

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming #Chapter 481 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 481

Chapter 481 - I Think You Should Lower Your Voice

Shortly thereafter, Boss Qian received a phone call.

With urgency in his voice, Boss Qian announced, "He has arrived."

Su Ming suggested, "Let's head out then. It's perfect timing; he and I can conduct our transaction in the parking lot, sparing him the need to come inside."

Boss Qian pondered for a moment before nodding in agreement.

Together, they made a beeline for the parking lot.

Upon their arrival, they spotted a black sedan.

Boss Qian approached the vehicle, and as the driver's door swung open, out stepped a man clad in a black suit, tie, white gloves, and sunglasses.

He briskly moved to the rear seat, opening the door to reveal another individual.

This man was on the shorter side, standing around 5'7", sporting a mustache and dressed neatly.

As Lyu Jintao exited the car, he furrowed his brow and said, "Boss Qian, my time is precious. Where's the merchandise you mentioned? And you're seriously expecting me to make a deal with you here in the parking lot?"

Boss Qian quickly glanced at Su Ming for assistance, "Mr. Su?"

Su Ming gave a nod, walked over to the truck, and swung the door open.

Truth be told, Lyu Jintao's visit was motivated by the prospect of getting the better of Boss Qian. He recalled how Boss Qian had offered on the phone to give him something from his shop for free if he wasn't impressed with the merchandise.

Lyu Jintao gave Su Ming another once-over. Judging by Su Ming's plain attire and the dilapidated truck he drove, Lyu Jintao doubted there was anything of value to be had.

Lyu Jintao paid little attention to Su Ming, his expression one of disinterest as he gazed towards Boss Qian's shop.

With the truck door now open, Boss Qian realized Lyu Jintao's lack of response and felt compelled to prompt him, "Boss Lyu?"

Lacking patience, Lyu Jintao bluntly stated, "Let's be frank, I'm here today to claim the most prized possession from your store. Whatever treasures this truck may hold, even if they're of national significance, they won't pique my interest. Naturally, I won't exploit you—I'll purchase the most valuable item in your store at the price we previously discussed. I've got the money ready. So, where is it?"

Upon hearing this, Boss Qian blinked and said, "Honestly, if you're looking to buy the most valuable item in my store, I have no objections."

Lyu Jintao was ecstatic. He hadn't anticipated Boss Qian's sudden change of heart. Just yesterday, Boss Qian had been adamantly opposed to the idea, no matter how much Lyu Jintao pressed.

"Great, let's head to your store then!" Lyu Jintao announced, making moves to depart.

Boss Qian quickly interjected, "Boss Lyu, please, patience. Remember our prior arrangement? If you're not interested in the item, I promised to offer you something else from my store. But you haven't even looked at it yet. It's not right to act this way."

"Today, it doesn't matter what you show me; I'm certain I won't be interested. I'm only here for the most precious thing in your store," Lyu Jintao declared, casting a disdainful glance at the truck's trunk. Suddenly, he froze in disbelief. "This is Gloomy Wood!"

His voice boomed.

The two chairs before him were indeed crafted from Gloomy Wood. Unquestionably, they were both carved from the same massive piece of Gloomy Wood. The wood must be incredibly thick.

Lyu Jintao's mouth hung open, so shocked that he found himself at a loss for words.

"Mr. Lyu, please lower your voice; there are many people around," Boss Qian urged in a hushed tone. "If they overhear you, it could spell trouble."

"It's actually Gloomy Wood!" Lyu Jintao exclaimed again, unable to contain his amazement.

"Boss Qian, you actually possess such a treasure!"

"Good heavens, everyone, look at this! It's Gloomy Wood!"

After Boss Qian's cautionary words, Lyu Jintao sprang up as if propelled by springs, shouting at the top of his lungs.

Su Ming watched the scene unfold, his brow furrowed in confusion. What had gotten into Lyu Jintao? Why was he so agitated?

“What's that? Did I just hear someone mention Gloomy Wood?”

“I heard it as well.”

“There's no way there's Gloomy Wood here, right?”

“I agree, it seems improbable that we'd find Gloomy Wood here.”

Several of the nearby workers paused, taken aback by Lyu Jintao's outburst, despite the din of their ongoing work.

They faintly heard someone mention Gloomy Wood.

But when they paused, the voices ceased.

The group of freight handlers shook their heads in disbelief. The idea of finding Gloomy Wood seemed ludicrous to them.

Gloomy Wood was far too pricey. How could they possibly have come across it? Many had never even heard of it.

“Maybe I had one too many last night and I'm hearing things,” one of the handlers suggested.

“Liar! You're just weak! I'll have to beef up your diet!” retorted another.

“Haha! You talk as if you're some kind of strongman,” a third chimed in.

The four handlers bantered and laughed amongst themselves. As they were gearing up to resume their heavy lifting, Lyu Jintao's voice, filled with astonishment, rang out.

“My goodness! This is actually Gloomy Wood!”

“Young man, is this Gloomy Wood yours?”

“What's the price? I want to buy it!” exclaimed Lyu Jintao.

The words left the freight handlers dumbfounded.

The Gloomy Wood they had dismissed was authentic.

Turning around, their astonishment grew.

Good heavens! They recognized that man!

When he had visited Antiques City a few days prior, he was a big-shot boss who spent money like it was going out of style.

Any treasure that caught his eye, he purchased on the spot.

In just three days, he had acquired all the prized possessions in Antiques City.

But now, that same boss stood there, his face flushed, hands outstretched, mouth agape, staring in disbelief at the trunk of the vegetable cart.

Could the Gloomy Wood be genuine? The four exchanged glances.

They approached the Gloomy Wood in silence, inspecting it closely.

“Good lord! This is indeed Gloomy Wood!” one of them exclaimed.

“I want to feel it!” another declared.

“Back off, who do you think you are?” a third snapped.

“If you damage it, you couldn't possibly afford the damages!” a fourth warned.

“Isn't that Mr. Su?”

“My god! It is Mr. Su. Are these two chairs also Mr. Su's?”

Chapter 482 - Gloomy Wood

Upon seeing the four individuals, Su Ming instinctively reached up to pat his forehead in disbelief.

He had hoped to take advantage of the sparse crowd to discreetly sell the two chairs crafted from Gloomy Wood.

However, Lyu Jintao unexpectedly stirred up a fuss. After maintaining a slow and steady tone, his demeanor shifted dramatically at the sight of the Gloomy Wood.

Lyu Jintao had claimed his interest lay solely in the most valuable items at Boss Qian's shop, yet now he was utterly captivated by the two chairs.

He hadn't anticipated the arrival of such a treasure.

They could have conducted the transaction quietly, but now others were aware of the Gloomy Wood chairs.

Boss Qian quickly stepped in, urging, "Boss Lyu, please, take a moment to compose yourself."

Lyu Jintao managed to regain some composure, swallowing hard before nodding in agreement.

With newfound respect for Su Ming, Lyu Jintao inquired, "May I ask who you are?"

Who else could possess two chairs made of Gloomy Wood?

Boss Qian introduced him, saying, "This is Mr. Su, the gentleman I've mentioned to you before."

Lyu Jintao eagerly shook hands with Su Ming, exclaiming, "So you're Mr. Su! Truly, you are quite remarkable! Handsome, elegant, and undeniably distinguished. How old are you, if I may ask? Surely you're not over 25. I notice you're not wearing a wedding ring—are you unmarried? I have a daughter who is just 35 this year. She's slightly older than you, but I see that as an advantage. She's quite beautiful. Would you consider meeting her?"

Su Ming paused, sensing that Lyu Jintao had veered off-topic.

He also realized that lately, many seemed eager to set him up with a girlfriend.

Besides, he wasn't inclined to entertain the idea of a 35-year-old woman as his partner.

Su Ming responded, "Boss Lyu, I'm already in a relationship. Let's focus on the matter of the chairs for now."

"That's too bad. But are you certain you don't want to meet my daughter?"

As Lyu Jintao appeared ready to persist in talking about his daughter, Boss Qian interjected, "Boss Lyu, our primary reason for being here is to examine the merchandise. Mr. Su has other commitments shortly, so perhaps you could take a closer look at these two chairs first."

Lyu Jintao reluctantly withdrew his eager gaze, accepted a pair of gloves from the side, and cautiously climbed into the carriage. He extended his hand, about to touch the two chairs crafted from Gloomy Wood.

"Don't touch!"

Just then, a booming voice erupted.

Lyu Jintao jumped in surprise.

Who was yelling so loudly?

He turned to look and was astounded.

A crowd had gathered outside the carriage.

When had they arrived? How did they get there?

The denizens of Antiques City had created a dedicated WeChat group for sharing news.

The crowd around the truck had learned about the Gloomy Wood from the group and rushed over.

Everyone had prioritized this chat group.

Its name was quite straightforward.

It was simply called Mr. Su!

Normally, no one was permitted to post in this chat group.

The only messages they could share were about Mr. Su arriving at Antiques City with his treasures.

When Su Ming first came to this place, he went unnoticed.

As Su Ming wandered through Antiques City, a few individuals spotted him and broadcast the news in the chat group.

But no one dared to approach him.

They weren't sure if Mr. Su was there to shop.

Yet, everyone kept a vigilant eye on Su Ming.

So, when the four workers transporting the goods mentioned in the group that Su Ming was there to sell, the well-prepared crowd descended en masse.

This was, after all, Antiques City.

Only Su Ming could command such attention.

“Boss Lyu, you might not get a chance to buy these chairs. You can't touch them.”

“Exactly. We're interested in purchasing them.”

"If you dare touch them, you'll have me to answer to!"

The encircling crowd glared at Lyu Jintao.

Lyu Jintao was taken aback.

He recognized the faces of those speaking.

He had shopped at their stores just yesterday.

Back then, they had been all smiles and respect.

But today, their demeanor toward him had shifted dramatically.

Lyu Jintao protested, "I was the first to spot these chairs."

"And what of it? Just because you saw them first, does that mean Mr. Su is obliged to sell them only to you?"

"Indeed. The chairs are Mr. Su's property. He decides who he sells them to!"

"Nobody but Mr. Su can touch them!" the crowd proclaimed with fervor.

Su Ming developed a headache upon witnessing the scene. He was encircled once more! His intention had been to discreetly sell the two chairs, yet his plan had come to naught. He mused, "Boss Lyu, I urged you to keep it down. You ignored my advice, and your shouting has whipped up a frenzy. Now everyone's clamoring to purchase them."

"Has Mr. Su arrived?"

"Where is he?"

"Mr. Su, at last, you're here!"

Just then, several aged voices emerged from nearby. Su Ming glanced over and was utterly taken aback. The throng around him had grown. Some were hobbling, supported by others as they made their way here. Others hobbled over on canes, while some approached in wheelchairs. There were even individuals in hospital gowns, hooked up to IV drips.

Su Ming was overwhelmed by the sight. Incredibly, there was someone being carried in on a hospital bed. He watched as six young men, drenched in sweat, transported an elderly man who lay on the bed, his head wrapped in a bandage that was seeping blood.

Su Ming thought to himself, "Old man, you're in such poor health, you should be resting. This is quite alarming. If the sight of these chairs excites you to the point that your wounds reopen or you pass out, I'll be in deep trouble. And if your relatives come after me, I won't be able to handle the consequences."

Chapter 483 - They Are All Good Actors

"Let me go. I'm not old yet."

An elderly man with a faltering gait shoved aside the two people who were trying to support him.

He was brimming with excitement.

His waist and legs were pain-free, and he had regained the strength to walk.

"This cane, which has served me for 82 years, can finally be discarded."

Tossing his cane aside, the old man looked rejuvenated.

The man in the wheelchair also sat up straight, exuding a sense of determination.

Su Ming paused, puzzled.

What was the gentleman in the wheelchair attempting to do?

His legs had been amputated.

Could he possibly stand up like the man who had just discarded his cane?

The man in the wheelchair turned red in the face. After a long hesitation, he said, "I want to stand, but I can't. Just push me forward!"

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Thankfully, the man in the wheelchair was realistic about his situation.

At that moment, the man lying in the hospital bed stretched out a shaky hand.

"I have to purchase these two chairs." His eyes were fixed intently on the chairs crafted from Gloomy Wood.

Suddenly, a young man burst through the crowd.

He knelt at the bedside and pleaded, "Dad, you've just had brain surgery! You can't just move around. Please, listen to me and return to the hospital to recuperate."

The young man sobbed loudly.

“No. Just seeing a chair made of Gloomy Wood is a stroke of luck in my life.”

“If I could just touch it, I would die without any regrets.”

“Mr. Su, my time is short. Please, let me touch this Gloomy Wood chair.”

The man in the bed blinked pitifully, tears streaming down his face.

Hearing this, Su Ming could only respond, “Alright.”

However, the old man who walked with a limp was not pleased, exclaiming, “Damn! Old fellow, you're quite the actor! How could you have just undergone brain surgery? I know for a fact you're as sturdy as an ox!”

The man in the bed grew upset and retorted, “We had an agreement not to call each other out. How dare you expose me first. Mr. Su, don't let him deceive you. He ran a marathon just last week! He doesn't need that cane at all. And tonight, he's even dancing with his wife!”

Upon hearing the accusation, the old man with the crutch thought to himself, “I haven't called you out. How dare you try to expose me first?”

His mood soured instantly, and he said, “Mr. Su, don't let them deceive you.”

“They're just trying to get their hands on your Gloomy Wood chair. It's all an act.”

“Mr. Su, the nearest hospital is over a 40-minute drive away! He couldn't have gotten here so quickly, not even if he were on a rocket!”

“Hee, do you have a problem with me?”

“Soong, are you looking to square off with me?”

“Old Wang, what are you staring at? Are you itching for a fight?”

The three elders exchanged furious glances.

Su Ming, observing from the sidelines, was utterly dumbfounded.

It turned out that these three old timers were putting on a show.

They were quite the actors.

One feigned a limp, another acted as if he needed crutches to walk, and the third pretended to be a bedridden patient.

Su Ming was unaware that these three had gone to such lengths to prepare for his arrival.

The last time Su Ming visited Antiques City to sell items, only these three had been away in the capital purchasing goods.

Upon their return and learning of his visit, they were so full of regret that they were beside themselves with frustration.

They then got their hands on these props, rehearsed daily, and agreed not to reveal each other's ruse.

However, when they realized that the one feigning illness was about to fulfill his wish to touch the chair, the other two became visibly anxious.

Su Ming was somewhat at a loss.

Then, something dawned on Su Ming. His attention shifted to the old man in the wheelchair.

The man looked utterly bewildered and was on the verge of tears when Su Ming's gaze met his.

“Mr. Su, they may have been tricking you, but I'm genuine!”

“I truly have no legs!” he said, his voice tinged with a cry.

The four had grown up and aged together.

A few years back, he had been in a car accident that resulted in the amputation of his legs, leaving him in a state of melancholy, particularly as he watched the other three enjoy their lives.

But recently, seeing them all feigning disabilities, he had felt a perverse sense of joy.

To his dismay, he discovered they were all just pretending to be crippled!

It was all a sham!

They were just trying to cheer him up.

Just last week, one of them ran a half marathon, yet he lied, claiming he was in the hospital receiving shots and medication.

"Mr. Su, I hold a position of respect here in Antiques City, so I have a keen eye for antiques. Rest assured, I've encountered plenty of Gloomy Wood. Let me just feel this piece to assess its quality," the wobbly old man said with a grin, reaching out his hand.

"Get lost! Mr. Su, he's deceiving you. He just wants to feel the Gloomy Wood. I know what's tucked away in every nook and cranny of your home better than you do! Do you even know where your wife stashed the money?" Old Wang, leaning on his cane, immediately called out the deception.

Hearing this, the first old man became furious. "How do you know where my wife hid the money? You old coot, you dare to conspire with my wife against me!"

"It was your wife who told my wife!"

"Nonsense, your wife has been dead for eight years!"

The two old men started scuffling.

Onlookers snapped photos and applauded.

Remarkably spry for their age, they were actually brawling.

The old man in the hospital bed saw his opportunity as the fight broke out.

He scrambled out of bed, yanked off his bandages, tossed them aside, and bolted for Su Ming's car.

"Not so fast!"

But as he approached the car, the old man in the wheelchair couldn't contain himself any longer.

With a forceful push of his hands, he lunged from his wheelchair, grabbing hold of the other old man's pants.

The hospital gown, already loose, was no match for the old man's strength. With a firm tug, it came right down.

The room fell into stunned silence.

Especially a few old ladies nearby, their eyes sparkled at the sight.

They hadn't expected such an impressive physique.

Chapter 484 - I Have a Way

"Third Brother, what's wrong with you?"

"Third Brother, please wake up!"

"Mr. Su, my third brother is on his deathbed. His last wish is to touch this chair made from Gloomy Wood!"

"Mr. Su, I'm begging you, let him."

At that moment, a young man approached, sobbing loudly.

Su Ming blinked in disbelief.

He was at a loss for words when he saw the young man refer to a turtle no bigger than his palm as his third brother. The turtle, however, was sticking its head out and seemed quite lively. Su Ming guessed it was probably older than the young man himself.

"Mr. Su, my father has had Alzheimer's for a long time. He can't remember anyone."

"But he suddenly remembered my name just now, which thrilled me."

"Then, just as suddenly, he forgot me again. I'm convinced it's these two Gloomy Wood chairs that jogged his memory."

"Mr. Su, please, let my father touch the Gloomy Wood chairs."

Another young man emerged, helping an elderly man.

But the elderly man looked completely confused. He didn't recognize the young man at all. He had been a bystander until the young man pulled him forward, claiming he suffered from Alzheimer's.

This infuriated the old man.

He was lucid and agile, yet the young man labeled him as someone with Alzheimer's.

The old man demonstrated a martial arts move, startling the nearby young man.

The quick-thinking young man exclaimed, "Mr. Su, my father's condition is acting up again! Mr. Su, I implore you to grant his wish!"

"This man is spouting nonsense. Mr. Su, don't listen to him."

"Mr. Su, I have cancer and my time is running out."

"I'm scheduled for surgery tomorrow. I might not survive."

“Mr. Su, all I ask is to touch this chair.”

Yet another spirited young man appeared.

Su Ming blinked, then activated his scanner to examine the young man thoroughly.

The young man did have some issues with his neck and shoulders, and his heavy smoking had taken a toll on his lungs, which showed signs of darkening. He certainly had health problems, but he didn't seem to be on death's door.

Just then, someone nearby yelled, “Mr. Su, someone has passed out!”

Upon hearing this, the bystanders couldn't help but roll their eyes.

They suspected someone was feigning a fainting spell to elicit sympathy from Su Ming.

When the onlookers seemed indifferent, someone yelled out, “Damn! This man has actually fainted.”

Their voice boomed loudly.

The crowd turned to see an elderly man foaming at the mouth, convulsing and rolling his eyes back.

They were all taken aback.

Su Ming felt an impending headache.

Lyu Jintao was completely bewildered. He stayed hidden in the corner of the carriage, too afraid to move.

Watching the crowd's fervor, Lyu Jintao thought that if he so much as touched the two chairs, the mob would unhesitatingly toss him off the train.

Boss Qian maintained his composure. Having been through many significant events, he remained cool-headed.

A medical team from Antiques City swiftly arrived on the scene.

The paramedics quickly administered saline to the collapsed old man.

After a moment, the elderly man took a deep breath, then sat up abruptly.

He frantically looked around and exclaimed, “Who stole my chairs? I had just bought two chairs from Mr. Su. Who took them?”

The people around were at a loss for words.

The young man next to the old man quickly interjected, "Grandpa, you just passed out. It was all a dream."

The old man, looking bewildered, asked, "Is that true?"

Then, all of a sudden, he stood up and declared, "Mr. Su, my life's greatest desire has been to touch these two chairs made of Gloomy Wood!"

He bellowed, "Mr. Su, please grant me this wish!"

The crowd was rendered speechless.

Moments ago, the old man was on the brink of fainting; now, he was bursting with vigor.

Su Ming felt his headache intensify, unsure of how to resolve the situation.

Noticing Su Ming's distress, Boss Qian offered, "Mr. Su, I have a solution."

Su Ming was intrigued, "What's your idea?"

"You could auction off the two chairs," suggested Boss Qian.

Su Ming stroked his chin, considering Boss Qian's proposal to be quite sound.

An auction would indeed allow him to maximize his profits.

Boss Qian eagerly added, "Mr. Su, if you trust me, I can handle this for you."

"That's fine by me."

At that moment, Su Ming was encircled by a throng of people, all he wished for was to leave the area promptly.

At that moment, Boss Qian produced a megaphone and bellowed, "Ladies and gentlemen, please remain calm!"

Su Ming was momentarily taken aback. He had no clue where Boss Qian had procured such a large megaphone from.

Once Boss Qian had spoken, the crowd fell silent.

"I am here to speak on behalf of Mr. Su," he announced.

“All of you are connoisseurs, and you understand the high value of these two chairs crafted from Gloomy Wood.”

“Yet, with so many of you gathered here, what would happen if one of you accidentally bumped into the chairs?”

“It would be such a shame to damage these fine pieces.”

“Mr. Su has informed me that he intends to sell these two chairs.”

“However, he plans not to price them here, but rather to auction them off in my shop.”

“I will set a starting bid. Those interested in purchasing these chairs are welcome to place their bids.”

“You will have 15 days to do so.”

“The highest bidder at the end of this period will become the new owner of the chairs.”

“Of course, within these 15 days, you are welcome to examine the chairs.”

“However, you must undergo a thorough sterilization process and sign an agreement before touching them. Should any damage occur due to your handling, you will be required to purchase the chairs at the highest market price.”

“How does that sound?”

After Boss Qian finished his proposal, the crowd was momentarily speechless.

After mulling it over, they began to nod in agreement.

Most were there simply for the excitement.

Only a few had the means to actually purchase the chairs, and they agreed that the auction was a practical solution.

This approach would prevent the throng of people from congesting the area.

Thus, consensus was reached.

Boss Qian immediately phoned his security team to secure the premises.

The staff brought out two large wooden crates filled with shredded paper and foam padding.

They gingerly placed the chairs inside the crates and transported them straight to Boss Qian's shop.

Boss Qian then instructed his team to clear out the entire second floor to accommodate the two chairs.

Chapter 485 - Friends

On the second floor of Boss Qian's shop stood an enormous glass cabinet, akin to a glass house in size. The glass itself was specially designed to be explosion-proof. The cabinet was sealed on all sides except for a side door, and its base was firmly screwed into the floor. Inside, there was a screen that had once been a treasure of an ancient Empress, truly invaluable.

Boss Lyu had previously expressed interest in purchasing this screen. However, Boss Qian had now instructed two individuals to remove the screen and set it aside, covered with a cloth. Despite its considerable value, the screen paled in comparison to the Gloomy Wood.

Boss Qian, with the help of his workers, personally carried two chairs into the cabinet. After ensuring everything was in place, he cautiously exited, locking the door behind him. Approaching Su Ming, he inquired, "Mr. Su, how do you find the setup here?"

Su Ming surveyed the surroundings and nodded in approval. "It's quite impressive," he acknowledged.

No sooner had Su Ming spoken than an elderly man darted forward, seizing a pen and paper to jot down an offer. Another individual, clearly displeased, remarked, "That offer is far too low," and proceeded to rip up the paper, writing down a new figure instead.

"Your offer is still too low!"

"I'll take a turn!"

"Everyone must queue up!"

"Are you looking for a fight?"

The situation quickly descended into disarray. Boss Qian raised his voice, commanding attention, "Stop this at once. You must all adhere to the rules, or face being blacklisted."

The crowd eventually formed a queue, albeit a curved one due to space constraints.

Standing at the forefront, Boss Qian asked, "What's your intention?"

The first in line responded cheerfully, "I'm here to write down my bid."

Boss Qian responded coolly, "Go ahead."

The individual stepped forward and penned their offer. Turning to the next person, Boss Qian inquired, "And what would you like?"

The man, visibly shaking, replied, "I'd like to touch the Gloomy Wood."

With a shrewd look, Boss Qian announced, "The entry fee is 500 yuan."

The individual promptly paid 500 RMB without a second thought.

Boss Qian expressed his satisfaction and gestured to the side, "Go disinfect over there!"

"Got it!"

The person quickly complied.

Su Ming thought to himself that Boss Qian really knew how to run a business.

He even charged an admission fee.

Catching Su Ming's look, Boss Qian quickly added, "Mr. Su, I'll pass on all the ticket revenue to you later on."

"There's no need for that," Su Ming said with a smile, shaking his head. "Boss Qian, you've already helped me avoid a lot of hassle. Keep the ticket earnings as your fee. And once these two chairs are sold, I'll make sure you get a commission."

Boss Qian insisted, "No, Mr. Su, I feel guilty enough taking the ticket money as it is."

Su Ming didn't press the issue.

He knew it would be quite beneficial for Boss Qian.

He could envision the surge of customers the shop would see over the next couple of weeks.

If Boss Qian spruced up the ground floor and displayed a few more antiques, it would surely draw in more buyers. The shop's sales were bound to skyrocket.

Just as Boss Qian was about to speak, he caught sight of Lyu Jintao and exclaimed, "Boss Lyu!"

Lyu Jintao greeted them humbly, "Boss Qian, Mr. Su."

"Boss Lyu, weren't you in a rush to get home? Can you still catch your flight?"

Boss Qian asked with a chuckle.

"Don't tease me, Boss Qian. I've canceled my flight ticket," Lyu Jintao replied cheerfully.

"What's on your mind?" Boss Qian inquired.

"I'll set a price and then feel the Gloomy Wood. Rest assured, I'm familiar with the protocol," Lyu Jintao explained.

He then dutifully wrote down his name and bid before obediently heading to another room for disinfection and inspection.

Boss Qian quickly turned to Su Ming, "Mr. Su, if you're busy with other matters, please go ahead. I've got everything under control here."

Upon hearing this, Su Ming nodded, "I appreciate it, Boss Qian. I'll leave it in your capable hands."

Su Ming departed after finishing his business.

"Take care, Mr. Su!"

"Make way, everyone! Mr. Su is on his way down!"

"Please don't obstruct Mr. Su's path!"

"Good morning, Mr. Su."

A throng of people continuously greeted him.

Su Ming responded with a smile to each one.

By the time he left Antiques City, his smile had frozen into a stiff expression.

He massaged his facial muscles before getting into his car and heading home.

He had successfully acquired some Top Grade orchids.

There was an acre of land lying fallow.

Su Ming stroked his chin thoughtfully.

The points in the plantation area had soared to 18,000.

To upgrade an acre of Level Two land to Level Three would cost him 5,000 points.

He was uncertain what to plant on this particular acre and lacked seeds. Perhaps it was best to upgrade the land first?

After pondering for a moment, Su Ming clicked the upgrade button.

“Land upgrade in progress. Time remaining: 24 hours!”

A day was not too long to wait.

He was hopeful that the store would offer some appealing items tonight, like Level Three seeds.

Exiting the plantation area, he found the sky had turned a dull gray.

He tidied up the yard and grabbed some lunch.

Next, he tended to the other areas, watering, fertilizing, and feeding the animals.

He checked on the Eight Treasure Crab, ready for harvest that evening.

The Three-legged Golden Toad would require almost two more days to be ready.

He admired the Western Cowboy Alpaca; it was indeed quite striking.

As the afternoon wore on, Su Ming decided to catch up on some sleep.

Having gone without rest the previous night, he wasn't physically weary, but he felt mentally drained.

After waking up around 4 p.m., he freshened up with a shower, changed into a fresh set of clothes, and drove straight to the meeting place.

He arrived at 5:30 p.m.

Su Ming ordered two glasses of water and sat in quiet anticipation.

Soon, the clip-clop of high heels approached.

He glanced up to see a pair of slender, flawless legs.

Looking further, he took in the sight of a stunning woman with a delicate waist, ample bosom, and a graceful neck as she approached him.

Could she be his blind date?

Why does she look so familiar to him?

Chapter 486 - He's in Trouble

Hsu Chenyue was taken aback, looking at Su Ming with disbelief.

She realized the handsome man before her was the same one who had helped retrieve her classmate's phone.

Could the world really be this small? They had run into each other again.

Both Su Ming and Hsu Chenyue exclaimed in unison, "It's you?"

Laughter followed their surprise.

Though they had met only once before, they shared a common experience. They were hardly strangers.

Relieved, Hsu Chenyue admitted, "I never imagined my blind date would be you."

She eased into the chair, cautiously ensuring her underwear remained hidden.

"What's the matter? Are you feeling okay?" Su Ming inquired.

Hsu Chenyue, with a furrowed brow, replied, "No, it's just that my parents insisted on this blind date. I had no choice but to accept. I don't usually wear dresses, but my mom believes girls should dress up elegantly and made me wear one. I'm not comfortable in it."

Su Ming offered a knowing smile.

He stood, removed his coat, and draped it over Hsu Chenyue's legs.

She looked up at him, her clear, bright eyes reflecting a mix of disbelief and warmth.

The chill of the late autumn air was replaced by the warmth from Su Ming's coat around her legs.

With a smile, Su Ming suggested, "It's chilly out. You should dress warmly. There's a mall nearby; let's go buy some clothes."

"No, thanks." Hsu Chenyue glanced at the mall and hesitated, ultimately shaking her head, though she seemed to be holding back some reservations.

Su Ming chose not to probe further.

Everyone has their secrets, and the wise do not pry.

With a puzzled look, Hsu Chenyue blinked and asked, "I've been wondering, how did you end up being my blind date?"

Su Ming, slightly embarrassed, explained, "I invited my parents to stay in the city. I had recently bought an apartment in a complex."

"And within 36 hours of moving in, they met your parents. They got along famously and decided to set us up on this blind date."

Su Ming felt utterly at a loss.

His parents had a knack for befriending people.

Despite having barely slept the night before and needing rest during the day, which limited their time outside, they somehow managed to befriend the downstairs neighbors and even arranged a blind date.

Hsu Chenyue let out a chuckle, "So that's the story."

"Let's grab a bite to eat. Then, we can catch a movie and do some shopping. That way, we'll have successfully completed our mission."

Su Ming smiled in agreement.

Hsu Chenyue nodded, "Got it."

Su Ming gestured to summon a waiter.

As he was about to place their order, the restaurant door swung open.

A group of intimidating figures entered, looking every bit the part of thugs.

Clad in leather and sporting hefty gold chains, they exuded menace.

The gang's leader, braving the chill in just a tank top that showcased his tattoos, had an air of danger about him.

His entourage, a band of young men, mirrored his style with leather jackets adorning their torsos.

"Where's your boss?" the leader barked, furrowing his brow as they stepped inside.

The manager rushed forward, asking, "Can I help you with something?"

"Scram. I've got no words for you. Where's your boss? Get him out here to see me!" the gang leader demanded, clearly impatient.

The manager responded with a regretful tone, "I'm terribly sorry, our boss isn't here. Can I offer you something to eat on the house?"

He dared not provoke these notorious local gangsters known for their gambling, brawling, and soliciting.

The police had detained them multiple times, but due to the minor nature of their offenses, they were often released within days.

At worst, if they were caught stealing something of value, they'd face a short prison sentence of two or three years before being set free.

But today, they were looking for trouble.

Big Brother was visibly annoyed by the manager's offer, "Do you take me for a beggar who can't afford his own meal? I'm here on serious business with your boss. Get him out here to meet me."

He was cut off mid-sentence by a reminder from one of his underlings.

"What's going on?" Big Brother asked, his face contorting with displeasure.

He had already struck a formidable pose, ready to teach someone a lesson, and in his mind, he looked exceptionally cool.

Why was this person gesturing to him?

"Big brother, doesn't that woman over there look familiar to you?"

Behind him, his subordinate's eyes were fixed on Hsu Chenyue. Big Brother glanced back and after a careful look, his frown deepened as recognition dawned on him.

"I never expected to run into you here today!" Without further concern for the manager, Big Brother and his crew made a beeline for Hsu Chenyue.

Su Ming's brow furrowed slightly.

He wouldn't stand by if these men intended to harass Hsu Chenyue. Yet, it appeared they were acquainted.

But something had shifted in Hsu Chenyue's demeanor.

What had transpired?

"We've been searching high and low for you. Your brother racked up a hefty debt playing games at my place recently, and he put you up as collateral. Naturally, in a

civilized society, we can't accept people as collateral. But surely, having a drink with us wouldn't hurt, right?" Big Brother let out a cold laugh and extended his hand to seize Hsu Chenyue's wrist.

"Back off!" Hsu Chenyue demanded, her brow knitted in disapproval.

She swiftly stood up and deftly pushed Big Brother's hand away.

"So, you are trained in martial arts!" Big Brother said with a slight smile.

He was a solid man, easily tipping the scales at over 100 kilograms.

Hsu Chenyue had some martial arts training, but truth be told, she was no match for Big Brother.

"Listen, girl, your brother owes us over half a million yuan. Your family has to settle this debt, or else I'll make sure you don't have a moment's peace. I've done my homework; you're a student at Eastsea University, living in Room 304 of the Boya Building, correct? If you play nice today and join us for a drink, we'll consider the matter closed. From here on out, we'll only take up issues with your brother and leave you out of it. But if you refuse, we'll be visiting your school every day until you comply."

It was clear from just one look that Big Brother was a seasoned thug with a penchant for ruthless tactics.

Chapter 487 - Are You a Repeater??

Hsu Chenyue clenched her jaw and said, "That's his problem, not mine."

The thug leader snarled, "Stop lying. He's your brother. Hang out and drink with us, and I'll knock off 100,000. Plus, I won't ever trouble you or your parents again. Otherwise, your whole family will suffer."

Hsu Chenyue was seething with anger, yet she felt utterly powerless.

The diners around her chose to ignore the confrontation.

It was terrifying.

In these times, no one would risk their neck to help a stranger, as standing up to criminals was fraught with danger.

Just then, Su Ming coughed and interjected, "Hold on."

The gang leader glanced at Su Ming and warned, "This doesn't concern you. Don't stick your nose where it doesn't belong, or you'll regret it."

Su Ming blinked.

“Didn’t catch what I said, did you?” the leader pressed.

Su Ming opened his mouth to respond.

“Looks like I’ve found someone with a death wish,” the leader mused, intrigued.

Su Ming felt awkward.

Was it really that hard to let him speak?

Before Su Ming could get a word out, the gang leader seemed ready to speak again.

“Shut it!” Su Ming blurted out, raising his voice, “Let me finish.”

The leader paused, taken aback, and asked, “What is it you want to say?”

“How much does his brother owe you?” Su Ming inquired.

With a frown, the gang leader replied, “550,000 yuan.”

Su Ming nodded as if it all made sense, then took a seat.

Silence fell over the crowd.

Was that it?

The gang leader was baffled.

He had never encountered someone like Su Ming before.

Hsu Chenyue was equally shocked.

She had expected Su Ming to say or do something. But on reflection, she realized how foolish that was. They had only just met; they weren’t even friends.

With the gangsters outnumbering them, why would Su Ming get involved?

His self-preservation wasn’t a fault.

The gang leader opened his mouth, stuttering, “Well, uh...”

He had a feeling that something was off.

Su Ming hadn’t done a thing, yet he felt compelled to speak up.

His confidence was shaken by Su Ming's interjection.

He tried to speak, but his mind went blank.

The gang leader, a man in his thirties, had already forgotten his earlier words.

The ringleader's eyes darted around as he searched for a new topic.

"Listen here, young lady, your brother owes us over 500,000 RMB. Your family must repay this debt, or I'll make sure you never have peace. I've done my homework; I know you're a student at Eastsea University."

After a pause, the gang leader continued.

Silence fell over his entourage.

Why did these words sound so eerily familiar?

One of his underlings could no longer bear it.

"Big Brother!" he said, nudging his leader.

The gang leader snapped, "What is it you want?"

Would they ever let him finish?

His underling shivered with fear and stammered, "Big Brother, you've already said that, word for word."

The leader blinked, puzzled. "Really? I've said it before?"

His followers nodded in agreement.

"Never mind, it's not important."

"Look, we've been looking for you for a while. Your brother gambled at our place and lost a hefty sum. He offered you as collateral. Of course, we live in a civilized society; such things are out of the question. But surely you can join us for a drink?"

Those around him were dumbfounded, thinking, "Is this guy stuck on repeat? He claims he forgot what he said earlier, yet he can recite it verbatim. That's quite a feat."

Hsu Chenyue looked on with confusion.

She couldn't help but think this villain's intelligence was lacking.

The antagonists she'd seen on TV were always cunning, but this man seemed rather foolish.

Hsu Chenyue furrowed her brow and declared, "I'm not going anywhere. His problems are not my concern."

"My apologies, but I must be blunt. Brothers, take her away."

Big Brother's face darkened as he reached out to seize Hsu Chenyue.

Just then, Su Ming rose to his feet once more.

"What are you up to now?"

Big Brother was on the verge of losing his mind.

He thought to himself that if Su Ming spouted any more nonsense, he would definitely bite him.

Su Ming blinked and then said apologetically, "Sorry. She's my friend. I'm not going to let you take her away today."

Su Ming wasn't one to meddle in others' affairs.

But he couldn't just stand by when a beautiful woman was in distress.

Especially since Hsu Chenyue was quite stunning.

Upon hearing this, Big Brother arched an eyebrow and challenged, "You really want to stick your nose into this?"

Su Ming replied, "This mess was her brother's doing. What's it got to do with her? By your logic, if her parents committed a crime, would you lock her up too?"

Big Brother found himself at a loss for words against Su Ming's argument.

"You've got a point. We really shouldn't take her today. Fellas, we're pulling out." With that, Big Brother turned to leave.

His henchmen were dumbfounded.

They thought, "Boss, what are you doing? Are you joking? Have you turned into a stand-up comic?"

One of Big Brother's men quickly piped up, "Boss, we don't need to argue with them. We're the bad guys. Bad guys don't need to make sense."

Hearing this, Big Brother instantly realized his subordinate had a point.

Chapter 488 - A Brick

Big Brother slammed his hand down on the table and declared, "My brother's not wrong. We don't play by the rules in our line of work. We act on our moods. Why should I listen to you?"

"Because of this!" Su Ming announced, reaching into his pocket with his right hand.

He then slapped an object onto the table.

Everyone leaned in for a closer look.

It was a brick.

Big Brother looked perplexed.

He glanced at Su Ming's waist, wondering, "How can your pocket be deep enough to fit a brick?"

"Are you performing magic?"

"Why can your pocket fit a brick?"

"Do it again! Show us," Big Brother urged, clearly intrigued.

Silence enveloped the onlookers once more.

The bystanders who had feigned indifference now turned their attention to the scene.

They thought to themselves, "Have the standards for being a thug dropped this low? His intelligence is laughable!"

"Big brother!" one of his henchmen couldn't resist prompting him.

Big Brother snapped to attention.

"You dare to threaten us with a brick!"

"You've got just one brick, and we've got numbers. You could only hit one of us at most!" Big Brother said, his brow furrowed.

His henchmen behind him felt a twinge of fear.

If it came down to a fight with Su Ming, that brick would surely find their heads.

No matter how foolish their leader was, he wouldn't allow himself to be the target.

He had his smarts about him in that respect.

"I can take you on one by one. Bricks aren't disposable," Su Ming stated earnestly.

"You've got a point."

"Exactly. One brick can take down a lot of people."

Big Brother was taken aback.

One of his men couldn't watch any longer.

"Big Brother, maybe you're just worn out from last night. Get some rest, and let me handle this."

"We have to take this woman with us today."

"If not, don't blame us for not being nice!" This henchman wasn't too dim-witted.

"And what if I refuse?" Su Ming asked, setting the brick back on the table.

The henchmen froze.

A brick to the head would undoubtedly hurt.

They were used to intimidating others with their numbers.

But the thought of actual pain made them hesitant.

While they wavered, a breeze swept through.

The brick on the table gently landed on the floor.

Everyone was left speechless.

The room fell silent.

Big Brother was taken aback, Hsu Chenyue was equally shocked, and the few onlookers who had a clear view of the scene were just as bewildered.

They wondered, "What kind of brick is this? The wind actually picked it up. Is it made of cotton or sponge? Even if it were plastic, it couldn't be this light, could it? No wonder you pulled it out of your pocket. We thought you were performing magic. You could have pulled an aircraft carrier from your pocket and we wouldn't have batted an eye!"

Big Brother thought to himself, "He almost had me fooled."

He was the first to break the silence, "I thought you were something special. Is that it?"

"This brick is terrifying. The wind can move it? Could it actually kill me?"

"I'd watch your back if I were you."

His subordinates burst into laughter.

A waiter who had opened a window was momentarily frozen.

He thought, "Sorry. I just thought the room was a bit stuffy, so I opened the window to freshen the air. If they kill you, don't blame me. It wasn't intentional."

"You tried to intimidate us with this thing? Do you take us for fools?"

One of Big Brother's men stepped forward with a scoff. He stooped to pick up the brick and, upon squeezing it, found it was made of sponge.

"Do you really think a sponge brick could kill someone?"

"A real brick might scare me, but you could hit me with this fake one a hundred times and I wouldn't feel a thing."

The young man finished speaking and playfully slapped himself on the head with the sponge.

Suddenly, he gasped, his eyes rolled back, and he collapsed to the ground.

"Third Brother's acting is more convincing by the day!"

"Third Brother has been watching a ton of gangster films. His performances are increasingly lifelike!"

"Boss, maybe we should chip in and send Third Brother to acting school. It'd be a shame to waste such talent!"

"Absolutely!"

"Come on, Third Brother, cut the act. Get up, the floor's cold."

"Third Brother?"

Initially, they were all laughing heartily, but their amusement quickly turned to concern as they sensed something was amiss.

Third Brother's performance was alarmingly convincing. He was not only convulsing but also foaming at the mouth.

Something seemed off, so they went to check on Third Brother.

That's when they discovered that Third Brother had genuinely passed out!

Everyone was dumbfounded.

What in the world was happening?

Could the sponge brick have actually knocked Third Brother unconscious?

They were incredulous. It had to be a fluke.

They refused to believe that a sponge brick could pack such a punch.

Third Brother had been unwell since childhood, prone to occasional seizures. They figured it was just bad timing on his part.

Then, another young man stepped forward and said, "Brothers, don't be scared. Third Brother has had epilepsy since he was a kid. I can vouch for that."

He picked up the brick from the ground and smacked it against his head, proclaiming, "Look, brothers, there's no way this brick could knock me out."

But before he could finish, his eyes rolled back, and he collapsed.

He was twitching and foaming at the mouth, just like Third Brother.

Everyone was in shock.

They knew Third Brother had a long history of health issues, including epilepsy. But this brother was the picture of health.

Why was he convulsing and foaming at the mouth?

Big Brother sensed that something was amiss.

How could this be happening?

Was the sponge brick really that dangerous?

Big Brother was skeptical. He picked up the brick, saying, "This is just a sponge brick, right? It can't possibly knock someone out. I simply don't buy it." He continued to talk to himself as he brought the brick down on his head.

“Big Brother, no!”

The others tried desperately to intervene, but it was too late.

Big Brother's eyes rolled back, and he too collapsed to the ground.

Chapter 489 - He's an Expert

The crowd that had been watching was initially terrified, but now, they couldn't help but feel a mix of relief and a burgeoning urge to laugh.

It seemed to everyone that these three individuals had only succeeded in making a spectacle of themselves.

Onlookers gazed at the trio sprawled on the ground, convulsing, eyes rolling back, and mouths frothing.

The henchmen were dumbfounded.

One of the thugs scratched his head and muttered, “Sorry, I've got some urgent business at home.”

“Oh, I completely forgot, my third aunt is getting married today. I need to be at her wedding!” another thug announced, pulling out his phone.

“Did you say your sow just had nine piglets? Congratulations!”

“What? They demolished our house? Fantastic. No more hustling for me!”

“Is that right? Got it, I'm heading to tutoring class right away!”

After a brief, awkward silence, all the remaining thugs simultaneously whipped out their phones and began to feign phone calls, slowly retreating as they did so.

The whole scene was bizarre. Who would have thought a sponge brick could knock someone out?

Regardless of the sponge brick's mysterious effectiveness, these ruffians wanted nothing more to do with this place. They were eager to get home, away from the dangers of the outside world and its inexplicable weapons.

“Hold it right there,” Su Ming interjected suddenly.

The gangsters acted as if they hadn't heard Su Ming's command, continuing their phone charade.

“Cut the act,” Su Ming insisted.

“You were clearly on the line with imperial court mobile! Unless I'm mistaken, customer service mentioned you have an outstanding bill! How did you even hear about your family's house being demolished?”

“And you! You're holding your phone upside down! The screen hasn't even lit up. Is your phone dead or what? And how did you find out about your friend's piglets? Are you using some kind of psychic powers?”

“I might let the others slide, but you've crossed the line. You don't even have a phone. Are you pretending your fingers are a phone?” Su Ming said, his brow furrowed in disapproval.

The gangsters were taken aback, their embarrassment palpable.

They had thought their performance was convincing, perhaps not Oscar-worthy like their counterparts on the ground, but certainly not far off. Yet, in the end, Su Ming had effortlessly seen through their ruse.

The group of thugs looked at Su Ming with ingratiating smiles plastered on their faces.

Su Ming eyed two of them. “What did you two do before?”

The pair stuttered, “We... we used to work on the assembly line in a factory.”

“Get back to work, pronto. You need to save money to get married and honor your parents! If you don't, I'll have to teach you a lesson,” Su Ming warned, his eyes narrowing.

He then picked up a knife and fork from the dining table and, with a simple squeeze, bent them out of shape.

This display terrified the two men.

Su Ming was clearly a master!

Could Su Ming be like those martial arts experts from the TV shows?

The sponge brick must be Su Ming's way of concealing his true power.

The three men sprawled on the ground were probably injured by Su Ming's internal force.

His underlings realized they had tangled with someone as formidable as Su Ming and were eager to escape.

"Alright, we'll go find jobs immediately," the two said, frightened into action by Su Ming, and they took off running.

They planned to hurry back and find a factory job.

Su Ming made a mental note of these two. If they didn't go straight to job hunting, they could end up in a worse state than the three on the ground.

"What about you three?" Su Ming asked, frowning at the next trio.

Dressed in gaudy attire, they looked quite young.

"We're high school students," one mumbled, clenching his teeth and bowing his head.

Su Ming's frown deepened. "You're students and you're not focusing on your studies? Get back to school and hit the books. And listen up—if you don't make it into the top five on your final exams, I'll come to your homes and smack you with a brick every single day!"

The students were dumbfounded by Su Ming's ultimatum.

These three were accustomed to ranking at the bottom of their class. The thought of achieving top five seemed nearly impossible.

"Did you get that?" Su Ming pressed, his hand inching towards the sponge brick.

At the sight of the brick, the three students were petrified.

Reflecting on their situation, they realized, "Sure, studying is tough, but it's nothing compared to being smacked with a sponge brick! We better get home and hit the books!"

With that, the trio spun on their heels and dashed off, discarding their bizarre outfits along the way.

They shaved their heads and tossed every odd item from their homes into the garbage bin.

Afterward, they settled into their chairs, ready to dive into the freshman curriculum.

Upon one child's parent's return, she instinctively pushed open her son's door.

She let out a shriek: her son's room was spotless.

He had gotten rid of all those peculiar clothes.

But what truly shocked her was that her son was memorizing vocabulary!

She wondered, "What's going on? Is it the apocalypse? Are pandas suddenly technicolor? Did the high-speed train take flight? Has the imperial court's soccer team clinched the World Cup?"

The concerned parent rushed over, gently touched her son's head, and asked, "Honey, are you okay? What's happened to you?"

Doubting her own eyes, she thought, "Am I mistaken? Have I lost my mind? Am I seeing things? My son is actually studying!"

"Mom, please don't interrupt. I'm determined to study hard and rank in the top five of my class!"

"I want to make a meaningful contribution to society!" he declared with fervor.

"Alright," his mother said, utterly bewildered.

As she stepped out, her confusion lingered.

She had long since written off her son's academic prospects, yet here he was, studying diligently.

She mused, "This is just too bizarre!"

In the restaurant, only two individuals remained, eyeing Su Ming nervously.

"You two, escort those three out," he instructed.

"Make sure they're taken care of, and don't follow in his footsteps as thugs. Choose a better path," Su Ming advised them.

Clearly, these two didn't aspire to be thugs; they had likely been coerced by Big Brother.

They had entered in his shadow, visibly uneasy.

Everyone faces tough times.

Su Ming had no desire to make their situation worse.

He had tasked them with handling the three.

"Okay!" they agreed promptly.

The pair then dragged the trio by the legs into a nearby alley.

Once alone, they exchanged glances.

One spoke up cautiously, "That gentleman asked us to take care of them. What should we do now?"

One person had a rather odd thought and remarked, "I'm not sure. Should we strip them of their clothes?"

"That's a sensible suggestion! Let's get to it!"

And with that, the two of them proceeded to remove the clothing from the three individuals.

Chapter 490 - Hsu Chenyang

With the departure of those individuals, tranquility returned to the restaurant.

Many eyes were drawn to Su Ming.

They couldn't help but regard him as a true master.

The brick was clearly soft, likely made of sponge, yet he had used it to knock someone out with a single blow.

It defied all logic.

They suspected Su Ming was concealing his true abilities and that he possessed additional skills.

It was a classic case of an expert hiding in plain sight.

Little did they know, the brick was a creation of the System.

It was so potent that it could knock out not just a person, but even an elephant.

Su Ming noticed Hsu Chenyue biting her lip and apologizing.

"Why?" he asked, caught off guard.

"I've brought trouble upon you because of my brother," she said, her complexion ashen.

Hsu Chenyue's father had been a martial artist from a young age, known for his extreme strictness—a father of traditional, imposing stature.

Hsu Chenyue's brother, as his son, had been subjected to rigorous discipline from an early age.

His childhood had been relatively carefree, but as he grew older, the tensions escalated.

Hsu Chenyue's brother became increasingly defiant.

Eventually, he fell in with the wrong crowd, indulging in gambling and developing some nasty habits.

He had racked up significant gambling debts.

Previously, Hsu Chenyue's father had bailed him out with 300,000 yuan, settling all his debts, warning him it was his final chance. Yet, he quickly spiraled down again, losing over 500,000 yuan.

"Don't worry about it," Su Ming said with a reassuring smile. "You're not to blame for these things."

Hsu Chenyue heaved a deep sigh.

Though Su Ming had helped her fend them off today, she knew those men wouldn't just walk away. Sooner or later, they would come after her again.

They had even discovered where her school dormitory was located.

She might not be concerned for herself, but her classmates were innocent bystanders.

"All this time has made me quite hungry," she remarked.

"Waiter!"

Su Ming stretched out his hand and flagged down a waiter, casually ordering a few items.

Their blind date came to an abrupt end due to the incident.

After finishing their meal, they left the restaurant.

Hsu Chenyue's spirits were noticeably low, and it was clear she had lost any enthusiasm for the movie.

After a moment of thought, Hsu Chenyue said, "I want to go home."

"Okay," Su Ming agreed, nodding before heading to his car.

"Is this your car?"

Hsu Chenyue paused in surprise upon seeing Su Ming's car, circling it twice. Admiring its sleek design, she recognized it as the Hennessy Venom GT, a car she had only seen in pictures. The Hennessy Venom GT, an unparalleled sports car, could be worth tens or even hundreds of millions.

Even Hsu Chenyue couldn't contain her astonishment.

"Is this really your car?" she asked, incredulous.

"Yes," Su Ming replied with a smile, pulling the car keys from his pocket.

"Are you the legendary tycoon everyone talks about in whispers?" Hsu Chenyue asked, her eyes wide with curiosity.

Truth be told, Hsu Chenyue came from a well-off family. Her father owned a large martial arts dojo in the city center with many disciples. Numerous locals attended his dojo to learn martial arts and improve their fitness, bringing in a few million a year.

Honestly, Hsu Chenyue's family could easily afford to pay off her brother's debts, but doing so would only embolden his reckless gambling.

Her brother never dared to cause trouble at the dojo. It was a place of discipline, not a bar. If he caused a scene there, he'd be soundly disciplined. While an ordinary person getting beaten at the dojo might lead to accusations of assault, if Hsu Chenyue's brother got what was coming to him, no one would sympathize. It was a father's way of teaching his son a lesson. For Hsu Chenyue's brother, a scolding from their father was considered getting off lightly. Even the police would turn a blind eye to such family matters.

Hsu Chenyue had always assumed Su Ming came from a modest background, but she wasn't the type to be swayed by wealth, so she never flaunted any sense of superiority.

However, witnessing the scene before her, she came to the startling realization of Su Ming's affluence.

Even if Hsu Chenyue drained every penny from her family's savings, she couldn't cover a quarter of the cost of this car.

She had thought herself to be unassuming, yet it turned out Su Ming was the true embodiment of understatement.

A flicker of excitement replaced the gloom in Hsu Chenyue's heart as she exclaimed, "Oh my god! I've never been in a sports car my whole life. My dad's Santana was bought 20 years ago!"

Su Ming, grinning, opened the car door and invited, "Get in."

As Hsu Chenyue was about to step into the car, a man suddenly darted from the side and seized her hand.

Startled, Hsu Chenyue's instinct was to kick him, but she froze upon recognizing him. Her expression soured as she realized it was her brother, Hsu Chenyang.

"Sister, do you have any money? I need some. I haven't eaten in days."

Hsu Chenyang's clothes were tattered, and he reeked of decay. His hair was a mess, his left eye swollen, and his face bore scratches. His worn sneakers revealed his toes, and he was smeared with mud and weeds, as if he had spent the night in a thicket.

"I don't have any money!" Hsu Chenyue forcefully shook off her brother's grasp.

"Sister, you can't ignore me. I'm your own brother. Dad may not care, but you should! Is this a Hennessy Venom GT? Sister, is he your boyfriend? Hello, brother-in-law! I'm Hsu Chenyue's brother! Since you can afford such an impressive car, you must be loaded, right? Spare me a few million yuan!"

Hsu Chenyang swiftly redirected his plea to Su Ming, babbling incessantly.

"Stop right there!"

Su Ming recoiled from Hsu Chenyang's odor and stepped back. Hsu Chenyang's audacity to brazenly ask for money was utterly shameless.

"I'm not moving."

Hsu Chenyang froze instantly. He scanned the surroundings with an alertness akin to a startled rabbit, ready to bolt at any moment.

Su Ming couldn't help but be at a loss for words.

With Hsu Chenyang's family wealth, he was destined for a bright future. Yet, he chose to engage in such foolishness, becoming as unwelcome as a rat crossing the street.

With a wry smile, Su Ming asked, "Are you after money?"

In a rush, Hsu Chenyang replied, "Yes. If you think a few million yuan is too much, even tens of thousands will do."