

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

#Chapter 371 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 371

Chapter 371 - I'll Give You More

The old lady was in obvious pain when she spotted Su Qiu.

"I can't remember where my home is. It seems I have one child, or maybe two. I'm not sure."

Her speech was confusing to listen to.

Su Ming and Su Qiu exchanged a glance, suspecting the old lady might be suffering from Alzheimer's disease.

"Brother, should I help her or not?" Su Qiu asked, still uncertain.

"It's tough to do the right thing in today's world."

"Let's help her out. Don't worry, I've got your back," Su Ming reassured her with a nod.

"Alright."

Su Qiu stepped forward and gently supported the old lady's arms. "Grandma, let me help you stand. Try to remember the way home. You should get back."

"Okay. My leg is hurting."

No sooner had Su Qiu helped the old lady to her feet than two vans screeched to a halt before and behind them.

The doors flew open.

A group of seven or eight people charged at them.

"Mom, what happened? How did you fall?" one of the men asked as he hurried over.

"Son, they're the ones who hit me with their car!" the old lady accused, pointing at Su Ming.

Su Ming and Su Qiu were stunned.

"This old lady's acting is flawlessly connected," they thought to themselves.

"We couldn't even tell you were pretending."

"Your portrayal of Alzheimer's was incredibly convincing."

"But as soon as your people arrived,"

"Your back stopped hurting, your legs weren't sore, you could talk clearly, and your mind was sharp again."

"Old lady, it was you who fell on your own. We had already stopped the car before you fell. I was only trying to help you up. Why are you blaming us?" Su Qiu pleaded urgently.

"You young people hit me with your car, and now you're denying it. My leg hurts, my head hurts, my knee hurts," the old lady wailed anew.

She furrowed her brow, looking genuinely injured.

The expressions of the people from the vans turned hostile in an instant.

They quietly encircled Su Ming and Su Qiu.

They had a menacing look in their eyes.

"Hey, young man, you're driving way too recklessly. How could you hit my elderly mother?"

"Exactly. This is a narrow alley with a speed limit. You were driving way too fast. Look how far you sent my mother flying."

Su Ming blinked.

He thought to himself, "I'm not even going to mention your scamming attempt."

"I just realized that the old lady supposedly fell right in front of the car."

"But after you two got out, she managed to scoot several meters on the ground."

"This lady must have incredible stamina."

Inwardly, Su Ming gave her a mental thumbs-up.

"Maggots couldn't slide as far as you did."

“And in this heat, too.”

“You're really something.”

“Doesn't it burn?”

“Even though it's autumn, it's nearly midday. The sun is beating down, and it's hot.”

“Moreover, at your age...”

“If my car had really sent you flying several meters, you probably wouldn't be breathing right now.”

“Kid, why the silent treatment? I'm telling you, this isn't over. You're taking my mom to the hospital for a checkup immediately. And you're going to pay us today, not a cent less.”

With that, they advanced a few steps.

Su Qiu was so upset she was on the verge of tears, thinking, “I was just trying to help, and this is the thanks I get?”

Su Ming just smiled and reassuringly patted his sister's shoulder.

“And what if I refuse?”

No sooner had Su Ming spoken than the old lady burst into dramatic sobs. Her cries were so loud it was as though her voice was amplified.

“The youth today have no sense of public duty.”

“You hit me and now refuse to pay up.”

“There's no morality left!”

The old lady's voice boomed.

Her voice was robust and strong.

Su Ming observed and mused, “With your build, not even a tank could take you down, let alone a car.”

“You could probably live another 40 years with no trouble at all.”

“The saying is true: ‘Good people die young, but trouble lasts a millennium.’”

The street was about ten meters across.

Shops lined both sides of the street, bustling with a steady stream of pedestrians. The imperial court's penchant for spectacle quickly became evident. Within minutes, a large crowd had gathered around the scene.

An elderly woman sat on the ground, wailing and slapping the pavement in distress. She had resorted to a tactic well-known among her peers: the first move in the Crying Style, which was to create a scene.

"The heavens are blind! These two are picking on me!" she cried out.

"They bumped into me and won't even compensate me. Is there no justice left?"

"I'm just a poor, 75-year-old woman."

Her tears and snot flowed as if she had truly been struck by a vehicle.

"Young man, just own up to hitting someone," a bystander chimed in.

"I was just over there, having a smoke. I saw them hit this old lady with their car."

"That's exactly what happened. I saw it too!" another confirmed.

?Voices from the crowd grew louder as more people joined in without knowing the full story.

"You two, so young and driving such a nice car, you hit someone and won't pay up?"

"Don't leave, you two. Let's call the police and let them sort this out."

"This old lady's age means you've probably shortened her life with that hit."

The uninformed onlookers began to frown and point fingers at Su Ming and Su Qiu.

? "You!" Su Qiu was livid. These people hadn't witnessed the incident, didn't know the truth, yet they were quick to pass judgment. It was a baseless accusation!

"Calm down, I've got this," Su Ming reassured her with a smile, stepping forward.

He turned to the old lady's towering son. "Are you her son?"

? "Yes, I am. Listen here, kid, you're not getting away today. Take my mom to the hospital, pay for the damages, and we can put this behind us. Otherwise, we'll get the police involved, take it to court, and you might just find yourself behind bars. You're young; a criminal record wouldn't look good for you," the tall man said with a scoff.

?Su Ming stroked his chin and nodded thoughtfully. "You've got a point."

"That's right!" exclaimed the tall man.

"This kid looks young but drives a luxury car. He's definitely loaded," they thought to themselves, exchanging knowing glances.

"This time, we're going to strike it rich."

"I've got other things to handle, so I can't take her to the hospital. You guys do it. Isn't it just money you want from me? Tell me how much you want," Su Ming said with a faint smile.

? "Can it really be this easy?" they wondered, their faces lighting up with joy.

? "You seem like a straightforward guy. We won't ask for too much. Let's say three hundred thousand. No, make it five hundred thousand!" one of them declared, trying to sound firm.

? "The old lady got hit by my car, and five hundred thousand is too little. I'll give you two million. Once you have the two million, we're square, and you can't hassle me anymore," Su Ming said, smiling again.

?The number left them dumbfounded.

"So much money?" they thought.

"Today we've really hit the jackpot with this easy mark!"

"He's got to be some rich young heir who doesn't care about money."

"We're going to get rich."

"Fantastic."

Chapter 372 - Su Ming's Tricks

"I didn't expect you to be so clever."

One of them stepped forward and gave Su Ming a pat on the shoulder.

"Don't worry, once you've paid, we're done here. I'm a man of my word. We won't hassle you again."

The young man grinned from ear to ear.

Two million would tide him over for some time.

“Must be tough, your line of work?”

Su Ming asked as he pulled out his phone.

“It's not too exhausting,” the young man replied.

?”This two million isn't chump change. I'm using it to close this chapter. You get my drift?”

Su Ming said, chuckling.

“No problem at all!”

The young man slapped his chest and assured loudly, “Rest easy, I guarantee you won't have to deal with this kind of situation ever again.”

Su Ming smiled. “I'll need a receipt.”

The man paused, taken aback.

It was the first time he'd encountered such a request.

“Just write a note, and if this ever happens again, I'll show it.”

Su Ming continued, still smiling.

The man had an epiphany: “That's no big deal. Third Brother, write him a note.”

“Sure thing!”

Another man agreed cheerfully and quickly scribbled down a note.

?Su Ming examined the note in his hand.

The handwriting was atrocious.

“Fine, give me your account details.”

The young man couldn't contain his excitement now that they were getting down to business.

He hurriedly fished out a bank card from his pocket.

Su Ming didn't hesitate and called Tianhua Bank.

He transferred two million.

The man was ecstatic when he received the confirmation message.

“Thanks, bro!”

He shook hands with Su Ming enthusiastically.

Onlookers who were unaware of the situation might have mistaken them for actual brothers.

At that moment, the old lady's back pain miraculously disappeared, and she stood up straight.

Su Ming offered a wry smile.

“Let's not waste any more time, then.”

The man said, and with a grand gesture, led his group away.

?They moved with surprising speed, as if they were trained for it.

The crowd watching was left speechless.

Despite earlier defenses of the old lady, it was clear from the exchange that Su Ming was being extorted.

Su Qiu, who had been observing, was taken aback.

It finally dawned on her.

“Brother! They're blatantly extorting you!”

“Don't rush.”

Su Ming offered a knowing smile before addressing the onlookers.

“Everyone, these individuals are engaging in extortion, which I'm sure you've realized by now.”

As Su Ming's words settled, several heads around him nodded in agreement.

“I'd like to ask for your assistance.”

His request left the crowd momentarily taken aback.

“Who here has a video recording? I'll buy it for 10,000.”

Su Ming announced.

The crowd buzzed with excitement.

A vendor nearby, who had been idly standing by, sprang into action.

“I was just killing time and happened to record everything, including the conversation!”

Su Ming nodded in approval, walked over to review the footage, and promptly transferred 100,000 yuan.

The surrounding crowd's excitement intensified.

“I have a video too!”

It was as if a frenzy had taken hold, with people eagerly offering their videos and testimonies.

Those without recordings could only look on in frustration.

Before long, seven individuals had provided Su Ming with evidence, and he transferred a total of 700,000 yuan to them.

Subsequently, Su Ming contacted the authorities.

In under ten minutes, the police arrived, led by Captain Wu himself.

?”Mr. Su, it's been a while.”

Captain Wu approached Su Ming quickly, greeting him with a friendly handshake.

Su Ming's strategy had proven incredibly effective.

“It's good to see you, Captain Wu.”

Su Ming returned the greeting with a smile.

He handed over all the gathered evidence to Captain Wu, who scrutinized it and furrowed his brow.

?”Not them again!”

Captain Wu expressed his frustration: “This group is notorious for such schemes, always targeting secluded areas. They flee at the first sign of police.”

“But now, with this video evidence, we can finally catch them.”

Captain Wu couldn't hide his elation.

“Captain Wu, I have additional evidence.”

With that, Su Ming produced a slip of paper.

Chapter 373 - I Want This Room

“Don't worry, Mr. Su, with this video and note in hand, I'll round them all up,” Captain Wu said, beaming with excitement.

?It was clear that this was the work of a gang.

And it wasn't just any gang—these crooks were definitely connected to others.

Following this trail, who knows how many secrets could be unearthed.

It's quite sad, really.

The swindlers roaming the streets have no idea they've been sold out by their own teammates.

There's truth in the saying that one shouldn't fear a formidable enemy as much as a foolish teammate.

They must be cursing up a storm now, realizing these fools left behind a note.

Such stupidity was beyond belief.

Couldn't they think things through?

Captain Wu promptly excused himself to go make the arrests.

Meanwhile, Su Ming and Su Qiu continued on their way to Appliances City.

?But Appliances City wasn't just about appliances; it offered a wide array of electronic products as well.

Su Ming found a parking spot and with Su Qiu in tow, headed straight for a nearby store.

He purchased the most expensive smartphone available.

He didn't stop there; he also bought a laptop and a desktop computer.

He requested the best specs for his computer, including a large screen, though the store needed some time to prepare the order. Su Ming left his address for delivery.

They spent the better part of the morning shopping and didn't leave until noon.

Stepping out of the store, Su Qiu's stomach growled audibly.

She blushed, feeling a bit embarrassed.

?"Are you hungry?" Su Ming asked with a smile, patting his own stomach. "Truth be told, I'm a bit peckish myself. Come on, I'll treat you to something tasty."

"Okay!"

Su Qiu nodded, and Su Ming took the lead with her following. The city center was bustling with activity. They rounded a corner and soon came upon a grand restaurant.

?The entrance was adorned with lavish decorations.

The restaurant stretched nearly thirty meters in length and spanned three stories.

?"Let's eat here," Su Ming suggested with a smile.

?"Brother..." Su Qiu hesitated. "Isn't this place a bit too pricey? Maybe we should eat at the smaller place next door?"

"Why worry? It's my treat. Let's go."

After finishing his sentence, Su Ming strode into the restaurant. Su Qiu hesitated at the entrance but eventually followed him inside.

"Welcome!"

The establishment clearly maintained high standards; the hostesses greeting guests at the door were as stunning as flight attendants.

"May I ask if it's just the two of you?" one of the hostesses inquired with a warm smile.

?"Yes! Do you have a private room available?"

"Of course, sir. Right this way, please!"

The hostess led them upstairs to the third floor. Su Ming surveyed the restaurant's interior and gave a nod of approval. The layout was impressive, with a meticulous design that featured famous paintings on the walls and rare spider plants placed at intervals. Su Ming could tell at a glance that the paintings were genuine. However,

being a Sichuan restaurant, the kitchen's greasy fumes necessitated that the artworks be protected behind glass. Along the corridor, there was a cabinet displaying an array of valuable porcelain.

Before long, they reached their private room and settled into their seats. Su Ming picked up the menu, and Su Qiu did the same. Her eyes widened at the prices. "Oh my god, the dishes here are so expensive. One spicy boiled fish is 888 yuan!"

"Brother!"

For Su Qiu, 888 yuan was once one or two months' worth of living expenses. She remarked, "Isn't that a bit too pricey?"

"Don't worry about it. The food here is worth the price," Su Ming reassured her with a smile, then called out to the server, "Could we have a Kung Pao chicken, fish-flavored shredded pork, boiled meat, spicy boiled fish, two bowls of rice, a bottle of hot water, and two Cokes, please?"

"Right away!" The waitress responded cheerfully and went to prepare their order.

The aroma from the kitchen wafted through the air, and their hunger made them eager for the meal to come. As they waited, a loud argument erupted outside their room.

"What's the problem here? Why can't I enter this room?" a man's voice demanded, his tone edged with frustration.

"I'm sorry, sir, but the room is already occupied," the hostess explained.

The man let out a derisive laugh and retorted, "Just ask around the city, who doesn't know me? I'm telling you, get those two out of there. I want to dine in the private room. If not, I'll be speaking to your boss about this!"

"I'm sorry, sir, but we really..."

The young lady's words were cut short by a crisp sound at the door, clearly indicating that the man had struck her. Su Ming's brow furrowed slightly as he thought, "Who could be so domineering?"

He approached the door and pushed it open to get a better look.

A young man stood at the entrance.

Dressed in an exceptionally expensive suit and gleaming leather shoes, he sported a small bag at his waist and slicked-back hair. A large, flashy watch adorned his wrist, sparkling conspicuously.

His presence seemed to demand attention, as if he were saying, "Look at me, I'm wealthy. Come and admire me!"

Zhou Yong caught sight of the door swinging open and scrutinized Su Ming from head to toe, a scornful smirk quickly spreading across his face.

?To him, Su Ming appeared destitute.

This man was flaunting his wealth just because he had a little money in his pocket!

But he, Zhou Yong, was truly affluent.

? "Give me this private room immediately," he demanded, pulling out five banknotes from his pocket. "Don't worry, I'm not unreasonable. Take this money and dine at another establishment."

"Oh?"

Su Ming responded with a calm smile. "I'm sorry, but I'm not giving up this room."

Zhou Yong, taken aback by the refusal, burst into an incredulous laugh. "You dare to disrespect me? I was generously offering you money, but now I've changed my mind. Get out of here, now!"

Just then, the clacking of high heels resonated from the staircase. A heavily made-up woman approached Zhou Yong and clung to him tenderly, saying, "Darling, I'm so grateful. I've always wanted to dine here but could never afford it. Thank you, my love. What's the issue? Is the private room occupied? Maybe we should just eat downstairs."

"No way!" Zhou Yong replied, his agitation mounting.

?As Young Master Zhou, he couldn't afford to be embarrassed in front of a woman.

"This is your last chance. Take the money and leave, or don't blame me if I resort to force," Zhou Yong said with a cold laugh.

?He had intended to tower over Su Ming in disdain, but his height fell short.

No matter!

Zhou Yong mused to himself, "I may not be able to outdo him in that regard, but I've got money, and money talks!"

"Apologies, I'm staying put."

Su Ming repeated his stance firmly.

Chapter 374 - If the Thing Is Broken You Have to Pay the Compensation

Upon hearing the remark, Zhou Yong was taken aback.

"You won't even give me face!" he thought indignantly.

"Well, I'll just have to show you the disparity between our statuses!"

Zhou Yong was gearing up to respond when Su Qiu emerged from the private room, a look of concern etched on her face.

?His eyes bulged at the sight of her. He was taken aback to find this seemingly destitute man dining with such a beauty.

Su Qiu had always been strikingly beautiful, and her challenging life had left her slender and frail, giving her a pallid complexion that only accentuated her delicate appearance.

The sight of such a fragile and lovely woman often sparked a deep protective instinct in men.

Zhou Yong was convinced that Su Qiu's frailty was due to her poor quality of life with Su Ming.

"I'll be the one to rescue her from this," he resolved.

"Beauty, allow me to introduce myself. I'm Zhou Yong from the Zhou Group. My wealth isn't vast, just a few hundred million."

"Our meeting must be destiny. Why not get to know each other better? You're clearly not thriving with this impoverished fellow. How about considering a life with me? With me, you'll have wealth, a car, and everything else you could desire."

Zhou Yong advanced toward Su Qiu with a smile.

Su Qiu recoiled in alarm.

Ye Fenglong had once courted her, but at least Young Master Ye was handsome, whereas Zhou Yong resembled a potato.

With a scoff, Su Ming shifted to the left, positioning himself protectively in front of Su Qiu.

"If you don't have anything significant to say, we were just about to dine," Su Ming said with a dismissive smile.

"Damn it!" Zhou Yong seethed at the response.

He fumed internally, "Didn't you grasp what I'm saying? You might be taller and better looking than me, but I'm wealthier. And I certainly outweigh you."

"Today, I'm the one who will dine with this beauty. What are you going to do about it?" Zhou Yong sneered, reaching out to grab Su Qiu.

Startled, Su Qiu stumbled backward in fright, inadvertently colliding with a nearby shelf.

The shelf wobbled and toppled over.

Porcelain items that had been displayed on the shelf came crashing down, shattering into pieces with a resounding clamor.

Seeing the chaos unfold, Su Qiu was instantly overwhelmed with panic.

"Brother, what do we do?"

Su Qiu may not have been well-versed in porcelain, but she knew that even if these pieces weren't renowned, they would still be quite costly.

"Don't worry."

Su Ming reassured her with a smile, "I'm here, so there's no need to be scared."

We were on the third floor, where private rooms were filled to capacity.

The clientele here were generally of high status.

This was precisely why Zhou Yong felt emboldened to hassle Su Ming and Su Qiu.

The sound of the porcelain shattering caught the attention of many. Curious guests from other private rooms emerged.

Upon closer inspection, they were shocked.

"I've dined in this room before. The priciest piece here is the Ming Dynasty Blue and White Porcelain."

"I've warned the owner about keeping such valuable items in the private rooms, but he ignored my advice. Now, the porcelain is indeed broken."

"These items aren't cheap," murmured the onlookers with a collective sigh.

The combined value of the porcelain was astronomical. They assumed Zhou Yong, Su Ming, and Su Qiu, who appeared to be college students, wouldn't have the means to compensate.

A commotion of hurried footsteps approached from the staircase. The hotel manager arrived in a frenzy, his face falling at the sight of the shattered porcelain.

His fingers quivered as he said, "Miss, these pieces are genuine."

"The most valuable is the Ming Dynasty official kiln Blue and White Porcelain. Our boss acquired it at auction for over half a million."

Hearing this, Su Qiu was beside herself with worry. What could she possibly do?

"It's okay."

Su Ming gave Su Qiu's shoulder a reassuring pat and addressed the manager, "How much for the damages? I'll cover it."

"You? Can you really afford it?" Zhou Yong jeered from the sidelines.

?Su Ming paid him no mind and continued to face the manager, "I'll cover the cost."

?"Do you really have the means?" The manager was skeptical. "Your attire doesn't scream wealth, and this young man is even wearing a child's watch. You must be joking."

The manager feared a severe reprimand from his boss, possibly even a deduction from his wages.

"The total comes to about one million dollars. Can you truly cover that? Perhaps you should call your family, and I'll inform the boss. We can discuss the matter of compensation together."

The manager was reasonable. After all, a million yuan was a significant sum.

If the police got involved, it wouldn't be so straightforward. Criminal compensation would mean a record that could tarnish their futures.

"Give me your bank account number." Su Ming pulled out his phone, utterly indifferent to the million.

If he withdrew all his money to purchase the Blue and White Porcelain, it could fill a football field.

And if he decided to sell the unused items in his house, the porcelain he could buy might pack Eastsea City to the brim.

"Alright," the manager conceded, signaling to a waiter to jot down the bank account details.

Zhou Yong scoffed.

"Manager Cao, don't let them deceive you. Do they even have that kind of money?" Zhou Yong challenged.

"Better call the police quick, before they jump out the window and you end up compensating them," he added, rolling his eyes.

?He thought to himself, "You should've left this private room earlier. If you'd just taken the 500 yuan, you wouldn't be in this mess now."

"What's happening here?"

Just then, a commanding voice rang out.

Manager Cao turned to see the boss had arrived.

"Boss, they accidentally shattered all the porcelain in the room."

"What?" The boss was taken aback.

He rushed over, about to survey the damage, when his eyes landed on Su Ming.

He seemed vaguely familiar. The boss felt he had seen him somewhere before.

Then it clicked. "This is Mr. Su!"

The boss's mix of anxiety and anger vanished instantly. He smiled, bowed, and made a beeline for Su Ming. "Mr. Su, I had no idea you were here. Had I known, I would have personally attended to you."

"You recognize me?" Su Ming asked, eyeing the boss curiously.

Chapter 375 - Double Standards

"Absolutely!"

Boss Shen said in a rush, "I was there when you sold those antiques at Antiques City."

Su Ming had an aha moment and nodded in acknowledgment.

He didn't remember this man, though; the crowd had been too large at the time.

"No worries. How much are these antiques worth? I'll cover the cost."

Su Ming offered with a warm smile.

Upon hearing this, Boss Shen vigorously shook his head. "No need for compensation. These are all counterfeits. They were actually fortunate to be smashed by you."

His statement was met with silence from the onlookers.

They were utterly perplexed.

Boss Shen's sycophancy was nauseating to them.

He had always aggressively marketed these antiques. How could they possibly be fakes?

Manager Cao was equally stunned.

He was the most aware of the authenticity of the antiques, not only as the hotel manager but also as Boss Shen's personal assistant. Boss Shen had instructed him to purchase these antiques.

All eyes turned to Su Ming, curious about his identity and why Boss Shen would lie.

Su Ming just laughed after hearing this.

Boss Shen's flattery skills were on par with President Chen's.

"Manager Cao, if those are fake antiques, why are you asking Mr. Su to compensate us?" Boss Shen turned and glared at Manager Cao, raising his voice.

Manager Cao was even more taken aback by Boss Shen's remarks.

He felt it was unfair for Boss Shen to put the blame on him.

But what could he do after Boss Shen had spoken?

Boss Shen revered Mr. Su more than his own father. If Boss Shen couldn't afford to offend Mr. Su, how could he dare?

He certainly didn't want to lose his job.

"My apologies, Mr. Su, I misspoke. All the antiques in our store are fakes. Feel free to break them if you wish."

Manager Cao said hastily.

Boss Shen, hearing this, nodded frantically, internally commending Manager Cao's adeptness at flattery.

Su Ming blinked. "Are you certain I don't owe you compensation?"

"Absolutely not!" Boss Shen emphatically shook his head before adding, "Let it be known, should Mr. Su or this lady visit our store in the future, we must offer them our finest private rooms, the best ingredients, and waive all fees!"

"Yes, boss!"

All the staff snapped to attention, their voices booming in unison, reminiscent of a military drill.

Su Ming was caught between laughter and tears.

"Mr. Su, what would you like to eat? Manager Cao, please bring the menu. I'd like to personally attend to Mr. Su."

Suddenly, a crisp voice rang out.

Everyone glanced sideways.

On the corridor floor lay a pile of shattered pieces.

They were all taken aback.

Another antique destroyed?

Their gazes quickly shifted to the person responsible.

The culprit was the woman accompanying Zhou Yong.

Her feet were weary from the prolonged wear of high heels.

She had intended to rest against the wall, but lost her balance.

As she nearly toppled over, she clutched at an antique vase beside her.

It plummeted to the ground, breaking into fragments.

Realizing all eyes were on her, she hurried to Zhou Yong's side, pressing her ample bosom against his arm. "Young Master Zhou, I'm so frightened."

"Don't worry!"

Zhou Yong immediately responded, "Boss Shen, let me know its value, and I'll gladly cover the cost. Besides, it's just a fake antique!"

Though taken aback by Su Ming's status, he was determined not to be outdone.

Su Qiu had just damaged several antiques, and Su Ming had promptly offered to compensate Boss Shen.

Now that Zhou Yong's companion had broken an antique, he too was ready to make amends.

It was merely a trifle to him.

Zhou Yong was confident that once he took over his father's company, he would surpass Su Ming in prowess!

He aspired to make his name resonate throughout Eastsea City and beyond!

Boss Shen and Manager Cao exchanged a knowing look.

Manager Cao quietly pulled out his phone, located a photo, and held it up for Zhou Yong to see.

?"My apologies, sir. This ceramic piece is from the Qing Dynasty, acquired by my boss just last week at an auction. It's valued at 880,000 yuan!"

"How much?"

Zhou Yong nearly collapsed in shock.

"Manager Cao, but you just claimed all these antiques were fakes!" he blurted out in haste.

?Manager Cao offered a wry smile. "To Mr. Su, everything here is a facade, including the shop itself. But for you, it's the real deal."

Upon hearing the news, Zhou Yong was immediately filled with rage.

Su Qiu had shattered numerous antiques, yet they didn't demand any compensation from Su Ming; instead, they were busy flattering him.

They were applying double standards, treating different people in completely different ways. It was outrageous!

"Why aren't they required to pay for the antiques they broke? Why do we have to pay when we break something? This is unacceptable. I'm going to call the police. I'm going to take legal action against you!"

Zhou Yong exclaimed loudly.

Truth be told, he wasn't wealthy. His claim of having hundreds of millions of yuan was pure fabrication.

His father merely owned a small renovation business.

Their family wealth, a few tens of millions of yuan, paled in comparison to that of genuinely affluent families.

Even though his bank account held only 200,000 yuan, he felt incredibly powerful, as if he could do anything he pleased.

If his father found out about the loss of 880,000 yuan, he would be furious enough to break his legs!

Under no circumstances could he afford to compensate them!

Zhou Yong, feeling indignant, got into a heated argument with Manager Cao. Even after Manager Cao presented the appraisal certificate, Zhou Yong remained defiant.

Onlookers gathered around, pulling up stools to form a circle and watch the unfolding drama.

?It was incredibly thrilling, even more so than the New Year's gala!

Chapter 376 - The Annoying Roast Duck

Zhou Yong was utterly stunned.

He suspected it was all a setup.

The crowd that had gathered insisted everything was authentic.

As the hotel filled with more people, security guards encircled Zhou Yong, sending him into a frenzy.

Beads of cold sweat streamed down his forehead.

Then, an idea struck him.

?His father had a close friend, a sworn brother, who happened to be the owner of a Trade Company.

This man was extraordinarily wealthy, with assets in the hundreds of billions!

It was he who had introduced Zhou Yong's father to the business world.

With this in mind, Zhou Yong clenched his jaw in determination.

“Wait here, I’m calling someone right now!”

He declared, pulling out his phone.

“Uncle Wang, I’m being picked on.”

Zhou Yong’s voice quivered with emotion.

“What’s the matter? Calm down, tell me what happened,” came the authoritative response.

“They’re trying to extort me. I accidentally broke a vase at this Sichuan restaurant, and now they’re demanding 880,000 for it.”

The voice on the line grew stern.

“Don’t worry, there’s no need to be scared. I’ve got your back, and no one will dare to mess with you. Has your dad heard about this?”

“I haven’t told him yet.”

“Which restaurant is it?”

“Sichuan Restaurant,” Zhou Yong replied.

The voice remained even-tempered. “I’m nearby, dining at a hotel. Stay put, I’ll be there shortly.”

With that, the call ended.

Zhou Yong’s confidence surged.

“Just wait, my uncle is on his way.”

He stood with hands on hips, defiant.

Manager Cao, upon hearing this, was visibly irritated.

Su Ming offered a slight smile. “Let’s have the food first, boss. I’m famished.”

The boss nodded in agreement and quickly directed the waitstaff to prepare the meal.

Su Ming approached the waitress Zhou Yong had slapped earlier.

With a kind smile, he said, "I apologize for the trouble you've faced."

"It's okay," she replied, her face tinged with redness and her eyes brimming with tears.

Despite her distress, she shook her head and insisted she was alright.

"I'll give you a week off with a month's pay. Take some time to rest, and when you return, you'll be promoted to lobby manager."

Boss Shen quickly made his stance known on the matter at hand.

The waitress had departed.

Su Ming and Su Qiu were seated in the room, enjoying their meal.

Boss Shen and Manager Cao bustled about in front of Su Ming and Su Qiu.

Zhou Yong, poor guy, had arrived on an empty stomach.

The tantalizing aroma made him even hungrier, yet he was immobilized.

The five security guards eyed him as if he were a criminal.

It took a full half hour before footsteps could be heard from downstairs.

Zhou Yong turned his head and nearly burst into tears.

His Uncle Wang had finally arrived!

"Uncle Wang, you've come."

Zhou Yong's voice was tinged with a cry.

The man nodded in acknowledgment.

He couldn't suppress a belch.

The scent wasn't exactly pleasant, but Zhou Yong recognized it immediately.

It was the roast duck from the neighboring restaurant!

He had been dining at a place just a stone's throw away, yet it had taken him half an hour to come over.

But no matter how much Zhou Yong felt aggrieved, he had to keep it to himself.

He dared not voice his complaints.

“Who has been bullying you?”

Uncle Wang entered the private room with his hands clasped behind his back, his demeanor calm and collected.

Zhou Yong followed, his posture exuding arrogance.

“Uncle Wang, it was them who bullied me!”

Zhou Yong accused, pointing at Su Ming and the others.

Uncle Wang gave a nod and rubbed his eyelids.

His gaze settled on the young man seated at the head table, who was now looking back at him.

He became fully alert.

“Mr. Su!”

The man's face broke into a warm and enthusiastic smile.

He made his way swiftly to Su Ming's side, brushing past Boss Shen and Manager Cao.

“You don't know how to take care of Mr. Su properly. I'll handle it.”

“Chairman Wang, I must remind you, this is my hotel. It's quite inappropriate for you to act this way.”

Boss Shen was clearly displeased.

“Mr. Su is here for a rare visit to our hotel, you shouldn't be behaving like this,” Manager Cao chimed in.

The man in question was Wang Guohui.

He had indeed been enjoying roast duck at the nearby restaurant.

The duck had just come out of the oven when he received Zhou Yong's call.

Frankly, Wang Guohui had never been fond of Zhou Yong.

But Zhou Yong was his nephew, and he couldn't just ignore the boy's plight.

So, he had Zhou Yong wait for half an hour as a lesson.

He was filled with regret now. Had he known Su Ming was here, he would have hurried over immediately.

“Chairman Wang, I may not have your wealth or your status, but this is my hotel, and my word is law here,” Boss Shen declared.

“Upon hearing this, Wang Guohui retorted, “Are you challenging me?”

“Do you think I'm scared of you?”

“Let's see then.”

“Manager Cao, and the rest of you, come here and lend a hand.”

“Are you trying to gang up on me?”

“We're all eager to serve Mr. Su at the moment. Yes, we're singling you out.”

Chapter 377 - A Very Experienced Dishwasher

Wang Guohui and Boss Shen were locked in a heated argument, while Zhou Yong stood at the door, his face etched with confusion.

What exactly was happening?

Zhou Yong was desperate for someone to explain what had transpired. Why had Uncle Wang, who was supposed to be on his side, suddenly switched allegiances to Su Ming?

No matter how Zhou Yong pondered the situation, it just didn't sit right with him. He cautiously inquired, “Uncle Wang, weren't you here to assist me?”

“Get lost!” Wang Guohui looked up, his eyes bulging as he barked the insult.

Zhou Yong was left speechless by the rebuke.

“I usually turn a blind eye to your antics, but you've gone and offended Mr. Su? You're bold, I'll give you that! But you've really done it now. Nobody can help you!” Wang Guohui declared, his brow furrowed.

“What?” Zhou Yong was stunned.

“Get your father here to deal with this mess,” Wang Guohui said icily before dismissing Zhou Yong.

Wang Guohui, Boss Shen, and Manager Cao were all diligently attending to Su Ming and Su Qiu.

The onlookers from the nearby private rooms recognized Wang Guohui as Boss Wang of the Trade Company.

He was known as the wealthiest man in Eastsea.

Even he was deferential in Su Ming's presence.

It was clear to everyone that this young man must be someone of significant influence.

With that in mind, they approached Su Ming with beaming smiles, offering toasts and engaging in conversation. The room buzzed with activity.

Left alone in the hallway, Zhou Yong had no choice but to call his father.

Upon receiving the news, Zhou Jianshan was on the verge of fury.

He rushed to the scene in his car.

"Look at the mess you've made! I refuse to acknowledge an unfilial son like you today!"

Upon arrival, Zhou Jianshan immediately berated his son.

Hearing his father's harsh words, Zhou Yong was on the brink of tears.

He couldn't fathom the severity of the situation. As his father's only son, how could his father disown him?

After giving Zhou Yong a stern talking-to, Zhou Jianshan quickly approached Su Ming, bowed deeply, and offered his apologies, "Mr. Su, I am deeply sorry. I have failed in my duties as a parent, and I can no longer claim him as my son. Please, I beg you not to hold a grudge."

?Zhou Yong was unfamiliar with Su Ming, but Zhou Jianshan knew him well. Wang Guohui had brought up Su Ming several times during their casual conversations and had even shown Zhou Jianshan a photo of Su Ming. Consequently, Zhou Jianshan had been eager to meet this renowned figure.

?Thankfully, he eventually made Su Ming's acquaintance, although the circumstances were less than ideal.

"I'm not upset," Su Ming said with a smile. "I've had my fill, and it's time for me to leave. I appreciate the hospitality. Boss, could you tally up the bill, please?"

"Mr. Su, by saying that, you're making me look bad. Your patronage alone is an honor for our establishment. I couldn't possibly take your money," Boss Shen protested, shaking his head emphatically.

"Having enjoyed the meal, it's only right that I pay for it," Su Ming insisted, still smiling.

"Boss Shen, since Mr. Su insists, please accept his payment," Wang Guohui interjected, understanding Su Ming's character well.

Su Ming was not one to seek undue favors, and he certainly wasn't short on cash. If he wished, he could acquire numerous dining establishments.

"Very well," Boss Shen conceded, reluctantly taking the money.

"Mr. Su, you're truly generous," Boss Shen remarked, tears welling up in his eyes.

"The meal was excellent. I'll be sure to return," Su Ming assured him, giving Boss Shen a reassuring pat on the shoulder. After exchanging farewells with Wang Guohui, he departed with Su Qiu.

"Take care, Mr. Su."

"Mr. Su, we look forward to seeing you again."

"Mr. Su is such a kind-hearted individual."

"Indeed, he's not only young and successful but also highly cultured."

"Mr. Su exudes a distinguished air, and his eloquence is remarkable. He's truly an impressive figure."

As Su Ming left the restaurant, a diverse group of influential figures bid him a respectful farewell, creating an atmosphere akin to a grand send-off.

Once Su Ming had gone, everyone breathed a collective sigh of relief. Mr. Su's commanding presence had been almost overwhelming.

At that point, all eyes turned to Zhou Yong, who shuddered with the realization that his situation was dire.

Wang Guohui fixed Zhou Jianshan with a stern gaze and declared, "Old Zhou, I think our future collaborations are no longer necessary."

"Guohui, surely it's not that serious? Aren't we on good terms?" Zhou Jianshan's voice betrayed his sudden panic.

But Wang Guohui was resolute, shaking his head: "Your foolish son has crossed Mr. Su, and I can no longer do business with you. Farewell!" With those final words, Wang Guohui departed.

Zhou Jianshan felt like he might pass out. His current status was entirely due to Wang Guohui's support. Now, with Wang Guohui severing their partnership and pulling out his investment, Zhou Jianshan stood to lose everything.

"You disgraceful child!" Zhou Jianshan turned to his son, shouting furiously. He was so enraged he felt like he might burst. How, he wondered, could he have fathered such a fool?

The more he thought about it, the angrier he got, and he began to slap Zhou Yong repeatedly. Onlookers observed the scene, commenting on Zhou Jianshan's technique with a mix of amusement and interest. They unanimously concluded that Zhou Jianshan could take the title in a slapping contest.

Exhausted from the ordeal, Zhou Jianshan turned to Boss Shen and said, "Boss Shen, I deeply apologize. I'm going to compensate you right now." He promptly took out his phone and transferred 680,000 yuan to Boss Shen.

?Boss Shen was momentarily taken aback when he saw the transfer. The vase was worth 880,000 yuan; why had Zhou Jianshan sent only 680,000 yuan? But after a moment's reflection, he realized the missing 200,000 yuan was not a concern. Without Zhou Yong's commotion, he would never have met Mr. Su. In fact, he owed Zhou Yong his gratitude.

Zhou Jianshan then clarified, "Boss Shen, the 200,000 yuan I didn't transfer will be covered by Zhou Yong. Starting today, he'll be washing dishes in your hotel. He'll be paid 1,000 yuan a month. For every broken bowl, deduct 100 yuan; for each bowl not thoroughly cleaned, deduct 50 yuan. He can stop once he's earned the full 200,000 yuan."

?Upon hearing this, Zhou Yong broke down in tears.

He thought to himself, 'It's bad enough that my father has beaten and scolded me, but how could he let me become a dishwasher? With a salary of only 1,000 yuan a month, I'll barely make 12,000 yuan in a year. How will I ever save up 200,000 yuan?'

Moreover, Zhou Yong had never worked a day in his life.

He was likely to struggle with getting the dishes clean, perhaps even breaking a few in the process.

After giving it some serious thought, Zhou Yong feared he might end up spending the rest of his days in that very spot.

He was engulfed by a sense of utter hopelessness.

Then, a realization struck him: he hadn't broken the porcelain!

He remembered that it was the person standing next to him who had caused the breakage.

But Zhou Yong didn't see anyone; all that was left was a pair of high heels on the ground.

He surmised that the person responsible for breaking the pottery must have been worried about making noise and attracting his attention, so she slipped off her shoes and fled.

Zhou Yong was overwhelmed with a sense of helplessness, feeling as if the entire world was against him.

From that point forward, Zhou Yong became the most experienced employee at Sichuan Restaurant.

He became a master at dishwashing, even outperforming the aunties.

?Still, he often found himself muttering under his breath as he worked, saying things like, "I didn't break anything!" or "Dad, please let me come home!"

Chapter 378 - The Honeydew Melon Is Ripe

Su Ming visited the mall and picked out several outfits for Yuyuv, dressing her up beautifully.

After dropping her off at school, he headed home.

?He parked his car in the garage, opened the front door, and stepped inside.

Following his routine, he first checked on the farmland.

The Excellent Banana trees had grown quite tall.

Some bananas were peeking out, albeit short and green.

They gave off a subtle scent and a soft blue glow.

Level Two crops certainly stood out from the ordinary.

What wonders would they yield?

Su Ming was filled with anticipation.

Next, he inspected the melon patch.

?The melons had grown large, their oval shapes a vibrant yellow with gray striations.

Su Ming picked one up and tapped it; until ripe, it seemed just like any other melon.

?He then made his way to the herding area.

He noted that the pasture was grazed clean daily, yet by morning, it would be lush again.

?Su Ming watered the grass and treated the livestock to some fruit and feed.

Though they typically grazed, no animal on earth would turn down a treat.

After checking on the carp in the aquatic product area and the rabbits, finding all as it should be, he stretched and headed back to the villa.

?Settling on the sofa, he flicked on the TV.

Then, a thought struck him.

Rubbing his chin, he mused, "What if I wish in the lantern for my crops to ripen sooner? Could it work?"

A spark of excitement in his eyes, Su Ming decided to try his luck.

He sprang up and made for the basement.

?Returning with a large bag, he sat back down, took out a lantern, and placed a bright candle inside.

After a moment's thought, he wrote on a slip of paper, "I wish for the melons to mature quickly."

He tucked the note into the lantern and set it alight.

"Host, your wish has been made. There is a 50% chance of it coming true!"

Su Ming was astounded.

A 50% chance of his wish coming true was incredibly high!

He should've done this much sooner!

Eager to capitalize on the moment before the System could react, he prepared to make another wish.

He immediately pulled out the note and jotted down another wish.

Next, he fetched a lantern, placed the note inside, and set it alight.

“Host, you can only make one wish regarding the same crop.”

Su Ming paused when the notification chimed in his head, then let out a sigh.

The System was incredibly thorough.

Otherwise, he might have found a way to cheat.

Even though he was limited to a single wish, he felt quite content.

A 50% chance was remarkably high, after all!

“Host, congratulations! Your wish has been granted! The maturation time for your melons has been significantly reduced! They will ripen in just 12 hours!”

Hearing the notification in his mind, Su Ming was elated.

They usually required a full day to mature, but now it would take only half that time!

That meant he could harvest them tonight.

Fantastic!

Su Ming could barely contain his excitement.

He took a bath, watched a couple of movies, and then settled down to play some games.

?As the night deepened, fatigue set in.

He drifted off to sleep on the couch.

Before succumbing to sleep, he had asked Yuvyuv to alert him once the melons were ripe.

Buoyed by his excitement, Su Ming quickly fell into a deep slumber.

In his dream, the entire Eastsea had transformed into his farm.

The breeding zone teemed with mythical creatures from legends.

?The plantation area boasted an array of spaceships straight out of sci-fi tales, their designs sleek and brimming with futuristic appeal.

?The aquatic product area swarmed with dragons, while the herding area was home to a flock of phoenixes.

It was an incredibly beautiful dream!

Suddenly, Yuvyuv's voice broke through.

“Master, the melons are ripe.”

Su Ming's eyes fluttered open, still groggy.

“What melon? I was just soaring through the skies on a dragon,” he mumbled.

?Blinking away the sleep, he took in his familiar living room and reality dawned on him.

It had all been just a dream.

But Su Ming held onto the belief that, with the System's help, his dreams would one day materialize.

His first order of business was to check on the melons in the farmland.

He sat up quickly and made his way to the fields.

The melons were indeed ripe.

Upon entering the farmland, Su Ming finally saw them for what they were.

He paused, taken aback.

What were these things?

They resembled enormous, dark dice.

Blinking in bewilderment, Su Ming approached the nearest melon to investigate.

It turned out to be a briefcase!

Su Ming was momentarily taken aback.

The briefcase was in a sorry state, its exterior peeling away.

He could hardly believe his eyes.

Was the System playing a prank on him?

Could his wish have somehow caused the melon's quality to deteriorate?

The briefcase was so worn out that if he tossed it onto the street, no one would give it a second glance.

Su Ming sighed and shook his head.

It seemed that cutting corners wasn't going to work.

Oh well.

He decided to face reality.

As long as he could gain experience and level up, that's what mattered.

Su Ming felt a deep sense of disappointment.

He extended his hand to pick up the briefcase and was shocked.

It was incredibly heavy! There definitely had to be something inside!

He quickly opened the briefcase to take a closer look.

Inside the briefcase was a bright red booklet. He pulled it out and, to his surprise, it was a property deed.

There was also a housing purchase contract.

Every necessary document was in order.

Su Ming hastily opened the property deed to check the address of the house.

101, Building 1, Unit 1, Grand Court Neighborhood, Linbin District, Eastsea City.

Linbin District?

Why did that sound so familiar?

Puzzled, Su Ming quickly pulled out his phone to look up the location.

The Linbin District was actually situated within the Second Loop of Eastsea City!

While the real estate prices there weren't as steep as those in the city center, they were still considerable.

In the city center, prices could soar to several hundred thousand yuan per square meter.

In the Second Loop, prices were upwards of 100,000 yuan per square meter!

The name Grand Court Neighborhood rang a bell.

After some thought, Su Ming had an epiphany: Grand Court Neighborhood was the new development that had just been completed along the Second Loop!

He remembered passing by and receiving a flyer from the sales office.

C379 – House

He had thought he had made a mistake this time.

But to his surprise, his worry had been unfounded.

Su Ming let out a hearty laugh, feeling great.

He quickly grabbed another briefcase.

Inside, as expected, was another property deed.

Su Ming eagerly opened the deed to check the address.

It was 102, Building 1, Unit 1, Grand Court Neighborhood in the Linbin District.

A realization suddenly struck Su Ming.

Could the entire neighborhood be his?

6 acres of land.

Three thousand melons.

Three thousand houses!

A thought suddenly came to Su Ming, and he inquired in his mind, "System, if I'm not mistaken, there's a purchase restriction in Eastsea City, right? A person can only buy two houses at most."

“Rest assured, Host. The System has taken care of it. You can buy an unlimited number of houses!” boomed the System’s assertive voice in his mind.

Su Ming was momentarily taken aback and at a loss for words.

He fetched a bag from inside the house and began to harvest like mad.

Before him lay 3,000 briefcases.

Su Ming was worn out.

He worked tirelessly for three to four hours until the early morning, finally organizing all the briefcases.

Su Ming discovered that these were all the houses in five residential areas.

That was a sizable neighborhood indeed.

And all five neighborhoods were located within the Second Ring Road.

Moreover, these neighborhoods had only recently been developed.

“You have successfully harvested crops, earning 90,000 experience points! Bonus reward: 18,000 experience points!”

“Recycling successful! Congratulations, Host, you’ve earned 30,000 experience points! Bonus reward: 6,000!”

Two notifications sounded in Su Ming’s mind.

“Yuvyuv, how many points do I earn for recycling one?” Su Ming inquired.

“20 points,” came the reply.

Su Ming did a quick calculation.

That was a whopping 60,000 points!

He could upgrade several pieces of Level Three land with that.

To exchange or not to exchange?

Su Ming mulled it over.

As long as he could grow something, he would eventually earn points.

He couldn't just give up these houses.

Though Su Ming wasn't lacking in funds, Yuyuv's earlier words lingered in his mind.

He could exchange money for points!

He could rent out these houses.

Su Ming also noted that seeds cost money when purchased from the store.

A Level Three seed costs millions.

The higher the seed's level, the steeper the price.

Despite having a net worth of ten billion and dividends from 100 companies, what good would it do him?

Once his level increased, his fortune might only suffice for a handful of seeds!

Thus, Su Ming resolved not to sell his house, nor would he trade it for points.

Glancing at the clock, he saw it was already past four in the morning.

He decided against sleeping.

First, Su Ming stored his belongings in the villa, then hopped on the tractor to tidy up the land once more.

He pondered what to plant next.

Su Ming hesitated.

Then it struck him—the store must have updated its inventory. He hastily pulled out his phone and launched the store app.

He routinely checked the items in all four sections.

They were just the usual goods.

He rummaged through the warehouse for seeds.

Finally, he settled on pumpkins.

With six acres to work with, he spent a solid four hours planting.

Pumpkins required even more space than melons.

The System informed him that each acre could only accommodate 100 pumpkins.

This allowed him to plant at a quicker pace.

“Pumpkins successfully sown! Harvest time: 48 hours!”

Should he make another wish?

After a moment’s thought, Su Ming returned to the villa, penned the same wish, and set it aflame.

“Host has made a wish. Probability of wish fulfillment: 1%!”

Su Ming paused, puzzled.

Why was the probability so low?

Was it because the melons were nearly ripe?

Or perhaps the yield from the pumpkins was more valuable than the melons?

Despite pondering for some time, the reason eluded him.

Soon after, he received a notification of the wish’s failure.

But Su Ming didn’t dwell on it.

The sun had already climbed into the sky.

After washing his face, he felt refreshed and invigorated.

He grabbed several large bags filled with briefcases and property deeds.

He then drove the car up, loaded the bags, and headed towards the real estate development.

OR download the app then search the book name directly 

C380 – I Can Afford This House

There were five neighborhoods in close proximity to one another, with three of them nestled tightly together. Previously, this area was a park—a vital green space in the heart of the city that not only provided recreation but also contributed to the urban greenery. However, the park became a source of irritation for the nearby residents due to an overwhelming mosquito population.

Moreover, the park was home to a natural hot spring. Ordinarily, a hot spring would be a delightful amenity, offering residents the opportunity to relax in a hot spring bath, which is beneficial for one's health. Unfortunately, the hot spring emitted a pungent odor that was particularly offensive during the summer months, permeating the air in the surrounding neighborhoods.

Experts were called in to investigate the issue. They discovered that adjacent to Eastsea City was a mountain that had once been an active volcano. Now dormant, it no longer posed a threat of eruption. The hot spring, however, flowed along the old volcanic range, infusing the water with high concentrations of sulfur and other minerals, which accounted for the unpleasant smell.

Initially, officials were reluctant to alter the park, valuing its contribution to the city's greenery. At that time, the hot spring's odor was not as intense, and the community could endure it. Residents enjoyed evening strolls, practicing Tai Chi, and participating in square dancing in the park.

But starting two years ago, the hot spring's odor intensified to unbearable levels, affecting even the park's artificial lake, where many fish perished and the water turned yellow. Further investigation by experts revealed that long-term erosion of groundwater had caused significant underground corrosion, leading to a surge in water impurities.

With no other options, officials had to fill in both the artificial lake and the hot spring. The construction of a new real estate development took three years to complete. It was only the day before yesterday that the properties were put on the market. Yet, before they could be widely offered for sale, Su Ming had already purchased them. Su Ming arrived at the nearest sales office in his truck, ready to finalize the acquisition.

He found a parking space and had just finished parking his car when he got out. A man in a suit approached, frowning deeply. The man eyed Su Ming with a scowl. "Hey, vegetable seller, who gave you permission to park here? Move your vehicle immediately."

"Vegetable seller?" Su Ming was momentarily taken aback. He wondered, "Who could he be talking about?" "Isn't this a sales office?" "Where would someone be selling vegetables?" It dawned on Su Ming that the man in the suit was referring to him. It made sense, given that Su Ming had arrived in a truck.

"I'm here to purchase a house," Su Ming explained, smiling.

Despite the man's unpleasant demeanor, Su Ming preferred not to get into a dispute. The man's actions were somewhat justified; after all, the sales office parking was intended for prospective homebuyers, and Su Ming's large truck was indeed taking up considerable space.

Hearing Su Ming's response, the man scoffed, "Do you even know where you are?"

"Yes, this is the sales office," Su Ming replied.

"Do you know where these houses are located?" the man pressed.

"These are the Second Ring Road houses," Su Ming blinked, puzzled.

Su Ming thought to himself, "What exactly is he getting at?"

"So you're aware, and yet you boast?" The man sneered dismissively. "Kid, these are properties in the Second Loop of Eastsea. The least expensive is 120,000 yuan per square meter. The smallest unit I sell here is 80 square meters, valued at nearly ten million yuan. Even with a 30% down payment, you're looking at almost three million yuan. You, a vegetable seller, think you can afford a house here?"

Su Ming blinked again and stroked his chin, thinking to himself, "Actually, I can afford it. The key point is, I didn't even have to spend my own money; the System awarded the houses to me... I had no choice but to accept them."

"I can afford it," Su Ming affirmed with a serious nod.

The man, taken aback, thought, "Am I giving you too much credit?" "If I'm telling you to leave, then you should leave promptly."

"You?" he continued, scrutinizing Su Ming. "Dressed in clothes that look like they're from a street stall, wearing a child's watch. Do you really think you can afford a house here? Are you joking with me?"

The manager was just about to speak when a black sedan approached from a distance. The man's face transformed at the sight, his sneer of contempt quickly replaced by a beaming smile. He rushed to welcome the occupants of the car.

"Mr. Du, Ms. Lee, what brings you here so early? If you had called ahead, I would have arranged for someone to pick you up, sparing you the drive," he said, bowing obsequiously.

"It's no trouble," Mr. Du replied as he parked the car and stepped out with his wife. "I didn't have much else to do, so I thought I'd take a leisurely drive."

The man nodded eagerly. "Please, come inside."

"It's really no bother. Manager Ma, with your new property development, I'm sure you're quite busy. We're just here to have a casual look," Mr. Du said graciously.

"Mr. Du, you are my most esteemed guest. I insist on accompanying you today!" Manager Ma replied with urgency.

Mr. Du was a wealthy man, with assets in the billions. With his wealth, he enjoyed making investments, like purchasing real estate to preserve his fortune. The man thought to himself, "I've heard Mr. Du owns quite a few properties."

"If Mr. Du takes a liking to these houses and decides to buy, I'll make a fortune! If he doesn't, that's fine, but if he does, he's sure to buy several, and only the most expensive and best ones at that—possibly spending tens or even hundreds of millions. As a sales manager, my commission is substantial. If I can make Mr. Du happy, I'll be wealthy overnight. A few million in commission is guaranteed."

At that moment, Manager Ma had eyes only for Mr. Du, completely disregarding Su Ming. Manager Ma thought to himself, "You're one lucky vegetable seller today. But then again, I should thank you. If it weren't for my intention to send you away, I wouldn't have had the chance to meet Mr. Du directly." Indeed, greeting Mr. Du in the parking lot showed far more enthusiasm than waiting for him to come inside.

Su Ming, realizing he was being ignored, was quite content to enjoy his newfound freedom.

He entered the sales office.

The office was quiet that morning, with only a few people around.

The sales staff noticed Su Ming but quickly diverted their attention.

They thought to themselves, "He's just here to look around. He can't afford to buy."

"I can't afford to miss out on a real buyer because of him. That would be a costly mistake."

Su Ming was unfazed.

He examined the building's model.

Hmm!

He thought, "Not bad at all."

"The lighting in these buildings is excellent."

"I'll gift these to my parents."

"These two homes are conveniently close to the neighboring school."

"It's easy for kids to get to school through the side entrance."

“I’ll reserve these two for Su Qiu.”

“The rest of these units are pretty standard; I’ll rent them out.”

Su Ming continued his leisurely stroll, hands clasped behind his back.

Suddenly, he noticed two people standing before him.

He looked up.

“Isn’t that Mr. Du and his wife?”

“And where’s the obsequious Manager Ma?”

As Su Ming pondered, Mr. Du’s phone rang.

Mr. Du pulled out his phone and answered.

After a brief exchange, Mr. Du’s face fell.

“What? They’ve all been bought by someone else? Okay, I’ve got it.”

Mr. Du ended the call.

Meanwhile, Manager Ma approached from afar, carrying a tray with two cups of coffee.

“Mr. Du, Ms. Lee. Here’s some imported coffee; it’s excellent.”

Manager Ma spoke as he walked.

He suddenly caught sight of Su Ming.

Manager Ma thought to himself, “He actually came inside!”

Before he could finish his thought, Manager Ma tripped, spilling forward.

The scalding coffee splashed precisely onto Mr. Du and Ms. Lee, leaving them with grimaces of pain.

Not a single drop of coffee was spared.

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