke'er's prestigious background and her connection to the Xiao family, a renowned clan in the capital. He knew she wasn't deceiving him. Despite Eastsea City's status as a top-tier city, it paled in comparison to the allure of the capital, especially the coveted household registration there, which would give his academically challenged son a chance at attending one of the nation's finest universities.

After some thought, the man said, "I'm willing to sell the building, but I have one additional condition."

"Please, tell me," Xiao Ke'er encouraged.

"The Xiao family is renowned for their investment prowess, and you're considered an investment prodigy. I'd like to hire you as a consultant for our company for one year."

The man offered a faint smile.

"Alright."

Xiao Ke'er immediately agreed.

The butler, upon hearing this, was momentarily taken aback.

He opened his mouth as if to speak, but ultimately remained silent.

With her response, the man wasted no further time.

He signed on the spot.

The Xiao family transferred a building of equal value to the man.

In addition, the Xiao family financially settled the other tenants in the building and also compensated for the breach of contract.

Soon, the building would be ready for demolition.

Xiao Ke'er and the butler entered the car.

They headed directly for the villa.

During the drive, the butler wavered, struggling with his thoughts, until he finally couldn't contain himself any longer.

"Miss, why did you so readily agree to his terms? You could have negotiated with him."

Xiao Ke'er gazed out the window and replied, "I understand your concern, but negotiating would only waste time."

She had intentionally instructed the driver to take a route that would pass by Su Ming's property.

As they drove by Su Ming's place, Xiao Ke'er involuntarily bit her lip at the sight of him tidying up the yard.

"Miss, that's merely an obscure small company. Your status is far more distinguished," the butler remarked.

The Xiao family heiress was a renowned figure in the investment world.

Numerous international corporations were eager to recruit her.

Yet, Xiao Ke'er had declined their offers.

Though the man was a billionaire, he paled in comparison to the Xiao family.

It was akin to a PhD graduate from a prestigious university, laden with honors and awards, and involved in pioneering technology, taking a job at a local television factory.

Such an underutilization of talent.

"Enough," Xiao Ke'er said, her smile faint. "The decision is made; there's no need for further discussion. And remember, Mr. Su must not learn of this."

The butler paused, exhaling a deep sigh, and shook his head.

The young miss was exceedingly generous to Mr. Su.

He envied Mr. Su greatly.

Unaware of these events, Su Ming was occupied with his work in the field.

Two hours had elapsed, and the seeds in the basin were ready.

Su Ming lifted the basin and made his way to the field.

He selected a corner plot and densely sowed the seeds onto the soil. Once he had firmly pressed the earth down, he covered the area with a sheet of plastic film. "Yuvyuv reminded her master that the seedlings would sprout in five hours, and then you can transplant them," she said. Su Ming glanced at the clock. In five hours, it would be dark. He decided to grab a bite to eat first. The fridge was running low on supplies.

Su Ming went back inside the house and changed his clothes. He walked across the street to the supermarket next door. No sooner had he taken a few steps than a young man approached him from the side. Dressed in a uniform, the young man inquired, "Are you interested in working out?" Su Ming shook his head. Undeterred, the young man persisted, "We offer great rates, and you'll have a beautiful coach to guide you." Su Ming was at a loss for words.

He had fallen for their deception before, spending an entire month's salary on a gym membership. Aside from the first month when he used the gym showers twice, he never set foot in the gym again. He had no idea if there were any beautiful coaches there. Despite Su Ming's refusal, the young man was relentless.

Chapter 319 - Dreams Come True

"I can offer you a special discount."

"Only 5000 RMB for an entire year. That's not too pricey, is it?"

"You're quite the negotiator. How does 4000 RMB for the year sound?"

“Do you still find that expensive? What about 3000 RMB for the year?”

“I can't reduce the price any further, otherwise our club will lose its profit margin. The absolute lowest I can go is 2000 RMB for the year!”

“Still not convinced? What if I throw in an additional 100 private training sessions for free?”

“Isn't that a good deal? Don't push your luck.”

Su Ming listened and sighed to himself.

He hadn't uttered a single word throughout the entire exchange. How could he be haggling?

Seeing that Su Ming remained unaffected, the young salesman sighed as well.

“Where do you work? What's your profession? Is your company hiring?”

Su Ming was taken aback by the sudden shift in conversation.

Sales tactics had become quite distinctive. Salespeople would build rapport with potential customers through casual conversation before pitching their products.

Customers who were less confrontational might feel too awkward to decline the offer, often ending up purchasing out of sheer politeness.

Even if the salesman targeted ten customers and only one made a purchase, it was still a win for him.

The young man had been trailing Su Ming for 50 meters. Just one more turn and they would lose sight of the club's entrance.

Yet, he persisted, seemingly determined to follow Su Ming until he agreed to sign up for a membership.

“Don't tell me you find me annoying. I'm starting to annoy myself.”

Su Ming had remained silent the whole time.

But that did nothing to deter the young man's endless prattle.

Su Ming paused, pondering the situation.

Was this some novel sales strategy?

"In our job, the commissions are low and the benefits are meager. The bulk of what we earn from sales goes to the owner, leaving us with just a small cut," he lamented with a gloomy expression.

Su Ming was at a loss for words. He truly wished the young man would stop following him.

"Did you hear about the guy who bought a plot of land downtown just to farm it? Do you know him?" the young man inquired.

Su Ming was momentarily taken aback.

He was well aware of the story, as he was the man in question.

"I'm quite jealous of him. Land in the city center is incredibly expensive, yet he bought it to farm. Such luxury."

"Sometimes I wonder if my family is secretly wealthy and owns property in the downtown area, but my parents have kept it from me as a test," I muse.

The young man tagged along with Su Ming into the supermarket. Su Ming gave him a quizzical look. His persistence was remarkable. Su Ming had a sneaking suspicion that if he headed to the restroom, the young man would follow him there too. And Su Ming was itching to tell him just how absurd his ideas were.

"I'm convinced my dream will become a reality!" the young man suddenly proclaimed, his fists clenched with fervor.

Su Ming jumped at the outburst, and so did everyone else in the supermarket. All eyes were on Su Ming and the young man. Su Ming sidestepped, putting some distance between them. He didn't know this guy at all!

"My parents have to be wealthy. There's got to be a huge estate out there waiting for me to inherit. Every hardship I face is surely a test! If I persevere, I'm destined to take over the family empire and manage our wealth!" the young man declared, his eyes brimming with hope.

Su Ming shook his head, unable to hide his disbelief. He wondered if the young man had been reading too many fantasy novels. Could he really believe everyone was a hidden millionaire? Ironically, standing right before him was a genuine hidden millionaire—Su Ming himself.

Pushing his cart to the snack aisle, Su Ming listened to the young man continue to mutter to himself. "God has given me a grand mission, hence my trials. I'm bound for greatness!"

“So, what do you think about signing up for a gym membership?” the young man abruptly switched gears.

Su Ming couldn't help but burst into laughter at the sheer audacity. The young man hadn't lost sight of his original goal, despite his momentary disdain for worldly concerns. Now he was back to facing the harsh reality.

He was inwardly frustrated. What could he do? It was tough to make sales nowadays. Gyms were everywhere, yet few people were interested in memberships. Without being persistent with potential clients, he wouldn't make any money. His sales tactics were high-stakes.

This month, he'd been roughed up seven times, but the compensation totaled thirty thousand RMB. He hadn't lost out—in fact, he'd made more than his regular paycheck!

He was overjoyed!

Today, when he encountered Su Ming, he thought Su Ming seemed quite persuadable.

So, he latched onto Su Ming.

Right as Su Ming was rolling his eyes, the young man's phone rang.

Caught off guard, he pulled out his phone.

“Mom, I've told you, I can't take calls while I'm at work.”

“Son!”

A woman's voice came through from the other end: “Your father bought you a piece of land. When can you come to see it?”

“What?”

The young man was taken aback.

Su Ming was equally surprised.

His dream had come true!

Tears sprang to the young man's eyes.

He was so moved that his hands shook.

He wasn't just daydreaming after all!

“Mom, hold on, I need to make a call!”

He ended the call.

Then he flipped through his contacts and dialed a number.

“What's the matter?”

An authoritative voice answered.

“Jerk! I've been wanting to tell you, I've despised you for a long time. I'm quitting, effective immediately!”

With that, he hung up.

The thrill of wealth was exhilarating!

He imagined his boss, who squeezed every last drop of work from his employees, would be seething with anger.

The thought alone made him want to chuckle.

He then called his mother back.

“Mom, thank you for everything you've done for me over the years. I'm deeply moved. Rest assured, I won't let you down!”

Tears streamed down his face as he spoke.

“Why are you crying? Your father simply bought you a piece of land.”

A voice tinged with confusion came from the other end. “It's not a big deal. The land isn't worth much. Your dad intended it as a birthday gift for you.”

Hearing this, he was even more touched and burst into tears.

Chapter 320 - The Truth

He was so thrilled that he plunged his hand into his pocket.

With a dramatic gesture, he yanked out a handful of cards and slammed them onto the ground!

“I won't have to sell cards ever again!”

“It's just a plot of land. Are you really that worked up over it?”

A voice tinged with confusion came through the phone.

The young man's excitement was undiminished.

The truth was known to everyone but him.

After enduring so much hardship, he had finally discovered the truth!

Naturally, he was ecstatic.

"Mom, rest assured, I've spent all these years learning about investment and financial management in my spare time."

"I understand now that all my current struggles are just a test you've set for me."

"But don't worry. I've grown up. You can entrust that land to me, and I promise to exponentially grow our family's wealth in record time."

He went on and on.

The supermarket was bustling with people who overheard his conversation and couldn't help but feel envious.

They were worlds apart from him now.

Just minutes before, they were all at the bottom rung of society.

But now, he was a wealthy man.

He owned land!

"Maybe I should go home and ask my parents if they're secretly wealthy too?"

"Who knows, I might have a piece of farmland waiting for me!"

The bystanders let their thoughts wander.

They gazed at the young man with eyes full of envy.

The young man, phone in hand and the other hand on his hip, was passionately outlining his future and ambitions.

He envisioned a future filled with towering skyscrapers, tens of thousands of employees, and bank accounts brimming with digits.

He saw himself in a plush office, flanked by beautiful secretaries.

He imagined a life of endless cigars, fine wines, and gourmet meals.

He had reached the pinnacle of success!

The more he talked, the more animated he became, completely oblivious to the fact that his mother had been silent for quite some time.

“Mom!”

At last, he coughed twice, his throat parched from talking, “Mom, where exactly is this land? What's it worth?”

“The land is right under our apartment building, you know that!”

The voice on the phone sounded puzzled.

Under the building?

He paused, taken aback.

His excitement dimmed slightly.

Their home was in the suburbs, and the value of suburban land paled in comparison to that of the city center.

But he knew he shouldn't be too greedy.

At least he had a piece of land to his name.

Moreover, it could very well be a test for him!

Even if it was merely a suburban plot, with the right strategy, he could turn it into a lucrative business.

“Mom, how big is this land?” he asked eagerly.

If the land was large, he'd consider taking out a loan to build on it.

If it was small, he'd lease it.

Either way, he was confident he wouldn't lose money.

“Let me check,” the middle-aged woman replied, pausing for a moment before adding, “The land is roughly the size of a small table.”

He was dumbfounded.

What?

The land is only as big as a small table?

Less than a square meter?

Surely, his mother was pulling his leg.

“Mom...” his voice quivered, “Where did this land come from?”

“Your dad purchased it,” she explained. “The courier service has been incredibly slow. Your father ordered this delivery half a month ago, and after much prodding, the seller finally shipped it. Thankfully, it arrived before your birthday, or we would have had to file a complaint!”

He stood there, frozen.

His mother had been referring to a delivery, not actual land!

He was on the verge of tears.

In his panic, he'd discarded his card, made frantic calls, and even berated his boss.

And for what? He ended up with nothing.

The pain was unbearable.

“Son, what's the matter?” his mother inquired.

“I'm okay,” he replied softly. “Mom, I've got things to handle here, so I'm going to hang up now.”

With that, he ended the call.

His complexion was ashen as he staggered in place.

He remained motionless for a full five minutes.

Finally, he crouched down and began collecting the discarded cards.

Turning around, he dialed his phone with a heavy heart.

“Manager Wang, I apologize. I had too much to drink earlier. Please, I'm begging for your forgiveness. I can't afford to lose this job.”

He wouldn't bother Su Ming anymore.

He had enough on his plate as it was.

Su Ming just shook his head and smiled.

He wasn't bothered in the slightest.

Nowadays, people were blinded by their thirst for wealth.

Too many were chasing the dream of overnight riches, getting lost in their own delusions.

He had encountered many such individuals before, so nothing about the situation surprised him.

Su Ming made some purchases and also bought a small cart.

He loaded his purchases into the cart and strolled off, humming a tune and stepping lightly.

He intentionally bypassed the fitness club, intending to head straight home.

Upon reaching his doorstep, he noticed a black sedan parked outside.

Recognizing the license plate, he identified the vehicle.

It belonged to the Xiao family.

Approaching, Su Ming saw five people standing in the yard.

There was a family of four and an elderly man at the center.

Xiao Luyuan.

"I presume you're Mr. Su?" Xiao Luyuan greeted Su Ming with a warm smile. "Mr. Su, you truly have an impressive presence. If my son had even a fraction of your talent, I would rest easy."

Xiao Chen stood by, feeling rather exasperated.

He remained quietly on the sidelines, not uttering a word, yet Xiao Luyuan still seemed to undervalue him.

It was an uncomfortable feeling.

"You're too kind. Xiao Chen is still young, so his energy and enthusiasm are to be expected. He's also quite bright. Give him a few years, and he'll accomplish great things," Su Ming responded cheerfully.

Xiao Chen vigorously nodded in agreement.

Su Ming was spot on!

His words couldn't be truer!

Indeed, Su Ming understood him best!

"This visit is to express my gratitude for your life-saving assistance. I've brought a modest token of appreciation for you to accept," Xiao Luyuan said, handing a red booklet to Su Ming.

Upon inspection, Su Ming saw it was a land ownership certificate.

It appeared the Xiao family had completed the purchase of the building.

"Let's continue inside," Su Ming said with a beaming smile, leading the way.

"Brother-in-law, let me help you with your items!" Xiao Chen quickly offered, taking some of the load from Su Ming.

The party of six entered the villa and settled into their seats.

Su Ming brewed tea for everyone.

They refrained from using ginseng this time, not out of stinginess on Su Ming's part, but because Xiao Luyuan was still recuperating from a serious illness. Despite appearing as healthy as anyone else, he was still somewhat frail.

He had already incorporated a significant amount of ginseng into the medication. However, Xiao Luyuan's body was unable to assimilate these nutrients.