

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

#Chapter 391 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 391

Chapter 391 - System Are You Fooling Me??

Su Ming was taken aback by the System's description of the skill.

Flattery?

Was the System playing tricks on him?

After all, he was Mr. Su, a name well-known among the top executives in Eastsea.

Did he really need to resort to flattery?

The idea seemed preposterous.

Yet, as Su Ming stroked his chin, he considered that the skill might be a good fit for President Chen.

President Chen's aptitude for flattery was already exceptional.

It was possible that his own flattery skills surpassed the level of this skill.

Initially, the skill seemed like a joke, drawing Su Ming's mockery.

But upon deeper reflection, he recognized its potential power.

What do people value in modern society?

Interpersonal relationships.

Connections start with conversation.

If a person knows how to flatter, whether they work in government or private sector, even as a janitor, they can thrive.

History is filled with those who've climbed the ladder of success through flattery, as well as those who've met their demise for angering others with insincere praise.

At first glance, the skill might seem off-putting.

However, Su Ming realized it's a coveted ability that many yearn for but never attain.

Mastering the art of flattery could easily lead to wealth.

Nevertheless, the skill held no value for Su Ming.

He was an energetic young man with a farming system; he didn't need to depend on such a skill.

With resolve, Su Ming mentally commanded, "Recycle!"

"Host, congratulations on the successful point exchange. You've earned 400 points!"

Su Ming reached for the second skill and unfurled the scroll.

"Ding! Congratulations, Host, on acquiring the flirting skill! This skill enables you to charm countless women without repercussions or discovery. It's an essential skill for any gentleman!"

Hearing the prompt in his mind, Su Ming was momentarily dumbfounded.

Was the System intentionally doing this?

He wasn't bothered by the previously acquired flattery skill.

But what was the intention behind this new skill for hitting on people?

What was the System suggesting he do?

He was the refined, erudite, and virtuous Young Master Su.

Would he engage in such behavior?

Nonetheless, the skill had its merits.

Recently, the entertainment industry had been rocked by scandals involving celebrities caught in affairs.

If they possessed that skill, they would certainly be alright.

Su Ming had a fleeting thought, which he quickly dismissed.

He was an honest man and couldn't bring himself to engage in such activities.

He didn't desire the skill; he intended to exchange it for points.

“Host, congratulations on the successful point exchange. You've earned 200 points!”

Su Ming reached out and claimed the third skill.

“Host, congratulations on acquiring the Stinky Appraiser. This skill enables you to discern any foul odor with ease.”

“Recycle!”

Su Ming instructed the System to reclaim the skill before it could finish its explanation.

He then unfurled the fourth scroll.

“Host, congratulations on gaining the skill that prevents you from getting drunk, no matter how much alcohol you consume.”

“Recycle!”

His alcohol tolerance was already exceptionally high.

He had amassed several skills in quick succession: Divine Level bicycle repair, Divine Level cleaning, and Divine Level laziness.

Su Ming had a strong hunch that the System was doing this deliberately.

The excitement Su Ming once felt had faded, leaving him somewhat desensitized.

He instinctively reached for the next scroll.

Upon opening it, he was taken aback.

Normally, a scroll would transform into a burst of golden light and vanish, followed by the System detailing the skill's functionality.

But this scroll remained, perfectly intact in his hand, and at its center, a large question mark loomed.

What could this be?

Su Ming was perplexed.

Was this the Wide Knowledge Technique, designed to foster a love for learning and inquiry?

That didn't seem right.

If that were the case, his brain would have received some sort of notification.

At the very least, the System should offer some clarification.

What was happening?

“Host, congratulations on unlocking a hidden quest.”

“Mission details: pending!”

“Mission reward: you can activate special items in the store!”

Hearing the prompt in his mind, Su Ming was astounded.

He had stumbled upon a hidden quest?

This was fantastic!

Most notably, the reward for completing the mission was the ability to activate special items in the store.

These items had puzzled Su Ming for quite some time.

At last, he had the chance to unlock them!

Su Ming burst into hearty laughter.

Still, the vague nature of the mission left him with a hint of curiosity.

What was the mission about? That remained to be seen. But now, he had the opportunity to unlock the special items in the mall. This was a far better situation than passively waiting for those items to become available. Fantastic!

Feeling content, Su Ming realized he had made some progress today. In high spirits, he continued to examine the scrolls. The rest of the skills were quite mundane, so he had the System reclaim them.

He then turned his attention to the final scroll. Having already secured a hidden mission, Su Ming felt he had already reaped substantial rewards. His expectations for this last scroll weren't high as he reached out and took it.

“Host, congratulations on acquiring the God-level Musical Instrument Mastery. This skill enables you to play any musical instrument. Anything capable of producing sound can be considered an instrument in your hands! You'll be able to create beautiful music with any instrument!”

Mastering musical instruments? That was incredible.

Su Ming paused, his eyes widening in surprise. Back in his college days, he remembered the cool guys with their long hair and scruffy beards, strumming guitars on the stairways. They played a song called "In Spring," their melancholic demeanor captivating countless girls. Those guys had an easy time winning over the girls.

While Su Ming wasn't particularly interested in that aspect, he did want to acquire more skills. And this one was undoubtedly useful.

Without hesitation, Su Ming clicked the learn button. In the next instant, his mind felt like it was exploding with a powerful surge of energy. It was an intense sensation that, while not painful, left him feeling slightly groggy.

But the feeling passed quickly, and when Su Ming opened his eyes once more, he had mastered the art of playing every musical instrument in the world. It was an exhilarating achievement.

Su Ming couldn't help but laugh heartily. He had indeed learned an impressive skill.

"Host, you have successfully harvested your crops. You've earned 100,000 experience points! And you've received an extra bonus of 20,000 experience points!"

"Host, congratulations, you've earned 10,000 experience points! And you've received an additional bonus of 2,000 experience points!"

Chapter 392 - Silken Cabbage

Su Ming reflected on the benefits of Level Two crops. With just a small plot planted, he had already earned 100,000 experience points.

He promptly accessed his data panel:

Farmer: Su Ming

Level: LV11

Experience: 776,000

Farm: Level Three

Breeding: Level Two

Ranch: Level One

Aquaculture: Level One

Skills: Blessing from Plants, Initial Scanning Ability, Stamina Talent, Mosquito Immune System, Experience Buff 20, Divine Level Instrument Mastery

Planting Points: 3201

Breeding Points: 300

Points for Free-Range Livestock: 40

Aquaculture Points: 30

Su Ming did the math; he needed just over 200,000 more experience points for the next level-up.

What an exciting prospect!

Currently, he had amassed over 3,000 planting points.

Upgrading an acre to Level Two soil demanded 1,000 points.

With his 3,000 points, he could elevate at least three acres to Level Two.

However, the land was presently occupied by pumpkin crops, so an upgrade would have to wait.

To bring an acre from Level Two to Level Three required a hefty 5,000 points.

While Su Ming's points fell short, he was in no rush and decided to bide his time.

First things first, Su Ming set to work on two acres of land, driving his tractor over the soil for another thorough plowing.

Despite the late hour, Su was invigorated, not feeling the least bit fatigued.

Drenched in sweat, he was the picture of exhilaration.

Mid-task, a thought struck Su Ming, and he paused his labor.

The stroke of midnight had come and gone, signaling a refresh of goods in the virtual mall.

Could Level Two seeds be among the new offerings?

It seemed highly probable to Su Ming, so he halted the tractor, cleaned his hands on his clothing, and fetched his phone.

With eager anticipation, he launched the System app and navigated to the mall.

“There must be Level Two seeds,” Su Ming silently hoped, offering a silent prayer before selecting the planting category.

In an instant, a flash of green zipped across the screen!

Upon closer inspection, Su Ming's hunch was confirmed: Level Two seeds were indeed available!

Among them were common varieties like onions and green beans.

Adhering to his philosophy of “better to waste than to miss out,” Su Ming purchased all the ordinary seeds and safely stored them in his warehouse.

Su Ming's attention was fixed on the last seed, bathed in a green glow.

Upon closer inspection, he discovered the seed was named Silken Cabbage.

“Nice,” Su Ming mused to himself.

Silken Cabbage seeds were quite pricey, but without hesitation, Su Ming purchased them.

Once the transaction was complete, he promptly redeemed the Silken Cabbage from the warehouse.

Next, Su Ming headed straight for the warehouse.

From a distance, he could see a bag of seeds emitting a green radiance in the night.

Rushing over and opening the bag, Su Ming couldn't help but let out a cry of amazement.

The cabbage seeds were exceptionally beautiful, as translucent and gleaming as jade.

“What a fantastic find!” he exclaimed with a laugh, thoroughly pleased.

Indeed, it was his lucky day.

He had not only triggered a special mission and acquired an incredibly powerful skill, but the System had also updated with a Level Two Crop.

Without further ado, Su Ming planted the seeds in the soil.

Cabbages required a slightly denser planting than bananas, with only ten cabbages fitting per acre.

After planting the cabbage seeds, Su Ming pondered. If a farmer could only grow ten cabbages per acre, they would certainly be at a loss.

Still, Su Ming kept these thoughts to himself, as he wouldn't dare challenge the System.

With all the cabbage seeds in the ground, dawn was breaking.

He stretched, ready to grab a bite to eat and freshen up.

Then he made his way to the herding area.

Considering that milk matured every six hours, Su Ming was eager to see if this batch would yield Beauty Maintaining Toner.

Now adept at milking, he checked and, as expected, found Beauty Maintaining Toner, which he promptly exchanged for points, along with the two dairy cows.

In total, Su Ming earned 200 points.

He immediately invested 50 points to upgrade the fence to Level Two.

With both the fence and pasture at Level Two, he was now able to raise Level Two animals.

Su Ming also exchanged two carps from the aquatic product area and all the glass balls for points, amassing another 200 points.

Su Ming once again upgraded the wooden house, saving the leftover points for a future equipment upgrade. He introduced two new sheep to the herding area and ten loaches to the aquatic product area.

“Ding! Sheep successfully raised! Harvest time for sheep is 48 hours!”

“Ding! Loaches successfully bred! Harvest time for loaches is 52 hours!”

Content, Su Ming clapped his hands. Having worked through the night, he was quite tired, so he headed back to the villa for a well-deserved rest.

He slept until late morning and, after a good stretch, got out of bed. A quick bite to eat and a glance at the thriving crops in the field left him feeling delighted. Just then, a knock at the door interrupted his reverie.

Puzzled, Su Ming wondered who could be knocking. He made his way to the door and opened it to find a large group of people. Upon closer inspection, he recognized them as members of the band.

“Mr. Su, we've arrived,” Manager Liu greeted him with a warm smile.

Manager Liu's eyes widened as he took in the expanse of Su Ming's property, which now seemed even more spacious. Everyone behind him was equally astonished.

They had been impressed that Su Ming owned land in the city center, but the fact that it could be expanded was beyond their expectations. The property was huge, easily spanning a dozen acres or more. It appeared that Mr. Su's land nearly enveloped the city center—a feat that must have cost a fortune!

The band had been away on tour, which is why they hadn't visited Su Ming's place sooner. Now that their performance was over, they had hurried over.

“Mr. Su, where will our performance be held this time?” Manager Liu inquired cautiously.

Su Ming blinked thoughtfully and stroked his chin. “You'll perform over there,” he decided, guiding them toward the breeding zone.

He had them take a seat in a wide passageway, then proceeded to the breeding zone to open all the doors and windows.

Manager Liu was visibly excited. He had thought owning a few acres in the city center was impressive, but he now realized his perspective had been too limited.

After returning from his performance, Su Ming had already purchased two buildings.

Su Ming's intent in buying these buildings wasn't for investment or business purposes; he bought them for farming!

Manager Liu couldn't help but be impressed by Su Ming.

He thought to himself how prestigious it was to play his instrument on this land valued at ten billion!

Meanwhile, Manager Liu was unaware that a motorcade had slowly made its way past the orchestra's entrance.

The procession was impressive, with several black jeeps leading the way, followed by a black sedan, and several more vehicles trailing behind.

A throng of journalists brought up the rear.

At that moment, the sedan's door opened, and a middle-aged woman stepped out.

She was immediately swarmed by an army of reporters, all clamoring for her attention.

Security personnel quickly intervened, holding back the press.

The scene resembled that of a major celebrity on tour.

C393 – Dean Shen

This middle-aged woman was far from ordinary.

She was a renowned master of musical instruments, well-known throughout the imperial court.

In her twenties, she had already been representing her country on international stages.

Her list of awards was extensive.

She had mastered a wide array of famous instruments, both domestic and international.

Furthermore, her artistic prowess was exceptional, placing her in the realm of a national treasure.

She also served as the dean of a prestigious art academy, nurturing many lead musicians.

Notably, a few years ago, when a famous director remade the Three Kingdoms series, many were skeptical, believing it couldn't match the original.

But it wasn't long before viewers recognized the brilliance of the new series' soundtrack.

Particularly memorable was the scene where Zhuge Liang's zither playing repelled Sima Yi's forces.

Many viewers came away praising the music, elevating the new Three Kingdoms to a status rivaling the original.

One could only imagine the depth of her musical expertise.

On this occasion, she was visiting Eastsea on business and decided to stop by the local orchestra.

The security guard was leisurely sipping tea at the entrance when he was startled by a sudden commotion of footsteps.

Blinking in surprise, he was taken aback.

The person at the center of the commotion seemed familiar.

As someone who recognized a few celebrities in the music world, he knew he was in the presence of a music master from the imperial court.

After scrutinizing for a moment, recognition dawned on him.

It was the imperial court's esteemed musical instrument master!

"Ms. Shen, there's an international music conference next month. Will you be attending?"

"Ms. Shen, we've heard about your Grammy nomination. What are your thoughts?"

Reporters swarmed her, buzzing with questions.

Shen Dan, however, paid them no mind.

She spotted the bewildered security guard with glasses and approached him with a warm smile.

"Hello, is this the Eastsea Orchestra?"

Shen Dan inquired cheerfully.

"Yes!"

The security guard nodded eagerly in response.

He was well aware that Dean Shen commanded an appearance fee in the millions.

"Are they inside?"

Shen Dan continued.

She had made a spur-of-the-moment decision to come here.

She hadn't notified the Eastsea Orchestra of her plans.

Truthfully, even if she had tried to call, Manager Liu wouldn't have answered.

His phone was currently switched off.

In fact, everyone in the orchestra had their phones off at Su Ming's place.

They were joyfully playing music for sheep and loaches.

“Dean Shen, they’ve gone out,” the security guard said hastily.

Shen Dan nodded. “Have they gone out for a performance?”

The guard seemed taken aback.

He was unaware that Su Ming’s property had been converted.

Manager Liu himself had only just been informed.

“Possibly,” the guard said, blinking.

Shen Dan was taken aback.

The guard noticed the confusion in her eyes and offered a brief explanation of the situation.

Once he finished, Shen Dan’s expression grew stern.

Her brow furrowed, and she was visibly upset.

“The Eastsea Orchestra is playing for pigs?” she asked incredulously.

“Please, don’t be upset, Dean Shen. He paid a substantial amount,” the guard replied earnestly.

If Manager Liu heard this, he would be incensed.

He would surely fire the security guard on the spot.

Shen Dan was livid.

“Music was created by humans.”

“It’s meant for human understanding.”

“And yet, the Eastsea Orchestra is performing for pigs.”

Her anger was palpable.

The reporters behind her fell silent.

No one dared to utter a word.

It was not unusual for orchestras to perform for money.


But for the Eastsea Orchestra to play for pigs was unheard of!

Now that Dean Shen was aware, the future of their orchestra was in jeopardy.

“Where are they? Lead me to them!” Shen Dan demanded, her frown deepening.

Realizing his mistake, the guard quickly tried to mitigate the situation.

“Don’t be upset, Dean Shen,” he said. “This isn’t their first time there; they frequent that place.”

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C394 – So He Was the Expert!

Su Ming had just finished tidying up the courtyard when he took a moment to sit on a small bench and enjoy the orchestra’s performance. As the music played, he couldn’t help but furrow his brow. The violinist’s skills were mediocre, and the saxophonist wasn’t much better. The cello was out of tune and needed replacing. Even Manager Liu’s conducting was subpar.

In the past, Su Ming wouldn’t have noticed these details; he was a novice to music. But now, as a connoisseur, he could see right through them. They could no longer pull the wool over his eyes. He sighed deeply, feeling somewhat troubled. When he was less knowledgeable about music, he had thought the orchestra’s performances were impressive. Now, aware of every imperfection, he wondered if this was the burden of those with talent.

As Su Ming was lost in thought, the piece came to an end and the musicians took a brief respite. Standing up, he approached Manager Liu.

“Mr. Su,” Manager Liu greeted him anxiously. “Is there something you need?”

“Nothing much,” Su Ming replied with a smile. “Manager Liu, you’ve never studied conducting, have you?”

Manager Liu’s face flushed with embarrassment. He had indeed never learned to conduct. A skilled conductor was crucial for a large concert, but their orchestra played familiar tunes, often for the animals they raised, so the conductor’s expertise seemed less critical. What mattered was the significant profits their performances generated. Envious of his employees’ earnings, Manager Liu had decided to take on the role of

conductor himself, assuming the average person wouldn't notice his lack of skill. But Su Ming was no average person.

"Don't worry about it," Su Ming reassured him with a smile. "You should continue as the conductor."

Truth be told, Su Ming found the situation rather amusing now that he was aware of it.

"Mr. Su, I..." Manager Liu began, feeling a wave of guilt.

"It's alright," Su Ming interrupted, still smiling. "Just focus on conducting well." He then turned to the violinist and remarked, "There's an issue with your violin playing."

As Su Ming's words fell, the surrounding crowd was taken aback.

This was their orchestra's principal violinist, the most skilled performer among them.

While he wasn't considered a top violinist nationally, he was undoubtedly talented.

Did Mr. Su even understand violin performance?

Was Mr. Su attempting to coach a violinist from an audience member's perspective?

"Mr. Su, could you please tell me what my issue is?" the chief violinist asked, rising to his feet in haste.

Indeed, he was the principal violinist.

But Mr. Su had wealth, and his words carried weight as a result.

If Mr. Su suggested he play the violin upside down, he would oblige without question.

Such is the influence of money.

"You've clearly dedicated yourself to mastering the violin," Mr. Su observed.

"Your posture is exemplary."

"The height and breadth of your arm movements while bowing the strings are impeccable."

"However, you may not have noticed that your playing hesitates during rests, leading to a lack of smooth transitions."

"Typically, the audience wouldn't detect this, so it's not a serious issue."

“Nevertheless, addressing this would enhance your performance,” Su Ming remarked calmly.

The room fell silent at Su Ming’s critique.

Had they misheard?

Su Ming’s feedback was unexpectedly professional.

They had assumed Mr. Su lacked musical knowledge, that he was merely a lay listener.

It turned out Mr. Su was an expert!

The chief violinist was the most astounded.

He was completely bewildered.

Mr. Su had pinpointed his exact issue!

During practice, he always paused at the rests, which had drawn criticism from his teacher.

Gradually, he developed a fear of these pauses.

Each time he played a rest, his shoulder muscles would involuntarily tense up—a subconscious flinch in response to anticipated criticism.

Not even the music academy professors could spot this subtle imperfection.

But Su Ming had noticed!

Indeed, Su Ming was an expert!

At that moment, Su Ming approached the trumpet player and commented, “There’s a slight flaw in your performance as well...”

The trumpet player was equally dumbfounded.

Su Ming then turned to the drummer and noted, “Your performance also has a slight flaw...”

The drummer was caught off guard.

Su Ming offered some advice, and the entire band was taken aback.

They had originally pegged Su Ming as a mysterious wealthy man.

But it turned out that Su Ming wasn't just wealthy; he was also well-educated and highly skilled in music.

What's more, he was proficient in multiple instruments.

Handsome, wealthy, and talented – what a combination!

Is this what sets people apart?

The principal violinist rose nervously: “Mr. Su, we had no idea that we've been parading our talents before an expert like you this whole time. Would you mind playing something for us?”

His face was alight with a fervent hope.

As he finished speaking, his colleagues behind him all looked up expectantly.

Their intense stares fixed on Su Ming.

They were certain that Su Ming was a professional musician.

After all, only a seasoned musician could articulate certain professional terms and critiques.

A layperson wouldn't stand a chance at making sense of them.

Su Ming paused, thinking, “I've practiced playing for so long and never really showcased it. Now's the perfect chance.”

“Alright,” Su Ming nodded.

But then he pondered, “Which instrument should I play?”

The spectators immediately grasped Su Ming's dilemma and scrambled to offer their own.

“Mr. Su, please use my violin!”


“That violin's seen better days. Mr. Su, take mine!”

“Mine would be better.”

“No!” Su Ming's eyes sparkled with inspiration.

He strolled over to the side, grinning, and plucked a leaf from a nearby tree.

He twirled the leaf between his fingers and declared, "This will do."

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Chapter 395 - This Really Is a Good Name!

When the members of the symphony orchestra witnessed Su Ming's actions, they were taken aback.

Mr. Su was planning to use leaves as a musical instrument?

Could that be true?

Was it possible for him to produce a melody using leaves?

Deep down, they knew it was feasible.

Yet, the challenge of performing with leaves far surpassed that of using traditional instruments.

Ordinary instruments produce sound through the vibration of metal.

But coaxing a tune from a leaf depended on the player's lips and breath control.

This was no small feat.

And since no two leaves were alike, the task was incredibly daunting for Su Ming.

Could Su Ming actually accomplish such a feat?

Seeing the puzzled looks on everyone's faces, Su Ming allowed a smile to spread across his own.

He then inhaled deeply, placed the leaf to his lips, and gently blew.

Instantly, music emerged—resonant and flowing, reminiscent of a sprite in dance.

The music carried notes of joy and hints of sorrow, keeping company with the stars above and the mountains below.

Su Ming transformed the cacophony of the city center into a piece that was both enchanting and melodious.

The entire orchestra was spellbound by the tune.

My goodness!

The music was mesmerizing.

They had assumed Su Ming would manage only a simple tune.

Yet, they hadn't anticipated that he would infuse the piece with such raw emotion.

It was a level of artistry they couldn't achieve with even the most expensive of instruments.

Meanwhile, outside the door, Shen Dan had just stepped out of her car.

A throng of reporters quickly gathered behind her.

"Dean Shen, why are you so upset?"

"Dean Shen, what's happened?"

They encircled her, bombarding her with questions.

Shen Dan looked visibly upset.

"Some orchestras do disgraceful things for money," she said with indignation.

"They stoop so low as to play music for pigs. It's a disgrace."

Shen Dan was seething with anger.

"They're inside here."

"Let's go in and put an end to this charade."

With that, she charged ahead, followed by a cadre of security personnel, a pack of journalists, and onlookers eager to see how the events would unfold.

But as they approached the entrance, the sound of music reached their ears.

It was harmonious and exceedingly beautiful.

Shen Dan, initially furious, found herself instantly transfixed upon hearing the melody.

After all, Shen Dan was a consummate musician.

She found the melody enchantingly beautiful.

The seamless connection of the notes and the exquisite portrayal of the mood were flawless.

The piece was impeccable, utterly captivating to the ear.

Shen Dan was spellbound.

Her anger had long since dissipated.

She stood still, eyes closed, simply listening to the music.

She felt herself transform into a little bird, soaring freely in the sky, joyfully dancing among the clouds.

Then, she imagined herself as a deer, prancing merrily through the forest.

Next, she became a droplet of water, bravely navigating the rapids of a stream, merging into the river, and surging towards the ocean.

Shen Dan was wholly absorbed in the music.

A tear gathered on her quivering lashes and slowly made its way down her cheek.

This was a piece of music that touched her soul like none she had ever heard before.

The reporters, security personnel, and the crowd behind her were equally transfixed.

Though they weren't experts in music, the emotional resonance was universal.

They were all astonished, lost in the music.

As the final crisp note faded, the music came to an end.

Su Ming removed the leaf from his lips.

He nodded in approval.

The skill the System had granted him was remarkable.

He could turn anything into a musical instrument.

Su Ming tossed the leaf to the ground and turned to face the members of the orchestra.

To his surprise, he saw a large group of people at the entrance.

When had they arrived?

What did they want?

Where had all these reporters come from?

Their silent presence had taken him aback.

Shen Dan was the first to snap out of it, rushing towards Su Ming as though she had wings.

She seized his hand in hers.

Her face was a canvas of ecstatic joy, streaked with tears.

“My goodness! Sir, your musical talent is extraordinary. May I know your name? And the name of the piece you just played?”

Su Ming stood there, blinking in bewilderment.

He had no intention of fleeing. Could she possibly grip his hand with a little less force?

His hand ached.

The first question she posed was easy for him to answer, but he was at a loss regarding the second.

He had simply played a tune without thinking to name it.

What should he call it?

Mountain and Flowing Water?

That name seemed too commonplace.

Su Clan's March?

The name lacked originality.

So, what should he call the piece?

Adhering to the System's naming conventions, he decided to call the composition the Qidelongdong March.

Su Ming chuckled and said, “I'm Su Ming. The piece you just heard is called the Qidelongdong March.”

Shen Dan's expression stiffened instantly.

The corners of her eyes twitched uncontrollably.

The Qidelongdong March sounded awful.

Was this what being a master was like?

She pondered the abstract art master Picasso, whose paintings were beyond many people's comprehension.

Yet, his artwork sold for over a hundred million yuan.

Were his paintings subpar?

In his youth, Picasso was a master of realistic painting.

His works were as lifelike as photographs.

It was only in his later years that his style evolved into abstraction.

This was seen as a return to the essence of the world.

It signified reaching the pinnacle of perfection, a return to simplicity.

Only a true master could achieve such a state.

Despite the Qidelongdong March's awkward sound, Mr. Su must have chosen the name with profound intent.

"It's truly a fine name!"

Shen Dan's enthusiasm returned in an instant.

She grasped Su Ming's hand and shook it energetically.

Was she certain?

Su Ming couldn't help but inwardly grumble.

He had simply picked a name at random for the piece.

Why did she believe it was a good name?

Could there be a deeper meaning to the name that he hadn't considered?

Perhaps he was indeed a genius!

As they shook hands and exchanged greetings, Manager Liu and his colleagues finally caught on.

They scrutinized Shen Dan and recognized her as a heavyweight in the music world.

She was a true leader in the industry.

“Dean Shen, what brings you here?”

Manager Liu rushed forward, bowing to Shen Dan.

The group of musicians behind him showed great respect for her.

Shen Dan smiled and said, “Mr. Su, I need to attend to something first.”

She then reluctantly released Su Ming's hand.

The next moment, her warm and enthusiastic face turned stern.

Her eyes blazed with fury and seriousness.

“Are you Manager Liu?”

Manager Liu quickly responded, “Yes!”

Shen Dan, hands clasped behind her back, spoke with grave seriousness, “Manager Liu, did you really bring an orchestra to perform for pigs? How disgraceful! Who hired you? Bring him to me; I intend to give him a piece of my mind!”

Upon hearing her words, Manager Liu glanced at Shen Dan and then at Su Ming.

The individual standing before Dean Shen was precisely the person she had been seeking.

She had just taken Su Ming's hand with great respect.

Did she truly want him to reveal the answer?

If he were to announce it loudly, the situation could deteriorate significantly.

Shen Dan went on to berate him, “Manager Liu, how could you bring such a prodigy from your orchestra to perform for swine without reporting it? You're squandering talent! How utterly selfish of you!”

Chapter 396 - Explain

Manager Liu was completely taken aback.

Could it be that Dean Shen was unaware that the very genius she spoke of was their employer?

Manager Liu's expression turned grim.

His eyes and mouth twitched uncontrollably.

He opened his mouth but was rendered speechless.

Shen Dan was livid.

“What's the matter? Have you lost your ability to speak?”

Hands on her hips, Shen Dan was visibly upset.

“As an orchestra manager, you should be dedicated to learning and striving for excellence.”

“Making money is essential, but remember your core mission. Art transcends everything.”

“By acting this way, you're degrading art.”

“Where is this person?”

Shen Dan's anger escalated with every word.

Manager Liu blinked frantically, glancing repeatedly towards Su Ming.

“What's wrong with your eyes?” Shen Dan inquired, noticing his behavior.

Manager Liu was at a loss for words.

Taking a deep breath, he finally set his gaze on Su Ming.

“Mr. Su is our employer.”

The room fell into a hushed silence at Manager Liu's revelation.

Shen Dan was stunned, her previous words now making her feel incredibly awkward.

As she pondered her next move, her assistant stepped forward, eyes wide with indignation, and blurted out, “So what if he's the employer?”

But before the assistant could finish, Shen Dan let out a shout and enthusiastically gave a thumbs up, her face alight with admiration.

The assistant was caught off guard.

The reporters and onlookers shared in the confusion.

"Dean Shen, you didn't say that a moment ago," the assistant remarked, unable to contain himself.

"What did I say?" Shen Dan cut him off sharply.

"I now understand Mr. Su's intentions," she declared confidently.

Su Ming was just as surprised by her reaction.

All he had wanted was for them to perform and cheer up his plants and animals; he had no ulterior motives.

"Manager Liu, you've been with Mr. Su for so long and yet you fail to grasp his thoughts," Shen Dan chided.

Manager Liu was perplexed.

"You all lack vision," she continued.

"If Mr. Su is as skilled as you say, he could easily perform himself. Why would he invite you?"

"Is Mr. Su simply trying to avoid exhaustion?"

"Of course not. Someone who has mastered an instrument to such a degree would never fear fatigue!"

"He must have spotted your shortcomings and wanted to offer some guidance. He aimed for you to immerse yourselves in nature, to truly understand the world, and to elevate your artistic sensibility and skill," Shen Dan declared emphatically.

Upon hearing this, Su Ming couldn't resist giving a thumbs up, though he felt a twinge of embarrassment. Just yesterday, he had been clueless. It was only after the Excellent Banana ripened that he mastered the skill.

Manager Liu, listening in, found himself nodding in agreement with Dean Shen's insightful comments. Without Dean Shen's wisdom, they might never have grasped such a profound truth in their lifetimes. He was deeply moved.

"Thank you, Mr. Su, for enlightening us! We were so naive," Manager Liu exclaimed with urgency.

His colleagues, too, rose to their feet and bowed deeply. They were deeply grateful for Su Ming's personal instruction, correcting their errors without asking for payment.

Su Ming, rubbing his nose and clearing his throat, casually placed his hands behind his back. "Really, it's no big deal," he remarked.

At his words, tears welled up in the eyes of Manager Liu and his team.

"Thank you, Dean Shen. Without your visit today, we would have remained in the dark," they said.

"We never imagined Mr. Su could be so magnanimous. We are truly honored," they added, their voices filled with admiration.

"Thank you for your guidance, Mr. Su. I'm going to practice diligently and certainly won't let you down," they vowed with conviction.

"Let's wrap up for today. You all can head back now. Take a few days to rest; there's no need to come in," Su Ming said with a smile, signaling the end of the session.

Chapter 397 - Mr. Su Thank You for Your Guidance!

"Yes!" Manager Liu snapped to attention and responded with conviction.

He turned to his team and said, "Did you all grasp what Mr. Su said? Mr. Su is giving us a few days off to fully understand the new knowledge he imparted today."

"Once we return, we must diligently study and tackle every challenge we can."

"We cannot let Mr. Su down!" Manager Liu exclaimed loudly.

"Understood! Thank you, Mr. Su!" the rest of the band members shouted with fervor.

Leading by example, Manager Liu marched out the door with pride.

Being guided by Mr. Su was a privilege for them!

They were more thrilled than if they had won the lottery!

Indeed, masters don't often show their full capabilities.

Consider Mr. Su: young, attractive, wealthy, and not only that, he's immensely talented and skilled with musical instruments.

He is the true master!

Watching Manager Liu depart, Shen Dan broke into a smile.

Su Ming, catching her grin, felt a shiver. It reminded him of the smiles President Chen and his associates would often wear.

"Mr. Su, could you play that piece again?"

"Please, don't be upset, Mr. Su. I mean no offense."

"The piece is just so captivating, I want to go back and learn it properly. Of course, you must be exhausted today. When might you have some free time? I'd like to visit you."

"Do you farm right in the middle of the city?"

"I'd be glad to lend a hand."

"I grew up in the countryside, helping my parents with the farmwork since I was little. Wheat farming is my specialty."

"Are you in need of help here? I could assist with the farming."

"See, there are weeds in this field."

With Su Ming and the others looking on in astonishment, Shen Dan slipped off her high heels and stepped into the field.

She crouched down and began weeding.

An immediate hush fell over the onlookers.

Shen Dan's assistant and several of her students, seeing her weeding, joined in to help.

The media reporters exchanged puzzled glances, unsure of how to cover this story.

Dean Shen pulling weeds for a mysterious tycoon in the heart of Eastsea City?

Who would believe such a tale?

"What are you all still doing here?"

Shen Dan's assistant was the first to notice the issue. He glanced at the reporters, his brow furrowed, and announced, "Let's clear out, everyone."

"Yes!" came the immediate response.

The reporters didn't dare to protest. Shen Dan was a prominent figure and a renowned musician, wielding significant influence in the media world. Here, even the head of the TV station had to heed her words. With that in mind, they saw no reason to stay and promptly dispersed.

The bystanders, aware that Mr. Su was involved, weren't surprised and followed suit, leaving the scene. The assistant made a point to secure the gate on his way out.

As everyone else busied themselves with their tasks, Su Ming was left standing alone. With nothing else to occupy him and knowing the crowd's appreciation for his music, he decided to perform another piece.

After a moment's thought, Su Ming strolled to the roadside and casually plucked a leaf from the ground. He then settled into the rocking chair and poured himself a glass of iced tea. The refreshing beverage soothed him as he relaxed under the gentle midday sun, which filtered through the leaves above.

Lying back, Su Ming closed his eyes slightly, placed the leaf to his lips, inhaled deeply, and began to play. The workers, including Shen Dan, stopped in their tracks, captivated by the sound. The previous tune had been crisp and spirited, but now it carried a somber, lingering quality, soft and soothing. It evoked the image of a joyful fawn or an exuberant child, whereas the current melody conjured the vision of an elder reminiscing in the sunset of life.

Shen Dan herself, now past fifty, had spent her lifetime in music's embrace. She had foregone a complete childhood and youth, her parents having steered her towards musical study from a tender age. Her innate talent had emerged early, bringing her acclaim. Music had shaped her life and her legacy, but it had also led her to miss out on many of life's simple joys, including the precious moments of her younger years.

She had missed her youth.

She had missed the joy of being there for her child's growth.

Lost in Su Ming's music, she wept.

Behind Shen Dan, the assistants and students sat on the ground, reflecting on memories long buried in their hearts.

They thought of their elderly parents, whom they hadn't visited in a long time.

They remembered their family's thatched hut—old and worn, yet a refuge from the elements.

The song carried the most heartfelt emotions in the world.

Minutes later, the melody ceased.

Shen Dan remained in a trance.

Was this the pinnacle of music?

Was this the very thing she had dedicated her life to pursuing?

She had believed herself close to mastering music.

But now, she realized she was not only far from being a distinguished musician, she hadn't even truly begun.

Shen Dan dried her tears, stood up, and approached Su Ming, bowing deeply.

“Thank you, Mr. Su.”

With those words, Shen Dan walked away.

Years of accolades had led Shen Dan astray; she had come to equate music with sophistication.

But Su Ming's mentorship had been a revelation.

Music, she now understood, had always been with the people, rooted in the earth, wandering through the woods and valleys.

Every blade of grass, every tree, every bloom was a vessel for music.

She had been confined to concert halls, having forgotten her initial purpose.

Determined to start anew, she resolved to seek out the diverse sounds of life to refine her craft.

Over a decade later, Shen Dan had become a true musician.

Her music, lauded by many, had achieved sublime beauty.

Yet, in every interview, with tears in her eyes, she would say, “Without Mr. Su, I would not have reached these heights. My music pales in comparison to his.”

Chapter 398 - Poor Teacher John

Shen Dan and her group had departed.

Su Ming took a brief rest on the lounge chair before getting back to his tasks.

He surveyed the land, noting that the pumpkins would likely be ripe by tomorrow.

Tonight, he anticipated harvesting rabbits.

He hoped not to collect any more stinky tofu; its odor was overwhelming.

As Su Ming tidied up the field, his phone rang.

Glancing at the caller ID, he chuckled—it was Su Qiu calling.

He answered with a smile.

“Brother!”

Su Qiu's voice rang out cheerfully.

Her life had improved significantly thanks to Su Ming's assistance.

She now resided in a studio apartment, free from others' harassment and roommate conflicts.

The support and care from the school administration had positively impacted her mindset, restoring her youthful vivacity and charm.

“What's up?” Su Ming asked, setting the bucket aside and wiping his hands on his clothes before sitting down amidst the crops.

He removed his sun hat, shading his eyes as he spoke.

“Brother, I have some time off in a few days. Can I come over to visit?”

Su Qiu inquired with a hint of caution.

“Absolutely,” Su Ming replied with a warm smile.

“Brother, then please open the door now.”

Su Ming was taken aback.

Su Qiu was right outside his house when she made the call.

True to the Su family's signature style, their approach to things was remarkably similar.

Su Ming approached the door and swung it open.

As expected, Su Qiu stood there waiting.

“Brother!”

She had received his address from him previously, with an open invitation to visit if she ever needed anything.

This was Su Qiu's first visit to his home.

Her eyes widened in awe at the sight of the wheat field and the villa nestled in the center of Su Ming's yard.

“Brother! You're incredible, farming right in the heart of the city!”

She strolled along the path, taking in the surroundings with curiosity.

“Are these sheep?” Su Qiu asked as she reached the herding area, tilting her head to examine the animals.

The sheep were robust, their wool gleaming white.

The upgraded pasture was a vibrant green, a stark contrast to what it once was.

“And these—are they loaches? Brother, can I catch a couple and fry them up?”

Su Ming found himself at a loss for words.

It was as if he had been transported back to their childhood—Su Qiu hadn't changed a bit.

She was a bundle of energy, always curious and frequently getting into mischief.

Due to Su Qiu, the persimmons on Aunt Liu's tree at the village entrance seldom ripened.

As a child, she was quite the little troublemaker.

But during her high school and college years, her family's poverty and the surrounding controversy led her to become more reserved.

Thankfully, with Su Ming's support, she regained her spirited nature.

“What a cute rabbit! Brother, why do you keep these rabbits? Are they for eating? Brother, that's so cruel. Can we have spicy fried rabbit heads for dinner tonight?”

Su Ming thought Su Qiu's thoughts shifted rapidly.

He was at his wit's end.

He grabbed Su Qiu's wrist and said, "It's sweltering outside. Come inside and cool off with the air conditioning."

"The rabbits and loaches are still too young. We'll talk about it once they're grown!"

"Just make sure to let me know when that happens."

"Get inside!"

They entered the villa.

Su Qiu sat on the couch, taking in her surroundings.

Her attention was suddenly drawn to a pile of lanterns in the corner.

"Brother, what are these?"

She inquired with curiosity.

Su Ming replied, "These are wishing lanterns, just a little prop I found online. You write your wish on a piece of paper, toss it into the lantern, and it's supposed to come true."

He said it with a playful tone.

He couldn't divulge the real story.

His exaggerated manner was a way to mask the truth.

"Really?"

As expected, Su Qiu was skeptical.

She picked up a lantern with interest.

To Su Ming, the candle inside the lantern was an eternal flame that would never extinguish.

Most importantly, no matter how the candle was positioned, it would never ignite the surrounding lanterns.

It was completely safe, free from any risk.

But to Su Qiu, it appeared to be just a regular lantern with a snuffed-out candle.

After some thought, Su Qiu grabbed a pen and paper from the table and wrote down a sentence.

"I hope Mr. John sprains his ankle and cancels class tomorrow."

She then lit the candle with a lighter and tossed the note inside.

With a burst of light, the slip of paper was reduced to ashes.

"Your wish has been made. There is a 99% chance of it coming true!"

Su Ming was in the kitchen preparing fruit for Su Qiu when a sudden alert echoed in his mind, leaving him momentarily frozen.

"Yuyuv, what wish did she make?" Su Ming urgently inquired within his thoughts.

"Master, your sister wishes for her teacher to sprain an ankle and cancel tomorrow's class," Yuyuv informed him.

Su Ming was at a loss for words. A 99% success rate might as well be 100%.

At that very moment, poor Teacher John was lying in bed, taking a nap. Feeling parched, he sat up to reach for his water glass. He had been sleeping on the edge of the bed, and now he tumbled to the floor.

Initially groggy, Teacher John was jolted awake by a sharp pain in his ankle. Seconds later, a scream tore through the silence of the staff dormitory.

The nearby teachers, startled from their rest, rushed to his aid. Seeing Teacher John's swollen ankle, they immediately grasped the situation.

Two teachers with some medical knowledge quickly fetched red flower oil and ice from the refrigerator in the next room.

Chapter 399 - Don't Make Any More Wishes!

"Teacher John, there's no need for concern."

"It's just a typical ankle sprain. Get plenty of rest and be careful when you're walking for the next few days, and you'll be just fine."

"As long as there's no swelling around the wound, there shouldn't be any issues."

The nearby teachers quickly offered their reassurances.

Teacher John had been at the imperial court for a considerable time and was well-acquainted with the local customs.

His panic was merely the result of being startled awake from a sound sleep.

Su Qiu had hoped for a day off from classes tomorrow, but Teacher John's injury wasn't serious enough to warrant a cancellation.

"Teacher John, make sure to rest up. We'll leave you be now."

With that, the teachers took their leave.

Teacher John wasn't overly concerned about his sprained ankle.

The pain had already subsided.

He decided to spend some time reading.

Reaching for a novel beside him, he shifted slightly, and the bed gave way beneath him.

Teacher John's other foot was caught in the collapse.

He let out another cry of pain.

The teachers who had just settled down were jolted awake by an even louder noise.

They rose from their beds and made their way to Teacher John's room.

Despite their internal grumblings, they were determined to check on their international colleague.

Upon entering the room, they were taken aback.

Exchanging glances, they quickly lifted Teacher John from the wreckage.

The injury to his other foot was more severe than the first.

There was a risk it might be fractured.

One teacher called Teacher John's wife, who was also a foreigner and a fellow teacher at the school.

She arrived, and upon seeing the situation, she burst into laughter.

They escorted Teacher John to the hospital.

The diagnosis confirmed that his leg was indeed fractured.

The hospital staff, upon hearing about Teacher John's ordeal, couldn't suppress their laughter.

Unable to teach, Teacher John phoned the school to request a week of sick leave.

The school would arrange for a substitute to cover his classes.

Meanwhile, Su Qiu was lounging on the couch, enjoying some fruit and scrolling through her phone.

Out of the blue, she received a text message.

“Attention, college students: Due to Teacher John's injury and subsequent hospitalization, tomorrow afternoon's two public lectures are canceled. Mr. Soong from the financial statistics department will conduct the classes instead. Please inform one another and prepare accordingly.”

Su Qiu exclaimed, “Bro, the prop you bought is incredibly powerful. Our teacher really got hurt!”

She was visibly elated.

“Yes,” Su Ming replied, the corner of his mouth twitching involuntarily.

As Su Ming mentally apologized to Mr. Soong, Su Qiu scribbled another wish on a piece of paper.

Su Ming glanced at it.

“Hold on!”

He quickly tried to intervene.

Su Qiu looked up, puzzled, then casually tossed the slip of paper into the lantern.

Flames flared up, consuming the note completely.

Had Su Ming made the wish, the lantern would have vanished too. But with Su Qiu there, the lantern remained undamaged, though the candle had been snuffed out.

“Your wish has been made. There is a 90% chance of it coming true!”

“Yuyuv, what did she wish for?”

“Master, your sister wished to have no classes tomorrow.”

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

Today, Eastsea University was experiencing a bizarre series of events, with teachers suddenly unable to teach their classes tomorrow.

The school administration, noting the odd circumstances, decided it wasn't feasible to hold classes.

In a flurry, they arranged for the students to take a break.

So, within ten minutes, Su Qiu got another message.

“Attention students, the school holiday schedule has been adjusted. Starting tomorrow, you will have a seven-day vacation. Enjoy your break!”

The students at Eastsea University were overjoyed.

Their three-day break had unexpectedly turned into a week.

Little did they know they had Su Qiu to thank.

“Brother, this prop is fantastic. Our school is actually going on break!” Su Qiu said, astonished.

”I'm going to make another wish!”

“Stop right there!”

Su Ming quickly cut her off.

”What's the matter?” she asked, tilting her head in confusion.

“The prop can only be used twice per day, max.”

Su Qiu nodded in understanding. “Then I'll just have to come back every day!”

Su Ming felt utterly defeated.

He decided to placate Su Qiu for the moment, with plans to later distract her and help her forget all about it.

Chapter 400 - Hotpot

Su Ming was typically the sole occupant of the villa.

The housekeeper visited twice a week, and her interactions with Su Ming were minimal.

However, once Su Qiu arrived, the villa seemed to come alive with energy.

That afternoon, Su Ming and Su Qiu enjoyed a movie together, indulging in an array of snacks.

Despite the rabbit being ready for harvest, Su Ming felt no rush to do so.

As evening approached, he took Su Qiu out for a shopping spree, treating her to numerous outfits and pairs of shoes.

They didn't make it back to the villa until around eight or nine in the evening.

Exhausted, Su Qiu was ready to rest.

Su Ming suggested she stay over at the villa, given the abundance of available rooms.

Tired, Su Qiu lay down on the bed and swiftly drifted off to sleep.

With a smile, Su Ming adjusted the air conditioning to the night setting, selecting a cozy temperature before softly closing the door behind him.

He then made his way to the breeding zone.

The rabbit had reached maturity!

The breeding zone was currently the most advanced area in the villa.

Both the control panel and the house had been upgraded to Level Two.

Another upgrade, and Su Ming would have the capability to nurture the progeny of the Three-legged Golden Toad.

The offspring of the Three-legged Golden Toad paled in comparison to the genuine creature. The System had clarified that their lineage was diluted by a factor of ten thousand.

Yet, even a trace of divine beast bloodline was immensely potent.

Su Ming was lost in a sea of dreams and possibilities as he entered the breeding zone.

Upon entry, a potent aroma hit him.

The scent of Sichuan peppercorns was intense.

Curious, Su Ming quickly glanced over to find that the once snow-white rabbits had transformed into walking hotpots.

He rushed over for a closer inspection.

The hotpots contained rabbit heads, legs, and meat.

Lifting one, it morphed into a copper hotpot, complete with charcoal in the center and steaming broth around the edges.

Thanks to the System's safeguard, the heat was no threat to Su Ming's hands.

Su Qiu had been craving hotpot, but since the quality outside was disappointing, they had decided against it.

The System's hotpot must be delicious.

Su Ming picked up a hotpot and suddenly noticed something unusual about a rabbit.

It was a black box, moving at a high speed.

Su Ming placed the hotpot on the nearby control panel.

He took out the box and opened it to find it packed with hotpot ingredients, neatly divided into several compartments.

One compartment contained beef.

Upon closer inspection, Su Ming recognized it as beef shoulder, known for its smooth and tender texture.

The top cut of the cow's head featured tender meat with evenly distributed fat and a distinct marbling, offering a delicate taste.

The beef brisket was also there, known for its excellent texture.

He noted the most tender part of the beef, the tenderloin.

Additionally, there were duck intestines, pig brains, tripe, and shrimp paste.

A large bag of beef bone broth and a hefty pack of hotpot base were also included.

The beef bone broth was meant to replenish the pot as the water level decreased.

Su Ming mused to himself, "The System seems intent on fattening me up."

In total, there were 38 hotpots.

This box was a complimentary gift from the System, which had provided him with five boxes in all.

Thirty-eight hotpots seemed excessive.

He could store them safely; with the System's protection, they wouldn't spoil.

He decided to keep just one hotpot, converting the rest into points.

“Congratulations on your successful point exchange. You have earned 740 points!”

Each hotpot was worth 20 points.

Su Ming glanced at his data panel.

His breeding points had now surpassed one thousand.

He was ready to upgrade his breeding zone.

He could also start raising another group of animals.

With just one more harvest, he could upgrade the control panel to Level Three.

Then, he would have the opportunity to raise a Three-legged Golden Toad.

But for now, Su Ming was focused on enjoying his hotpot.

He carried the hotpot straight to the villa.

He illuminated the entire living room by turning on all the lights.

He then went to the breeding zone and brought back all five boxes.

He took out the ingredients from one of the boxes.

From the remaining four, he removed all the pig brains, a favorite of Su Qiu's.

With the table laden with ingredients, Su Ming concluded there was plenty to enjoy.

Then, holding a glass of milk, he added a Body-stretching Pill to fortify Su Qiu's body and alleviate her fatigue.

He added another drop of the hangover remedy to the milk. In today's society, which still isn't very welcoming to women, it could be quite dangerous for Su Qiu to drink too much. Fortunately, with her ability to drink a thousand cups without getting drunk, Su Qiu was much safer.

Hearing footsteps at the door, Su Qiu opened her eyes, unafraid, for it was Su Ming, her brother. They had grown up together.

“Brother?” she asked upon seeing him. “What's up?”

“I've just been in touch with some friends. They've brought us an authentic Sichuan hotpot,” Su Ming said, his smile beaming.

“Really?” Su Qiu's eyes sparkled with excitement. She quickly became alert. “Where's the hotpot?”

“Hold on a second. I tried the hotpot and it's quite spicy. Drink this glass of milk first,” he said, handing her the glass.

Su Ming had chosen not to turn on the light because the milk had taken on a strange color. Su Qiu, unsuspecting, took the milk and drank it down in large gulps. After finishing, she touched her lips thoughtfully.

“Brother, where did you get this milk? It smells amazing.”

“The milk was a gift from a friend. Now, let's go have some hotpot,” Su Ming replied with a smile, leading Su Qiu to the living room.

Su Qiu was delighted. A butter hotpot awaited her, along with a table laden with premium ingredients and a variety of dipping sauces. Perhaps the Body-stretching Pill she had consumed was responsible, but Su Qiu found her appetite had grown. She ate for hours, savoring the food while watching a movie.