

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

#Chapter 331 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 331

Chapter 331 - Even a Donkey in the Production Team Could Not be Bullied like This

"Please hold on, I'll get your bill right away!"

Lee Dahai stood nearby with a smile.

"After finishing your meal, it's not ideal to just stand around waiting. Our restaurant offers special post-dinner treats. Would you like to try some?" Lee Dahai offered.

Faang Ying was about to decline when Xiao Chen quickly interjected.

"Manager Lee, there's no need to ask. Young Master Faang is of high status and quite wealthy," Xiao Chen said.

"Bring us six servings of dessert. One for my sister, two for my brother-in-law, and three for me!"

"Young Master Faang, you've already had plenty. You don't really need this," Xiao Chen teased.

"He surely won't want to hang around us after this," Xiao Chen mused to himself.

Faang Ying felt like crying.

"How can they treat me this way?" he wondered silently.

"They're picking on me!"

Yet Xiao Chen's comment had, at least outwardly, maintained Faang Ying's facade of grandeur.

"Go ahead and order," Faang Ying finally conceded with a nod.

He was determined to keep up the act, even if it meant grinding his teeth to dust. He hadn't ordered for himself, which was a small financial relief.

Lee Dahai promptly went to place the order.

Soon, he returned with the desserts and an exceptionally long bill in hand.

Faang Ying's eyes widened at the sight of the bill.

"They've really set me up," he thought to himself.

"Surely, not even the village donkey has been duped like this?"

Faang Ying took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, striving to appear unfazed.

After all, the money was bound to be spent at some point. Money is fleeting, so he shouldn't fret over it.

"Let's see the damage," he said, trying to sound nonchalant as he took the bill.

His eyes went straight to the grand total at the bottom.

Upon seeing the sum, Faang Ying was completely stunned.

25,467,400

"Did this meal really cost 25 million?" Faang Ying nearly passed out with shock. "Did we really spend that much?"

He did the math again, certain that ten million should have more than covered the meal.

He quickly scrutinized the menu once more.

He noticed that the final dessert he had ordered was the Strawberry Arnold, one of the world's most extravagant sweets. The strawberries atop the Strawberry Arnold were cultivated using a special technique, resulting in an exceptionally rich milky flavor. These strawberries were marinated in exorbitantly priced wine, giving off a burst of fresh cream and peppermint when savored. But the *pièce de résistance* was the pink diamond nestled within each serving. Altogether, the six desserts were valued at 14 million.

Yet, the strawberries themselves couldn't justify such a steep price. While the pink diamonds were certainly valuable, they were not large. So, what accounted for the hefty price tag? It was the cachet of the brand. Rumor had it that this dessert was a favorite of a queen in a foreign land. Thus, people were indulging not merely in strawberries but in the significance that the dessert represented. This same logic applied to the pricing of luxury items.

Faang Ying was on the brink of exploding with frustration. His attempt to play the part of a wealthy patron had backfired spectacularly. "What seems to be the problem?" Lee

Dahai feigned ignorance, his face a mask of confusion. "Young Master Faang, we've already applied a discount for you—a 99% discount."

At that, Faang Ying almost burst with irritation. "You call that a discount?" But upon reflection, he conceded that a 99% discount wasn't too shabby. With an original total exceeding 20 million, a 99% discount meant a savings of over 200,000—a small consolation, but a consolation nonetheless.

"I'll pay with a card!" Faang Ying declared, extracting his card with considerable effort. He clutched it tightly, reluctant to part with it. Lee Dahai, ever-smiling, gently placed his hand on the bank card and, with a firm tug, liberated it from Faang Ying's grasp. Faang Ying's face betrayed his dismay.

Internally, he rallied himself. "I've come this far; I must keep up the act." The thought of the fortune he'd spent on a meal where he'd eaten nothing but three bowls of soup was agonizing. Now, he entertained the desperate thought of snatching back his bank card and making a daring escape through the window. But the reality was stark: he was on the third floor, the windows were sealed shut, and the ground below was unforgiving stone pavement. A leap from this height would surely result in broken bones.

Amidst Faang Ying's distress, Lee Dahai returned.

"Young Master Faang, it seems there's not enough money on your card."

Lee Dahai said with a smile, "Perhaps you've grabbed the wrong one?"

Faang Ying's eye twitched uncontrollably.

He clenched his jaw and produced another card.

Yet, this one also fell short.

After pooling together all his funds, he had amassed only 23 million.

He was over two million short.

Sweat beaded on Faang Ying's forehead as panic set in.

"Young Master Faang, you're not pulling my leg, are you?"

Lee Dahai kept up his cheerful demeanor.

His words, however, were laced with mockery.

"We run a modest operation here. I simply can't write off more than two million."

"If you're unable to pay now, that's alright; you can settle up later. But you'll be added to our restaurant's blacklist."

"We'll post your photo at the entrance." Lee Dahai's tone suggested a friendly warning, but his true intent was to shame him.

In the capital, Faang Ying was a person of stature.

Being blacklisted by this establishment, with his photo displayed and labeled "insufficient funds," would be a major blow to his reputation.

"I have money! I have plenty," Faang Ying protested, nearly leaping to his feet.

Shaking, he pulled out his phone and dialed his father.

Eventually, Faang Ying held the phone a good distance from his ear.

The booming voice on the other end was audible to all.

The conversation was clearly not a pleasant one.

In the end, Faang Ying's father relented and wired three million.

Only after the payment was made did Faang Ying breathe a sigh of relief.

He was inwardly tormented.

He felt like he could die from the humiliation!

He was bound to face a barrage of criticism at home.

Still, he had to maintain the facade of affluence.

"Haha, I was a little short this time. Next time I treat you all, I'll make sure to bring enough," Faang Ying said as he rose, forcing a casual laugh.

?He thought to himself, "I can easily drop 15 million on a meal. That farmer could never afford to spend so much."

Chapter 332 - Regret

If Su Ming knew what was going through Faang Ying's mind, he'd surely nod in agreement.

He certainly wouldn't splurge on a meal here, given that he owns the place.

Plus, he has a savings of 10 billion yuan.

Su Ming grinned and said, "We owe this fine service to you, Young Master Faang. Thank you."

At those words, Faang Ying's excitement soared.

As Faang Ying was about to head out, Lee Dahai burst in.

Faang Ying turned to him, bewildered.

"Manager Lee, what's the meaning of this? I've settled my bill."

The thought of fleeing crossed Faang Ying's mind.

Lee Dahai paused, a bit taken aback.

"Young Master Faang, there's been a misunderstanding."

"I'm here to see our boss."

Lee Dahai said with a smile.

Faang Ying was puzzled; there were only four of them, and his boss was nowhere to be seen.

"Young Master Faang, if you could step aside, please."

Lee Dahai requested.

Faang Ying hesitated, then moved aside.

Lee Dahai strode over to Su Ming and presented the account book.

"Boss, here's our restaurant's turnover for the month."

Lee Dahai flipped open the account book.

Faang Ying's mind went blank.

Su Ming was the owner?

Faang Ying was utterly dumbfounded.

Su Ming nodded thoughtfully, taking the account book to review it.

“Not bad at all, we've had a substantial income this afternoon.”

“Indeed!”

Lee Dahai knew Su Ming had orchestrated this to irk Faang Ying.

“With Young Master Faang's patronage of 25 million yuan, today's turnover is bound to surpass 26 million!”

Faang Ying mentally unleashed every curse he knew.

What a rip-off.

He glared at Lee Dahai, Su Ming, and the rest, his frustration boiling over.

He realized he'd been duped from the moment he walked into this Western restaurant.

Su Ming snapped the account book shut, remarking, “This place hasn't been doing too well, so your business is much appreciated.”

Faang Ying was at a loss for words.

All he wanted was to disappear into the springtime.

“I must be going, I have other matters to attend to,” Faang Ying announced.

Then, from outside, came the sound of something breaking.

Su Ming and the others stepped out to investigate.

Faang Ying took an unfortunate tumble and ended up knocking over a vase on the nearby table. Lee Dahai rushed to his side in a panic.

“Young Master Faang, you need to be more careful! This is a Blue and White Porcelain piece from the Song Dynasty, worth over two million!” Lee Dahai exclaimed.

Upon hearing this, Faang Ying passed out. The ambulance arrived promptly, and the medics loaded Young Master Faang inside. In his unconscious state, he was babbling incoherently. Su Ming and the others couldn't help but smile at the situation.

If Faang Ying could read their thoughts, he would surely regret his visit. Xiao Chen couldn't help but comment, “He really is a nuisance.”

“Many thanks, Mr. Su,” Xiao Ke'er said with a chuckle.

Suddenly, Xiao Ke'er's phone rang. She answered, exchanged a few words, and hung up. "Mr. Su, I apologize, but my father just called about an urgent matter at home. We'll have to head back," she explained.

"Of course," Su Ming replied with a smile. "Hop in, I'll drive you."

They all entered the car, and Xiao Chen, initially aiming for the front seat, reluctantly moved to the back after catching his sister's glance. Xiao Ke'er took the passenger seat, leaving Xiao Chen feeling slighted.

Su Ming just smiled at the dynamic. Soon enough, he dropped them off at their home. After bidding farewell, he headed back to the city center, parking his truck and entering his property. He admired the thriving rice in his five-acre field and then attended to the chickens in the breeding zone, providing them with feed and water.

After a satisfying stretch, Su Ming settled into the living room, turned on the TV, and started munching on snacks he'd bought earlier. The current TV dramas left much to be desired: characters would die at the slightest cough of blood, the plotlines were bizarre and illogical, and romance seemed to be shoehorned in without any rationale. It appeared that only the good-looking guys got the girl, while average men remained perpetually single. Su Ming stroked his chin, confidently considering himself among the handsome.

Chapter 333 - A Successful Person

He decided to catch up on the news.

Su Ming expertly switched to the news channel, tuning into Eastsea City's local broadcast. It was important to stay informed about his hometown.

"Esteemed musician, conductor, and singer, Madam Wang Fanghua, a three-time Golden Melody Award winner and a leading authority in the national music scene, will soon visit the Eastsea City Symphony Orchestra for a performance," the news anchor announced.

Su Ming watched attentively, blinking occasionally. He clicked the remote, shifting his focus to international news, acknowledging his limited expertise in music.

While engrossed in the news, his phone suddenly rang. Su Ming checked the caller ID: President Chen. It dawned on him that he hadn't seen President Chen in some time and wondered what had kept him so occupied.

"President Chen," Su Ming greeted warmly as he answered.

"Mr. Su!" came the reply. President Chen stood erect in his office, bending forward slightly, his phone cradled in his hands, his smile radiant. The bank's executives around

him acted as if they didn't notice President Chen's demeanor, well aware that Mr. Su was on the line.

"Mr. Su, I've been away on business and haven't seen you for quite a while. I've missed you greatly and have brought back a small gift for you," President Chen said. "I wanted to deliver it personally, but I'm currently tied up with some urgent matters. However, I'd like you to receive the gift as soon as possible. Are you available now?"

?Su Ming chuckled. So President Chen had been traveling. That explained his absence. And what about Wang Guohui? Had he been traveling as well? Su Ming's hunch was correct. As a multinational corporation's CEO involved in trade, Wang Guohui was abroad, dealing with a business negotiation.

? "Sure, I'll come over now," Su Ming replied.

"I'll be waiting for you!" President Chen ended the call with enthusiasm and slammed his hand on the desk. "Everyone, prepare to receive Mr. Su."

"Yes!" the bank staff responded in unison. They quickly organized themselves to greet Su Ming, lining up with impeccable posture. Despite the heat, their anticipation to meet Mr. Su was undeterred.

?President Chen quickly settled into his seat, briskly processing two documents in his hands. These were critical documents for the bank, and he needed to attend to them immediately.

?Su Ming switched off the TV and headed to the front door, where his truck was conveniently parked. Opting not to use the garage, he prepared to drive the truck out. As soon as Su Ming climbed into the vehicle, he heard a knock on the door. Looking down, he saw a young man standing below.

The man appeared to be in his late twenties, with his hair slicked back and dressed in a suit and tie. He had deliberately rolled up his left sleeve to flaunt what seemed to be an expensive watch that gleamed in the sunlight. Exuding immense confidence, his expression seemed to say, "I am a successful person; you should admire me." But what was this successful individual doing knocking on his truck door?

? "Do you want to make some quick cash?" the man inquired, tilting his chin upward.

? Caught off guard, Su Ming responded, "What?"

"Where are you headed?" the man pressed on.

? "To the east side of the city," Su Ming replied.

“Perfect! Drive me to the east side, and I'll give you 5 yuan for the trip. It's an easy way to make some extra cash. Don't turn it down; that would be a mistake. You have to build wealth gradually to become as wealthy as I am!”

Su Ming blinked, unsure if he should voice the question that lingered in his mind. Why didn't this successful man have a car? He could have chosen not to own one for environmental reasons, but why not just hail a taxi? After all, the base fare for a taxi in the city was ten yuan. Was he really looking to save five yuan by hitching a ride in a truck?

“Thank you,” the man said, not waiting for Su Ming's response. He opened the door and settled into the passenger seat with practiced ease, leaving Su Ming dumbfounded. When had he agreed to let the man in? And how was he so adept at climbing into the truck? The driver's seat was quite high, and most people unfamiliar with trucks would hesitate, but this man's actions were too fluid. Just how many times had he ridden in a truck before?

?Su Ming couldn't help but chuckle to himself.

He could tell that the so-called successful man was just putting on an act.

After all, no genuine success story would step out every day in such attire.

Yet, Su Ming chose not to call him out on it.

With a grin, he inquired, “Where are you headed? I'm off to the eastern part of the city, though I might not be going exactly where you are.”

“I'm on my way to Tianhua Bank,” the man replied with a smile.

?A look of smug satisfaction crossed his face as he added, “I've got some major business to handle at the bank this time.”

Upon hearing this, Su Ming realized they were headed to the same place.

?He revved up the engine and merged onto the main thoroughfare.

The sight of the self-proclaimed successful man amused him greatly.

“I can spot a successful person when I see one,” Su Ming remarked. “What's the big affair you're attending to at the bank today?”

Little did Su Ming know, his comment had piqued the man's interest immensely.

?He perked up and launched into a narrative of his life's accomplishments, ranging from starting primary school at three to graduating from university at fourteen, followed by six years at a top-tier international university.

He boasted about his myriad patents and the companies he had established.

Su Ming mused that if this man's tall tales could be converted into fuel, his truck wouldn't need refueling for a century.

And if the man's words could fill a room, Su Ming was certain the cab would have burst at the seams long ago.

Chapter 334 - He Was Stunned

There were quite a few red lights along the way, which was to be expected in the heart of downtown, not to mention a bit of congestion.

The young man had been talking non-stop for five minutes, his mouth dry from the effort, and he paused briefly. Su Ming thought he might finally fall silent. But after a mere five seconds, he resumed his monologue with renewed vigor.

"This time I went to the bank, it was to secure a loan," he said. "I've got this new project that's caught the eye of some heavy hitters."

"?People are throwing their money at it, eager to invest for a share of the pie."

"I see it differently. I'm set on being my own boss, which is why I'm after a loan."

"Guess who's looking to back me?"

He gazed at Su Ming, his eyes brimming with hope. Su Ming feigned great interest. "Who?"

No sooner had the words left Su Ming's mouth than the young man slapped his thigh with excitement. "It's Mr. Ma from Fortune Pay."

"He's been on the phone every day, wanting to invest and take me out to dinner. I've held off agreeing," the young man declared.

?Su Ming responded with an approving thumbs-up. "You should give up truck driving," he advised. "Entrepreneurship is your calling."

"Look around; the world is teeming with opportunities. It's through starting your own business that you'll really strike it rich."

?Undeterred, the young man pressed on. “Did you know there's an incredibly wealthy individual farming right in the city center?”

?He glanced over at Su Ming, who blinked in response. “I'm aware. Do you know him?”

“Absolutely. But keep it under wraps; he's confided in me and no one else.”

“He's from a secretive and affluent family back at the imperial court, with assets in the hundreds of billions. His journey here is all about gaining experience.”

?Hearing this, Su Ming was taken aback. The young man mistook Su Ming's astonishment for gullibility.

?“This must stay between us,” he insisted. “He shared this with me over dinner once.”

“I even know his name—Su Ming. Anyone who buys such a vast tract of land in the city center to farm is no ordinary individual.”

“Yet he's incredibly down-to-earth. We've become friends.”

“He's an old childhood friend from the capital,” the young man went on.

Su Ming was dumbfounded. As the young man's tall tales continued, Su Ming's phone began to ring. He looked down to see President Chen's name on the caller ID.

?“Mr. Su, where are you?”

Su Ming glanced at the road sign.

“President Chen, I'm almost at the bank.”

“Great. I'll wait for you here!”

With that, President Chen ended the call.

The young man chuckled upon hearing this. He was familiar with all the bank presidents in Eastsea City, having done his research.

?There was only one President Chen in Eastsea City, and that was President Chen of Tianhua Bank.

?He was convinced that Su Ming couldn't possibly know President Chen!

While the young man was scoffing at Su Ming, they arrived.

The bank staff had come outside.

They lined up on either side, their eyes filled with reverence.

President Chen stood at the center, beaming.

The young man assumed President Chen had come out to greet him personally, even though his earlier proposal had been rejected.

?He was sure President Chen must have realized the potential of his plan after all.

As the car came to a halt, the young man confidently pulled out five yuan from his pocket and handed it to Su Ming, the notes still damp with sweat.

?He stepped out of the car, straightened his clothes, and strode towards President Chen with joy.

He smiled and nodded at the employees as he passed.

“Hard at work, I see. Thank you all.”

The young man basked in the attention of those around him, interpreting their stares as admiration.

?But their gazes were actually filled with confusion.

Continuing to smile and greet them, he approached President Chen as if he were a dignitary on an official visit.

“President Chen, coming out to meet me in this heat! Rest assured, once I make it big, I'll definitely share the profits with you.”

The young man reached out for a handshake.

But President Chen completely disregarded him.

Instead, President Chen quickly made his way to Su Ming's side.

“Mr. Su, it's been too long.”

Tears welled up in his eyes as he spoke.

The staff members witnessing this scene were moved to tears as well.

“Mr. Su, I've missed you so much!”

Su Ming was taken aback.

Chapter 335 - The Gift President Chen Had Given Him

The Successful Young Man was completely taken aback by the scene before him.

He wondered to himself, "What in the world is going on?"

"The person you're supposed to be meeting is right here."

"I'm the one who's truly impressive."

"Why are you fussing over someone who drives a truck?"

"President Chen, could you have mistaken me for someone else?"

The Successful Young Man wasn't about to give up.

He quickly stepped forward.

"President Chen, I'm the one you're supposed to be greeting. Have you forgotten that I just called you?"

"Move aside!"

President Chen turned back.

He gave the Successful Young Man a fierce glare.

The employees around them echoed the sentiment in unison.

"Move aside!"

Their stares were just as intense.

They were perfectly synchronized.

President Chen immediately turned his attention to Su Ming, his demeanor changing in an instant.

A broad smile spread across President Chen's face.

"Mr. Su, this way, please!"

?No sooner had President Chen spoken than the employees around him also transformed their expressions.

They were now the epitome of respect.

Bowing deeply, smiles plastered on their faces, they chorused.

?"Mr. Su, this way, please!"

President Chen took Su Ming by the hand.

He escorted Su Ming into the bank, with the employees trailing behind them.

?They all made their way inside.

The Successful Young Man tagged along behind them, but he barely managed two steps before...

?"Thud!"

He walked smack into the glass door.

The last two security guards had shut it right in his face.

"Ouch!"

The collision left the Successful Young Man in pain.

"Why him? Why do you value him so much and not me?"

The Successful Young Man stood outside, his voice loud with indignation.

?"Who do you think you are? You think you can compare to Mr. Su? Mr. Su farms in the city center; can you do that?"

"What?"

The Successful Young Man was utterly dumbfounded.

"What's going on?"

He realized, "I've been boasting all this time."

"But the real deal was sitting right beside me."

"My goodness!"

"How could this happen?"

But true to his moniker, the Successful Young Man was quick to adapt.

?He reassured himself, "This is a stroke of luck in disguise."

"At the very least, I got to see Su Ming."

"And I even spoke to him."

"We chatted the whole way there; that makes us friends, doesn't it?"

"Next time I boast, who will dare to doubt me?"

With renewed confidence, the Successful Young Man straightened up and strode back the way he came, head held high, after just a couple of steps.

?He paused and turned his head to take a look at Su Ming's car. He mused, "If this big shot is farming downtown, he must be rolling in dough, right?" "So, can I just take these five bucks?" "He surely won't care." The Successful Young Man slapped his thigh in excitement. "I'm just too clever," he thought. "I've ridden for 3 kilometers and it didn't cost me a dime." "Only someone as brilliant as me could pull this off." "How can anyone else's mind race as quickly and cleverly as mine?" Resolute, the Successful Young Man swung the car door open and climbed in. Su Ming hadn't bothered to lock it. He was indifferent to the possibility of his car being stolen; it wasn't worth much anyway. Plus, he had parked right in front of the bank. If anything went missing, a quick call to the police would have them recover it in no time.

As soon as the Successful Young Man settled into the car, two security guards fixed their gaze on him. They recognized that he had entered Mr. Su's vehicle and were incensed. Reaching into their pockets, they pulled out electric batons, thinking, "You dare to steal right before our eyes?" "And to steal from Mr. Su, no less?" "Are you asking for trouble?" "Get out!" the guards commanded. "You've got some nerve, stealing in broad daylight like this." The Successful Young Man was swiftly subdued by the guards with a stun gun, his body convulsing to the sound of the electric current.

Upstairs, Su Ming had just stepped into President Chen's office when he heard the wail of police sirens. He paid it no mind; the police were simply doing their job. "Mr. Su, I'm aware that you're not fond of money; such things are trivial to you. This time, I've brought you something truly special," said President Chen as he poured Su Ming a glass of water. With a secretive smile, President Chen fetched a briefcase from the side. Su Ming noticed its heft. The case was black, metallic, and shimmered in the light—a clear sign that it was designed for transporting valuables. Su Ming's curiosity was piqued. "What sort of treasure has President Chen brought me?" he wondered. "What kind of treasure requires such extensive protection?"

Su Ming watched as President Chen keyed in a password and authenticated his fingerprint.

After much effort, President Chen finally managed to open the box.

Curiosity piqued, Su Ming peered inside.

He thought to himself, "Unless I'm mistaken..."

"Is this a bag of seeds?"

"My goodness."

"President Chen, was all this necessary?"

"Just for a bag of seeds."

Su Ming wondered, "Is such heavy security really warranted?"

Opening the box had clearly been exhausting for President Chen; sweat beaded on his forehead.

The box was not only heavy but also had a complex locking mechanism.

Moreover, it had been a long time since President Chen had last seen Su Ming, adding to his excitement.

He exclaimed, "Mr. Su, these are seeds I've brought for you all the way from the capital."

"I have a friend who is particularly fond of gardening."

"He developed these seeds himself through hybridization."

"I'm not too familiar with the details. But I know you enjoy farming, right? You like planting flowers and such."

"So, I thought I'd bring you some."

President Chen set the items before Su Ming with an eager expression, reminiscent of a grade schooler awaiting a teacher's commendation.

"Mhm."

Su Ming smiled in appreciation of President Chen's kind gesture.

But before Su Ming could respond, Yuvyuv's voice suddenly echoed in his mind.

"Master, Yuvyuv has detected two special seeds within this bag."

"Special seeds?"

Su Ming was momentarily taken aback.

He quickly inquired in his thoughts.

“How special?”

“They're just like the unique plants you've been cultivating in the corner, Master. You'll see them if you activate the scanner.”

Overjoyed, Su Ming activated the scanner without delay.

?The seeds in the bag were yellow, much like the hue of rice grains.

?Yet, two seeds stood out in vibrant green.

They shone like emeralds, translucent and emitting a soft green glow.

This glow was something Su Ming recognized all too well.

He thought, “Aren't these the same as the cotton and black plum I acquired?”

But the glow around these seeds was more intense and a deeper shade of green.

When he had obtained the cotton and black plum, they were merely enveloped in a thin green film.

Clearly, these two seeds were of a significantly higher caliber.

“President Chen is truly impressive.”

“He's brought me such incredible treasures.”

Su Ming was overjoyed.

President Chen was sweating bullets.

He thought to himself, “I'm done for!”

“I've botched it.”

“Mr. Su definitely doesn't appreciate this gift.”

“He wouldn't have just frozen there, holding it, otherwise.”

?”I've totally messed this up.”

“Chen Guosheng, oh Chen Guosheng.”

“How could you be so foolish?”

“How could you make such a blunder?”

“You've worked so hard to build a good rapport with Mr. Su.”

“And now, you've ruined it all in one fell swoop.”

“Mr. Su!”

With a voice tinged with desperation, President Chen pleaded, “I'm sorry, I was wrong. I didn't realize you disliked this item. I'll dispose of it right away.”

With that, President Chen moved to seize the seed and toss it out.

“Stop!”

Su Ming bellowed urgently.

Startled by Su Ming's outburst, President Chen shuddered.

Su Ming regained his composure.

Then he burst into hearty laughter.

His laughter was robust and hearty, echoing to the heavens.

President Chen was completely bewildered.

“What's gotten into Mr. Su?” he wondered.

President Chen scanned the room.

“Everything here is in order,” he reassured himself.

“I don't have a collection of jokes hanging on the wall.”

“What's Mr. Su laughing at?”

?Yet, as Su Ming laughed, President Chen felt compelled to join in, albeit awkwardly, all the while scratching his head in confusion.

“What on earth is making Mr. Su laugh?” he pondered.

Chapter 336 - Special Crop

Su Ming laughed heartily for quite some time.

After all his years of farming, he had finally stumbled upon a special crop.

But then President Chen presented him with not one, but two special crops.

Su Ming pondered for a moment.

His luck had been extraordinary over the last couple of days.

First, he had triggered the special reward in the breeding zone, and now he had received two special crops from President Chen.

The Blessing Potion was truly remarkable!

President Chen was beside himself with frustration.

Why was Su Ming laughing?

?Unable to contain his curiosity, President Chen blinked and, gathering his courage, asked, "Mr. Su, why are you laughing?"

Seeing President Chen's hopeful look made Su Ming even more delighted.

"President Chen, I truly appreciate the gift you've given me."

"Rest assured, I won't let your generosity go unrewarded."

Su Ming gave President Chen a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

Hearing this, President Chen was thrilled.

?He experienced a whirlwind of emotions, from initial fear to overwhelming joy.

Su Ming's words suggested that he would certainly reciprocate with something equally valuable.

The gifts from Mr. Su were never ordinary.

The last gifts Su Ming had given were the Body-stretching Pill and fennel.

Their effects were outstanding.

Even without a wink of sleep, he felt full of vigor.

And his wife's spirits were lifted as well.

"President Chen, I have some pressing matters to take care of, so I must be on my way," Su Ming said, barely able to contain his eagerness.

?He was anxious to get back and plant these special crops.

Before President Chen could respond, Su Ming was already heading downstairs.

President Chen was taken aback.

He thought to himself, "Mr. Su, I haven't even told you what kind of seeds these are."

But President Chen figured that Su Ming must already know what crop the seeds would yield.

If Su Ming didn't recognize them, he wouldn't be farming in the heart of the city.

If Su Ming didn't recognize them, he wouldn't be so overjoyed.

"Wait, Mr. Su, you haven't told me why you were laughing," President Chen realized, just as Su Ming had descended the stairs.

He quickly followed after him.

"Mr. Su, please visit again soon," President Chen called out from the doorway.

?Though he was eager to find out why Su Ming was laughing, he understood that Su Ming had urgent business to attend to.

President Chen had no choice but to hold back his curiosity.

"Mr. Su, you've put in a lot of effort."

"Mr. Su, have a safe journey."

The bank staff closely trailed President Chen.

They lined up at the entrance, uniformly waving farewell to Su Ming.

Both the bank's patrons and passersby at the door were left in shock.

Why were these bank employees acting this way?

Overhearing their words, Su Ming nearly stumbled.

It felt as though they were seeing him off at his own funeral.

Shaking his head, Su Ming climbed into his car and drove off.

On the road, it dawned on him that he hadn't inquired about the type of seed President Chen had given him.

"Yuvyuv, what kind of seeds are these?" Su Ming inquired.

"Top-grade orchid seeds," Yuvyuv responded.

Su Ming nodded in understanding.

Orchids, particularly the premium varieties, could fetch a hefty price. At times, a single orchid might sell for several million.

Cultivating orchids was a challenging task, requiring precise control of temperature, moderation, moisture, nutrition, and timing.

Crucially, each orchid had its own unique temperament.

He couldn't apply the same cultivation method to different orchids.

Yuvyuv offered a piece of advice, "I would suggest that you hold off on planting orchids for now."

Su Ming hit the brakes.

Thankfully, he was at a red light. Otherwise, he might have caused an accident.

"Why?" Su Ming queried.

"Your System is about to upgrade. I recommend you wait to plant the orchids until after the upgrade for a better yield," Yuvyuv advised.

Su Ming paused, taking a moment to reflect.

Yuvyuv, a creation of the System, shared its essence.

She could be seen as the embodiment of the System.

Her advice was surely trustworthy!

Though eager, Su Ming decided it was best to wait.

That morning, he had noticed the demolition work on the building had started and would be completed in a couple of days.

?Following the upgrade, he would be able to harvest rice and chickens.

Then, he would be fully informed about the System's updates.

With this in mind, Su Ming eased off the accelerator.

?Having just crossed an intersection, it suddenly struck him that his work shoes were worn out. He needed to buy a few pairs for his labor-intensive tasks.

?After giving it some thought, Su Ming headed straight to the nearby mall. He parked his car and made his way inside. Su Ming ended up purchasing quite a few pairs of shoes. He realized that he had absolutely no interest in luxury items. The mall was filled with leather shoes costing thousands, but Su Ming didn't even feel like giving them a glance. However, his interest was piqued by the cloth shoes and the thick-soled military boots.

?Back in the parking lot, Su Ming noticed a middle-aged man sitting on a small stool, eating his lunch in the shade of Su Ming's car. The man looked like he could be a delivery driver. Su Ming wasn't in any rush. He strolled over, opened his car door, and tossed the shoes inside.

?The middle-aged man, who was eating from his lunchbox, smiled at Su Ming and asked, "Thank you. Are you a delivery guy too?"

Su Ming simply nodded.

"How many hours do you work each day?" inquired the man.

?Su Ming stroked his chin, pondering the question seriously before replying, "I can manage two round trips."

?Upon hearing this, the middle-aged man choked and spat out a mouthful of his meal. He couldn't help but wonder, "If he's making two round trips a day, is he earning enough to cover his meals?"

Chapter 337 - Why Can't I be the Father of a Rich Family?

"You young people are just too lazy," the middle-aged man remarked, glancing at his chicken. If no one were around, he'd likely pick up the chicken and eat it.

"Young man, are you married?"

"No."

“Do you have a girlfriend?”

“No.”

“What do your parents do?”

“They're farmers.”

Su Ming listened, growing increasingly uneasy. Why was he being questioned like this?

“Young people today are being corrupted by society,” the man continued. “You need to earn and save more money. You'll need a substantial amount for marriage and even more to buy a house. How much can your parents really have, living in the countryside?”

The middle-aged man took a bite of his meal and shook his head. “You should take a leaf out of my book. I start work at three in the morning and don't get to bed until ten at night. I can make 1,500 a day, easily pulling in 40,000 to 50,000 a month. I've even saved enough to help my son with his wedding and buying a house.”

“What does your son do?” Su Ming asked, blinking innocently.

“My son? He does nothing but play games all day,” the man admitted, almost reflexively. Then he paused, struck by the irony of his own words. Here he was, lecturing Su Ming, yet his own son was not nearly as responsible. At least Su Ming was working, unlike his son who spent his days gaming. The chicken leg in his hand suddenly seemed less appetizing.

“So, you're quite the earner,” Su Ming acknowledged with a nod.

The middle-aged man, buoyed by the compliment, puffed up with pride. “Hard work is key. The boss will only value you if you're diligent. I've just secured a deal with a big-time boss. I'll be working for him long-term and earning even more. I'm actually looking for an assistant. How about it? Do you want to work under me?”

He saw Su Ming as naive, someone he could easily bring into his fold.

Just then, a man approached from the side.

“Boss Sun!”

Upon seeing Boss Sun, the middle-aged man tossed his boxed lunch onto the ground and made a beeline for him.

“Boss Sun, when can I start working for you?”

The middle-aged man was brimming with eagerness.

Boss Sun maintained a stern expression.

He was about to respond when he caught sight of Su Ming and froze.

?Quickly sidestepping the middle-aged man, he made his way over to Su Ming.

The middle-aged man followed, stepping in front of Boss Sun.

“Boss Sun, we had an agreement that I'd take on this job. This young fellow lacks strength, experience, and he's quite lazy.”

“Scram!”

Boss Sun, visibly annoyed, shot the middle-aged man a glare before turning to Su Ming with a beaming smile.

“Chairman, what brings you here?”

“I'm looking to buy some shoes for farming.”

Su Ming returned the smile.

Eager to please, Boss Sun said, “In time, I plan to take up farming myself.”

Hearing this, the middle-aged man stared at Su Ming, dumbfounded.

“What are you staring at? This gentleman is the chairman of our group. If you join our company and become part of our transport team, you'll be working for our chairman, just as I do!”

Boss Sun declared, eyes wide with intensity.

The middle-aged man was utterly taken aback.

Su Ming chuckled.

“His job is quite tough. Boss Sun, perhaps you could consider a position for him, but I have one condition.”

“He must work alongside his son.”

Su Ming's laughter was warm and genuine.

Boss Sun caught on immediately.

He turned back to the middle-aged man.

“Did you catch that? Go home and drag that lazy son of yours here! Otherwise, I assure you that you won't find work anywhere in Eastsea!”

The middle-aged man looked perplexed but quickly grasped the situation.

He agreed in haste, foregoing his meal to jump in his car.

Determined, the middle-aged man resolved to get his son to work. He might not have the means to make his son wealthy by inheritance, but he could certainly become the father of a self-made success.

The more he thought about it, the more irate he became.

“Boss Sun, I'll leave you to your work. I'm heading back.”

“Okay!”

Boss Sun nodded promptly, watching as Su Ming departed.

Chapter 338 - Xiao Chen Whose Position Had Dropped Sharply

Su Ming arrived home and promptly tossed the clothes he had worn while working over the past two days into the washing machine for a quick wash. Afterward, he hung them out to dry on the balcony. Settling into his recliner, he soaked up the sun's warmth. Surrounded by lush green rice seedlings and the occasional sight of fish darting through the water, accompanied by the soft clucking of chickens, he reveled in the serene atmosphere. It was delightful!

Before he knew it, Su Ming had drifted off to sleep, not waking until night had fallen. He awoke to find a layer of dew covering him. Luckily, he had taken a Body-stretching Pill, which bolstered his robust health, sparing him from catching a cold.

After rising, Su Ming surveyed his land briefly before heading to the breeding zone to feed the animals. Later, he retreated indoors and spent several hours gaming, quickly ascending to the rank of top player. It wasn't until well into the night that he finally succumbed to a deep sleep.

Come morning, Su Ming opened his eyes, freshened up, and enjoyed his breakfast. Stepping outside, he noticed that the two buildings behind his house had been demolished, explaining the newfound spaciousness. Workers were busy preparing the foundations, which would soon be filled with soil, readying the land for cultivation.

Donning the new water boots he had purchased the day before, Su Ming set out to weed his farmland. As he worked diligently, the sound of approaching footsteps caught his attention. He walked to the door and was greeted by Xiao Chen's smiling face.

"Brother-in-law," Xiao Chen greeted cheerfully.

"What brings you here?" Su Ming inquired with a smile.

"Brother-in-law, my sister accompanied our grandfather today and couldn't make it," Xiao Chen explained.

Su Ming couldn't help but roll his eyes discreetly. His question had been directed at Xiao Chen's presence, not the absence of his sister. Misinterpreting Su Ming's reaction for disappointment, Xiao Chen quickly added, "Don't worry, brother-in-law, my sister will be here this afternoon."

"Scram!" Su Ming responded, a mix of amusement and exasperation in his voice.

Realizing his oversight, Xiao Chen slapped his forehead and said, "Brother-in-law, I got so excited seeing you that I forgot to discuss the important matter. My dad sent me to inform you that the buildings were demolished last night, and the workers are currently preparing the foundation. In two days, you'll be able to start farming on these plots."

"They're simultaneously building walls as they tear down the two buildings. The new walls will match the existing ones."

"Their work pace is impressive!" Xiao Chen exclaimed.

"I'm not particularly concerned about the speed," Su Ming said with a smile. He had done the math; once the six acres of land were consolidated, all of his crops would be perfectly ripe for harvesting. All except for that one special plant, which needed a few more days to reach maturity. Su Ming was filled with anticipation, eager to see the transformation of the land once it was combined. He glanced at Xiao Chen and noticed the dark circles under his eyes. "Did you not get any sleep last night?" Su Ming inquired.

Xiao Chen's expression turned to one of self-pity. "Brother-in-law, let's not talk about that." He was beginning to feel like the lowest-ranking member of his family. Just the previous night, he had been cozily in bed when his father summoned him. "Go to the construction site and supervise the workers for Mr. Su!" So, Xiao Chen dutifully headed to the site and pulled an all-nighter. If he had spent the night gaming at an internet cafe or partying at a club, he wouldn't have been nearly as worn out. The construction site was dusty, surrounded by steel and concrete, and he was among workers wearing hats, their faces smeared with grime. He stood there, as still as a post, but his presence made a difference. Without him, the workers wouldn't have demolished the buildings so quickly; his watchful eye kept them from slacking off.

"Hold on a second," Su Ming said with a chuckle, then went inside to retrieve a bottle of the Body-stretching Pill. Xiao Chen eyed the dark liquid warily. "Brother-in-law, we don't have any bad blood, do we?" he joked. "Rest assured, I'd happily leave all my inheritance to my sister and not take a dime for myself. Do I really have to drink this?" The sight of the black liquid made him uneasy; it looked toxic, and in the sunlight, it seemed to emit a greenish glow—no consumable liquid should ever look like that. Su Ming gave Xiao Chen a playful tap on the head and urged, "Stop the nonsense! Drink up, it's beneficial for you."

Xiao Chen nodded in agreement.

He couldn't help but think, "Great, another person to keep me in line. As if my grandfather, parents, and sister weren't enough. My luck just keeps getting worse."

Despite his trepidation, he accepted the bottle.

He was concerned that rejecting Su Ming would lead to a complaint to his father, which would surely result in punishment.

?With a sigh, he resigned himself to his fate.

With a look of resignation, Xiao Chen took a swig.

Su Ming chuckled at the sight.

?Contrary to his expectations, the black liquid wasn't bad at all. In fact, after just one gulp, his exhaustion vanished completely, leaving him feeling invigorated with boundless energy.

? "Brother-in-law, what is this stuff?"

Su Ming playfully tapped Xiao Chen's head once more.

"Don't ask about things that don't concern you!"

Xiao Chen nodded compliantly.

Su Ming observed Xiao Chen's reaction with a smile. He found the act of patting his head quite satisfying and gave in to the urge to do it again.

Xiao Chen was utterly baffled.

"Brother-in-law, why are you doing that?"

"The sensation of patting your head is quite pleasant; I just couldn't resist," Su Ming admitted with a hearty laugh.

?"Brother-in-law, you're picking on me."

?A look of hurt crossed Xiao Chen's face as he imagined a bleak future filled with such teasing.

"Are you upset?"

Su Ming gave him a stern look, his hand poised for another pat.

?"I'm thrilled!" Xiao Chen quickly shielded his head and retreated three steps.

Then something occurred to him, and he blurted out, "The workers unearthed a mouth of spring at the construction site. I'm not sure if we should seal it. Would you like to check it out?"

Su Ming's interest was piqued at the mention of a mouth of spring—a valuable find.

?He envisioned drilling a well there, freeing himself from the need to use tap water. After all, spring water is surely purer.

?"Let's go have a look."

"Sounds good!"

Xiao Chen took the lead, with Su Ming following close behind.

Chapter 339 - Where Is My Money??

?Two men were walking along when they rounded a corner and came upon a sports car parked at the roadside, its hood propped open. Beside it were two more sports cars, around which a group of young men, who had the air of wealthy heirs, were huddled at the front, diligently inspecting the vehicle.

"Couldn't you have checked the car's condition before we set out? You've completely spoiled my mood!" one of the young masters complained impatiently. Without warning, he smacked the back of the head of the person next to him.

The struck individual looked up, his face a picture of aggrieved innocence. "But this is your car," he protested weakly.

No sooner had he spoken than another slap landed on the back of his head. "I don't need you to tell me that!" the first young master snapped.

?"Brother Soong, there's nothing wrong with your car," interjected one of the car-savvy men, looking up in confusion.

?Soong Shuhang furrowed his brow, "Then why won't it start?"

The one who had been hit, Lee Qiushui, raised his hand feebly and ventured, "Did you put gas in it?"

Soong Shuhang slapped him yet again, "I filled it up just last week!" The group fell silent at this.

?They had been planning to drive from the provincial city to Eastsea today, a journey of nearly 300 kilometers. Everyone else had made sure to fill up their tanks before departing.

Soong Shuhang glanced around at the silent group and said dismissively, "What's with those looks? It's a minor issue." He showed no sign of embarrassment.

Just then, Soong Shuhang noticed Su Ming and Xiao Chen approaching from nearby. One was dressed in cotton shorts with military boots, and the other in casual attire with travel shoes. They didn't have the appearance of the affluent.

"You two!" Soong Shuhang called out, hand on his hip and pointing at Su Ming and Xiao Chen.

The pair turned, momentarily taken aback, then exchanged a glance and subtly sidestepped, having overheard the entire exchange. It was their first visit to Eastsea.

They might just be tourists.

And this is right in the heart of the city center.

Su Ming and Xiao Chen had just walked past a landmark building.

They realized they must have been blocking Soong Shuhang's view.

Soong Shuhang blinked.

Su Ming nodded, stepping back several paces with Xiao Chen.

Soong Shuhang looked puzzled.

"You two, come here," Soong Shuhang instructed.

? "I don't know how to fix cars," Su Ming admitted, shaking his head.

? "Neither do I," Xiao Chen added quickly.

?Soong Shuhang clarified, "Come here first. I'm not asking you to fix the car."

"Then what do you need?" Su Ming and Xiao Chen approached.

"Is there a gas station around here?" Soong Shuhang inquired.

"Yes," Su Ming confirmed with a nod.

Wang Guohui had once built a dedicated gas station for Su Ming, right next to the parking lot entrance.

"I'll give you two 100 yuan to go buy me a can of oil," Soong Shuhang said, pulling out 100 yuan from his belt.

"I won't do it," Su Ming refused, shaking his head.

Su Ming would have assisted if Soong Shuhang were an elderly or mobility-impaired person, honoring the traditional virtues of the imperial court. But Soong Shuhang was perfectly capable.

"Is the money not enough?" Soong Shuhang asked, offering another 100 yuan.

"That's for running the errand," he added with a hint of pride.

"I'm not going," Su Ming insisted, still shaking his head.

"I'll give you up to 300!" Soong Shuhang said, taking out another 100 yuan.

Before Su Ming could respond, a shadow zipped by, giving them all a start. It was a skateboarder speeding past.

Soong Shuhang was taken aback. Eastsea sure was full of surprises!

"Where's my money?" Soong Shuhang suddenly realized his money was gone. The skateboarder had snatched his three hundred yuan!

"Stop right there!" Soong Shuhang yelled, but the thief had already vanished around a corner, leaving Soong Shuhang on the verge of tears.

"Brother Soong," Lee Qiushui interjected, raising his hand, "there's no need for them to go buy it. We have a spare can of oil in our car."

"No way!"

Soong Shuhang was resolute, pulling out an additional 300 yuan from his pocket.

"You two are going to buy oil for me today, no excuses!"

The moment Soong Shuhang's words fell, another shadow darted by.

Soong Shuhang was fuming with anger.

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Chapter 340 - The Seven Brothers

Soong Shuhang was incredibly stubborn.

He whipped out another 300 yuan!

And once again, the 300 yuan was snatched by someone else!

This cycle continued.

Soong Shuhang was on the verge of tears.

"Brother-in-law, shall we head out?" Xiao Chen suggested, blinking as he stood behind Su Ming.

"Hold on, let's watch a bit longer!" Su Ming replied.

Spotting a bench by the roadside, they walked over and took a seat.

Soong Shuhang was utterly disheartened.

Yet, he was unwilling to stop.

Five minutes later, Soong Shuhang was out of money.

To his relief, he was finally penniless!

Why had he carried so much cash in the first place?

Clearly, it was to impress others.

But Soong Shuhang resolved that from now on, he would never carry cash again.

Then, that person reappeared!

"Where's the money? You broke loser!" he taunted before walking away.

Soong Shuhang was seething.

“Don't walk away! If you're so tough, come and fight me!” he challenged, nearly bursting with rage.

?No sooner had Soong Shuhang spoken than a young man emerged from the right-hand corner.

He had a backpack slung over his shoulder and a skateboard in hand.

“You want to fight with me?”

“Yes, I want to fight you. We're not afraid of you; there's a bunch of us!” Soong Shuhang declared, hands on hips and full of bravado.

?He had three friends backing him up.

“Big Brother, are they looking for a fight?” asked another young man, appearing on the scene.

?He was dressed identically, with a matching backpack and skateboard.

Soong Shuhang was taken aback.

Their muscular physiques were somewhat intimidating.

Soong Shuhang reckoned that the four of them could at least hold their own against two.

“Big Brother, Second Brother, they're asking for a fight?” chimed in another, identical to the first two.

?Soong Shuhang felt a twinge of fear.

Triplets, perhaps?

Still, Soong Shuhang believed they had a fighting chance!

“Big Brother, Second Brother, Third Brother, they're up for a fight!” announced yet another young man, joining the fray.

?Soong Shuhang was dumbfounded!

And then, a fifth young man appeared!

The sixth guy emerged!

Then came the seventh!

Soong Shuhang was utterly dumbfounded.

It dawned on him that the seven had been taking turns trying to swipe his cash.

Su Ming and Xiao Chen, spectating from a distance, were nearly in hysterics.

“Big brother, how much did you rake in?”

“1200.”

“I only managed to snag 600.”

“That's not too shabby.”

“Second Brother, you pocketed 1500, didn't you?”

“How'd you guess?”

Someone chimed in, “I caught you sneaking into the queue!”

“We'll take the money to the hospital later.”

“Sure thing!”

In front of Soong Shuhang, the seven brothers delved into their discussion.

Shuhang was on the verge of tears.

Su Ming and Xiao Chen were taken aback when they overheard.

What was this situation?

“Considering you're a visitor from out of town, we'll spare you this time.”

The eldest of the seven stepped forward.

“You hit someone with your car and fled the scene.”

“Judging by your license plate, you're from the provincial city. You're a real disgrace to the place!”

They accused, pointing directly at Soong Shuhang.

Su Ming and Xiao Chen quickly caught on.

These seven weren't thieves after all.

Soong Shuhang, accustomed to his own arrogance, had hit someone with his car and didn't even bother to stop.

There he stood, head hung low, the picture of a chastened schoolboy.

His three buddies behind him, in perfect unison, turned away and gazed skyward.

Soong Shuhang remained frozen, not daring to make a move.

He endured a half-hour tirade from the seven.

Finally, they dispersed.

Soong Shuhang breathed a sigh of relief.

Su Ming and Xiao Chen exchanged glances, then rose to their feet, ready to take their leave.

Seeing Su Ming, Soong Shuhang's irritation flared anew.

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