

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

#Chapter 451 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 451

Chapter 451 - Xiao Chen Was Excited

Captain Wu was sitting in his office, deeply engrossed in a case file with a furrowed brow. On his desk sat an old, well-used cup of tea. Upon noticing Su Ming, he quickly rose and approached with a warm greeting, "Mr. Su, what brings you here?"

Su Ming couldn't help but observe that Captain Wu appeared much leaner than before. His face was drawn, underscored by dark circles, and he seemed unsteady on his feet. "Captain Wu, have you run into any trouble recently?" Su Ming inquired.

With a heavy sigh, Captain Wu invited, "Please, take a seat, Mr. Su."

After pouring a glass of water for both Su Ming and Xiao Chen, they each settled into their chairs. Captain Wu began, "I've been wrestling with a particularly challenging case."

"What kind of case?" Su Ming asked, his curiosity piqued.

Without hesitation, Captain Wu divulged, "It involves fraud and money laundering."

Su Ming exchanged a knowing glance with Xiao Chen. "That old scoundrel is too shrewd. Despite knowing he's committed numerous offenses, we can't seem to gather enough evidence to apprehend him. It's quite the predicament."

A veteran officer, Captain Wu was a man of unwavering integrity and had little tolerance for lawbreakers. But this case was proving to be especially thorny.

"Captain Wu, are you referring to Wai Chengguo?" Su Ming ventured, his eyes narrowing.

Caught off guard, Captain Wu responded, "Mr. Su, how did you come to that conclusion?"

Internally, Su Ming confirmed his suspicions. It made sense now; the old rogue was even willing to deceive a friend, knowing the police were on to him. Wai Chengguo must have sensed the danger, prompting him to defraud his longtime acquaintances. In doing so, he could amass more wealth and then launder it into seemingly legitimate earnings. It was a clever scheme indeed.

With a chuckle, Su Ming shared the details of Old Master Tang's situation with Captain Wu.

Understanding the dilemma, Captain Wu acknowledged, "Mr. Su, my hands are tied in this matter. While the man has produced numerous counterfeit antiques, creating fakes isn't illegal. Moreover, he's entered into contracts with the two elderly gentlemen. Our laws don't provide a means to penalize him for these actions. Regrettably, there's nothing I can do."

Captain Wu shook his head.

With a hint of mystery in his smile, Su Ming said, "Captain Wu, I have a strategy that could help you catch him. However, I'm going to need a small favor from you in return."

Upon hearing this, Captain Wu's eyes sparkled with interest. "Mr. Su, can you truly assist me? What's your plan?"

Su Ming replied with a single word: "Steal."

Captain Wu paused, taken aback.

Su Ming elaborated, "Captain Wu, Wai Chengguo possesses an account book that details all his dealings over the years, including the sums he's defrauded and laundered. If we can get our hands on that account book, we'll have the evidence we need to prove his crimes."

A lightbulb went off in Captain Wu's head.

He nodded thoughtfully and responded, "Mr. Su, I've heard rumors about this account book. Despite searching his house twice, the police haven't been able to locate it. He must have hidden it somewhere else."

"That's unlikely," Su Ming said with a confident smile. "He would surely keep something so crucial on his person. You just haven't figured out his hiding spot yet."

"If I can get inside their house, I'm certain I can unearth his account book. My intent is to do so without raising any suspicion, hence my plan to sneak in. But let's face it, I would still be stealing, which is illegal. That's where I need your assistance."

Captain Wu immediately grasped the situation.

He replied, "Mr. Su, that's hardly an issue. My superiors place great importance on this case, and I've been at my wit's end trying to crack it. In these extraordinary circumstances, we're justified in employing unconventional methods. Plus, I have a search warrant at my disposal. I can accompany you to his house, which makes our actions legal. Are you confident you can locate the account book?"

Captain Wu gave Su Ming a scrutinizing look.

Wai Chengguo was a formidable adversary.

If he discovered their plan to visit his house, he might blow the situation out of proportion with the media's help. Should the matter escalate, both Su Ming and Captain Wu would find themselves in hot water.

“Rest assured, I've got this covered. I do, however, need to return home to gather a few things,” Su Ming assured him.

“Captain Wu, be ready. We'll head out together shortly.”

Su Ming smiled with confidence.

With Mr. Su having spoken, Captain Wu had no objections.

If Mr. Su claimed to have a solution, then he surely did.

Su Ming, with Xiao Chen in tow, drove straight home.

His belongings were finally going to serve their purpose.

He grabbed the Crackled Electronic Cigarette from his bedside and headed to the warehouse to fill a bag with cotton candy.

Then, he picked up his well-worn, faded denim travel bag.

He opened the bag, loaded it with an assortment of tools, and stepped outside.

Xiao Chen didn't go inside; he waited at the front door for Su Ming.

Seeing Su Ming emerge with so many items, Xiao Chen's eyes sparkled with intrigue.

His brother-in-law was fully prepared. Were they actually about to steal something?

He wasn't scared; in fact, he was thrilled.

If Old Master Tang were here, he'd surely twist Xiao Chen's ear and scold him for stealing from their warehouse since childhood.

Xiao Chen rubbed his hands together and asked with excitement, “Brother-in-law, what's in the bag?”

Su Ming glanced at Xiao Chen, who seemed to him like a seasoned criminal.

“Stop asking. You'll find out soon enough.”

Su Ming chuckled and climbed into the car.

He made a call to Captain Wu.

Eventually, the trio set off directly for the villa.

Upon reaching the villa's entrance, Captain Wu presented his police credentials. The security guard said nothing, and they entered without any hindrance.

“Mr. Su, just ahead is the monitored area of Wai Chengguo's house. I've heard he installed an alarm system that triggers when someone gets too close to his place.”

Captain Wu added, “I've requested the Electricity Administration to cut the power here. In five minutes, we'll have a blackout. Mr. Su, since this is an affluent area, we'll have only thirty minutes.”

Su Ming offered a slight smile and replied, “Okay.”

Thirty minutes was more than enough for him.

Five minutes later, the power was indeed cut, yet the streetlights remained lit, powered by solar energy.

“Captain Wu, wait here. I'll go in with Xiao Chen.”

Su Ming didn't wait for Captain Wu to respond and confidently strode toward Wai Chengguo's villa with Xiao Chen in tow.

They then approached a window.

Xiao Chen was bursting with excitement.

He found the thrill irresistible.

Previously, his only experience with theft was sneaking into Old Master Tang's warehouse to pilfer items. After all, he was only taking from his own family.

If he ever got caught, the worst he'd face was a spanking.

But this time was different; he was about to steal from someone else's home, and he even had a search warrant tucked away in his pocket.

This was his first foray into such a daring endeavor.

Chapter 452 - You Are Going to Tear down the House?

Xiao Chen rubbed his hands together and glanced at Su Ming before asking with palpable excitement, "Brother-in-law, what's our next move?"

Su Ming just smiled and reached into his pocket.

Xiao Chen's eyes widened in anticipation, nearly glowing like twin bulbs. He wondered, "What kind of secret gear does my brother-in-law have?"

Su Ming had a history of producing rare medicinal herbs with ease, so Xiao Chen's expectations were high for another impressive reveal.

But when Su Ming produced a marshmallow, Xiao Chen was dumbfounded. "A marshmallow? What's this about? Oh, I get it now. All those masters on TV have their quirks. Some chew gum, others listen to music before springing into action. Brother-in-law must have a thing for marshmallows."

Previously, Su Ming had tried this particular marshmallow. He pinched off a small piece and popped it into his mouth. A prompt from the System echoed in his mind, "Host has successfully used marshmallow. Its effect will last for 35 minutes!"

Su Ming was pleased with the outcome.

He then offered the marshmallow to Xiao Chen.

Xiao Chen hesitated, thinking, "Do I need to eat it too? Well, if brother-in-law suggests it, I might as well."

Without further ado, Xiao Chen grabbed a hefty chunk of marshmallow and shoved it into his mouth.

In a panic, Su Ming reached out to stop him, wanting to warn Xiao Chen not to overindulge. But with the marshmallow in his mouth, Su Ming was mute.

To Xiao Chen, Su Ming's frantic gestures seemed not to deter him but to urge him on. Without a second thought, Xiao Chen compressed the marshmallow into a ball and stuffed it into his mouth.

The System announced, "Xiao Chen has used the marshmallow. The marshmallow's effect will last for 2 hours and 45 minutes!"

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

He sighed internally, "Poor Xiao Chen. It's my fault for not explaining the marshmallow's potency beforehand. Oh well, no harm done."

Then came the System's prompt: "System Notification: Individuals who have consumed marshmallow can communicate with each other."

Hearing this, Su Ming was momentarily taken aback.

Xiao Chen was brimming with anticipation as he asked, "Brother-in-law, what's our next move? How do we get inside?"

He had seen in movies how experts would use sophisticated gadgets to create a hole in the glass with just a twist.

He was convinced Su Ming must possess such advanced tools.

Amid Xiao Chen's eager gaze, Su Ming casually pulled a hammer from his denim bag.

Xiao Chen was taken aback.

The hammer was indeed practical.

But wouldn't smashing the glass with it make too much noise?

"Brother-in-law, are you planning to use a hammer?"

Xiao Chen felt an impulse to bolt. If Su Ming struck the glass with the hammer, surely the neighbors would hear.

Su Ming blinked and inquired, "What's the matter?"

"Brother-in-law, are you really going to smash it with a hammer? It's going to be loud. Don't you have any of those high-tech devices? I've seen experts use them to open doors just by spinning them on the glass."

With a puzzled expression, Xiao Chen remarked, "That's way too complicated. Hammers are more reliable."

Seeing Su Ming's reassuring smile, Xiao Chen gave a nod.

He thought, "An axe might break the window quickly, but we'd be discovered just as fast. Captain Wu was supposed to be helping us, but with this hammer blow, he might end up escorting us to the police station. If my family hears about this, I'm done for."

As Xiao Chen was about to intervene, Su Ming had already swung the hammer at the window.

The window emitted a dull thud, audible only to Su Ming and Xiao Chen.

The glass was now cracked.

Again, only the two of them could hear the noise.

Witnessing the scene, Xiao Chen panicked and took off running.

He hadn't gotten far when he heard the glass shatter.

Su Ming delivered another hammer blow, and the glass broke apart instantly.

Su Ming unlocked the door and agilely entered the old man's home.

Xiao Chen looked back, realizing that the loud noise from Su Ming breaking the glass seemed to have gone unnoticed by everyone else.

This neighborhood was exceptionally quiet and affluent.

The sound of that hammer strike was like a firecracker exploding in the night sky, incredibly loud.

Xiao Chen expected the homeowners to burst out in anger and the neighbors to come out and chastise Su Ming. Yet, the silence was perplexing.

Captain Wu seemed oblivious to the noise, continuing to sit in the car with his eyes closed, meditating.

“What's happening here? Is everyone in the area hard of hearing? That can't be right,” Xiao Chen wondered.

“Why are you just standing there? Come on in!” Su Ming called out to Xiao Chen.

“Uh?” Xiao Chen was rooted to the spot, his mind racing. “I've got a bit of a headache. Can someone explain what's going on? No, better not to overthink it. If my brother-in-law is behind this, he must have his reasons. He's always been clever, beyond what I can fathom.”

Despite his trepidation, Xiao Chen cautiously made his way into the house.

He entered a spacious living room devoid of a television or sofa, only lined with numerous shelves laden with antiques and jade pieces.

Xiao Chen's curiosity was piqued as he surveyed the room, noting the absence of any reaction. Even if the homeowner lived on the third floor, the noise should have been enough to wake him and draw him downstairs.

Meanwhile, Su Ming paid no attention to Xiao Chen, instead posing a question in his thoughts.

“Yuyuv, can you help me locate the account book?”

”Certainly, Master. Just give me a moment,” came Yuyuv's response within Su Ming's mind.

A spark of excitement shone in Su Ming's eyes: he hadn't actually expected Yuyuv to be capable of this task.

It was a casual inquiry; the room was small enough for a quick scan to find the ledger. However, Su Ming was feeling lazy, and having Yuyuv's assistance would be much more convenient.

He silently commended Yuyuv's impressive abilities.

At that moment, Xiao Chen, who was inspecting the items on the shelves, accidentally stepped on something slick and cried out.

“Ouch!”

He crashed to the floor with a thud.

In the chaos of falling, one's instinct is often to grasp at anything within reach.

At that moment, Xiao Chen grabbed hold of the shelf.

These shelves were already somewhat unstable, and his grip caused them to tilt even more.

Then, with a series of thunderous crashes, the shelves toppled over like a row of dominoes.

It was a dramatic sight as every bottle and jar shattered upon impact.

Xiao Chen stood up, completely shocked, feeling as if his blood had turned to ice.

He was utterly bewildered.

“Oh no! Even if the house's owner is deaf, I bet they could hear that racket,” Xiao Chen thought to himself.

Su Ming, hearing the noise, turned to witness the disarray and was at a loss for words.

“Great! I haven't even started, and Xiao Chen's already wrecking the place,” he thought with a sense of resignation.

“Brother-in-law, I'm sorry. This is all my fault. Don't worry, I'll take full responsibility. I won't let this affect you,” Xiao Chen said, his voice tinged with despair, feeling like the most unfortunate person alive.

Su Ming gave Xiao Chen a reassuring pat on the head and said, “Snap out of it. Let's head up to the second floor.”

Chapter 453 - On a Dog's Body

Upon hearing Su Ming's words, Xiao Chen was baffled. He couldn't help but wonder, “Shouldn't we be making a run for it? Why are we heading to the second floor? Could Wai Chengguo actually be deaf? No way. I've met him before; the man is in excellent shape and enjoys his food. Could it be that there's no one in the house? That seems unlikely. From the first floor, I can hear snoring on the third floor. What on earth is happening here? Can anyone explain this to me?”

Frozen in place, Xiao Chen's mind raced with endless thoughts.

Watching Su Ming ascend to the second floor with ease, Xiao Chen shook his head to clear it and followed suit. Despite not understanding what was happening or why Wai Chengguo hadn't heard them, Xiao Chen trusted that following his brother-in-law's lead was the right move.

The second floor was more cluttered than the first, filled with shelves stacked with half-finished products. Next to the shelves was a room, likely a workshop for making forgeries. “He's actually got a counterfeiting studio in his own house,” Su Ming mused internally.

“Master, Yuyuv has located the account book,” came Yuyuv's voice in Su Ming's mind.

“Where?” Su Ming inquired eagerly.

“The account book is with a dog in the master bedroom on the third floor.”

“What?” Su Ming was taken aback.

“With a dog? Good heavens! How did the old man manage that? It's no wonder the police couldn't find the account book; nobody would think to search a dog. All Wai Chengguo had to do was casually walk the dog out during a police search, and he could easily conceal the account book without raising any suspicion. This old fellow is quite crafty. But how did he hide it on the dog?”

Filled with curiosity, Su Ming made his way to the third floor.

He discovered that the third floor was immaculately tidy, resembling a villa, complete with a furnished living room. It appeared that Wai Chengguo lived on the third floor and only went downstairs for work. The master bedroom door was ajar, and Su Ming could see Wai Chengguo sleeping soundly. Beside him, a stunning woman was also asleep.

Reflecting on Wai Chengguo's depravity, Su Ming glanced beside him and spotted a large dog.

If he wasn't mistaken, it was a Rough Collie. At first glance, it bore a resemblance to a Border Collie, yet it was significantly larger and covered in long, flowing fur.

The Rough Collie's chest fur could easily rival that of a male lion.

Upon scanning, Su Ming discovered an account book nestled beneath the Rough Collie's fur.

The account book was quite slim, barely over twenty pages.

Upon closer inspection, he uncovered some clues.

The old man had shaved the hair off the dog's neck and fashioned a faux fur piece for the Rough Collie.

This faux fur, akin to a human wig, was affixed to the dog's neck, with the account book concealed within its layers.

The old man's heart was cold; he had likely shaved the dog's neck bare, preventing the hair from regrowing. The attached fur was stubbornly in place, making it difficult to remove. When necessary, he would simply unzip the small, hidden zipper on the dog's neck and tuck the account book inside the fur. Normally, the thick fur around the dog's neck hid everything from view. Wai Chengguo was indeed formidable, a master of deception.

Su Ming remained unfazed.

Xiao Chen, on the other hand, was a bundle of nerves. The empty first floor hadn't bothered him, but the sight of two men and a dog filled him with dread.

He stood there shivering, too scared to leave or even turn around, his pleading eyes turning to Su Ming for support.

"Brother-in-law, shouldn't we get out of here? This place is freaking me out. I can't handle it," he implored with a look that spoke volumes.

In the midst of Xiao Chen's panic, Su Ming coolly pulled out two e-cigarettes from his pocket.

Xiao Chen was taken aback, not expecting his brother-in-law to even think about smoking at such a moment.

"I'm scared stiff here. Be careful, okay? Let's make a move before it's too late," he thought anxiously.

Su Ming walked straight into the room, and Xiao Chen was absolutely terrified.

He thought to himself, "Why not just smoke outside? Are you really going to smoke in there? Are you planning to wake up Wai Chengguo, offer him a cigarette, and then ask where the account book is? Doing that would surely make Wai Chengguo call the cops."

As Xiao Chen watched in disbelief, Su Ming pressed two buttons on his electronic cigarette and then kicked the soles of the two people on the bed.

Following the buzz of electricity, the pair on the bed convulsed and then slipped into an even deeper slumber.

Clearly, they had passed out.

At that moment, the Rough Collie's eyes snapped open. Though deaf to the noise, its keen sense of smell was on high alert.

Upon spotting Su Ming, the dog bared its teeth, ready to growl.

But then, the air was filled once more with that familiar electric sound. The dog's eyes rolled back as it too succumbed to unconsciousness.

Su Ming reached out and retrieved the account book.

Xiao Chen was dumbfounded, thinking, "Brother-in-law, how did you pull that off? What just happened? What was that electric sound? Is that e-cigarette actually a stun gun? Brother-in-law, you're incredible! So you have high-tech gadgets up your sleeve. Rest assured, brother-in-law, whatever you do from now on, I'm your most devoted supporter. You're just too cool."

Su Ming examined the account book only to find it was filled with a series of codes.

What in the world was this?

Xiao Chen quickly joined him and said, "Brother-in-law, this account book must be encrypted. I've seen this kind of thing in movies. There's probably a code book hidden somewhere."

Su Ming nodded in agreement with Xiao Chen's deduction.

They had the account book, but without the code book, they couldn't crack it.

The location of the code book was likely known only to Wai Chengguo.

After a moment's thought, Su Ming headed to the kitchen, opened the fridge, and grabbed two chilled beers. He then found a basin and poured the frosty beverages into it.

Xiao Chen watched on, clueless about Su Ming's intentions.

As Xiao Chen puzzled over it, Su Ming strode into the bedroom with a basin and doused Wai Chengguo's face with beer.

Xiao Chen was utterly petrified.

With Xiao Chen looking on in horror, Su Ming produced a small bottle from his chest and administered two drops into Wai Chengguo's mouth.

Gradually, Wai Chengguo's eyes fluttered open.

Having been stunned into unconsciousness earlier, Wai Chengguo was now abruptly roused, his mind foggy and his vision unclear.

He was completely disoriented, caught in a daze.

Su Ming inquired coolly, "Where's the account book?"

Wai Chengguo replied forthrightly, "It's in the safe."

The substance Su Ming had just dispensed was the Truth Serum, compelling Wai Chengguo to speak honestly.

Chapter 454 - I Want to See the Doctor

As Wai Chengguo's words hung in the air, another surge of electric current crackled.

He then lost consciousness once more.

Xiao Chen watched on, his heart pounding with apprehension.

Despite Wai Chengguo's unsavory character, Xiao Chen found himself feeling a twinge of pity for the man.

He was clueless about the tactics Su Ming had employed to coax the truth out of Wai Chengguo so effortlessly.

He made a mental note to avoid crossing Su Ming in the future, even if it meant upsetting his sister; Su Ming was just too formidable.

Su Ming allowed himself a slight smile.

He activated the scanner, sweeping the room until his eyes settled on a safe tucked away in the study's corner.

Xiao Chen trailed behind Su Ming into the study.

“Holy smokes! Brother-in-law, this is an imported safe. It only opens when it recognizes Wai Chengguo's iris and fingerprints. We've got a problem. Should we haul the safe out and enlist the police's help?” Xiao Chen suggested, his brow furrowed in concern.

Su Ming chuckled, then challenged him, “Can you even lift it?”

The safe was bulky, designed to withstand explosions and shocks, tipping the scales at several hundred kilograms.

Even for someone as strong as Su Ming, lifting a safe of that heft was a daunting task.

“Brother-in-law, how are we going to crack it open?” Xiao Chen asked, his eyes wide with curiosity.

Su Ming's smile lingered as he opened his bag.

Xiao Chen peered inside, wondering, “Is my brother-in-law about to reveal some new gadget? What's he going to pull out this time?”

However, Xiao Chen's astonishment was palpable when Su Ming produced an electric drill.

“Brother-in-law, are you seriously going to use an electric drill?” Xiao Chen gasped.

The approach seemed excessively forceful.

The safe, a high-quality import with a special steel exterior, was no match for the drill, which could bore right through it.

Though handy, the electric drill was seldom the tool of choice for burglars due to the considerable noise it generated.

The racket could be heard throughout the neighborhood, often resulting in the police arriving on the scene before the safe could be breached.

With a nonchalant smile, Su Ming affirmed, "Indeed."

He then flicked the switch on the electric drill.

Its shrill, thunderous roar filled the air.

Xiao Chen's anxiety was palpable as sweat drenched his back.

He kept glancing anxiously toward the bedroom, worried that Wai Chengguo might wake up or that they would be discovered by someone else.

But even after Su Ming had cracked the safe and retrieved the password book, they remained undetected.

Xiao Chen was completely baffled.

What was happening here?

The neighbors should have heard the noise by now. After all, Su Ming was drilling into a safe with an electric drill, not into a wall. The noise was quite loud.

Su Ming pulled a book from the safe and examined it.

It was a thick volume labeled: Mathematics College Entrance Exam Collection.

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

Who would have guessed that this Mathematics College Entrance Exam Collection was actually a code book?

But it did make sense.

The old man's account book was filled with numbers, so it was fitting for the code book to be disguised as a math collection.

"Let's go," he said.

Su Ming tucked the book under his arm and turned to leave.

"Okay!" Xiao Chen breathed a sigh of relief.

In his rush to get to the second floor, Xiao Chen was too hasty and tumbled down the stairs.

Panicking, he grabbed at some bottles on the second floor, which then rolled down and shattered.

Su Ming, after witnessing the scene, was dumbfounded. He thought to himself, "Wai Chengguo, you can't blame me for this. I had no intention of wrecking your house. You can only fault your misfortune for encountering Xiao Chen."

Su Ming remained silent. He helped Xiao Chen to his feet, and together they confidently strode out the front door and made their way to the car.

Captain Wu's eyes brightened, and he quickly got out of the car.

"Mr. Su, how did it go?"

Su Ming smiled and presented the account book and password book.

"Mr. Su, you're truly remarkable. Fantastic. Let's get out of here quickly."

Su Ming nodded but remained silent.

He knew that even if he spoke, Captain Wu wouldn't be able to hear him.

Xiao Chen, unaware of this, said, "Captain Wu, that was terrifying. My brother-in-law smashed a window with a hammer to get in. Did you hear it? And he used an electric drill on the safe."

When Captain Wu didn't respond, Xiao Chen persisted, "Captain Wu, why aren't you responding to me? Captain Wu, I'm speaking to you."

Captain Wu was perplexed.

"Young Master Xiao, are you okay? Do you need to go to the hospital?" Captain Wu inquired.

"Why would I need to go to the hospital? Captain Wu, it's you who should be going. Can't you hear me?" Xiao Chen persisted.

But his attempts to speak were still silent.

Su Ming gave Xiao Chen's shoulder a reassuring pat and ushered him into the car.

The trio departed.

Five minutes later, Su Ming found his voice again.

"Mr. Su, you've really come through for me this time," Captain Wu said gratefully.

"It's nothing. I was just doing my duty," Su Ming replied with a smile.

"Mr. Su, where exactly did he hide the account book? We've searched his house multiple times and found nothing," Captain Wu asked, voicing the question that had long troubled him.

Xiao Chen tried to blurt out, "I know! He hid the account book on his dog!"

Yet again, no sound came from his lips.

Su Ming spoke with an air of mystery, "He placed it somewhere you'd never think to look."

"Now you've got me even more intrigued," Captain Wu responded.

"He hid it on his dog," Su Ming said, the hint of a smile playing on his lips.

Captain Wu was taken aback.

Su Ming went over the details once more.

Finally, Captain Wu had an epiphany.

"Now I remember, every time we searched his house, he would take the dog outside. I never imagined he'd hide the account book on the dog," Captain Wu said, shaking his head in amazement.

Xiao Chen stood by, eyes wide with astonishment.

He realized that Captain Wu couldn't hear him.

He had already mentioned the account book being hidden on the dog, yet Captain Wu had asked again.

Xiao Chen felt utterly bewildered. He was ignored at home, and now it seemed no one was listening to him outside either.

Xiao Chen turned to Su Ming and said, "Brother-in-law, it seems like Captain Wu can't hear me."

But Su Ming paid him no heed.

Though Su Ming's 'cotton candy' had expired, he could still hear Xiao Chen.

However, Su Ming was intentionally acting as if he couldn't hear Xiao Chen.

Xiao Chen was baffled and a bit frightened.

Desperately, he thought, "What's happening here? Brother-in-law, you could hear me just a moment ago, why can't you hear me now? Could something be wrong with my vocal cords? That can't be; I can hear myself just fine. Brother-in-law, please don't frighten me."

Xiao Chen was on the verge of tears.

With a puzzled look, Su Ming inquired, "What's the matter with you? Why aren't you speaking? Could your throat be inflamed? Should we head to the hospital?"

This time, Xiao Chen remained silent, simply nodding in response.

Indeed, he needed to go to the hospital. But it wasn't his throat he was concerned about—it was his brain he intended to have examined.

He had a nagging suspicion that something was wrong with his brain!

Chapter 455 - Unlocking Special Items

Captain Wu drove Su Ming and Xiao Chen back to the police station, elated by the significant progress in the case. Without delay, he called for all personnel involved in the case to convene at the station.

Su Ming informed Captain Wu that Wai Chengguo likely wouldn't wake up until at least the following noon. This provided a window to decrypt the account book and uncover the evidence of Wai Chengguo's criminal activities. Observing Captain Wu's hustle, Su Ming took his leave, weary from the day's work and mindful of the late hour. He also planned to drop Xiao Chen off at home.

In the backseat, Xiao Chen was still processing Su Ming's earlier prank. He played a recording of himself reciting a poem on his phone, reassured to hear his own voice. However, a slight jolt from the car sent his phone tumbling down, and the sound cut out. Xiao Chen was initially perplexed, hearing the phone when holding it but not when it lay on the seat. Fearful, he suspected a bizarre illness and hastily searched online for answers, only to be met with dire predictions that chilled him to the core.

Meanwhile, Su Ming glanced at Xiao Chen through the rearview mirror, a slight smile on his lips, choosing to remain silent. They soon reached the villa's entrance. Xiao Chen, intending to bid farewell, hesitated, remembering his voice wouldn't carry. Instead, he simply waved to Su Ming and trudged into the villa, his spirits low.

Amused by the situation yet discreet, Su Ming kept the secret to himself. It had been over two hours since Xiao Chen's exposure to the prank, and his normal hearing would soon be restored.

Su Ming turned his car around and headed straight home. Upon entering the villa, Xiao Chen was met by a crowd of people waiting for him.

“Are you okay?” Yueqiu asked anxiously, concerned about Xiao Chen's condition.

Xiao Chen shook his head.

“How did it go? Did Mr. Su actually secure the account book?” inquired Old Master Tang.

Xiao Chen nodded.

“Really?”

Old Master Tang was taken aback. “Come, sit down and tell us everything. How did Mr. Su manage to get the account book?”

Hearing this, Xiao Chen felt like crying. He desperately wanted to share the details, but when he opened his mouth, no words came out.

The room fell silent as Xiao Chen gestured wildly, unable to speak.

“Xiao Chen, this is no time for jokes. Sit down and tell us what happened,” Xiao Ke'er urged, her brow furrowed.

Despite her insistence, Xiao Chen continued to gesture helplessly.

“If you don't speak up, you'll recite the Trimetric Classic five times as punishment!” Xiao Ke'er declared.

Xiao Chen was close to despair; he truly wanted to communicate.

Believing he was unheard, he cried out, “Oh my God! Can anyone tell me what's happening? Why can't anyone hear me speak? And to have such a fierce sister!”

In the midst of his frustration, Xiao Ke'er suddenly stood up and demanded, “What did you just say?”

Xiao Chen was bewildered, not expecting Xiao Ke'er to have heard him.

“A fierce sister, huh?” Xiao Ke'er approached Xiao Chen with a smile.

“No, no, sister! You've got it all wrong! It's all a big misunderstanding!” Xiao Chen pleaded, gesticulating wildly.

“Enough with the excuses. Go explain yourself to the Trimetric Classic,” she retorted.

“Sister!” Xiao Chen protested.

A line from a popular Chinese song flashed through his mind: “It’s not a crime for a man to cry; it’s all just a misunderstanding.”

”Enough, both of you,” Old Master Xiao interjected. “Xiao Chen, sit down and tell us exactly what happened.”

Finally, Xiao Chen took a seat and recounted the whole ordeal from start to finish.

After listening to Xiao Chen’s remarks, a hush fell over the crowd, with a singular thought occupying their minds.

Su Ming arrived home at that moment. He unlocked the door and inhaled deeply, savoring the earthy scent that greeted him. His first order of business was to check on the fields.

The crystal onions, Dangerous Sweet Potatoes, and Top Grade orchids were thriving. Su Ming fetched a bucket of water and began watering each plant in turn. Afterward, he made his way to the aquatic product area and the herding area. The Tangram Horses and Eight Treasures Crabs had grown significantly larger. Su Ming figured he could probably harvest them the next day.

Next on his list was the breeding zone, which was still in the process of upgrading. He anticipated that the upgrade would be completed by tomorrow, allowing him to start raising the Three-legged Golden Toad.

After a quick tidy-up of the yard, Su Ming glanced at the clock and realized it was already the wee hours of the morning. Despite possessing the Stamina Talent, he felt mentally drained.

He entered the house, grabbed some food to satiate his hunger, and then headed upstairs. As was his routine, he powered up his computer to browse the online mall. Today, however, his luck seemed average; no exceptional items caught his eye.

Suddenly, a prompt echoed in Su Ming’s mind, “Host, congratulations on completing your mission. You are now eligible to unlock a special item!”

Su Ming was momentarily taken aback. He had completely forgotten about this. After embarrassing Young Master Jin last time, he was due for a mission reward. Quickly accessing the System, he indeed found a unique item awaiting him.

Upon closer inspection, Su Ming realized the item looked vaguely familiar. “Host, congratulations on acquiring the Beginner Smart Robot Fragment (12/8),” the System announced.

“The Beginner Smart Robot can assist you with planting, watering, and fertilizing. It operates around the clock, powered by solar energy, and possesses combat capabilities for basic interactions.”

“Should you acquire the Heart of Wisdom, you can integrate it with the smart robot, enhancing its performance and combat abilities. It will develop rudimentary human emotions and the capacity for self-reflection, enabling seamless communication with you.”

Typically, a System's robot would exhibit unwavering loyalty to the Host. Furthermore, it would be inherently immune to any System attacks.

Since Su Ming last acquired a Beginner Smart Robot Fragment, he hadn't come across any more in the mall.

To his surprise, he managed to get his hands on another Beginner Smart Robot Fragment this time.

Su Ming was ecstatic.

He glanced at the price tags of these Beginner Smart Robot Fragments. They were priced at a whopping fifty million yuan!

That was far from cheap.

But for Su Ming, such an amount was trivial.

Without hesitation, he purchased them on the spot.

Suddenly, Su Ming recalled that he had a reward for unlocking special items.

However, Su Ming thought it best not to rush.

Since he had already purchased the available special items, and there were none left, unlocking more now could mean missing out if none appeared, resulting in a significant loss.

He decided to wait until the special area's items were refreshed the next day before using his reward.

Today had been a day of great gains for Su Ming!

Content and satisfied, he went to bed with a smile.

Chapter 456 - Wai Chengguo's Troubles

The next day at noon, Wai Chengguo groggily opened his eyes.

He sat up, staring vacantly ahead, his mind a complete blank.

It took a while before he slowly blinked.

Why was his body aching so much?

It seemed he had a dream last night.

In the dream, someone had doused him in cold beer.

Then, it appeared that person had asked him a question, but he couldn't remember if he had responded.

Afterward, it felt like something had struck his foot, and then he passed out.

Wai Chengguo found this odd.

Dreams usually seemed to last a long time.

But he could only recall this dream being brief.

He let out a sigh.

Suddenly, he noticed his hair was sticky.

And his feet ached.

Wai Chengguo shifted with difficulty and touched his face.

"What's this? Why is my hair sticky?" he wondered.

By now, Wai Chengguo was becoming more alert.

He turned his head and noticed a multitude of stains on his bed.

What had happened?

Had he not been dreaming last night?

Wai Chengguo quickly lifted his right foot.

As he suspected, there was a round mark on the sole.

It was slightly discolored, and there was a bit of pain and itchiness.

“Damn it,” Wai Chengguo thought. “Could a thief have entered my house last night? Was I not actually dreaming? Impossible. I have an alarm system, and I own a dog. There's no way a thief could go undetected. Plus, I'm a light sleeper; the slightest noise would wake me.”

Wai Chengguo got up and headed to the living room.

He scanned the area and saw nothing amiss.

Glancing out the window, he saw the bright sun and realized something was off.

He checked the wall clock and saw it was already 11:30.

Older folks typically rise early.

Wai Chengguo normally went to bed at 11 PM and woke up at 6 AM.

Yet today, he had overslept.

That explained why the house seemed unusually bright upon waking.

Wai Chengguo was completely bewildered.

He gazed around with a vacant expression.

The study's door was ajar.

A sense of foreboding washed over Wai Chengguo as he swallowed hard.

He made his way to the study for a thorough inspection.

“Damn it! A thief did break into my house last night! The safe has been tampered with!” he exclaimed.

Wai Chengguo quickly approached for a closer examination.

His cash and gold were untouched, and his valuable watches and jewelry were all accounted for.

Had the thief left empty-handed?

But Wai Chengguo quickly sensed that something was amiss.

He had the nagging feeling that he was missing something.

Wai Chengguo furrowed his brow, wracking his brain.

Under normal circumstances, he would have immediately realized what was missing.

But last night, Wai Chengguo had been incapacitated twice by electric shocks.

With his advancing age, his memory wasn't what it used to be. The electric shocks had only dulled his reflexes further.

After much thought, Wai Chengguo faintly recalled a square, somewhat thick item of some importance to him.

"My ashtray? No, that can't be it. A brick of mine? Impossible," he pondered.

While Wai Chengguo was deep in thought, his dog approached.

The dog was large, with a thick coat and a robust build, and it had already awakened.

Seeing Wai Chengguo, it came over to him.

Wai Chengguo affectionately patted the dog's head.

Then it hit him: his account book was missing, and what was absent from the safe was a collection of Mathematics from the College Entrance Examination!

Who in the world could have done this?!

He frantically searched the dog for the account book.

Indeed, his account book was nowhere to be found!

What in the world was happening?

He was the only one who knew the account book was stashed on the dog, and he hadn't shared this with anyone.

Despite his prolonged contemplation, Wai Chengguo came up empty-handed.

In frustration, he kicked the safe's door.

"Damn it! This worthless safe! It's an import, supposedly impervious to bombs." Wai Chengguo ranted. Then, suddenly, something caught his eye.

He looked down and noticed the hole in the safe.

It appeared to be the kind of hole that only an electric drill could make.

Wai Chengguo swore under his breath, "Damn it!"

Someone had managed to drill open the safe in the study, mere meters from his bedroom, and he hadn't had a clue.

Wai Chengguo dashed downstairs to review the surveillance footage, eager to discover how the intruders had entered.

His account book was crucial.

If it ended up in the hands of the police, he would be doomed.

The surveillance room was on the ground floor.

As Wai Chengguo reached the second floor and saw the debris scattered everywhere, he was on the verge of losing his mind with fury.

Had the thieves come to rob his house or dismantle it last night?

Their audacity was astounding.

Quickly making his way to the ground floor, Wai Chengguo couldn't help but swear again.

Fuming, he thought, "These thieves have gone too far! They've actually cut a huge hole in the window. What is happening?"

Wai Chengguo pinched his thigh, unable to shake the feeling that he was trapped in a bizarre dream.

Thieves had invaded his home the previous night. They had shattered his windows, toppled shelves on both floors, and even drilled open his safe.

Yet, he hadn't heard a sound from the intruders.

He rushed to the adjacent surveillance room and fired up the monitors.

To his dismay, the surveillance had captured nothing from the previous night.

Wai Chengguo could only see that the house was in disarray half an hour after he had gone to sleep.

Amidst his confusion, police sirens wailed outside his home, and officers stormed in.

Captain Wu, holding an arrest warrant, announced, "Mr. Wei, you are under suspicion for money laundering and fraud. Please come with us."

Captain Wu gave a slight, satisfied smile.

Despite the dark circles under his eyes, he was clearly pleased.

After all, he had cracked a significant case.

“Captain Wu, can you explain what's happening?”

“Was it your team that entered my house last night?”

“Why didn't the commotion wake me up?”

“How did you pull it off? How did you know where my account book was hidden?”

Even as the police officers handcuffed him, Wai Chengguo continued to barrage them with questions.

Despite facing the prospect of imprisonment, Wai Chengguo was desperate to understand the situation.

Captain Wu, grinning, said, “I'm sorry, Mr. Wai. I can't disclose that information to you.”

He purposefully kept Wai Chengguo in the dark.

Since Wai Chengguo had caused him several sleepless nights, Captain Wu intended to return the favor by leaving him restless and unable to sleep.

“Captain Wu, I'm begging you, please tell me!”

“How did they manage to enter my house? Why am I completely in the dark?”

“What is that small circular mark under my feet?”

“How did they figure out where my belongings were hidden? How did they know that the College Entrance Exam Mathematics Compilation was a cipher?”

“Captain Wu, I'm willing to confess all my actions. I'll even donate all my money. Just tell me, please!”

After that, Wai Chengguo found it even harder to fall asleep at night.

At the slightest rustle of leaves or whisper of the wind, he would snap awake.

One must never engage in illegal activities; otherwise, a peaceful night's sleep becomes a luxury.

Chapter 457 - The Crystal Onions Have Matured

Su Ming woke up later than usual.

He stretched leisurely, feeling the comfort spread through his body.

The previous day had been packed with activities, which is why it took him half the night to finally drift off to sleep.

But this restful slumber had rejuvenated him completely.

He felt utterly refreshed.

Glancing at the clock, Su Ming had a sudden realization—if his memory served him right, the crystal onion should be ripe by now.

It was time to harvest the crystal onion!

In a rush, Su Ming scrambled out of bed and headed straight for the plot where the crystal onion was planted.

He noticed that the Dangerous Sweet Potato and the Top Grade orchids were still growing and would be ready to harvest the next day.

But the crystal onion was ripe for the picking.

Typically, onions have a purple-red skin.

Half of them grow beneath the soil, while the other half sprout green leaves that poke through to the air.

However, Su Ming's onion was crystalline.

It wasn't supposed to sprout leaves.

Su Ming walked over to the plot and crouched down for a closer inspection, only to find that the crystal onion had somehow produced a small, square paper box.

This box, roughly the size of a standard router, was mostly buried, with only one side visible above the soil.

It was completely unmarked.

What could it be?

Su Ming was curious.

He gently cleared the dirt around the box and gave it a firm tug, successfully extracting the crystal onion.

Upon closer examination, he realized that the small box was actually a radio!

The crystal onion's planting density was quite low, with only three per acre.

Clearly, Su Ming hadn't anticipated that a radio would emerge from the crystal onion.

“Ding! Congratulations, Host, you've acquired a noise-proof radio. Don't be fooled by its small size; it's packed with immense energy. Just press play, and it can emit a massive 200-decibel sound, targeted at specific individuals or groups, while remaining inaudible to others. This is the perfect tool to manage disruptive square dancing seniors!”

Hearing this description, Su Ming's eyebrows lifted in intrigue.

He found the radio quite fascinating.

In the past, square dancing was a beneficial activity for one's health.

But nowadays, many dancers were inconsiderate of the time and place, focusing solely on their own enjoyment. Take, for instance, students preparing for crucial exams, forced to endure the relentless din of square dancing beneath their windows at night. The elderly dancers, brimming with joy, seemed utterly oblivious to anyone else's discomfort. If you tried to reason with them, they'd argue that it was a public space and they were entitled to dance if they wished, claiming that no one had the right to disrupt their leisure. To them, any attempt to stop their dancing was akin to age discrimination.

Some elderly folks have taken things to an extreme. There was a news report about a group of seniors who took to dancing in a hotel lobby, leaving the manager no choice but to crank up the heat in an attempt to drive them out. The seniors were forced to beat a hasty retreat.

With the radio, Su Ming could pinpoint the crowd and unleash a sonic assault. It was a classic case of fighting fire with fire!

Yet, the results weren't quite as extraordinary as one might think.

A single acre could only yield three crystal onions, each producing a radio. Su Ming couldn't help but feel a sense of loss.

He shook his head.

“Let it go. It's pretty good as it is. The System can't always hand out incredible items, right?” Su Ming mused before bending down to gather his harvest.

In total, two acres yielded just six crystal onions.

Truth be told, the walk took longer than the harvest itself.

With three crystal onions in his pocket and two more tucked under his arm, Su Ming approached the final radio.

As he prepared to harvest the last crystal onion, he noticed that this box was different from the others.

While the rest were wrapped in black, this one was encased in gold!

“Could it be a golden box? It's likely! Very likely!” Su Ming whispered excitedly.

He was beyond thrilled.

Forgetting the other five radios, he quickly grabbed the last one and examined it.

“Ding! Congratulations, Host, you've obtained a Prophetic Radio. This radio will broadcast news every Monday at midnight, specific to your city, detailing events that will unfold over the coming week. You may choose to intervene and alter these events, or simply ignore them.”

“Note: If you miss the broadcast on Monday night, you can open the radio at any time before the following Monday to hear a repeat of the news!”

“Note: The events foretold by the Prophetic Radio will occur. It simply offers you a choice. Your participation, or lack thereof, will not be problematic.”

Upon hearing the mental prompt, Su Ming paused, momentarily taken aback.

Incredible!

The Prophetic Radio! It was truly remarkable!

Though the System's instructions were somewhat complex, Su Ming got the gist of it.

At midnight on Monday, the Prophetic Radio would air a news segment predicting an event that would occur on one of the following seven days.

The event might be significant or trivial. Su Ming had the option to get involved or not.

Su Ming marveled at the Prophetic Radio's capabilities, musing, “Perhaps the duty of transforming the world and rescuing humanity rests on my shoulders!”

While he was lost in his daydreams about the future, he suddenly remembered the System had informed him that the Prophetic Radio only broadcast news from Eastsea.

It seemed unlikely that this would have anything to do with altering the fate of the world or saving humanity.

It made sense why the previous radios seemed so mundane; the most extraordinary one had been revealed to Su Ming at last.

Su Ming chuckled heartily.

He glanced at the other five radios and decided to recycle them, as they served no purpose for him.

While square dancing might be a nuisance to some, it didn't bother Su Ming in the least, given that his location was in the city center, far from any such activity.

“Ding! You have successfully harvested crops, earning 200,000 experience points! Bonus reward: 40,000!”

“Ding! Congratulations, Host, on successfully exchanging points. You have earned 5,000 credit points!”

“Ding! Recycled. Congratulations, Host, you have gained 50,000 experience points! Bonus reward: 10,000!”

After disposing of the radios, a succession of notifications echoed in Su Ming's mind.

He checked his experience panel; he needed another five million experience points to advance to the next level.

Currently, he had approximately 1.36 million experience points, but he wasn't worried. He planned to progress gradually.

Moreover, his planting points now totaled 9,201.

He reviewed the upgrade requirements.

Upgrading one acre of Level Two land to Level Three required 5,000 points.

Su Ming scratched his head, pondering whether to upgrade one acre of land to Level Three first.

He also contemplated whether to plant additional Level Two crops before upgrading all the Level Two land to Level Three in one go.

After careful consideration, Su Ming decided there was no need to rush and opted for the latter strategy.

Su Ming pulled out his phone and accessed the phone warehouse.

After searching, he spotted a Level Two seed.

Su Ming tapped his phone screen and discovered that the Level Two seed was a sweet luffa.

He immediately redeemed a few seeds.

Walking over to the warehouse beside the thatched hut, he took a look and, as expected, found several small boxes.

These boxes were neatly square, roughly the size of a Rubik's cube, each containing a bean seed.

The bean was strikingly attractive, resembling something crafted from chocolate.

Cream adorned the seed's surface. Su Ming took a careful whiff and noticed the seed exuded a delicate fragrance.

Chapter 458 - You're Wrong to Scold People

Su Ming didn't hesitate. He took the seeds straight to the field, ready to plant them.

The planting density for sweet luffas needed to be a bit higher.

Still, there was a limit.

On an acre of land, Su Ming could plant a maximum of five sweet luffas.

“Ding! Sweet luffa successfully planted! Harvest time: 48 hours!”

The notification in his mind took Su Ming by surprise, especially since the sweet luffas matured sooner than the crystal onions. Perhaps it was due to the higher planting density of the sweet luffas.

Su Ming didn't dwell on it.

He grabbed a bucket of water, moistened the newly planted seeds, and sprinkled some fertilizer around them.

“Hmm, do sweet luffas even use fertilizer? Oh well, it doesn't matter. If I'm happy, that's all that counts,” Su Ming mused.

With the Prophetical Radio in hand, Su Ming leisurely made his way back to the villa.

Glancing at the clock, he noted it was 10:35 a.m. on Wednesday—not Monday. Any news today? Su Ming wondered. Realizing a quick listen would give him his answer, he turned on the Prophetical Radio without hesitation.

“Breaking news: At noon this Wednesday, Grandma Wang from Apartment 503 in Garden District will misplace her dentures. She will locate them five minutes later.”

Hearing the broadcast, Su Ming was at a loss for words.

“System, are you messing with me on purpose? What is this nonsense?” he thought.

The first time he used the Prophetical Radio, and this was the news he got? He was far from pleased.

Su Ming promptly shut off the radio.

“So she loses her dentures, and then she finds them? Why are you telling me this? Is this even news?” Su Ming complained to himself, feeling utterly exasperated with the System.

After switching off the radio, Su Ming headed to the breeding zone.

He discovered that the breeding zone had indeed been upgraded.

With a chuckle, Su Ming eagerly entered.

The previous breeding zone was a brick building.

The red bricks were solid, but the structure was rudimentary at best.

The room had undergone a transformation, now coated in white paint that gave it a fresh, clean appearance. The original cement walls had been upgraded with ceramic tiles, and the corridor had been elegantly paved with marble slabs. Even the animals' feeding troughs had been replaced with automated versions connected to a control panel, which itself had evolved from an old bulky computer to a sleek tablet. The display resolution and functionality had seen significant enhancements. Above the breeding zone, the system could now not only feed the animals automatically but also open windows and ventilate the space on its own.

Impressed, Su Ming wasted no time in accessing the warehouse option. With a few swift clicks, he redeemed the item he had coveted for so long: the Three-legged Golden Toad. As the room filled with blinding flashes of blue light, the Three-legged Golden Toad materialized before him. The facility boasted 24 individual rooms, each housing two of these mystical creatures. Su Ming rushed over to admire the golden toads, each

one sporting three legs and adorned with multiple golden coins and ingots on their backs. They swayed rhythmically with every leap.

After a moment of contemplation, Su Ming realized he could remove the coins and ingots. Without a second thought, he lifted one of the toads and successfully detached a golden coin. He appraised its heft, confirming it was genuine gold. His triumph was short-lived, however, as he noticed the toad's vitality diminish, its lustrous glow fading. With haste, he returned the coin to its rightful place, restoring the toad's energy.

"My apologies, truly," Su Ming said, offering a quick apology. He then replenished the feed and water in the breeding zone's equipment before departing.

The morning's fieldwork was nearly complete. Checking the time, Su Ming realized it was already midday. Just then, his phone rang. It was a call from his father, Su Tao. He answered promptly, "What's up, Dad?"

Su Ming pondered for a moment.

"You've been in the city for quite a while, and we haven't come to visit you yet."

"Your mom's birthday is in two days. Why don't you drive over and pick us up, and we can celebrate her birthday in the city? It'll be a nice surprise for her," Su Tao suggested cheerfully.

Su Ming felt this was a great idea. He had previously called home several times, hoping his parents would come and stay with him, but they always declined.

This time, he had managed to get Boss Fong to reserve ten houses. He could offer these to his parents to stay for a while and get a taste of city life.

"Dad, I'm free today. I can come and get you both right now. What do you think?" Su Ming offered, phone in hand.

After a brief pause, Su Tao replied, "That works. Let me talk it over with your mom. We'll get our things ready. Head on back now."

"Okay," Su Ming agreed. He hung up and quickly went to the garage, selecting a spacious seven-seater van. He removed the middle row of seats to create even more room.

The rear seats of the van could recline, ensuring his parents would be comfortable during the ride.

Su Ming grabbed a quick bite to eat at a local spot.

Then, he set off for his hometown, enjoying the breeze through the open window.

The day was pleasant, with the sun casting a warm glow over him. As Su Ming drove, listening to music, a sudden blast of deafening music from a nearby car interrupted his tranquility.

He frowned slightly and glanced in the rearview mirror. The music was blaring from a red convertible sports car.

Inside were two brash young men, wildly grooving to the heavy metal blaring from their speakers. Their speed was increasing rapidly; the car was clearly modified.

“How do you like it? I did a good job with the modifications, huh?”

“Yeah, it's awesome!”

The two, dressed in alternative fashion with spiked hair, boasted loudly.

“I'll have you know, this car now has a V8 engine. No other car on the freeway can outpace it,” one bragged.

The driver laughed maniacally, then floored the accelerator, and the sports car's speed surged forward.

The individual in the passenger seat, despite his arrogance, possessed a sense of rationality and harbored fears of potential accidents.

“Bro, we're pushing 150 kilometers per hour. Push it any harder and this car's going to fall to pieces.”

“Alright,” the red-haired man acquiesced with a nod.

He refrained from accelerating further and instead swiftly overtook Su Ming's vehicle. Flaunting a defiant middle finger, he taunted Su Ming, “Your car is a piece of junk.”

Su Ming's brow furrowed slightly upon hearing the insult.

He resolved that the red-haired man's mockery of his car warranted a proper lesson.

Chapter 459 - Give Him a Lesson

“Do you really think the dashcam in my car is just for decoration? Modifying your car without permission and speeding is considered reckless driving. And you had the nerve to insult me? I could easily report you to the police, and you might end up spending two years in jail.”

As Su Ming pondered this, he suddenly noticed a group of people and two cars stopped on the emergency lane in the distance.

It looked like there was a problem.

From afar, he could see it was a car accident. The vehicles had collided in what was clearly a rear-end crash.

The first car wasn't too badly damaged, but the front of the second car was completely wrecked.

Debris was scattered everywhere, along with pools of blood.

Under a tree beyond the guardrail lay a young man, his head covered in blood.

He was unconscious, and his family members stood by, their faces etched with worry.

Several others, likely from the first car, were on their phones. One seemed to be calling for an ambulance, while another was speaking to their insurance company.

"Driving carefully is so important. Speeding can easily lead to rear-end collisions and injuries," Su Ming reflected.

He decelerated.

He decided to go over and see if he could offer any assistance.

But as he approached, he recognized two familiar figures.

Clearly, they were the same individuals Su Ming had encountered earlier.

One had red hair, the other yellow.

The red-haired man was the driver he had seen before.

His car was at the front, blocked from view by the vehicles involved in the accident.

"Hey, this is a remote stretch of highway, and this guy looks pretty badly hurt. If we wait any longer, his condition could worsen. Come on, get in my car, and I'll drive you to the hospital," the red-haired man offered.

Upon hearing this, they immediately felt they had encountered a Good Samaritan.

Despite the young men's unconventional appearance, they seemed genuinely kind-hearted.

The family members were just about to express their gratitude when the yellow-haired man stepped forward and added, "But before we go, let's get one thing straight."

“My car runs on gas, not goodwill. I can't help you for free. Let's make it fair—I won't ask for much. How does three thousand bucks sound?”

The man with yellow hair extended his hand.

Initially, the relatives were quite happy, but they were taken aback when they heard what the man had to say.

They had assumed they had encountered a good Samaritan, only to realize they were dealing with robbers.

“Three thousand yuan? Are you serious? Why don't you just rob someone?”

They lamented internally.

“My apologies.”

One of the relatives spoke up sternly, “My son is merely unconscious. It appears severe, but it's not as bad as it looks. We should wait for an ambulance.”

“An ambulance?”

The man with red hair let out a mocking laugh. “You're mistaken then, because the nearest ambulance will take over 40 minutes to arrive here. Three thousand yuan isn't much. Isn't it a fair trade to spend that amount to save a life?” He continued, clearly not ready to back down.

The relatives began to waver after hearing the red-haired man's argument.

Three thousand yuan wasn't a significant sum, but the idea of being extorted left a bitter taste in their mouths.

Yet, the value of a life far outweighed the three thousand yuan.

The injured could wait a few minutes, but after 40, he might bleed out.

Reluctantly, the relatives bit their lips and nodded in agreement.

The red-haired and yellow-haired men couldn't contain their glee, feeling fortunate to have stumbled upon an easy way to make a quick buck to squander.

Just then, Su Ming pulled up and announced, “I'll drive you to the hospital.”

Stepping out of the car, Su Ming approached them.

“Damn it! Kid, are you trying to undercut us? This gig is ours already!” the yellow-haired man protested, stepping forward to confront Su Ming.

“I'm not asking for money. I'll take you to the hospital for free, and I know people there who can get you into surgery right away,” Su Ming explained, smiling at the relatives.

The relatives, initially stunned, were soon overjoyed.

“Thank you! We can't thank you enough!” they exclaimed.

A middle-aged woman expressed her concern, “My son is badly hurt. What if he bleeds all over your car?”

“When it's a life-or-death situation, these little things don't matter. Let's get your son into my car first.”

Su Ming spoke urgently.

The relatives were just getting ready to lift the injured.

The two men immediately took offense, stepping in to block the victim's family.

“We've closed the deal. We were about to pocket three thousand RMB, and you come meddling in our business!”

The red-haired man scoffed, “In this world, keeping your word is paramount. We already accepted this job. You're breaking the rules.”

Su Ming retorted, “Idiot.”

Several onlookers couldn't suppress their laughter.

Yet, they felt guilty for laughing, given that it was the scene of a car accident and someone was hurt.

The two young men became furious. The red-haired man jabbed a finger at Su Ming's nose and declared, “Second brother, this guy dares to mock us. We need to show him what's what!”

The yellow-haired young man agreed, hands on hips, but he completely misunderstood the red-haired man's point.

Chapter 460 - Do You Have Brains??

Just then, the ambulance arrived.

Typically, each stretch of the highway is monitored by a designated hospital, so their response to accidents is swift.

Ambulances can often reach the scene within ten minutes.

Once they parked, the medical team quickly disembarked and loaded the injured onto the vehicle.

“Oh, thank you so much!”

The family members grasped Su Ming's hand, expressing their deep gratitude.

“It's nothing. You all should head to the hospital now.”

“Will do.”

The family members climbed into the car in a rush, leaving one person behind to handle the accident scene.

As the ambulance drove away, the family members breathed a sigh of relief. However, the red-haired and yellow-haired men were far from pleased.

Missing out on the three thousand yuan had soured their mood.

They exchanged a look and fixed a menacing glare on Su Ming.

“Kid, you're going to pay for this. I'll get back at you next time!”

With that, they hopped into their car.

The roar of their modified sports car filled the air as they sped off after the ambulance.

Su Ming's brow furrowed; he sensed they were up to no good.

Without hesitation, he got into his car and tailed them.

Catching up, he was shocked to see them intentionally competing with the ambulance for the road.

While road rage was common, Su Ming had never seen anyone intentionally obstruct an ambulance before.

They had lost their minds!

All for three thousand yuan, they were willing to stoop to such lows.

The ambulance blared its horn frantically, trying to pass, but the red-haired man's car crawled along, deliberately blocking its path.

"You're not paying me, huh? Well, get anxious! You think you can hit my car? Go on, try it! This is a sports car. If your ambulance dares to hit me, you'll owe me over a hundred thousand dollars, and I won't let it slide," the red-haired man boasted arrogantly as the yellow-haired man drove. He continued to taunt, "If you'd just paid up earlier, you might already be at the hospital. But since you didn't, don't blame us for not showing mercy. We're in no hurry. If you want us to move, cough up thirty thousand. Otherwise, we can drag this out all day."

The words of the man with the red hair infuriated the family members in the vehicle. Su Ming trailed behind, his expression growing grim.

It seemed the world was full of all sorts. They had not only intentionally blocked the ambulance's path but had also tried to extort money from others.

Their shamelessness knew no bounds!

Su Ming's brow furrowed slightly as he pressed down on the gas pedal, intent on handling these two scoundrels.

He sped past the car of the man with the yellow hair and positioned himself in front of it.

With a sudden brake from Su Ming, the yellow-haired man, in his panic, crashed into Su Ming's car.

They had been in high spirits, never anticipating someone would overtake and block them.

Luckily, Su Ming's car was exceptionally sturdy, and the other driver wasn't going fast.

Su Ming felt only a minor jolt, but it was a different story for the two troublemakers.

They had modified their car, stripping it of airbags and other safety features.

Moreover, they were so arrogant that they hadn't even bothered with seat belts.

Despite their slow speed, they still collided with Su Ming's car.

"Ow!"

"My teeth!"

Their cries of pain filled the air.

“Who the hell is that?!”

“Get out and teach him a lesson—stop with the pants already!”

They spewed curses as they exited their vehicle.

Upon seeing Su Ming, they were nearly beside themselves with rage.

“Come out! I'm gonna duel with you!” bellowed the yellow-haired man, seething with anger.

Su Ming, with Yuyuv, exited his car leisurely.

He allowed the ambulance to pass before confronting them.

“Rear-end collision, full liability, time to pay up,” Su Ming stated calmly.

”That's absurd. We shouldn't bear all the responsibility!”

“And how much could your clunker possibly be worth?”

“My car is a luxury vehicle. Ever seen one? It's worth over 800,000 yuan.”

“Your junky van? What's it worth, a few thousand?”

They scoffed with disdain.

Su Ming blinked, giving them a once-over.

“How should I describe you? Naive? Foolish? Is your brain on loan? Maybe you should ask the dealership how much my car is worth,” Su Ming suggested.

Surely, anyone who's been to kindergarten wouldn't utter such foolishness, right?

At that moment, two police cars arrived behind them.

The ambulance crew had alerted the police right from the start.

Patrolling nearby on the highway, the two police cars reached the scene swiftly.

Upon assessing the accident, the traffic officers quickly confiscated the young men's driving licenses.

Examining the licenses, one officer frowned and declared, “These licenses are fake!”

The red-haired man shook his head in disbelief, "That's impossible. The seller assured me our licenses were genuine, and I even verified them online!"

The blond young man chimed in, "Officer, I can vouch for their authenticity. They're definitely real!"

After their statements, the officer sighed deeply and massaged his forehead.

Su Ming glanced at the licenses and felt a wave of embarrassment; it was obvious to him that they were forgeries.

The licenses were handwritten, complete with spelling errors.

Su Ming's anger dissipated.

There was no point in getting upset with such foolish individuals.

He was genuinely curious about how they had managed to survive to adulthood.

He also wondered where they had confirmed the authenticity of their licenses.

The traffic officer, equally baffled, inquired, "On which website did you verify this information?"

"Officer, take a look at this," the blond man said, pulling out his smartphone and opening a webpage.

Su Ming scrutinized the site, named the Imperial Court Driver's License Information Network.

Yet, its primary purpose was to check for traffic violations and to register for driving tests.

He had never heard of anyone verifying a driver's license on this site.

The blond man clicked through the site.

Su Ming and the officer saw that the page contained just one link, labeled 'Driver's License Information.'

The link displayed the supposed license details for both the blond and red-haired individuals.

It was clear that this was not the legitimate Imperial Court Driver's License Information Network.

The site was a blatant fake, poorly designed by a scammer.

Su Ming speculated that not even the con artists themselves could believe that anyone would actually fall for these counterfeit driver's licenses as genuine. The world is vast, and within it, all manner of bizarre events unfold.