

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

#Chapter 471 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 471

Chapter 471 - Then Don't Blame Me

“Really?”

Upon hearing Su Ming's words, the middle-aged woman scoffed. “So, you're resorting to the law now, huh? Go ahead, call the cops. Let's see them come and arrest me!”

Honestly, dealing with people like her was a headache. Su Ming found it incredibly frustrating.

Truth be told, a little noise wasn't a major offense. She hadn't committed murder or any other grave crime. Even if the police did show up, they'd probably just give a stern talk and nothing more. Once they left, Su Ming would surely face an even wilder backlash from the woman. People with no sense of decency often have a scant regard for the law.

“What's the problem here?”

Just then, a middle-aged man's voice boomed from inside, his temper sounding even more volatile than the woman's. He barged through the door with a kick.

Su Ming was at a loss for words, seeing how aptly this family of three fit together.

And there was the man, as round as a beach ball. Su Ming mused that in an earthquake, this family wouldn't even need to run; they could simply roll down from the upper floors.

“What's with all the blabbering?”

“Are you going to take responsibility for delaying my son's weight loss?”

“And why do you look so familiar?”

The middle-aged man's first two sentences were harsh, but his last remark was accompanied by a puzzled frown. Su Ming shared the confusion; the family did seem strangely familiar.

Oh no!

It hit Su Ming all at once—they were the same family from the apartment above his old rental. The elderly couple was nowhere to be seen, but this trio was unmistakably the same.

“Wait a minute! Aren't you that broke college kid who used to live below us? And now you dare to rent a place here?”

“Kid, you better watch it. I'm telling you, I'm the one making noise. What are you going to do about it?”

Recognizing Su Ming, the middle-aged man became even bolder, his frown deepening as he taunted him.

In his eyes, a poor college student was powerless. Even if Su Ming had managed to scrape together enough money for a nicer place, he posed no threat. To the man, bullying someone like Su Ming was a source of perverse pride.

“Alright then.”

Su Ming cracked a smile. “Are you sure about that?”

“Get out of here!”

The middle-aged man bellowed, slamming the door shut. He continued to yell inside the house, “Son, keep on filming; Dad's right here with you! Honey, start chopping the meat; we're having dumplings tonight! They say we're too loud? Well, let's drown them out with our noise!”

Su Ming shook his head slightly upon hearing the man's voice. He had initially thought that as neighbors, there was no need for retribution.

“The old saying goes, ‘Better a nearby friend than a distant cousin.’ But since you've shown no kindness, don't expect any from me,” Su Ming mused.

He pulled out his phone and called Boss Fong, who was groggily waking up. The ringtone startled Boss Fong into consciousness, and he grumbled irritably, “Who in the world is calling this early? Have they lost their mind? Oh, wait—it's Mr. Su!”

Boss Fong's nerves jolted him fully awake. He quickly got to his feet, his hands shaking as he took the phone to the living room and answered the call, feeling remorseful for his earlier outburst.

“Mr. Su!” Boss Fong greeted him with utmost respect.

“Have all my properties been rented out yet?” Su Ming inquired.

"Not all of them, Mr. Su. Most of the houses have been taken by various business owners, but there are a few individual rooms still available. The locations of your properties are prime, so the rent is on the higher side, which makes them unaffordable for many. But rest assured, I'm doing everything I can to expedite the process..." Boss Fong explained hastily, worried that he had disappointed Su Ming.

"Boss Fong, relax. I'm not calling to rush you into renting out all the properties immediately," Su Ming reassured him with a smile.

"Then what can I do for you?" Boss Fong asked, still puzzled.

"I need you to find another place for my parents to live," Su Ming requested.

"Is there an issue with my previous arrangement, Mr. Su?" Boss Fong asked, clearly alarmed.

"No, your arrangement was fine. The place itself is quite nice, but the upstairs neighbors are incredibly loud. My parents couldn't get any sleep last night," Su Ming explained, still smiling.

Upon hearing the news, Boss Fong was livid. He had gone to great lengths to find a location with a pleasant environment that was also conveniently close to the city center. Moreover, from there, Su Ming could even see his workplace. However, the upstairs neighbors were causing an intolerable racket.

"I apologize, Mr. Su. I should have checked the place more thoroughly beforehand. Rest assured, I'll take care of the people upstairs right away!" Boss Fong exclaimed, his voice laden with urgency and a promise. He was genuinely alarmed this time.

"Boss Fong, there's no need for panic. Just follow my instructions and find a new place for my parents to stay. After that, come to see me. I have other plans in mind," Su Ming directed calmly.

"Understood, Mr. Su," Boss Fong replied.

After ending the call, Boss Fong quickly dressed and rushed to Su Ming's location. Meanwhile, Su Ming descended the stairs, opened the door, and entered his home.

Inside, Lee Sumei and Su Tao were waiting with concern. Upon seeing their son, they approached him eagerly, "Son, are you okay?"

"It's fine. The upstairs neighbors are indeed being quite unreasonable, but I've informed my boss about the situation. Coincidentally, our company has a few vacant houses that haven't been allocated yet. We'll move into one of those for now," Su Ming explained cheerfully. "Mom, Dad, please start packing your things. We're preparing to move."

Lee Sumei and Su Tao exchanged glances before voicing their concerns, "We've already troubled your boss this morning, and now we're imposing on him again. It feels like we're causing him too much inconvenience. This doesn't sit right with us."

"Don't worry about it. Yes, he's my boss, but he's also like a brother to me. We have a partnership. This is a minor issue, so there's no need for concern. I'm always there to lend a hand when he needs assistance," Su Ming reassured them.

Hearing this, Lee Sumei and Su Tao nodded in agreement. Truth be told, they were indeed feeling quite unsettled living there.

The couple didn't have much to pack, so they were ready to go in no time. Just then, Boss Fong arrived.

"I deeply apologize for the oversight in my previous arrangements, which led to your discomfort. Please be assured, this time I've secured a much better house for you," Boss Fong said with sincerity.

This time, Boss Fong went out of his way to secure a very pleasant living arrangement for Su Ming's parents. The neighborhood was exclusively inhabited by the company's senior executives, all of whom were highly cultured individuals, making it highly unlikely for any disturbances or noise to occur.

Furthermore, given that these executives were regularly working overtime, they simply lacked the energy to cause any commotion.

For these busy professionals, they probably wished they could fall asleep without even the need to brush their teeth.

Chapter 472 - Counterattack

Lee Sumei and Su Tao had a rough night and didn't sleep well, so Su Ming decided to scrap their shopping plans for the day. There was no rush; they had plenty of time.

Since there wasn't any urgent farm work back home, Su Ming thought it would be a good idea for his parents to extend their city stay. Who knows, they might even grow to love the urban lifestyle and settle down here.

After treating them to a meal, he suggested they rest upstairs. They were bound to be exhausted during the day, especially since they were older and hadn't slept much the night before.

Later, as Su Ming descended the stairs, Boss Fong followed, shaking like a leaf, terrified of Su Ming's reaction to his failure to handle a simple task.

Noticing Boss Fong's distress, Su Ming reassured him, "Boss Fong, there's no need for such anxiety."

Stammering, Boss Fong replied, "Mr. Su, I'm to blame."

"Boss Fong, I'm not looking to point fingers," Su Ming said, patting him on the shoulder. "There's something I need you to do. If you handle it well, I'll let today's issue slide."

Boss Fong perked up immediately, straightening his posture and confidently assuring, "Mr. Su, just tell me what it is. I guarantee I'll get it done!"

"How many people were staying in our previous building?" Su Ming inquired.

"Not too many," Boss Fong answered, "I reserved ten units for you and relocated the smaller tenants there. There are some renters, but the number is quite low."

Boss Fong was well-versed in these details.

Su Ming pondered for a moment before instructing, "I need you to do two things. First, have all the residents, except for the family upstairs, move to a different building in the complex. To make up for the inconvenience, they'll get a three-month rent break."

"I understand," Boss Fong replied, quickly grasping that Su Ming was planning to deal with that particular family.

Su Ming smiled and added, "There's something else. I need you to find me some people."

"Mr. Su, what kind of people are you looking for?" asked Boss Fong.

"People who are experts at creating a racket."

"I understand."

Boss Fong instantly realized that Su Ming was gearing up for retaliation. He couldn't help but feel sorry for the family that had crossed Mr. Su. After all, in all of Eastsea, there were few brave enough to provoke Mr. Su. Did they really think they could get away with anything just by being unreasonable?

With full confidence, Boss Fong declared, "Mr. Su, consider it done."

Su Ming gave a nod of approval and instructed, "Boss Fong, I'm entrusting this to you. If you run into any issues, give me a call."

"Rest assured, Mr. Su!"

After their conversation, Su Ming departed. He was eager to check on the cake at the bakery, as his mother's birthday was just around the corner.

Rubbing his hands together with excitement, Boss Fong was on a mission from Mr. Su himself! This was a task he was determined to accomplish with flying colors.

After mulling it over, a sly grin spread across Boss Fong's face.

He then drove directly to a local clubhouse.

The clubhouse was managed by Boss Tang, who had just wrapped up for the day.

Upon seeing Boss Fong, Boss Tang was momentarily taken aback. He quickly approached, saying, "Old Fong, it's been a while! What brings you here?"

With a chuckle, Boss Fong replied, "Boss Tang, I could use your help with a little favor."

Boss Tang perked up, "What do you need? Just tell me. I'll certainly lend a hand if I can."

Boss Fong's smile held a hint of intrigue as he said, "Actually, I'm handling this for Mr. Su."

Boss Tang's response was immediate, "Boss Fong, lay it on me! Whatever it is, I'm sure I can assist!"

He had long sought a connection with Mr. Su but never found the opportunity. Now, it had presented itself.

Boss Fong inquired, "Are those bands still around?"

"They are."

Boss Tang was puzzled. What exactly was Boss Fong up to?

With a grin, Boss Fong explained, "Find me a band. I'll provide them with a place to rehearse for free."

"That's easy enough. But what does Mr. Su need a band for? Any specific requests?"

Scratching his head in bewilderment, Boss Tang awaited an answer.

"The louder, the better," Boss Fong revealed.

Boss Tang was dumbfounded. Just what were they plotting?

Could Mr. Su actually be a fan of disco and looking to set the mood?

Boss Fong noticed Boss Tang's bewildered expression and filled him in on the situation. Boss Tang caught on immediately.

"Got it. I'm on it. You can count on me. I'll have everything sorted out in ten minutes. Boss Fong, please, come with me."

"Sure."

Boss Fong nodded and followed Boss Tang inside.

The clubhouse was in disarray.

The cleaners were tidying up. Upon seeing Boss Tang, they greeted him, and he acknowledged them with a slight nod.

Shortly thereafter, they made their way to the backstage rest area, where the weary band members were packing up their gear.

"These guys are my aces. They're the ones who set the vibe at night. When it comes to making noise, they're unmatched."

Boss Tang beamed as he introduced them. Then, turning to the band members, he said, "Folks, this is the renowned Boss Fong. He's here with a job opportunity for you."

The band members perked up at the news.

Boss Fong spoke with a smile, "I'm offering you a place to rehearse for free. You can practice there anytime. Plus, I'll cover your food and accommodation."

"My one request is that you make noise. The louder, the better. Can you handle that?"

"Absolutely, and I'll pay each of you a daily wage of 1000 yuan."

The band members were taken aback.

They had never taken on such a gig. He was providing them with a place to train, not to perform publicly, but to generate noise. And for such generous pay.

It seemed legitimate, especially with Boss Tang standing right there.

"Also, Tang, the sound quality of these speakers isn't cutting it. Buy some better ones. We need as much amplification as possible."

"Understood."

Boss Tang nodded. The band's situation was handled. Boss Fong had left them an address to head to and also left a key.

While Boss Fong was recruiting, his team was busy too.

Boss Fong's crew had the man's neighbors relocate, sorted out their new living arrangements, waived three months of rent for them, and even personally arranged for the movers.

Chapter 473 - The Show Has Begun

Boss Fong's efficiency was truly remarkable.

By the afternoon, he had already wrapped up the job, and the family in question was none the wiser.

The individuals Boss Fong had recruited were extremely competent.

There was a renovation team upstairs, equipped with everything needed for the job.

The apartment upstairs had been finished.

Though the room was somewhat rough around the edges, there was no need for an electric drill.

To address this issue, they planned to haul a few more bluestone slabs upstairs to carve on.

They even practiced their carving skills by drilling into the bluestone with an electric drill.

A band occupied another floor, and they had purchased several booming sound systems.

Beneath them, numerous vibration motors were affixed to the ceiling.

If all were activated, they would create a significant amount of noise.

Dusk fell as the family of three made it home.

It was quite a squeeze for all three to fit through the door.

"Don't listen to your teacher's nonsense."

"If she dares to expel you, I'll give her a piece of my mind!"

"You were just horsing around with your classmates at school. What's the big deal? Doesn't every kid do that?"

A middle-aged woman stormed into the house, launching into a tirade.

Her son had gotten into a fight at school that day.

He had accidentally pushed another child from the second floor, resulting in the child's right arm being broken.

The teacher had urgently summoned her to discuss her son's misbehavior and the school's intention to expel him. But the woman immediately resorted to swearing.

She spewed profanities and even threw a tantrum on the floor.

The police were powerless to intervene. Ultimately, to maintain the school's order, the administration reluctantly decided not to expel her son for the time being.

She also refused to compensate for the injured child's medical bills.

The middle-aged man also raised his voice in agreement, "Your mom's right. That kid looks like he's asking for trouble. Next time you see him, give him what for!" He patted his son on the shoulder, beaming with approval.

The children's mischievous behavior was likely a reflection of their parents' attitudes.

The man bellowed, "Come on, play basketball with me a bit longer. The neighbors downstairs think we're too loud, right? Let's keep them from having a moment's peace!"

They started shooting hoops.

Alternating between basketball, dragging stools, and skipping rope, they created quite a racket.

Before long, the family of three grew weary.

As night fell, they turned in for the night.

Just then, the door across from them swung open.

The band members, well-rested and energized, powered up their speakers.

The lead singer checked the time, then stepped up to the microphone.

"Let's go!"

At his command, music blasted from the massive speakers.

The lead singer's voice, with its powerful resonance, filled the room.

The family, who had been sleeping soundly, were now wide awake.

Who could be so inconsiderate?

Who would be up at this hour, blaring music instead of sleeping?

They could disturb others, but apparently, others weren't allowed to disturb them.

"Damn it! Why aren't they sleeping? Why are they playing music now?" the middle-aged man fumed.

He stood up, seething, and declared, "You all go back to sleep. I'm going to give them a piece of my mind!"

With that, he marched to the kitchen, grabbed a kitchen knife, flung open the door, and charged into the room across the hall.

"Why aren't you sleeping at this hour?"

The middle-aged man brandished the knife, thinking he looked menacing, but immediately regretted his actions.

He hadn't gotten a good look at the music players before, but now he saw them clearly.

These guys looked intimidating, especially the drummer.

The drummer was nearly two meters tall, heavysset, with tattoos all over his body and a fierce look on his face.

Men like him tended to be bullies who were actually cowards at heart.

"What's up? Got a problem?"

The music stopped, and they all moved toward the door.

They were band members, known for their edgy style.

Moreover, they were all quite burly, which sent shivers down the middle-aged man's spine.

"Uh... well... it's just that you're being really loud, and I can't get any sleep..." he stammered.

"Isn't that ironic? Don't you enjoy disturbing others?" one of the band members chuckled.

"We've heard all about how you love to make noise. You like to play ball and jump rope, right? We're just doing what you enjoy. Isn't that the case? Maybe you'd like to join us?"

The middle-aged man was on the verge of tears, thinking to himself, "What the heck? I have to go to work tomorrow morning. I can tolerate making noise for others, but they can't do this to me."

"It's one thing to train during the day, but at night..."

He said through clenched teeth.

"Big brother, that's a nice kitchen knife you've got there. We're in need of one to chop up some dumpling filling. Come on, brothers, let's make some dumplings!"

With that, he grabbed the kitchen knife.

The middle-aged man was perplexed and wanted to say something more.

But after a long hesitation, he ultimately swallowed his words and returned home with his head down.

"What is happening? Why are they still making noise? You're not young anymore, but you can't get anything done! You're such a pushover!" the middle-aged woman yelled furiously.

Seeing her husband return without resolving the issue, she was livid.

She stormed out with a rolling pin from the kitchen in hand.

"Hey, hey, hey! Are you out of your minds? What's with all the noise in the middle of the night?"

She brandished the rolling pin at them and bellowed.

"Oh? Here comes another one," the young men remarked upon seeing the middle-aged woman.

"Shut your mouths, got it? Or else I'll show you what's what!"

The middle-aged woman was prepared to resort to her old tactics of playing the rascal to intimidate the young men.

But before she could finish her sentence, one of the young men punched her squarely in the eye. The punch was swift and precise.

“Bang!”

“Ow! You hit me! Is there no law anymore? Oh, I'm in so much pain. I can't walk or move. You're going to pay for this!”

The middle-aged woman threw a tantrum on the ground, secretly thrilled.

She thought she had encountered a bunch of fools from whom she could easily extort a hefty sum of money—enough to buy the house outright!

However, the young men remained unfazed. Honestly, after working in a bar for so long and dealing with countless drunks, they found her antics childish and knew they could handle her with ease. One of them nonchalantly made his way to the adjacent kitchen.

Chapter 474 - An Unreasonable Middleaged Woman

The middle-aged woman was on the ground, rolling and sobbing uncontrollably.

“I'm in so much pain, I can't move. I need to get to a hospital! You're all doomed! Treating my injuries will cost at least hundreds of thousands of yuan!”

Despite appearing to be in agonizing pain, the woman was secretly thrilled. In these times, those who refrained from retaliating in a fight could win substantial compensation. If she could pocket hundreds of thousands of yuan just for taking a beating, it was an opportunity too good to pass up.

Yet, the band members nearby remained utterly unfazed. Ordinary folks might have been intimidated, but these musicians were no strangers to the nightlife and the troublesome characters that came with it. They were well-equipped to handle her antics.

Just then, the man who had gone into the kitchen emerged, clutching two thermoses.

“My rheumatism is flaring up. My legs are killing me! Help me out, I need to soak my feet.”

The others readily agreed, nodding in unison, “No problem.”

One of them grabbed the thermoses, feigning a burn, and with a yell of “It's scalding!” he hurled them into the air.

The thermoses traced an elegant arc before shattering next to the woman, their contents spilling out.

Filled with boiling water, the thermoses were a deterrent; the woman was after money, but not at the cost of lying in scalding liquid.

She leaped to her feet, seething with rage, and pointed accusingly at them.

“Still feel like lying down? I've got plenty more thermoses where that came from.” The man retorted, brandishing several more. The woman tilted her head, peeking inside the room, and froze.

Through the crack in the door, she saw the kitchen floor littered with thermoses, and two large pots brimming with boiling water.

“We'll see about this!” she fumed.

Clutching a rolling pin, she threatened them, preparing to storm off.

But as she turned to leave, she felt a sudden emptiness in her grip. Looking down, she realized the rolling pin had vanished.

“We're just about to make dumplings. We were short on kitchen knives, and now rolling pins too. But it looks like we're all set now.”

“Time to wrap some dumplings.”

Frustrated yet powerless, the middle-aged woman could only stomp her foot in vexation and retreat.

The middle-aged man approached cautiously and inquired, “Honey, are you alright?”

The middle-aged woman yelled back, “Get out of here!”

Her voice was so powerful it seemed to shake the very walls.

No sooner had she spoken than a blast of music erupted from the house across the hall.

The entire family was plagued with dark circles under their eyes, looking utterly exhausted. Sleep had eluded them completely.

Earlier, they had glimpsed several boxes of coffee through the peephole in the door of the opposite house. It appeared those neighbors had no intention of sleeping.

“I'll go down and get some earplugs,” he declared.

At his wit's end, the middle-aged man clenched his jaw, rose to his feet, and descended the stairs to purchase earplugs.

They had a history of disturbing others, but now they were getting a taste of their own medicine.

The family of three retreated to the furthest room, stuffed their ears, and braced themselves for sleep.

They were simply too exhausted. To their surprise, they found the blaring music somewhat lulling.

But just as they were drifting off, an even louder disturbance shattered the peace.

A sudden pounding resonated through the space.

“What on earth are they doing?”

“Do they have any regard for our lives?”

The trio sat bolt upright, the dark circles under their eyes even more pronounced.

Every Vibrating Motor in the building below was activated, filling the air with incessant rumbling.

Upstairs, the electric drill joined the cacophony.

They could have tolerated the music's sedative quality, but these two new intrusions were intolerable due to their sheer volume.

Eventually, the family could stand no more. They grabbed their IDs and sought refuge in a nearby hotel. Only there did they finally find sleep.

Unbeknownst to them, Su Ming was oblivious to their plight.

He intended for them to learn a lesson and face the consequences of their inconsiderate behavior.

Meanwhile, Su Ming was out in the fields, working hard in just a tank top.

Despite the chill of the late autumn evening and the low temperature, many people had bundled up in warm clothing.

But Su Ming, with his enhanced physique and improved health, felt no cold.

After mopping the sweat from his brow with a towel, Su Ming opened his takeout. The lid lifted, releasing a wave of spicy aroma.

Ravenous from the day's labor, he eagerly dug into the rice and meat, devouring it hungrily.

The rice was deliciously fragrant, spicy, and utterly scrumptious.

Su Ming was thoroughly enjoying his meal when, out of the blue, a flash of light caught his attention. He paused, momentarily taken aback.

As Su Ming turned his head, the several Dangerous Sweet Potatoes beside him emitted a blinding glow.

Su Ming jumped, his mind racing. Were they about to explode?

Instinctively, he thought to duck for cover, but then, reconsidering, he quickly safeguarded the boiled beef he was savoring.

Thankfully, no disaster ensued.

The light vanished as quickly as it had appeared, and everything was back to normal.

Su Ming blinked, peering down to investigate. The bomb that was once there had vanished, leaving a hole in its stead.

He stood there, momentarily lost in thought.

His appetite had waned, so he gingerly set the boiled beef down on his makeshift stone table and rushed out to the fields.

What could it be this time?

Curiosity swelled in Su Ming's chest. Upon arriving at the field, he bent down for a closer look.

What was this curious object?

It was a small, round thing, somewhat endearing in appearance.

Su Ming reached into the hole and retrieved it.

No larger than a chestnut, it was adorably fuzzy.

Su Ming blinked, racking his brain for any relevant information.

If he wasn't mistaken, this creature bore a renowned name.

It was none other than the legendary social icon, Peppa Pig.

Chapter 475 - Western Cowboy Alpaca

Su Ming managed to suppress the overwhelming urge to mock the situation.

Peppa Pig growing in the field? That was truly unexpected.

He was at a loss for words.

But as Su Ming was rendered speechless, a notification chimed in his mind: "Host, congratulations on acquiring the super invincible eavesdropping device, Peppa Pig. As the saying goes, people don't reveal their true thoughts to your face. But with this, you can hear anyone's thoughts! Its listening range is 50 meters around you. Once you select a target, their thoughts will be broadcast in your mind."

Su Ming paused, taken aback.

He had assumed Peppa Pig would be of no use, yet it turned out to be incredibly valuable.

Su Ming wasn't one to eavesdrop, but having this device meant he could be ready for anything.

It might come in handy at any moment.

He chuckled with delight at the thought.

Su Ming had planted ten Dangerous Sweet Potatoes, and upon inspection, each had yielded a Peppa Pig.

Keeping too many Peppa Pigs seemed pointless, so he decided to reclaim nine.

"Host, you have successfully harvested your crops. Congratulations, you've earned 500,000 experience points! Plus an additional reward: 100,000 experience points!"

"Recycled. Host, congratulations, you've earned 100,000 experience points! Plus an additional reward: 20,000 experience points!"

"Host, congratulations on successfully exchanging points. You've earned 9,000 credit points!"

His mind was flooded with a cascade of notifications.

He had amassed a wealth of experience and points. Yet, to upgrade an acre from Level Two to Level Three required 5,000 credit points. Although he had accumulated 18,000 points in the plantation area, it was only sufficient to upgrade three acres.

The journey of cultivation was indeed long and challenging!

Su Ming dusted off his hands and settled back at the small table to resume his meal.

Before long, it was midnight.

He instinctively reached for his phone and launched the marketplace app.

A sudden burst of brilliant green light caught his eye!

Another Level Two crop seed!

Su Ming set his chopsticks aside and examined it closely.

This Level Two crop resembled a lotus root but was exceptionally attractive.

Named Water-splashing Lotus Root, its surface shimmered with verdant waves, as though crafted from water itself.

Su Ming spotted fifty Water-splashing Lotus Root seeds for sale and immediately purchased the entire lot.

Even though a single Water-splashing Lotus Root seed was valued at 200,000 RMB, and buying fifty would cost 10 million RMB, such a sum was a mere trifle for Su Ming.

Coincidentally, he had five acres lying fallow, which he intended to devote entirely to cultivating Water-splashing Lotus Roots.

Su Ming then turned his attention to the other three areas.

In the herding area, a Level Three animal shone with a brilliant blue glow!

Su Ming nearly leapt with excitement.

Encountering a Level Three animal was exceedingly rare. The last one he had come across was the Three-legged Golden Toad.

Incredible!

He hadn't expected to actually come across another Level Three creature!

Su Ming quickly focused his gaze and was taken aback.

Before him stood an alpaca.

The alpaca was undeniably adorable. However, the one on his phone screen seemed odd, as did its name: Western Cowboy Alpaca.

Su Ming stood there, blinking in disbelief.

What made this Level Three alpaca so peculiar?

The alpaca's attire was bizarre, yet it looked incredibly dashing.

Adorned with a cowboy hat, sunglasses, and a cigar clamped in its mouth, it was a sight to behold.

Each of its hooves was encased in cowboy boots, and it sported jeans on its long legs.

A pistol was strapped to its side, but it was clearly a toy since it was a water gun.

The alpaca also donned a denim jacket, and a rope was tied to its tail, which was lit at the end, sending off sparks.

Its fur was not the typical white but a rebellious black.

Even through the sunglasses, its eyes radiated disdain.

It exuded an air of undeniable coolness.

Su Ming cradled his phone in his hands.

If he were to mention on the street that he owned an alpaca, people would give him a curious glance. Alpaca owners were a rarity, but not unheard of.

In today's society, it's not unusual for people to have any kind of pet.

But if he were to claim he had a Western Cowboy Alpaca that wore a hat and sunglasses and smoked cigars, he'd likely be escorted to a psychiatric ward.

There, he'd have no way to convince anyone he wasn't out of his mind.

Su Ming gazed at the alpaca photo in his hand and chose to remain silent.

This had become routine for him.

There were five alpacas in total.

Thanks to his upgrade, he was able to care for an increasing number of creatures.

With each alpaca valued at one million, Su Ming didn't hesitate to purchase five.

He then rushed to the herding area and redeemed the five alpacas from the warehouse.

“You have begun feeding the alpacas! In 42 hours, you can harvest them.”

The alpacas wasted no time and started to wander about as soon as they were released.

Their boots clicked with each step they took.

One alpaca approached Su Ming, gave him a once-over, and strutted away with an air of contempt.

As Su Ming stood there, puzzled, he suddenly realized something.

He distinctly heard a snort.

The alpaca didn't just look down on him; it had snorted at him too.

Eventually, Su Ming figured out he was reading too much into it.

The five alpacas were incapable of speech. They could only emit sounds resembling a disdainful snort.

This left Su Ming at a loss for words.

If that snort were to become synonymous with alpacas, it would be quite unfortunate.

Ultimately, he resolved to make a change.

Su Ming breathed a sigh of relief.

Thankfully, it was a minor issue.

Wiping the sweat from his brow, Su Ming returned to his meal, scrolling through his phone as he ate.

No new developments had emerged in the aquatic product area or the breeding zone.

Su Ming then accessed a special section.

He remembered that he still had the privilege to purchase one special item.

OR download the app and search the book name directly??

Chapter 476 - Noise

The details surrounding this unique item were still shrouded in mystery.

Su Ming mulled it over—should he purchase it or not?

He made up his mind to buy it.

The mall's sale of Level Three animals was a clear sign of his good fortune today.

Without further ado, Su Ming clicked on the special item.

“Host, you have exercised your privilege to unlock a special item!”

“Congratulations, you have received a Beginner Smart Robot Fragment!”

“The Beginner Smart Robot can assist you with planting or harvesting crops, watering, and fertilizing. It operates 24/7 and can recharge automatically using solar power! It possesses combat capabilities and can engage in basic communication with you. Should you acquire the Heart of Wisdom, you can integrate it with the smart robot, enhancing its performance and combat abilities. It will also start to exhibit human emotions and independent thought, enabling barrier-free communication with you! Moreover, it will never betray you and is automatically immune to any attacks from the System.”

Su Ming was astounded.

He had actually secured a Beginner Smart Robot Fragment.

Initially, he thought obtaining the Beginner Smart Robot was a distant dream, but in recent days, he had gathered two additional fragments. Now, he was only five fragments short.

It seemed he might soon be able to assemble a Beginner Smart Robot.

With this Beginner Smart Robot at his side, it could aid him in tilling the soil, as well as watering and fertilizing the land.

Su Ming chuckled heartily; his gains for the day were substantial indeed.

Selecting a movie at random, Su Ming settled in to watch, eating heartily as the film played.

Once satiated, he disposed of the trash in the bin. Glancing at the clock, he noted it was well past two in the morning.

Yet, he didn't feel the least bit tired.

He was ready to get to work.

First, he headed to the warehouse and drove out two farm vehicles.

Amidst the hum of the engines, Su Ming took his seat and swayed to the rhythm of the vehicles.

He thoroughly plowed the several acres of land from end to end.

Next, Su Ming set about planting, taking out all of the Water-splashing Lotus Roots and carefully placing them in the ground.

The System provided guidance on the optimal spacing for planting.

He was able to fit precisely ten Water-splashing Lotus Roots on each acre.

Holding the Water-splashing Lotus Root, it felt as if it were composed of water, leaving a moist sensation in his hands.

He could slip his finger into the Water-splashing Lotus Root, but upon withdrawing it, his finger remained completely dry.

Su Ming planted the Water-splashing Lotus Root, diligently watering and fertilizing it.

Watering seemed straightforward, but fertilizing felt oddly unnecessary.

Did the Water-splashing Lotus Root actually require fertilizer?

After a moment's thought, Su Ming chuckled and shook his head.

“Water-splashing Lotus Root successfully planted! Harvest time: 42 hours!”

It was only after planting that Su Ming realized something. Shouldn't the lotus root be in a pond?

The aquatic product area appeared to be a more appropriate place for cultivating Water-splashing Lotus Root.

Yet, the Water-splashing Lotus Root was purchased from a store in the plantation area.

Dismissing the thought, Su Ming drove out, giving his car a quick wash as dawn broke.

Despite working through the night, he felt remarkably energized.

He showered and changed into fresh clothes.

He grabbed two electronic guns and a pair of bracelets from inside the house.

Without delay, Su Ming headed straight for the cake shop.

Meanwhile, the family was just waking up to the shrill sound of their alarm clock.

With less than four hours of sleep, they were now facing a day of work and school, struggling to keep their eyes open.

"Boss Fong, we won't be renting your house any longer. The downstairs neighbors are just too loud," the middle-aged man informed Boss Fong over the phone.

"Okay," Boss Fong replied.

The man continued in a hushed tone, "Boss Fong, our rental period didn't match the contract, but we had no choice. Could you refund our rental payment?"

He wouldn't dare be impolite to Boss Fong, who was a far more formidable figure than himself.

"Of course, no problem. I'll refund the rent and the deposit for the house," Boss Fong assured him.

"That's wonderful! Thank you so much, Boss Fong!" The middle-aged man was ecstatic. Sharing the news with the middle-aged woman, she too was delighted.

"Then you don't need to go to work today. Son, I'll call your teacher and get you a day off. We need to focus on moving today," the middle-aged woman decided.

"Okay."

The family of three pondered for a moment and agreed that moving sooner rather than later was best.

Luckily, they didn't have much to pack. After gathering their belongings, they found a new place to live and arranged for a moving company to help them relocate.

The movers boxed up their possessions and delivered everything to their new residence.

Exhausted, famished, and weary, the family collapsed onto the sofa in their new home, panting heavily.

Despite the ordeal, they looked forward to resting comfortably in their fresh surroundings.

"I'll order some takeout. Let's grab a bite to eat and then get some sleep," the middle-aged man suggested after a moment's thought.

"Okay," the middle-aged woman agreed with a nod.

Soon after, the food arrived. They ate and then sprawled out on the bed and sofa, quickly falling into a deep sleep.

But just as they dozed off, they were jolted awake by a sound that was both familiar and grating.

The trio was shocked.

For an instant, they wondered if they were dreaming, but the sight of the unopened boxes reminded them this was no dream. They really did hear an incredibly loud noise, which left them utterly baffled.

They had just moved; how could they still be hearing such commotion?

With a look of weary frustration, the middle-aged man opened the front door. Upon seeing several familiar faces, he nearly burst into tears.

"Why is it you guys again? We don't want to be bothered by you anymore!" he thought furiously.

One of the youths grinned and said, "Uncle, what a coincidence! We just moved and ran into you."

He then inquired, "Why didn't you bring any luggage with you? My friend and I are about to cook, but we're out of gas. Do you have a gas canister, Uncle? Could we borrow it?"

"We don't have one!" the middle-aged man exclaimed, his voice tinged with irritation.

Not only had these people taken his knife and rolling pin, but now they were after his gas canister.

They were utterly out of touch with reality!

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Chapter 477 - Friends

The middle-aged man was on the brink of tears. He never imagined that after moving, he would once again encounter that band.

To make matters worse, the relentless sound of an electric drill echoed from above, while the hum of an electric motor persisted from below.

What in the world was happening?

Without a word, the middle-aged man hung his head and returned home.

His wife, upon hearing his account, was utterly shocked.

She contemplated another move to escape these people.

In a single day, the family moved three times.

Yet, each time before they could even settle in for a rest, music would blare from across the way, and the cacophony from above and below would resume.

Their spirits sank.

During their moves, the neighbors' doors remained shut, but as soon as they finished, the neighbor directly across would fling open their door and burst into song.

It seemed their neighbors were moving even faster than they were.

Boss Fong owned several housing rental agencies.

Whenever this family rented through an agency, Boss Fong was informed.

In their rush to find a rental, how could they avoid seeking an agency's assistance?

After all, who else had such an abundance of resources besides these rental agencies?

Boss Fong had instructed all the real estate agents to delay the family's move into their new home.

Thus, whenever the family inquired about moving with a rental agent, they were told the house needed cleaning, postponing their move-in date.

In the meantime, new neighbors would swiftly occupy the units above, below, and directly opposite their intended home.

Exhausted and deprived of rest, the family had dark circles under their eyes and staggered as they walked.

Meanwhile, Su Ming drove to visit his parents.

The house's layout and the arrangement of the furniture were identical to their previous residence, as all these properties were renovated by the same company commissioned by Boss Fong.

Upon seeing Su Ming, Su Tao chuckled and greeted him, "You're quite early, you rascal."

They enjoyed a peaceful night's sleep.

Their neighbors were all well-mannered corporate executives.

A few were ordinary citizens with a solid educational background.

Carrying a cake, Su Ming walked in with a grin and announced, "Mom! Happy Birthday!"

Lee Sumei accepted the cake, her brow furrowed in gentle reproach, "Why did you waste money on a cake?"

She was only feigning reproach towards Su Ming. He had remembered her birthday and celebrated it with her, which made her very happy.

Su Ming, beaming, unwrapped the cake and suggested, "Let's eat the cake together."

Indeed, the cake was quite delicious.

He serenaded Lee Sumei with the 'Happy Birthday' song and then she blew out the candle.

They were filled with joy.

While they were enjoying the cake, a sudden knock came from the door.

"I'll get it," Su Tao said cheerfully as he rose to his feet. Upon opening the door, he was taken aback.

"My goodness!" Su Tao gasped in shock.

Su Ming quickly got up, worried that something was wrong, and joined his father at the door.

Upon closer inspection, he too was shocked.

Lee Sumei approached and asked in astonishment, "What happened to you all?"

Their former upstairs neighbors were standing at the doorway.

The family had deep dark circles under their eyes and were shaking as they walked, noticeably thinner than before.

Upon seeing Su Ming, the trio couldn't contain themselves any longer. They burst into tears, knelt down, and begged, "We truly apologize. We won't do it again! Please forgive us. We still have to work and attend school."

They had tried to sleep in the park, but someone was there drumming and singing.

When they attempted to rest in a hotel, the neighboring shop was undergoing loud renovations.

Wherever they went, noise followed, disturbing them.

They were at a loss as to why this was happening.

So, they reached out to Boss Fong to see if he knew the reason.

What they learned from Boss Fong was astonishing.

Su Ming was the owner of the entire complex.

They were dumbfounded.

They had unwittingly crossed a very influential person.

Therefore, they came to apologize to Su Ming.

But Boss Fong had cautioned them: admit your mistakes, but don't reveal everything.

Su Ming blinked.

Truthfully, he hadn't intended for things to go this far.

How had Boss Fong driven this family to such desperation?

Su Ming cleared his throat, ready to speak.

"Please, forgive us."

"We were wrong. We assure you, there will be no more disturbances."

"Absolutely. We'll invest in carpets to ensure we don't make a sound."

"We're going to toss out the cutting board and knife. From now on, it's all takeout for us—no more cooking or chopping vegetables!"

The couple knelt on the floor as if delivering a comedic routine.

The chubby boy behind them had dozed off, his head lolling to one side.

“Alright,” Su Ming pondered for quite some time, at a loss for words. In the end, he could only forgive them.

“Could you please not punish us then?” The couple gazed at Su Ming with hopeful eyes.

“I’ll call Boss Fong right away,” Su Ming, understanding their concerns, assured them.

“Thank you so much.” The couple was on the verge of tears.

Su Ming had finally forgiven them, and at last, they could get some sleep!

“Farewell, we won’t bother you any longer.” The couple, relieved, escorted their child down the stairs.

Su Ming chuckled and shook his head in amusement.

Lee Sumei and Su Tao were certain that Su Ming had orchestrated the whole thing.

Truth be told, they were fed up with such antics as well.

Hence, they refrained from probing further.

After calling Boss Fong, Su Ming settled back to watch TV and enjoy some cake with his parents.

Suddenly, Su Tao remembered something. He exchanged a knowing glance with Lee Sumei, who gave a subtle nod.

Catching this exchange, Su Ming was struck by an ominous premonition.

What was the meaning behind his parents’ looks?

The air was charged with an odd tension.

“Your mom has set up a blind date for you tonight,” Su Tao revealed.

Taken aback, Su Ming nearly leaped out of his seat.

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Chapter 478 - The Top Grade Orchid Has Matured

He couldn't have misheard, could he? His parents had actually arranged a blind date for him?

Su Ming blurted out, "No, Dad, I already have a girlfriend."

Lee Sumei responded, "Then you should introduce her to us."

Su Ming was taken aback.

As luck would have it, Xiao Ke'er was in the capital city.

"I can prove it; she's working in the capital, and we even have a photo together," Su Ming declared.

Su Tao challenged him, "I knew you'd come up with some excuse. Don't underestimate our knowledge. That photo could easily be doctored with technology."

Desperate to convince them, Su Ming insisted, "I'm not deceiving you. If you don't believe me, I can call her right now."

Lee Sumei countered, "I've read online about people hiring girls to pose as their girlfriends to trick their parents. That trick won't work on me."

Su Ming was mortified; his parents were more informed than he'd given them credit for.

Lee Sumei added, "Unless you two get married and have a child, you won't fool us."

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

He couldn't resist saying, "Mom, Dad, even if you don't believe Kemeng is my girlfriend, wouldn't you prefer Zhang Qianqian?"

Su Tao explained, "While Qianqian is indeed a nice girl, we want you to find an even better match. There's a girl living right downstairs. She's around your age, currently in university, and quite attractive. I've set up a blind date for you two at six o'clock this evening. You have to go."

Su Ming was dumbfounded.

If his memory served him right, his parents had been in this building for no more than 36 hours.

How had they managed to meet the neighbors downstairs and learn about their college-aged daughter, let alone arrange a blind date, all in such a short time?

Something didn't quite add up. Why would a girl still in college be so eager to go on a blind date with him?

He never imagined he'd be pushed into a blind date.

Su Ming felt a headache brewing, but he couldn't defy his parents, especially since today was his mother's birthday.

Glancing at the clock, Lee Sumei urged, "Time is slipping away. Get ready quickly and don't forget to buy a gift for the girl."

Su Ming exclaimed in surprise, "Mom, it's only 8 AM! There are still ten hours until 6 PM!"

Upon hearing this, Lee Sumei stood up and retorted, "You have only ten hours left before the appointed time. Can't you be a bit more anxious? Get going now!"

At a loss for words, Su Ming took out a bracelet and an e-cigarette, instructing them, "Wear this bracelet; it should bring you good luck. And this object that resembles an e-cigarette is actually a stun gun. Press here, and it will emit a high-voltage current."

"I've got it!"

But before Su Ming could finish, Su Tao pushed him out the door.

Feeling dejected, Su Ming also couldn't help but think that if he ever got married and had kids, he would undoubtedly be at the bottom of the family hierarchy.

He sighed, shook his head, and descended the stairs.

Stepping out of the building, he encountered the noisy family from the apartment above, now sound asleep on the chairs at the entrance of the complex.

With a smile and a shake of his head, Su Ming got into his car and drove away.

Back at the villa, Su Ming didn't rush. Instead, he started to check on the plants in the garden. Glancing at the time, he noticed that the Top Grade Orchids had ripened—gifts from President Chen.

Rubbing his hands in anticipation, Su Ming wondered what these mature Top Grade Orchids would turn into.

He stepped closer for a better look. On the outside, they were still the same beautiful orchids.

But as Su Ming got closer, he noticed a dramatic transformation. The orchid leaves remained, yet the blossoms that had been at the center were now balloons, each with a chair pattern on its surface and made of an unusual material.

Su Ming paused, taken aback.

He was certain these weren't just balloons. With his knowledge of the System, he suspected there was something inside them.

Eagerly, Su Ming rubbed his hands again and carefully plucked one of the balloons. It was incredibly light, seemingly empty.

Su Ming was bewildered.

Could his planting endeavor have failed this time?

That was utterly inconceivable.

After pondering for a moment, Su Ming pulled a key from his pocket.

He whipped out an earpick and slammed it against the balloon with force.

The balloon burst.

In the next instant, Su Ming couldn't contain himself and leapt up, exclaiming, "Damn!"

Unlike a typical balloon that would have burst into countless fragments, this one transformed into tiny points of light that converged on the balloon's pattern.

The pattern grew increasingly radiant.

Then, in a sudden flash, Su Ming instinctively shielded his eyes.

When he looked again after a moment, he was astonished to see a chair before him!

The pattern had actually materialized into a chair!

He ran his hand over the chair, noting its icy chill.

Lifting it slightly, he was amazed to discover the chair weighed over a hundred pounds!

Su Ming mused, "Could it be made of steel? No, that's not possible."

The material seemed vaguely familiar to him.

The chair appeared to be wooden, yet it was different.

Its surface was dark and glossy, exuding an air of regal sophistication.

Su Ming was confident it wasn't crafted from jade.

He had sold plenty of jade before, and if this chair were jade, it wouldn't be nearly as heavy.

"Host, congratulations! You have acquired a chair made from the Top Grade Gloomy Wood of Agarwood!" the voice in his head announced.

Su Ming nearly sprang up again, taken aback by the revelation.

It was indeed the Top Grade Gloomy Wood from Agarwood.

Lately, the System had been churning out various functional gadgets, and it had been quite some time since an item as valuable as this had emerged.

The sight of the chair crafted from Top Grade Gloomy Wood filled Su Ming with a pleasant surprise.

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Chapter 479 - He Planned to Sell the Gloomy Wood Chairs

Agarwood is a name familiar to many. This unique wood emits a particularly strong fragrance. When the heartwood of a tree is damaged, the tree secretes oils to heal the wound, and it's these oils that produce the delightful scent. The wood is so dense that it can sink in water, hence the name Agarwood. It's used in medicine and for crafting decorative ornaments.

In modern cultivation, growers intentionally damage the Agarwood tree's exterior. It takes over a decade for the tree to slowly produce the resin. A piece of top-quality Agarwood can take many decades, or even centuries, to form, which explains its exorbitant price. A gram of Agarwood can fetch anywhere from 1,000 to tens of thousands of RMB at auction. With a global annual yield of just 18 kilograms, Agarwood is exceedingly rare.

Yet, even more exceptional is Gloomy Wood, the top grade of Agarwood. This wood sinks underwater and, due to significant geological changes, becomes buried deep underground. Over millennia, the wood transforms, taking on a jade-like quality. Gloomy Wood is robust with a black surface that resists decay, earning it the title of Eastern Divine Wood. While Agarwood is costly, Gloomy Wood is truly beyond price.

Su Ming gazed at the chair before him, quietly collecting his thoughts. He moved aside, took another balloon, and popped it. With a familiar flash of light, he acquired another

chair made of Gloomy Wood. It felt cool and extremely heavy. The chair's black surface was adorned with golden, iridescent patterns: a sight to behold.

In his mind, Su Ming inquired, "Yuvyuv, how many points can I get for these two chairs?" His previous finds were functional items meant for his use alone, rendering them unsellable. These chairs, however, were different; they could be sold for a profit. Even though his bank account already contained over 20 billion yuan, he knew the importance of securing more funds for the future.

Su Ming remembered clearly: a Level Three Three-legged Golden Toad was priced at one million yuan. Could a Level Four Three-legged Golden Toad possibly command ten million yuan?

Could a Level Five Three-legged Golden Toad fetch a hundred million RMB?

He fretted that with higher seed levels, his bank account might only stretch to one or two premium seeds.

Ordinary items weren't worth the hassle to sell, but these chairs were crafted from Gloomy Wood, guaranteeing a hefty price tag.

Selling them wouldn't be a loss for him.

"Master, a chair costs 1000 points," Yuvyuv informed him.

Su Ming paused, taken aback.

Checking the time, he noted it was still morning, hours away from his six o'clock blind date.

Should he hold onto the chairs or sell them?

After a moment's contemplation, Su Ming sat down on one of the chairs.

He immediately sprang up—the chair was uncomfortably cold.

Keeping them seemed pointless; selling them was the better option.

Nonchalantly, Su Ming dragged the chairs into the hallway.

"You've successfully harvested your crops, earning 200,000 experience points! Plus, an additional reward of 40,000!"

"Item recycled. Congratulations, you've earned 10,000 experience points! Plus, an additional reward of 2,000!"

He had cleared all the crops from the field.

It had been ages since he last drove the truck.

Opening the trunk, he was greeted by a cloud of dust.

After a quick clean, he loaded the two chairs into the trunk.

Su Ming got behind the wheel and pulled out his phone.

Where to?

Antiques City or Jade City?

After a brief ponder, he opted for Antiques City.

The chairs were, after all, antiques.

Plus, he was acquainted with quite a few people there.

Decision made, Su Ming headed for Antiques City.

With the window down and a tune on his lips, he reached his destination.

Stepping out, he opened the trunk.

Dragging two Gloomy Wood chairs through the streets would surely invite trouble.

A single piece of Agarwood could incite a frenzy; these chairs would attract even more attention.

He decided to scout for a buyer inside Antiques City first. If no one was interested, he'd simply take the chairs home.

It would be ideal if someone wanted to purchase them on the spot.

Su Ming snapped a photo of the two chairs, secured the car door, and scanned his surroundings.

He had arrived at Antiques City early in the day when it was still quiet and unnoticed by the sparse crowd.

Feeling at ease, Su Ming strolled into Antiques City, phone in hand. He had visited once before but had been too rushed to really explore the place.

This visit, however, he was alone and could leisurely peruse the offerings of Antiques City. The broad street was lined with numerous small shops.

The shopkeepers and staff mostly seemed indifferent, showing little enthusiasm even when customers browsed their wares.

Most visitors were there simply for the experience, with no real intention of making a purchase.

Su Ming was aware that the smaller antique shops likely didn't have the funds to buy his two Gloomy Wood chairs.

Eastsea was no backwater; it was home to many affluent and influential individuals.

And surely, those who appreciated antiques wouldn't be lacking in funds, right?

Even if an antique shop owner couldn't afford his chairs, perhaps a friend of theirs could.

While walking, Su Ming's attention was drawn to a sizable shop beside him. It was a prominent establishment, stretching twenty to thirty meters along the main street, with a spacious ground floor and numerous, strikingly attractive female attendants.

As Su Ming was about to step inside, a voice filled with surprise called out, "Mr. Su?"

A portly man with the air of a proprietor approached him briskly.

The man's face lit up with joy upon seeing Su Ming. "Mr. Su, it's been ages! What brings you here?"

He extended his hand for a warm handshake.

Taken aback, Su Ming responded with a hint of bewilderment, "I'm sorry, but who might you be?" He did not recognize the man.

"It's quite understandable that you don't remember me, Mr. Su. Last time you were here at Antiques City, I got squeezed out by the crowd," the man explained with a beaming smile.

"I'm Qian Rushan, the owner of this establishment. Tell me, Mr. Su, have you come to buy or to sell today?"

Chapter 480 - My Name Is Very Easy to Remember

"I'm here to sell something," Su Ming said, smiling.

"What are you selling, Mr. Su? Come on, let's have a look," Qian Rushan said, his interest piqued.

He thought to himself, "Mr. Su's items are surely extraordinary."

Yet, Qian Rushan noticed Su Ming's hands were empty. He surmised that Su Ming intended to sell a small item, perhaps a tiny gourd pendant or something similar. Naturally, if the small item was of high quality, it would fetch a high price. Still, given its small size, it wouldn't be overly expensive. Qian Rushan was confident he could afford Mr. Su's trinket.

"They're in the car," Su Ming said with a twinkle in his eye.

Qian Rushan was taken aback, then shuddered involuntarily. "Mr. Su, you don't happen to have a whole truckload to sell, do you?" He recalled the overwhelming crowd from that day and the memory of being trampled underfoot, which made him shudder again, the pain still fresh in his mind.

"No, I've just brought two chairs," Su Ming replied, still smiling.

Qian Rushan had an epiphany. "Ah, two chairs! Mr. Su, may I see them?"

"Certainly," Su Ming responded, pulling out his phone from his pocket. "I have a picture of them right here."

Eagerly, Qian Rushan nodded and took Su Ming's phone with great reverence, examining the photo closely. He felt a surge of excitement, his blood racing to his brain.

"Is this the fabled Gloomy Wood?" he wondered.

In his haste, Qian Rushan shook his head so vigorously that Su Ming was startled. "Take it easy," Su Ming thought. "You might just shake off all the fat from your face."

Qian Rushan continued to tremble as he stared at Su Ming.

"What's gotten into Qian Rushan?" Su Ming pondered, blinking in bewilderment.

"Take your time, Boss Qian. There's no rush," Su Ming said, smiling reassuringly.

"These chairs, they're made of Gloomy Wood, aren't they?" Qian Rushan asked, his eyes wide with anticipation.

"You really know your stuff, Boss Qian," Su Ming complimented, his smile broadening.

Boss Qian was brimming with excitement. Despite the coolness of the late autumn air, he couldn't resist shedding his coat, his body drenched in sweat. His face flushed and his head seemed to emit steam as he locked eyes with Su Ming.

Startled, Su Ming stepped back, wondering, "What's happening?"

"Mr. Su, you're surely aware of the value of Agarwood; it's pricier than gold," Boss Qian said. "A gram can cost thousands, even tens of thousands. Top Grade Agarwood fetches tens of thousands more."

"But these two chairs are crafted from Gloomy Wood, which is far more valuable than Agarwood."

"The price per gram could be in the hundreds of thousands."

"Your chairs are certainly not inexpensive."

Qian Rushan was particularly thrilled. He never imagined he'd encounter the fabled Gloomy Wood, let alone fashioned into two chairs. Had anyone else presented these chairs, he would have suspected a deception.

But this was Su Ming standing before him, and he trusted that Su Ming wouldn't deceive him. Mr. Su wouldn't present a counterfeit.

"Mr. Su, these chairs are too precious. I can't afford them," Boss Qian admitted. "However, don't worry. I know a wealthy merchant who might be interested in purchasing them."

Su Ming nodded. "I'd appreciate it if you could put me in touch with him."

"Absolutely," Boss Qian replied eagerly. "Mr. Su, if you have a moment, please feel free to relax upstairs."

With a nod, Su Ming followed him up.

"Attend to Mr. Su," Boss Qian instructed his staff. "Fetch the finest tea I bought yesterday from my office and turn up the air conditioning."

After ensuring Su Ming was comfortable, he said with a smile, "Please, take a seat and wait here, Mr. Su. I'll just make a quick call."

"Thank you," Su Ming responded, smiling in return.

Rushing out, Qian Rushan fumbled with his phone, struggling to unlock it. After taking a deep breath to calm his nerves, he finally accessed the contact he needed.

“Boss Qian, what is it now? I've told you, the goods you offer are too mundane for my taste. They don't interest me.”

“I have to catch a flight back this afternoon.

“I still need to pack my things. I'll talk to you later.”

The moment the call connected, I was greeted with a voice that was both lazy and arrogant, tinged with a hint of impatience.

Qian Rushan spoke quickly, “Mr. Lyu, I've got two exceptional items this time. You really should come and see them.”

Lyu Jintao, clearly annoyed, responded, “Qian Rushan, are you trying to bluff me?”

“Please trust me, Mr. Lyu. I truly have two top-grade items,” Qian Rushan insisted.

Lyu Jintao was about to decline, but Qian Rushan cut in urgently, “Mr. Lyu, if you're not satisfied with the items this time, you can take any item from our store for free.”

Without a second thought, Lyu Jintao accepted the offer.

After all, he had nothing to lose and could potentially gain a treasure at no cost.

Truth be told, Lyu Jintao was skeptical about finding anything worthwhile in Qian Rushan's shop, except for the one treasure he coveted but which had not been sold to him despite lengthy discussions.

Yet today, Qian Rushan had made an unexpected promise.

Lyu Jintao intended to claim dissatisfaction with whatever curiosities Qian Rushan presented, just to walk away with that one coveted item from the shop.

“No problem. Boss Qian, I'm on my way to your shop now. But remember, I have a flight in four hours. It'll take me an hour to get to the airport, and another two hours for check-in, so I can only spare an hour at your shop. Boss Qian, please don't waste my time,” Lyu Jintao stated.

“Boss Lyu, rest assured, I wouldn't deceive you,” Qian Rushan replied hastily.

“Great. See you in ten minutes.”

With that, Lyu Jintao ended the call.

Qian Rushan approached Mr. Su, “Mr. Su, a gentleman will be arriving in ten minutes. He's a prominent figure from the port area and can come across as quite arrogant. If he says anything out of line, please don't take offense.”