

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

#Chapter 381 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 381

Chapter 381 - You Asked Me to Leave

Mr. Du and Ms. Lee were visibly upset, stamping their feet in frustration.

Manager Ma, picking himself up off the floor, witnessed their distress.

He was completely at a loss.

"I'm so sorry, I'll grab some tissues immediately!"

Manager Ma rushed to offer his apologies.

"Mr. Du, Ms. Lee, this was my mistake. Please rest assured, as a gesture of my sincere apologies, I'll offer you a 10% discount on this occasion."

Manager Ma was in a state of panic.

"There's no need."

Mr. Du, who had just received an upsetting phone call, was already in a foul mood. The coffee spill only exacerbated his irritation.

"Manager Ma, I must attend to other matters and will be leaving now."

With that, Mr. Du turned and walked away.

Manager Ma, hearing this, became even more anxious.

Despite his continuous apologies, Mr. Du and Ms. Lee departed without further ado.

Watching them leave, Manager Ma was filled with regret.

A multimillion-yuan deal had just slipped through his fingers.

He turned to see Su Ming examining the housing model.

"If it hadn't been for that damned grocer! None of this would have happened! They might have been signing the contract right now!"

Manager Ma was irate with Su Ming.

But he had unjustly blamed Su Ming.

Mr. Du had only come to look around today.

His real interest lay in several other properties nearby; he had never intended to buy here.

To make matters worse, he had just received calls informing him that the properties he was interested in had been purchased by others.

Mr. Du's mood took a nosedive.

He was ready to leave in his car.

But just as he was about to go, Manager Ma accidentally spilled coffee on him.

Mr. Du's mood soured further, and he was eager to get away.

“Zhang, Chen, get over here quickly!”

Upon entering the sales lobby, Manager Ma bellowed.

The room, sparsely populated, echoed with the startle of his voice.

Two security guards, who had been scrolling through their phones on the sofa, jumped to their feet and rushed over.

“Do you think you're paid a few thousand yuan a month to sit around and play with your phones?”

Manager Ma admonished, “Each house here is worth at least tens of millions of yuan. Not just anyone is allowed to come in and browse. Remember this, if anything gets damaged on your watch, you two will be compensating for it at full cost!”

The two security guards were completely taken aback.

The architectural model they were responsible for was valued at several million yuan—how on earth could they ever afford to compensate for it?

Manager Ma left immediately after making his statement.

The guards exchanged a knowing glance.

Clearly, someone had riled up Manager Ma, which explained his foul mood.

They noticed Su Ming standing unassumingly in the room.

“Who's that?”

“He's the vegetable vendor who just had a spat with Manager Ma.”

“So, he's the reason we're in this mess!”

“We need to get him out of here, fast.”

The guards locked eyes again and strode toward Su Ming with a menacing air.

Su Ming noticed the guards approaching him, their faces clouded with anger.

He slightly furrowed his brow.

The guards reached Su Ming, sizing him up with furrowed brows. “What are you doing here?”

“I came to look at the houses,” Su Ming replied, a calm smile on his face.

“You?”

“Do you think you can afford a house here? You're just here to stir up trouble.”

The guards spoke with clear hostility.

Su Ming chuckled coldly. “Even if I can't afford it, can't I have a look? Or do you check everyone's bank balance before they come in?”

Chen scoffed, “We welcome others, but not you.”

“The people who come to view these houses are big bosses, driving cars worth millions. How do you even dare to compare yourself to them?”

To Su Ming, a car worth a few million was trivial; he owned several luxury vehicles himself.

He couldn't help but be amused.

“Do you really want me to leave?” Su Ming asked, still smiling.

“Absolutely!” Chen replied, his brow creased.

“Has your manager approved this?”

Su Ming continued to smile.

"Yes, I have!" Manager Ma interjected, walking over. "We don't welcome the likes of you here. Out!"

"Fine."

Su Ming departed.

"Manager Ma, please, don't be upset."

"Indeed. With such a prime location, there's no shortage of wealthy bosses eager to buy."

"Don't fret!"

The guards were quick to offer obsequious reassurances.

Manager Ma's face softened slightly as he instructed, "Stay vigilant at all times!"

"Yes, sir!"

The guards nodded hastily and took up their posts by the door.

Su Ming returned to his truck, unfazed.

Their actions couldn't touch his emotions.

They had failed to honor the terms of the contract, and for that, they would have to compensate him.

Despite being the smallest in the area, this neighborhood has fewer than 300 homes.

Yet, a single home here is valued at nearly ten million yuan.

Altogether, the 300 homes are worth a staggering three billion yuan.

Manager Ma would surely be filled with regret if he were aware of this.

And if Manager Ma's boss were to find out, Manager Ma would likely face termination.

Why was Manager Ma unaware that the homes had already been sold? It's because the System purchased them directly through his boss, bypassing him entirely.

This went beyond the scope of Manager Ma's authority.

Manager Ma had access to the purchase records, but it never crossed his mind that the homes could have completely sold out.

Moreover, his boss was asleep, with numerous calls coming in, but his phone was on silent.

Chapter 382 - I Still Need a Few People to Help Me

Su Ming drove directly to the second residential complex, parking his car in the lot before heading to the sales office.

“Good day, sir.”

A security guard approached with a friendly smile. “We don't mean to prevent you from parking, but your vehicle is quite large. There are several spots reserved for larger vehicles over there. Would you mind parking in one of those?”

Su Ming was pleasantly surprised by the security guard's polite demeanor. Glancing to the right, he indeed spotted several spacious parking spots. He nodded in agreement, moved his car, and parked it smoothly.

Entering the sales office, he was greeted warmly. “Welcome, sir. Are you here to view some properties?”

A strikingly beautiful woman approached with a welcoming smile. The customer service here was a stark contrast to the previous sales office he had visited.

“Yes,” Su Ming replied with a smile. “I've purchased a few properties and I'm here to take a look at them today.”

“Oh?” The woman was taken aback, not immediately grasping his statement.

Initially, she had doubted Su Ming's ability to afford a house. However, the manager had instructed them to treat everyone with respect, regardless of their appearance or wealth—even if they were a beggar.

She never expected a seemingly unassuming wealthy buyer.

He had bought several properties!

“Sir, may I see your purchase contract?” she asked with impeccable politeness.

“I forgot to bring the contract with me. Could you possibly send someone to fetch it?” Su Ming asked, scratching his head.

“How many people do you need to retrieve your contract?” she asked, puzzled.

How heavy could a contract be that he needed several people to carry it?

“Sir, you must be joking. I can go get it for you,” she said with a chuckle.

“Believe me, you won't be able to lift it,” Su Ming insisted earnestly.

The woman was taken aback. Despite her commitment to excellent service, she couldn't help but wonder if he was deliberately trying to trouble her.

“What seems to be the problem?” At that moment, Manager Soong stepped forward.

Manager Soong was a middle-aged man, quite dapper despite showing signs of balding.

“Manager Soong, this gentleman says he needs a few people to assist him in retrieving his purchase contract...”

The woman blinked, uttering a statement she herself couldn't believe.

Manager Soong, upon hearing it, was equally incredulous.

“Sir, please don't jest. We have many customers and truly can't accommodate your request.”

Manager Soong offered a smile and an apologetic nod to Su Ming.

He was skeptical as well.

Could Su Ming possibly be a patient from a psychiatric hospital?

It wasn't unreasonable for Manager Soong to harbor such thoughts, given the bizarre nature of the situation.

Su Ming thought to himself, “They're not to blame.”

Yet, he feared they wouldn't accept his explanation.

Ultimately, he resolved to have the lady, Manager Soong, and the earlier security guard accompany him to retrieve the housing contract.

“Just follow me and see for yourselves.”

Leading the way, Su Ming glanced back at the lady and Manager Soong exchanging doubtful looks.

Despite their reservations, they trailed behind him.

Reaching the truck, Su Ming swung open the trunk to reveal several large bags.

Manager Soong's expression turned grim.

Su Ming had to be up to no good!

Even if those bags were stuffed with cash, Su Ming could afford only one property at most.

Besides, the bags didn't exactly look like they were filled with money.

“Sir, please stop playing games with us,” Manager Soong said, clearly irritated.

With a sigh, Su Ming unfastened one of the bags.

Manager Soong paused, wondering if the bag contained some treasure of immense value.

But upon closer inspection, he saw that it was packed with briefcases!

This was a sales office, not a recycling center!

Just as Manager Soong was about to speak out...

Su Ming opened one of the briefcases.

Inside lay a property deed and a purchase contract.

Manager Soong examined them closely, astonished to find that both documents were authentic.

The woman beside him was equally taken aback.

A purchase contract in a briefcase, and so many large bags in the trunk—could they all be filled with real estate contracts?

Their eyes met, mirroring each other's amazement.

It made sense now why Su Ming needed extra hands to carry the contracts—he had purchased an incredible number of properties!

Having taken the Body-stretching Pill, Su Ming's strength was two to three times that of an average person, allowing him to lift a large bag with ease.

Ordinary people couldn't manage it; it would take at least two to lift one of those big bags.

Su Ming couldn't resist flaunting his hand in front of their eyes.

Manager Soong was momentarily taken aback, his face a picture of bewilderment.

He reached out and grabbed a briefcase, which indeed contained a purchase contract from his company.

Dipping his hand into the big bag, he randomly pulled out another briefcase and found yet another purchase contract from his company.

Manager Soong did a quick mental tally and estimated there were at least a hundred briefcases in the bag.

A hundred briefcases meant a hundred houses!

What kind of fortune was that?

He had struck it rich!

Suddenly, Manager Soong felt dizzy and then blacked out.

The woman witnessing this was utterly flustered. "Manager Soong, are you okay?"

Su Ming was no stranger to such reactions.

After all, he had seen a group of elderly men in their seventies and eighties faint before him.

Manager Soong, at fifty, was relatively healthy.

He was sure to be alright.

Time passed before Manager Soong gradually came to.

He gazed at the woman, still disoriented.

"Wang, I just had a dream where a tycoon came to buy houses from us, over a hundred of them!" Manager Soong exclaimed.

The woman blinked: "Manager Soong, it wasn't a dream. It's real."

Manager Soong was instinctively skeptical. As he was about to dismiss the idea, his eyes caught sight of Su Ming's smiling face, the opened trunk, and those big bags.

And with that, he fainted once more.

Chapter 383 - You Can Choose to Believe It or Not

Manager Soong lay on the ground for quite some time before he groggily opened his eyes.

What he saw was a mountain of property certificates belonging to Su Ming.

He nearly passed out once more.

Thankfully, with two prior experiences under his belt, he managed to stay conscious.

Still, he felt quite lightheaded.

Today had been an eye-opener for him; his life had not been lived in vain.

The more Manager Soong thought about it, the more overwhelmed he became, almost to the point of tears.

Standing beside him, Su Ming asked, "Manager Soong, may I proceed with the paperwork now?"

"Yes!" Manager Soong responded promptly.

"Wang, keep watch here. I'll be right back."

With that, Manager Soong headed for the sales hall.

This residential area was in a better location than the last.

It was surrounded by supermarkets, banks, schools, hospitals, and subway stations.

The amenities were comprehensive, and the convenience of travel was unmatched.

Plus, it was incredibly close to the first ring road.

An absolute prime location!

As a result, many people were eager to purchase here once the building was completed.

"Attention, everyone!"

Manager Soong burst into the hall, bellowing at the top of his lungs.

The crowd inside jumped in shock.

The security guards, thinking there was a disturbance, were ready to spring into action. But when they turned around, they realized the shouter was none other than Manager Soong.

“Manager Soong, are you okay?” a saleswoman asked as she cautiously approached him.

“I'm fine!” Manager Soong, his face flushed with excitement, called out, “I need everyone to gather around me!”

The sales staff were taken aback.

They were in the middle of attending to clients, some of whom were on the verge of signing contracts.

Was this really the time to gather?

“Manager Soong, there are so many customers here, and several are about to sign contracts,” the saleswoman whispered to him.

“Tell them to leave!” Manager Soong blurted out.

The customers, upon hearing this, became instantly displeased.

They sensed Manager Soong's disdain, assuming he thought they couldn't afford the homes.

“I'll take these three houses,” one customer stated icily.

”I want these three floors.”

“I've just viewed five houses, and I'll take them all.”

“I'm buying these eight houses.”

Those customers who had been indecisive swiftly made their decisions.

They were intent on making Manager Soong lose face with their actions.

“We're not selling any of these houses anymore!”

Ultimately, Manager Soong uttered a statement that left everyone in shock.

There was a collective pause of disbelief.

“Manager Soong, perhaps you should go upstairs and take a break?”

The saleswoman edged closer to Manager Soong and took a discreet sniff. There was no scent of alcohol on him, and he didn't appear to be drunk.

After all, Manager Soong was known to seldom drink.

What could have prompted him to start spouting such nonsense?

Manager Soong announced in a loud voice, "A single customer has bought all the buildings in our complex."

The hall fell into an eerie silence.

You could hear a pin drop.

"Manager Soong, please don't make jokes."

"It's not April Fools' Day."

"Soong, you're usually so by-the-book; I can't believe you'd make such a joke."

Many were skeptical of Manager Soong's claim.

How many houses were there? What was their total value?

Could someone really be wealthy enough to purchase them all?

The joke seemed far too outlandish.

"Believe it or not, that's up to you! All female staff at the sales office, line up at the entrance. All male staff, come with me!"

Manager Soong's face was stern.

His tone matched his serious expression.

Though the employees were clueless about what was happening, they knew Manager Soong was in charge and that they should follow his lead.

The female employees assembled in two rows at the door.

The male employees trailed behind Manager Soong.

The customers left in the hall exchanged puzzled glances.

"What is Soong up to now?"

“I refuse to believe someone bought all the houses. Let's go see for ourselves.”

“Yes! Let's find out what Soong is really up to!”

They promptly made their way outside.

At that moment, Manager Soong approached Su Ming with a group in tow.

He was exceedingly respectful as he said, “Mr. Su, I've brought the staff as you requested.”

Manager Soong had just reviewed the property deeds, hence he knew Su Ming's name.

“No need for such a crowd.”

Su Ming offered a slight smile.

Upon hearing this, Manager Soong remarked, “Your car has at least 30 large bags.”

“These six bags hold the property deeds for our complex; the others are for different complexes.”

Su Ming's smile was serene.

Manager Soong was so astounded that he was momentarily breathless.

Who in the world was Su Ming?

These thirty large bags were filled with property certificates for the house he had just purchased!

Manager Soong, having been in the real estate industry for quite some time, was aware of the recent property sales.

An incredible thought took shape in Manager Soong's mind.

Could it be that Mr. Su had purchased all the new developments in the area?

“Quickly, follow Mr. Su's orders and bring those big bags down!”

“Get the tea ready immediately.”

“And you, prepare the handover procedures posthaste!”

Manager Soong issued his commands in a flurry.

The staff members were perplexed.

The bags were typically used for storing fertilizer; why was Manager Soong so worked up?

Nonetheless, they didn't dare to ignore his commands and dutifully carried the bags down.

Su Ming led the way, with Manager Soong stooping to follow behind him. Trailing Manager Soong were over a dozen employees, working in pairs to heft the hefty bags.

They soon reached the sales office entrance.

“Welcome, Mr. Su!”

Upon seeing Su Ming, all the female sales associates called out in chorus with their sweetest voices.

Once inside the lobby, Su Ming took a seat on the sofa, guided by Manager Soong.

A line of male employees stood behind him, resembling a squad of bodyguards.

Beside him, two of the most attractive saleswomen were at the ready, serving him tea and water.

The sight left the other customers bewildered.

These bags were merely used for fertilizer; what was the meaning of Manager Soong's charade?

Amidst the customers' confusion, Su Ming instructed, “Dump out the contents and take inventory.”

“Right away, Mr. Su!”

One employee opened a bag and emptied its contents.

A pile of old briefcases tumbled out.

The onlookers grew even more discontented.

These were individuals of some renown, and they were being snubbed over some tattered briefcases!

Manager Soong unzipped one of the briefcases and pulled out a stack of bright red property certificates.

The customers were taken aback.

Manager Soong's claims were true; someone had indeed bought up the entire block!

Who could this magnate be?

Chapter 384 - The Explosive News

After several minutes of silence, the room suddenly burst into excitement.

"Where's the boss?"

Manager Soong urgently inquired of a nearby staff member.

"The boss is probably still asleep."

"Get the boss up, now!" Manager Soong demanded, eyes bulging with urgency.

"Right away!" The staff member didn't dare to waste a moment.

The third floor housed the office area, including the boss's office and bedroom. Normally, no one was permitted on this floor without the boss's consent. But the urgency of the situation overrode protocol.

The staff member rushed to the boss's room and began pounding on the door. The boss had been out all night and had only returned around seven or eight in the morning. He had just fallen asleep when he was jolted awake by the commotion.

Fuming, the boss threw on his pajamas and opened the door, frowning and yelling, "What's the meaning of this? Who let you up here? Don't you know the rules around here?"

"Boss, there's been a huge problem!" the staff member blurted out.

"What's going on?" the boss demanded, his frown deepening.

"Boss, someone has bought our entire property!"

The staff member spoke quickly.

"What did you say?" The boss's reaction was immediate. He grabbed the staff member by the shirt and pressed for details.

"Boss, all of our houses have been bought by a single person."

The boss shook his head in disbelief. "That's impossible! If that were true, wouldn't I know about it?"

"Just come downstairs and see for yourself," the staff member urged.

The boss was skeptical, but the staff member didn't appear to be lying. He rushed downstairs.

Upon arriving, he saw a crowd gathered around the sofa, where a table was covered with bright red property certificates. The boss, taken aback, hurried over.

"Boss, Mr. Su has bought all of our properties," Manager Soong said, barely containing his excitement.

Standing before Su Ming, the boss was so agitated he hardly knew what to say. "Why are you serving Mr. Su this tea? Go to my office and bring out the good tea leaves!"

The properties had only just gone on sale, yet Su Ming already had the ownership certificates in hand. The boss concluded that Su Ming must be an incredibly influential man.

While everyone else was a bundle of nerves and excitement, Su Ming remained the picture of composure, sipping his tea with ease.

The customers around only realized what was happening at that moment.

"Who is this VIP?"

"I thought I was impressive for being able to buy two houses here, but I'm nothing compared to this guy."

"If I'm not mistaken, didn't he arrive in a truck?"

"Yes, I saw him when he parked. I underestimated him, and now I see I'm the fool."

In Su Ming's presence, these wealthy individuals felt as insignificant as beggars.

They all aspired to be Su Ming.

Several attractive young women fixed their gazes on Su Ming.

Had the crowd not been so dense, they would have thrown themselves at him by now.

"Despite his simple attire, there's something about him that's just so dashing!"

"For the first time, I feel like a truck can be a status symbol, just like a luxury car."

“I'd rather be crying in the back of a truck than laughing in a Ferrari.”

“He's incredibly good-looking!”

The girls nearby were nearly losing their minds.

Every move Su Ming made sent them into a frenzy.

The news spread like wildfire.

Since the crowd was composed of affluent individuals, they all had extensive networks.

Word got out, and many flocked to the scene.

“You're not joking, right? Someone actually bought all these houses?”

“With all these deeds, it must be true!”

“Isn't there a purchase restriction in Eastsea?”

“Purchase limits don't apply to someone of his caliber!”

Before long, the entrance was lined with a variety of vehicles.

Scores of people poured in.

Upon witnessing the scene, they were all astounded.

“It's actually true!”

“I used to think I was a big deal. Starting today, I'm going to be more humble.”

“Why is that truck at the entrance being guarded by several people?”

“That's Mr. Su's vehicle!”

The hall was nearly bursting at the seams with people.

Yet, there was a clear space around Su Ming.

No one dared get too close.

Manager Soong and the owner tended to Su Ming with utmost caution, barely daring to breathe too loudly.

Several business owners got wind of the situation.

“Did someone buy up all of Faang's properties?”

“Is this person Su Ming?”

Someone speculated, “Could it be that Su Ming bought all your properties too?”

“Did he buy your properties as well?”

“Yes, Mr. Su bought our developments too!”

The sensational news continued to spread rapidly.

Chapter 385 - I Don't Want Your Things Anymore

At that moment, Boss Faang's secretary, who had spent the night with him, descended the stairs. She had already changed into fresh clothes and was clutching a phone that displayed ten thousand missed calls.

Approaching Boss Faang, she informed him, “Boss, you have a caller.”

“I'm busy!”

Boss Faang didn't even glance her way. He was preoccupied with attending to Su Ming and had no interest in taking calls.

Su Ming chuckled and reassured him, “Go ahead, Boss Faang. Take the call.”

“Right away!”

Boss Faang grabbed the phone, his eyes widening in astonishment.

All these missed calls?

Were these from the other developers who had launched their properties today?

He dialed back one of the numbers at random.

“Faang, you've finally picked up. Did a guy named Su Ming buy all your developments?”

“Yes,” Boss Faang replied, blinking.

He wasn't surprised; such news traveled fast.

“Hold onto Mr. Su, I'm on my way!”

The voice on the other end was laced with urgency, underscored by the blare of a car horn.

“Mr. Yang, isn't your property launching today too? Aren't you swamped?”

“Mr. Su bought my development as well!”

“What?” Boss Fong was dumbfounded.

“Just keep Mr. Su there, I'm coming right now!” Mr. Yang said before abruptly ending the call.

Seconds later, another call came through.

“Faang, is the person who bought your property named Su Ming?”

Boss Faang was taken aback.

“Let me tell you, Mr. Su is a major player. Did you know he didn't just buy your property, but he acquired all the properties within the Second Ring Road?”

“What?” Boss Faang felt as if he were in a dream.

His head spun.

Su Ming had purchased all the newly opened buildings in the Eastsea Second Ring Road?

He had thought Su Ming was just a mysterious tycoon. The fact that he had bought his property was already astonishing!

But Su Ming had gone on to buy all the newly opened properties within the Eastsea Second Ring Road!

Shortly thereafter, four buses pulled up to the entrance.

Four bald men led their teams in a frenzied dash inside.

“Where's Mr. Su?”

They were shocked to learn that Su Ming had acquired their properties, but without knowing his whereabouts, they had no choice but to wait patiently.

News from Boss Faang came quickly. After a round of phone calls, it became clear that Su Ming had purchased all five of the newly opened properties that day. It seemed Su Ming had gone mad! He swiftly gathered his staff and rushed to Boss Faang's location

with all their gear in tow. As a mysterious tycoon, Su Ming naturally had everyone eager to offer their services.

“Old Liu, your property is on the other side of the Second Ring Road, at least a twenty-minute drive from here. How on earth did you make it in five minutes?”

“I flew by rocket!”

“I thought I was the nearest and would be the first to pay Mr. Su a visit!”

“That's impossible!”

“Old Fong, hold it right there!”

The four bosses jostled each other as they entered.

“Mr. Su, I'm the owner of Sky Dragon International Community. I've brought my entire staff, so we can discuss business right here.”

“Mr. Su, I'm the owner of Flourishing Court, and my employees are here as well.”

“Mr. Su, I represent Empire Community.”

The bosses quickly introduced themselves amidst the chaos.

Su Ming found their clamor overwhelming and felt a wave of dizziness.

“Stop!” he exclaimed, gesturing for silence.

The five men immediately fell silent, as quiet and docile as schoolchildren.

“The contracts are in my car. Follow me.”

Su Ming stood and made his way outside, with the crowd parting to let him pass. He approached the truck, leaving the bosses, except for Boss Faang, puzzled as to why Su Ming had come to this location. When Su Ming opened the trunk to reveal a large bag, they were even more perplexed. “What is Mr. Su up to?”

“Just wait,” he said, climbing into the vehicle.

He opened a large bag, glanced inside, then tossed it onto the ground.

“These are for Sky Dragon International Community,” Su Ming announced.

The boss of Sky Dragon International Community hesitated before opening the bag, only to discover it was full of briefcases. Squeezing one, he felt something inside. Upon opening it, he found a real estate contract and everything clicked.

No wonder Su Ming had arrived in a truck—he had an abundance of contracts!

Su Ming was incredibly impressive!

After purchasing his house, he stuffed all the real estate contracts into a large bag—a truly astonishing move.

Su Ming was rolling in wealth!

“Everyone, gather around for the count.”

Staff from the Sky Dragon International Community hurried over.

Two men brought over a large table and several stools.

A group of over twenty security guards encircled the area.

Some employees opened the large bag and started pulling out property purchase contracts.

“These belong to Flourishing Court.”

Su Ming tossed down another hefty bag.

He continued to drop these massive bags one by one.

Onlookers' hearts raced at the sight.

Inside this bag were nearly 100 real estate contracts!

Their imaginations were limited; they had never envisioned someone buying so many properties!

Before long, Su Ming had tossed most of the big bags out of the vehicle.

Only the owner of Empire Community remained, inquiring, “Mr. Su, are there any more purchase contracts?”

He blinked at Su Ming, noting several big bags still inside the car.

Why hadn't Su Ming thrown down the big bag with the Empire Community's purchase contracts?

"I no longer want your property," Su Ming stated icily.

The owner of Empire Community was taken aback.

What was Su Ming implying?

He couldn't recall having done anything to offend Su Ming, could he?

Chapter 386 - Rent Them All!

The owner of Empire Community, Boss Fong, was left completely stunned upon hearing Su Ming's words. What exactly was happening?

Just then, someone came running over in a hurry. "Boss Fong, I've notified many employees already. We'll be able to start checking the property deeds shortly." It was Manager Ma, the same person who had earlier ejected Su Ming from the premises.

As Manager Ma finished his report, he noticed his boss's complexion had turned ghostly white. "Boss Fong, are you alright?" he asked anxiously.

"Mr. Su is no longer interested in buying our house," Boss Fong replied.

"How can that be? Where is Mr. Su?" Manager Ma scanned the area.

Then he spotted Su Ming sitting inside a vehicle. What a small world! He couldn't help but roll his eyes secretly before approaching Su Ming, mistaking him for a truck driver. "What a coincidence to see you again! Do you know where Mr. Su might be?" Manager Ma inquired with an air of superiority.

Standing to the side, Boss Fong's face was a picture of terror. He was itching to give Manager Ma a piece of his mind. Mr. Su was clearly dissatisfied with them, and yet Manager Ma had the audacity to address him in such a manner?

Boss Fong thought back to Manager Ma's recent words and it dawned on him that there had been a previous encounter between Manager Ma and Su Ming. Could there have been a confrontation?

Boss Fong was well aware of Manager Ma's overbearing nature. His professional skills were strong, and he had a knack for flattery, which is why Boss Fong had never considered letting him go. But now, he realized that Manager Ma might have caused a serious problem.

In a swift motion, Boss Fong delivered a sharp slap across Manager Ma's face. Manager Ma was left reeling from the impact. "Boss Fong, what's this about?" he asked, his voice filled with shock.

“You idiot! That man is Mr. Su!” Boss Fong bellowed.

Other business owners watched the scene with a mix of interest and pity, knowing full well that Boss Fong had been advised to dismiss Manager Ma but had chosen not to. Now, with the trouble Manager Ma had stirred up, they felt powerless to assist.

Manager Ma was speechless, his mind racing back to Su Ming's earlier words. It was only now that he realized the truth in them.

Near tears, Manager Ma lamented his mistake. Su Ming was indeed wealthy, yet he dressed so unassumingly. Had Su Ming been clad in luxury and arrived in an expensive car, Manager Ma would have surely treated him with the utmost respect.

“Mr. Su, I'm truly sorry. It's entirely my fault for not managing my team properly. I recognize my mistake. Please, I'm asking for your forgiveness.”

Boss Fong was on the verge of tears, his anxiety palpable.

Without Su Ming's purchase, Boss Fong knew that a refund would be effortless for someone of Su Ming's influence.

He could sell the houses to someone else.

However, the crux of the matter was that all the potential buyers who could afford these houses were aware that he had crossed Mr. Su, and they certainly wouldn't risk purchasing them. No one wanted to be on Mr. Su's bad side.

The only other option was to slash the prices so much that the average person could afford them.

But that would mean a substantial financial hit for him.

“Just leave.”

Su Ming's voice was icy as he sat in the car.

Boss Fong froze in shock.

He turned to Manager Ma, his anger flaring up as he yelled, “This is all your fault!”

Boss Fong slapped Manager Ma once more.

“You're fired! Leave now!” he bellowed.

“Don't think I'm unaware of your actions within the company.”

“I know you've been misappropriating company funds repeatedly! I'm calling the police to have you arrested this instant!”

“You're going to prison!”

Boss Fong's voice thundered with rage.

Manager Ma was overcome with despair.

Just a minute before, he was the esteemed Manager Ma; now, he was on the brink of becoming a convicted felon.

“Take him away!”

Boss Fong's irritation with Manager Ma grew by the second. Two security guards stepped in and escorted Manager Ma away. Shortly thereafter, the police arrived and detained him.

Boss Fong, standing behind his vehicle, was frantic.

Sweat dripped from his brow as he trembled uncontrollably.

What was he to do?

“Mr. Su!”

In a shaky voice, Boss Fong proposed, “What if I offer you a 50% discount?”

“I'm not short on cash.”

Su Ming's response nearly caused Boss Fong to collapse.

After a lengthy contemplation, Boss Fong ventured, “Mr. Su, since you've bought so many houses, you're surely planning to rent them out, right? What if I handle the rentals for you? Rest assured, I'll take care of everything personally and won't charge you a penny extra.”

Su Ming considered the offer, recognizing the logic in Boss Fong's words.

He had indeed planned to rent out the houses and certainly needed someone to oversee the process.

He owned three thousand houses, but managing them was beyond his capacity.

Regardless, he was unwilling to let it interfere with his farming.

Following this ordeal, Boss Fong was sure to proceed with extreme caution. It made sense to entrust him with the management of these properties.

“Alright.”

Su Ming pondered briefly and gave a nod of approval.

It wasn't Boss Fong's fault, after all.

“Boss Fong, I'm entrusting this issue to you.”

“Of course, Mr. Su!”

Boss Fong breathed a sigh of relief, his knees buckling, nearly collapsing to the ground.

His clothes were drenched in sweat.

Su Ming tossed several large bags from the car onto the ground.

Boss Fong quickly summoned his staff to tally the property deeds.

Inside the car, Su Ming was thoroughly enjoying himself, engrossed in a mobile game.

At the car door, four groups were diligently counting the property deeds, surrounded by a throng of onlookers.

They captured the moment on their phones, a scene they were unlikely to witness again in their lifetimes!

In under thirty minutes, they completed the inventory of all the property certificates.

Su Ming stood up and stretched his back.

“Mr. Su, here's the inventory list for our five developments, along with the keys to each property.”

Boss Fong had effectively become Su Ming's personal assistant.

Su Ming nodded but didn't take the list or the keys. “Keep them. It'll make it easier for you to rent out these houses. And hold off on renting all the units in the Grand Court Neighborhood; reserve the top ten.”

“Understood, Mr. Su!”

Boss Fong responded eagerly.

“Rent?”

Su Ming's announcement rippled through the crowd, causing a stir.

“I'll take five units!”

“I want ten!”

“Give me three!”

The affluent bystanders chimed in one after another.

Some genuinely needed to rent several units.

Moreover, renting from Mr. Su could imply a connection to him.

They weren't about to miss out on such an opportunity.

Chapter 387 - Draw Lots Is a Good Idea

“We need twenty houses.”

“We'll take 50!”

“Out of my way! I'm claiming 100 houses!”

The bosses were in a frenzy.

Their excitement was palpable.

Just as Su Ming thought he might catch a break, he found himself encircled by a crowd once again.

“Enough with the noise.”

Boss Fong, seeing Su Ming's resigned look, turned and bellowed.

Moments before, Boss Fong was on the verge of tears, but now he had assumed the role of Su Ming's advocate.

He stood tall, beaming with pride.

The other bosses, witnessing this, silently seethed with envy.

But Old Fong had become Su Ming's secretary.

His word was as good as Su Ming's.

With Boss Fong's command, a hush fell over the crowd.

"Mr. Su, I'd like to make a modest proposal," said Boss Fong, turning to face Su Ming.

"Speak," Su Ming encouraged with a nod.

"Mr. Su, with so many houses, haphazard renting would lead to chaos. Why not decide by lottery?" suggested Boss Fong, standing close to Su Ming.

Su Ming's interest was piqued. "Elaborate, please."

"Let's have those interested in renting write their names on slips of paper and place them in a box," Boss Fong explained.

"You could draw names yourself, and whoever you pick comes forward."

"Then you can rent the house to them, and I'll keep track. It'll be much more efficient!"

Boss Fong proposed eagerly.

Su Ming nodded in agreement.

He recognized the brilliance of the idea.

It would indeed save him a considerable amount of effort.

Su Ming nodded again in affirmation.

Without another word, Boss Fong turned to address the crowd.

"Pay attention, everyone."

"Those of you wanting to rent a house, write your name on a slip of paper and hand it in."

"Mr. Su will personally draw lots shortly."

"Each of you must commit to renting at least ten houses for ten years."

"Any questions?"

Boss Fong's face shone with delight.

He was visibly pleased with himself.

Below him stood many high-ranking bosses, far more prestigious than he.

Yet now, they all listened to him attentively.

Of course, Boss Fong was well aware of the reason for their compliance.

It was all thanks to Mr. Su!

“None!”

At Boss Fong's prompting, all the bosses below responded in chorus.

They quickly wrote their names on the slips of paper, eager to participate.

Boss Fong's associates brought over a small cardboard box and carefully placed all the slips of paper inside.

Cradling the box in his arms, Boss Fong approached Su Ming with reverence.

Su Ming took a leisurely sip of water, his gaze nonchalant.

He nonchalantly reached into the box and pulled out a slip of paper.

The surrounding bosses watched with bated breath.

Su Ming unfolded the note and glanced at it before asking in an even tone, “Is Liu Xinghe here?”

“I'm here!” Liu Xinghe exclaimed, leaping up with excitement.

He strode forward with pride, hands clasped behind his back.

Envy was etched on the faces of the others.

“Mr. Liu, how many units would you like to rent?”

“I'll take 50 units at Grand Court Neighborhood! And I want them for 20 years!”

Boss Fong gave a nod of approval. “Please proceed to that area to sign the contract and make your payment. Then, join the line to receive your keys.”

“Alright!” Mr. Liu was quick to comply.

He rushed to sign the documents and pay, then stood dutifully by Su Ming's truck.

“Chen Dake!”

“Present,” came the reply.

“What kind of property are you interested in renting?”

“I’ll take 100 units at Grand Court Neighborhood!”

Chen Dake was visibly elated.

The rest were growing increasingly restless.

“When will it be my turn?”

“They’re so lucky.”

“Mr. Su, why not impose a rental cap?”

“That would certainly reduce the number of renters.”

“Good point!”

“Hopefully, I’m next.”

The remaining bosses were on edge, their impatience palpable.

In this setting, their usual influence held no sway.

In Mr. Su’s presence, their wealth was inconsequential.

“Wang Jianguo.”

”Right here!” he responded, his earlier complaints forgotten as he sprang to his feet, nearly delirious with joy.

Wang Jianguo couldn’t contain his glee. “I’ll rent 50 units in Empire Community!”

The group of bosses simmered with frustration.

“I’ll have to get him drunk next time!”

“It’s infuriating. He was just allying with us, and now look at him, so smug!”

“Let’s be fair—if Mr. Su had chosen you, you’d be just as thrilled.”

“You have a point.”

The crowd buzzed with conversation.

Those called out by name basked in their moment of triumph.

Those not called watched on, green with envy.

Once they had signed, they took their places by Su Ming's truck.

Meanwhile, the overlooked bosses watched them with a mix of anger and jealousy.

“Zhang Dacheng!”

“Right here!”

“Wang Yunhai!”

“Present!”

“Wai Qingshan!”

“Here!”

Many passers-by looked on with curiosity.

What was happening?

After roughly forty minutes, over forty individuals had their names called.

Yet, more than half remained uncalled for.

They shook their heads in disappointment and sighed.

Chapter 388 - He Went to Squeeze the Milk

Su Ming stepped out of the car. He had successfully rented out nearly all of his 3,000 properties, with just over 20 miscellaneous houses remaining. Su Ming had decided not to rent these out, opting instead to reserve them for his own use. He intended to eventually relocate his family and various relatives to Eastsea, so they could live in close proximity and enjoy each other's company.

The tenants, who were the proprietors of the rented houses, straightened up and their eyes went wide as they watched Su Ming exit the vehicle. They were motionless, a mix of respect and surprise evident in their posture.

“What's happening here?”

“I recognize him; isn't he the head of that food conglomerate?”

“That's my boss's boss right there!”

“And over there, isn't that the coal company's top executive?”

“Are all these high-profile executives participating in some kind of military drill?”

“I was wondering why that voice sounded so familiar. It turns out they were the ones being called out.”

Bystanders exchanged puzzled glances, all sharing a sense of bewilderment. None of them could figure out what was going on or why these influential figures were gathered here.

“This is yours,” Su Ming said as he accepted a set of keys and a contract from Boss Fong, handing them over to the first individual.

“Thank you, Mr. Su!” The man snapped to attention, delivering an awkward salute with more enthusiasm than precision. His voice boomed with confidence, echoing around the stunned crowd.

Wasn't this man the head of the municipal water company? Yet here he was, standing before a young man with the deference of a schoolchild. Who was this young man to command such respect?

”This is yours.”

“Thank you, Mr. Su!”

“Yours!”

“Thank you, Mr. Su!”

One by one, Su Ming distributed the houses.

“Boss Fong, I'm entrusting the houses to you,” Su Ming said, turning his attention to Boss Fong.

“Yes, rest assured,” Boss Fong replied, nodding eagerly.

”Of course, I wouldn't expect you to handle this without compensation,” Su Ming said with a smile. “You'll receive a 5% commission.”

”What did you say?” Boss Fong was taken aback.

He was astounded. Su Ming was offering him a 5% commission on properties located within the Second Ring Road, where these executives had secured tenancies at market

rates. For a 120-square-meter house costing 20,000 yuan a month, a 5% commission amounted to 1,000 yuan. And with nearly 3,000 properties under Su Ming's ownership, the figures were staggering, especially considering the decade-long leases.

What an enormous amount of money!

Boss Fong had been facing some cash flow issues recently.

But the System purchased all of his properties.

This netted Boss Fong a significant profit!

Simultaneously,

Su Ming offered him a very generous commission.

Boss Fong was over the moon!

The other local business owners, upon hearing the news,

were green with envy.

“We could do that job too!”

We can manage properties as well!

Old Fong, who usually kept a low profile, had suddenly made a fortune.

Their envy was palpable.

They had previously taken pleasure in Manager Ma's misfortune for having offended Su Ming,

believing Old Fong would face repercussions.

But to their astonishment, Old Fong had become wealthy overnight.

“Mr. Su, this commission is excessively high.”

Despite the thrill Boss Fong felt,

his sense of reason overcame his greed.

Perhaps this was a test from Mr. Su.

So he quickly responded,

“Let's just leave the commission as it is.”

Su Ming yawned and said, “You handle the renovations for those twenty houses. Just let me know when they're finished, and I'll settle the bill.”

Boss Fong shook his head insistently, “No, Mr. Su, I insist on paying.”

“I'm not short on cash.”

With that, Su Ming climbed into the truck.

A hush fell over the crowd.

Boss Fong fell silent too.

Mr. Su was absolutely right!

He genuinely wasn't lacking money.

Even the most extravagant renovations for twenty houses would only amount to tens or even hundreds of millions of yuan.

Mr. Su didn't need that money.

“Mr. Su's wealth is immense; he's not testing me. He simply doesn't care about the money.”

He had overestimated his own importance. He was being too narrow-minded.

Just then, Su Ming started the engine.

Boss Fong paused for a moment,

then quickly dashed in front of the vehicle, bellowing, “Clear the way, Mr. Su is leaving.”

The other bosses, whether involved or not, all hurried over to disperse the crowd.

They then lined the street, smiling as they waved Su Ming off.

After Su Ming had departed.

The business owners dropped their pretenses.

“Chen, given our rapport, could you possibly share half of your house with me?”

“Old Sun, didn't I just buy you a drink yesterday?”

“Zhang, let's split the house down the middle!”

“You can't just seize the house by force!”

“My keys!”

“Who bit my thumb? I'm not giving a fingerprint!”

“The house is mine!”

The bosses erupted into a brawl over the property.

Only Boss Fong was beaming with joy.

Manager Ma had been worried about having upset Su Ming, but now Fong emerged as the clear victor.

Elated, Boss Fong and his entourage strutted away, leaving the others to their squabble.

After all, the contract was signed and the house secured.

Any transfer of the property was their concern, not his. He wouldn't interfere.

Meanwhile, Su Ming was oblivious to the chaos.

He arrived home and parked in the driveway.

“Master, the animals in the breeding zone and aquatic product area have reached maturity,” Yuyuv informed him.

Stepping out of his car, Su Ming paused, a surge of excitement washing over him.

They were finally mature! What could they be?

Filled with eager anticipation, Su Ming dashed toward the herding area.

The two black and white cows mooed upon seeing him, their size noticeably larger than before.

Approaching, Su Ming found the cows to be gentle and affectionate, nuzzling up to him as he petted them.

They were mature, but how should he go about harvesting them?

He activated the scanner, but it only provided a basic overview of the cows, which wasn't helpful.

Placing his hand on one of the cows, he awaited a prompt from the System, but none came.

He tried different stances, yet still no System alert.

Was his pose lacking flair?

After several attempts, there was still no response.

What was happening? Could there be an issue with Yuyuv? That seemed unlikely.

"Yuyuv, how do I harvest them?" Su Ming finally asked, unable to contain his curiosity.

"Just milk them!" came Yuyuv's simple reply in his mind.

"What did you say?" Su Ming exclaimed, taken aback.

He was expected to milk the cows!

Sure, he had seen it done countless times on television.

But he had never actually tried it himself.

The task was indeed going to be a challenge.

Chapter 389 - A Great Harvest

Su Ming never imagined that he would have the opportunity to milk cows in his lifetime.

He had never done it before.

First, Su Ming stopped by the nearby supermarket to pick up two pairs of gloves and a couple of buckets.

He also purchased a substantial amount of medical alcohol.

Before anything else, he sterilized the gloves and buckets.

Then, carrying a small stool, he approached a cow.

Su Ming took a seat.

The cow was remarkably cooperative.

It seemed to sense what Su Ming was up to and stood there calmly.

Su Ming cleared his throat.

Then, he set about milking the cow.

Initially, he was somewhat awkward.

Despite several unsuccessful attempts, the cow remained patient.

After several tries, Su Ming finally got it right!

He was drenched in sweat from the effort...

For a seasoned milker, this task wouldn't have been so physically demanding.

But Su Ming was new to milking.

He couldn't help but laugh with joy.

He quickly bent down to inspect his work.

To his surprise, the milk he had collected was golden.

“Congratulations, Host, on acquiring the Beauty Maintaining Toner. It can smooth the skin, erase wrinkles, diminish under-eye bags, and whiten the skin!”

Su Ming paused, processing the explanation in his mind.

What's the most expensive thing on the market these days?

Aside from rare commodities, luxury goods fetch the highest prices.

Cosmetics, especially those used by women, are among these luxury items.

Wealthy celebrities spend fortunes to fend off the signs of aging.

Su Ming blinked in realization.

This was indeed a valuable find.

But it was of no use to him.

He intended to exchange the Beauty Maintaining Toner for points.

The cows had been quite productive.

He managed to fill four large buckets with milk.

He converted all the milk into points.

Yet, Young Master Su decided to keep one bottle of the Beauty Maintaining Toner.

It might come in handy someday.

At the very least, he could offer it to his parents.

“Congratulations, you've successfully earned 90 points!”

Upon hearing the prompt in his mind, Su Ming eagerly checked his phone.

He looked over the herding area.

As expected, both the fences and the pasture were eligible for upgrades.

Su Ming stroked his chin thoughtfully.

With the facilities upgraded, he could raise and cultivate higher-tier animals and plants.

And certainly, upgrading different pieces of equipment would yield various benefits.

In the herding area, there were two facilities that could be upgraded: the quality of the pasture and the fence. The fence wasn't particularly useful, but the pasture was essential as it served as the cows' feed. Without hesitation, Su Ming opted to upgrade the pasture.

“Host, are you certain you want to upgrade the pasture?” came the inquiry.

“Yes!”

“You have been deducted 50 points!”

“The pasture is now upgrading, which will take 6 hours!”

Su Ming nodded contentedly. His two hours of labor had paid off.

He paused, pondering a question. “How much milk can these cows produce?”

He posed the question to Yuvyuv in his thoughts.

“Each cow can be milked at least once. The frequency of milking depends on your wishes, Master. You can also choose to recycle the cows now,” Yuvyuv explained.

With this new understanding, Su Ming realized he could milk the cows multiple times.

"Will the harvest interval decrease?" he asked.

"Indeed, Master. Currently, you can harvest every six hours," Yuvyuv confirmed.

Su Ming nodded in agreement. The timing would coincide perfectly with the completion of the pasture upgrade. However, he didn't want to recycle the cows just yet, as the pasture was still being upgraded. Recycling them now would mean he couldn't raise anything new, wasting valuable time. Moreover, Su Ming was curious to see if the cows' next milk production would again yield Beauty Maintaining Toner.

Humming a tune, Su Ming made his way to the aquatic product area. Two large carp swam back and forth with no noticeable changes, except for the numerous round, yellow objects that now adorned the pond's bottom, slightly larger than soybeans.

Su Ming paused, realization dawning on him. Had the fish spawned?

He rushed over, quickly donning a wetsuit and grabbing a net and a bucket before entering the water, which was at a perfect temperature. As he reached the center of the pond, the two carp approached, circling him happily. With a bucket in his left hand and a bowl in his right, Su Ming scooped up all the roe. Underwater, the roe was yellow, but once removed from the water, it transformed entirely.

They transformed directly into a vibrant red, each one the size of a glass ball.

Su Ming's curiosity was piqued.

He set the bucket on the water's surface and reached out to carefully pick up a fish egg for closer inspection.

Chapter 390 - Excellent Banana Is Ripe

Su Ming donned his professional waterproof suit and stood knee-deep in the water. A bucket bobbed gently on the surface nearby. In his right hand, he held a pole, while his left hand clutched a handful of small beads. He examined them closely. They were glass balls, weren't they? Many had cherished playing with glass balls in their youth, but those days were long gone. Such trinkets could stir up nostalgia, but they seemed pointless now. Nobody played with them anymore.

"Congratulations, Host, on acquiring the Top Grade Jingle Glass Ball," the System announced.

Su Ming paused, taken aback. Top Grade. Jingle. The names had a nice ring to them. But at the end of the day, it was still just a glass ball, no matter how many fancy adjectives were thrown in front.

“The Top Grade Jingle Glass Ball is a Tang Sect hidden weapon. Once it hits the ground, it turns into powder. If inhaled, the individual's adrenaline levels will soar for thirty minutes, resulting in extreme excitement, undetectable by any means,” the System explained.

“Hosts can select a target for its use. Once you've chosen your target, the powder will have no effect on anyone else who inhales it.”

Su Ming nodded, absorbing the information. The Top Grade Jingle Glass Ball had an unexpected potency. In the hands of an athlete, it could be a game-changer, undetectable and powerful. Yet, the idea was fleeting. Sportsmanship was about fairness, and Su Ming had no intention of disrupting that.

Still, the glass ball could be invaluable. In a dire situation where someone was gravely injured, on the brink of death, this powder could provide a much-needed adrenaline boost, potentially saving a life. That wasn't too shabby.

But what was the deal with this Tang Sect weapon? Was Tang San aware of it? Su Ming should be wary; he wouldn't want Tang San coming after him with the Great Hammer.

Mixing up the details from different stories, Su Ming couldn't help but see the usefulness of the item. He decided to pocket a few beads, just in case a situation called for them. Conveniently, his waterproof suit had pockets on the outside, perfect for storing such oddities.

All the remaining glass balls were collected for recycling.

“Congratulations, Host, you have successfully exchanged for points. You have earned 50 points.”

“Congratulations, Host, you have successfully exchanged points. You have obtained 40 points.”

Su Ming had 90 points credited to his account.

After finishing his tasks, Su Ming tidied up.

Sitting in the cabin, he pulled out his phone to review the cabin's upgrade requirements.

He stroked his chin thoughtfully.

Now with 90 points, Su Ming had options.

He could upgrade the cabin to Level Three.

Alternatively,

He could elevate the cabin to Level Two and enhance the equipment.

Which option to choose?

After pondering for a while,

Su Ming resolved to upgrade both the cabin and the equipment simultaneously.

Because even if one was upgraded excellently, without the other meeting the criteria, he couldn't breed higher-level animals.

Su Ming promptly spent 60 points.

Upgrading the cabin required 10 points.

Upgrading the equipment needed 50 points.

“The cabin is currently upgrading. The process will take 6 hours.”

“The equipment is upgrading. Upgrade time: 6 hours.”

Su Ming had barely made his decision when a notification chimed in his mind.

He stepped out of the cabin, carefully closing the door behind him.

The cabin appeared blurry, likely undergoing its upgrade.

Su Ming stretched, feeling relaxed.

He brought the collected milk and glass balls back to the villa.

Ascending the stairs, he automatically opened the marketplace.

The marketplace remained unchanged.

It was stocked with common crops, none of which were green.

The Special Items section still displayed a question mark, devoid of any trigger conditions.

Su Ming shook his head, a tinge of disappointment in his gesture.

System, you're too straightforward.

Can't you throw in a little surprise?

Would a screen full of green be too much to ask for?

I'm not asking for much else.

Feeling somewhat bored, Su Ming launched a game.

He roamed freely through Summoner's Canyon.

Time flew, and night fell.

After a light meal, Su Ming retired to bed.

While he was sleeping soundly,

Yuvyuv's voice echoed gently in his mind.

“Master, the bananas are ripe.”

Su Ming snapped awake.

The bananas were ripe, a Level Two crop.

Though he had managed to grow a Level Four crop,

it had been a stroke of luck.

And the quantity of Level Four crops was limited.

This time, the bananas were cultivated on a grand scale.

Su Ming burst into laughter and leaped out of bed.

He headed straight for the field.

The banana trees towered above him.

They stood at least three to four meters tall.

Though the banana trees weren't as towering as coconut trees, tackling them would still require some effort.

Su Ming stood outside, observing.

The clusters of bananas appeared quite ordinary.

But upon closer inspection...

Where bananas should have been, there were scrolls hanging from the trees.

They were all green, encased in a thin green film.

Su Ming paused, blinking in disbelief.

Had he wandered into the wrong place?

He surveyed his surroundings.

This was Earth.

He was still in slippers, wearing pants and a T-shirt.

His phone was still in his hand.

Surveillance cameras and floodlights adorned the surrounding walls.

Many lights in the Guoxing Building were still ablaze.

Why did Su Ming feel as though he had stepped into another world?

This didn't seem like Earth.

This was Battle through the Heavens.

The scroll gave the impression of having crossed into another realm.

Su Ming rubbed his eyes, certain he wasn't dreaming.

He approached a banana tree.

The scroll was within reach, and Su Ming stretched out his hand to grasp it, tugging firmly.

"Congratulations, Host, you have obtained a skill scroll."

Su Ming heard the voice inside his head.

He leaped up in excitement.

A skill!

It was actually a skill.

He had somehow cultivated a skill from the soil.

Su Ming had read countless novels about cheat codes, with various skills and systems.

Now, it was his turn.

He could literally harvest skills from the earth.

Clearly, he had underestimated the land's and the System's capabilities.

If one day he could cultivate an entire System from the ground, Su Ming wouldn't bat an eye.

It was perfectly normal.

Almost too normal.

Su Ming had been somewhat sleepy before, but now he was wide awake.

As he prepared to unfurl the scroll, he hesitated, struck by a sudden pause.

Hold on a second.

There's a crucial question.

“Yuvyuv, what if I'm not satisfied with the skill after I've opened it?” Su Ming inquired.

”Master, there's no need to worry. If you're not satisfied, you can simply exchange it for points,” Yuvyuv assured.

“You're truly impressive.”

Su Ming was thrilled by Yuvyuv's response.

Without further ado, Su Ming reached out and unfurled the scroll.

In that instant, the scroll vanished, transforming into a golden glow.

“Congratulations, Host, on acquiring the invincible flattery skill. With this skill at your disposal, you'll be adept at handling any situation. The success rate of this skill is 100%, with a zero percent chance of failure.”