

## The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

### #Chapter 421 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 421

#### Chapter 421 - There Were a Lot of Onlookers

Su Ming promptly called the owner of the 4S store, instructing him to select several cars for the traffic police without worrying about the cost. The 4S store owner agreed enthusiastically, and the deal was settled in under ten minutes.

The driver, having been caught speeding, had 12 points deducted from his license on the spot. Luckily, it wasn't a more serious issue, or he would have faced detention. He stayed put, awaiting the arrival of the insurance agent.

Su Ming and Cui Pingzhang hailed a cab and headed straight to the hotel where Cui Pingzhang was staying. Despite being the dean of an academy, Cui Pingzhang was remarkably frugal. He opted not to stay in a luxurious five-star hotel, but rather in a very modest one. As they exited the taxi, Su Ming and Cui Pingzhang chatted while entering the hotel, just in time to see a young man and woman descending the stairs.

The pair appeared to be in their twenties. The woman was quite attractive with a good figure, standing out in a crowd. However, she paled in comparison to Xiao Ke'er, who was of noble lineage and possessed an innate elegance that money simply couldn't buy. Few women in the entire imperial court could match her grace.

The man was quite average-looking, somewhat short and slightly overweight, with his hair thinning prematurely.

"Hubby, with all your wealth, why stay in this hotel?" the woman clung to the man.

"Darling, you just don't understand," he replied. "Even with my billion-dollar business, it's important not to be extravagant. We should live modestly."

He had clearly prepared his rationale.

He was reluctant to spend on a fancy hotel and sought a plausible excuse.

"You're absolutely right!" the woman said with admiration. "Hubby, which hotel should we book for our wedding?"

"Don't worry. With my family and connections in Eastsea, I'll ensure we book a fantastic hotel," the man boasted confidently.

The woman nodded, her mood instantly brightening.

Su Ming observed the scene and couldn't suppress a chuckle. Clearly, she was yet another young woman taken in by deception. The man was far from as wealthy as he claimed, his fortune likely just scraping a billion, and he was evidently quite miserly. But to Su Ming, this was none of his concern; the man and woman were willing participants in their own narrative. Young women often fell prey to the wiles of unscrupulous men.

Su Ming and Cui Pingzhang continued upstairs, where the equipment was even more comprehensive. Clearly, Cui Pingzhang had come thoroughly prepared this time.

"Mr. Su."

"I'm terribly sorry," Cui Pingzhang said as he quickly poured a glass of water for Su Ming.

Su Ming just smiled, unfazed by the situation. He held a deep respect for such genuine scholars.

If he could use his abilities to help such scholars overcome challenges or clarify their doubts, it would benefit the music scene of the imperial court greatly.

Cui Pingzhang handed Su Ming a piece of sheet music and began to pose some questions.

With his mastery of a divine-level instrument, Su Ming found even the most complex and daunting questions to be quite straightforward.

Cui Pingzhang grew increasingly astounded and amazed as he listened. He was so impressed that he briefly entertained the notion of whisking Su Ming away to the capital and confining him to the Music Academy.

To him, Su Ming was an authentic genius! Simultaneously, he felt a profound sense of remorse for his past arrogance. He had believed that he was in pursuit of "higher music" and only interacted with "higher musicians." Now, he realized that true genius could be found among the common folk.

He questioned Su Ming the entire afternoon until Su Ming was practically parched.

Eventually, Cui Pingzhang closed the music score, his mind still reeling from the encounter.

He even believed that if Su Ming were to perform at the music hall, he would undoubtedly gain international acclaim.

However, he understood that Mr. Su was a modest man who preferred not to seek the limelight.

“This is what a truly great person is like—so humble. I have much to learn from Mr. Su,” he reflected.

“Mr. Su.”

“I have yet another bold request.”

“Our school has an anthem, but I've never been satisfied with the arrangement. Could I possibly trouble Mr. Su...”

Cui Pingzhang felt embarrassed by his own audacity. After an entire afternoon of inquiries, he was now asking for another favor.

But Su Ming was not bothered. With practiced ease, he pulled a green leaf from his pocket and gently blew across it.

The music swelled once more, filling the room with its lilting melody. Cui Pingzhang, in a flurry, switched on the recording device before sitting down, utterly captivated by the sound.

Five minutes later, the piece drew to a close. Su Ming set aside the leaf he'd been using as an instrument, and Cui Pingzhang quickly shut off the recorder.

“Mr. Su, you've been so gracious with your time today. You must be starving. How about we go out for a meal? My treat this time!” Cui Pingzhang offered.

Hearing the suggestion, Su Ming nodded in agreement, his hunger evident.

Leading the way, Cui Pingzhang opened the door only to be startled by a sea of faces crowding the entrance. The corridor was packed with people, yet eerily silent.

“What's going on here?” Cui Pingzhang asked, instinctively stepping back.

“Who was playing that last piece? It was incredible!” a young man clutching a guitar asked, his expression one of awe.

Cui Pingzhang breathed a sigh of relief. “Haha! That was Mr. Su's performance!” he said, gesturing towards Su Ming with a proud smile.

It seemed Su Ming's music had drawn the crowd. And rightly so; such flawless music was bound to captivate anyone within earshot.

"Do you have a passion for music?" Cui Pingzhang inquired, looking at the guitar-wielding youth.

"Yes, I love music deeply. I've been practicing the guitar since I was a child. But with my family's tight budget, I've never had a teacher. I've missed out on formal training and taken many wrong turns. However, listening to that piece just now, it's as if the clouds parted, and I understood things that had eluded me before," the young man shared.

"Excellent!" Cui Pingzhang was overjoyed by the young man's response.

The number of young people passionate about music was dwindling, as the industry often couldn't guarantee a stable job or income. Consequently, many abandoned their musical aspirations for practicality's sake.

But here was a young man, fervent about music, and Cui Pingzhang wouldn't let such talent slip away.

"Young man, I'm the dean of the J City Music Academy," he said, handing over his business card. "Bring this card and come to see me. I'll take you on as my student. Don't worry about the costs; I'll cover your tuition and fees, and you'll receive a monthly stipend."

"Really!"

The young man's face lit up with sheer delight.

Those around him cast envious glances his way. Even though they wouldn't dream of pursuing a career in music, deeming it a dead-end path, they couldn't deny the allure of an exception.

After all, that academy was renowned!

The students who graduated from there were practically all musical prodigies!

It just goes to show, this lucky guy really hit the jackpot.

Chapter 422 - He Fell into an Awkward Situation

Several years later, the imperial court was taken by storm with the emergence of a guitar virtuoso whose talent stunned the globe.

Yet, wherever he went, he humbly referred to himself as a student.

This masterful guitarist recounted how, in a nondescript inn at Eastsea, he encountered the two most pivotal figures in his life.

Mr. Su, in particular, was instrumental in his enlightenment, paving the way for the guitarist's subsequent success.

Consequently, the music world became abuzz with legends about Mr. Su.

"Alright, let's call it a day," Cui Pingzhang gestured to the dispersing crowd. "We're heading out for a meal."

With the music over, the audience began to leave.

Just then, footsteps echoed from the stairwell, followed by an unmistakably haughty voice. "I overheard some music being played upstairs that wasn't half bad. As it happens, I'm in need of a musician for my wedding. If you perform at my wedding, I'll pay you 500 yuan. What do you say?"

At these words, everyone turned to look.

A couple approached from the hallway.

Su Ming recognized them as the same pair he had noticed upon his arrival.

The man carried himself with an air of conceit, approaching with a leisurely stride.

The woman, small and charming, gazed at the man with eyes full of admiration.

They stopped beside Su Ming and Cui Pingzhang, sizing them up.

The man inquired coolly, "Who was playing the music earlier?"

Su Ming responded with a smile, "That was me."

"You're quite skilled," the man remarked. "You caught all that I said, right? It's tough to earn a living with music these days. Play at my wedding and I'll give you 500 yuan—a generous offer. What do you think? Will you do it?"

His arrogance was palpable, as if Su Ming should be grateful for such a 'generous' sum.

The onlookers wondered where this deluded individual had come from.

Of the two, Cui Pingzhang was the esteemed principal of the J City Music Academy.

Given Cui Pingzhang's reputation, commanding an appearance fee in the hundreds of thousands was no issue at all.

Standing next to Cui Pingzhang was Su Ming, whom even Cui Pingzhang respectfully addressed as Mr. Su. It was clear that Su Ming's musical expertise far surpassed that of

Cui Pingzhang. Consequently, Su Ming's performance fee should have been considerably higher.

This man was dreaming if he thought he could secure Su Ming's talents for his wedding for a mere 500 yuan. The young man who had recently benefited from Su Ming's assistance furrowed his brow, stepping forward, ready to chastise the man.

Catching the young man's eye, Su Ming subtly shook his head, prompting him to halt. The onlookers took note of Su Ming's gesture, anticipating that an amusing situation was about to unfold.

Misinterpreting the shake of Su Ming's head, the man assumed Su Ming was disagreeing. "I'm willing to offer you 500 yuan. Isn't that enough? For the sake of my wedding, I'll raise it to 600 yuan. I'm giving you an opportunity here. Don't be foolish and turn it down," the man said with overwhelming arrogance.

Su Ming smiled and replied, "Alright, but I'm not sure at which hotel you're planning to hold your wedding."

The man scoffed, "Rest assured, the hotel where I'll be getting married is certainly one you've never set foot in before. With my wealth, Shangguan Shui, booking a five-star hotel for my wedding is a breeze."

"East Sea International Hotel, Longfu Restaurant, Four Seasons Hotel—only such five-star establishments are suitable for my wedding," Shangguan Shui boasted, exuding an air of wealth and superiority that suggested he was beyond comparison with ordinary people.

"Darling, you're so impressive!" exclaimed Shangguan Shui's girlfriend, looking at him with adoration.

"Indeed, only a five-star hotel can bear witness to our love," Shangguan Shui declared.

The couple displayed their affection openly, while the crowd around them fell silent. Their ostentatious display was enough to make onlookers feel queasy in the late hours of the evening.

"Your billions are beyond our reach," someone commented.

"However, with your fortune, booking a mere five-star hotel for your wedding seems somewhat modest. Eastsea recently welcomed the seven-star Atlantis Hotel. Located in the heart of the city, adjacent to Olympic Park and just a stone's throw from Downtown Square and Guoxing Building, it's the epitome of luxury. I once worked there as a waiter. To truly match your status, you should consider having your wedding at the Atlantis Hotel," another person suggested.

Su Ming was all smiles.

Upon hearing this, Shangguan Shui swelled with pride once again. He thought to himself, "This guy seemed unhappy before, but the moment he found out I was wealthy, he began to cave. I'm just too incredible!"

The woman perked up at Su Ming's words. It was, after all, a seven-star hotel. There weren't many of those around the world, and even fewer domestically. The Atlantis Hotel was brand new. If she could have her wedding there, her girlfriends would surely be green with envy.

With this in mind, the girl clung to Shangguan Shui's arm and cooed, "Hubby, can we have our wedding at the Atlantis Hotel, please?"

At her words, Shangguan Shui's eye twitched involuntarily. A seven-star hotel was no small affair. He could just about manage the expense of a night's stay on occasion, but the thought of the cost to host a wedding there was unimaginable.

He gazed at the girl, thinking, "Does she really believe I have billions to spare? That's laughable. I was only boasting. At most, I have a little over a hundred million, and most of that is tied up in fixed assets that I can't readily liquidate."

Yet Shangguan Shui didn't want to be embarrassed. In this setting, he was eager to flaunt his wealth.

"Sweetheart, you've had your heart set on that hotel for our wedding? Why didn't you mention it sooner? Rest assured, I'll make a call and book the hotel immediately!" Shangguan Shui said with an air of arrogance.

Basking in the admiration, he was thoroughly pleased with himself.

"Thank you, dear. But isn't it quite expensive to have a wedding at a seven-star hotel?" she asked.

"It's merely a trifle," Shangguan Shui responded, feigning indifference.

He appeared magnanimous as he declared, "My love, as long as it makes you happy, the cost is nothing to me!"

Those around them couldn't help but think Shangguan Shui was putting on airs. Moreover, watching him and the girl flaunt their affection was quite nauseating to them.

Meanwhile, some in the crowd had recognized Su Ming. In Eastsea, his name was well-known to many.

Su Ming had graced the covers of newspapers and news outlets.

Anyone who pulled out their smartphone could quickly discover that Su Ming was a young man shrouded in mystery.

He farmed on a plot of land in the city center worth billions, and he was also a musical prodigy!

His net worth was at least in the tens of billions!

Once Su Ming's identity was revealed, the onlookers struggled to contain their laughter.

They thought to themselves, "Shangguan Shui is going to have a rough time. He's far too ostentatious. We can't wait to see him embarrass himself."

Despite being aware of Su Ming's status, not a single person tipped off Shangguan Shui.

After all, Shangguan Shui not only scorned the less fortunate but also loved to flaunt his supposed superiority.

Mr. Su, with his immense wealth and status, remained unassuming.

So what gave Shangguan Shui the right to be so haughty?

The spectators eagerly anticipated witnessing Shangguan Shui's impending humiliation.

Chapter 423 - This Time He Was Dumbfounded

"Darling, I've been dreaming of our wedding at the Atlantis Hotel! Let's book it right away!" the girl said, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Shangguan Shui gave his chest a reassuring pat and said, "Don't worry, love. But you know this is peak wedding season. We might not be able to secure the Atlantis Hotel, but I'll give it my all!"

Deep down, Shangguan Shui had no intention of splurging on a wedding at a seven-star hotel. He planned to concoct a story about the Atlantis Hotel being fully booked and then gently steer his girlfriend towards choosing a more modest venue. He would feign deep regret and guilt for not meeting her wishes, thus deftly navigating the situation.

He was all too familiar with such tactics.

Unfortunately, his girlfriend was blissfully unaware of his true intentions. She looked up to Shangguan Shui as if he could do no wrong and said, "Thank you, darling. You're so wonderful to me!"



She nestled tenderly against him, and Shangguan Shui couldn't help but think how flawlessly he'd played his part.

Noticing the stunned silence of the onlookers, Shangguan Shui swelled with pride. He was convinced they were green with envy, thinking they'd never experience such adoration from a woman in their lifetimes.

Yet, contrary to his belief, nobody envied him. They actually found him rather pitiable.

"Just don't end up crying," they thought to themselves.

Shangguan Shui turned to Su Ming and boasted, "A seven-star hotel isn't too shabby. 600 yuan is quite generous. You can have lunch there and enjoy whatever you fancy!"

His tone was patronizing, as if he were bestowing charity upon Su Ming.

"No problem!" Su Ming replied confidently. "You and your fiancée make a great couple! And with your billions in assets, it would be such a shame not to celebrate at a seven-star hotel. Luckily, I know the owner. I'll give him a call right this moment. Rest assured, I'll do everything in my power to ensure you can have your wedding at the Atlantis Hotel!"

With that, Su Ming pulled out his phone, ready to make good on his promise.

When Shangguan Shui first heard what Su Ming had to say, he couldn't help but feel smug. But that feeling of self-satisfaction quickly gave way to suspicion.

Suddenly, he froze, thinking incredulously, "What the hell? Can this guy actually know the boss of Atlantis?"

The crowd around them buzzed with excitement, thinking to themselves, "Looks like Mr. Su is pulling out the big guns!"

"Kid, you're laying it on thick. You're acquainted with the boss of Atlantis? And what next, you're the ruler of the Milky Way? Come on, don't exaggerate. If you can't back it up later, you'll be the laughingstock. Drop the act; you're no match for me," Shangguan Shui said, scoffing as he regained his composure.

He thought to himself, "As if this nobody could rub shoulders with the boss of Atlantis. Ridiculous! I'm not even in that league. He's way out of his depth."

Su Ming, however, paid no mind to Shangguan Shui's taunts.

He pulled out his phone and began scrolling through his contacts.

Su Ming certainly did know the boss of Atlantis.

The System had uploaded the contact details of 100 company bosses into his phone.

But it was taking Su Ming a bit of time to locate the boss of Atlantis's contact information.

Seeing Su Ming silent and engrossed in his phone, Shangguan Shui felt even more convinced of his own assumptions.

"This guy's definitely full of it. He's made a fool of himself and now he's got no idea how to get out of this mess," Shangguan Shui thought with a sense of superiority.

"Kid, if you can't deliver, you shouldn't boast. Failing to keep a promise you've made just makes you look bad. You could stand to learn a thing or two from me. Be humble, be steady, and don't let impulse get the better of you. Empty boasts will get you nowhere," Shangguan Shui said, clearly enjoying himself.

He wasn't about to miss an opportunity to show off.

He was also, in his own way, advising Su Ming not to bite off more than he could chew. Overdoing the pretense was a surefire way to embarrass oneself.

"Got it!" Su Ming finally located the name and phone number of the Atlantis boss.

But then, Su Ming paused, a realization hitting him.

He had done something foolish.

He could have simply started searching by the first letter of the contact's name.

He mused, if he hung around fools, he'd start acting like one too.

It would be wise for him to keep his distance from individuals like Shangguan Shui in the future.

Shangguan Shui chuckled, "Stop pretending you're acquainted with the owner of the Atlantis Hotel. Whose number have you dug up? Is it customer service by any chance?"

Su Ming paid him no mind and dialed a number instead.

The call was answered after just a few rings, and a voice brimming with respect came through, "Mr. Su!"

"A friend of mine recently got married and he's interested in hosting his wedding at the Atlantis Hotel. Is your hotel fully booked?"

"Yes, Mr. Su, we are fully booked."

“Is there any way you could assist me?”

The person on the line responded, “Mr. Su, one moment, please. I'm currently in my car. Once I get back to the hotel, I'll check immediately. Where might you be, Mr. Su? Perhaps I could come directly to you? I will have my secretary bring the necessary documents for a more comprehensive discussion.”

“Sure, I'm at the Warm and Easy Hotel.”

“Perfect, Mr. Su. I'm actually nearby. I'll be there shortly!”

With that, the call ended.

The hallway was so quiet that Shangguan Shui could distinctly hear their entire conversation.

He scoffed, “So you've got an actor in on your little charade! Kid, the day will come when your lies are exposed, and I'll be curious to see how you handle it then.”

Su Ming simply offered a serene smile, choosing not to respond.

Moments later, footsteps echoed from the stairwell.

A middle-aged woman with a strikingly professional demeanor approached briskly.

Shangguan Shui was taken aback to see her; she was indeed the owner of the Atlantis!

Damn it!

He had never met her, but he had seen her photograph in the newspapers and on the news.

He rushed forward to welcome her, “Boss Miao Tianfang, what brings you here?”

“Step aside!”

Miao Tianfang paid no heed to Shangguan Shui and positioned herself next to Su Ming.

Her entourage of bodyguards and her secretary also took their places beside Su Ming.

Together, they all bowed and exclaimed in unison, “Boss!”

Su Ming nodded, “I appreciate you making the trip. My friend is interested in hosting their wedding at the Atlantis Hotel. Could you help us out with that?”

Miao Tianfang quickly responded, "Rest assured, Mr. Su. If they're a friend of yours, then there's absolutely no issue."

Shangguan Shui was utterly astonished.

Su Ming was actually telling the truth.

He had only been boasting earlier; he never really intended to have his wedding at the Atlantis Hotel.

After all, hosting a wedding there would cost a fortune.

Miao Tianfang turned to Shangguan Shui and spoke calmly, "Sir, we offer three tiers for wedding banquets at the Atlantis Hotel. The prices are two million RMB, five million RMB, and ten million RMB, respectively. We provide comprehensive services including transportation, catering, and accommodation. All you need to do is share your vision for the wedding with us."

#### Chapter 424 - My Heart Was in Pain

Shangguan Shui was completely taken aback.

Su Ming chuckled and said, "Manager Miao, my friend here has assets worth several billion. He's certainly not going to be interested in venues priced at two or five million yuan. Please arrange a ten million yuan venue for him."

Hearing this, an already anxious Shangguan Shui froze in place, unable to move. His total assets amounted to only one hundred million. Was he now expected to shell out ten million yuan?

Onlookers began to gather around to see what was happening.

Shangguan Shui was filled with regret. If he had been just five minutes late to his meal, he wouldn't have encountered Su Ming's musical performance, and none of this would have happened. But it was too late for regrets now.

After all, Miao Tianfang was the owner of Atlantis. She had made a special trip from afar just for this occasion.

Shangguan Shui was concerned that expressing regret now might provoke Miao Tianfang's retaliation. His assets were insignificant compared to the Atlantis Hotel.

To make matters worse, several people around him were recording the scene on their phones. If this footage got out, Shangguan Shui would be unable to make a name for himself in Eastsea ever again, and no one would want to do business with him.

“Brother Shangguan, with your family's billions in assets, ten million yuan should be no issue, right? Or are you saying you don't have the money?” Su Ming teased with a smile.

“It's nothing!” Shangguan Shui replied, his chest swelling with feigned confidence. Yet, his posture lacked its earlier assurance, betraying his lack of confidence in producing such a sum on the spot.

“You're amazing. Now we can have our wedding banquet at the Atlantis Hotel! I'm over the moon!” The girl beside Shangguan Shui exclaimed, oblivious to the real situation.

Before Shangguan Shui could interject, Su Ming quickly added, “I'm so envious that you've snagged such an impressive boyfriend! He's sure to agree!”

Internally, Shangguan Shui was in turmoil, but he dared not let it show. If he backed out now, he risked losing his girlfriend and potentially damaging his company's operations. Yet, the truth was, he simply didn't have that kind of money at his disposal.

“Excuse me, sir, when is your wedding scheduled?” Miao Tianfang quickly grasped the situation at hand.

She noticed Shangguan Shui's reluctance, his hesitation apparent.

Without delay, she posed the question, leaving Shangguan Shui no room for second thoughts.

“Our wedding is set for half a month from now, on October 18th!” Before Shangguan Shui could respond, his girlfriend eagerly chimed in.

“Not a problem, sir. We can proceed with the contract immediately. We'll arrange an exceptionally lavish wedding for you, ensuring an unforgettable experience,” Miao Tianfang assured him.

“However, per our company policy, a 20% deposit is required, amounting to two million yuan. But since you're a friend of Mr. Su's, we're happy to offer a 20% discount. The total cost for the wedding will be eight million yuan, so you'll only need to pay one million six hundred thousand yuan today,” Miao Tianfang elaborated.

Shangguan Shui was desperate to escape, yet he was past the point of regret.

He was shaking all over, his legs felt like jelly, and his back was soaked with sweat.

“Darling, what's the matter? Oh, I get it—are you thrilled that we can host our grand wedding at the Atlantis Hotel? I'm thrilled too!” Shangguan Shui's girlfriend, sensing his trembling, spoke with excitement.

He glanced around; his girlfriend's eager eyes were on him, and he was surrounded by onlookers with knowing looks.

Shangguan Shui felt the stares were mocking him, especially Su Ming's amused gaze.

At that moment, Shangguan Shui was filled with regret.

He was accustomed to boasting, but now he found himself in a true predicament.

"I'll book it!" Shangguan Shui, through clenched teeth, reluctantly agreed.

With shaking hands, he pulled out his bank card.

The card had a balance of just over two million yuan, and now he was about to spend a significant chunk of it. Shangguan Shui was pained by the thought.

Finally, his girlfriend swiftly took the bank card from him.

"Honey, you're so overwhelmed with excitement you can't even hold onto your card. Let me do that for you."

The girl swiftly handed her bank card to Manager Miao.

Shangguan Shui was mortified.

With a heavy heart, Shangguan Shui watched as 1.6 million yuan was spent.

He realized that upon his return, he would need to liquidate several assets to come up with the remaining 6.4 million yuan. The mere thought made it hard for him to breathe.

His gaze shifted to Su Ming.

He had never expected to cross paths with someone of Su Ming's stature that day and was filled with regret.

Shangguan Shui was deeply upset, yet he couldn't let it show.

After making the down payment, he quickly ushered his girlfriend into the room and shut the door behind them without a backward glance.

One by one, the onlookers dispersed.

They were aware of Su Ming's esteemed status and influential background.

But they were also aware of their place, recognizing that they weren't in a position to befriend someone like Su Ming.

Despite Mr. Su's affable nature, they knew better than to overstep their bounds.

And with that, the incident drew to a close.

Manager Miao took her leave as well.

Cui Pingzhang harbored no doubts at that moment.

Su Ming's musical prowess at such a young age was remarkable.

He must have invested heavily in both money and effort to be mentored by a top-tier teacher.

This wasn't something the average wealthy individual could achieve.

Cui Pingzhang, astute as he was, understood the importance of respecting others' privacy.

"Let's head out, Director Cui. I'm starting to feel hungry," Su Ming remarked.

"Of course, Mr. Su. And don't forget to visit me at the J City Music Academy," Cui Pingzhang replied, nodding as he offered a reminder to the eager young man.

"Got it, Director Cui!" The young man responded promptly, nodding in agreement.

#### Chapter 425 - Silken Cabbage Matured

Su Ming was aware of Director Cui's modesty.

He proactively proposed they grab a meal at the noodle shop next door.

They each ordered a bowl of noodles and selected a few side dishes.

After a lengthy conversation, night had fallen.

Director Cui retired for the evening, and Su Ming headed home.

Upon arriving, Su Ming beelined for the courtyard.

It was time to harvest the Silken Cabbage, which should have reached maturity.

He rushed to the two-acre plot.

Indeed, the Silken Cabbage was ripe.

Once resembling jade, the cabbages had transformed into numerous orbs emitting a greenish glow.

They struck Su Ming as oddly familiar.

He approached and inspected them more closely.

Scrolls floated within the orbs.

Su Ming pondered if this was yet another skill. He reached into an orb, withdrew a scroll, and unfurled it.

To his surprise, it wasn't a skill.

The scroll was blank, with nothing inscribed on it, leaving Su Ming bewildered.

“Congratulations, Host. You've acquired the Thunder Rattles Fortune Scroll. Write the name of a person and a question about them on the scroll, and it will reveal their fate for the coming period. Use it to sidestep danger, seize opportunities, and ensure success in both marriage and business!”

“Each scroll is good for 10 uses!”

Su Ming paused, taken aback.

His interest piqued, he dashed to the villa for a pen and inscribed his own name on the scroll.

After some thought, he wrote down a query: What are the special items in the mall?

Patently, Su Ming awaited the outcome.

The blank area on the scroll began to ripple slowly.

A sentence soon materialized:

The Host's fate is unpredictable!

Su Ming's eye twitched involuntarily.

He mused that the System should have warned him about the unpredictability of his fate earlier, to avoid wasting a use of the scroll.

Considering he had already used it once, leaving nine uses remaining, Su Ming decided to save them for later.



He returned to the field to collect more scrolls from the orbs.

All were Thunder Rattles Fortune Scrolls.

Su Ming unfurled the final scroll.

It wasn't empty. The moment he opened it, it transformed into a dazzling array of lights.

Su Ming recognized the scene; it was likely a skill scroll.

“Congratulations, Host. You've acquired the Proficient Combat Skill! By learning this skill, your body will undergo another enhancement. You won't have to fear street thugs anymore. This combat skill will ensure your safety!”

Su Ming didn't hesitate to choose to learn it.

A surge of powerful information exploded in his mind.

A warm current rushed to his limbs.

Su Ming stood rooted to the spot.

After a minute, he slowly opened his eyes.

Looking down, he noticed his limbs had gained more defined muscular strength.

His body had been enhanced previously.

Now, his strength had increased once more.

Su Ming could now lift a 200-pound weight with one hand, surpassing the average person.

Typically, an ordinary man who doesn't engage in manual labor can lift about 90 pounds.

Those accustomed to physical work might lift just over 100 pounds.

Ordinary women might manage to lift between 50 and 60 pounds.

Su Ming's strength had exceeded all of them.

Yet, Su Ming didn't consider his strength to be extraordinarily fearsome.

But among ordinary people, his strength was quite impressive.

If he could lift 200 pounds with one hand, his punch would pack even more power.

Of course, he was nowhere near the world's fighting elites.

Take the former boxing champion, Tyson, whose right punch delivered 800 kilograms of force and his left, 500 kilograms.

Su Ming stroked his chin, pondering.

If he were to face Tyson in his prime, he doubted he'd last even a second.

But for self-defense in the city, Su Ming's capabilities were more than sufficient.

And strength was just one facet of his abilities.

Su Ming had mastered martial arts.

Overall, his achievements were significant.

“Successful crop harvest. Earned 100,000 experience points! Extra reward: 20,000!”

“The System has reclaimed the crop. Congratulations, Host, on earning 10,000 experience points! Extra reward: 2,000 experience points!”

“Congratulations on leveling up!”

“Congratulations on receiving your level-up reward: A Special Item Card!”

“Note: Upon using this card, the special item will immediately become visible and will no longer be concealed! This card is a consumable and can only be used once!”

When Su Ming heard the notification in his mind, he paused in surprise.

With the upgrade reward, he could directly see what the special item was before deciding whether to purchase it.

Su Ming considered the special item he had pinpointed in the Special Mall, debating whether to use the Special Item Card at this moment.

After some thought, Su Ming decided against it. He recalled that the last time he acquired a skill, he also received a mission scroll. By completing the mission set by the System, he would be rewarded with another special item.

Su Ming resolved to finish this mission first and then wait for the next refresh of special items before using his reward. This strategy would allow him to secure two special items.

Next, Su Ming reviewed his status on the data panel.

Farmer: Su Ming

Level: LV12

Experience: 1,059,200 / 5,000,000

Farm: Level Three

Breeding: Level Two

Ranch: Level One

Aquatic Breeding: Level One

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

Planting Points: 201

Breeding Points: 40

Grazing Points: 240

Aquaculture Points: 80

Su Ming was astonished to see that the next level-up required nearly four million experience points! However, he wasn't concerned, knowing that as his land improved, he would accumulate experience at an increasing rate.

This time, Su Ming had harvested ten Silken Cabbages. He had used one and turned another into a skill scroll. He exchanged the remaining eight Silken Cabbages for points.

"Congratulations, Host, on successfully exchanging for points. You have earned 4,000 points!"

Exchanging a scroll for 500 points pleased Su Ming.

However, to upgrade his land to Level Three, he would need 5,000 points per acre. Su Ming's current points were insufficient for the upgrade, but he was in no rush.

With all his land now at Level Two, he was growing Dangerous Sweet Potatoes and Top Grade orchids. The sparser the planting, the greater the points yield.

Su Ming relished the sensation of gradually leveling up. If he were to level up all at once, it would lack excitement.

Regardless, he had reaped substantial rewards today.

After plowing the field, Su Ming didn't rush to plant any crops. He planned to wait until midnight to check if the System might offer any new Level Two items.

Meanwhile, Su Ming's attention was drawn to a patch of white land in the corner. It was Level Four land, but with an area of only one square meter, it was too small to cultivate any crops.

Su Ming let out a sigh. It was truly regrettable that such a plot of land couldn't be used for farming.

#### Chapter 426 - Level Two Product

Su Ming finished packing his belongings and exchanged them for the items he needed. He stored the remaining items in an empty bedroom next door. After pouring himself a cup of hot water in the kitchen, he was about to head upstairs for a rest when he noticed the wishing lantern in the living room. His sister had previously wished to skip class, which inadvertently resulted in several teachers getting injured and hospitalized. Su Ming had intended to use the wishing lantern to wish for their speedy recovery but had accidentally forgotten to do so.

Quickly sitting down on the sofa, Su Ming grabbed a wishing lantern. He wrote on a piece of paper, "I hope the teachers injured because of my sister recover quickly." He tossed the paper into the lantern, which transformed into twinkling starlight and vanished.

"Host, your wish has been successfully made. Probability of wish fulfillment: 100%!" A voice announced in his mind, prompting Su Ming to release a deep sigh of relief. He felt a strong sense of guilt toward the teachers; his sister had always been mischievous, and her actions had led to their injuries. He planned to have his sister bring some fruit as a gesture of goodwill during their recovery.

Miraculously, the injured teachers were all better the next day, particularly the one with the broken ankle who was now able to walk freely. The doctors were astounded by the rapid recoveries, which defied explanation even after thorough examinations. They chalked it up to a medical marvel.

After some thought, Su Ming picked up another wishing lantern. He wrote, "I hope tonight's mall has some Level Two products." He then threw the note into the lantern.

"Host, your wish has been successfully made. Probability of wish fulfillment: 80%!" The notification caught Su Ming off guard. The likelihood of his wish coming true was

impressively high. Yet, on reflection, it made sense. The plantation area and the other zones had all advanced to at least Level Two, so it was only fitting that the mall's merchandise would predominantly be Level Two. A mall still dominated by Level One goods would indeed be uninteresting.

With his spirits lifted, Su Ming went upstairs to browse through a selection of movies to pass the time. As midnight approached, he paused the film and logged into the mall.

As soon as Su Ming opened the mall, he was greeted by a dazzling green light.

It seemed his wish had been granted.

In the plantation area, three Level Two crops had appeared: crystal onions, emerald soybeans, and sweet luffas.

However, he could only purchase ten of each.

Without hesitation, Su Ming bought them all.

Why pass up such an incredible opportunity?

He quickly checked the malls in the other three areas and discovered they too offered Level Two products.

In the herding area's mall, there were Tangram Horses.

Su Ming paused, the name ringing a bell.

He recalled harvesting Tangram Ducks before.

Could the Tangram Horse also be made from seven tangram pieces?

He reminded himself to stay calm; after all, he had encountered plenty of oddities before.

He purchased all the Tangram Horses.

Next, the aquatic product area's mall was selling Eight Treasures Crabs.

Was this crab somehow related to the Eight Treasures Porridge?

Su Ming chuckled and shook his head at the thought.

Then, he opened the mall in the breeding zone, which also featured a Level Two product: the Transparent Pigeon.

Su Ming found the System's naming conventions quite peculiar.

What exactly was a Transparent Pigeon? Was it invisible because it was transparent?

How was he supposed to breed such a creature?

Deciding not to ponder further, he resolved to go with the flow.

Su Ming went ahead and bought all the Transparent Pigeons.

Next, he accessed a special area.

Before, this area was just a gray box with a question mark, blending seamlessly with the background. But now, it had a noticeable raised appearance.

The question mark on the screen shimmered, clearly indicating it was clickable. Yet, he suspected that clicking it might require using the card.

After careful consideration, Su Ming resisted the urge and withdrew his hand.

He decided to wait for the mission to trigger naturally.

Still, he found it odd.

Up to this point, he had no clue about the conditions needed to initiate a mission.

Su Ming mused, "Well, there's no rush. These things take time."

After shopping extensively in the mall, Su Ming was too exhilarated to fall asleep.

Su Ming descended the stairs, ready to begin his work on the farm. After harvesting the Silken Cabbage, he took to the fields with his tractor, thoroughly tilling the soil. With a hoe in hand, he broke up all the larger clumps of earth.

What to plant next was the question on his mind. He had three types of Level Two seeds at his disposal. After some consideration, Su Ming decided to start anew.

He exchanged for the crystal onion, which, to his amazement, looked as transparent as actual crystal in his hand. Crystal onions didn't require dense planting; he could plant three per acre. In the past, he could plant hundreds or even thousands of crops on the same amount of land, which would take him a full day just to sow the seeds. Now, his life was remarkably relaxed.

Su Ming selected the perfect spot and planted the crystal onions.

"Ding! The crystal onion has been successfully planted! Harvest time: 56 hours!"

Next, Su Ming headed to the herding area. He retrieved two Tangram Horses from the warehouse, the maximum he could exchange. He had hoped that his increased level would allow for more, but that wasn't the case.

He pondered, "Is it because the plantation area is too small? Should I buy more buildings? No, I already own over ten acres in the city center, and it's already drawing attention. Buying more would only make me more conspicuous."

The current high-rises surrounding his land provided some cover, but acquiring more would surely expose him to the local community. At present, Su Ming lacked even the basic means to defend himself. While life in Eastsea was comfortable, any leak of his activities could leave him vulnerable and without recourse.

For now, Su Ming preferred to grow his operations covertly, waiting until he had sufficient power before considering land expansion.

Contrary to what Su Ming had initially thought, the Tangram Horse wasn't composed of tangrams. It boasted a coat of seven different colors, making it quite the sight to behold.

"Ding! The Tangram Horse has been successfully herded by you! Harvest time: 56 hours!"

Su Ming then made his way to the aquatic product area, where he exchanged for Eight Treasures Crabs. This time, he could raise eight of them.

The Eight Treasures Crab wasn't the porridge-based dish Su Ming had in mind.

It was the same size as a regular crab, but its makeup was quite unique.

The crab legs were crafted from green beans, the top shell from peanuts, and the bottom shell from sticky rice.

Su Ming was certain that cracking open the shell would reveal even more ingredients.

He was aware that Eight Treasures Porridge was merely a collective name, not limited to just eight ingredients.

Green beans, azuki beans, lentils, jujubes, peach kernels, peanuts—any favored ingredient could be included.

"[Ding! The Eight Treasures Crab has been successfully cultivated! Harvest time: 56 hours!]"

After completing his task, Su Ming dusted off his hands, pleased with his work.

All in all, it had taken him less than an hour.

Had he not spent over 40 minutes tending to the fields, he might already be asleep.

Post-labor, Su Ming stretched languidly and returned upstairs. This was the good life.

He made himself a bowl of noodles.

With his belly full and the movie over, Su Ming retired to his bedroom to rest.

Now, he would wait patiently for the harvest.

Chapter 427 - Su Ming Went to Buy a Cake for His Mother

The night passed quietly, and the sun rose early the next morning.

At nine o'clock, Su Ming woke up, stretched contentedly, and headed to the bathroom to freshen up.

Afterward, he took a careful look at his phone.

Oh my! He had three missed calls and a slew of messages.

Su Ming quickly checked them, finding a message from his dad.

"You little rascal, it's so late already. Why aren't you awake? Your mom's birthday is in three days. Don't you dare forget!"

"Order a cake for her in Eastsea, and come back to celebrate on her birthday."

"Also, it's high time you found yourself a wife."

"Wu Laoer's grandson from next door is already in elementary school."

"Wu Laoer parades his grandson in front of our house every day!"

"It infuriates me just to think about it. You're getting married this year, no excuses!"

Su Ming couldn't help feeling resigned after reading his dad's messages.

He agreed with the idea of ordering a cake and returning home for his mom's birthday celebration—it was his duty as a son.

But the last thing he expected was his dad pressuring him to marry.

Su Ming believed that love should take its natural course. He couldn't just marry someone as if he was meeting a corporate performance target.



He shook his head, anticipating the marriage talk he'd likely face at his mom's birthday party.

The thought alone was enough to give him a headache.

Maybe he should bring Xiao Ke'er to his mother's birthday party?

But inviting Xiao Ke'er might be too abrupt for her. She probably wouldn't want to come.

In today's society, views on marriage are more liberal, and there's less need to adhere to the old-fashioned customs.

Yet, Xiao Ke'er was a lady of high standing. If they were to marry, he'd have to properly propose to her at her home.

With that realization, Su Ming smacked his forehead and mumbled, "Where has my mind wandered off to? I should focus on ordering the cake for mom first."

Indeed, Su Ming had planned to order his mother's cake today.

Typically, most people would reserve a cake worth a few dozen dollars from a bakery a couple of days in advance for a birthday.

But this time, Su Ming intended to splurge on a more extravagant cake for his mother.

In Eastsea, there was a renowned cake shop known for its custom-made cakes, though they came at a steep price. The pastry chefs at this establishment needed to design the cake's appearance and prepare the ingredients two to three days in advance, with the final creation taking place on the eve of the customer's birthday.

Su Ming decided to place his cake order now, as he was currently free. Once dressed, he stepped out to a street vendor and purchased a pancake. He checked his phone's GPS and noted that the cake shop was a moderate distance away. Driving there would cover five kilometers, but walking would only be one kilometer. Driving meant a longer route, while walking meant navigating through a few small alleys. Opting for the latter, Su Ming set off on foot.

Near the city center lay an old district, replete with historic architecture reminiscent of the quadrangle courtyards found within the capital's second ring. This district, once home to ancient nobility, was preserved due to its significant historical value, featuring a labyrinth of alleys.

Su Ming, having conducted business in this old district before, was well-acquainted with the area. Holding his pancake, he meandered into an alley, taking the opportunity to appreciate the ancient structures he had previously overlooked. Inside the alley, freshly painted white courtyard walls flanked him, and his steps echoed over the time-worn

square bricks, their surfaces marred and interspersed with tufts of grass. The ambiance was more reminiscent of a quaint southern town than the heart of a bustling city.

As he strolled, a sudden flurry of footsteps caught his attention. Su Ming turned to see a statuesque, beautiful woman approaching, her elegance accentuated by a smartly tailored black dress.

She was a stunning woman, her delicate features enhanced by light, refined makeup. Her skirt fell to her knees, showcasing her slender, smooth calves. Her skin appeared porcelain in the sunlight, and she was perched on a pair of high heels. While she might have been just a touch less striking than Xiao Ke'er, her beauty was undeniable.

Yet, her face was marred by anger. Her brows were knitted tightly, her teeth clenched, as she moved briskly along. Su Ming, upon noticing her, quickly stepped aside to give her room. The corridor was narrow, barely wide enough for one person to pass by him. It would have been rude to block her path, so he pressed himself against the wall to let her through.

Oblivious to Su Ming's considerate gesture, the woman hurried past him, leaving a trail of her light scent and a ripple of air in her wake. Clearly, she was intent on addressing some urgent matter.

Once she had passed, Su Ming resumed his usual pace. Despite her allure, she was a stranger to him. He wasn't the type to be swayed by looks alone. Perhaps his recent rise in status had something to do with it, granting him easy access to luxuries that once seemed out of reach, making him more indifferent to such distractions.

At a crossroads, Su Ming pulled out his phone to prevent getting lost, checked his location, and turned left. A few steps later, he noticed an alley to his right. The high walls on either side cast shadows, giving the alley a dim appearance. Weeds sprouted from the unkempt ground, adding to the sense of neglect. It was clear that few ventured down this path.

Su Ming gave the alley a cursory glance and saw that it was occupied. He didn't think much of it and was about to continue on his way when a girl's voice echoed from within.

"Are you the ones who bullied my classmate?" she demanded.

Su Ming paused, his curiosity piqued by the confrontation.

He stopped and peered into the alley, where he saw a group of six people, five of whom were men. Three sported afros and were dressed in garish attire, the telltale signs of street thugs, a common sight in any city. The other two were bald, muscular men.

Standing opposite them was a stunning woman.

Upon closer inspection, Su Ming recognized her as the beauty who had just walked by him.

Several thugs had encircled the woman. One of the ruffians, with his back to Su Ming, taunted, "So you've got the guts to confront us yourself? Yep, we're the ones who messed with your friend. What are you gonna do about it?"

Su Ming didn't have x-ray vision to see through the thug to the beauty beyond. It was just that the thug, despite sporting a wild afro, was quite short.

As a result, Su Ming had a clear view of the woman's face.

"Give me back my friend's phone right now!" she demanded, visibly upset.

"Oh, you want the phone back? Sure, but I've got one little condition," the thug facing away from Su Ming said with a cold laugh.

"Look, gorgeous, I feel like we've got a connection. How about you join us for a drink, and then we'll give you the phone back. What do you say?"

While he spoke, the thug stepped closer to the woman.

Su Ming couldn't see his face, but he could easily imagine the repulsive smirk that must be there.

Furious, the woman retorted, "Return my friend's phone at once, or I'm calling the cops!"

Chapter 428 - I Have Ascended!

"Is she going to call the cops? What do we do now? I'm terrified! Should we make a run for it?" Third Brother feigned fear, his face twisted into a mocking sneer.

The other thugs burst into raucous laughter.

"Let's be real, after snatching your classmate's junky phone, we barely made any cash. That thing's worth maybe a thousand yuan. At best, we could sell it for two hundred. That's hardly enough to warrant a police case," Third Brother scoffed.

"We're students from Eastsea University. The police won't let you off the hook!" The woman's expression turned stern.

"Oh, so you're a student. I've got a thing for young girls! How about you join us for a drink?"

With his back to Su Ming, Third Brother reached out toward the woman's shoulder.

In an instant, she grabbed Third Brother's wrist with a swift hand, twisting it sharply.

Third Brother yelled in agony.

Su Ming was taken aback.

He hadn't expected the woman to be skilled in martial arts.

She then unleashed a powerful kick from her long legs, landing it squarely on Third Brother's stomach.

He staggered back several steps, clutching his belly, his face ashen and beaded with sweat from the pain.

"Give back my classmate's phone now, or you'll regret it!" The woman demanded, her brow furrowed in a fierce display.

She was intentionally projecting an intimidating presence.

Despite her martial arts training from a young age, she was still up against five grown men.

Her physical strength was significantly less than theirs.

Most of her efforts were dedicated to her studies, with martial arts practice being only an occasional activity.

The movie scenes where one girl takes down dozens of guys were clearly exaggerated.

Her intention was to simply shock these thugs into returning her classmate's phone without a fight.

But clearly, her plan hadn't worked.

As the woman made her move, the thugs didn't get angry; instead, they laughed even louder.

"Third Brother, look at you—all beaten up!"

"I can't stop laughing. You got pushed around by a girl!"

"My sides are splitting from laughing so hard."

Embarrassed by his friends' jeers, Third Brother's face flushed with humiliation.

In a sudden rage, he pulled out a small dagger from his pocket.

He brandished his knife at the beautiful woman with a menacing air.

While the beauty might not be able to take on five guys, handling one seemed manageable.

Especially since this thug didn't appear to be as physically fit as the woman.

She remained utterly composed.

Once again, she seized Third Brother's wrist and gave it a sharp twist.

Pain shot through Third Brother, causing him to drop the dagger.

He was promptly kicked away once more.

"Enough!"

Just then, the tallest and most muscular of the group sneered, "You're quite the spitfire, little lady. Try your luck with me."

Su Ming, observing from a short distance, furrowed his brow.

He could tell that this muscular man was likely skilled in martial arts, given his calloused, thick palms.

Simultaneously, Su Ming grasped the situation's backstory.

Clearly, these loafers had snatched the cell phone of the woman's classmate. She had come to retrieve it, demonstrating her strong sense of justice.

Su Ming approached slowly.

He wasn't one to simply stand by.

His decision to assist the young woman stemmed not only from their shared Eastsea University connection but also from his disdain for bullies.

The woman's courage in confronting the thugs on behalf of her classmate earned Su Ming's respect.

Su Ming might not be the most merciful person, but he was a young man with a heart for justice.

Whenever he saw someone in trouble, Su Ming was always ready to lend a hand.

"Boss! Grab this wench! You've got to avenge me!" Third Brother exclaimed.

Having regained his senses, Third Brother was still nursing his sore hand.

The woman faced the towering man with a grave expression.

Even if he lacked martial arts training, his muscular physique posed a formidable challenge.

She had trained in martial arts from a young age, but she was aware that she couldn't overpower him. Her technical prowess was no match for his brute strength.

Yet, having resolved to defend her classmate, she was not about to retreat.

She stood her ground.

In this era of law and order, evildoers couldn't evade justice.

She stood firmly on the side of justice, unafraid of those who opposed her.

Just then, Third Brother suddenly felt an odd sensation, as if his body had become as light as air.

Glancing down, he was astonished to see his body floating off the ground.

Was he actually flying away?

Could it be that he was ascending to the fabled Immortal Realm to become a legendary deity?

"Look at me—I'm on the verge of becoming an immortal!" he exclaimed.

"This girl must have unblocked my meridians. You all doubted my cultivation practices, but now you see the truth. I'm on my way to becoming the most powerful being in the world!"

Third Brother was elated.

After boasting for quite a while, he noticed his companions were eerily quiet.

Confused, Third Brother saw their gazes; they looked at him as though he were a fool.

He suspected they were green with envy.

In their group, he was the one always picked on, tasked with ordering takeout and running errands.

Now was his chance to prove his worth!

But then Third Brother felt something was off. Why was there a choking sensation around his neck, making it impossible to breathe?

Surely, it was because he was ascending, and the air was getting thinner.

He was convinced his reasoning was spot on.

However, his companions saw the clear truth: behind Third Brother stood a man who had effortlessly hoisted him up with one hand—none other than Su Ming.

With Third Brother's slight build, standing at just 1.6 meters and weighing 45 kilograms, anyone with a bit of martial arts training could lift him with ease, especially Su Ming, who had undergone physical enhancements twice.

“Why can't I move? Did my flight to the heavens fail?” Third Brother wondered, his face a portrait of bewilderment.

He looked around, and as he was about to turn back, everything went dark, and he passed out.

Su Ming released his grip, and Third Brother slumped to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

Su Ming sniffed dismissively, thinking Third Brother was quite the simpleton.

Tucking the Crackled Electronic Cigarette into his pocket, Su Ming found it to be a handy tool.

The leader, who had been conversing with the beautiful woman, furrowed his brow at Su Ming. “Kid, do you fancy sticking your nose where it doesn't belong?”

Su Ming nodded affirmatively. “Who wouldn't want to play the hero and rescue a damsel in distress?”

The boss let out a derisive snort. “Well, that'll depend on whether you've got the chops for it!”

Su Ming admitted, “I had a bit of confidence before, but seeing you has made me doubt myself. Have you trained in martial arts as well?”

Hearing this, the boss swelled with pride. “Of course.”

He planted his hands on his hips and proclaimed loudly, “I started martial arts training at three, mastering the Golden Bell Shield and the Iron Head Technique. You're no match for me. Today, I'm in a good mood and don't have the time to entertain you. Scram!”

Indeed, the Golden Bell Shield and Iron Head Technique exist in the real world.

But they're not as mystical or formidable as they're portrayed in novels; they're simply skills for withstanding blows.

Chapter 429 - Didn't You Say That This Is Not Allowed?

In essence, these two skills enable a martial artist to strengthen their skin and muscles to better withstand beatings.

Su Ming glanced at the beautiful woman. "But I still want to give it a try."

A look of astonishment spread across the beauty's face. She was assisting her classmate because the girl came from an impoverished family and life was quite challenging for her. The classmate had a strong sense of pride and was reluctant to accept help from others. She managed to get by on scholarships and part-time jobs, occasionally sending money home to support her family. The smartphone, which appeared unremarkable to most, was actually the result of six months of her hard work and frugality.

Facing several men, it was natural for the beauty to feel fear.

She wished for someone to come to her aid, though she knew the chances were slim.

To her surprise, someone did step forward to help.

The beauty clenched her teeth and insisted, "You should really get going, I can handle this!"

She didn't want Su Ming to get entangled in her troubles, as it was not his concern.

Hearing her words, the gang leader burst into laughter.

With brazen confidence, he taunted, "Kid, it's too late to walk away now. I've changed my mind: I'm going to teach you a lesson today. But don't worry, we won't gang up on you. I'll stand right here and let you hit me three times. If you knock me down, I'll let you both leave. But if you don't, you'll be leaving here without your clothes."

He was supremely confident in his abilities.

Having practiced the Golden Bell Shield and Iron Head Technique from a young age, he was convinced he could take a hit from an iron rod without injury.

He didn't see Su Ming as a threat.



Su Ming blinked, at a loss for words. He couldn't believe the foolishness of these people.

This was the 21st century; did they really think the world was filled with such fantastical elements?

Nevertheless, with the gang leader issuing such a challenge, he had no choice but to accept.

Su Ming asked, "Are you certain you want me to strike you three times first?"

The gang leader stepped forward, thumping his chest confidently, "Absolutely!"

Now was his moment to display his manhood.

There was a stunning beauty among the onlookers.

He had never had the opportunity to interact with such a beauty before.

He had heard that women were attracted to courageous men. Maybe his valiant display this time would capture the beauty's affections.

Su Ming sighed and shook his head. "If I had known something like this would happen, I wouldn't have come to the beauty's aid. After all, he's mastered the Golden Bell Shield and the Iron Head Technique. I stand no chance against him."

Su Ming feigned deep regret.

"Kid, you'll pay for your tall tales!"

"Exactly, don't think you can pretend to be cool for free."

"You're nothing compared to our boss."

The three thugs stood by, rooting for their leader.

The beauty, however, tilted her head slightly and blinked, looking puzzled.

The gang's boss had a simple mind, incapable of grappling with complex matters.

But she was sharp.

She saw no trace of fear or regret on Su Ming's face and sensed that he was toying with them.

Su Ming faced the gang leader and asked, "Shall I begin my attack?"

They were of similar stature.

The gang leader boasted confidently, "Bring it on!"

Su Ming nodded.

As the boss braced himself to take Su Ming's punch, Su Ming abruptly lifted his hand.

Then, he delivered a resounding slap to the gang leader's face.

The crisp sound reverberated through the alley.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

What was happening?

This didn't seem right.

Common sense would dictate that Su Ming should have punched the gang leader in the chest.

But Su Ming had slapped him instead, catching everyone off guard.

The leader was equally shocked.

His face stung, his head ringing.

Su Ming's slap packed a punch, leaving the boss with a throbbing cheek.

It took the boss a while to come to his senses.

"You dare to slap my face?" The boss was livid.

He thought Su Ming had crossed a line, especially since he had allowed him to attack first.

"You never said I couldn't slap your face," Su Ming responded, feigning confusion.

The boss was left speechless. Though he appeared brawny and muscular, he wasn't the brightest. Hearing Su Ming's retort, he even began to think there was some truth to it.

He couldn't come up with a single reason to counter Su Ming's argument.

Indeed, he had never explicitly stated that Su Ming wasn't allowed to slap him in the face!

He pondered, "How is this different from martial arts fiction? In those stories, characters always strike at the enemy's chest. Yet, this guy doesn't seem to be wrong."

"What's the matter? Can't handle my slap?" Su Ming, scratching his head, questioned, "Didn't you train in the Golden Bell Shield and Iron Head Technique? Can't you take even one slap from me?"

"I am skilled in the Golden Bell Shield and Iron Head Technique! But my face isn't made of iron!" The boss was fuming.

He had honed the power of his limbs, chest, back muscles, and the toughness of his skull with the Golden Bell Shield and Iron Head Technique. However, his face remained flesh and blood.

"Aren't you supposed to strengthen your entire body with the Golden Bell Shield and Iron Head Technique?" Su Ming asked, looking puzzled.

The boss was at a loss for words. His eyes bulged, and he was at a loss for a response.

He simply couldn't address Su Ming's point.

"Regardless, you just can't hit my face!" the boss blurted out in desperation.

"Fine," Su Ming agreed with a nod. "Get ready then. I'm about to begin."

With that, Su Ming inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly. His clenched right fist rose slightly.

He then closed one eye, focusing on the boss's chest with the precision of a sniper zeroing in on a target.

The boss saw this and thought, "He's finally making his move. Bring it on! I won't even flinch."

As the boss braced himself to withstand Su Ming's punch, Su Ming's right leg shot out, targeting the space between the boss's legs.

His foot connected squarely with the boss's groin.

The boss emitted an odd yelp.

Gasping sharply, he let out a cry of agony, hands clutching his groin.

The pain was intense; it was, after all, a man's most delicate area.

“Damn it. Even if I were made of rebar, I couldn't endure that hit,” the boss inwardly swore.

His henchmen, witnessing the scene, contorted their faces, mouths agape and brows furrowed.

They stepped back, as though they too felt a twinge of pain in their own groins, empathizing with their boss's anguish.

Even the beautiful woman was slightly furrowing her brow.

A touch of compassion graced her features as she observed their leader, who appeared rather pitiable.

#### Chapter 430 - My Name Is Hsu Chenyue

The Boss squeezed his thighs together tightly.

His calves were splayed out as he clutched the critical areas of his body, his entire frame convulsing.

Sweat drenched his forehead, and the pain left his mind utterly blank.

It took a considerable amount of time before he began to feel slightly better.

Gasping for air, he lifted his head to look at Su Ming.

“Weren't you about to throw a punch just now?”

Su Ming had certainly looked like he was gearing up to punch.

Instead, he delivered a kick to the Boss.

Su Ming first struck his boss in the face, then aimed a kick at his sensitive areas.

Such an assault could bring even the toughest individual to their knees.

Su Ming appeared bewildered and naively asked, “What's the matter? Am I not allowed to kick there?”

The Boss was at a loss for words.

He reflected on his past misdeeds, how he had bullied countless people and spent more time in detention than at home.

Yet, he had never encountered someone like Su Ming. He had intended to let Su Ming go, considering him to be his bane.

But now, he felt he couldn't let Su Ming leave!

He had hoped to impress a beautiful woman with his strength, but instead, Su Ming had thoroughly thrashed him.

His reputation was already tarnished. If he let Su Ming walk away now, he would forfeit any chance to redeem himself in front of the woman.

The Boss was desperate to salvage his dignity!

"This time, hit me in the chest with your fist!" he demanded, clenching his teeth. The pain had subsided slightly, and he managed to stand upright.

He was determined that after withstanding Su Ming's punch, he would make Su Ming experience real agony!

But the pain from Su Ming's previous kick to his groin lingered, and he planned to seek medical attention later.

Su Ming nodded in agreement and said, "Okay."

He then took a deep breath, positioned his legs apart, and slightly lifted his right fist, tilting his body to the right.

The Boss, noticing Su Ming's stance, also inhaled sharply and concentrated.

Su Ming's posture clearly indicated his martial arts training.

Su Ming mused that with the System's assistance, he had mastered combat skills in mere minutes—a feat that would take ordinary people years of grueling practice.

Bracing his legs, Su Ming channeled all his power into a punch that landed squarely on the Boss's chest.

It felt as though his chest had been struck by a sledgehammer.

He was overcome by a surge of intense pain.

Staggering backward, he lost his footing and collapsed to the ground, rolling several times.

Su Ming quickly withdrew his fist, apologizing, "I'm sorry! It's my first time fighting, and I didn't control my punch properly. Are you alright? Let me help you up."

He advanced a few steps.

"No! I'm fine!" the boss exclaimed, scrambling to his feet.

"Don't come any closer!"

He was clearly terrified of Su Ming.

Before encountering Su Ming, the boss had never been bested in a fight. Even a beer bottle to the head hadn't fazed him much.

But now, every part of him ached from Su Ming's beating.

The woman nearby was visibly stunned.

Having trained in martial arts from a young age, she could immediately recognize that Su Ming's strength was extraordinary.

It wasn't just raw power; some people possess great strength but lack the skill to use it effectively.

Su Ming, however, had harnessed every ounce of muscle power, channeling it from his calves to his arms.

This technique was complex and challenging to master.

From Su Ming's assault, she could see that his capabilities were certainly impressive.

Relieved, her eyes conveyed deep gratitude towards Su Ming.

Without his intervention, she had no idea how she would have handled the situation.

With a grin, Su Ming asked, "Could you hand over that phone now?"

The boss glanced at one of his henchmen and commanded, "Give him back the phone!"

The subordinate, shaking, approached Su Ming and placed the phone in his hand.

Immediately after, the boss retreated several meters.

Scratching his head, Su Ming mused, "Am I really that intimidating? I thought I looked pretty handsome."

Yet to the thugs, Su Ming was a figure of terror. Only someone as burly as their boss could endure a kick from Su Ming.

Had they been on the receiving end of such a blow to the groin, a hospital visit would have been inevitable.

Su Ming chuckled, examining the phone they had passed to him. The screen was shattered, clearly rendering the device unusable.

He stepped forward.

The boss, shivering, stepped back and inquired, "What are you going to do?"

The movement exacerbated the pain in his already sore groin, prompting a pained scream, a forehead slick with sweat, and a sharp intake of cold air.

"This phone is broken. Shouldn't you compensate me with a new one?"

"Sure," the boss hastily replied, frantically pulling out cash from his pocket. "Come on, everyone, get your money out!"

However, the thugs were short on cash.

Together, they scraped up only 1,500 yuan.

Su Ming extended his hand to take the money.

It was nearly soaked through with the thugs' sweaty palms.

They were all intimidated by Su Ming.

"You guys have been up to no good, haven't you?"

"We won't dare again," they pledged.

The gangsters were terrified.

They believed Su Ming to be a martial arts master.

"Later, head to the police station and confess all your misdeeds. Accept the punishment of the law. Afterwards, find yourselves some honest work. You're skilled fighters; you could work as security guards. Don't you want to lead a stable life? If I catch you committing crimes again, I'll ensure you regret it," Su Ming said with a cold laugh.

"Understood!" The thugs nodded eagerly.

They then helped each other up and sprinted off.

Minutes later, the delinquents burst into the police station, loudly declaring their intent to confess.

During their interrogation, they spilled everything, even admitting to stealing neighbors' underwear in their youth.

Su Ming handed the broken phone and the money to the beautiful woman, saying, "The screen is shattered, but the internal components might fetch some cash. Give this 1,500 yuan to your classmate; she can get a slightly better phone with it."

The woman accepted the phone, expressing her gratitude. "Thank you."

"It's no big deal. We're alumni, after all. Plus, it's a privilege to assist someone as beautiful as you," Su Ming quipped.

She gazed into Su Ming's eyes.

His eyes were captivating, a deep black that seemed pure and devoid of any ulterior motives.

The woman felt a twinge of curiosity. Renowned for her beauty in Eastsea, men usually showed some interest, but Su Ming did not.

This left her with a faint sense of disappointment.

She couldn't help wondering, "Is it because I'm not attractive or charming enough that he seems so composed?"

"Are you a student at Eastsea University too? You've been such a great help, and I haven't even introduced myself. My name is Hsu Chenyue." Hsu Chenyue extended her hand with a warm smile.

Su Ming returned the smile and gently shook Hsu Chenyue's soft fingertips before promptly releasing them. "I'm Su Ming. I graduated from Eastsea University a few years back."