

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

#Chapter 321 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 321

Chapter 321 - I Can Still Raise Fish

"Mr. Su, we've also secured a construction crew for you," Xiao Luyuan said cheerfully.

Su Ming was delighted; this made things much more convenient for him.

"Then I really appreciate it," Su Ming responded with a smile.

"I heard the building next door is yours as well?" Xiao Luomu inquired.

"Yes," Su Ming confirmed with a nod.

"Great, we can demolish both buildings," Xiao Luomu added, "It shouldn't take too long, perhaps within three days."

They work that quickly?

Wang Guohui had given Su Ming a building before, and he had demolished it overnight. But that building wasn't very tall.

These two buildings, however, were relatively new, less than ten years old, and had many floors.

Their ability to demolish them so quickly was impressive.

But this was a positive development.

Su Ming had reached level 10.

Yet, the System had shown no change for some time.

Su Ming was just six acres short.

Once he consolidated these lands, the size of his holdings would increase dramatically.

The System would then be eligible for an upgrade.

Truth be told, Su Ming was eagerly anticipating the upgraded System.

What would it be like?

After some more conversation, they left, and Su Ming changed back into his work clothes to head out to the fields.

Before, Su Ming had only irrigated a small section of the paddy field for growing seedlings.

He would wait for the rice seedlings to reach a certain height before transplanting them.

He was looking at a larger, five-acre paddy field that he hadn't started working on yet.

As the seedlings grew taller, Su Ming first constructed an earthen dam around the perimeter of the two-acre plot.

He compacted the soil by stepping on it and then used a shovel for further compaction.

Next, he placed a water pipe inside and moved on to the remaining three acres.

He built another dam in the same manner and filled it with water from a connected hose.

By the time he finished with the three acres, the two-acre plot was almost ready.

Su Ming rolled up his pant legs, attached a bucket to the back of the tractor, and drove straight into the field.

Previously, the ground here was nothing but hard soil. Even though water had been added, the bottom layer remained tough.

Su Ming aimed to break up the soil again, allowing the water to penetrate deeper and shatter the large clumps within.

Seated in the tractor, all he could hear was the engine's roar and the sight of mud splattering about.

Su Ming steered the tractor forward, relishing the experience.

It was a wonderful feeling!

After more than two hours of labor, he had managed to prepare all five acres.

He glanced over at the rice seedlings, which were nearly ready to sprout.

"Yuvyuv, how much longer before these rice seedlings can be planted?" inquired Su Ming.

“Master, roughly 20 minutes. You could plant them now, but I recommend waiting for better quality,” Yuvyuv advised.

“Alright.”

Su Ming nodded in agreement.

He decided to wait the twenty minutes; there was no rush.

He moved the recliner over and sat beside the two acres of land.

Autumn had set in, bringing with it refreshingly cool nights.

This was indeed the most pleasant time of the year.

With his eyes closed on the recliner, Su Ming listened to the bustling traffic outside.

The earthy scent filled his nostrils, lulling him into a drowsy state.

Before he knew it, he had drifted off to sleep!

“Master, I must remind you, the time has come,” a voice gently roused him.

A voice suddenly echoed in Su Ming's mind, soft and soothing.

Despite having just fallen asleep, being awakened by this voice didn't bother him in the slightest.

Being jolted awake when one is deeply asleep or just waking up is usually quite jarring.

Su Ming paused, taken aback.

Had he not misheard, Yuvyuv seemed to have spoken directly into his mind, hadn't she?

“Yuvyuv, can you communicate with me in my mind?”

Su Ming posed the question mentally, without uttering a word.

“Of course, Master!”

“Then let's continue our conversations this way from now on.”

“Very well, Master!” Yuvyuv responded.

Noticing the rice seedlings had grown significantly, Su Ming got down to business, starting the transplantation process.

The rice seedlings were densely packed, their roots intertwined and forming a thick mat beneath.

Su Ming grabbed a hefty clump of rice seedlings.

Clutching them in his hands, he strode into the field and began to expertly transplant the seedlings, having had previous experience with the task.

Choosing to disable his Stamina Talent, Su Ming wanted to fully embrace the hardship and exhaustion of farming. What would be the purpose otherwise?

Thanks to the Body-stretching Pill he had consumed, his physical condition was excellent.

After some time, he stood up to wipe off his sweat, surveying the verdant sprouts covering the field with a sense of satisfaction.

Midway through, Su Ming headed to the breeding zone to distribute feed and fruit.

The chickens were nearly full-grown, but their unique qualities remained unseen until harvest time.

Pausing briefly to ponder, Su Ming resumed his labor, working tirelessly until well past midnight to complete all his tasks.

“You have successfully planted rice! Harvest time: 42 hours!” announced the System.

Su Ming straightened up, hands on hips as he admired the expanse of rice paddies, feeling a swell of pride.

He inspected the area; the embankments were solid, and the paddies had plenty of water.

After spreading some fertilizer, he checked on the special plants in the corner, which had grown significantly. A sturdy stem had emerged, crowned with a budding flower peeking through in a hue of red.

What could a red flower signify?

Su Ming estimated it would be just a few more days until the plant reached maturity, a moment he had been anticipating for nearly half a month.

Gazing at the rice field, he stroked his chin, contemplating whether to introduce carp and crabs into the ecosystem.

“Yuvyuv, is it possible to raise fish here?” he inquired.

“Of course, Master!” Yuvyuv replied.

Elated by the confirmation, Su Ming reveled in the success of his plan.

But now, in the early hours of the morning, the market was closed, and although the wholesale stores might be open, he was unsure of their locations.

Deciding to postpone the matter, he chose to get some rest.

Before turning in, Su Ming made one last visit to the breeding zone, topping off the feed and adding more fruit.

“Host, you're incredibly lucky. You've triggered the lucky evolution in the breeding zone!”

“You now have two options!”

“Option one: Decline the lucky evolution and harvest at the regular time.”

“Option two: Accept the lucky evolution and wait 72 hours to harvest.”

Su Ming stood there, momentarily stunned.

His luck was astoundingly good!

Could it be the effect of the Blessing Potion?

Without any hesitation, he chose the second option.

“I choose the second option!”

“Host, you've selected the Lucky Plan. Your harvest will be ready in 72 hours!”

Su Ming burst into hearty laughter.

His luck was truly on his side, and his hard work today hadn't gone to waste.

Had he unlocked his Stamina Talent, he probably would have finished all his work by now.

It was clear that he was meant to farm the old-fashioned way.

Feeling upbeat, Su Ming washed his hands and feet, and gave the tractor a good cleaning as well.

Then he headed off to bed.

In his dreams, Su Ming envisioned his land teeming with planes, cannons, rockets, tanks, and aircraft carriers.

There were even spaceships!

Chapter 322 - Fake

The next morning, Su Ming rose early and checked on the fields. The rice stalks had grown significantly, and he anticipated the harvest in just forty hours. Afterward, he visited the breeding zone to provide food and water.

Driving directly to the seafood market, Su Ming parked right at the entrance and stepped out into the briny scent of the sea. He resolved to cultivate fish, as crabs proved too unruly. Back in his hometown, no one dared to raise fish in the rice paddies for fear they'd vanish—not due to theft, but because of the numerous predators. But with the System's assistance, Su Ming had no such concerns.

Activating his scanner, he browsed the market until a stall with plump, large carp caught his eye. After scanning, the results showed: Domestic carp, quality: excellent.

“Do you want to buy some fish?” asked the stall owner, a portly middle-aged man dressed in shorts, with a towel draped over his neck. He was in the midst of gutting a fish but paused to warmly welcome Su Ming.

“Yes,” Su Ming replied with a smile. “How much for this carp?”

“This carp is exceptionally large and well-fed. I assure you, there's no better carp in the market,” the owner boasted. “Naturally, the price is a bit higher. While others sell for six yuan per catty, ours are eight yuan per catty.”

The price seemed fair, especially given the impressive size of the carp, each weighing over ten catties, with gleaming scales and a golden belly. Clearly, they were well-cared-for.

“I'll take 500 fish,” Su Ming declared.

“500 fish?” The owner was taken aback by the size of the order—a major customer indeed!

“Alright!” he agreed eagerly, setting aside his current task.

A nearby customer frowned in displeasure, prompting Su Ming to say, "There's no rush. Finish up with his order first."

"Sure thing!" The owner nodded with enthusiasm and quickly set to work cleaning the fish for the waiting customer.

He approached Su Ming and rubbed his hands together, smiling.

"I don't have that many fish on hand, but I've got plenty in stock. Just give me an address, and I'll ship them over to you."

"Sure."

Su Ming pondered for a moment before agreeing.

He then provided an address.

The boss was taken aback upon seeing it.

The address Su Ming had given was in the downtown area.

He surmised that there must be a banquet happening there.

Only someone of significance could host such a grand event. He assumed Su Ming was likely an assistant to a chef.

The boss silently snickered to himself.

A chance to make a profit had presented itself.

Once Su Ming had purchased the carp, he drove straight back home.

He cleaned the breeding zone and straightened up the yard.

A car pulled up at the gate.

The boss stepped out, looking confused.

He had expected to arrive at a skyscraper or perhaps a hotel service entrance, but instead, he was at a gate.

"You've arrived."

Just then, Su Ming emerged, beaming.

The boss paused, taking in his surroundings.

The property was expansive.

But it was all wheat fields.

This wasn't a place for raising fish.

"Boss, do you have everything?" Su Ming asked.

"Rest assured, all 500 fish are here," the boss replied cheerfully, opening the rear door of his vehicle.

"Okay."

Su Ming nodded.

Out of the blue.

"Master, Yuvyuv alerts you that the fish quality has changed," Yuvyuv's voice echoed in Su Ming's mind.

Su Ming paused, slightly bewildered.

He activated his scanner for a quick look.

Domestic carp, quality: poor.

Yet, he struggled to discern any difference.

To him, they seemed identical to the ones he had seen earlier.

"Boss, there seems to be a mistake," Su Ming said calmly. "I can't accept these fish."

The boss was instantly alarmed.

These carp had been raised on a special diet.

To the naked eye, they appeared indistinguishable from the previous batch.

It was nearly impossible to spot any discrepancy.

He had assumed that Su Ming, being young, would not notice any difference.

He had brought this batch of carp, each costing 5 yuan, expecting to make a hefty profit.

With each fish weighing at least 15 catties and a total of 500 fish, he stood to make a margin of 22,500 yuan.

This wasn't an insignificant sum.

He had assumed Su Ming was just a small fry.

Having been in the market for many years, he was convinced that buyers like Su Ming wouldn't fuss over the quality of the fish.

Besides, hardly anyone could spot the difference in this batch of carp.

He had expected to turn a hefty profit.

Yet, Su Ming had noticed the discrepancy.

He was utterly perplexed.

However, he couldn't own up to it.

"What are you implying? You asked for 500 fish, and I went out of my way to ensure I had them ready for you. Are you saying you don't want the fish I've painstakingly transported here?"

The boss glared, his brow furrowed as he raised his voice.

Su Ming offered a slight smile.

He casually scratched his ear.

"If the fish are subpar, naturally I'd refuse them."

"I don't care!"

The boss scoffed, "Listen, unless you cough up 5000 yuan, you're going to face consequences!"

C323 – Let's Just Barely Keep It

Upon hearing the demand, Su Ming's thoughts raced: "What? Are you trying to shake me down? Five thousand? Do you think you'll strike it rich off me?"

Before he could respond, the screech of tires pierced the air.

A car came to a smooth halt at the curb.

A middle-aged man in a suit emerged, clutching a document and beaming.

He had barely taken a few steps when another car rolled up.

Then a third! And a fourth!

Each time a car stopped, someone stepped out, documents in hand, smiling broadly as they made a beeline for Su Ming.

Su Ming was taken aback.

Who were these people?

What did they want?

“Director Zhao.”

“Isn’t that Director Qian?”

“Boss Sun, it’s been a while.”

“Boss Lee, let’s put the past behind us.”

“Mr. Zhou, I’m thinking of increasing the price for our joint project.”

“Good morning, Boss Wu!”

“Mr. Zheng, your products are of excellent quality.”

“Boss Wang...”

The entrance became a parking lot as more cars arrived.

In no time, there were nearly dozens.

The newcomers stepped out and exchanged pleasantries with acquaintances.

Something seemed off to Su Ming.

Their names were Zhao, Qian, Sun, Li, Zhou, Wu, Zheng, and Wang?

Were they assembling a veritable list of common surnames?

Hold on, these faces... they seemed oddly familiar.

He was sure he had seen them somewhere.

Su Ming wasn’t the only one dumbfounded; the fish vendor was equally perplexed.

What was happening?

Should they call for backup?

Were they gearing up for a brawl?

The fish vendor wondered if he and his 500 fish could take on this crowd.

He had no clue!

“This kid’s got some nerve, summoning help so swiftly,” the vendor mused to himself.

He’d never seen a group arrive in cars for a fight, and not just any cars—luxury ones at that.

The cheapest among them would set you back a cool 700,000 to 800,000 yuan.

Could people this wealthy really be looking to throw down?

Unthinkable!

As the vendor wrestled with his confusion, a recognizable face caught his eye.

Wasn’t that Director Fong, the head honcho of Eastsea City’s biggest seafood company?

What brought him here?

“Director Fong!”

The vendor approached with a grin, “Director Fong, what brings you here?”

Director Fong paused momentarily, his brow furrowed as he scrutinized the boss before him.

“Who might you be?”

He took a small step back, not out of dislike for the boss, but for another reason entirely.

The boss reeked of fish, so much so that flies buzzed around him.

“Director Fong, it’s me, Ma Guangcai. I’m a regular buyer from your company. Have you forgotten me?”

“Ah...”

Director Fong had a moment of recognition, then said, “I don’t remember you.”

Ma Guangcai was taken aback.

If Director Fong didn't remember, why pretend to have an epiphany?

Director Fong ran the largest seafood company in Eastsea City.

Every fishmonger in town, including Ma Guangcai, frequented his establishment.

Each morning, nearly a hundred people would crowd at the company's doors to purchase fish.

And Director Fong, being the company's owner, certainly wouldn't be selling fish at dawn himself; that was a task for his employees.

So, of course, he wouldn't recognize Ma Guangcai.

"What are you doing here?" Director Fong inquired, still frowning.

"Don't get me started, Director Fong. This young man is being completely unreasonable. I diligently followed his instructions, delivering 500 fish, and now he refuses them. He's disrespecting us fishmongers. I'm determined to set him straight today!"

Director Fong looked surprised.

He blinked, swallowed hard, and asked cautiously, "Are you certain you're referring to him?"

"Yes, him!" Ma Guangcai affirmed, hands on his hips.

Director Fong rubbed his nose and asked, "Did you tamper with the fish?"

Ma Guangcai let out a sly chuckle and leaned in to whisper to Director Fong, "It's common knowledge."

"You swapped out the fish, and now you expect compensation?"

Director Fong couldn't help but blurt out the accusation.

Ma Guangcai nearly jumped out of his skin.

What was Director Fong thinking, spilling the beans like that?

Now he wouldn't be able to demand any money.

It had been years since he'd encountered such a novice.

Couldn't Director Fong just let him make a quick buck?

Someone of his stature should be attending meetings instead.

Why would he sabotage his own business?

Right next to him stood the Guoxing Building, the premier skyscraper in Eastsea City.

Ma Guangcai had assumed that Director Fong had parked on the roadside to attend a meeting at the Guoxing Building.

"My company will never sell you fish again!" Director Fong declared, his face expressionless.

Ma Guangcai was rooted to the spot, completely motionless, upon hearing this.

Why would he say that?

Isn't this just the industry's unwritten rule?

Director Fong himself had engaged in such deals numerous times, hadn't he?

Why was he so infuriated?

Feng Group was the largest seafood enterprise in Eastsea.

Without their fish, he'd have no other source to turn to.

"Director Fong, can we talk..."

As Ma Guangcai turned to follow Director Fong, he stopped dead in his tracks.

When had all these people arrived?

A crowd had gathered around Su Ming.

The individual at the forefront raised his arm and bellowed.

Then, in unison, the rest followed.

"Good morning, Chairman!"

Their voices thundered through the air.

Ma Guangcai was dumbfounded.

What?

Who are these people?

He didn't recognize all of the 100 individuals, but he could identify a few.

Among them were executives of major corporations.

The rest, though unfamiliar, were dressed impressively, likely holding significant positions.

All these affluent, impeccably dressed executives were addressing a young man in plain clothes, his limbs smeared with dirt, as their chairman?

Could someone please explain what was happening?!

Even Director Fong was bowing respectfully.

At a perfect 90-degree angle!

Many onlookers merely gave a cursory glance.

They remained unfazed.

They continued on to work or home as if nothing was amiss.

Their nonchalance stemmed from familiarity; this was trivial to them.

The young man living here was a person of considerable influence.

Not long ago, the streets were closed off, and layers of police protection were provided for Su Ming.

Compared to that, this situation was minor.

"Oh, it's you," Su Ming acknowledged them.

They were the bosses of the 100 companies acquired on his behalf by the System.

"Chairman, here's the situation. We've formed a private group," the middle-aged leader explained, approaching Su Ming with a smile. "We're grateful for the trust you've placed in us, leaving the company in our hands. You are, and always will be, our chairman. To put your mind at ease, we decided to visit you today and present our company's financial statements for your review..."

It all made sense now.

Su Ming had an epiphany.

He hadn't anticipated that these bosses would be so understanding.

But truthfully, Su Ming wasn't fond of running a company.

And he liked dealing with finances even less.

After all, he wasn't short on cash.

His bank account boasted over ten billion.

There really wasn't much he needed to spend money on.

Frankly, if the System hadn't acquired their company, he wouldn't have wanted it at all.

Such a hassle.

But he might as well keep the company.

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C324 – There Was a Beauty Who Invited Su Ming

Su Ming cleared his throat with a slight cough.

"What's your name?" Su Ming inquired.

"Chairman, my name is Mei Shu!"

Su Ming nearly burst into laughter.

The name Mei Shu had an unfortunate ring to it.

He meant no harm, but the name was amusing.

"Well..."

With a smile, Su Ming gave Mei Shu a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

Mei Shu bowed even deeper.

His heart raced.

His cheeks flushed with excitement!

He thought to himself, “Oh my god! The chairman patted my shoulder! What an incredible honor!”

Those standing behind him were green with envy.

He had caught the attention of Su Ming!

To them, Su Ming was the tycoon who had snapped up 100 companies.

His family background had to be remarkable.

To be acquainted with such an influential figure would be their good fortune.

If such a VIP deigned to pat their shoulders, they would treasure the clothes they were wearing for life.

Some even mused, “I could skip a bath!”

It was a badge of honor!

It was akin to an ancient emperor bestowing a commoner with a pat on the shoulder—a cause for immense excitement.

Ma Guangcai was at a loss for words.

Just who was Su Ming to be such an influential figure?

He had actually crossed paths with Su Ming!

Ma Guangcai was on the verge of tears.

With Su Ming’s lofty status, he could easily have sent someone to purchase fish. Why did he go himself?

Was it intentional?

But now, Ma Guangcai was trapped.

His car was hemmed in by the vehicles of other business owners.

Escape was impossible.

If only he were a fish, he could leap into the water and swim away.

Ma Guangcai didn’t know what to do and stood there, his face a picture of discomfort.

Su Ming, however, paid him no mind.

Truth be told, a small fish like Ma Guangcai had long been dismissed from Su Ming's thoughts.

Ma Guangcai couldn't even stir a ripple in Su Ming's emotions.

Turning his attention to Mei Shu, Su Ming declared, "You'll manage these 100 companies. You're now the general manager of all of them. Whatever happens, you don't need to report to me, just steer clear of illegal dealings!"

"I've got other matters to attend to, so let's wrap this up," Su Ming stated coolly.

"Yes!" responded the 100 bosses in chorus.

They quickly turned, got into their car, and sped away. Within a mere two minutes, they had all disappeared, leaving only a stunned Ma Guangcai standing in place. Ma Guangcai shivered, wanting to explain himself, but he found he was at a loss for words.

"Get a better batch," Su Ming said, uninterested in any further discussion.

"Yes!" Ma Guangcai, terrified, took Su Ming's words as if they were a reprieve. He scrambled into his vehicle and sped off in a cloud of dust.

In less than thirty minutes, he returned with 500 fish, each one plump and succulent, far superior to those Su Ming had previously seen in the market.

"Boss," Ma Guangcai stammered.

Su Ming glanced at the scanner. The fish's quality was not just excellent—it was outstanding!

"Dump the fish into the swimming pool," Su Ming instructed.

Without hesitation, Ma Guangcai complied. As he drove into the yard, he noticed several acres of farmland sown with wheat and a large villa at the center, complete with a spacious swimming pool and a fish pond out front. Ma Guangcai's hands shook in disbelief. He must have been out of his mind to have angered Su Ming. Setting aside the fact that Su Ming was the chairman of 100 companies, just owning such a vast tract of land in the city center made him untouchable.

After unloading the fish into the pool, Su Ming was ready to pay him, but Ma Guangcai refused the money and fled in his car. Su Ming, left with no other option, called Mei Shu to arrange payment.

Before leaving, Mei Shu had given Su Ming his business card. “Maybe I’ll contact him,” Su Ming mused, pocketing the card—a decision he didn’t expect to act upon so soon.

Su Ming then closed the gate behind him, picked up a fishing net, and began to methodically catch the fish, transferring them into the rice fields. He stocked three acres with 300 carp and two acres with 200 carp.

“You’ve successfully raised carp. Now you can harvest them along with the rice!”

Su Ming chuckled heartily upon hearing the notification in his mind. Patience truly was a virtue in farming.

If he had been lazy and neglected the fish, he wouldn’t have any to harvest.

The System appeared straightforward, yet it boasted numerous hidden features.

He still had more to uncover.

Carp swam beneath the rice seedlings as Su Ming stood on the embankment, fishing net in hand, looking quite content.

Just then, a gentle knock sounded at the door.

Who could it be? Su Ming wondered, momentarily taken aback.

He went to the door and swung it open.

It was Xiao Ke’er.

She was exceptionally well-dressed today.

Her black dress was impeccably tailored, complemented by high heels and subtle makeup.

Seeing Su Ming, Xiao Ke’er greeted him with a smile, “Mr. Su, I hope I’m not interrupting.”

“Not at all,” Su Ming replied with an easy smile, having just finished his chores with no further plans.

“Mr. Su, I’ll be returning to the capital in a few days. Thank you for your help; my grandfather has fully recovered. Do you have any free time coming up? I’d like to invite you to dinner,” Xiao Ke’er asked, her courage evident, her cheeks blushing slightly with the question.

The young elites of the capital would be astounded to hear Xiao Ke’er’s invitation.

Many sought her affection there, and they were all influential figures.

Yet Xiao Ke'er had always declined their advances with a cool detachment, never growing close to anyone, much less dining with them.

The idea of her initiating an invitation to dinner was even more unheard of.

But Su Ming was oblivious to all this.

Truthfully, even if he were aware, it wouldn't concern him.

For him, everything paled in importance compared to his farming.

"There's no need for thanks; after all, you've given me a building," he said.

Checking the time, Su Ming added, "It's just about lunchtime, and I'm starting to feel hungry. Give me a moment to change my clothes."

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Chapter 325 - Pestering People

?At the Xiao family estate, a sleek black sedan pulled up to the grand entrance. The door swung open, and an impeccably dressed man with an air of arrogance stepped out. He adjusted his clothes before striding into the manor.

?Inside the courtyard, he spotted Xiao Luyuan soaking up the sun. Approaching with a smile, he greeted, "Grandpa Xiao."

?Xiao Luyuan opened his eyes a fraction and replied, "Faang, what brings you to Eastsea?"

"My family has some business matters here, so my father sent me," Faang explained. "I heard about your recovery and brought a small gift to celebrate."

?He accepted a small box from an assistant standing behind him—an inkstone, far from ordinary.

?Xiao Luyuan gave it a cursory glance and responded, "Please extend my thanks to your father."

?After a brief pause, Faang ventured, "You're inquiring about my sister, aren't you?"

?Just then, Xiao Chen emerged from the house. He had noticed Faang Ying from the upstairs window. The Faang family was wealthy; Faang Ying's father had established a company that, over the decades, had grown into one of the nation's top enterprises.

Faang Ying, much like the privileged sons of the capital's elite, had been relentlessly pursuing Xiao Chen's sister.

Faang Ying was a frequent visitor to their home in the capital, and Xiao Chen had hoped that moving to Eastsea would end the constant attention. Yet, here was Faang Ying again.

"Yes," Faang Ying confirmed with a grin.

"My sister and her husband are out dining," Xiao Chen mentioned offhandedly.

"Her husband?" Faang Ying was taken aback. In the capital, just days ago, Xiao Ke'er had been single. How could she have a boyfriend so soon? It seemed inconceivable, surely a misunderstanding.

Faang Ying recovered quickly, his smile returning. "That's wonderful news. I've known your sister since childhood, and I'm thrilled she's found someone she can trust. I'd love to meet your brother-in-law. Do you know where they're dining? I'd like to join them."?

Faang Ying spoke with confidence.

He had a history of numerous girlfriends and a wealth of experience.

Had the Xiao family not been so influential, he would have already been intimate with Xiao Ke'er.

Faang Ying mused to himself, "If the guy is the scion of a major family, I'm out of luck. But if he's just some random guy, I'll make sure he regrets it."

Xiao Chen, aware of Faang Ying's thoughts, couldn't help but snicker.

Even Grandpa Xiao had to address Su Ming with the honorific "Mr. Su."

"Alright, I'll give my sister a call," Xiao Chen said, grinning.

"Great, I'll wait for you in the car outside. Grandpa Xiao, I'll take my leave now," Faang Ying said cheerfully.

Xiao Luyuan gave a slight nod, his eyes remaining closed, as Faang Ying walked away smiling.

Xiao Ke'er was Xiao Luyuan's most cherished child, and he cared deeply about her well-being.

Yet, despite Xiao Chen's lengthy conversation, Xiao Luyuan hadn't uttered a single word, which was quite surprising.

However, Faang Ying wasn't bothered; he suspected Xiao Ke'er had orchestrated this silence.

His confidence was unshaken.

Meanwhile, in downtown Eastsea City, Su Ming had just finished changing his clothes.

"Shall we?" Su Ming said with a smile.

"You didn't drive here?" he asked, noticing the absence of a car outside.

"The butler dropped me off," Xiao Ke'er replied with a smile.

"I'll go get a car from the garage," Su Ming offered.

Just as he was about to leave, Xiao Ke'er called out from behind.

"I'd like to ride in a truck."

Su Ming paused and turned to look at her, a hint of helplessness in his expression.?

While most people dream of driving sports cars, they were keen on riding in a truck—a truly unique preference.

?Noticing Su Ming's gaze, Xiao Ke'er's cheeks flushed with color.

? "Truth be told, I always have to be extremely careful about my behavior, diet, and dress. It's quite exhausting," she confessed.

"But today, they're all away. In Eastsea City, there are few who recognize me," Xiao Ke'er added cautiously.

?Su Ming nodded in understanding upon hearing the news.

Xiao Ke'er had always carried herself with grace and poise, never acting impulsively even when alone. Her composure was particularly evident now, with Su Ming by her side. However, Su Ming didn't give it much thought.

?Before long, Su Ming and Xiao Ke'er climbed aboard the truck. Xiao Ke'er was filled with curiosity; she had to admit, she had never ridden in a truck before. As they set off, her phone rang—it was Xiao Chen. She answered, but her face fell almost immediately. After a brief conversation, she hung up.

? "What's wrong?" Su Ming inquired, turning to her with concern.

Xiao Ke'er paused briefly before sharing the details with him.

"I understand," Su Ming said with a reassuring smile. "Well, that's perfect. Since he's our guest, we should let him pick a restaurant."

"Okay." Xiao Ke'er pondered for a moment and then sent a text message to Xiao Chen.

Chapter 326 - Faang Ying Was Really Amazing

Shortly after, Xiao Ke'er received a text message.

"Milo Sunshine."

She glanced at the content of the message.

Upon hearing this, Su Ming nodded in recognition.

He was aware that Milo Sunshine was an exceptionally renowned Western restaurant with a high level of expenditure. And if he wasn't mistaken, this restaurant was located within the Black Plum complex.

Driving along, Faang Ying couldn't help but smirk to himself. He had learned something interesting during his conversation with Xiao Chen. Xiao Chen's brother-in-law was merely a farmer, whereas Faang Ying's family ranked among the top 100 wealthiest in the nation.

Xiao Chen, noticing Faang Ying's smug look, silently amused himself with the thought. Mr. Su did indeed work the land, but he did so in the heart of the city. His farmland spanned 11 acres, with an additional acre for his residence. This 12-acre plot was exceedingly valuable. Even more impressive were Mr. Su's possessions, which included a variety of precious herbs, antiques, jade, and calligraphy by renowned artists. The fact that Mr. Su owned such a prime piece of land at his young age was a testament to his extraordinary status.

Xiao Chen had deliberately withheld details to set a trap for Faang Ying, who was brimming with overconfidence. If Faang Ying knew Xiao Chen's true thoughts, he would be absolutely livid.

They soon reached their destination. Faang Ying and company waited outside for a moment before a truck rolled up slowly. Faang Ying stepped aside, continuing to scan the road. Suddenly, he felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning around, he saw Xiao Chen.

"What's up?" Faang Ying asked, a hint of bewilderment in his voice.

"My sister has arrived," Xiao Chen said cheerfully.

At that, Faang Ying's brow furrowed. He hadn't caught sight of Xiao Ke'er. Craning his neck, he peered around, but the truck was obstructing his view. Growing impatient, he said, "Move the truck out of the way, will you?"

But before he could finish his demand, he was struck speechless. Xiao Ke'er emerged from the truck's passenger side. Faang Ying stood there, completely taken aback. Xiao Ke'er had actually stepped out from the truck!

Faang Ying's eyes twitched uncontrollably.

?He was at a loss for words.

"Let's go grab some food," Xiao Chen suggested cheerfully from behind.

Faang Ying blinked in surprise, then realized, "Kemeng, you actually arrived in a truck?"

Xiao Ke'er responded, "Ah, Young Master Faang. Thanks for the invitation."

"It's no big deal—we're friends after all," Faang Ying replied with a slight smile, his demeanor softening.

Su Ming stood at the entrance, surveying the restaurant.

He was right; this was one of the 100 restaurants on his list.

"I've never been to Milo Sunshine before," Su Ming commented with a smile.

Faang Ying's spirits lifted at the remark.

Now was his chance to impress!

Su Ming had never been to Milo Sunshine!

And yet, he dared to woo Xiao Ke'er!

"Milo Sunshine is a renowned Western restaurant with top-notch fare, though it's a bit pricey. Many people never get the chance to dine here in their lifetime."

Faang Ying's confidence seemed to swell.

He stepped forward, chest puffed out with pride.

"This is the only Milo Sunshine in Eastsea City. It's frequented by many VIPs, and reservations are booked until next year."

"Luckily, I'm acquainted with the owner. Let's head in and eat."

Faang Ying strutted inside, hands clasped behind his back, portraying himself as a successful man with extensive connections.

Little did he know, the three people trailing behind him looked on as if he were a simpleton.

Actually, Su Ming meant to imply that he owned the restaurant, despite never having visited.

Faang Ying was oblivious to Su Ming's implication.

He was brimming with self-satisfaction, eager to astonish Su Ming.

Faang Ying had managed to secure a reservation only with someone else's help, unaware that it was Su Ming's approval of Mei Shu's request that had secured their spot.

The group entered.

Su Ming took in the surroundings.

"This place is quite nice."

What Su Ming left unsaid was, "It's just as I would expect of my own restaurant."

But Faang Ying, hearing this, felt a surge of happiness.

"The ambiance is actually just average. If you're free later on, I can show you around some more."

Su Ming offered a smile. "I really appreciate it. It's thanks to you that I got to dine in such a fine restaurant."

Faang Ying, upon hearing this, swelled with pride.

He held his head high, convinced that Su Ming was about to give up his pursuit of Xiao Ke'er.

Meanwhile, in the bustling hall, General Manager Lee Dahai was attending to guests. The clientele here were all high-profile individuals. Lee Dahai presented them with signature dishes and handed out his business card.

Amidst his duties, a commotion at the entrance caught his attention. He turned to look and his eyes nearly popped out of his head. It was none other than the new Chairman, Mr. Su Ming!

?Lee Dahai blinked rapidly in disbelief. The Chairman himself had come to dine here! Without a moment's hesitation, Lee Dahai, accompanied by the restaurant's manager and head waiter, made a beeline for Su Ming, a radiant smile plastered on his face.

Faang Ying, basking in his own delight, was taken aback as he saw a group approaching him. He glanced at their name tags, mistakenly thinking that the restaurant's general manager had come to greet him personally.

Chapter 327 - Arrogant Faang Ying

Faang Ying swelled with pride as he watched the crowd approach him with great reverence. He cleared his throat and straightened his attire. With his hands clasped behind his back, he strode forward, head high and chest out.

Su Ming couldn't help but find the sight amusing. He decided to quietly observe Faang Ying's cool demeanor.

Before Lee Dahai could utter a word, he caught Su Ming shaking his head. Su Ming shot him a significant look, then cast a sidelong glance at Faang Ying. Lee Dahai paused, then realized Su Ming didn't want him to reveal the truth.

Grasping Faang Ying's hand, Lee Dahai greeted him with respect, "Sir, your visit truly honors our establishment!"

?Faang Ying was taken aback. It was his first time in Eastsea City, his first time at this restaurant, and his first time meeting Lee Dahai. Yet, Lee Dahai greeted him with such warmth and respect. He quickly reciprocated the handshake.

"Manager Lee, I appreciate the personal welcome. Thank you!" Faang Ying was visibly smug.

?Su Ming walked behind, barely containing his laughter.

?Xiao Ke'er and Xiao Chen were quite astute. They had noticed Su Ming's subtle cue to Lee Dahai. They instantly grasped the truth and struggled to suppress their giggles. The effort to stifle laughter was almost unbearable.

They were all in on the secret except for Faang Ying. Their deceit was palpable. Oblivious, Faang Ying continued to bask in his cool facade, unaware of their suppressed mirth.

? "You are a distinguished guest. Your presence at our shop fills us with immense joy," Lee Dahai continued to lavish praise on Faang Ying. His flattery, though, was intended for Su Ming's ears, not Faang Ying's.

But Faang Ying was none the wiser. He stood taller, his pride growing. He gave Su Ming a haughty look and snorted dismissively, clearly feeling superior in the pursuit of Xiao Ke'er's attention.

"Manager Lee, you're too kind. We've been acquainted for many years, and we even shared drinks in the capital recently. We're old friends; there's no need for such formality."

Faang Ying continued to strut around with an air of self-importance. Lee Dahai's badge displayed his name and position, so Faang Ying was able to identify him easily. After listening to Faang Ying's antics, Lee Dahai felt nauseated. He was at his limit. Not having eaten yet, the last thing he wanted was to throw up. He had never met Faang Ying before and was certain that Faang Ying was fabricating stories.

Su Ming and his companions struggled to contain their laughter, nearly running out of breath. Lee Dahai let out a quiet sigh, feeling secondhand embarrassment for Faang Ying. Since Su Ming remained silent, Lee Dahai chose not to call out Faang Ying's bluff just yet.

"I was so caught up in the moment that I forgot to invite you inside, leaving you standing at the door for so long. Please, come in," Lee Dahai said with a warm chuckle. "Manager Liu, please escort these esteemed guests to the VIP room upstairs. I'll personally prepare some appetizers for them."

"Manager Lee, I appreciate your efforts," Faang Ying said, clapping Lee Dahai on the shoulder with a grin. He strode inside, visibly pleased with himself. Once Faang Ying had turned away, Lee Dahai couldn't help but roll his eyes.

He noticed Su Ming lagging behind and approached him cautiously. In a hushed tone, he asked, "Boss, why are you letting this happen?"

Su Ming gave a nonchalant smile. "Just remember, you don't know me, and he will be footing the bill for the meal."

Lee Dahai caught on immediately. "Got it!" he exclaimed, slapping his thigh in a burst of elation. He began to feel a twinge of pity for Faang Ying.

Unaware of the snare laid out for him, Faang Ying was basking in his perceived triumph. "Do you all think my cool demeanor is flawless?" he boasted.

Su Ming and the others exchanged glances before quickly nodding in agreement with Faang Ying. They soon reached the most secluded and opulent private room on the third floor. Lee Dahai, having prepped his staff, greeted Faang Ying with a beaming smile.

“Mr. Faang, having you visit us in person is a great honor. The rest of you, please excuse us. Mr. Faang, feel free to tell me directly what you'd like to eat and drink,” Lee Dahai offered graciously.

“You're too kind!” Faang Ying beamed, clearly delighted. With Lee Dahai, the restaurant's general manager, personally attending to him as a waiter, Faang Ying's arrogance knew no bounds.

Chapter 328 - Show off

Faang Ying pondered for a moment. This wasn't a place just anyone could frequent; even the wealthy couldn't afford to dine here regularly. Securing a reservation was a mark of one's social standing.

Faang Ying had not only managed to secure a reservation, but he was also attended to by the general manager himself—a truly exceptional privilege. What's more, Boss Lee had gone out of his way to compliment him.

“It's my honor to serve our most esteemed guest,” Lee Dahai said, glancing at Su Ming. He was referring to Su Ming, of course, but Faang Ying mistakenly believed the praise was directed at him, which delighted him immensely.

“Manager Lee, these are my friends. Would you mind taking their order?” Faang Ying requested, lounging in his chair with a casual smile.

“Right away!” Lee Dahai responded with a grin, quickly approaching Su Ming and his companions. He presented three menus to them with utmost reverence.

Lee Dahai's deference was, of course, due to Su Ming's presence. Su Ming was the big boss, a man of mystery and formidable influence. The two individuals seated beside him clearly had a close connection with him. The young woman, in particular, was strikingly beautiful with an air of elegance about her. Her relationship with Mr. Su was undoubtedly significant. The young man next to her bore a strong resemblance to her, suggesting they were siblings. Lee Dahai was especially careful, considering she might be Mr. Su's girlfriend and the young man his potential brother-in-law.

Yet, Faang Ying was under the impression that Lee Dahai's respectful demeanor was all for him. He was sorely mistaken.

Opening the menu, Faang Ying noted the steep prices. Nonetheless, it was a small price to pay to reflect his own prestige.

“Brother Su, this restaurant is part of a nationwide chain. There's one in the capital as well—I'm a regular there. Today, I wanted to invite you out as a gesture of friendship. Please, feel free to order,” Faang Ying said to Su Ming, beaming with barely concealed pride.

Su Ming offered a polite smile and perused the menu. This establishment was indeed a renowned Western restaurant with a reputation for its costly fare. Despite being part of a chain, this particular location had its own unique shares.

Su Ming scrutinized the menu and raised an eyebrow. "A fruit salad for 580 yuan?" he inquired, spotting the item on the menu.

"Mr. Su, you have quite the eye for quality," Lee Dahai said, eagerly promoting their products. "These fruits are grown on land our company specifically contracted abroad. We have experts monitoring the growth temperature, humidity, and climate for the vegetables and fruits. We adhere to very strict standards, discarding anything that doesn't meet them. Take these apples, for instance: they're sweet, low in fiber, crisp, and utterly delectable. Truly a modern-day delicacy."

Su Ming nodded in agreement.

Faang Ying was even more pleased to hear this.

"If Brother Su is a fan, let's get him a salad," Faang Ying declared with a smug grin.

Su Ming couldn't help but chuckle to himself.

"How can this steak, at only 30 grams, be priced at 880 yuan?" Su Ming inquired, pointing to a steak on the menu.

"This steak has quite an extraordinary backstory," Lee Dahai continued. "Our company owns a small island in the ocean with exceptionally high-quality pasture. We've established a cattle ranch there where the cows are given milk to drink, music to listen to, and massages for relaxation. The calves are slaughtered before they reach six months."

"However, the cattle breed is rare, the breeding conditions are stringent, and the yield is incredibly low. Only a handful of cows meet our standards each year."

"The beef's texture is tender, ranking among the finest. The chef sears the beef to a perfect medium-rare, delivering a charred aroma followed by the beef's authentic flavor."

"It's a taste that lingers on the palate," Lee Dahai remarked.

"I'll take four servings of beef!" Faang Ying announced right after Lee Dahai finished.

What did it matter if the dish was expensive?

He had the money and could easily afford it.

Besides, it was a testament to his distinguished status.

Faang Ying was thrilled.

?He glanced at Su Ming and asked nonchalantly, "Where do you work?"

Su Ming looked up from the menu and replied with a slight smile, "I'm in agriculture."

Despite anticipating the answer, Faang Ying burst into laughter.

"Farming, huh? That's very down-to-earth of you."

His voice dripped with sarcasm and delight in another's misfortune.

Xiao Chen and Xiao Ke'er exchanged a knowing glance.

Upon hearing this, Lee Dahai couldn't help but think Faang Ying was utterly foolish.

Su Ming offered a faint smile.

He glanced at Lee Dahai.

In that moment, Lee Dahai grasped the situation.

He took a few minutes to silently pay his respects to Faang Ying in his mind.

Chapter 329 - Are You Unable to Drink?

Lee Dahai rubbed his hands together and approached Faang Ying.

"Young Master Faang, I'd like to offer a modest proposal," he said with a deferential air.

Faang Ying was quite pleased with Lee Dahai.

He thought to himself that if his subordinates were as attentive as Lee Dahai, his days would be filled with joy.

"What's on your mind, Manager Lee?" Faang Ying inquired.

"Young Master Faang, given your illustrious family and indifference to wealth," Lee Dahai began.

Faang Ying perked up, standing a bit taller; the compliment sat well with him.

? "It's clear to me that you're in high spirits today," Lee Dahai added.

? "Indeed!" Faang Ying confirmed with a nod.

?"To be frank, the dishes we've served so far are quite pedestrian and hardly befitting someone of your stature."

Faang Ying had come to demonstrate his influence, and these common offerings did little to showcase his status.

?"What do you suggest, Boss Lee?" Faang Ying prompted.

?Lee Dahai quickly moved to a side cabinet and retrieved a small, yet ornate purple menu.

"Take a look, Young Master Faang. The menu you perused earlier is our standard one, which most patrons use."

"But for a guest of your esteemed caliber, we reserve our exclusive internal menu."

"The culinary delights listed here are out of reach for the average diner, but for someone of your means, they represent the pinnacle of global cuisine," Lee Dahai explained.

?"Is that so?" Faang Ying replied, clearly intrigued.

?He smiled as he opened the menu to reveal the crème de la crème of gourmet offerings, a stark contrast to the unremarkable steaks served earlier.

?"Manager Lee, make a few recommendations. Money is no object," Faang Ying said casually, leaning back in his chair.

?"With your permission, Young Master Faang, I'll suggest a few selections," Lee Dahai responded cheerfully.

?"We've just received a shipment of caviar, infused with gold leaf. It's both exquisite and prestigious, truly a top-tier delicacy."

"Excellent! I'll take four servings," Faang Ying declared without hesitation.

?"Right away!" Lee Dahai affirmed, using the tablet beside him to place the order.

"There's also the goose liver. Our company raises these geese, and the breed is incredibly rare and costly. Their breeding conditions and diet are strictly controlled, which gives the goose liver a subtle, aromatic fragrance."

"Four servings, please!" Faang Ying declared without hesitation.

?"And this black truffle."

"No need for more details. Just help me order! And bring two bottles of your finest Pinot Noir wine!"

"Right away!"

Lee Dahai beamed with joy.

"Young Master Faang is truly generous. We can tell these dishes aren't cheap just by their names," Su Ming remarked.

"It's fine. I'm not concerned about the cost," Faang Ying replied with a casual smile.

At that moment, Lee Dahai returned, carrying two bottles of red wine.

"Per Young Master Faang's request, these are the finest two bottles of Pinot Noir wine in our establishment," he announced.

"They're a limited global edition and the pride of our shop. It's only fitting we extend the best hospitality to Young Master Faang."

"The price of these two bottles is quite reasonable, only about fifty thousand USD each."

Initially pleased, Faang Ying's smile stiffened upon hearing the price, and a slight twitch appeared at the corner of his eye.

The cost of the two bottles amounted to 600,000 yuan!

"Young Master Faang, is something amiss? Are you feeling unwell? Perhaps it's too warm in here?" Lee Dahai inquired, feigning ignorance with a blink.

"I'm alright," Faang Ying assured.

"Do you find the wine too pricey? No issue. If it's too much, I can remove them," Lee Dahai offered.

Hearing this, Faang Ying's irritation flared.

"Do you think I can't afford the wine?" he snapped, eyes glaring.

He was clearly displeased.

Su Ming glanced at Lee Dahai and gave a covert nod of approval.

Seeing Su Ming's silent commendation, Lee Dahai's enthusiasm surged.

Chapter 330 - Lies

Lee Dahai couldn't help but chuckle inwardly when he noticed Faang Ying was upset. Yet, outwardly, he feigned a look of utter panic.

?He hastened to offer Faang Ying an apology. "I'm sorry, I misspoke!"

"Someone of your esteemed status surely wouldn't have trouble affording two bottles of red wine?"

"Indeed, not just two bottles—purchasing two trucks of red wine would be a mere trifle for you!"

"Please, don't stoop to my level over this."

"I'm not worldly; the sudden presence of a distinguished guest like you threw me off balance."

"I implore you not to hold this against me."

Lee Dahai bowed deeply, his demeanor the picture of respect.

?Faang Ying's mood lightened a bit at the sight. Had it not been for Lee Dahai's attentive service earlier, Faang Ying would have stormed out on the spot!

Seated comfortably, Faang Ying spoke with a deliberate slowness, "Make sure not to repeat this kind of mistake in the future."

His voice dripped with condescension, reminiscent of a high-ranking official conducting an inspection.

"Understood!"

Lee Dahai responded promptly.

"The dishes are ready!"

?The door swung open, and a waiter wheeled in a cart.

The cart, arranged on three tiers, was laden with plates.

"This sashimi is crafted from bluefin tuna and is priced at triple the rate of gold. But for Young Master Faang, that's hardly significant."

"Here we have the Golden Mushroom, priced at double the value of gold, though it pales in comparison to the sashimi."

“And this is premium coffee, ground by hand. It's quite reasonable at only 400 US dollars per pound.”

Lee Dahai cheerfully presented each dish.

Initially, Faang Ying maintained a composed expression.

But as Lee Dahai continued to detail the exorbitant prices of the dishes, Faang Ying's complexion grew increasingly ashen.

Eventually, his face was frozen in shock, his eyes twitching involuntarily.

The cost of the dishes was astronomical!

While his family was wealthy, the valuation of a company hinged on the volatile nature of stock equity and prices. Moreover, a portion of his family's wealth was tied up in fixed assets. His liquid capital was, in reality, quite limited.

Even the most lavish meals at home didn't come close to the extravagance of these dishes.

“Young Master Faang, is something the matter? Is it too warm for you in here?”

Lee Dahai inquired, feigning ignorance.

Faang Ying frowned and glanced at the nearby waiter.

“Could you please lower the air conditioning?”

“No need!”

Faang Ying quickly interjected, stopping the waiter in his tracks.

He felt like his blood was turning to ice. Were they trying to freeze him to death?

Just then, Su Ming's voice rang out, full of admiration.

He picked up a slice of raw fish, chewing and sighing contentedly.

“This is incredible! Young Master Faang, thank you for this treat. I've never had anything so delicious in my life! You all should try it too.”

Su Ming helped himself to another piece.

Watching them, Faang Ying felt as if his heart was bleeding.

He desperately wanted to stop them from eating.

They weren't just consuming food; they were devouring his money!

"Young Master Faang, you look quite pale. Is something wrong? If our hotel's service is lacking, we'll make immediate improvements," Lee Dahai inquired, feigning ignorance.

"The service is excellent," Faang Ying managed to say, wiping the cold sweat from his brow and forcing a strained smile.

He tried to appear nonchalant, but it was a struggle. The thought of the money being spent was too painful.

The private room was spacious, with a large round table laden with exquisite ingredients.

Lee Dahai was in high spirits.

"Many thanks, Young Master Faang. You truly live up to your reputation as a wealthy man. You've practically cleared out our inventory!"

Faang Ying felt a lump in his throat at those words.

He took a deep breath, steadying his nerves.

He reached for his chopsticks and shakily picked up a piece of foie gras.

"Wait a moment!"

Before he could enjoy it, Lee Dahai's loud exclamation startled him, causing the foie gras to tumble back onto the plate.

?Lee Dahai promptly took the plate away.

"This ingredient is far too common for someone of your stature. Please, have this dish instead."

He presented Faang Ying with a bowl of soup and set the plate of foie gras before Su Ming and the others.

Faang Ying felt like weeping.

He had been longing for that foie gras!

Before he could utter a word, Lee Dahai quickly added, "My apologies, Mr. Faang, if my service has disappointed you. Waiter, two more soups, please!"

While Su Ming and the rest ate with gusto, Faang Ying was left staring at three bowls of soup before him.

Faang Ying was so pitiable that even Su Ming felt a twinge of sympathy for him.

The dishes at this high-end Western restaurant were pricey, yet the portions were modest.

?Patrons here prioritized quality over quantity, seeking a fine dining experience rather than a full belly.

Nevertheless, Su Ming and his companions had indulged heartily, leaving them completely satisfied.

?They had devoured every last ingredient on the table and drained the bottles of red wine.

Faang Ying, staring at the three servings of soup before him, was visibly irritated.

With a sense of resignation, he downed each one.

Throughout the meal, Su Ming and the others incessantly expressed their gratitude to Faang Ying.

“Thank you, Young Master Faang!”

“You're incredibly generous, Young Master Faang!”

“Thanks to your hospitality, Young Master Faang, I've tasted delights I never dreamed of!”

“You must eat snails often, Young Master Faang. I had never tried them before today, and after just one serving, I'm still hungry. Could I have yours?”

“That steak is excellent, Young Master Faang. Would you mind if I took your portion?”

Su Ming and Xiao Chen echoed each other's sentiments, while Xiao Ke'er giggled behind her hand.

Faang Ying had lost all appetite to continue.

He was already ruining his earlier attempt to impress.

At last, the lengthy meal came to an end.

The feast had been consumed, yet he had partaken in nothing more than three bowls of soup.

Faang Ying fought back tears.

He was determined to maintain his composure; a man shouldn't cry so easily. If the tears were to come, they would find him in solitude.

Seeing that everyone else was satiated, Faang Ying longed to leave.

With a forced smile, he said, "Boss Lee, I'd like to settle the bill, please."

He inhaled deeply as he spoke, bracing himself for the onslaught to come.