

## The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

### #Chapter 411 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 411

Chapter 411 - What Happened??

“Third Brother, why the rush? You're always the first to dig in when we eat.”

Just then, a group of young guys dashed past Su Ming, heading straight for the muscular fellow trailing him.

“Why are you tailing him?”

One of the young men approached, brow furrowed in confusion, and suggested, “Let's head for the shade of that tree. Although, it's surprisingly cool right here!”

Everyone within earshot was puzzled.

It would be one thing if only one person made such a comment, but with three echoing the same sentiment, it sparked confusion among the crowd.

Were they trying to play a prank on everyone?

Their skepticism was palpable.

On this scorcher of a day, with the sun blazing and ground temperatures hitting 30 degrees Celsius, it felt like it was over 40.

And yet they claimed it was cool behind this guy?

Was he some kind of son of the sun?

The onlookers were incredulous, and even the young men's roommates were skeptical.

Other guys chimed in, “What kind of nonsense are you spouting?”

They walked forward a few steps, only to stop dead in their tracks, astonished.

“It's incredibly cool here.”

“See? I told you I wasn't lying.”

The group was amazed, sticking close to Su Ming as if they were his personal bodyguards.

They were convinced that Su Ming was the reason for the unexpected chill.

The surrounding crowd, overhearing these claims, paused, their skepticism giving way to curiosity.

Some tentatively edged closer to Su Ming and to their amazement, it was indeed cooler. They exclaimed, "It really is cooler here!"

Hearing this, the rest of the crowd couldn't resist and surged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming watched the unfolding scene in astonishment.

He had overheard the initial remarks, but had kept quiet, knowing the coolness was thanks to the bead. A refreshing bubble of cool air enveloped the space within a meter or two of him.

A few people enjoying the relief was one thing, but now a throng was descending upon him.

As Su Ming caught the eager gazes of those around him, a chill ran down his spine.

He turned to address the crowd, only to jump in surprise as he found himself suddenly surrounded.

Su Ming asked urgently, "How much longer until we reach your classroom?"

"It's in Building One."

"Run!"

Grabbing Su Qiu's hand, Su Ming sprinted off.

Su Qiu was momentarily frozen in confusion.

Why were they running?

Glancing back, she was astonished to see a crowd trailing them. She and Su Ming picked up the pace.

The followers, realizing Su Ming had bolted, hastened their pursuit.

Despite the sweltering heat, Su Ming and Su Qiu, having consumed the Body-stretching Pill, felt invigorated. Running was as effortless as drinking water, and the beads they wore shielded them from the heat.

The others weren't so fortunate. Many had neglected physical exercise since starting college, and their fitness had sharply declined, leaving them no match for Su Ming and Su Qiu's stamina.

A weary, overheated throng trailed Su Ming and Su Qiu, some doubled over, gasping for air.

When they looked up again, Su Ming and Su Qiu had vanished into Building One.

This incident gave rise to a new tale at Eastsea University about an air conditioner turning into a monster.

An author even penned a book titled "The Story Between Me and the Air Conditioner Monster."

Relieved to have lost the crowd, Su Ming took a deep breath.

Years had passed since his graduation, but Building One seemed unchanged.

He entered Su Qiu's classroom and found it sparsely populated, with only a few dozen students.

Ye Guang, the principal, led several research teams.

Though the teams operated independently and were strangers to one another, they sometimes convened for lectures, sharing a common interest in economics.

The students appeared lethargic, fanning themselves incessantly, sweat beading on their foreheads.

The electric fans offered a meager respite from the heat that still pervaded the classroom.

Su Qiu selected a row of seats and settled in, with Su Ming taking the seat beside her.

As soon as they took their seats, those seated in front and behind them could immediately feel a drop in temperature.

It was refreshingly cool.

The others were somewhat bewildered.

A flurry of footsteps approached the classroom door, snapping everyone inside to attention.

Checking the time, they realized class would start in just over ten minutes.

Chances were, Principal Ye was on his way.

While everyone was eagerly anticipating, a figure entered through the classroom door.

The man appeared to be in his seventies, sporting glasses and a white lab coat, his walk marked by a slight shake.

In his right hand, he carried a basket filled with various bottles and jars, and in his left, a book.

But what truly stood out was his hair: large, curly, and voluminous, resembling a sphere. He had even applied black eyeshadow.

This teacher had quite the sense of style.

Despite his age, his attire was remarkably eccentric.

Who could he be?

Su Ming had met Principal Ye and knew this elderly gentleman wasn't him.

As Su Ming pondered the situation, a classmate behind him uttered with a quiver, "Oh no."

Su Ming paused, turning to see that the entire room was in shock.

Wow!

Their faces weren't just stunned; they were ashen, their eyes vacant.

Several students were even hastily packing their bags, ready to bolt.

At that moment, the eccentrically dressed teacher set his belongings on the lectern, smiling at the students and announced, "Class, let's get ready to begin."

"Today, I'll be sharing insights into the chemical industry, focusing on the principles and production of explosives."

No sooner had the teacher spoken than two students toppled from their seats.

Su Ming was baffled.

What was going on?

Aren't they all economics students?

Why were they suddenly in a chemical engineering lecture?

Su Qiu was equally perplexed.

She had never experienced anything like this before.

"Bro, what's happening?" Su Ming whispered to a male student behind him.

"You don't recognize him?"

The student's eyes bulged. "It's difficult to sum up in just a few words. Check the school forum, and you'll understand."

## Chapter 412 - Professor Huang

After the young man behind him finished speaking, he silently packed his belongings and took a seat in the back row, concealing himself behind the table.

Su Ming pulled out his smartphone and logged into the school's forum. As an alumnus of the school, he used to frequent the forum, but had ceased to do so since graduating. To his surprise, upon accessing the forum, he noticed a pinned post at the top.

"Students, be alert. Avoid pornography, gambling, and drugs. Steer clear of Professor Huang!"

Professor Huang?

Su Ming paused, perplexed. He had never heard of Professor Huang before. Why did the students need to be so wary of him? With the multitude of colleges and departments within the university, students typically only recognized the faculty within their own majors.

It was unrealistic for them to know every professor. Even Principal Ye couldn't possibly know all the faculty members.

Su Ming began to read the post. Emblazoned on the cover were three large exclamation points: "Warning to all, steer clear of Professor Huang!" Accompanying the text was a photograph of Professor Huang.

Professor Huang was the elderly man in the classroom. Su Ming's interest was piqued.

What had Professor Huang done to instill such fear in the students? Su Ming discovered that the post wasn't made by a student, but by the school itself!

Su Qiu leaned in closer to Su Ming's phone, scrutinizing the screen's content. She quickly grasped the situation.

Professor Huang was a venerable professor who had been specially recruited by the school last year. He enjoyed considerable renown domestically, with students scattered across the globe. Previously, he had been a professor at a university in the capital city. Due to health issues, he had returned to his hometown of Eastsea to recuperate.

Last year, once his health had marginally improved, he decided to resume his research. Not wanting to work too far from home, he sought employment at Eastsea University.

Principal Ye believed that having such a distinguished professor on staff was beneficial for the school. For one, it would enable the university to apply for more financially demanding projects, thereby securing additional funding. Furthermore, Professor Huang's fame could potentially attract more applicants to Eastsea, increasing the pool of students from which the school could select, ultimately enhancing the caliber of its student body.

It was undoubtedly a positive development.

Subsequently, he gave his consent.

When Principal Ye was in the process of transferring Professor Huang's personal file to the university, he received a call from the staff at the university in Beijing. Their words were cryptic and loaded with significance.

They were subtly suggesting that he reconsider allowing Professor Huang to join his school.

Initially, Principal Ye assumed they were trying to retain Professor Huang and naturally, he was disinclined to agree.

After Professor Huang joined the university, Principal Ye recognized his profound knowledge and dedication to learning. Despite being in his eighties, Professor Huang was relentlessly pursuing his research, but he was afflicted with Alzheimer's disease.

In essence, the condition had led to a decline in Professor Huang's memory, impaired his communication skills, reduced his mobility, and weakened his judgment.

Truthfully, Alzheimer's is uncommon in the scientific community due to the mental rigor maintained by many senior professors. Yet, this esteemed professor was an exception.

As Professor Huang aged, he also became somewhat obstinate.

Principal Ye suggested that Professor Huang take a break and stay at home instead of working, but Professor Huang refused.

An expert in the field of chemical engineering, particularly in bomb-making, Professor Huang's experiments frequently went awry due to the effects of Alzheimer's, resulting in two laboratory explosions.

His classes were also marred by numerous accidental explosions.

Principal Ye came to realize that the university staff in Beijing were not upset about losing Professor Huang, but were earnestly advising him.

Thankfully, the explosives used in the experiments were of a very low quantity and not highly potent.

Su Ming quickly grasped why the students in the room looked so pale and frightened, and why the student who had just spoken had taken refuge at the back of the classroom.

That student had no other option but to seek cover.

Professor Huang was indeed a daunting figure.

At the moment Su Ming looked up, he saw Professor Huang, with shaky hands, retrieve two test tubes.

Professor Huang added some powder to one test tube and then a few drops of liquid to the other.

"Bombs play a significant role in our everyday lives," Professor Huang continued, engrossed in his experiment.

Holding one test tube, he was about to combine its contents with the other when suddenly, the sound of footsteps approached the door.

Ye Guang entered, surveying the roomful of people with a look of contentment.

"You all arrived quite early," he began, but his words were cut short when he caught sight of Professor Huang standing at the podium. "No! Professor Huang!" he exclaimed, his eyes wide with alarm.

He tried to intervene, but as soon as he spoke, a loud explosion rang out.

The room filled with dust, obscuring everyone's vision. The students erupted into a fit of coughing.

However, Su Ming and Su Qiu were unaffected, shielded by the Fire Repellent Beads they carried.

Once the dust settled, they all saw Professor Huang clutching a test tube, his face a picture of confusion. His hair was caked with dust, and his face was blackened from the blast.

It dawned on Su Ming in that moment—Professor Huang's peculiar appearance wasn't intentional. His hairdo and the black around his eyes were the result of the explosion!

“Professor Huang, didn't I tell you to take a break?” Principal Ye burst in, his eyes bulging as he raised his voice.

“I'm not teaching today?” Professor Huang responded, clearly bewildered.

“Today's a holiday! The entire school is on break!” Principal Ye was nearly at his wit's end.

He was looking at his students, whom he had painstakingly nurtured. The thought of them being injured by Professor Huang's mishap was too much to bear—not only would their parents be up in arms, but their safety was his primary concern. They were the future of the nation, after all.

“Why are they here for class on a holiday?” Professor Huang asked, blinking in confusion.

Principal Ye had no answer to that. Indeed, why were the students there if the school was on break?

“They came for self-study, not for classes, right?” Principal Ye finally said, turning to address the students with a loud voice.

“Yes!” came the immediate response from the students below.

“Professor Huang, please, we're begging you, just leave,” the students silently pleaded.

Acknowledging their sentiment, Professor Huang nodded and apologized, “Sorry, students. I'll head to the lab now.”

“Professor Huang, don't go to the laboratory,” Principal Ye implored, panic rising in his voice.

The laboratory at Eastsea University was a national-level facility, and it had only recently been repaired after Professor Huang's last accident. Principal Ye couldn't bear the thought of it being destroyed once more.



Principal Ye deeply regretted hiring Professor Huang.

The explosions resulting from Professor Huang's experiments were varied and numerous.

#### Chapter 413 - He Had Paid a Huge Price

Principal Ye urged, "Professor Huang, you really should head home and get some rest."

But Professor Huang was resolute in his refusal, "No! I cannot rest. As a scientist, rest is not an option for me!"

He was unwavering in his determination, unwilling to leave under any circumstances.

At a loss for what to do next, Principal Ye wondered, "Does he intend to level Eastsea before he's satisfied?"

Then, an idea struck Principal Ye, and he quickly suggested, "Professor Huang, J City Polytechnic University has recently acquired a new set of equipment specifically for bomb research. Perhaps you could go there and check it out."

"Is that so?" Professor Huang perked up at the news, "Excellent! I'll head over to J City Polytechnic University immediately!"

With his explosive hairstyle and experimental apparatus in tow, Professor Huang hurried off like a gust of wind.

Principal Ye finally breathed a sigh of relief.

J City Polytechnic University was where Professor Huang had previously worked.

Principal Ye thought to himself, "My apologies to my colleagues at J City Polytechnic University, but I'm leaving Professor Huang in your capable hands. He's your former colleague, so you're likely more adept at handling him than I am."

Besides, Eastsea University was quite a distance from J City Polytechnic University. Professor Huang would need to fly to J City, a trip that would surely take him at least half a month round trip.

With Professor Huang gone, Principal Ye felt an immense sense of relief wash over him.

He approached the podium, smiling warmly at the students below, despite the dust-filled room and the charred tables.

But Principal Ye wasn't bothered; these were his students, after all.

Addressing the students, he announced, "Today, I have two matters to discuss with you. First, I will spend an hour introducing our next project topic, after which we'll select the project team members. Then, you'll have some free time. Secondly, I'd like to introduce a new student to you today."

With that, Ye Guang turned toward the door and beckoned, "Please, come in."

As he finished his sentence, a young man strode into the room from outside.

Tall and strikingly handsome, he carried an air of arrogance. With a frown, he dismissively waved away the dust floating before him, a look of displeasure on his face.

He complained, "Are domestic schools always this shabby? This classroom is filthy. It doesn't hold a candle to the classrooms in B Country—they're spotless and well-maintained. And why is it so hot in here? Classrooms in B Country are all air-conditioned."

The students seated below all subtly furrowed their brows upon hearing his remarks.

Ye Guang, overhearing the comments, gave a slight cough, his expression darkening, though a sense of resignation was evident.

The young man was the son of Ye Guang's old friend, who also happened to be one of the school's benefactors.

His friend was a wealthy businessman in the provincial city, and Ye Guang couldn't risk offending him.

The son had been studying in B Country but was expelled for his lazy habits. Leveraging his connections, Ye Guang's friend managed to place his son at Eastsea University, entrusting Ye Guang to look after him.

Ye Guang had intended to introduce the young man to his students today, but instead, the newcomer had started off by flaunting his status.

He seemed quite pleased with himself, boasting about his international studies and exuding an air of superiority.

"This is Ma Haoran. He was just making a few jokes. From now on, he will be joining us in our research," Ye Guang announced, then turned to Ma Haoran, "Please, go ahead and find a seat."

"Sure," Ma Haoran responded nonchalantly, his eyes arrogantly scanning over everyone.

Then, his gaze brightened upon spotting Su Qiu.

“Such a beautiful girl,” he thought to himself.

Ma Haoran straightened his attire and confidently approached, taking the seat beside Su Qiu.

“It's much cooler here,” he said, beaming. “Hello, my name is Ma Haoran. My family is quite wealthy. My father runs a multi-billion dollar business in the provincial city. May I have the pleasure of your friendship?”

He casually flaunted his wrist, adorned with a dazzling watch worth millions, and adjusted his clothes to showcase the designer label.

He was dressed in a limited edition Louis Vuitton outfit, an item of considerable value.

By now, much of the dust in the room had settled.

Ye Guang's brow creased slightly as he watched Ma Haoran making advances towards Su Qiu.

After all, he was the principal of the school.

While he was delivering a speech at the podium, Ma Haoran had the audacity to chat up someone else.

Ma Haoran had crossed the line.

Just as Ye Guang was about to speak, he took a closer look at Su Qiu and realized she was Su Ming's sister.

Could Su Ming be here too? Ye Guang glanced next to Su Qiu and there he was, Su Ming, looking completely unfazed.

Principal Ye was astounded.

Mr. Su was in attendance!

Was Ma Haoran really trying to flirt with his sister right in front of Mr. Su?

Ye Guang stepped forward, intending to descend from the podium, but then he caught Su Ming's gaze.

They exchanged looks, and Su Ming shook his head.

Ye Guang froze. Did Su Ming not want him to disclose his identity?

Ye Guang figured Ma Haoran was about to have a bad time.

Su Qiu, feigning naivety, said, "But I don't know you."

Seeing that Su Qiu hadn't outright rejected him, Ma Haoran became visibly excited. "No worries, we'll get to know each other in time. Are you free tonight? How about we go out for dinner? Don't worry, you can pick any restaurant in Eastsea."

Ma Haoran believed money could win over any girl.

Su Qiu glanced at Su Ming, looking somewhat troubled, "But I already have a boyfriend."

Upon hearing this, Ma Haoran's brow furrowed as he turned to Su Ming.

"Kid, I'll give you 500,000! Stay away from her from now on, got it?"

Ma Haoran's tone was laced with a threat.

Principal Ye, overhearing this, couldn't help but feel puzzled. What were Su Ming and his sister up to?

Though Principal Ye couldn't quite figure out their plan, he was certain they intended to secretly deal with Ma Haoran.

Principal Ye couldn't help but rub his forehead, letting out a weary sigh. He silently apologized to Ma Haoran's father, as he might not be able to protect Ma Haoran after all.

Ma Haoran had managed to offend Su Ming, a man highly regarded by the influential families of the capital. He was not someone to be trifled with.

Upon hearing Ma Haoran's offer, Su Ming slammed his hand on the table and stood up. "You think 500,000 yuan is enough to buy me off? Do you take me for a beggar? Let me tell you, I've got money too. I'll give you 510,000 yuan to leave right now!"

Upon hearing the challenge, Ma Haoran slammed his hand on the table and stood up. "I'll give you 1 million! Now get out of here!"

"I'll give you 1.01 million yuan, and you'll vanish from my sight immediately!"

"I'll give you 2 million!"

"I'll give you 2.01 million yuan!"

The room fell into a hushed silence as all eyes were fixed on Su Ming and Ma Haoran.

The two wealthy individuals were on the verge of coming to blows over a woman.

Yet, their curiosity was piqued about the identity of Su Ming.

Members of the research team recognized each other, but Su Ming was a stranger to them.

Principal Ye, standing at the podium, felt his anxiety intensify. He sensed that Ma Haoran was prepared to part with a hefty sum of money.

Chapter 414 - Acting

“I'll pay three million!”

“I bid three million and ten thousand!”

“I bid five million!”

“I bid five million and ten thousand!”

The two stood their ground, fiercely outbidding each other. Neither was willing to back down.

The students around them were delighted by the spectacle.

Many whipped out their phones to capture the moment, intending to share it online.

Yet, Ye Guang was baffled.

He had encountered Su Ming a few times. Despite Su Ming's wealth and status, he was known for his laid-back demeanor, often appearing unbothered by most things.

This side of Su Ming was new to Ye Guang.

Furthermore, Su Qiu was Su Ming's sister, not his girlfriend.

Ye Guang pondered, “What's gotten into Mr. Su? He's acting so out of character. Is he plotting something? He must be laying a trap for Ma Haoran. This isn't going to end well. Ma Haoran has really stepped in it now.”

Ma Haoran scoffed, “The clothes you're wearing can't be worth more than three hundred. Do you even have five million?”

“Of course,” replied Su Ming. “Do you?”

“Absolutely,” Ma Haoran boasted, thumping his chest. “Our family's assets are worth billions. I can easily come up with five million. But do you really have that much?”

Su Ming chuckled, "You doubt my word?"

"I most certainly do!"

Ma Haoran was convinced Su Ming was all talk.

"But there's a way to prove whether you have five million or not. Uncle Ye, do you know the school's bank account number?" Ma Haoran's eyes locked onto Ye Guang.

Ye Guang was momentarily taken aback, thinking, "How did I get dragged into this? My luck is the worst."

He was, of course, aware of the school's bank account details. It was the repository for annual donations from alumni and philanthropic organizations.

But Ye Guang hesitated to disclose the school's bank account to Ma Haoran, mainly because he was in the dark about Su Ming's intentions and feared messing up his plans.

Mulling it over, Ye Guang looked to Su Ming for guidance.

Su Ming gave a reassuring smile and a subtle nod.

Getting the signal, Ye Guang responded, "Alright!"

With a sense of urgency and utmost respect, Ye Guang approached.

Ma Haoran watched the exchange, his demeanor growing even more smug.

He thought proudly, "Even the school principal shows me such deference. I'm truly incredible! Money really does make the world go round!"

He was unaware that Ye Guang showed great respect to Su Ming, not to him.

While Ma Haoran was still basking in his own arrogance, Ye Guang borrowed a pen and paper from a nearby student and jotted down the school's account number.

"You've got money, right? Transfer it to this account," Ma Haoran challenged, looking at Su Ming.

Su Ming simply smiled.

Five million yuan was nothing to him; he could easily produce a billion if needed.

He took out his phone and dialed President Chen.

President Chen answered immediately, exclaiming with delight, “Mr. Su?”

“I need to make a transfer.”

“Of course! Just give me the account number, and I'll take care of it immediately!”

Su Ming provided his account details to President Chen.

President Chen wasted no time, swiftly navigating the bank's system to facilitate Su Ming's request.

Before Su Ming could even finish, President Chen had already input his account number into the system.

“Mr. Su, how much are we transferring?”

“Five million yuan.”

“Done! Mr. Su, the funds have been transferred.”

“Great. Thank you.”

With that, Su Ming ended the call.

Moments after hanging up, Ye Guang received a text notification for the deposit of five million yuan.

Ma Haoran, taken aback, thought, “He actually has five million yuan.”

Still, he didn't see Su Ming as a threat.

To him, Su Ming's five million was trivial. His family's wealth was in the billions.

Despite a spending cap on his card, he could withdraw tens of millions.

He scoffed to himself, “How could this guy ever outmatch my wealth?”

Ma Haoran let out a derisive laugh and upped the ante, “I bid six million yuan!”

“I bid 6,010,000 yuan. Plus, I'm going to install an air conditioner in my girlfriend's dorm room,” Su Ming countered.

Su Qiu was overjoyed and said to Su Ming, “I always knew you were the best to me!”

Seeing Su Qiu's jubilant reaction, Ma Haoran grew even more infuriated.

He thought, "All he did was put an air conditioner in your room, and you're this thrilled? What's so exciting about that? He's no match for me! I'll show you what real wealth looks like today!"

Ma Haoran puffed out his chest, "I'll pay seven million yuan! And I'll cover the cost of air conditioning for every girl's dorm room!"

As Ma Haoran's words hung in the air, Su Qiu swiftly turned her head to look at him.

Ma Haoran wasn't bothered by Su Qiu's lack of cheering.

He thought it was perfectly normal for Su Qiu not to cheer.

After all, they had only just met, and Su Qiu, being a girl, was somewhat reserved.

Yet, her eyes brimmed with admiration for him.

Ma Haoran swelled with pride. He believed that his wealth had earned Su Qiu's admiration. Perhaps, he mused, they might even make love tonight.

"I'll give you 7.01 million yuan, and I'll fit air conditioners in all the dormitories!"

Su Ming wasn't ready to concede, though his face betrayed a hint of nervousness.

His expression seemed forced, his jaw clenched.

To onlookers, it appeared he was pushing his limits.

Seeing Su Ming's strained face, Ma Haoran reveled in a sense of triumph.

He was convinced Su Ming was on the verge of giving up. In comparison to him, Su Ming was insignificant.

Hmph!

"I will donate ten million yuan to the school. I'll ensure air conditioning is installed not only in every dormitory but in every classroom of the teaching buildings as well!"

Ma Haoran stood with his hands clasped behind him, exuding arrogance.

The students in the classroom were taken aback by the windfall their school was receiving.

They wished for such disputes to occur more often.



At that moment, Su Ming's face was pale, his teeth gritted, hands gripping the table tightly as he gasped for breath.

If President Chen and the others were present, they would surely be applauding and giving him a thumbs-up for his impeccable performance!

Su Ming appeared to be in a tight spot, his gaze darting around before he bit down hard and stamped his foot. "I'll offer 12 million yuan, and I'll equip every room in the school with new air conditioners. I'll also refurbish the school's stadium and sports field!"

To the others, it seemed Su Ming was at his breaking point, playing his last card.

"Run out of money, have you? I'll give 20 million RMB to the school. I will not only outfit every room with new air conditioners but also renovate the stadium and sports field. Moreover, I'll assist in reconstructing the school plaza!"

Ma Haoran was elated.

Upon hearing this, Su Ming's face flushed with a mix of emotion, as if he was on the verge of speaking but couldn't find the words.

Biting back his frustration, Su Ming challenged, "I don't believe you! There's no way you have that much money! And what if you change your mind after making such a promise?"

"Change my mind? I never renege on a promise. Uncle Ye, I'm transferring twenty million yuan to your account this instant! Installing air conditioning in all the school's rooms, refurbishing the sports facilities, and reconstructing the plaza should be well covered with ten million yuan, right? That brings us to a grand total of thirty million RMB. I'm transferring the funds to you right now."

While he was talking, Ma Haoran pulled out his smartphone, launched the banking app, and proceeded to transfer thirty million yuan to the school's bank account.

Chapter 415 - Ma Haoran Had Suffered a Loss

Ye Guang was astounded.

Goodness, the school received 30 million yuan just like that?

The school's annual subsidy was barely over 10 million yuan.

He was well aware of the scorching heat, both in the student dormitories and the classrooms of the teaching buildings.

Yet, with the school's limited budget, he couldn't afford to install air conditioning in every room.

But now, he finally had the funds to equip both the school's classrooms and the student dormitories with air conditioning.

The stadium's plastic track was in dire need of replacement. He had been eager to rebuild it, but constructing a new sports field would cost millions of yuan. Now, he had the necessary funds to make it happen.

The school's plaza was expansive but had fallen into disrepair. He had long wished to renovate it, but previously, the funds were simply not available. Now, that issue was resolved.

The pressing concerns that weighed on his mind were suddenly taken care of.

He had come to realize that this was Su Ming's way of teaching Ma Haoran a lesson.

Su Ming had cleverly provoked Ma Haoran's competitive nature, coaxing him into parting with his money time and again.

And Su Ming wasn't alone; he had an accomplice, Su Qiu.

Her appearance was one of pure innocence. Her adoring gaze towards Ma Haoran had him utterly captivated.

Su Ming and Su Qiu truly lived up to the Su family's reputation.

Their acting was impeccable.

Upon seeing Ma Haoran transfer the money, Su Ming immediately regained his composure: "You win."

Ma Haoran, brimming with pride, burst into laughter. "How about that? You concede defeat? You're no match for me."

While speaking, Ma Haoran glanced over at Su Qiu.

Su Qiu, however, ignored him and instead addressed Su Ming, "Brother, I'm a bit hungry. Let's go grab something to eat."

Su Ming nodded with a smile and turned to Ye Guang, "Principal Ye, may we take our leave?"

Ye Guang nodded eagerly, "Absolutely!"

Su Ming inquired, "We're not causing any delays, are we?"

Ye Guang assured him quickly, "No, today's lecture was mainly about the thesis topics for the seniors. Your sister is just a freshman; it's not relevant to her. Later, I'll upload some key papers to the discussion group, and she can download them from there."

Su Ming nodded. "Then we'll be on our way."

Ye Guang said in a rush, "Mr. Su, please wait a moment. I'll transfer your money back to you immediately."

"There's no need. Consider that money a donation. This school is my alma mater," Su Ming replied, and began to head out with Su Qiu.

Just then, Ma Haoran blurted out, "Wait!" He was perplexed. He had won the competition; he should have been the one to leave with Su Qiu. Why had things gone so awry?

And if he hadn't misheard, he thought Su Qiu had called Su Ming 'brother.' They weren't lovers; they were siblings.

He suddenly realized he'd been duped by Su Qiu and Su Ming. He had spent 30 million yuan for nothing?

He also picked up on the respectful tone Ye Guang used with Su Ming, indicating they knew each other well. So Ye Guang knew he was being played and said nothing!

Ma Haoran, mouth agape, pointed at Su Ming and Su Qiu. Su Ming looked at him, confused, and asked, "What's the matter?"

Ma Haoran felt a rage burning inside him, but he was at a loss for words.

After a moment of silence, Ma Haoran managed to say, "Didn't you just say that if I won, you'd be my girlfriend?"

Su Qiu looked bewildered. "When did I say that?"

She turned to the others in the room. "Did I ever say that?"

"No!" came the unanimous response from the senior students.

Ma Haoran's frustration grew. He realized that from the beginning to the end, it had all been his own wishful thinking.

Now it dawned on him that Su Ming and Su Qiu's performance was all an act. Su Qiu's admiration and distress were all pretense, designed to make him bid higher. It was all a trap set just for him.

And Ma Haoran had been completely oblivious, arrogantly walking right into their snare.

Ma Haoran was on the verge of tears. "I just went abroad to study for a few years," he thought to himself. "I never imagined that my own countrymen could be so sly, setting a trap for me. So I've just thrown away thirty million yuan?"

Looking dejected, Ma Haoran turned to Ye Guang and asked, "Uncle Ye, is there no way to get my money back?"

One should never act on impulse.

Under normal circumstances, Ma Haoran would never dream of spending a fortune on a woman.

But today, driven by the need to save face and flaunt his wealth, he had been seduced step by step into Su Ming's snare. Reflecting on it now, he was filled with regret. If his father were to find out, a severe scolding would be the least of his worries.

"Ma Haoran is certainly loaded. He's generously donated a hefty sum for the school's development. I can't hold a candle to him. But then again, his family's business is worth billions. Dropping a mere thirty million yuan is just a drop in the bucket for him," Su Ming remarked with a sly grin.

Hearing this, Ma Haoran seethed with anger.

He thought, "Su Ming has crossed the line! What's his endgame? Is he trying to trap me again? I won't be duped this time."

In a rush, Ma Haoran blurted out, "Uncle Ye, this amount is excessive. I can't justify this to my father when I return home."

"You should have mentioned that sooner. I've already transferred the funds to the logistics staff, instructing them to purchase air conditioners and hire contractors for the sports field and plaza. They've even finalized contracts with the vendors and paid out the money. Let's see... there's still 300,000 yuan remaining. How about I transfer that amount to you?" Ye Guang suggested, his smile unwavering.

Ma Haoran was dumbfounded.

Ye Guang had moved too quickly. His money had been spent in the blink of an eye! He had just transferred the funds to the school's account a minute ago. Now, wanting to retrieve it, Ye Guang claimed it was too late. How could this be?

He had parted with 30 million yuan. Now, even if Ye Guang returned 300,000 yuan, it wouldn't make a difference.

Ma Haoran felt played. It dawned on him that Ye Guang and Su Ming had conspired to ensnare him. He had been the butt of their joke all along, and only now did he realize he'd been swindled.

He was on the verge of tears.

#### Chapter 416 - Top Grade Orchid Seeds

Later on, word got out that after learning of the situation, Ma Haoran's father insisted that he study at home.

Indeed, Ma Haoran no longer needed to attend college, but his father had hired twelve tutors for him and also cut off his allowance.

Now, Ma Haoran had only ten hours to rest each day, dedicating the remaining fourteen to his studies. He didn't even get a break during the New Year.

Ma Haoran endured a particularly bleak holiday.

Meanwhile, Eastsea University underwent a complete renovation that year. The plastic track was refurbished, and every dormitory and classroom was outfitted with air conditioning.

Furthermore, the university wasn't concerned about the cost of electricity. As a prominent institution in Eastsea, a portion of its electricity bill was subsidized by the government. Besides, Young Master Ma had donated 30 million yuan, Su Ming had contributed 5 million yuan, the university had only spent 20 million yuan, leaving a surplus of 15 million yuan.

This substantial amount was more than sufficient to cover the electricity expenses.

Additionally, after the renovation of the university's plaza, many local residents started enjoying evening strolls there.

At the center of the plaza stood a stone monument engraved with the names of the donors.

Su Ming topped the list of donors with a contribution of 35 million RMB.

This wasn't a case of Principal Ye deliberately ingratiating himself with Su Ming, nor was it Su Ming using underhanded tactics to garner unwarranted praise.

It was at the request of Ma Haoran's father, who didn't want the Ma family to lose their dignity.

The video recorded by Su Qiu's upperclassmen in the classroom went viral online. Su Ming and Su Qiu's scheme was labeled as a masterclass in deception. As a result, Su Ming's reputation soared. Many were thankful to Su Ming, respectfully referring to him as Mr. Su.

After leaving the classroom, Su Ming and Su Qiu weren't particularly hungry, having had breakfast earlier. However, Su Qiu was eager to leave, fearing she might burst into laughter if she stayed any longer, which would be inappropriate given the solemnity of the occasion.

They meandered around the campus until noon, when they finally headed to the cafeteria for lunch.

Su Qiu received a phone call, bid farewell to Su Ming, and rushed off to the lab. Meanwhile, Su Ming drove home by himself.

After parking his car, Su Ming headed back to the yard. He washed his face at the sink before going inside to change into more practical work clothes.

He then made his way to the warehouse, a sizable space with a central aisle flanked by stacks of seeds and fertilizer.

With a bucket in his right hand and a rag in his left, Su Ming was ready to give the warehouse a thorough cleaning.

The warehouse corner was cluttered with miscellaneous items. He set the bucket down, tossed the rag into it, and grabbed a broom to start sweeping away the dust.

Out of the blue, Su Ming stumbled upon a swollen plastic bag. He paused, opened it, and found it contained seeds.

It dawned on him that these were the seeds President Chen had given him, some of which were even glowing.

Su Ming smacked his forehead in disbelief; he had completely forgotten about these valuable seeds and had carelessly left them in the warehouse.

He retrieved the seeds and, upon scanning them, discovered two vibrant green ones. They were Top Grade orchid seeds.

Su Ming recalled Yuvyuv's advice to not rush and to wait for the System to upgrade before doing anything with the seeds.

Now he understood the reason. The Top Grade orchid seeds were Level Two seeds, a truly fine find! While not numerous, they were exceedingly valuable.

After the lengthy System upgrade, Su Ming had only managed to acquire two Level Two crops: Excellent Bananas and Silken Cabbage.

Though these crops yielded high-quality produce, the quantities were limited.

Su Ming decided to wait until his six-acre plot was upgraded before planting the two Top Grade orchid seeds. He was curious about what they would eventually grow into.

He placed the rest of the orchid seeds in a nearby bag of fertilizer. The two Top Grade seeds, however, he wrapped with care and gently slipped into his pocket.

Su Ming resumed his work, cleaning the warehouse from top to bottom.

He tidied up the yard as well, ensuring that the weeds along the pathway were completely removed.

Before he knew it, the sky had begun to darken. Su Ming stretched languidly. After rinsing his hands and feet at the tap, he made his way cheerfully toward the herding area. The sheep were likely ready for harvest. He was eager to see what treasures this round would yield.

The herding area had undergone an upgrade to Level Two, enhancing both the fence and the pasture. Gone was the old, rickety wooden fence, replaced by sturdy, fresh timber. The verdant grass shimmered with a vibrancy that surpassed its former state.

Su Ming pushed open the gate and entered. The two sheep, upon spotting him, trotted over excitedly, nuzzling him with their heads. Su Ming blinked in amusement. The last time, he had to milk the cows; was he expected to milk again? He glanced down discreetly and breathed a sigh of relief—both sheep were rams.

In his mind, Su Ming inquired, “Yuvyuv, how do I go about harvesting these sheep?” Yuvyuv responded telepathically, “Master, you need to collect their wool.” Su Ming had an epiphany, chiding himself for not realizing the obvious. After all, what else would one harvest from sheep but their wool? Yet, he had never sheared sheep before, only having witnessed the process on television.

The sheep lay compliantly on a designated workbench, where a worker with deft hands and electric shears could shear a sheep in mere minutes. Although Su Ming lacked the experience and the electric shears—and had no desire to purchase them—he figured that regular scissors should suffice for shearing.

With that thought, Su Ming dashed to his bedroom and grabbed a gleaming pair of scissors. Approaching one of the sheep, he gently stroked its head. “I’m a novice at

this,” he told the sheep, “so you'll need to be patient with me. And if I accidentally cause you any discomfort, please forgive me.” As if understanding his plea, the sheep stood still, perfectly behaved.

Taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly, Su Ming reached for the sheep's fleece. It was soft and plush, a delight to the touch. He carefully lifted a clump of wool and snipped it with the scissors. With a crisp sound, the wool was severed. The moment it landed in Su Ming's hands, it began to squirm, transforming into a scrumptious-looking pink cotton candy.

”Ding! Congratulations, Host, on acquiring the Silent Marshmallow. Consuming this marshmallow will ensure that you won't make a single sound, no matter what actions you take, for one full hour. It's an essential item for anyone planning a burglary or a stealthy roadside theft!”

Su Ming nearly choked on his own disbelief upon hearing the System's announcement.

He was no stranger to the System's outlandish statements.

However, Su Ming couldn't deny the marshmallow's appeal.

But what was the System implying with suggestions of breaking and entering or committing roadside robbery?

Su Ming mused to himself, “I'm a law-abiding citizen of the 21st century, aren't I?

I can recite the values of patriotism, dedication, integrity, and kindness like the back of my hand.

Plus, with the amount of money I have in my bank account, I have no need for such sordid activities.

What a ludicrous thought!”

Chapter 417 - You Really Are a Fool

Su Ming rubbed his nose and tossed the marshmallows into the pocket he had prepared earlier.

As Su Ming sheared the wool, he noticed that cutting more wool resulted in a larger marshmallow, while cutting less produced a smaller one. Furthermore, he could split the marshmallow to adjust its duration of effect based on its size. The Silent marshmallow's effect lasted a minimum of one minute.

Holding another large clump of cotton candy, Su Ming pondered for a moment. He then gently tore off a small piece and popped it into his mouth. Delicious! Unlike ordinary



cotton candy, which is made from refined sugar and can make one feel sick if eaten in excess, this marshmallow was not only sweet but also refreshingly cool. It was sweet without being greasy. Su Ming nodded in approval.

Aside from its unique function, this cotton candy made a great snack for idle moments. Having already indulged, Su Ming decided to test its capabilities. He wondered how he should proceed when suddenly, his phone rang. Checking the caller ID, he saw it was a spam call. The moment Su Ming touched the phone, it muted itself, leaving him quite astonished.

Answering the call, a menacing voice on the other end demanded, "You're Su Ming, right?" Su Ming was taken aback—how did this person know his name? Then it dawned on him; it wasn't uncommon for telecom companies to compromise their customers' privacy. "Yes, that's me," Su Ming responded.

But it seemed the caller hadn't heard him and repeated the threat. "Listen, don't think your silence will stop me. My son—no, your son has been kidnapped! Prepare 1 million RMB for his ransom immediately, or I'll kill him."

Son? Su Ming paused, perplexed. He wasn't even aware he had a son; after all, he was still a virgin. Were people still using such antiquated scams? Su Ming replied, "I don't have a son."

The person on the other end of the line continued to bellow, "Are you giving us the silent treatment? Can't you hear me talking? Don't act like you didn't hear me. If you don't cough up a million yuan, I'll kill your son."

Su Ming responded with resignation, "I did speak to you; it's just that you couldn't hear me."

Suddenly, Su Ming felt as though he was in a single-player video game, conversing with a non-player character.

"I get it. The amount I'm asking for is too much for you to handle, isn't it?"

"Fine, I can lower the price."

"A final offer! 500,000 is the absolute minimum!"

The voice on the other end softened noticeably.

Su Ming was taken aback by the other party's willingness to negotiate. Then it dawned on him: since the person on the other end couldn't hear him, he could say whatever he wanted, right?

Cautiously, Su Ming tested the waters, "Son?"

No sooner had he spoken than the person on the other end responded promptly, "Yes."

How did the person on the other end hear his voice?

And he even confirmed that he was his son. That was utterly absurd.

"I've already shown you my good faith. Fine, I won't take 500,000 yuan, but surely you can afford to give me 100,000 yuan, can't you?"

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

This scammer lacked any semblance of professionalism.

The voice on the phone prattled on, "Bro, don't tell me you don't even have 100,000 RMB? How about 20,000 RMB then? Life isn't easy for me out here."

Su Ming stroked his chin and then declared, "You're a scoundrel!"

The person on the other end kept babbling away.

They still couldn't hear Su Ming.

Su Ming wasn't one to curse others.

But these con artists deserved a good tongue-lashing!

Since the scammer couldn't hear him, Su Ming decided to sharpen his verbal skills.

He unleashed a torrent of expletives.

The price had even dropped to 200 RMB.

"Brother, surely you have 200 RMB, right?"

"Why not consider this money as compensation for the time you've spent on the phone with me?"

"Why don't you just give me 100 yuan? I could use that money to grab some barbecue and a few beers, sound good?"

"Huh? Are you still cursing at me?!"

Su Ming was taken aback; he hadn't expected the scammer on the other end of the line to hear his words.

He had only consumed a bit of the Silent Marshmallow.

But its effects lasted a mere minute.

He had forgotten that detail.

Clearing his throat, Su Ming said, "Look, I know it's tough for you too. Send me your account details, and I'll wire you some cash."

"Really?"

A voice brimming with surprise echoed from the phone.

"Really."

"Great! Hold on, I'll send you the account number right away." And with that, the call ended.

Soon after, Su Ming received a bank account number. He noted it down and immediately called President Chen to help him investigate.

Despite having finished his workday, President Chen didn't hesitate to head straight to the bank after Su Ming's call. To his surprise, he made a discovery!

Typically, fraud rings use virtual accounts for their schemes, making it impossible for their victims to track them down. But this individual had used their actual personal information to try to defraud Su Ming.

Su Ming couldn't help but smile at the scammer's foolishness.

Next, he briefed Captain Wu on the situation.

Captain Wu was equally astonished; he too hadn't anticipated the scammer's blunder of using real personal details.

Captain Wu was confident that he could easily wrap up the task Su Ming had handed him.

Without delay, he contacted the police department local to the bank card.

The foolish scammer, elated after the call, thought telecommunication fraud was a breeze. He believed he had nailed it on his first attempt.

Then, he received a bank notification. To his astonishment, he had only received a single cent!

While he was still confused, his door was abruptly kicked in.

The police rushed in and swiftly apprehended the scammer.

He was dumbfounded. "My God! Are the police always this fast? How are they so efficient? I barely started my first deal, and they've caught me. I thought everything was perfect," he thought remorsefully, vowing never to engage in illegal activities again. Moreover, while marveling at the might of the imperial court's police, he was desperate to understand why he was caught. After all, he had spent ages talking to Su Ming, even enduring a scolding, only to end up with a single cent, shiny handcuffs, and a five-year sentence. He had seen others make millions from online scams. It was all lies! All of it! Those damned deceivers, deceiving even their own kind! In the end, the fool remained clueless about his capture, even after his release from prison.

#### Chapter 418 - The Mature Loach

Su Ming hung up the phone and continued his work in the field.

Initially, his shearing was clumsy, but he quickly became adept at it. Before long, he had filled two bags with cotton candy.

This cotton candy, a product of the System, was unlike the usual kind—it wasn't sticky or prone to melting.

It was as fluffy as actual cotton.

In under two hours, Su Ming had sheared the wool from two sheep, amassing a total of four bags of cotton candy.

He decided to keep one bag of cotton candy and exchange the other three for points.

"Congratulations, Host, on successfully exchanging for points. You have earned 300 points!"

Su Ming used these 300 points to upgrade the Level Two pasture to a Level Three pasture.

"Pasture is upgrading. Time required for upgrade: 24 hours!"

Su Ming also reclaimed the two sheep, earning an additional 200 points.

To upgrade to a Level Three fence, he needed 300 points, but Su Ming only had 240 herding points, leaving him 60 points short.

After some thought, Su Ming decided there was no rush. He would consider upgrading the fence after the next harvest.

Since the pasture was in the process of upgrading from Level Two to Level Three, he couldn't plant new grass for the time being.

Su Ming stored a bag of cotton candy in the hallway and then headed directly to the aquatic product area.

Ten mature loaches swam back and forth in the water.

Dressed in his water gear and armed with a fishing net, Su Ming dove into the water.

He carefully scooped up a loach. It was an ordinary, long, and slippery creature, but as Su Ming lifted it out of the water, it transformed into a Crackled Electronic Cigarette, and the System's notification chimed in.

"Congratulations, Host, on obtaining the Crackled Electronic Cigarette! This electronic cigarette offers supreme enjoyment and features an electric shock function. It can render a person unconscious instantly, without pain or side effects. This electronic cigarette is for the Host's use only!"

At first, Su Ming was curious about what made this electronic cigarette special. But upon hearing the full explanation, he realized its value. In the face of danger, this electronic cigarette could be his ticket to a swift and safe escape.

Su Ming pondered for a moment and decided to keep five Crackled Electronic Cigarettes: one for his mother, one for his sister, one for his future wife, one for his future mother-in-law, and one for his future daughter. Suddenly, he wondered what he would do if he had a son in the future. His solution was simple: he would find two more wives, confident that at least one of them would bear him a daughter.

Su Ming scooped up some loaches and exchanged five of them for points.

"Congratulations, Host, you have successfully exchanged for points. You have earned 500 points!"

Su Ming was pleasantly surprised; he hadn't anticipated receiving so many points.

The wooden house in the aquatic product area had been upgraded to Level Three, making it incredibly sturdy. Iron windows and doors had been installed, and an iron fence now surrounded the area. The pond itself had undergone a transformation, becoming much more refined.

Furthermore, the equipment had been upgraded to Level Two. Perhaps this was the reason why five loaches could be exchanged for 500 points.

After checking the points in the aquatic product area, Su Ming immediately upgraded the wooden house to Level Four and the equipment to Level Three.

“The wooden house is currently upgrading. Time required for upgrade: 24 hours!”

“Equipment is currently upgrading. Time required for upgrade: 36 hours!”

Su Ming noted that the higher the equipment level, the longer the upgrade time required.

Upgrading the plantation area was challenging and demanded a significant number of points, but the output was of high quality and quantity. On the other hand, the other three areas were easier to upgrade, though the quality of their yield was more average.

Su Ming speculated that this might be connected to the animals he was raising, as he had only been farming ordinary species so far. Moreover, the System had yet to introduce any high-level items.

Nevertheless, Su Ming was not worried; his expertise lay in cultivation. He placed a greater emphasis on the produce from the plantation area.

After leaving the aquatic product area, he set the five electronic cigarettes beside the marshmallows and then made his way to the breeding zone. Upon inspection, he saw that the bamboo rats were not yet mature.

Carrying his items, Su Ming returned to the villa, carefully storing the electronic cigarettes and marshmallows.

He then fetched a hotpot meal from the kitchen, savoring it along with a refreshing beverage. Satisfied and content, he settled down to immerse himself in video games.

At midnight, Su Ming logged onto the online mall, and was greeted by a burst of dazzling green. A Level Two crop had just been listed!

Upon closer inspection, Su Ming realized it was the Dangerous Sweet Potato from the plantation area. He paused, finding the name of the plant oddly peculiar.

Could the Dangerous Sweet Potato actually be a bomb once it matured?

Nevertheless, Su Ming didn't dwell on it too much. He trusted that the System would protect him.

Regardless of the potential dangers of his crops, they would cause him no harm.

There were only ten Dangerous Sweet Potatoes available.

Each one was priced at 200,000 points.

Without hesitation, Su Ming purchased all ten seeds.

He browsed the other sections of the mall, noting that the rest of the items were quite mundane. He picked up a few things at random.

After shopping, Su Ming turned in for the night.

He slept in until the sun was high in the sky.

Groggily, he opened his eyes and made his way to the bathroom to freshen up.

Settling onto the sofa, he checked his phone and realized it was already noon. He stretched leisurely.

Something then jogged his memory.

If he wasn't mistaken, his land should have finished upgrading.

In a rush, Su Ming dashed to his fields and, as expected, found that his six acres had been upgraded.

It was perfect timing, as he had just acquired the Dangerous Sweet Potato the night before.

Su Ming headed straight for the farm equipment and began plowing with determination.

He meticulously cleared the weeds from the plantation area, then got down to the business of planting.

He planted two Top Grade orchids and the ten Dangerous Sweet Potatoes, adhering to the rule of two crops per acre, which meant even lower planting density this time.

Would these crops yield something extraordinary?

Su Ming was hopeful.

He watered the soil and scattered Blessing Potion over it, a practice he had always followed.

Whether this ritual would enhance the chances of yielding Top Grade crops, Su Ming couldn't be certain.

But he couldn't deny that his recent harvests had been quite rewarding.

Once the watering and fertilizing were complete, Su Ming dusted off his hands with a sense of accomplishment.

"The Dangerous Sweet Potato has been successfully planted! Harvest time: 72 hours!"

“The Top Grade Orchid has been successfully planted! Harvest time: 72 hours!”

The System's alert echoed in his mind.

Three days to maturity?

Moreover, he noted that after watering and fertilizing, there was no indication that the maturation time for the crops had been reduced.

Perhaps these crops are truly something special!

Su Ming wasn't in any rush.

Once his work was done and he found himself with nothing left to tackle, he clasped his hands behind his back, ready to take a leisurely stroll.

It was, after all, a rare slice of free time for him.

Chapter 419 - You Stepped on My Feet

The area around the Guoxing Building was bustling as usual.

People scurried by with stern faces, some engrossed in phone calls, others sipping coffee.

The crowd was sizable.

As Su Ming meandered about, a sedan sped toward him from a distance.

Startled, Su Ming thought about the wide street and how the car was barreling straight for him. Perhaps the driver was the same person who had called him the day before.

In a panic, Su Ming darted behind a tree, fearing an impending collision and hoping the tree would shield him.

He was young, unmarried, and certainly not ready to die.

Lost in these thoughts, the car came to an abrupt halt right before him.

The door swung open, and an elderly face emerged.

A figure hurried toward Su Ming.

“Mr. Su, I've missed you terribly!” the man exclaimed.

Su Ming was taken aback.



He did not recognize the man and was puzzled about his identity.

"Mr. Su, I am the principal of the J City Music Academy. My name is Cui Pingzhang," the man said, his eyes brimming with excitement.

Tears rolled down his cheeks as he gripped Su Ming's hands firmly.

Su Ming paused, unsure of how to react.

"Mr. Su, forgive me. It's just that Shen recently showed me a video of you making music with leaves. Your performance was flawless. You truly captured the essence of music's beauty!"

Su Ming blinked in surprise.

"This isn't flattery; it's heartfelt praise. You've attained the musical pinnacle I've sought my entire life. It's unbelievable!"

Su Ming tried to interject.

"I know what you're about to say. I promise not to take up too much of your time. I just have a few longstanding questions, and I'm hoping you can provide the answers."

"Stop!"

Su Ming had reached his limit.

"These are minor issues. Could you please step back? You're standing on my foot. I'm wearing cloth shoes, and it's quite painful." Su Ming said, his eye twitching in discomfort.

Despite Cui Pingzhang's age and slight build, his weight was significant, and Su Ming's foot throbbed under the pressure.

Hearing this, Cui Pingzhang glanced down at his feet.

Cui Pingzhang accidentally stepped on Su Ming's foot with his large foot.

At first, Cui Pingzhang was puzzled by the unusual softness of the floor tile, only to realize he had actually stepped on Su Ming's foot.

"Mr. Su, I am truly sorry!" Cui Pingzhang hastily apologized.

"There's no need for an apology; I'm not upset. But could you please move your foot?" Su Ming responded.

Regaining his composure, Cui Pingzhang quickly moved his foot away.

“Mr. Su, do you have a moment?” inquired Cui Pingzhang.

Su Ming nodded, “Yes, I'm free now.”

He had completed all his tasks and had no pressing matters at hand.

“Mr. Su, could you possibly answer a few questions for me?”

“Certainly.”

Su Ming recognized that Director Cui held a prestigious position as the dean of the finest music academy in the imperial court. His domestic standing was likely on par with Dean Shen's, yet he remained a humble scholar.

He was fully committed to his studies and the quest for superior music.

He deserved admiration.

“Mr. Su, would you accompany me somewhere?”

Su Ming gave a nod of agreement.

They both entered the car and drove off.

During the ride, Cui Pingzhang gazed at Su Ming with a simple, yet broad smile on his face.

Su Ming thought to himself, “Director Cui, can't you contain your laughter?” He had even noticed chives stuck in Director Cui's molars.

Still smiling, Cui Pingzhang gingerly pulled an object from his pocket.

Su Ming saw it was a leaf.

He immediately grasped Cui Pingzhang's intention: he wanted Su Ming to play a tune on the leaf.

“Mr. Su, could you play another piece? I'll make sure to compensate you.”

“I have a small gift for you that I hope you'll accept,” Cui Pingzhang said as he retrieved a card from his pocket.

He placed the card into Su Ming's hand.

Upon inspection, Su Ming noticed it was a card adorned with a musical note in the top right corner.

It read Supreme Membership Card of Music Association.

“Mr. Su, this is the imperial court's Music Association's supreme membership card.”

“Currently, only six individuals in the entire imperial court possess this card.”

“As long as the grand theater or music theater buildings have musical note icons, you, your family, and friends can freely come and go with this membership card.”

“Mr. Su, to speak frankly, in the imperial court, any grand theater or music theater with a bit of renown is a member of the Music Association.”

“With this card, you can use the VIP entrance to enter the Grand Theater or Music Theater at no cost, and once inside, you can enjoy top-tier VIP services, including the best box seats and complimentary beverages.”

Worried that Su Ming might not be pleased, Cui Pingzhang quickly clarified.

Su Ming was taken aback.

Though the Supreme Membership Card seemed of little use to him, it would be beneficial for his family.

His father was an avid fan of opera, particularly passionate about Peking Opera and local drama.

With this card, his father could attend any opera performance he wished.

Yet, Su Ming's father was still relatively young and had no desire to leave his hometown.

Having worked hard his entire life, Su Ming's father found it difficult to retire.

Therefore, the Supreme Membership Card wasn't immediately necessary for Su Ming's father, but that didn't mean it wouldn't be valuable in the future.

When Su Ming's father grew older, he could use the Supreme Membership Card to enjoy opera every day. Su Ming found the idea quite appealing.

“Thank you, Director Cui. I gratefully accept your gift,” Su Ming said with a smile.

“It's my pleasure; it's the least I could do,” Director Cui replied. He was overjoyed to see Su Ming accept his gift.

Director Cui also breathed a sigh of relief. He recognized that Mr. Su was no ordinary man.

If it had been a common gift, Su Ming would not have given it a second thought.

But Director Cui was known for his integrity. With a modest salary, part of which he donated to support students, he couldn't afford lavish gifts.

Truthfully, even if Director Cui had purchased expensive items, they wouldn't have caught Mr. Su's eye.

After much deliberation, Director Cui realized the only suitable gift he could offer was the Supreme Membership Card.

He had been anxious that Su Ming might refuse his present, but thankfully, Mr. Su had graciously accepted it.

Director Cui finally felt at ease, his shirt sticking to his back with sweat.

If Su Ming were to refuse the gift, Director Cui would find it too awkward to even ask for Su Ming's assistance.

"Could you do me a favor, then?"

"Sure." Su Ming nodded in agreement.

Su Ming picked up the leaf, inhaled deeply, and was just about to blow.

"Hold on a second!" Cui Pingzhang suddenly recalled something.

Cui Pingzhang quickly extended his hand and pressed a nearby button.

There was a mechanical noise.

The passageway between the back seat and the trunk unexpectedly opened.

Chapter 420 - Are You Going to Take Off??

Su Ming turned around to find himself staring at a recording device, and not just any device—it was top-of-the-line. This setup must have cost at least a million yuan, and it even had the capability to eliminate background noise.

Cui Pingzhang reached under the car hood and pulled down a curtain. To Su Ming's surprise, the curtain was thick, clearly designed for excellent soundproofing. "Not bad," Su Ming mused. "This is practically a recording studio."

"Mr. Su, please, this way," Cui Pingzhang invited.

With everything in place, Cui Pingzhang breathed a sigh of relief, wiping the sweat from his brow as he looked at Su Ming with anticipation.

Picking up a leaf, Su Ming knew that playing a tune with it would be a breeze for him. The real question was, what tune should he choose? After a moment of contemplation, inspiration struck. He recalled a piece of music he had heard and particularly enjoyed while watching a video the day before—the Dawn Dreamtale.

Closing his eyes, he could almost see an epic battle unfolding as the music played. Without hesitation, Su Ming decided to perform this very piece. He closed his eyes, inhaled deeply, and gently placed the leaf to his lips. With a soft exhale, the music began to flow.

The Dawn Dreamtale, the theme song from Warcraft 3, left a lasting impression on anyone who heard it. It told the story of the Undead Race—their dark faith, their thirst for power, their devotion to evil, and their aspiration to dominate the world. Members of the Undead Race carried noble blood, seeing their fall from grace as a badge of honor, immortal in their glory.

The song was grand and stirring, capable of igniting a fiery passion within the listener.

Cui Pingzhang was completely transfixed. As a seasoned academic, he wasn't one to engage in games like Warcraft, but the music spoke to him, conveying emotions that transcended the game itself. His eyes began to glisten with emotion, a testament to the power of music.

The song was a vessel of countless emotions, inviting its audience to lose themselves in its narrative, as if they were part of a grand and atmospheric battle. Cui Pingzhang felt as though he was in the midst of an epic conflict, visualizing two races locked in fierce combat amidst a vast battlefield shrouded in smoke. He could also picture a tranquil scene after a storm, where villagers relaxed on the grasslands under a clear sky—the men hunting, the women weaving, and the children at play, all exuding an air of peace and serenity.

Cui Pingzhang was utterly captivated by the music.

Suddenly, a loud bang erupted.

The car jolted violently, and the music came to an abrupt halt.

“What's going on?” Su Ming was taken aback.

Su Ming's body had been enhanced, so any collision wouldn't cause him significant harm.

But it was a different story for Cui Pingzhang.

Already lost in the music and being of advanced age with frail health, the jolt nearly caused him injury!

Cui Pingzhang clutched his head and stumbled out of the car.

Su Ming exited the vehicle to inspect the damage.

They were both utterly shocked.

Their car had collided with a police cruiser.

Su Ming wondered, "What in the world happened?"

A policeman emerged from the cruiser, his face clouded with anger. He berated them, "Were you trying to take flight? Driving at 150 kilometers per hour in the city center! What were you thinking? Thank goodness it's not rush hour. Had there been an accident, could you have handled the consequences?"

As a veteran traffic officer, he had apprehended drunk drivers, those who obscured their license plates, unlicensed drivers, and speeders. Yet, he had never encountered someone driving at such an extreme speed.

Had the driver been speeding on the highway, he wouldn't have been as infuriated.

He would have simply applied the traffic laws and penalized the driver.

But to speed like that in the city center was outrageous!

It was fortunate he managed to intercept the driver in time; otherwise, a serious accident could have occurred.

Suddenly, several motorcycles sped up from behind, encircling Su Ming's car.

"How could you possibly drive this car at 150 kilometers per hour?"

"Man, what's the rush driving so fast?"

"Why are you speeding like this?"

The traffic officers were visibly upset.

They had chased the car at top speed on their motorcycles but couldn't keep up.

If not for their high-quality government-issued vehicles, they wouldn't have been able to intercept the car at all.

The driver was mortified.

He stuttered and struggled to articulate a complete sentence.

“What's going on?” Cui Pingzhang was also fuming.

He had been in the midst of recording music for Mr. Su, fully immersed in the experience, only to be rudely interrupted by the driver's antics.

Cui Pingzhang was puzzled.

His driver had been with him for many years, consistently demonstrating excellent driving skills. An incident like this was unprecedented; the driver had a spotless record, never once having run a red light.

What could have possibly happened?

Under the intense scrutiny of the traffic police and Cui Pingzhang's pressing questions, the driver's gaze shifted slowly to Su Ming.

Su Ming was taken aback, thinking to himself, “Why is he looking at me? I have nothing to do with this.”

“Officer, I apologize. I've been driving for over two decades and have never once violated a traffic law,” the driver explained.

“But the music that Mr. Su was playing in the car was so captivating that it sent my pulse racing and my adrenaline surging.”

“Without realizing it, I pressed harder on the accelerator, which ultimately led to speeding,” he admitted, bowing his head in shame.

Su Ming was surprised to learn that the driver had sped up for such a reason.

Cui Pingzhang, equally astonished, thought to himself, “I forgive you. I would have done the same. It's like the volunteer soldiers of the past who, upon hearing the charge, would fight with doubled strength and vanquish their enemies with valor. That's the power of music.”

The traffic officers found the excuse quite unusual. In their years of service, they had encountered speeders who feigned ignorance or reveled in racing, but never someone who claimed to have been moved by music.

Despite the driver's implausible excuse, Cui Pingzhang noticed the officers' skepticism and quickly interjected, “Officers, please hold on a moment.”

He then produced a recording device and played the music right there.

Even though the recording couldn't capture the full essence of the live performance, the music still left the officers profoundly moved.

Their spirits ignited, they exclaimed, "We believe you!"

"I feel like catching some criminals right now!"

"However, even though we believe you, we must still issue a penalty for your speeding, as required by law."

The officers, while sympathetic to the driver's unique excuse, knew they had to follow protocol and address the speeding violation.

The driver, accepting the situation, remained silent, his head bowed.

He had violated the law, so it was only right that he faced the consequences.

Yet, Su Ming felt somewhat sheepish.

He reflected, "Even though I didn't intend for this to happen, the driver was indeed affected by my music."

Su Ming approached and said, "My apologies, officer. We've inconvenienced you. I'm partly responsible for this incident. I'll donate a few cars to the police station to help make your job of catching criminals easier."

Su Ming genuinely felt a bit remorseful.

One of the officers responded, "There's no need. We're just doing our job."

Su Ming replied with a smile, "No worries. Supporting your efforts is a duty of every taxpayer."

"Hmm? You look so familiar. Ah, it's you, Mr. Su! Colleagues, this is the Mr. Su I always talk about."

"So you're Mr. Su!"

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Su."

Several other officers came over to warmly greet Su Ming.

"If Mr. Su is offering to donate vehicles, we'll gladly accept."



A traffic officer, who appeared to be a captain, scratched his head with a bashful grin and said.

“It's no trouble at all; it's the least I can do.”

Su Ming added.