

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

#Chapter 441 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 441

Chapter 441 - Young Master Jin

“Damn it! Get lost!”

“You've completely screwed me over!”

Young Master Jin was seething with anger.

He remembered the incident very clearly.

It was all because that cursed woman had challenged him on why he didn't invite the whole street for a barbecue, and he had carelessly agreed.

Just like that, he had walked right into a trap.

If it hadn't been for her, he wouldn't be in such a mess!

The middle-aged woman clung to his leg, pleading loudly, “Young Master Jin, you can't treat me this way. I've been nothing but loyal to you. After all, I've never told a soul about your impotence! I've always discreetly picked up your medication from the hospital.”

The bystanders were taken aback upon hearing this.

Young Master Jin was impotent? They all felt a wave of pity for him.

“You!”

His complexion turned stormy at her words.

Everyone thought Young Master Jin had no interest in women, but they were unaware of the secret he harbored—a secret that the middle-aged woman had just exposed for all to hear.

His lack of interest wasn't by choice; it was due to his impotence.

“Hit her!”

Young Master Jin was livid, his face ashen with fury.

So many people were around him, and more than half were recording with their phones.

Now, he was utterly ruined.

His secret was out in the open!

Several bodyguards advanced on the woman, beating her until her cries filled the air and she could no longer speak.

The onlookers thought she got what she deserved for being a foreigner's lackey.

Did she enjoy the beating from her master?

Would she end up kneeling down to thank him for his 'generosity'?

Obviously, that was out of the question now since the beating had left her unable to utter a word.

In the end, the bodyguards dragged her out and tossed her into a dumpster like a piece of trash.

Young Master Jin's eyes blazed with fury.

He knew that Su Ming was the real instigator.

He had lashed out at the middle-aged woman simply to release his pent-up rage.

A cold smile played on his lips. He strode over to Su Ming with his bodyguards in tow and slammed his hand down on the table.

Young Master Jin fixed a menacing stare on Su Ming and hissed, "Regardless of what you've done to me today, you're going to give me back my money right now. Otherwise, I swear you'll regret it."

Su Ming cracked a smile, but before he could utter a word, one of his buddies shot up, clutching a bottle.

"How dare you bully Mr. Su!"

"Do you think we're invisible?"

"Damn it! I've had it in for him for a while!"

"Let's give him a thrashing!"

“With so many of us here, let's each give him a kick.”

“Relax, everyone. I've taken care of the surveillance cameras.”

“Let's get him!”

Spurred by this declaration, the crowd rose to their feet.

They advanced towards Young Master Jin, their eyes burning with indignation.

Did he really think the people of the imperial court were pushovers?

The imperial court folk might not look for trouble, but they never shied away from it.

He had the audacity to bully Mr. Su right in front of them. They were determined to give him a beating he wouldn't forget, one that would leave him unrecognizable even to his own mother!

This group had already taken a strong dislike to Young Master Jin.

Fueled by alcohol and standing before Mr. Su, they felt a surge of bravery.

Above all, as citizens of the imperial court, they wouldn't stand for this H Country man's arrogance on their turf.

Young Master Jin, sensing the mood, was instantly petrified.

His countrymen were known for preying on the weak and cowering before the strong.

Retreating several steps, Young Master Jin's voice quivered, “What are you planning to do? I warn you, I am a distinguished foreigner!”

No sooner had he spoken than a loud noise pierced the air.

A spherical object sailed from a distance and struck Young Master Jin squarely in the face.

He hopped about in agony.

Upon closer inspection, the crowd identified the projectile as an egg.

Incredibly, someone had managed to hit Young Master Jin with an egg from such a distance.

With the crowd so large and the cameras disabled, it was impossible to pinpoint the culprit.

Fuming, Young Master Jin demanded, "Damn it! Who did that?"

Hardly had he spoken when another dark object hurtled through the air and splattered against his face.

The onlookers couldn't resist covering their noses.

Clearly, the thrower was skilled.

The dark mass was a plastic bag filled with a can of herring.

Upon impact with Young Master Jin's face, the bag burst open.

The foul odor spread instantly, prompting those nearby to give him a wide berth.

Young Master Jin was in so much pain that he saw stars. The stench burrowed straight into his nostrils.

"You guys are way out of line!"

In a frenzy, Young Master Jin stripped off his jacket and frantically wiped his face.

The crowd around him stepped back once more, clearing a significant space.

The smell was unbearable!

The bodyguards retreated several steps in perfect sync. Despite the hefty sum Young Master Jin had paid for their services, they had families to consider and wouldn't risk their lives for him. They were usually willing to intimidate the little guys on his behalf, but with such a large crowd present, they weren't about to make enemies of them.

Young Master Jin, in a fit of rage, bellowed, "Damn it! You lowly and filthy people of the imperial court! You only know how to use such vile tactics to bully others. I am a distinguished citizen of H Country. You use our chopsticks, our clothes, and even steal our cultural heritage! The imperial court is a contemptible nation! A cursed nation! I will take you to court! I'll see to it that every one of you ends up behind bars!"

"Damn it! I can't stand this anymore! Let's beat him up!"

"Yeah! I'm going to knock his teeth out today!"

"It's clear that you're the ones stealing from us! And you have the audacity to spread lies! You have no shame!"

"Your country is so tiny, even your court system and official attire are direct copies of ours. And you have the nerve to accuse us of plagiarism?"

"We of the imperial court boast a civilization with a history of five thousand years, while you can claim at most two or three thousand. We were inventing writing and paper while you were still clad in animal skins!"

Unable to contain themselves, the people around him began to challenge Young Master Jin's assertions.

Just then, Su Ming interjected, "Hold on a moment."

Seeing Mr. Su speak, everyone promptly quieted down and stepped aside.

With a slight smile, Su Ming approached Young Master Jin, picked up a pair of chopsticks from a nearby table, and asked, "You just claimed that your country invented chopsticks?"

Young Master Jin declared loudly, "Exactly! Chopsticks were invented by H Country. You're all a bunch of thieves!"

Chapter 442 - Where Did You Guys Come From?

Su Ming asked with a smile, "Alright, Young Master Jin, I have a few questions for you. Why is one end of the chopsticks round and the other square?"

Caught off guard, Young Master Jin's eyes darted about before he replied, "The round end makes it easier to pick things up, that's why one end is round and the other square!"

Su Ming pressed on, "I see. Young Master Jin, you're quite impressive. Now, another question: why do people use their thumb and index finger on top, ring and little finger below, with the middle finger in between when holding chopsticks?"

Young Master Jin was taken aback once more. He didn't fully grasp Su Ming's point, but felt compelled to answer since he had been asked.

Furrowing his brow, Young Master Jin responded, "What kind of question is that? Isn't that how everyone holds chopsticks?"

"You've answered well, Young Master Jin. You're truly remarkable."

Su Ming then inquired slowly, "Now, why are there two chopsticks?"

"Who could possibly use just one chopstick? A single chopstick can't pick anything up!" Young Master Jin retorted, his brow creased in confusion.

He was puzzled by Su Ming's line of questioning. Weren't the answers obvious?

Su Ming burst into laughter at this, startling Young Master Jin.

With a cold chuckle, Su Ming slowly stated, “Your country copies others' creations and even claims them as your national cultural heritage. That's laughable. Chopsticks first appeared during our Zhou Dynasty, and they have a history spanning three to four thousand years. Back then, H Country didn't even exist. Furthermore, the square and round ends of the chopsticks reflect the ancient civilization of the imperial court. When people hold chopsticks, the placement of their fingers—thumb and index on top, ring and little below, middle in between—represents heaven, earth, and humanity. This symbolizes the crystallization of the imperial court's ancient philosophical thought and the ancient understanding of people and the world. Additionally, the use of two chopsticks adheres to the imperial court's adherence to the principle of Taiji, with the two chopsticks embodying the Yin and Yang central to the ancient literary thought of the imperial court.”

“You're merely imitating the superficial aspects of our nation.”

“The imperial court is an ancient civilization with a history spanning five thousand years, one of the only four great ancient civilizations still existing in the world.”

“Your country isn't fit to plagiarize the imperial court's heritage.”

Su Ming spoke with conviction.

“Right on!”

“Mr. Su is formidable!”

“Mr. Su is correct. You've only scratched the surface of the imperial court. You have no grasp of the deeper significance behind these things!”

Upon hearing Su Ming's words, the crowd erupted in applause and cheers.

Su Ming himself was somewhat moved.

This was the solidarity and patriotism of the imperial court's people, something foreigners could never fully comprehend.

Young Master Jin stood there, dumbfounded, his eyes wide with shock.

He wanted to offer a rebuttal, but found himself speechless.

It was akin to someone illiterate trying to discuss education with a scholar.

Young Master Jin was so infuriated he was on the verge of passing out.

“You have to pay me back today, or else I will make you regret it.”

Young Master Jin racked his brain but ultimately resorted to abruptly changing the subject.

Deep down, he was aware that many aspects of his country were imitations of the imperial court.

Indeed, the imitators often know better than anyone what they have copied.

“You dare to be smug?”

“Brothers, let's teach him a lesson!”

“Today, we'll show him the consequences of disrespecting the people of the imperial court.”

The crowd advanced, rallying behind Su Ming.

Confronted by their fervor, Young Master Jin involuntarily stepped back.

In a panic, Young Master Jin turned and yelled, “Come and protect me!”

But when he looked back, he realized his bodyguards were nowhere to be found.

He noticed even the car that had been parked roadside was missing.

What was he to do now that they had left?

He didn't even know his way around!

With the bodyguards gone, his only option was to flee.

Against such a multitude, not even a martial arts expert could prevail.

His relationship with the bodyguards was purely transactional.

Unlike the middle-aged woman, who was a devoted follower of Young Master Jin, they were not. For them, self-preservation was the priority, so they had simply taken off.

Young Master Jin was utterly terrified this time.

As he was encircled by the crowd, he couldn't help but shake. Truth be told, if these people charged at him in a fit of impulse, he would be flattened.

With a quivering voice, Young Master Jin protested, “This is unfair, you're ganging up on me! If you're so tough, take me on one-on-one!”

Just then, a man stepped forward from the crowd and said, "Fine by me."

The onlookers took a closer look at him and gasped.

He was incredibly muscular, with a waist as wide as a barrel and muscles that stood out like rugged boulders.

The epitome of masculinity!

The man thumped his chest and declared, "Mr. Su, I've got this. I'm on the provincial weightlifting team!"

"Not so fast."

Another man emerged from the throng.

His physique was balanced, his upper body bare. His well-defined muscles clearly indicated formidable explosive power.

With a look of thrill, he boasted, "Weightlifters may have strength, but they lack fighting skills. I'm your man. With twenty years of Muay Thai under my belt, I can assure you he'll get more than he bargained for!"

Yet another man stepped forward, objecting, "That won't do. Muay Thai is from abroad. Don't get me wrong, there's nothing bad about learning it. But I believe we should use our own martial arts to take him down. I've been training since childhood and have mastered the Form-Intention Fist, Eight-trigram Stick Art, and Wing Chun Fist Art. This chance should be mine."

Before he could finish, a woman cut in, "Hold on! Women first. I'll handle this."

She appeared robust and adept at combat.

"I hail from the grasslands, where I've wrestled since childhood. I can take down a bull, so this skinny guy from H Country will be no issue."

She extended her large hands, assuming a wrestler's stance.

Witnessing this, Young Master Jin was on the verge of tears. He thought they were being excessively harsh. He had never anticipated encountering several individuals proficient in weightlifting, wrestling, and Muay Thai all at once. He couldn't fathom why they were all so antagonistic toward him.

He had heard tales of everyone at the imperial court being skilled in martial arts, but he never imagined that such a collection of masters would be found on this barbecue street.

He had assumed that hiring those bodyguards would suffice. It turns out he was far too naive. This single woman from the grasslands alone was capable of taking down all of those bodyguards!

Chapter 443 - Do You Know Who You Have Offended?

Su Ming offered a faint smile and said, "You've all just had a meal, and it's not good for your health to engage in strenuous exercise right after eating. Let me handle this."

He took a step forward.

The people around Mr. Su quickly interjected, "Mr. Su, please allow us to take care of it. We're well-suited for this kind of heavy lifting."

Despite Mr. Su's formidable background and resources, he might not excel in a brawl.

Young Master Jin chimed in, "Absolutely not! People from the imperial court pride themselves on keeping their promises, don't they? No backing out now!"

Su Ming thought to himself, "As a scion of a prominent family, I've been rigorously trained in taekwondo since childhood. I've been looking for a chance to teach you a lesson, and now you've delivered yourself to my doorstep! I'm going to give you the thrashing you deserve!"

"Are you sure you can handle this?" Xiao Ke'er asked, standing next to Su Ming with a tone of concern.

She couldn't help but worry, "Everything else aside, you could get hurt in a fight."

Patting Xiao Ke'er on the shoulder, Su Ming confidently stepped out, "Don't worry, I've got this."

Xiao Ke'er was aware that Su Ming wouldn't undertake something unless he was certain of success.

Still, she couldn't shake her concern.

Kemeng bit her lip and stood there, watching anxiously.

Su Ming spoke with composure, "You wanted a one-on-one duel, right? I'm here to honor that challenge. And if you beat me, dinner's on me."

Hearing this, Young Master Jin burst into laughter, "Just you? Do you even have a hundred million?"

President Chen scoffed from the sidelines, "Show some respect for Mr. Su! He's a VIP at our bank. And just for your information, there's no less than ten billion in Mr. Su's account."

"What?" Young Master Jin was flabbergasted.

He thought incredulously, "Su Ming has that much money? Impossible! They must be bluffing."

President Chen, with a knowing smile, said, "Don't believe me? You should recognize me; I'm Chen Guosheng, President of Tianhua Bank."

He then pulled out his smartphone, logged into the bank System, and checked Su Ming's account balance.

"Feast your eyes on this!" President Chen taunted.

He then showed the phone screen to Young Master Jin.

Young Master Jin scrutinized the details before him and exclaimed in awe, "You're telling the truth!"

He was certain that President Chen wouldn't deceive him.

The Jin family was affluent, and Young Master Jin was intimately acquainted with the bank's system. Thus, he was confident that the account balance President Chen revealed was accurate.

Frozen in place, Young Master Jin rued provoking such a wealthy tycoon.

This individual's assets were on par with the entire Jin family's share value!

Moreover, this person was even more formidable than the Jin family.

Su Ming's card was flush with cash, while the Jin family's wealth was tied up in fixed assets and stocks.

How could Su Ming be so influential?

He was too young to have amassed such a fortune on his own.

Clearly, Su Ming was backed by a vast family empire, which explained the substantial cash in his account.

The enigmatic nature of the imperial court's citizens left Young Master Jin feeling deeply unsettled, the pressure threatening to overwhelm him like a deluge.

“My goodness, Mr. Su is incredibly wealthy!”

“And that's just the tip of the iceberg. Mr. Su owns several acres in the city center worth over 10 billion.”

“It's only natural for Mr. Su to have such wealth.”

“Absolutely! If anyone else had that kind of money, I'd be green with envy, jealousy, and resentment. But with Mr. Su, I feel envy and jealousy, yet not a hint of resentment.”

The bystanders buzzed with conversation upon hearing President Chen's remarks.

They were all aware of Mr. Su's affluence, but the extent of his wealth was beyond their expectations.

Mr. Su was truly extraordinary!

Had they known about Su Ming's five real estate developments, over four hundred luxury cars, shares in a hundred companies, his collection of valuable antique bracelets, and countless ancient gold coins, their reactions would have been far from composed.

Young Master Jin was filled with remorse.

He wished he could give himself a good slap.

Typically, he subsisted on rice and pickles, but today's indulgence in barbecue had cost him over a hundred million yuan and the ire of a magnate. Despite the disdain from H Country often directed at the imperial court, he understood it stemmed from envy. Confronted with the imperial court's formidable individuals, they would surely capitulate.

Young Master Jin was drenched in sweat, his limbs icy, his whole body shivering uncontrollably.

He was done for.

He had squandered his family's most crucial funds and made an enemy of someone formidable.

He couldn't bear the thought of going home. He even considered buying a plot of land at his doorstep to dig a grave for himself.

Su Ming offered a slight smile and reassured, “Young Master Jin, there's no need to be anxious. Everyone here can vouch for my word. If you defeat me, I'll cover today's meal and present you with ten million yuan as a gesture of goodwill. However, if you lose, you must proclaim loudly before everyone that chopsticks, Hanfu, hotpot, Chinese characters, gunpowder, and the printing press all originated from the imperial court, and

that H Country has done nothing but imitate us. Alternatively, you're free to walk away right now."

Upon hearing this, Young Master Jin's eyes sparkled with hope.

He saw this as his chance for redemption. Su Ming might be wealthy, but Young Master Jin had been practicing Taekwondo since childhood and was confident in his skills. He was eager to show Su Ming the prowess of a true master.

"So be it, I'll hold nothing back." With those words, Young Master Jin inhaled deeply and assumed a Taekwondo stance.

With a thunderous yell, he lunged forward, his leg shooting out in a powerful kick towards Su Ming.

"Take this—Gale Leg Art!" he bellowed.

Seeing Su Ming unmoved, his excitement surged.

He mistook Su Ming's stillness for slow reflexes and grew haughty, thinking his moment of triumph had arrived.

But just as Young Master Jin's foot was inches from Su Ming, Su Ming let out a yawn.

With an effortless motion, he grasped Young Master Jin's leg.

Blinking, he inquired with earnest curiosity, "Are you just getting warmed up?"

Young Master Jin was dumbfounded.

A warm-up? He had put his full force into the attack.

What was happening?

He was utterly astounded that Su Ming had caught his ankle with a single hand.

Chapter 444 - This Matter Can't be Hidden Anymore

Young Master Jin stood frozen, his eyes brimming with incredulity. He simply couldn't fathom that this was reality.

At home, he could send his coach flying with a single kick, yet Su Ming had effortlessly blocked his attack.

The Muay Thai expert scratched his head and remarked, "Mr. Su, judging by his expression, he doesn't appear to be just warming up."

"I agree. It seems like he's put everything he's got into it."

"Lucky for me, I didn't step into the ring. If I had, I'd have gone all out. At that rate, his arms and legs would probably be broken in no time," the wrestling enthusiast added.

"Absolutely. I'd be on the offensive too. With my Form-Intention Fist, I could have him bedridden for six months," the martial arts aficionado chimed in.

Young Master Jin's confusion deepened.

Why couldn't they remain silent?

Why did they feel the need to speak?

He was already scared, and their words only heightened his fear.

Truth be told, Young Master Jin's situation was rather pitiful. Despite having a slight edge in Taekwondo, his strength was largely a factor of his innate talent, which was, unfortunately, quite average.

Each time he took a strength test, he managed to kick his teacher away. But the truth was, his strength was minimal; it was all an act by the teacher. It wasn't due to a lack of responsibility or poor teaching on the teacher's part; rather, it was because Young Master Jin's secretion of male hormones was low, resulting in inadequate muscle strength.

Furthermore, this contributed to a less masculine demeanor. To boost his confidence, his family and teachers had collectively indulged in this deception.

Coming from a wealthy background, with bodyguards always at his side, he never had the opportunity to engage in a real fight. This is why he had always believed himself to be strong, when in reality, he was anything but.

Despite his inner turmoil, Young Master Jin, concerned about maintaining his dignity, withdrew his leg.

The onlookers could see right through him, recognizing his act.

Taking a deep breath, Young Master Jin convinced himself that he must have simply applied his force incorrectly.

It was all an illusion!

Undeterred, Young Master Jin charged at Su Ming once more, spinning around to deliver a kick.

The intention was good.

A back kick should be quick and forceful, yet his was neither—lacking in speed and strength.

Su Ming blinked, smacked his lips, and scratched his head before casually stepping back.

Even then, Young Master Jin had only just reached him.

“Your kick lacks power, it's too slow, and the form is all wrong. I can only give you two points for that effort.”

“Two points? That's overly generous. I'd give him just one.”

“Come on, give the guy some credit. It's not easy for him. I say three points.”

The spectators started to critique Young Master Jin's back kick.

His kick missed Su Ming entirely, and he couldn't control his momentum. He ended up spinning in a circle and crashing to the ground.

The onlookers winced at the sight.

“You're right. One point, tops.”

“Indeed. At this point, he doesn't need encouragement. Let's leave it at that.”

Young Master Jin had not only missed Su Ming but had also taken a tumble.

Hearing the crowd's comments, Young Master Jin was beside himself with fury.

“You dare to mock me!”

“You must give me the money, or else...”

His eyes darting around, Young Master Jin spotted the pliers gripping hot charcoal.

He seized the pliers, and the sizzling sound of meat being seared filled the air.

As white smoke billowed, Young Master Jin's cries of pain echoed.

The bystanders shook their heads, hands covering their foreheads.

Young Master Jin had foolishly grabbed the pliers by the metal end instead of the handle.

It was a painful mistake of his own making.

He had lost a fortune and now suffered a burn.

Humiliated and seething, Young Master Jin's judgment was clouded by rage.

He snatched up a nearby wine bottle and hurled it viciously at Su Ming's head.

"Mr. Su, watch out!" the people next to Su Ming called out in alarm.

Xiao Ke'er clasped her hand over her mouth, her expression a mix of concern and fear.

Su Ming's brow furrowed slightly as he sidestepped Young Master Jin's attempted bottle attack with ease.

He then delivered a palm strike to Young Master Jin's chest.

Stunned, Young Master Jin staggered backward and collapsed to the ground.

The man behind Su Ming inquired, "Mr. Su, what do you call that technique? Pushing-window-to-see-the-Moon Palm?"

Su Ming scratched his head. Though he was a master of combat, he had never bothered to name his moves formally.

The System had a very straightforward way of naming these techniques, albeit a bit outdated.

After a moment's thought, Su Ming replied, "That would be the Third Basic Palm."

The man behind him paused, then said, "Mr. Su, that name is spot on. I'm not a fan of those over-the-top names."

"Right, we feel the same way."

"It's such a straightforward name."

The others chimed in, echoing their approval in a chorus of voices.

Su Ming could only respond with a silent shrug.

Meanwhile, Young Master Jin was struggling with soreness all over his body, laboriously picking himself up from the floor.

Enraged, Young Master Jin grabbed a nearby chair and charged at Su Ming.

But Su Ming stood his ground this time, unfazed. No one around him called out a warning, not even Xiao Ke'er seemed concerned. That's because two figures swiftly intervened. One seized the chair with his left hand and clamped down on Young Master Jin's neck with his right, while the other bent down to hoist Young Master Jin's legs, slamming him hard against the floor. Young Master Jin's forehead thudded against the ground with a wince-inducing crack.

Onlookers winced and covered their ears at the sound, the impact resonating with a painful echo.

Then, another figure emerged, swiftly securing Young Master Jin's hands behind his back. With a swift motion, he produced a pair of gleaming handcuffs and snapped them around Young Master Jin's wrists.

These three were police officers.

They had been on patrol when they spotted Young Master Jin wielding a bottle as a weapon against Su Ming and had quickly intervened.

By the time Young Master Jin had grabbed the chair, they were already on the scene, ready to take him down with little effort.

Chapter 445 - You Guys Are Playing with Me?

One of the officers bellowed, "How dare you brawl on my beat!"

Young Master Jin had been full of bluster moments before, his face twisted into a ferocious snarl as he wielded the beer bottle.

He had been certain of landing a blow on Su Ming, but instead, he found himself pinned to the ground, his face pressed intimately against the pavement.

Young Master Jin was dazed for a few seconds before he let out a wail of pain.

Hauled to his feet by the police, his nose and chin were askew, his face nearly unrecognizable.

The onlookers quickly deduced he had had plastic surgery. Yet, even post-surgery, he was hideous: he must have been as ugly as a pig before.

Young Master Jin fought desperately and yelled, "What are you doing? I am a distinguished citizen of H Country. You dare arrest a foreigner under the imperial court's jurisdiction?"

The arresting officer's eyes sparkled. "A foreigner! This is my first time arresting someone from abroad."

Despite Eastsea being a bustling international city, they had never detained a foreigner before.

A bystander eager to witness the drama suggested, "Let me snap a picture of you two."

The officer shook his head. "No! He's too hideous."

"But officer, his ugliness only serves to highlight your good looks," the young man countered.

"Exactly!"

"To the gentleman from H Country, at which hospital did you get your plastic surgery? You should demand a refund when you get back home. Their work is atrocious: you look horrendous!"

The crowd chimed in with their comments.

The officer pondered their words, finding some truth in them.

Among the crowd was a photography enthusiast with a DSLR camera.

"Form a line. After I take your picture, leave me your number. I'll send you the photos later."

"Squat down."

"You two, move closer together."

"Where did you find that pig's head? That's just cruel!"

Young Master Jin, initially in a daze, was beginning to regain his senses.

He looked around, bewildered.

What were these people doing? Why were they lining up for a photo with him as if he were an exhibit in a zoo?

Young Master Jin was seething with rage, but his twisted mouth and the pain made it impossible to articulate his fury. He could no longer control his facial expressions, and despite his anger, the corner of his mouth was curiously upturned.

"Look, he's thrilled!"

"If people were lining up to take pictures with me, I'd be ecstatic too. Besides giant pandas, only celebrities get that kind of attention."

“Sir from H Country, how does it feel to be a star?”

The crowd erupted in laughter.

Young Master Jin was so infuriated by the comment that he felt like he could spit blood.

How could they tell he was happy?

He was clearly enraged!

Young Master Jin was not pleased at all. It took him considerable effort to say, “Why are you detaining me? He obviously hit me just now!”

As he spoke, Young Master Jin glanced over at Su Ming.

Su Ming and Xiao Ke'er were off to the side, joyfully munching on skewers.

Su Ming looked slightly startled when he noticed Young Master Jin's gaze.

With a puzzled expression, Su Ming asked, “Did I hit someone?”

The crowd responded in perfect harmony, “No!”

With an air of pure innocence, Su Ming added, “Haven't I just been sitting here eating?”

Again, the crowd confirmed in unison, “Yes!”

Young Master Jin was on the verge of tears.

It was clear they were picking on him!

“They just took a video! The video on their phones can prove it!”

After Young Master Jin's outburst, the others chimed in one by one.

“My phone's dead, I can't power it on!”

“I lost my phone. Who has seen my phone?”

“I didn't catch it on video. My camera's broken!”

“I wasn't recording. I was taking selfies!”

Young Master Jin was so livid he felt like he could spit blood.

It was impossible for all their phones to malfunction simultaneously!

Not only did Young Master Jin not buy their excuses, but the police officers were also skeptical. They had witnessed the confrontation between Young Master Jin and Su Ming when they arrived. However, it was Young Master Jin who had been the aggressor, with Su Ming merely defending himself.

One of the officers spoke up firmly, "Sir, this is the imperial court. You must abide by the laws here. We clearly saw that you initiated the attack on this gentleman, who was simply defending himself. Under our laws, that's considered self-defense. Therefore, you need to come with us to the police station."

Young Master Jin wanted to argue, but he was at a loss for words.

Seeing himself outnumbered and bullied by so many, his anger peaked, and he passed out.

The officers swiftly loaded him into the patrol car.

"Come on, have a bite to eat."

"We've got lobster and abalone here. We can indulge to our heart's content."

"And look, there's a bottle of 1982 vintage red wine."

A group of people stopped the police officers.

One officer remarked, "Folks, we're on duty right now and can't engage in activities unrelated to work. Hold on! Has the barbecue street become this upscale?"

The officers glanced down and were astounded.

In this place, lobster and abalone were considered low-tier fare. They had Top Grade foie gras and Romanee-Conti!

Noticing the enormous fish bones on the table, they realized they were in the presence of the legendary bluefin tuna!

It appeared that the standard of living for the common folk at the imperial court was on the rise. The officers couldn't help but lament that they might soon be priced out of even a simple barbecue meal.

"Gentlemen of the force, Young Master Jin is picking up the tab."

A man approached the officers, grinning as he clarified the situation.

The officers were torn between laughter and tears upon hearing this.

That explained Young Master Jin's contorted expression.

It was all because of this incident.

Chapter 446 - We also Know How to Cut Hair and Press the Feet

“Wait a moment.”

A policeman beside Su Ming scratched his head, glancing at him with a sense of recognition. Why did this man look so familiar? He was sure he had seen Su Ming somewhere before, but he just couldn't place him.

Then it hit him: he was standing in front of the pioneer of chat interrogation! Su Ming, Mr. Su himself!

“Mr. Su!” he exclaimed, rushing forward.

“Mr. Su?”

The other two officers were momentarily taken aback but quickly regained their composure. “Oh my God! You're Mr. Su!”

They all made their way over to him.

Without going into details, considering the relationship between Captain Wu and Su Ming, they felt compelled to greet him.

“Do you recognize me?” Su Ming asked, standing up with a smile.

“Absolutely.”

“Mr. Su, each one of us knows who you are.”

“I can't believe I didn't recognize you earlier. How foolish of me!”

They all shared a laugh.

“You all work so hard. Would you like to sit down and join me for a drink and a bite to eat?” Su Ming offered warmly.

“No, no, that's alright!” one of the lead officers chuckled. “We still need to bring this fellow into our station. He's a foreigner, and we might even need to contact the embassy about it. Mr. Su, we should be going now.”

After a round of handshakes, the officers hopped into their police car and drove off.

Su Ming and Xiao Ke'er, having finished their meal, were also preparing to depart.

"Mr. Su is leaving!"

"What's the rush, Mr. Su?"

"Stay a bit longer, Mr. Su."

"Mr. Su surely has important matters to attend to. He's not like you lot, just drinking and idling away the day."

"Ouch! That stings a bit!"

"I really don't want to see Mr. Su go."

As Su Ming got ready to leave, everyone rose to their feet.

"Goodness. They all have a knack for acting: they're actually tearing up." Su Ming found their reactions amusing, as all he wanted was to head home. It wasn't as if it were his funeral!

"Alright, folks, enjoy your meal. I've got to get going," Su Ming said with a smile.

"Mr. Su, before you go, let's take a picture together."

"Back off! You're not worthy of a photo op with Mr. Su! Mr. Su, are you interested in a haircut membership? Our salon offers a steep discount, and we're ready to meet any request you have, just name it."

"And you, step aside! How could Mr. Su possibly sign up with you? Mr. Su, are you fond of swimming? We can offer you swimming lessons."

"Mr. Su, are you in the market for a rental property? I have several available in the Empire Community, and they're in a prime location. The landlord's name is Su Ming. Oh, wait, you're the owner? My mistake, I'll leave you be."

"Mr. Su, how about a foot soak? Our technicians at the White Cloud Club are top-notch."

"Mr. Su, do you enjoy playing League of Legends? I'm quite the pro gamer; we could team up."

"Do you have children? Our kindergarten offers special enrollment discounts for your little ones."

Hearing this, Su Ming stood there, taken aback, blinking in disbelief.

Weren't you trying to get rid of me?

How did the atmosphere shift so abruptly? Clearly, something was off.

He could overlook those offering him haircut or swimming memberships, but the invitation to the White Cloud Club was too much, especially with a stunning beauty by his side.

It was obvious what their relationship was.

To brazenly invite him to the White Cloud Club, even boasting about the attractiveness of their technicians, was downright ludicrous!

He thought to himself, "I, Young Master Su, am the epitome of integrity! How could I frequent such a place? White Cloud Club, huh? You're on my radar now."

"Okay, okay, okay," interjected President Chen and Wang Guohui, stepping forward.

They mused, "You want to cut Mr. Su's hair, pamper his feet—does he need you for that? We can handle these tasks ourselves. Even if we're novices, we're quick learners, for human potential knows no bounds! You think you can compete with us for Mr. Su's favor? You're delusional; you don't stand a chance!"

"Everyone, just go back to your meals, or else you'll be footing the bill yourselves."

President Chen and Wang Guohui stood before Su Ming like two imposing Door Guardians.

Upon hearing their words, the crowd lapsed into silence.

Everyone took their seats once more.

"Come on, let's have a drink."

"This roasted lobster is absolutely delicious!"

"The foie gras really needs pineapple to bring out its flavor."

"I've been sitting too long; I need to stretch my legs."

"Same here. I've been seated the whole time."

Their sudden flurry of activity left Wang Guohui and the rest dumbfounded.

They moved with such haste.

As soon as it was clear they had to foot the bill, they scattered faster than rabbits.

They were only interested in a free ride.

"Mr. Su, Miss Xiao, take your time," President Chen and Wang Guohui called out, turning to them in haste.

Su Ming instructed, "Kemeng, hand them the car keys and have them drive it back. You ride with me."

Xiao Ke'er nodded in agreement, her cheeks flushing with color. She was only ever called Kemeng by her family; even the butler referred to her as Miss. Su Ming's use of the name signified a newfound closeness, causing her blush to deepen.

She bit her lip and silently made her way to Su Ming's car.

Just then, Wang Guohui cautiously approached Su Ming, rubbing his hands together, "You know, I've actually trained in hairstyling."

Su Ming was taken aback.

President Chen chimed in, "Mr. Su, I've learned how to give foot massages."

"No, thank you!"

Su Ming was taken aback by their eager expressions.

He thought to himself, "Others have lovely young women to pamper them, and here I am being offered services by two older gentlemen? No, thank you."

With that, Su Ming turned on his heel and departed.

Once in his car, he pressed the gas pedal and zoomed off.

Feeling the breeze through the window, Su Ming let out a deep sigh of relief.

"Is something bothering you?" Xiao Ke'er inquired with curiosity.

"I'm alright," Su Ming quickly reassured her, shaking his head. "How long will you be in the capital this time?"

At his question, Xiao Ke'er's cheeks grew even warmer.

Was he expressing concern, or would he miss her in her absence?

Despite Xiao Ke'er's poised and graceful demeanor, when it came to matters of the heart, she was just like any other girl: perhaps even more so.

At a minimum, many girls Xiao Ke'er's age have gone through at least one or a few romantic relationships, yet Xiao Ke'er herself has never experienced any.

In reality, Su Ming's question was his way of signaling her to swiftly move on from the previous topic.

Whenever Su Ming thought about President Chen and Wang Guohui, he couldn't help feeling a bit nauseated.

Chapter 447 - Why Am I the Unlucky One?

Kemeng pondered for a moment before saying, "I might be away for about a month this time."

Su Ming nodded, adding, "The capital is quite cold at the moment. Make sure to dress warmly."

Hearing Su Ming's concern, Kemeng's cheeks flushed a deeper shade of red, making her look even more charming.

She hadn't expected Su Ming to be so attentive to the weather in the capital on her account.

A girl with no romantic experience can often be deeply moved by even the slightest show of care from a man.

The BBQ Street wasn't far from the Xiao family villa. Upon Su Ming's arrival, he noticed a fiery red sports car parked out front.

He scanned the area but didn't spot President Chen. It dawned on him that President Chen must have already left.

Before getting out of the car, Kemeng unexpectedly said, "Thank you."

Su Ming paused, puzzled by her gratitude.

Before he could gather his thoughts, Kemeng suddenly leaned in and planted a soft kiss on Su Ming's cheek.

Her face instantly heated up following the kiss.

Su Ming, already bewildered, was left even more speechless by Kemeng's gesture.

He could still feel the warmth of her lips on his cheek.

Neither Kemeng nor Su Ming had any romantic history. Although he had watched his share of adult films, Su Ming had no actual sexual experience.

"I'm going to get out now," Kemeng announced, then flung the car door open as if to escape.

The moment she did, she jumped in surprise and let out a scream. Su Ming was startled too. Xiao Chen was gaping at them from outside the car, and behind him stood Kemeng's parents, Xiao Luomu and Yueqiu, equally astonished.

Despite the tinted windows of Su Ming's car, they were rolled down. It was already dark, and in her nervousness, Kemeng had failed to notice them. Consequently, the trio had seen everything.

The air turned tense in an instant.

Out of nowhere, Xiao Chen blurted out, "Dad, Mom! My sister just kissed my brother-in-law!"

Su Ming was taken aback. He had the urge to punch Xiao Chen right then and there.

Inside the car, Kemeng sat frozen, unsure of her next move.

She turned to her parents, biting her lip, and said apprehensively, "Dad, Mom."

As soon as Kemeng finished speaking, Luomu immediately gave her a thumbs up and exclaimed, "Daughter, that was impressive! You've managed to captivate Mr. Su so quickly! That's exactly how I fell for your mother! Honey, please stop pinching my waist!"

Mid-sentence, Yueqiu's hand had already found its way to his waist and gave it a firm twist!

Kemeng was taken aback.

She had braced herself for her parents' anger, but instead, they appeared overjoyed.

Yueqiu said, "Daughter, you're not getting any younger. It's time to think about marriage. Your father and I have been concerned about it. But now, we can put our worries to rest. Being with Mr. Su is wonderful. Honestly, there's no one in the capital who holds a candle to him."

Yueqiu's grip only tightened as she spoke, causing Luomu to wince in pain. Despite this, he looked at Kemeng with a warm, affectionate smile. His eyes brimmed with happiness when he turned to Su Ming.

“Thank you, Mom!” Kemeng said, breathing a sigh of relief.

She rushed to her mother's side and wrapped her arms around her.

Sitting in the car, Su Ming sensed that something was amiss.

The pace of events seemed to be accelerating too quickly.

He hadn't even spoken yet, and they were already discussing marriage.

He couldn't shake the feeling that he was being ensnared.

Kemeng was not only beautiful and well-educated but also came from a distinguished family.

He genuinely liked her, but something still felt off.

Considering how modest she usually was, her boldness in kissing him meant he couldn't just brush this off.

“Mr. Su, would you like to come in and sit for a while?” Luomu asked, massaging his waist and forcing a smile.

It wasn't that he was reluctant to invite Su Ming inside; the pain had simply been too much, making his smile somewhat strained.

“Uncle Xiao, please don't call me Mr. Su anymore,” Su Ming responded.

“You're my elder, and I'm the younger one here. Just call me Su from now on.”

With that, Su Ming stepped out of the car.

Su Ming had mentioned this several times already.

Whether it was Old Master Tang or Old Master Qin, both esteemed elders seemed to disregard his words.

Xiao Luomu chuckled and said, “No worries. Once you and Kemeng tie the knot, you can call me Dad, and I'll address you as Sir. No conflict there.”

Su Ming blinked, sensing a strange familiarity with the phrase.

“Mr. Su, are you pressed for time? If not, come inside for a cup of tea before you leave,” Yueqiu invited.

Su Ming nodded, “Sure.”

Xiao Luomu, Yueqiu, Su Ming, and Xiao Ke'er made their way toward the villa.

Xiao Chen stood frozen, watching their retreating figures.

He was still there!

Was he truly that inconspicuous?

Unable to contain himself, Xiao Chen blurted out, "Sis, brother-in-law, I..."

"I forgot about you. Come on over," Xiao Ke'er called out, turning around with a smile.

"I always knew my sister cared about me the most!" Xiao Chen exclaimed joyfully as he ran to Xiao Ke'er.

With a grin, Xiao Ke'er instructed, "Later, head to the study and copy the Trimetric Classic five more times!"

Xiao Chen was bewildered.

Why did he suddenly have to write out the Trimetric Classic five times?

He had spent the afternoon copying it as a punishment.

No sooner had he finished than a new punishment was assigned.

Why was it always him facing misfortune?

"Why?" Xiao Chen asked, his face a picture of confusion.

"Because you startled me just now," Xiao Ke'er explained.

"Dad, Mom, my sister is picking on me," Xiao Chen appealed to his parents.

"Just do as your sister says," they advised in unison.

"Brother-in-law!" Xiao Chen turned to Su Ming as his last resort.

"I'm merely a visitor here," Su Ming replied with a blink.

Then, all four of them turned in unison and continued on their way to the villa.

Chapter 448 - The Two Old Men Were Tricked

Xiao Chen stood still, feeling deeply aggrieved.

They had actually bullied him to this extent!

Had he known beforehand, he would have kept silent.

He shouldn't have spoken at all.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be facing the punishment of copying the Trimetric Classic five times.

Now, even though his earlier words had made him feel noticed, his hands ached terribly from the repetitive writing.

His standing in the family was already low.

He had thought he could push around his brother-in-law, but looking at how things stood, he was fortunate that his brother-in-law hadn't turned the tables on him.

Resigned to his fate, he decided to go back and dutifully copy the Trimetric Classic.

With his head hung low, Xiao Chen trailed behind them, the picture of despondency.

He was filled with a sense of injustice, but he chose to remain silent and bear it.

Su Ming entered the house with the family of three, settled down, and began to drink tea and chat.

Meanwhile, Xiao Chen, head bowed, made his way to the study to dutifully transcribe the Trimetric Classic.

In the midst of their conversation, footsteps echoed from the entrance.

Everyone turned and then rose to their feet in unison.

Old Master Tang and Old Master Xiao had arrived, their faces ashen and brows furrowed with concern.

"Mr. Su, you're here as well," they noted.

Seeing Su Ming, the two elders didn't show any surprise. They offered him a slight smile and a greeting.

Su Ming, with a furrowed brow, inquired, "What seems to be the problem?"

"Perhaps it's best left undiscussed," they replied, exchanging a look and a weary smile.

Su Ming was taken aback by this response.

Xiao Ke'er and her parents were equally perplexed, exchanging puzzled glances.

The two elders were men of high status and esteemed reputation, commanding immense respect.

Yet today, they appeared to have been wronged.

Who would dare to offend such venerable figures?

Xiao Luomu, with a concerned frown, pressed, "Dad, Uncle Tang, what exactly has happened?"

The two elders, having just taken their seats, sighed deeply.

"We hadn't intended to involve you in this matter."

"I thought I had concealed it well, but I didn't expect you to notice something was amiss as soon as I returned," Old Master Tang said, shaking his head gravely. "Truthfully, the fault lies with me today."

"Old friend, this matter isn't your responsibility."

"We can only blame ourselves for trusting him too much."

"It's one thing for him to deceive others, but the fact that he dared to deceive us is unbelievable."

Old Master Xiao was livid, yet there was a sense of helplessness in his frustration.

"What exactly happened?"

Xiao Ke'er was unable to contain her curiosity any longer, seeing that the two elderly gentlemen were withholding the details.

It was at this point that the two old masters began to elucidate.

As people age, they often develop a fondness for collecting items.

Both old masters were connoisseurs of antiques and took pleasure in amassing such treasures.

Not long ago, a friend from the south reached out to them, claiming to have stumbled upon some valuable finds in a rural area.

One of these was a Duan inkstone, purported to be an exceptionally rare artifact.

The Duan inkstone is far more valuable than even the finest Imperial Green Jade.

While Imperial Green Jade is still discovered occasionally, Duan inkstones have either been completely mined or have been submerged underwater for ages.

The Duan inkstone was exclusively used by the ancient royal families.

A mere six-inch Duan inkstone could fetch hundreds of thousands.

This time, they had come across a twelve-inch Duan inkstone.

It was not just a tool for grinding ink; it also featured intricate carvings of landscapes, demonstrating remarkable craftsmanship, making it an invaluable piece.

Upon hearing about it, the two old masters were immediately intent on acquiring the Duan inkstone and promptly got in touch with the seller.

The item arrived that afternoon.

Normally, they would have called in a team of experts to verify the authenticity of such goods. However, the seller was a trusted friend of many years, leading them to forego a meticulous inspection.

Moreover, the exchange took place in a dimly lit warehouse, which did not favor the elderly gentlemen's failing eyesight.

Even Old Master Tang, despite his expertise in antiques, could err in judgment.

He failed to recognize the item as a counterfeit and proceeded to sign the contract and complete the payment.

Elated, the two old men eagerly brought their find to the Antique Association.

Initially, no one detected any issues.

However, an accident involving a young man spilling water on the inkstone led to an unexpected discovery. While a genuine inkstone should be water-resistant and even require moisture, this one's color altered upon contact with water.

Upon closer examination, everyone realized the inkstone was a fake, yet they had to concede that the craftsmanship of the forgery was indeed masterful.

First, the workers constructed a scaled-down model, then pulverized a genuine Duan inkstone into powder and meticulously coated the model, leaving no visible gaps. However, when the model was exposed to water, cracks emerged, revealing the discrepancies under the light.

Typically, such seasoned gentlemen wouldn't fall for a scam. Despite the inkstone's exquisite craftsmanship, this type of deceit was all too familiar.

Their downfall was twofold: a strong rapport with the seller and an overwhelming sense of joy at the time, compounded by the setting, led to their being swindled out of thirty million.

Upon hearing this, everyone's brows furrowed in concern.

"Grandpa, Grandpa Tang, you must confront them and demand compensation!" Xiao Ke'er urged with concern.

"My dear, it's not that simple. Antique transactions are always conducted in person. Once you've signed the contract, it indicates your approval of the item. Even if it's later revealed to be a counterfeit, the seller bears no responsibility," Old Master Tang explained with a sigh of resignation.

"How could they be so audacious?" Yueqiu interjected.

"If the fraud had been detected during the transaction, they'd face no repercussions. They just continue selling the item until someone else falls for it, just like we did," Old Master Xiao added, his voice tinged with regret.

"The man in question is notorious in our industry for his skill in producing convincing forgeries, though he does possess some genuine pieces."

"I've dealt with him before and he's never sold me a fake," Old Master Tang admitted, burdened with guilt. If not for him, Old Master Xiao wouldn't have suffered such a significant loss.

While thirty million might not be a substantial figure for their family, being conned out of such an amount was still a bitter pill to swallow.

"Is there really nothing we can do but chalk it up to bad luck?" Xiao Luomu inquired.

"It seems that's all we can do," the two elders responded with a wry smile.

Su Ming remained silent, but his deep frown spoke volumes. The seller had shamelessly deceived his friends.

Chapter 449 - The Complexity of the Antique Industry

"Gentlemen, how has this man been selling fakes for so long without getting caught?" Su Ming inquired.

Old Master Tang shook his head. "There are some things you're not quite familiar with."

After Old Master Tang's explanation, Su Ming began to understand.

The antique business is incredibly complex, with over 90% of items on the market being counterfeit.

Even though this individual sold a fake to Old Master Xiao and Old Master Tang, he technically didn't break the law. Creating fake antiques isn't illegal.

Mostly, antique shop owners buy these fakes and then sell them to unsuspecting buyers.

These counterfeit antiques don't have a set market value; their prices are arbitrarily determined.

If someone spends a fortune on a fake, they're either unaware of its illegitimacy or have no choice but to come to terms with their purchase. Currently, there's no legislation governing the antique trade.

So, if someone ends up with a fake, they can only chalk it up to bad luck.

Even individuals like the two esteemed gentlemen, despite their influential backgrounds, are powerless once they've signed a contract and later discover they've purchased a counterfeit.

The two gentlemen were extremely frustrated, having spent 30 million yuan on a worthless stone.

Old Master Tang, clenching his jaw, said, "Ordinarily, that fellow wouldn't dare deceive us. I command a certain respect in the antique world, and with a word from me, no one would patronize his business."

He continued, "He's likely done with the industry and wanted to cash in one last time before exiting. That's probably why he sold us a fake."

Old Master Xiao, equally incensed, added, "Indeed, that's what I believe as well."

Upon seeing the two gentlemen's furrowed brows, everyone in the room exchanged helpless glances.

To all present, thirty million RMB wasn't a substantial sum. Yet, giving that money to beggars would at least earn them gratitude. Being swindled out of it, however, was utterly maddening.

The two elderly gentlemen were advanced in years, particularly Old Master Xiao, who had only recently recovered from a severe illness. The incident with the counterfeit

antiques had left Old Master Xiao feeling deeply dejected and dissatisfied, a state of mind that was detrimental to his health.

“Are we truly powerless in this situation?” Su Ming inquired once more. “That man has been peddling fake antiques for years; can it be that he’s never slipped up?”

“There’s definitely something amiss with his operations,” Old Master Tang replied, “but the fellow is exceedingly cautious and hasn’t left any incriminating evidence behind. However, he once confided in me about an account book while he was inebriated during a drinking session. That account book contains crucial details of his transactions. Regrettably, I have no idea where he keeps it.”

Su Ming paused, struck by a sudden realization. In every film or television show, the villains always seemed to have an account book. He wondered, why did they bother to maintain such records? If the villain were apprehended by the police, wouldn’t that account book serve as damning evidence?

Noticing Su Ming’s perplexed look, Xiao Luomu offered an explanation: “Individuals in this line of work keep a personal account book to meticulously log each transaction.”

“Why would they go to such lengths?” Xiao Ke’er asked, her curiosity piqued.

Old Master Tang elaborated, “After so many years in business, it’s impossible for him to remember every single transaction by heart, hence the need for an account book. He avoids using computers because digital records aren’t secure. He meticulously documents each transaction because some of his income is illicit, and he needs to launder the money to appear legitimate. By keeping detailed records, he aims to prevent any future complications.”

“Old Master Tang, are you referring to money laundering?” Su Ming asked, a hint of realization in his voice.

“More or less,” Old Master Tang said with a chuckle. “In fact, there are numerous ways to legitimize such funds. Take, for example, when I had my son auction an item that was secretly mine. I then purchased it for 30 million. That amount was legally transferred into my son’s account through the auction process. Afterward, my son transferred the money back to me, thereby converting it into legitimate income.”

Xiao Ke’er spoke up, “Grandpa Tang, have you managed to get hold of the account book?”

“Silly girl, it’s not that simple,” the two old gentlemen chuckled wryly, shaking their heads.

Such a crucial item would only be known by that old man, where he’s hidden it.

And the account book would definitely be in a very concealed and secure location.

They could search every nook and cranny of the old man's house and still struggle to find the account book.

The room fell into a heavy silence.

But Su Ming's mind was racing with a sudden spark of inspiration.

He quickly asked, "Gentlemen, could you tell me where this old friend of yours lives?"

"He's over in Eastsea," Old Master Tang answered reflexively, "Why do you ask?"

"Just curious. But Old Master Tang, didn't you just mention he was a friend from the south?" Su Ming pressed.

"He claimed he was from the south, but that's just a smokescreen. His plan was to transport the account book to the south and then back here. It might deceive others, but not us," Old Master Tang said with a knowing smile.

After a moment's thought, Su Ming stroked his chin and requested, "Old Master Tang, could you provide me with his exact address?"

The room was taken aback, and Old Master Tang quickly interjected, "Mr. Su, we understand what you're intending to do. But Mr. Su, please reconsider. The risk is too high, and it's simply not feasible for you."

"Elders, have faith in me, I have a plan," Su Ming assured them with a confident smile. "This old man has swindled so many. We can't let him off scot-free. I refuse to stand by. I'm determined to ensure he spends his twilight years behind bars."

The two old men paused, exchanging glances before inquiring, "Mr. Su, do you perhaps have another strategy?"

"I must keep the details confidential for now. Elders, rest assured, I wouldn't embark on anything reckless."

The room pondered in silence. The two old men, despite Su Ming's youth, recognized that he was no ordinary individual. He surely had his reasons for being so assured.

Yet, after some contemplation, they still felt the endeavor was fraught with too much risk.

Despite their close relationship with Mr. Su, they couldn't possibly impose on him to handle such a delicate matter.

After pondering for a moment, Old Master Tang spoke up, "Mr. Su, let's drop the issue. There's no need for you to take any risks on our behalf."

Chapter 450 - Xiao Chen's Old Scores

Su Ming chuckled upon hearing their concerns.

He was well aware of the old gentlemen's worries.

Yet, Su Ming had a complete plan in mind and was brimming with confidence.

"Rest easy, gentlemen. I am fully confident that I can handle this," Su Ming said with a serene smile.

"Is that so?" the two elders blinked in surprise.

Su Ming nodded in affirmation.

"Very well, Mr. Su, he resides at 301 in Building 5 of the Tangyuan Villa District. But be cautious, Mr. Su," Old Master Tang advised after a moment's thought.

Before Old Master Tang could offer further counsel, Su Ming rose to his feet and interjected, "Gentlemen, please have a bite to eat and get some rest. Tune into the news channel tomorrow morning; you're bound to see something that will delight you. However, I am in need of an assistant."

"Who?" Xiao Ke'er inquired.

"Xiao Chen," Su Ming replied slowly.

Xiao Chen, who had been secretly listening from the second floor, was taken aback.

He realized he had been eavesdropping without being directly involved. Su Ming was already enlisting his help even though he hadn't married his sister yet.

"Agreed," Xiao Luomu responded succinctly.

Xiao Chen was dumbfounded once more. He was Xiao Luomu's own son and the heir apparent of the Xiao family, yet Xiao Luomu had unhesitatingly consented to Su Ming's request. There was nothing for it but to comply.

"Xiao Chen, come here," Xiao Luomu called out loudly.

Trembling, Xiao Chen slowly emerged from the corner of the railing.

"Your brother-in-law requires your assistance tonight."

Xiao Chen cautiously approached Su Ming and greeted him.

He wondered, "What is Su Ming up to now? He wouldn't be setting me up to take the fall again, would he?"

"We're off to close a significant deal," Su Ming announced, striding towards the door.

Xiao Chen blinked, clenched his teeth, and glanced back at his family.

Seeing their eager faces, he felt a wave of discouragement.

With his head bowed, Xiao Chen trailed behind Su Ming. They got into the car, Su Ming hit the accelerator, and they sped off.

In the car, Xiao Chen was a bundle of nerves. After a long pause, he ventured cautiously, "Brother-in-law, where exactly are we headed?"

"The police station," Su Ming said with a slight smile.

Xiao Chen was taken aback. He couldn't understand why they needed to go to the police station. He wondered, "Is Su Ming planning to file a report? But Old Master Tang is so shrewd. I doubt the police could uncover anything. Su Ming isn't foolish."

Then another thought struck him: "Could it be that Su Ming is turning himself in? But he's always been law-abiding. That can't be it. Is Su Ming planning to take me to the police station? But I haven't done anything wrong."

Suddenly, Xiao Chen had an epiphany and blurted out, "Brother-in-law, I was wrong. Please don't take me to the police station."

"I confess, it was me who broke the teapot at Old Master Tang's house, but it was an accident."

"I'm the one who got my grandfather's ancient book wet, but that was unintentional too."

"As a kid, I was a bit mischievous—I burst my second uncle's car tire."

"I accidentally damaged a landscape painting my grandfather had purchased."

"I released the mynah bird Old Master Tang had kept for years."

"I stole a pack of spicy strips from a convenience store."

"I even secretly ate the cake for Old Master Tang's 80th birthday, but nobody found out."

"Despite all this, you wouldn't send me to the police station for these things, would you?" Xiao Chen's voice shook as he spoke.

Hearing Xiao Chen's confessions, Su Ming realized why Xiao Chen's family kept such a close watch on him; he had been quite the handful as a child.

"Is that the extent of your mischief?" Su Ming teased, arching an eyebrow to intimidate him.

Xiao Chen was visibly flustered.

He scratched his head in distress and continued, "I secretly sold Grandfather's two Night-Luminescent Pearls for some marbles."

"I tore up my sister's homework in secret and once poured croton beans into our teacher's water bottle."

Xiao Chen hung his head, ready to reveal more.

"Stop!" Su Ming cut him off sharply.

He couldn't believe Xiao Chen had traded two invaluable Night-Luminescent Pearls for mere glass balls worth pennies!

Only he could do something like that.

He had even put croton beans in the teacher's water bottle.

Such a troublemaker.

He mustn't say another word!

Surely, there were plenty of his misdeeds that remained unknown to others.

If Su Ming were to accidentally divulge these matters to someone, Xiao Chen would find himself in hot water.

Thus, for the sake of safety, it would be wise for Xiao Chen to be more reticent.

Su Ming's intentions were in Xiao Chen's best interest.

"Brother-in-law."

Upon hearing Su Ming's words, Xiao Chen paused, momentarily taken aback.

"What's on your mind? I was just trying to rattle you. I have legitimate business at the police station this time."

"I'm going to take you to steal something."

Su Ming offered a faint smile.

"Steal something?"

Xiao Chen was utterly astonished.

"Brother-in-law, have you lost your mind? You're planning to steal from the police station?"

"Mom, I want to get out. This isn't the bus to kindergarten!"

"We're going too fast!"

Xiao Chen clung to the car window, yelling, "Help! I'm still young. I haven't even gotten married yet!"

Annoyed, Su Ming retorted, "Be quiet. If you don't, I'll have you copy the Trimetric Classic ten times as punishment."

"Okay!"

In a flash, Xiao Chen became exceedingly compliant and agreed promptly. He sat down properly in his seat and smiled.

A shadow crossed Su Ming's face.

It turned out that having Xiao Chen copy the Trimetric Classic was the most effective disciplinary measure.

He must have copied it numerous times; otherwise, he wouldn't be so daunted by the Trimetric Classic.

For Xiao Chen, copying the text was unnecessary; he could recite it from memory.

He had been copying the Trimetric Classic since childhood, after all.

"Don't overthink it. I'm certainly not heading to the police station to steal. I'm going there to meet someone."

"Burglary is a crime, after all. We're law-abiding young men; we can't engage in illegal activities."

“If you wish to enter, you must have legal authorization.”

With a serene smile, Su Ming drove to the police station.

They quickly reached their destination. Upon exiting the car, Su Ming led Xiao Chen straight inside.

The duty officer immediately stood up upon seeing Su Ming and approached, asking, “Mr. Su, how can I assist you?”

Su Ming inquired, “Is Captain Wu in?”

The officer promptly replied, “Captain Wu is on shift today. He's upstairs.”

Su Ming said, “Alright. Could you guide me, please? I need to find him.”

“Sure thing.”

The officer led the way, with Su Ming trailing behind him to the second floor.