

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming #Chapter 501 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 501

Chapter 501 - I Am a Fortune Teller

"He's my friend," Hsu Chenyue stated in a subdued tone.

"Oh!" Murong Tian acknowledged, reaching out to Su Ming. "Brother, I'm Murong Tian. I've known Hsu Chenyue for quite some time. Since you two are friends, that makes us brothers as well. Should you need any assistance in the future, don't hesitate to reach out to me." Murong Tian spoke with an air of pride, his head held high.

"Murong? Could it be that Brother Murong is from the renowned Murong Group?" Su Ming asked, a smile playing on his lips.

"Ah, you're quite knowledgeable, brother! Indeed, our young master is the heir to the Murong Group! Just so you know, our clothing division has opened over a dozen branches in Eastsea, and they're quite well-known," Wang Hu called out from behind.

Hsu Chenyue hadn't noticed Wang Hu initially, and his words caught her off guard.

Hmm?

What's he doing here?

That's not right!

There was definitely a conflict last night.

Wang Hu shouldn't be this composed.

Did Su Ming do something?

Her gaze shifted to Su Ming, tinged with a hint of curiosity.

Su Ming understood Hsu Chenyue's questioning look and subtly shook his head, indicating he was also in the dark about the situation. The matter seemed to be known only to them. Yet, to an outsider, their exchange of glances could easily be misinterpreted.

Murong Tian, for instance, thought Hsu Chenyue's gaze implied, 'See, he's looking at you again!' while Su Ming's head shake seemed to suggest, 'I truly can't compare.'

"Young Master Murong is becoming increasingly impressive. Didn't your family have only a few branches last year? Now you have over ten?" Zhang Mengyuan said, clearly smitten.

"You haven't heard? There's a Murong Group clothing store right under our apartment complex. It's a massive space, three stories high and spanning over a thousand square meters. I've shopped there before; the clothes are absolutely stunning, just a bit on the pricey side," Zhou Yimeng chimed in eagerly.

"Don't worry about it," Murong Tian responded with ease. "Next time you visit, just drop my name and I'll make sure you get a 50% discount."

Murong Tian certainly wasn't going to pass up the chance to strut his stuff. He spoke with a casual air, hands clasped behind his back, exuding an aura of confidence.

"I want in too, I want in too!" Lee Kemeng excitedly raised her hand, bouncing up and down, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Absolutely, no problem at all," Murong Tian replied, feeling on top of the world. He was the center of attention, and he knew it.

The group found their seats. Three girls gathered around Murong Tian, looking up to him with admiration. Hsu Chenyue sat beside Su Ming, her brow slightly furrowed, feeling a bit of distaste. She had been looking forward to a fun day out, so why did he have to show up?

Su Ming just smiled serenely. He knew what was going on and contentedly munched on a slice of watermelon. Observing Wang Hu trailing after Murong Tian, it was clear to him that the club's business must be closely linked to him.

After a lengthy conversation, Murong Tian's gaze settled on Su Ming once more. "Isn't this brother also employed at some prestigious place?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye and a chuckle.

"I'm just following in the family tradition," Su Ming replied cryptically.

His comment left everyone in the room momentarily speechless. What did he mean by that? Could it be that Su Ming's family was extremely wealthy, perhaps heirs to a corporate empire, or was there some valuable family heirloom?

Hsu Chenyue, who was privy to some details about Su Ming's background, blinked in bewilderment. She knew Su Ming's parents were just ordinary country folk. It wasn't that she looked down on them, but she had never heard of them having any special skills.

Yet, Hsu Chenyue was aware of Su Ming's true identity. She knew he was none other than the renowned Mr. Su of Eastsea City. A clever girl, she had previously seen Mr.

Su's car online, which was identical to the one Su Ming drove. It wasn't hard for her to put two and two together.

After all, that car was a one-of-a-kind in Eastsea, perhaps even in the whole country. Su Ming was a super-rich mogul, owning vast tracts of land in the heart of the city, with a net worth in the billions.

She understood that Su Ming preferred to keep a low profile, which is why she hadn't shared this information with anyone. What puzzled her, though, was why Su Ming had chosen to phrase things the way he did.

"Oh?"

Murong Tian's interest was piqued. "Brother, do tell, what's your craft?"

"I read fortunes by examining facial features."

Su Ming replied earnestly.

Hsu Chenyue had just bitten into a slice of watermelon and nearly choked when she heard him.

Fortune telling?!

What in the world was Su Ming up to?

Her curiosity was instantly ignited.

She was determined to be an attentive spectator.

"You can tell fortunes?"

Murong Tian was taken aback, then burst into laughter: "Hahaha! I never would've guessed that this brother's family trade was fortune telling. Quite fascinating."

Despite his words, his eyes betrayed a hint of scorn. How much could one possibly earn from such outdated superstitions?

He probably thought Su Ming could only swindle the naive and uninformed.

But since Su Ming had made such a claim, Murong Tian was intent on seeing him embarrass himself.

"Since you're a fortune teller, why not predict my future? Let's see what my fortunes hold."

Murong Tian said with a casual smile.

“No problem.”

Su Ming responded crisply.

The crowd around them perked up at this.

They were in for a spectacle.

It would be foolish to miss out.

“Brother Murong, please extend your hand.”

Su Ming instructed, grinning.

Murong Tian nodded and held out his hand.

Su Ming scrutinized it closely, furrowing his brow in concentration. After a moment's thought, he shook his head, muttering under his breath. Hsu Chenyue struggled to contain her amusement; his performance was quite convincing.

“Come on, brother, do you actually know what you're doing or not?”

Murong Tian was growing impatient.

“Just a moment, just a moment, the results are coming shortly.”

Su Ming's frown deepened.

Silence enveloped the room once more.

Everyone was unsure whether to believe the act or not, watching with bated breath.

”Smack!”

Out of the blue, Su Ming slapped the table with force.

The sudden noise made everyone jump.

“Splurt!”

Lee Kemeng was in the midst of enjoying her watermelon when she accidentally spat out a mouthful, dousing Young Master Murong's face with seeds and juice.

“Young Master Murong, I'm so sorry, so sorry!”

Lee Kemeng frantically apologized, realizing she had just made a terrible blunder.

"It's all good!"

Murong Tian's expression initially fell, but he quickly regained his composure, smiling as he wiped off the watermelon seeds: "Tell me, my friend, you've figured it out now, haven't you?"

"Pretty much."

Su Ming concluded, then withdrew his attention.

He pondered for a moment.

Shaking his head, he began, "Brother Murong, as the saying goes, a man's fortune is in his features, a woman's in her years. A full 'Heavenly Court' signifies a life of luxury, while a square 'Earth Court' indicates great authority. Brother Murong, your 'Heavenly Court' is indeed full, suggesting a privileged background and wealth. However, with your left eye bright and your right eye dim, I fear your financial luck has been blocked recently, and you may face some losses."

Murong Tian listened.

He was taken aback.

Was this mere speculation or the real deal?

It seemed quite insightful.

Typically, fortune tellers would shower him with compliments.

But Su Ming had predicted a downturn in his fortunes, a stark contrast to the usual flattery.

And yet, his assessment was spot on.

Chapter 502 - This Is F Cking Accurate!

"Interesting. Could you please go into more detail?"

Murong Tian was intrigued.

"No rush," Su Ming said calmly, stroking his chin where a goatee would be if he had one. "If I'm not mistaken, the financial loss occurred last night."

"Holy shit!"

Murong Tian leapt to his feet.

What the hell!

How could it be so precise?

It was common knowledge that only a select few were aware that the remaining funds from the club would end up with the Murong family.

Not even the club's manager was in the loop.

Could any of those few have informed Su Ming?

Impossible.

They hadn't even met him before, right?

"This, this, this..."

Murong Tian was flabbergasted.

He had assumed it was all in jest, but it turned out to be eerily accurate.

"Young Master Murong, what's the matter?"

"Are you uncomfortable sitting here?"

"It can't be, this couch is genuine leather."

The three ladies nearby chimed in anxiously.

"Silence, don't talk!"

Murong Tian turned and snapped at them before cautiously sitting next to Su Ming.

"Brother, what else have you discerned?"

Murong Tian was still somewhat skeptical.

Though the chances were incredibly slim, what if the information had been leaked?

"It seems you don't trust me, Brother Murong."

"If I'm not mistaken, this gentleman here suffered a violent misfortune last night."

"Moreover, it appears he has lost his memory and can't recall last night's events."

Su Ming's gaze settled on Wang Hu.

“Oh my god, Master! How did you know? I did indeed suffer a violent misfortune last night, it was awful...”

Wang Hu was on the verge of kneeling.

This was uncannily accurate.

He had never met the Master before.

Hsu Chenyue was nearly losing her mind on the sidelines.

How did Su Ming know?

Why did he know?

Naturally, he knew.

Because he was the one who inflicted the bloody disaster on you last night!

But the crux of the matter was that Wang Hu now remembered nothing.

He truly believed Su Ming was a master.

Murong Tian was also dumbfounded.

This, this, this...

Could it really be this accurate?

At this moment, all pretense had vanished from Murong Tian's mind.

“The master...”

His address had shifted.

The three beautiful women nearby, upon hearing Murong Tian's words and witnessing Wang Hu's reaction, instantly understood.

His predictions were spot on.

They too were taken aback.

Indeed, true talent can be found in the most unexpected places!

“Don't rush, don't rush, I'm not done yet.”

“Not only am I aware of that, but I also know that deep down, you've been yearning for something, Brother Murong. Despite all the time and effort you've invested, there's been little to no progress.”

Su Ming feigned wisdom, nodding and shaking his head as he spoke.

“Yes, exactly!”

Murong Tian nodded eagerly.

Su Ming began gesturing with his fingers, seemingly calculating something.

The more he figured, the graver his expression became, his brows knitting together, his face growing as dark as a stormy sky.

Murong Tian felt a chill in his heart at the sight.

What could this mean?

“Brother Murong, if my guess is correct, the wealth you've squandered is tainted.”

“You were on the path to a bright future, poised to join the ranks of the nation's wealthiest, but alas, that tainted wealth has shattered your good fortune.”

“Brother Murong, a violent misfortune looms over you in the coming days. Your life may very well be at risk.”

Su Ming let out a sigh as he spoke.

“This...”

Murong Tian was momentarily taken aback.

Could this be true?

The initial predictions were indeed uncannily accurate.

But now, doubts crept in.

Wasn't this the typical fortune teller's script?

First, they're spot on, and then they warn of impending doom.

Next thing you know, they're asking for money, claiming they can avert the crisis.

If you refuse, the worry gnaws at you; if you pay, they demand a hefty sum.

As Murong Tian pondered, his expression shifted.

Su Ming gave a slight smile, noticing the change.

Just as expected, you're skeptical.

But I've come prepared.

"If I'm not mistaken, in ten seconds, someone will enter with a bottle of red wine."

Su Ming declared.

"Huh?"

The others looked around in disbelief.

How could that be possible?

In an upscale KTV, guest privacy was paramount.

No one could enter without permission, let alone with red wine.

Was this some kind of joke?

No one had placed an order.

The people around were skeptical.

Then, as they were shaking their heads in disbelief,

a knock echoed from the door.

Everyone paused, taken aback.

Wang Hu opened the door,

and a person entered.

"Young Master Murong, we've heard of your arrival. This red wine is a gift from our boss," the waiter said with utmost respect.

He then excused himself and left.

Everyone's jaws dropped.

Damn!

He nailed it!

“Could it be a plant?”

While everyone was still in shock, Lee Kemeng blurted out a thought.

“Ah, right, right, it could be a plant.”

“Young Master Murong, you shouldn't take these people at their word so easily,” the other two girls chimed in from the side.

A plant?

Murong Tian nearly broke down.

A plant, my foot!

This waiter was his own inside man,

meant to deliver a bottle of red wine during the birthday party.

Even Murong Tian didn't know the exact timing.

Yet Su Ming had called it.

If you were to say it was a setup, it was indeed one: but it was Murong Tian's setup.

“I... uh... this...”

Murong Tian stuttered.

“If I'm not mistaken,”

“the power will go out in two minutes.”

Su Ming said with a slow smile.

“No way! That's just not possible!”

Wang Hu was the first to dismiss the idea.

Oh, great seer, you may have been spot on before, but this? This you've got all wrong.

How could it be?

This is Longhua KTV, one of the top entertainment venues in Eastsea!

The electrical system is checked multiple times daily.

Even if Eastsea had a blackout, they have backup generators!

They would never let a power outage occur.

“Exactly! It's not going to happen.”

Lee Kemeng and the others also shook their heads.

“Young Master Murong, don't listen to him. Let's just enjoy our drinks.”

“Absolutely.”

The three girls wasted no time, opening the red wine and pouring several glasses.

They weren't foolish; they knew the wine wasn't cheap,

costing upwards of ten to twenty thousand a bottle.

But it was a gift, after all. It'd be a shame not to drink it.

Murong Tian also doubted the possibility of a blackout.

There was no chance of that happening.

How could it be possible?

He loosened up a bit and shared some red wine with the ladies next to him.

They even poured a glass for Su Ming and Hsu Chenyue.

But Su Ming didn't drink, and Hsu Chenyue didn't even pick hers up. Instead, the two sat quietly on the side, enjoying some watermelon.

“Why aren't you two drinking? This wine costs twenty thousand a bottle, and Young Master Murong is footing the bill today. If you don't drink now, you might never get such an opportunity again.”

“Exactly, don't play coy. Come on, at least raise a glass with us.”

The three girls cuddled close to Murong Tian.

“Yueyue.”

Murong Tian offered a gentle smile. "This red wine is quite exquisite. Aren't you tempted to try it?"

But no sooner had they spoken.

Click!

The lights went out.

The room plunged into darkness.

Absolute silence reigned.

Chapter 503 - I will Listen to You

The blackout lasted quite a while—over half a minute before the power finally came back on. At that instant, the faces of everyone in the room were a sight to behold. Holy smokes! How could anyone be that precise? This... this is beyond the skills of a master. It's like dealing with a prophet! A divine being! Could it be an actual deity has descended among us?

Murong Tian lost all desire to drink. He was in a complete state of panic. If this so-called master was just trying to swindle some money, he could live with that. But if this was for real, he was out of his depth!

"Master..." Murong Tian stammered, setting his wine glass down with shaky hands.

"Hold on," Su Ming said calmly. "Your father's call is about to come through."

"Huh?" Murong Tian paused, bewildered. A call? What call? He pulled out his phone, a look of confusion washing over his face. No messages? What call could it be?

While he was still puzzling over it, his phone screen suddenly lit up. Murong Tian was stunned, frozen in place. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. His hand trembled as he was about to answer the call.

Just then, Su Ming spoke up, "Hmm... I'd advise you not to answer that."

"I won't!" Murong Tian didn't even pause to think, promptly hanging up.

"Master, I'm begging you, please guide me. What should I do?" Murong Tian blurted out in desperation. "Name your price, I'll pay anything."

"You and I have a connection; I won't take your money," Su Ming replied with a chuckle. "But my methods are quite unique, and Brother Murong, you might find them hard to accept."

Hearing that Su Ming wasn't interested in money made Murong Tian trust him even more. "No! Whatever the method, I'll accept it! As long as it can help me avert this crisis, I'm in!"

Murong Tian was on the verge of tears.

"Alright, since we're friends, I'll do you this favor," Su Ming said as he gently clapped his hands and stood up. Hsu Chenyue blinked and rose to her feet as well, having predicted the earlier events just like Su Ming.

However, the last few incidents had Hsu Chenyue completely baffled.

Could Su Ming actually have some sort of foresight?

Hsu Chenyue was in a fog, determined to figure out what was really happening.

Sitting on the couch, the three girls were equally shocked.

It was uncannily accurate!

Arranging for someone to deliver red wine was one thing.

Even a power outage could be orchestrated.

But the phone call...

How could that be arranged?

Was it possible that Su Ming had somehow bribed Murong Tian's father?

To conspire and embezzle their own family's money?

That seemed far-fetched.

Someone might speculate that the phone was stolen and the contacts tampered with.

But only Murong Tian could use his phone, unlocked solely by his fingerprint.

Moreover, his phone displayed both the contact name and number simultaneously.

If the contact name was changed, the number would remain the same, wouldn't it?

Murong Tian's expression said it all.

The call was definitely from Murong Guo.

"Isn't there a night market nearby?" Su Ming inquired.

"Yes, absolutely!" Wang Hu chimed in, "There's a large night market just next door."

"Great," Su Ming said, then stepped forward, pushed open the door, and walked out, with Murong Tian following closely behind.

Xiao Hong, Lee Kemeng, and several of Wang Hu's men followed suit, leaving the room with a sense of purpose.

Just as they exited,

In a nearby private room, Murong Guo was visibly irritated.

"What's with this kid, ignoring my calls?" he grumbled.

"Go check on the private room," he ordered his butler.

"Right away, sir!" The butler nodded and quickly made his way over.

He cautiously opened the door for a peek.

Empty?

On closer inspection, he noticed the red wine had been opened and several glasses poured—apparently consumed.

The butler rushed back and relayed the events.

Murong Guo's frown finally eased.

Hmm!

Not bad at all.

It seemed the situation was under control.

Earlier, in the lobby, Su Ming had overheard the plan between Murong Tian and Murong Guo.

Murong Tian had just stepped out of his private room and made his way to Hsu Chenyue's.

Su Ming had been keeping an ear on Murong Guo's activities.

The plan was straightforward:

Send in a bottle of red wine.

Murong Guo would then stir up some trouble.

During the commotion, Murong Tian was to slip a drug into Hsu Chenyue's wine glass.

Trick her into drinking it, knock her out,

Then whisk Hsu Chenyue away, making a done deal out of it.

And, to seal the fate, record a video.

At that point...

No matter how much the Hsu family objected,

They would be forced to accept the situation.

It must be acknowledged that the strategy was particularly cruel.

But alas, they encountered an unforeseen complication.

Su Ming had overheard their entire scheme.

He knew exactly when Murong Guo had planned for the waiter to enter,

When Murong Guo had instructed his men to cut the power.

Su Ming was privy to it all, including Murong Guo's call to Murong Tian.

Murong Tian had been focused on his task,

But after a few words from Su Ming,

He was completely sidetracked.

Even if he had remembered,

He no longer had the heart to follow through.

The master had already spoken:

His ill-gotten gains had tainted his destiny,

Foretelling a violent misfortune.

With such a prophecy hanging over his head, how could he focus on anything else?

And upon reflection,

The act of drugging Hsu Chenyue seemed utterly despicable.

To engage in such villainy on top of acquiring tainted wealth,

He might face a calamity that not even a master could avert.

Better to play it straight.

Especially since Su Ming had spooked him into forgetting his original intentions.

Now, Su Ming had led Murong Tian to the night market.

“To resolve your impending disaster,”

“You must do three things.”

Su Ming whispered his instructions into Murong Tian's ear.

“Ah?!”

Murong Tian was utterly shocked.

This... are you certain?

Can this really work?

“The secrets of fate must not be disclosed. Besides, deceiving you gains me nothing. Whether you believe it or not is entirely up to you.”

Su Ming placed his hands behind his back with an air of unfathomable mystery.

“I, I, I...” Murong Tian's face went through a rapid change of expressions. Solving the problem would definitely be a good thing, but it came with a downside. The method... How should he describe it? To hell with it! For the sake of his future wealth and status, he was ready to face the music!

With a determined look, Murong Tian pumped his fists, striding confidently under the watchful eyes of the onlookers. He made a beeline for a nearby stall brimming with merchandise: clothes, socks, underwear, and more. The stall owner, a middle-aged woman, greeted Murong Tian with a warm smile. “What can I get for you, young man? We have jackets, pajamas, and underwear here.”

Murong Tian remained silent, his face turning a deep shade of red. He clenched his fists, wrestling with his decision for what felt like an eternity before finally biting down hard on his resolve. He sidled over to the side and snatched up a pair of underwear.

"I'll take a thousand pairs of these underwear!" declared Murong Tian.

"Hmm???" The stall owner was taken aback, her expression quickly souring. "Young man, you're quite handsome, so why act so indecently? Are you trying to play the rogue?"

"Get out of here, now!" she demanded. "Leave, or I'm calling the police!" The stall owner was visibly upset. Why such anger, though? Normally, a sale would be cause for celebration. The reason was simple: Murong Tian had made a mistake. The underwear he had grabbed was not men's underwear.

Chapter 504 - Can This Really Work?

"No, no, hear me out, I swear I'm not a thug."

"I need these pants to save my life."

Murong Tian's face was the picture of misery.

The woman running the stall heard him out.

She crossed her arms over her chest.

She gave him a thorough once-over.

Her face was a mix of skepticism and disbelief.

Do you think I'm buying it?

"Young man, that kind of thinking is dangerous."

"Get yourself home, now."

The stall owner said with a cold huff.

"No!!!"

Murong Tian threw himself onto the stall.

Clutching the pants to his chest, he declared, "I'll take them all, I'm buying them all!"

The stall owner exclaimed, "Good heavens! You're making a scene in broad daylight, and you won't even listen. Do you think my experience counts for nothing?"

With that, she stepped forward.

She seized Murong Tian.

Smack, smack, smack!

Her slaps rang out, crisp and sharp.

"This is for being a hooligan."

"This is for your shamelessness."

"I'm going to slap some sense into you today!"

"Let's see if you dare to act out again."

Su Ming stood by, unable to watch.

He closed his eyes and shook his head in dismay.

Oh, the horror!

It was just too much.

I can't bear to see this.

What have they done to this poor kid?

Murong Tian was defiant as ever.

Biting his lip, sticking out his behind.

Head held high, chest puffed out.

Eyes tightly shut.

He took the slaps without flinching.

Refusing to let go.

"Momma!"

Eventually, the stall owner grew weary.

She stood there, gasping for breath.

A bystander couldn't take it anymore.

He approached.

“Hey, young man, what's with buying the underwear?”

“You're getting thrashed and still won't release them?”

The guy was genuinely puzzled.

They weren't made of gold.

Why cling to them so desperately?

“I'm not a thug, I swear.”

“I, I, I... I bought them for my family.”

Murong Tian lied.

Because Su Ming had cautioned him earlier.

He couldn't tell the truth—it had to remain a secret.

“There's nothing wrong with buying clothes for your family.”

“But why did you buy so many?”

“Is this going to be a family heirloom or something?”

The older man nearby was utterly baffled.

How many people are in your family?

Surely, even a large family wouldn't need this many, right?

What's the deal?

Are you some kind of monk on a pilgrimage?

Are you heading to a kingdom of women?

“I, I, I...”

Murong Tian had been roughed up for so long that his mind was foggy.

Now, being questioned, he was even more tongue-tied.

“This, this, this...”

“I am the young master of the Murong Group.”

“We’re in this line of business. I thought I’d buy some to resell.”

Murong Tian stuttered for what felt like an eternity.

At last, he came up with a somewhat plausible excuse.

“The Murong Group?”

The stall’s proprietors, a woman and a man, were taken aback.

They had heard of it—a clothing brand with a reputation.

But such a brand would have its own retail channels.

And its own garment factories.

Who’s ever seen a major corporation sourcing goods from a street stall?

Seeing their skepticism, Su Ming stepped forward: “Here’s the thing. Their company is looking to launch a new line of women’s products, but they don’t want their competitors catching wind of it. So they’re discreetly buying these 1,000 pairs of underwear here, just as promotional items to give away to female customers to gauge the response.”

“Oh,” the two vendors said, the light bulb going off.

“Look here, young man, why didn’t you just say that in the first place? Why keep it to yourself?”

“Why didn’t you speak up sooner?”

“Why didn’t you say something earlier?”

“Why didn’t you tell me right away?”

“Why didn’t you just say so? If you had, you could have avoided a beating.”

The woman moved closer.

Murong Tian was on the verge of tears.

I wanted to explain.

If only you'd given me the chance.

You should have let me speak!

I didn't get a word in edgewise.

It was like slaps were free.

[Smack! Smack! Smack!]

And the worst part?

I couldn't have come up with such an excuse on my own.

"Wait here, I'll have someone bring it over," the elder sister said as she dialed a number on her phone. Within minutes, a middle-aged man appeared at the far end of the night market street. He was slightly overweight and bald, wearing only a tank top and shorts despite the chilly weather, his feet slipped into a pair of cloth shoes. He was lugging a large, bulging bag on his back and hurried over to us.

"It's all here," the middle-aged man said, setting down the bag and catching his breath from the exertion.

"Old Liu, looks like you're doing pretty well for yourself," he commented, a hint of envy in his voice as he fanned himself. "The stock you got in yesterday's already sold out? I'm starting to envy you. I don't even feel like transporting goods anymore. If things get tough, I might just join you in selling."

"Enough already! With your size, you'd probably scare the customers away," the lady retorted with an eye roll.

"Young man, we've got everything you need. Time to settle up," she said, turning to Murong Tian.

"Alright, alright," Murong Tian replied, nodding and handing over the money.

Wang Hu shouldered the big package, a transparent plastic bag filled with bright red gauze underwear. It was eye-catching, turning heads as he walked down the street.

"Master, what about the second one?" Murong Tian asked as they reached the corner of the street, glancing back at Su Ming.

Su Ming whispered a few more words into Murong Tian's ear, leaving him momentarily dumbfounded.

"But I don't mean anything by it, I'm not trying to doubt," Murong Tian stammered. "I just want to know... does this really work?"

He was wrestling with a deep sense of self-doubt. The approach seemed odd.

"Don't worry," Su Ming reassured him with an air of mystery. "The secrets of heaven must not be disclosed. Just follow my instructions, and there won't be any issues."

"Alright," Murong Tian conceded, his face flushed as he swallowed hard and cautiously approached the utility pole in the night market area, plastered with advertisements.

The ad read: "Wealthy, beautiful woman with a full figure seeks a healthy man to fulfill her dream of motherhood, due to her husband's inability to conceive. Reward of 500,000. Contact number..."

It was a piece of cake.

Just a quick phone call to mom, and boom—500,000 yuan landed straight in her bank account.

Earning money couldn't get any easier.

What's the meaning of 'a word worth its weight in gold'?

Well, this was pretty much it.

He read on.

"Do you suffer from incomplete urination due to kidney deficiency? Are your nights interrupted by frequent trips to the bathroom, leaving you with cold extremities and numb limbs? Do you need to rest after just a few steps, feeling utterly drained? Try Zhuge Steel Brand Kidney Treasure..."

"Triple-action root medicine cures diabetes!"

"Invincible shampoo, say goodbye to baldness!"

"Lock picking, whether it's your lock or someone else's, we can pick it in a second."

"Toilet unblocking! With the Big Iron Rod Hospital's director's ancestral iron rod, one poke and it's clear!"

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There was no shortage of advertisements.

If anyone actually believed these claims...

There would be no incurable diseases left in the world.

Everything could be healed.

Just like that.

Cure in hand, illness out the door.

Chapter 505 - My Illness Can be Cured

Murong Tian stood before the telephone pole, his face etched with hesitation. A quick glance might have been normal, but there he was—a fine-looking man without a trace of alcohol on his breath or the stagger of someone who had overindulged—just standing there. Silent for what seemed like an eternity, he simply stared at the pole. It was unsettling, wasn't it?

The night market was bustling, and the passersby couldn't help but notice Murong Tian. Their curious and sometimes concerned glances fell upon him, each person wondering: Who is this guy? What's he up to? Is there something worth seeing on that shabby advertisement?

"Whoa! He's not... he's not crazy, is he?" someone muttered under their breath. "A sane person wouldn't be caught dead staring at that."

People began to give him a wide berth, creating an empty space around Murong Tian. Nobody wants to mess with a madman.

After what felt like an age, Murong Tian cursed to himself, "Screw it! I'm going all in!" He took a deep breath, clenched his teeth, and with a determined stomp, he embraced the pole and bellowed, "My illness can be cured!!!"

His voice boomed, echoing to the heavens. The area, already cleared out, was filled with onlookers peeking from a distance. His outburst turned them to stone.

What in the world was he doing? Where did he come from? Was he about to lash out? It was a bit frightening, to say the least. And then his proclamation that his illness could be cured—what did that mean? The flyers on the pole were somewhat cryptic. If it was a matter of heart or brain health, that would be one thing. But if it was something... more unusual, well, that was another story.

Silence fell over the crowd, a hush as complete as if the crows themselves had been silenced.

"Damn it! My skewers are charred!" one vendor cried out.

"Shoot! My milk tea's all over the ground!" lamented another.

"My cold noodles have turned into a hotplate!" a third exclaimed.

Minutes passed, and the chaos only grew. Murong Tian, feeling the weight of the stares and the stealthily raised smartphones, could no longer bear it. He released the pole and dashed over to Su Ming's side.

"Master, is it finished?" Murong Tian asked, his voice tinged with urgency.

"We're almost there, just one last step," Su Ming replied with a nod.

"There's more?!" Murong Tian was on the verge of tears. "Please, no more. I can't take it any longer."

This thing is just too much to handle.

Let's have another.

The calamity hasn't even struck yet,

and I'm already done for.

"Rest assured, Brother Murong."

"The third point is quite straightforward. We can discuss it after we head back to the KTV."

Su Ming said cheerfully.

"Absolutely, absolutely!"

Murong Tian nodded eagerly.

The group made their way back to the KTV with great fanfare.

Once in the private room, they took their seats.

Murong Tian asked anxiously, "Master, what were you referring to?"

"Let's not rush, no need to rush."

Su Ming chuckled, "Let's have some cake, enjoy the cake."

“Oh, right.”

Murong Tian nodded in agreement.

Su Ming grabbed the cake knife,
sliced a piece of cake,
and placed it on a plate for Murong Tian.

“This cake should taste excellent.”

Su Ming said with a grin.

“Indeed, indeed!”

Murong Tian nodded vigorously.

Who would dare refuse a cake offered by the master?

He took the cake with due respect,
but it was tasteless as he ate.

Could it even have any flavor?

Murong Tian was preoccupied with worry,
fearing for his very life.

“Brother Murong, we've really hit it off today, so let's drink to our newfound friendship.”

Su Ming lifted his wine glass as he spoke.

“Ah? Oh, yes, let's drink.”

Murong Tian couldn't possibly refuse.

Watching Su Ming down his glass in one go,
he steeled himself and followed suit.

“Since we've hit it off, let's double the good fortune.”

Su Ming poured two more glasses of wine,

and downed them both.

Murong Tian was left with no choice.

After Su Ming drank, how could he not?

He reluctantly braced himself and drank the wine.

That's how it went.

Exchanging toasts,

one glass after another.

In the end,

Murong Tian had too much to drink.

He became groggy, barely able to speak.

Su Ming saw it was the right moment.

He turned to Wang Hu, "You guys head back first. Don't go anywhere else tonight."

"Yes, of course!"

Wang Hu wouldn't dare object.

He went back obediently.

The room was left with three beautiful women, Su Ming, Hsu Chenyue, and Murong Tian, who lay passed out on the table.

The three beauties remained silent throughout, not even daring to breathe too loudly. Meanwhile, Hsu Chenyue was barely containing her laughter as she observed from the sidelines. She could tell Su Ming was up to something on purpose. However, she was curious about how he had managed to predict certain events.

At that moment, Su Ming pulled out his phone.

"Mr. Su," came a weary but familiar voice from the other end.

"Captain Wu, are you trying to catch some sleep?" Su Ming asked cheerily.

"I can't seem to fall asleep, just resting my eyes for a bit," replied Captain Wu, sitting in his office chair, his brow furrowed and his expression grim. "This club has funneled a

large sum of money overseas, and we're only catching the small fry. We can't seem to nab the boss."

"I know who the boss is," Su Ming said, still smiling.

"Really?" Captain Wu perked up instantly, sitting bolt upright. "Mr. Su, who's the mastermind?"

"Captain Wu, I'm at Longhua KTV right now. Come over and you'll find out."

"Got it!"

After hanging up, Captain Wu wasted no time. Driven by his dedication to the case, he arrived swiftly.

"Mr. Su, where's the person?" Captain Wu asked urgently upon arrival.

"It's him," Su Ming said, pointing at Murong Tian. "But I've gotten him drunk. You just need to take him back, apply the interrogation technique I showed you, and use a bit of spray. He'll spill the truth immediately."

"Got it, got it!" Captain Wu was thrilled. Could Mr. Su's words ever be false? Not a chance. He chuckled to himself, grabbed the culprit by the collar, and took him away.

"It's getting late; time to head back and rest," Su Ming noted, glancing at the time with a smile.

"Indeed," agreed Hsu Chenyue as she rose to her feet.

The pair walked shoulder to shoulder to the bar counter, settled their bill, and stepped outside. The three beauties trailed behind, too intimidated to utter a word, still unsure of Su Ming's capabilities.

Then, they watched the duo approach a sleek car parked nearby. As the car door swung open and they climbed inside, the women were left in awe.

Oh my god! This young man was none other than Young Master Su of Eastsea! The three girls stood rooted to the spot, their faces a mix of shock and awe.

Regret was the prevailing emotion among them.

They had never imagined that Young Master Su, the very man they had longed to meet in their dreams, had just appeared before them.

Yet, instead of valuing the opportunity, they had spent the time mocking him.

The three of them exchanged glances, each wishing they could give themselves a good slap for their foolishness.

Their laughter was so ugly it was almost indistinguishable from crying.

Frozen in place, they could do nothing but shake their heads after a long while.

They hailed a taxi with a wave of their hands and headed home.

Su Ming was behind the wheel, driving Hsu Chenyue back to their residential area.

Throughout the ride, Hsu Chenyue seemed to be on the verge of speaking but kept hesitating.

Eventually, she could no longer contain herself.

“How did you know what happened afterwards?”

With a furrowed brow, Hsu Chenyue asked earnestly.

“It's a secret,” Su Ming replied with a teasing smile.

Chapter 506 - Where Am I?

“Hmph, fine, don't tell me then!”

Hsu Chenyue's delicate eyebrows furrowed briefly before she broke into a smile again. “Thanks for helping me shake off Murong Tian. See you later.”

With that, Hsu Chenyue hopped out of the car and cheerfully skipped back upstairs.

Su Ming had initially planned to check on his parents.

But he noticed that the lights upstairs were off.

There were two possibilities.

Either they were already asleep, or the old couple was enjoying some alone time.

Well then.

It seemed inappropriate to intrude either way.

Su Ming shook his head and decided to head back home.

The more he thought about it, the more Su Ming realized he was just an unexpected occurrence in their lives. His parents were the ones with the true love story.

Back in the city center, he surveyed the ground and the other three districts.

No major issues.

After a while spent on the computer and staying up until midnight without any luck in finding anything worthwhile, Su Ming went to bed.

The night passed without incident, and the next morning dawned.

Young Master Murong groggily opened his eyes, his gaze foggy as he scanned his surroundings.

Ouch!

His head throbbed painfully!

He felt nauseous and dizzy, with an unsettled stomach that was utterly uncomfortable.

"Young Master, you're awake?" came a familiar voice from nearby.

"Ah."

Murong Tian nodded absentmindedly, then paused, a hint of recognition dawning on him.

Wait a minute.

Why did that voice sound so familiar?

Of course... it was nonsense to even question it. Anyone in his bedroom would be someone he knew well.

But why did his gut feeling scream that this person shouldn't be here?

Something was off about this person's presence.

Murong Tian racked his brain, which ached from the effort.

The alcohol from the night before had dulled his wits, and he was still not fully functional.

He slowly opened his eyes for a better look.

What?!

This person...

Oh my God!!!

It all came flooding back!!!

No wonder he felt this person had no place here.

What the hell!

Wasn't this Li Hai, the club manager and his loyal henchman?

"Li Hai, what are you doing here? Weren't you taken by the police?"

Murong Tian was utterly bewildered.

Could it be...

The raid on the clubhouse was all just a dream?

A figment of his imagination after drinking too much the night before?

No way.

He had been a bit tipsy, sure, but now he was sober and could clearly tell the difference.

"Yeah."

Li Hai, upon hearing this, was taken aback.

He nodded vacantly, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

Murong Tian nearly leaped to his feet when he heard that.

What did he mean by 'yeah'!

And to say it so matter-of-factly.

Didn't he realize how frustrated I am right now?

My head is pounding.

I'm clueless about what's happening.

Murong Tian glanced around in confusion.

Huh?

How did his bedroom turn into this?

A tiny room.

Bunk beds on each side, four beds in total.

Checkered sheets and blankets.

And then, to the side, an iron fence.

Murong Tian was dumbstruck.

“Where am I?”

He asked, his voice quivering.

“The police station,” Li Hai replied, looking perplexed.

“What?!”

Murong Tian sprang to his feet.

He rushed to the fence and peered through it.

It was indeed the police station!

But that couldn't be right!

Could someone please explain what's happening?!

Wasn't I just out drinking last night? How did I end up here?

This... this... this...

I need a logical explanation!

Murong Tian was completely baffled, his mind in a haze.

His eyes were wide with disbelief at everything he was seeing.

“Oh, Murong Tian is awake.”

Just then, Captain Wu approached.

“Thank you, Comrade Murong Tian, for the lead you provided.”

“It appears you've voluntarily disclosed the criminal facts.”

“And you've even denounced your own father's illegal activities.”

“We'll suggest to the court that your sentence be reduced.”

Captain Wu spoke cheerfully.

“Huh?!”

Murong Tian was flabbergasted.

What in the world?

What's all this about?

What's happening?

My mind is just not keeping up.

I can't seem to remember a thing.

When did I willingly disclose any criminal facts? When did I report my dad?

How come I'm totally unaware of this?

Murong Tian turned back, looking at Li Hai with a bewildered face.

Li Hai nodded, confirming that it was indeed the case.

Murong Tian plopped down on the ground with a slap to his thigh.

”Ouch!

The master's predictions were spot on!

I'm in for it now!

But I can't blame anyone else; if there's anyone to blame, it's myself for not being able to handle my drink and getting drunk halfway through.”

I ran out of time for the third condition.

Sigh...

Such is fate.

This guy is actually grateful to Su Ming now, but if he knew the real story...

Gratitude would be unlikely.

He'd be absolutely livid.

.....

Su Ming slowly opened his eyes and stretched leisurely.

The weather was nice, and he had slept like a log.

After freshening up a bit,

Su Ming changed into his work clothes and headed straight for the field.

As expected, an acre of land had been upgraded.

The soil shimmered with a green glow, resembling a vast prairie.

Su Ming blinked in disbelief.

Well then.

As long as this color doesn't show up on my own head,

I'm fine with it.

Time to start farming!

Su Ming pulled out his phone, accessed the warehouse, and redeemed a Celestial Peach.

He then made his way to the adjacent warehouse.

Just as he approached,

Whoosh!

A bright light flashed, followed by billowing mist.

Amidst the swirling white fog, five glistening Celestial Peaches appeared.

Su Ming was gobsmacked.

Holy cow!

Is it really that impressive?

Worthy of a Level Three seed, complete with special effects upon its arrival.

Su Ming quickly moved closer for a better look.

Huh?

What's this...

System, are you playing a joke on me?

Next to the warehouse, five boxes had appeared, rudimentary and plain, resembling those music boxes sold on the streets for a few dollars apiece.

The light from before?

It was just an LED behind the box.

And the smoke?

A small compartment held dry ice.

This is just...

Annoying.

You'd think a Level Three seed would have a bit more flair, right?

What kind of trick is this?

Su Ming walked over, picked up a box, and slowly opened it.

Wow!

The scent was heavenly!

A rich, enticing fragrance wafted out, making him want to devour it immediately.

But they definitely couldn't be eaten.

This thing was extraordinary!

Peaches were typically either grafted or grown from seeds, but here he was simply handed a peach.

Su Ming chuckled to himself, slipped the five peaches into his pocket, and headed out.

He arrived at the field.

He placed the seeds by the roadside.

Starting up the tractor, he revved the engine.

Chug, chug, chug!

He thoroughly tilled the soil from one end to the other.

Then Su Ming, seeds in hand, stepped onto the freshly turned earth.

Upon closer inspection, it was clear.

These were indeed Level Three seeds; you could only plant one per acre.

Impressive!

Su Ming wasn't upset in the slightest, nor was he rushed.

Based on his previous experience, the lower the planting density, the better the yield!

Chapter 507 - It Is Difficult to Find a Job

Dig a hole, cover it with soil, and count to five.

Su Ming made his way to the center of the yard, dug a hole, and carefully placed the seed inside.

He watered and fertilized the soil as well.

“Ding! The hundredth generation of Celestial Peach has been successfully planted! Harvest time: 80 hours!”

80 hours?

Does it really take that long?

But on second thought, it seemed reasonable.

When he planted the Heart of Wisdom, it took a whole half month.

Now, probably because his level had gone up, the planting time had significantly decreased.

Otherwise, it would have taken at least a week.

All set!

Su Ming dusted off his hands, feeling quite pleased.

If his guess was correct,

he could harvest the Three-legged Golden Toad by tonight.

What would it be?

Surely something splendid.

Even though it was deep into autumn,

the sunlight was perfect.

Su Ming lounged on a recliner in the middle of the courtyard,

squinting slightly,

the epitome of relaxation.

He listened to the bustling sounds of the city around him.

The sun's warmth bathed him,

cozy and comforting.

The villa's pond, home to several carp, now housed much larger fish.

To have such a sanctuary amidst the urban rush was a luxury.

He was so content that he nearly dozed off.

Absolutely blissful!

Meanwhile,

at Eastsea University,

in the principal's office,

Principal Ye was greeting an old friend.

“Ah, if it isn't Principal Xie! What brings you here today?”

Principal Ye greeted the middle-aged man with a beaming smile.

They exchanged a hearty handshake.

“Ye, stop teasing me. I've been beside myself with worry these days.”

Xie Haijun slumped into a chair, his brow furrowed with concern.

“What seems to be the problem?”

Principal Ye asked, taking a seat across from Xie Haijun.

“The job outlook for our graduates is looking grim this year.”

“We're not in the same league as Eastsea University. At Eastsea Technology University, less than half of our graduates have secured jobs this year, and the companies that attended our autumn recruitment fair were mostly small, lesser-known firms.”

“The students are unhappy, and so is the broader community.”

“I came to seek your wisdom, Ye. Your school's job fairs are always a hit. Could you share some of your strategies with us?”

Xie Haijun implored, his expression laden with worry.

“This...”

Principal Ye paused, caught off guard by the request.

Old Xie, I assure you, I had no other intention.

Please don't get the wrong idea.

You see, our school's recruitment fair has been quite successful, right?

It's not because I'm an exceptionally skilled principal.

The reason is...

It's because we're Eastsea University, a 985211 institution.

And then there's your Eastsea Technology University.

Well...

It's somewhat different.

Of course, Principal Ye could only think this to himself. He couldn't voice it outright. After all, Xie Haijun was here seeking solace, not criticism.

And Xie Haijun is no fool. He's well aware of the situation but had no other option than to come here for guidance.

"Old Xie, as you know, the market has been tough these past couple of years."

"Many large companies are at full capacity, some are even downsizing, and the smaller ones? They prefer hiring seasoned professionals with experience, not wanting to invest time and energy in training newcomers."

"It's not just you. Our fall recruitment fair this year also had lackluster results. Though slightly better than yours, only about 80% of our students managed to secure contracts."

Principal Ye was speaking the truth.

The market economy is indeed challenging right now.

Xie Haijun's face dropped upon hearing this.

If a large institution like yours is struggling, what hope do I have?

"Ye, I won't lie to you, I've been losing sleep and my appetite over this."

While speaking, Xie Haijun pulled out a newspaper from his briefcase.

The front-page headline was glaring.

Eastsea Technology University's employment rate dismal!

Is it an issue with Eastsea Technology University's teaching, or the quality of the students? It warrants deep reflection!

"Look at what this newspaper says, completely devaluing our university."

"We already have a small pool of applicants, barely scraping by the passing mark each year. With this kind of publicity, who would dare to apply?"

"This is just ruining us."

Xie Haijun was beside himself with anger.

Principal Ye took the newspaper, looked it over carefully, and his brow furrowed slightly. "Old Xie, try not to get upset. The media tends to sensationalize to draw in readers."

"I understand that, but the key issue remains unresolved..."

Xie Haijun, already thinning on top, found his hair shedding even more with worry.

Principal Ye gave him a look.

"Come on, Old Xie, it's not the end of the world."

"Losing hair over an online issue, really?"

"If we have fewer students, we can lower the admissions threshold and recruit more."

"But if you lose your hair, that's a tougher problem to solve."

"Actually, I have an idea," Principal Ye said, shifting the conversation.

"Oh?"

Xie Haijun's eyes brightened. "Ye, you've got to help me out!"

"Isn't your school celebrating its 70th anniversary this year?" Principal Ye asked with a grin.

"Yes, that's right. But what about it? The 70th anniversary is making things complicated. It should be a time of celebration, yet our employment rates are dismal," Xie Haijun lamented, furrowing his brow.

"Use the 70th anniversary to host a grand celebration," suggested Principal Ye. "Reach out to a few alumni."

"Your school isn't exactly small; there must be some alumni who have made it big. Get them to come back."

"Have them provide resources and job opportunities."

"Then get some TV stations to give them some publicity, hand out some honorary certificates, and so on. It's a win-win."

Principal Ye spoke cheerfully.

"Aiya!"

"Aiya ya!"

“Aiya ya ya!”

Upon hearing this, Xie Haijun slapped his thigh and stood up abruptly.

Principal Ye's face contorted in response.

Damn it!

If you're going to slap a thigh, slap your own!

Why on earth are you slapping mine?

And with such force!

Ouch...

That really hurt.

“Ye, no wonder you're the principal of Eastsea University.”

“You're truly impressive; I'm in awe,” Xie Haijun said admiringly. “I'll start preparing right away.”

As he was about to leave, Principal Ye interjected.

“Hold on a second.”

Rubbing his thigh, Principal Ye managed to stand, despite the pain.

That old man sure had a strong hand.

The aftereffect of that slap was intense.

It made me shiver all over.

“What's the rush?” he asked.

“I've got another idea.”

“Our school's job prospects aren't looking too great either.”

“How about we join forces?”

“Let's organize a domestic enterprise employment forum.”

“We'll invite distinguished alumni from both our schools.”

With that, Principal Ye thought of Su Ming.

He had a vivid memory of the last gathering.

In Eastsea City, numerous business owners respectfully stood behind him, addressing him as Mr. Su.

When Su Ming made an entrance, with a wave of his arm and a call to action, a legion of entrepreneurs rallied behind him.

Wasn't that the very definition of influence?

Despite Eastsea University's employment rates being marginally better than those of Eastsea Technology University, the advantage was slight.

Principal Ye was understandably concerned.

Then Xie Haijun arrived, and suddenly, Principal Ye saw the light.

What a brilliant idea!

"Excellent idea, excellent idea!" Xie Haijun exclaimed, barely containing his excitement.

It was clear they had a strong rapport.

Though it was a hard pill to swallow, Eastsea Technology University indeed fell short of Eastsea University in several aspects. The caliber of faculty and student quality were incomparable, and the success rate of their graduates, as well as the number of distinguished alumni, were significantly higher.

By co-hosting an event with Eastsea University, he could also enjoy a share of their prestigious spotlight.

Chapter 508 - The Cunning Xie Haijun

"Ye, your approach is quite impressive," I remarked.

"You just jogged my memory," I continued, "our school indeed had a particularly exceptional student."

"He was notorious for skipping classes and failing exams back in the day. But who would have thought that upon graduation..."

"He took over his family's iron mine back home and became quite the influential figure."

Principal Ye's comment sparked a new line of thinking for Xie Haijun.

“Is that so?”

Upon hearing this, Principal Ye feigned an exaggerated surprise, while internally he mused.

I had assumed he'd had an epiphany post-graduation, striving to start his own venture. Turns out he simply inherited the family business. It's not about being human or not; even a pig could become notable in those circumstances. Remember when Michael Jackson's pet chimpanzee inherited a fortune? That chimp ended up wealthier than many people. But, reincarnation is a craft in itself: some are just born lucky.

“Ye, I really owe you one,” I said.

“That student was initially at your university. After being caught cheating on the final exams, he was expelled. He retook the college entrance exam and ended up at our school,” Xie Haijun explained with a grin.

This revelation left Principal Ye momentarily speechless. The school had been cracking down on cheating during finals for years, but it rarely led to expulsion. At worst, the student's grade for the course would be annulled, necessitating a retake the following year, accompanied by a warning. Cheating, while clearly wrong, was almost an expected part of the finals: teachers knew it well and usually allowed for second chances.

However, some students were overly brazen, employing such egregious methods of cheating that it caused significant disruption. In those rare cases, expulsion was the only option. Such instances were few and far between, making them all the more memorable.

With that in mind, Principal Ye quickly connected the dots. “Hold on, Old Xie, are you referring to... Meng Haitao?”

Principal Ye blinked in anticipation.

“Wow!” exclaimed Xie Haijun. “I'm impressed, Ye. You've got a good memory. Yes, that's exactly who it is.”

Principal Ye blinked after hearing the news.

Uh...

Okay then.

That's incredibly coincidental.

I didn't expect it to actually be him.

After all, he was nearly expelled because of Su Ming.

You can just picture their reunion.

It's bound to be...

I apologize, Mr. Su.

I had no idea it would be him.

If I had known,

I certainly wouldn't have brought it up.

"Alright, Ye, I'm heading back to call a school assembly immediately."

"Let's get ready."

With that, Xie Haijun left.

He promptly convened the assembly.

The leadership and all the teachers were present.

Upon hearing Xie Haijun's announcement, their eyes shone with anticipation.

The recent employment issues had been a source of great stress for them.

"Our school's representative this time is Meng Haitao. Although his grades weren't great during his time here, he's now worth a fortune—several billion yuan."

"He owns two iron mines."

Xie Haijun grinned with delight.

"Really? He has a mine?"

"Our very own student is a billionaire?"

"I remember that kid. He failed an exam and wanted to buy points from me, but I refused."

"Damn! Regretting it now, aren't you? I'm telling you, stay away from the alumni meeting! You might just cause trouble!"

“What does it matter if someone had good grades? He's now worth billions, which is far more impressive than you.”

The teachers were buzzing with excitement.

“On my way here, I've already reached out to Meng Haitao and invited him to join our school's board of directors.”

“Meng Haitao has accepted and will be arriving by plane this afternoon.”

“We shouldn't waste any time, let's get prepared.”

“The seminar will be held at 5 PM today.”

“After all, we have quite a few alumni in Eastsea. I'll get in touch with some of them. Whoever can make it, great. If not, no worries. The star of the show is Meng Haitao.”

Xie Haijun smiled slightly.

Being a board member sounds prestigious.

But in reality,

Most of the time,

You're not involved.

So don't try to call the shots.

Your child has arrived, which means I can offer you a discount.

This will ensure your child graduates without any hitches or failing grades.

But please, stay out of other matters.

If the school faces an issue,

Whether it's road construction today or bridge building tomorrow,

I can then legitimately request funds from you.

Still, despite this,

Many people are eager to claim this title of honor.

Why, you ask?

It comes with a significant tax break.

That's a substantial amount of money.

"But Principal, isn't this all a bit too sudden?"

"We won't have enough time to prepare," voiced a concerned teacher from below.

"What's the rush?"

"We're neither dining nor partying; we're here to engage in an academic discussion."

"We'll call it the 'Analysis of Domestic Employment Prospects.'"

"What preparation is needed for an academic discussion?"

"We don't need any flower arrangements."

Xie Haijun spoke with a contented smile.

The other teachers, upon hearing this,

Were completely taken aback.

This wasn't about organizing a job fair to address the students' employment issues.

What did this have to do with an academic discussion?

"You all don't get it, do you?"

"We'll invite successful alumni to speak to their underclassmen, sharing their entrepreneurial triumphs, current success, and future aspirations."

"Then we'll bring in the TV station."

"Who would pass up an opportunity to satisfy their own vanity?"

"After they've boasted about their achievements, we'll ask them for job placements. How could they refuse?"

Xie Haijun was brimming with confidence.

"Oh my! That's our principal for you, always thinking ahead!"

"Impressive, truly impressive!"

“You've got me wanting to take the stage and say a few words myself. To show off in front of the underclassmen is truly a highlight of one's life!”

“Exactly. Some people have an unremarkable four years in college, but once they make it in the real world, they crave a chance to showcase themselves.”

The teachers nodded in agreement. It's no wonder you're the principal and we're merely teachers and school administrators; the difference in vision is incomparable.

“Plus, these graduates are still young.”

“We'll have some of the young female students present them with awards and flowers.”

“Who knows, it might even lead to a few romances.”

Xie Haijun said with a grin.

Upon hearing the plan, the teachers at Eastsea University were impressed.

Brilliant!

Absolutely brilliant!

Just imagine!

Returning to your alma mater.

In front of your underclassmen.

In front of teachers who once underestimated you.

On television.

Being able to share the trials and triumphs of starting your own business.

And doing it with style, boasting about your achievements.

Even welcoming a few bashful junior girls.

In that moment.

Offering job positions to your juniors.

You'd feel like you were on top of the world.

This isn't just any seminar.

It's a show-off convention!

Who could resist? Who could stand up to that?

Unbeatable!

Eastsea University already had a significant number of local students.

Even with short notice, a single phone call could surely bring in a crowd.

"The principal is truly a visionary with profound insight and long-term perspective. He's an old... uh... master strategist. Truly formidable."

"Principal, I'll have my team get on it right away."

"We'll let them tout their own successes, then the school will step in to offer them job placements."

"Exactly, they've talked the talk, now we can't let them down without job offers. That would be embarrassing."

"Great strategy, great strategy!"

The teachers lavished praise one after another.

Each of these teachers had a bit of a cunning streak.

Not one of them was a pushover.

Chapter 509 - Give You a Mission

Let's discuss Principal Ye.

The economy has been sluggish over the past couple of years.

With businesses dwindling, even though their institution is a prestigious 985,211 key university, the employment rates remain disappointingly low.

Xie Haijun's comments, however, served as a wake-up call.

Setting aside others, just consider the number of job opportunities Mr. Su could provide.

Mr. Su is acquainted with at least dozens of business owners. If each could offer just one position, that would be quite an achievement.

Something is always better than nothing.

With this in mind, Principal Ye took the invitation and made a beeline for the women's single apartments.

Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian were enjoying some television in their room.

The sisters, having not seen each other in a while, were having a blast.

Then, out of the blue, there was a knock at the door.

Su Qiu paused, puzzled.

Could it be the senior from next door?

Most of their neighbors were either master's or doctoral students, and they all got along well, often sharing tasty treats with each other.

Su Qiu, just a freshman, was practically the building's darling.

She frequently received gifts like snacks and fruit from others.

Approaching the door, Su Qiu opened it, and upon seeing who was there, she froze.

“Principal Ye?”

Su Qiu blinked, taken aback.

What brought Principal Ye here?

“Who is it?! The Principal?!”

Zhang Qianqian joined her, equally astonished.

Eastsea University was the top institution in Eastsea.

A premier university.

Its national ranking was certainly impressive, consistently within the top ten.

Becoming the principal of such a university meant being a renowned scholar with an extremely high social standing.

For most students at Eastsea University, the principal was more of a mythical figure.

Many would graduate without ever having seen him.

And yet, here he was, Principal Ye, in person, looking for Su Qiu?

“Principal Ye, are you here to see my brother?”

Su Qiu was quick on the uptake.

Only her brother, Su Ming, could warrant a personal visit from Principal Ye.

“Yes, indeed.”

Principal Ye, smiling and with a modest demeanor, replied, “There's a seminar this afternoon, and I'd like to invite your brother to participate.”

“A seminar?”

Su Qiu paused, curious. “Principal Ye, what kind of seminar requires my brother's attendance?”

“Su Qiu, you're not aware of the situation,” Principal Ye said with a sigh and a shake of his head. “The job outlook at our school this year is quite bleak. Many of your upperclassmen haven't found employment. That's why we're planning to collaborate with Eastsea Technology University on a seminar. We aim to invite some of our most successful alumni to discuss their experiences and hopefully address some of the employment issues.”

“I see,” Su Qiu responded, a light of understanding dawning on her. Just a few days before, she had overheard some of her senior sisters lamenting their situation. Despite having completed their PhDs and nearing thirty, they were ready to work, but found the job market lacking in quality positions. While Eastsea University's PhD graduates were highly regarded, the reality was starkly different for men and women. Men were often recruited by top tech firms even before graduation, while women faced tougher prospects.

“It's unavoidable, the harsh reality of society,” Principal Ye continued. “Your brother, Su Ming, is one of Eastsea University's most successful alumni. I've given it a lot of thought, and I believe you should be the one to talk to him about this.”

“Sure, no problem,” Su Qiu agreed with a nod.

“I'll send you the details later so you can inform your brother,” Principal Ye said, visibly relieved and smiling at the confirmation.

“Alright,” Su Qiu replied, nodding once more.

Over at Eastsea Technology University, Xie Haijun made his way to an activity hall with a cheerful grin. The Student Affairs Office was bustling with several events, including two debate competitions scheduled for that evening. Among the busy figures was the campus beauty, a standout with her stunning looks and first-rate presence.

Xie Haijun couldn't help but feel a sense of pride. "Ye, I may not match you in faculty expertise or student quality," he thought to himself, "but when it comes to our campus beauty, we're second to none."

"Principal, what brings you here?" the students asked, straightening up at the sight of Xie Haijun, surprised to see him at what was merely an internal academy debate.

The event was organized by the students themselves.

Why has it caught the principal's attention?

"Don't worry, carry on. Liang Xue, could you come here for a second?" Xie Haijun called out with a beaming smile from the doorway.

"Are you looking for me?" Liang Xue was momentarily taken aback.

But she didn't dare to question further and approached Xie Haijun.

"Principal, did you need something from me?" Liang Xue inquired, puzzled.

She had never met the principal before.

Why was he suddenly seeking her out?

"Xue, you are recognized as the campus belle at our school," Xie Haijun observed with growing approval, his face breaking into a broad grin.

Huh?

Liang Xue was bewildered.

She furrowed her brow slightly and instinctively wrapped her coat tighter around herself, taking a step back.

What are you up to, Principal?

Surely not, Principal, you wouldn't engage in such behavior?

I... I'm not the kind of girl who...

This is all too abrupt!

Noticing Liang Xue's guarded stance,

Xie Haijun paused, then quickly reassured her with a chuckle, "My dear, what are you thinking? As the principal of this school, and considering you're around my daughter's age, how could I possibly consider such a thing?"

"Ah? If it's not that, then what is it?" Liang Xue was still confused.

"Here's the situation. This afternoon, the school is hosting a seminar with many distinguished speakers presenting. Naturally, we want to be fully prepared. You're the most beautiful girl in our school, so you'll be leading the team tonight. Plus, you have a particularly challenging task ahead."

Xie Haijun's voice took on a more serious tone as he delved into the matter at hand.

"What task?" Liang Xue asked.

"Your mission is to impress Meng Haitao!" Xie Haijun declared with conviction.

"What?!" Liang Xue was flabbergasted.

Who?

What?

Impress Meng Haitao?

What in the world? What kind of mission is this?

Principal Xie.

I'm not just any girl.

Seeing the look on Liang Xue's face, Xie Haijun blinked, puzzled. What's the matter? Did I misspeak?

He then reflected on his previous words.

Oh my goodness!

Look at that!

He accidentally let the truth slip out.

How awkward, just a tad embarrassing!

“No, I mean... Ha, tonight there's a flower presentation ceremony. Meng Haitao, he's our school's most distinguished alumnus. I'll get you his details later. Just make sure the flowers get to him, and your task will be complete.”

Xie Haijun quickly corrected himself.

Is it really okay to have told the truth?

Upon hearing this, Liang Xue's face gradually regained its normal color.

If that's the case, then there shouldn't be any issue.

Chapter 510 - Soong Congjun

Su Ming was hunched over his lunch, enjoying his meal.

The courtyard had been tidied up, and the weeds were nearly all cleared away.

In the warehouse, the fertilizer, chemical fertilizer, and seeds were all neatly organized.

Two acres were dedicated to sweet luffa.

Five acres to the Water-splashing Lotus Root.

And there was the newly planted Celestial Peach.

The herding area housed five western cowboy snake alpacas, strutting around with boots on and cigarettes dangling from their mouths, exuding an air of nonchalance.

In the aquatic product area, there were five Rock-and-roll Turtles. When they were placed in the water, the System didn't provide a maturity timeline.

Su Ming hadn't noticed at first, but even when he did, it didn't bother him.

Farming, after all, is about doing things at your own pace and finding joy in the simplicity.

Fussing over details is just exhausting.

Besides, anything produced by the System was guaranteed to be top-notch.

The breeding zone was home to the Three-legged Golden Toad, ready for harvest tonight.

He had been looking forward to this for quite some time.

As for expanding the farm, Su Ming had no immediate plans to do so.

For one thing, it was already quite large, occupying over ten acres in the city center, which was astonishing in itself.

More importantly, his land was shielded by tall buildings on all sides except the front, making it less conspicuous.

Acquiring a few more buildings would make it stand out too much.

For now, he preferred to keep a low profile and develop steadily.

Attracting the attention of those in power could lead to complications he'd rather avoid.

While Su Ming was relishing his meal, his phone rang. He saw it was Su Qiu calling.

"Little sis? What's got you calling your brother out of the blue?"

Su Ming answered cheerfully.

"Brother, Principal Ye stopped by. He mentioned there's a seminar tonight and he'd like you to come," Su Qiu explained over the phone.

"Oh, is that so..."

Su Ming pondered for a moment before replying, "Alright, I'll get ready and head over."

"Great," Su Qiu responded. "I'll let Principal Ye know."

"Brother Ming, come visit us at school sometime and hang out!"

Zhang Qianqian spoke with a playful lilt on the phone.

"Okay, I'm on my way."

Su Ming cheerfully responded.

"Let's get ready then. Don't stand me up!"

Su Qiu chimed in with a laugh.

With that, they both hung up.

Su Ming wasn't bothered by the interruption.

He was, after all, a proud graduate of Eastsea University.

He was more than willing to contribute to his alma mater.

After finishing his meal, Su Ming quickly got ready.

He headed to the garage and chose a car at random.

Then he set off directly for Eastsea University.

“Brother! Over here!”

Upon arriving at the university entrance,

he spotted the two girls eagerly waving.

Su Ming grinned and honked twice in greeting.

He then parked in the university's front lot.

Stepping out of the car, he approached the girls.

“Brother!”

“Brother Ming!”

The girls bounced over, each taking an arm and hugging it tightly.

“You two...”

Su Ming was caught between amusement and exasperation.

It was as if he had become a human coat rack for the two of them.

“Brother, I haven't eaten yet. Can we grab a bite?”

Su Qiu patted her flat stomach, looking up at him with pleading eyes.

“Sure, my treat. What would you like?”

Su Ming agreed with a nod.

“The cafeteria!”

Zhang Qianqian piped up.

A few lines of frustration creased Su Ming's forehead.

One girl was a freshman, only a few months into her first year, and the cafeteria was still a novelty.

The other had just arrived and was equally unacquainted with the dining options.

But Su Ming was a different story.

He had endured the Eastsea cafeteria for four long years.

Those in the know, understood.

Just the thought of the food there was enough to dampen his appetite.

Nevertheless, since the girls were keen, he didn't object.

He escorted them towards the cafeteria, his own stomach already full.

Inside, Su Qiu ordered a bowl of noodles, Zhang Qianqian opted for a rice dish, and Su Ming, not hungry, just grabbed a bottle of soda.

They sat down together, eating and chatting away.

Principal Ye was in high spirits.

With Mr. Su's presence, it seemed no one else's attendance was necessary.

Mr. Su single-handedly managed a whole crowd of people.

After a busy morning, he was feeling quite hungry.

Principal Ye was a man of simple tastes, too, with no fondness for extravagance or waste.

He decided to head to the school cafeteria—it was nearby, the food was tasty, the prices were reasonable, and a few quick bites would suffice.

With Principal Ye, there was a gathering of school leaders for a seminar, ensuring a significant turnout.

The principal was committed to living modestly, content with whatever was on offer.

Which of the subordinate leaders would dare to indulge in wastefulness?

They respectfully trailed behind Principal Ye.

Upon entering the cafeteria, Principal Ye stopped in his tracks, taken aback.

He immediately spotted Su Ming seated at the center of the room.

Oh!

Mr. Su has arrived!

Goodness gracious!

This, this, this...

He mustn't be disturbed!

The school leaders, noticing Principal Ye's reaction, were puzzled until they followed his gaze.

They quickly caught on!

These veteran leaders shared an unspoken understanding.

Exchanging glances, they quietly and simultaneously stepped back.

They mustn't disturb him!

They mustn't disturb him!

Tsk, tsk, tsk!

Principal Ye was overjoyed inside.

How do you even begin to explain such a situation?

As it happened, Mr. Su's sister was a student at Eastsea University.

What a fortunate coincidence.

This made handling many matters all the more convenient.

What's the saying? "The early bird catches the worm."

While Principal Ye and his colleagues were contentedly watching and considering relocating,

a group of young men approached with confidence, their presence commanding.

The leader was a Mr. Song, Soong Congjun by name.

He was tall, handsome, and dressed in designer clothes, with a watch on his wrist that shone brightly, clearly expensive.

Upon his arrival, his eyes sparkled at the sight of Su Qiu.

He straightened his attire and cleared his throat before making a beeline for her.

A few followers were trailing behind Soong Congjun.

They had been pondering their lunch options when they noticed Soong Congjun heading straight for someone.

They paused, took a closer look, and realized—

My goodness!

Wasn't that Su Qiu, the very person they had all been longing to see?

“Wow, isn't that Su Qiu?”

“She's lucky that Young Master Song has taken a liking to her.”

“Absolutely. I've heard Su Qiu's family is really struggling. They can't afford to eat at the dining hall regularly. With Young Master Song's wealth, he'll sweep her off her feet in no time.”

The sycophants behind him chimed in one after another.

Hearing his lackeys' comments, Soong Congjun swelled with pride.

He had been smitten with Su Qiu since the first day of school and had pursued her relentlessly.

But then Young Master Ye stepped in.

Young Master Ye, the principal's own son, was not someone to cross, no matter how bold you were.

Soong Congjun had no choice but to back down.

However, when he learned that Young Master Ye had run into trouble and had to repeat a year of high school, he became cocky again.

Exactly...

He realized that his chances of running into Su Qiu were slim now.

