

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming #Chapter 511 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 511

Chapter 511 - It Seems to Make a Lot of Sense

Su Qiu had moved to a different dormitory—a single apartment, far from her old one but closer to the academic buildings and labs. Soong Congjun had been pacing back and forth at Su Qiu's old dorm, but what were the chances of running into her there? To his surprise, he spotted her in the cafeteria today. He wasn't about to let this chance slip by. But then he saw Su Qiu dining with an unfamiliar man, and Soong Congjun's face darkened.

Wow, she's got some nerve! How dare she go after my woman? Doesn't she know who I am? Who does this guy think he is? Young Master Ye? I'm not just boasting—I've done my homework to avoid past mistakes. I've checked out all the big shots at this school, and there's definitely no one like him.

But the real issue is...you, you, you... I could maybe get over you trying to steal my woman, but why do you have to be so good-looking? Why? My natural beauty and charm don't even come close to yours. How is that fair? And another thing, chasing one girl is one thing, but what's with the two-timing? Really, what's your secret?

[Sigh] The girl next to him isn't bad either, almost as pretty as Su Qiu. Tsk, tsk, tsk. This guy's got game. I've got to hand it to him. Okay, okay, could you maybe show me... Wait, what the hell am I thinking? I'm supposed to be teaching him a lesson, not admiring him!

Soong Congjun quickly shook the thought from his head, gritted his teeth, and balled his fists. He stormed off toward Su Ming, his anger palpable. His cronies got the message—Young Master Song's girl had been snatched away, and not just one, but two! And to add insult to injury, these two seemed to be getting along famously, laughing and feeding each other. This is just too much!

It's maddening to compare yourself to others. We're a bunch of misfits who can't even find a single match, and this guy's got two? Couldn't he have left one for the rest of us?

Soong Congjun approached Su Ming and slammed his hand down on the table with a thud.

"This is outrageous!"

Su Ming and his two companions jumped in surprise.

Who was this? What was going on?

They looked up to see Soong Congjun.

Su Ming blinked, puzzled.

Zhang Qianqian also blinked, equally bewildered.

They couldn't be blamed.

They genuinely didn't recognize him; they had never met before.

"You actually had a meal with another man behind my back!"

Soong Congjun accused Su Qiu loudly.

Su Ming and Zhang Qianqian exchanged glances, both turning their attention to Su Qiu.

Su Qiu was taken aback.

She glanced at Soong Congjun, looking him over from head to toe.

"Uh..."

Then Su Qiu spoke up, "And you are?"

"I'm Soong Congjun!" he declared, thumping his chest for emphasis.

"Oh, hello, Soong. Should I know you?"

Su Qiu looked utterly confused.

"Ah... probably not."

Soong Congjun was equally baffled.

The poor guy was just too sincere.

"Have we ever spoken before?"

Su Qiu inquired, her eyes wide with curiosity.

"Ah... no."

Soong Congjun scratched his head, racking his brain.

But no, they had not.

“Am I your girlfriend?”

Su Qiu pressed on with her questions.

“No, no, definitely not.”

Before Soong Congjun could respond, a passerby shook his head in disagreement.

“Exactly. Can you not recognize your own boyfriend?”

Another bystander chimed in.

“Can you be boyfriend and girlfriend if you don't even know each other?”

The first passerby added.

“Is there such a thing as a couple who's never spoken?”

The second bystander continued.

“If we don't know each other, what does it matter to you if I dine with other guys?”

The first passerby questioned.

“And even if there was something between us, am I not allowed to have a meal with other guys?”

The second passerby retorted.

Soong Congjun listened, dumbfounded.

This... this made too much sense!

Though it was a bit of a commotion.

Are you two performing a comedy routine or what?

What are you up to?

Trying to be a narrator or something?

Soong Congjun was taken aback, and so was everyone else around him.

...

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...

The cafeteria fell silent in an instant.

Everyone had assumed it was a boyfriend catching a cheater in the act.

But after a bit of conversation, it became clear.

The girl didn't even recognize you, let alone have a conversation with you.

Why should it matter to you who she's dining with?

Even if she soared to the heavens and stood side by side with the sun,

it wouldn't concern you in the slightest, would it?

"Please, go ahead. We're about to eat."

Su Qiu said this and then returned to her meal.

"Ah, okay."

Soong Congjun nodded, turned, and began to walk away.

Then he stopped, suddenly confused.

Wait a minute!

That's not right!

I came here today to woo you!

Why am I just walking away?

I... I...

Though he couldn't pinpoint exactly where things had gone awry, he was certain something had.

Never mind, it doesn't matter.

Soong Congjun turned back around.

"Su, you're one of the most beautiful girls in our school."

"It's beneath you to eat this cafeteria food."

"Plus, from what I understand, he's not even a student here, is he?"

"Su, why not come with me? You can enjoy the finer things in life."

"I can even provide you with money to ensure your lifestyle is elevated several notches."

With that, Soong Congjun pulled out his wallet.

He produced a plethora of bank and various restaurant membership cards, covering the table.

"You can spend whatever you like from this card."

"There's at least a hundred thousand in this membership card for you to indulge in."

Soong Congjun was brimming with confidence.

He was sure this gesture would sweep Su Qiu off her feet.

Just as he imagined Su Qiu would scream with delight, leap up, and throw herself into his arms,

he sensed something was off.

Looking around, he noticed many students in the cafeteria were struggling to maintain their composure.

Hmm...

It was a peculiar situation.

They seemed like they wanted to laugh but dared not to.

Yet, trying not to laugh was proving to be quite the challenge.

Su Qiu was being observed, but not a single eyelid was lifted in response.

A dismissive comment was tossed out, "Sorry, I'm not fond of eating out."

"No, it's not that."

Soong Congjun found himself somewhat flustered.

He had pulled this move countless times.

How else could he manage to switch girlfriends every week?

Yet, this was a first: outright rejection!

What to do now?

He had plenty of success stories to share, but not a single tale of failure.

"I... um..."

Soong Congjun stuttered, then a spark of inspiration struck.

If I can't get through to Su Qiu, I'll target Su Ming.

Why not start with him?

Drive him off, make him back down!

"What's with the silent act? Playing deaf, are you?"

"Someone's wooing your girl, and you can't even muster a peep. What a coward."

"If you're not up to the challenge, step aside. Su Qiu, since you're so fond of noodles, if you come with me, I'll hire a variety of chefs to whip up endless noodle dishes for you right at home. How does that sound?"

Soong Congjun declared with a burst of bravado.

Chapter 512 - I Am a Thirtysecond Man

"No thanks, I prefer the cafeteria noodles," Su Qiu declined outright.

Soong Congjun was taken aback.

Something was off about this scenario.

He considered himself a seasoned player in the game of love, always getting what he wanted with ease.

Wasn't wooing a woman supposed to be a piece of cake?

He had even conquered a nobody like Su Ming!

He had it all planned out before he walked through the door.

Where to dine tonight?

Which hotel to book?

What positions to try?

The fantasy was delightful.

But it all hinged on her agreement.

Without it, what good were his fantasies?

Soong Congjun felt as though his heart had been crushed under a ton of bricks.

Leave now? With all these eyes on him, how humiliating.

But stay? For what? To face more rejection?

No way!

He, Soong Congjun, must rise to the challenge!

A minor setback couldn't possibly defeat him.

He was determined!

He would take it step by step, with his feet firmly on the ground!

He would ascend to the pinnacle of victory!

But with Su Qiu, he was utterly out of options.

Winning her over was going to require some real effort.

Yet, what he couldn't have, he wouldn't allow anyone else to possess either!

He needed to make that other man disappear, and fast!

Yes!

He would drive away all the men around Su Qiu!

He would become her one and only!

Su Qiu was bound to fall for him!

What a brilliant plan, Soong Congjun, you're truly a genius!

“Hey!”

Soong Congjun's gaze landed on Su Ming: “Kid, are you even a man? Your girlfriend is being pursued by me, and you don't even react? It's pathetic that you're too broke to compete. If I were you, I'd stand up and challenge me to a duel!”

“Hmm...”

Su Ming blinked, pondering for a moment: “I have a small suggestion.”

“Let's hear it.”

Soong Congjun puffed up his chest: “Go on, tell me how you want to duel. If I so much as blink, I'm no man!”

“Why don't you consider visiting a hospital?”

Su Ming suggested earnestly.

“A hospital?”

Soong Congjun paused: “No need, I'm in excellent health, I eat well, and the doctor says my kidneys are in top shape. I can last more than 30 seconds every time!”

“Pfft!”

The moment he spoke, everyone around burst into laughter.

Seriously?

You're bragging about 30 seconds?

Dude, aren't you embarrassed?

Where's your dignity? Have you lost your face?

You...

How can you boast about being quick on the draw with such pride and conviction?

You must be the first of your kind!

Su Ming was at a loss for words.

I meant that you should probably get your head checked at the hospital.

It was supposed to be a tease.

But now, it seems like you really should get it checked.

Soong Congjun noticed the looks on everyone's faces.

He was taken aback.

“What's so funny?”

“Isn't 30 seconds a long time?”

“Don't most people last only about 20 seconds?”

“My guys told me they only last 10 seconds, so I'm three times better!”

“Even the doctor said I'm great!”

Soong Congjun was brimming with confidence.

“Pfft!”

“Pfft!”

This time, everyone completely lost it.

Not just the students, but even the cafeteria staff couldn't stand to listen any longer.

Two janitors mopping nearby overheard and couldn't help but hold their foreheads in disbelief.

Oh my goodness!

30 seconds!

Our old man at home can do better than that.

Soong Congjun's cronies' faces contorted.

Sorry, boss.

We didn't mean anything by it.

We just wanted to boost your confidence.

We didn't want you to feel inferior, so we never told you the truth.

Those women you've been with?

They didn't want you to overthink it.

Plus, they quite enjoy taking on your... errands.

It's a quick job and they make some cash.

Everyone meant well.

But maybe, just maybe, this is something you should keep to yourself...

This is downright humiliating.

"Song, we're trying to eat here. Could you please leave?"

Su Qiu couldn't stand it any longer. She stood up, frowning deeply as she spoke sternly.

"Su Qiu, hear me out..."

Soong Congjun began, trying to explain himself.

"Shut up!" Su Qiu was far from courteous.

It was incredibly irritating.

There she was, enjoying her noodles, when an annoying fly had to buzz around.

Soong Congjun overheard her.

His pride was wounded. 'She's calling me out in front of everyone.'

'What does she think I am?'

Soong Congjun's expression turned sour.

He clenched his fists slightly and said, "Su Qiu, I've always liked you, which is why I've treated you with such respect. But you've rejected me over and over, so don't blame me for losing my cool. I've never failed to get a woman I want."

Many people around couldn't help but facepalm at his words.

Dude.

Do you think you're in some kind of fairy tale?

Throwing around the title 'young master.'

What is this, a fantasy novel?

Some kind of unlimited series?

Punching out kids left and right?

Even in those stories, a 'young master' like you...

Usually ends up as cannon fodder.

"So, are you scared now?"

"Let me tell you, our Soong family has a lot of clout in this school."

"Not even the principal would dare to cross me!"

Seeing that Su Ming and Su Qiu had fallen silent,

Soong Congjun puffed out his chest, smugger than ever.

Tsk, tsk, tsk!

A man's got to have some swagger.

See that? My sheer dominance has left them speechless.

Ah, the virility!

My irresistible charm!

"Are you truly not afraid of our school's principal?"

Just then, a voice came from behind.

"Nonsense! What's that old Ye worth? I'm not afraid of him! If he were here, I'd make him kneel and call me 'daddy!'"

Soong Congjun didn't even bother to look back, his arrogance was sky-high.

The room fell deathly silent.

Everyone was as still as statues.

Standing there, stunned.

A thought crossed everyone's minds.

This guy's done for.

Might as well play him the funeral march.

Then they saw Principal Ye, accompanied by the school's leadership team.

Standing right behind Soong Congjun.

And those sycophants?

They had already made themselves scarce.

Oh my goodness.

That's the principal!

Su Ming and Su Qiu had just spotted Principal Ye, so they both took their seats and fell silent.

"You're that impressive, huh?"

Principal Ye said, smiling from behind them.

"Absolutely, who do you think I am?!"

"At Eastsea University, I'm one of the big shots!"

"Hey! Did you know? I'm the one who revamped the school's athletic field!"

"The recent political reforms at the school were my suggestion."

"I dictate which questions the teachers should set, and they follow suit!"

"I'm the kingpin of Eastsea University!"

Soong Congjun suddenly felt an overwhelming sense of prestige.

His confidence was through the roof!

Then, he couldn't resist turning around.

He wanted to see who this person really was.

Wow!

Not bad at all. Can I take you under my wing? You have a way with words that I find quite satisfying.

You've helped me pull off an impressive facade!

And then,

Soong Congjun saw Principal Ye standing behind him, still wearing that congenial smile.

Chapter 513 - Be Nurtured Student Song

The entire cafeteria was eerily quiet.

No one was eating.

The janitors had stopped cleaning.

In the nearby kitchen, the flames were extinguished.

Cookware was set aside.

The air conditioning had even been turned off.

Everyone's eyes were glued to the unfolding drama.

It was unbelievably thrilling.

Who knew that coming here for a meal would include such an entertaining spectacle?

Soong Congjun was completely dumbfounded.

It felt like a bucket of ice water had been dumped over him, chilling him to the core.

"Damn it!"

"Can someone please explain what on earth is happening?"

"Why is the principal here?"

"This is it!"

I'm done for.

He had thought he was invincible with his divine gear!

Mighty and unbeatable!

But no.

There stood a max-level deity boss right behind him!

A mere glance from Principal Ye was enough to make him lose health rapidly!

Game over!

"Principal Ye, please, let me explain. I was just..."

Soong Congjun was in a state of panic.

Sweat poured from his brow, his legs shook uncontrollably.

His limbs were quivering.

His heart was racing.

"Oh no!"

"Master Soong is about to speak. Let's all pay close attention to what he has to say!"
Principal Ye said, his voice dripping with amusement.

Soong Congjun felt like breaking down.

Even his delusions of grandeur couldn't save him now.

He knew he was in deep trouble.

"Principal..."

Soong Congjun stuttered, unable to form a complete sentence, managing only to utter two words.

"Young Master Soong is quite the VIP."

"Our Eastsea University is but a modest shrine that cannot accommodate a great Buddha like you."

"Young Master Soong, you may return to your dormitory to pack your belongings now."

"Your journey of freedom awaits."

Principal Ye said cheerfully.

Without another word to Soong, he turned his attention to Su Ming.

“Mr. Su, I apologize for the inconvenience of asking you to come here today.”

“I'm profoundly grateful.”

“You've really helped our school out of a tight spot this time.”

Principal Ye warmly shook hands with Su Ming.

“Principal Ye, you're too kind.”

“I'm an alumnus of Eastsea University; assisting my alma mater is the least I can do.”

“Besides, my sister has been under your great care.”

“I'm someone who believes in repaying kindness,” Su Ming said with a cheerful grin.

Soong Congjun perked up. Hold on! Did I just hear something? No, that can't be right! Holy smokes! You're Su Qiu's brother? Not her boyfriend? Damn it! Why didn't you tell me sooner? If I had known, I wouldn't have tried to show off. You totally bamboozled me!

Soong Congjun felt like crying. Wait a second. Something's off. Mr. Su? Why does that name ring a bell? Oh no! Now I remember! Isn't this the renowned Mr. Su from Eastsea, with a fortune in the tens of billions? He's conned a legion of wealthy heirs. The King of Schemes! Damn it! Did I really just pick a fight with someone like him today?

It dawned on Soong Congjun why he had been utterly ignored from the start. What was the point of his pretense? In the presence of Mr. Su, he was less than insignificant. At best, he was a mere molecule. No, not even that—a quark!

Many of the students dining nearby had already recognized Su Ming. They had all looked rather bemused when Soong Congjun was challenging him. However, some had not made the connection until Principal Ye spoke up, and the revelation sent shockwaves through the crowd.

“Wow, is that Mr. Su, our esteemed alumnus?”

“He's incredibly handsome!”

“Senior, do you have a girlfriend? I'd love to be an accessory on your arm.”

“I'm available too! I'm studying broadcasting and have the perfect voice for you.”

“Thanks so much, senior. Our dorm now has air conditioning, and it's unbelievably comfortable!”

Students swarmed around him, the guys green with envy and expressing their gratitude, while the girls were dazzled, their eyes glittering with excitement as they shrieked with delight.

Su Ming's video, where he had outsmarted a wealthy heir, was legendary at Eastsea University. His reputation as the King of Schemes was well-earned. Wealthy, strikingly handsome, and genuinely kind—he was the epitome of the perfect boyfriend.

“I used to turn my nose up at the cafeteria food, but if Mr. Su's sister eats here, what does that tell you? It means the food must be great. I'm going to eat here every day from now on!”

“Absolutely, indulging in lavish meals every day is just wasteful. Mr. Su really knows how to live.”

“Is this what a true mogul looks like? Understated yet substantial. He's incredibly cool!”

“Only those flash-in-the-pan guys flaunt their wealth as a way to show off!”

Everyone turned to look at Soong Congjun, who remained silent.

At that moment, Soong Congjun's advisor got the news and came quickly.

“Soong Congjun, you're expelled. Pack your stuff and leave immediately!”

Before, Soong Congjun might have had something to say.

Now, he didn't dare make a peep.

What more could he say?

Even the president of Eastsea University had to address Mr. Su with respect.

It was a relief that Mr. Su hadn't reduced him to ashes.

“That's certainly true. No need for that.”

Su Ming smiled and said, “Getting into Eastsea University isn't easy. Young people are prone to impulsiveness—it's normal. If they didn't make mistakes, would they still be young?”

Principal Ye listened and paused, momentarily taken aback.

But since Mr. Su had spoken, he decided to follow his lead.

Just as Principal Ye was about to speak, Su Ming shifted the conversation.

“This Soong fellow looks sharp, clearly someone with stellar grades.”

“Principal Ye, as a top-ranked national university, Eastsea University should cultivate plenty of talent for the country.”

“I see Soong as a promising prospect.”

“How about this? While average students pass with 60 points, Soong is no average student. For someone of his caliber, such a low bar is practically an insult.”

“In my opinion, for Soong, anything below 90 points should be considered failing.”

“Moreover, he's a talent in every sense. I propose that Soong simultaneously study in both the Law and Medical faculties. What do you think, Principal Ye?”

Su Ming proposed cheerfully.

The students listened, utterly dumbfounded.

Wow!

They're really out to get Soong Congjun!

The law?

Sure, being a lawyer can rake in the cash.

But the journey is excruciating.

Endless legal volumes.

You've got to not only memorize them but also apply them with agility.

That's just the tip of the iceberg.

And then there's medical school?

In the medical community, there's an ancient adage:

Encouraging someone to study medicine is akin to invoking divine retribution.

It's a bit harsh, but it gets the point across.

You're expected to memorize just as much as in law.

And let's not forget, you're dealing with human lives.

The stakes couldn't be higher!

But the most outrageous part?

Scoring 90 in every single subject?

Seriously?

That's no way to treat anyone, not even a beast of burden!

“Excellent!”

Principal Ye nodded in approval. “Mr. Su is truly exceptional; what a brilliant strategy! And it so happens I'm acquainted with his father. If he fails, I'll summon his father to the school immediately for a serious discussion.”

Soong Congjun overheard and felt a wave of dread.

This was it!

He was utterly doomed.

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

Chapter 514 - Who Are You?

Don't let Young Master Song's high spirits when he's out and about deceive you. The moment he steps into his home and sees his father, he's like a mouse caught by a cat. Principal Ye will eventually report his behavior to his father, and without a doubt, Young Master Song's behind will be in for a serious thrashing.

Studying both law and medicine simultaneously? The most outrageous part is that a passing grade starts at 90 points. An 89 is considered failing. Just like that, he could kiss his life goodbye. Word has it that Young Master Song's father donated a whopping 100 million yuan to the university and had a building constructed. The school has free rein over the lower floors, but the top floor is reserved exclusively for Young Master Song. It's been converted into a classroom devoid of any entertainment amenities. He lives there, confined to the top floor, forbidden from leaving. Every day, law and medical professors alternate teaching him. Normally, if a student doesn't pass within eight years, they're advised to leave the university. But in light of the 100 million yuan, he's allowed to stay. As long as he remains a student, and as long as Eastsea University stands, he can't leave until he succeeds.

Later, it was rumored that all of Song's former classmates had become teachers and were now returning to educate him. Yet, he still hadn't managed to graduate.

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“Mr. Su, we won't impose any further,” said Principal Ye, fully aware of the importance of the situation. He warmly shook Su Ming's hand before heading off to dine. Su Ming spent the afternoon strolling around the campus with the two young ladies. As time drew near, he drove them directly to Eastsea Technology University.

At the entrance, a Lamborghini with a roaring engine revved incessantly. It zoomed from a distance and executed a stunning drift into a parking space. A young man emerged from the vehicle. Short and stout, with a greasy complexion and glasses that did nothing to enhance his appearance, he looked rather sleazy. Dressed in designer clothes and sporting a flashy watch, he exuded an air of arrogance, as if he was above everyone else. With his hands clasped behind his back, he strutted around with a swagger that screamed confidence. “Eastsea Technology University, I have returned.”

“Back then, I was expelled from Eastsea University.”

“The teachers at your school looked down on me.”

“It took me four grueling years to complete my university studies.”

“But now, I've made it. I'm a success.”

“I'm the boss of a company worth tens of billions.”

“Unbeatable!”

“Today, I'm going to prove myself to you!”

“I'm going to use my strength to show you up!”

“And isn't there a seminar you're co-hosting with Eastsea University?”

“Perfect. It's time to settle the score for firing me.”

“I'm going to show you that expelling me was your biggest mistake!”

Meng Haitao's excitement grew as he dwelled on these thoughts.

He was on the brink of sweet revenge.

Those who once scorned me!

I will crush you beneath my feet!

Witness my greatness!

I drove here in the most expensive car just to stand out at this seminar!

When you show off, you've got to shine!

“Wow! What an incredible car!”

“Goodness, that car must be worth over a hundred million, right?”

“Quick, quick, quick! With the sun blazing down, hurry and shade the big boss!”

The students around him buzzed with excitement.

Their eyes sparkled with admiration as they gazed in Meng Haitao's direction, their faces beaming with awe.

Incredible!

Meng Haitao closed his eyes and inhaled deeply.

Ah!

The air seemed to be infused with my coolness!

So refreshing!

Invincible!

He watched the jubilant students.

A subtle smile played on Meng Haitao's lips.

He raised his hand and waved to the crowd.

“No need for such fuss.”

“I'm quite down-to-earth.”

Meng Haitao was in his element, basking in the attention.

“Quick, quick, quick!”

“Be ready, everyone!”

“He's here!”

The students' excitement reached a fever pitch as they surged toward Meng Haitao.

Meng Haitao reveled in his moment of glory.

Haha!

Looking at you kids reminds me of my own youth.

Too bad.

I've reached heights you can only dream of.

Come on!

Embrace me!

This is your one and only chance to rub shoulders with someone as impressive as me!

Meng Haitao closed his eyes and stretched out his hands, ready to embrace the throngs of students.

No, not just any students—the hugs of those beautiful underclasswomen!

One second, five seconds, ten seconds, half a minute passed.

Hmm?

Something was off.

They were only a dozen meters away; why were they moving so slowly?

They could have crawled here by now, right?

And...

If my ears don't deceive me, there was a crowd rushing towards me just a moment ago.

What's happening?

Meng Haitao opened his eyes, puzzled, and took a careful look around.

Hmm?!

Where did everyone go?

Why is there no one in front of me?

Uh...

Some kind of special power?

Invisibility?

Have universities become this advanced?

Has science progressed to this point?

Just as Meng Haitao's confusion peaked, a roar of cheers erupted from behind him.

"Wow! Look, isn't that Mr. Su from Eastsea University?!"

"Oh my god, it's really him—the King of Tricks. He's too handsome, just too handsome!"

"I never thought I'd get the chance to see Mr. Su in person, but here he is!"

"Ah! I can't handle this, I'm going to faint!"

The air was filled with the screams of countless girls.

Meng Haitao was taken aback.

He turned around to see.

Whoa!

The juniors who had been at the school entrance were now swarming around someone.

The scene was buzzing with excitement.

They were holding umbrellas, wiping sweat, and jostling to get closer.

Each face was flushed with excitement, eyes gleaming.

Then there was Meng Haitao.

The cold north wind blew, snowflakes danced around him.

He stood alone, a picture of desolation.

Damn it!

Who the hell are you?!

I've just arrived at school.

I hadn't even started to show off.

And now it's all gone!

Hmm?

Why does that person look so familiar?

Oh no!!!

Isn't that Su Ming?!

The very person responsible for getting me fired!

Damn it!

What are the odds, running into my nemesis here?

Meng Haitao was on the verge of exploding with rage.

As it turned out, he and Su Ming were former classmates at Eastsea University.

But Meng Haitao had always been known for his laziness and greed.

He never studied for exams.

Instead, he had a knack for cheating.

On one occasion, his cheating was caught by a teacher.

Meng Haitao, without a word, quickly shoved the incriminating items onto Su Ming's desk.

At that moment, Su Ming was conveniently in the restroom.

The teacher, finding no evidence at Meng Haitao's desk, discovered the evidence on Su Ming's.

As a result, Su Ming's exam eligibility was immediately revoked.

Upon returning from the restroom, Su Ming was dumbfounded.

He excelled in the subject and had no reason to cheat, let alone fail. What was happening?

Su Ming desperately tried to explain, but the teacher wouldn't listen.

Back then, the classroom had no surveillance cameras, leaving Su Ming without a way to prove his innocence.

Chapter 515 - The Man in the Top Thread

There was no choice but to bite the bullet.

After the exam, Meng Haitao sought out Su Ming. What a fool. If you keep quiet, there's no issue. But once you start talking, you're asking for trouble. And you've got to talk the right way. Beg a little. Say something like, "Ming, you're smart, you'll ace the retake. But my grades are bad, and if I flunk this course, I'm done for. Let me treat you to a stay and a nice meal." Then the whole thing could have been forgotten. Back then, they hardly cracked down on cheating. If you got caught, you just had to pass a retake, and all was well.

But no, he didn't play it smart. He came in with threats. "If you dare snitch to the teacher, I'll make you pay." Does Young Master Su look like someone who tolerates nonsense? "I'd like to see how you plan to 'make me pay.'"

Su Ming, looking to egg him on, said even more. Stealthily, he pulled out his phone and started recording. The guy was an idiot. In the heat of the argument with Su Ming, he spilled all the beans. Su Ming took the recording straight to the teacher, who was on the verge of exploding with anger. "You cheat, and that's bad enough, but do you have to be so brazen about it? Who gave you such audacity? Liang Jingru?"

The teacher reported it to the school immediately. Initially, the school wanted to smooth things over. Cheating was commonplace, and they usually just gave a warning. A little scolding, an apology, a written reflection, and it was done. But this guy just wouldn't have it. "You have no proof I cheated. Why should I believe your accusations about the recording? I was just kidding around."

The teacher, now livid, decided to challenge him. "You think I can't handle you? Take all the exam questions and do them again, untouched. If you can score what you did before... No, let's make it easier. If you can score 40 points, I'll consider it a pass." In the end, the guy couldn't even hit double digits.

The teacher was on the verge of failing him.

And then, Meng Haitao lost it.

In a moment of madness, he struck the teacher.

That was the end of the line.

He was expelled!

You could say he brought it upon himself, but he's the type who never acknowledges his own faults.

He always pins the blame on someone else.

In his mind, it was the teacher's fault.

It was Su Ming's fault.

Nothing to do with him whatsoever.

So, he planned to return and really show off.

But before he could strut his stuff...

Su Ming put him in his place again!

It infuriated him!

No way, not anymore!

I'm a wealthy man now.

How could I let you push me around?

You got me expelled back then, but today, I'm the one who's going to step on you!

With that thought, Meng Haitao cleared his throat and approached with an air of superiority.

He tried to look down on Su Ming.

Alas, he wasn't tall enough.

All he could do was try to look impressive, tilting his eyebrows as he looked up at Su Ming: "Ah, if it isn't Su Ming? I'm surprised to see you're doing quite well."

Su Ming was taken aback.

He glanced around.

"Uh..."

Su Ming blinked.

"Can't believe it, can you? Let me tell you, even at your best, you can't hold a candle to me. I now run a company worth billions. Are you impressed yet?"

Meng Haitao thought Su Ming was dumbfounded by his grandeur.

He quickly asserted his status.

"Uh..."

Su Ming fell silent again, stroking his chin.

"Sorry about that."

"My memory's been a bit off lately."

"Do me a favor and remind me."

"Who are you?"

Su Ming asked earnestly.

"I..."

Meng Haitao was on the verge of exploding.

You, you, you...

Are you doing this on purpose?

You don't recognize me?

"Who are you, coming out of nowhere trying to cozy up to our senior?"

"Even if you own a billion-dollar company, we couldn't care less."

"Exactly, exactly. You're short, awkward, and unattractive. Now look at our Senior Su, tall, handsome, and wealthy!"

"I thought I was supposed to be impressed, but I don't even know you."

"I can sense the embarrassment in the air."

The students around them chimed in.

Meng Haitao's face turned a shade of sour.

Uncle might have been able to tolerate it, but aunt sure couldn't!

“Su Ming, are you doing this on purpose? I'm Meng Haitao!”

Meng Haitao bellowed, “It was you who got me fired back then!”

Su Ming suddenly had a flashback.

He definitely remembered that incident.

There had been a conflict between them at the time.

But so many years had passed, and Su Ming had mellowed significantly; the past was just youthful impulsiveness.

“Oh, it's you. I have a vague recollection.”

Su Ming nodded in acknowledgment.

“Wait, that's Meng Haitao?”

“Isn't he the guy from that infamous post that's always pinned at the top of our school's forum?”

“Now that you say it, it does look like him. Except he wasn't as overweight and sleazy back then.”

The students around them were taken aback.

Meng Haitao perked up.

Really? Am I that legendary?

“I graduated years ago, and they're still talking about me at school?”

He laughed to himself.

After failing to impress earlier, maybe now he could redeem himself.

[You've finally recognized me!]

[My confidence is restored!]

“Yes, that's him! The one who bought binoculars to spy on the girls' dorm!”

“Exactly! And the one who flirted with the cafeteria lady!”

“I heard he even sneaked into the girls' dormitory.”

“That's nothing. He's been in the girls' bathroom too!”

“Don't even start; he still reeks of that creepiness!”

“Look over there! Isn't that the video of him relieving himself under the school's security camera?”

“His butt is so pale!”

“Today, we finally get to see him in the flesh!”

Eventually, the students around pulled out their phones.

They opened the forum and found the video.

They began sharing it.

One of the younger students stood next to Su Ming.

She watched along with him.

Meng Haitao felt like he was going to explode.

What the heck!

I thought my legacy would be about my heroic deeds!

Instead, it's this?

And a pale butt, really?

When did that happen? How come I don't remember?

No, wait!

[I remember now!]

The night before I graduated, in a final act of defiance, I relieved myself on the school's front lawn.

Oh crap!!!

The thing on top of my head!

It's not just for show!

Damn, it's actually real!!

Meng Haitao.

He swaggered in, thinking he was a phoenix rising from the ashes, brimming with confidence.

But the moment he set foot on campus.

He got trampled on not once, but twice.

What's worse, that post was still pinned at the top of the school's forum.

After all these years.

How many eyes had seen it??

Oh my god!

This is just...

How's a person supposed to live with this?

Meng Haitao's face turned beet red, his body trembling.

Everything before him went dark.

He felt a tightness in his chest.

No, I've got to turn this situation around!

Meng Haitao closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

The rashness of youth.

It doesn't count!

Now I've got money!

What's the past to me?

I'll definitely turn the page.

I'm going to become the everlasting legend of Eastsea Technology University!

Yes!

That's the spirit!

After a long moment of thought, Meng Haitao opened his eyes.

I can't give up, I've got to keep up the facade!

Chapter 516 - Meng Haitao Got Lost

“Who doesn't make a few mistakes in their youth?”

“Nowadays, I own several companies. I'm a big boss with a net worth in the billions.”

“It was your principal who begged me to come here.”

“If any of you students dare to disrespect me, just be careful—I might have your principal...”

Meng Haitao opened his eyes.

A burst of sunlight streamed through, momentarily blinding him.

But Meng Haitao didn't forget to put on a show.

He thought it was laughable; he was determined to impress these students with his might.

Crossing him would surely lead to no good end!

But as his eyes adjusted to the bright light and he took in his surroundings, Meng Haitao was taken aback.

Where was everyone?!

Damn it!

Where had they all gone?

Why was there not a single person in front of him?

What was the point of showing off if they had left?

Pretending to be cool to thin air?

Wasn't that absurd?

Meng Haitao turned around to see.

Whoa!

There was Su Ming, flanked by two girls, surrounded by a group of underclasswomen, all smiling as they entered the campus.

And the underclassmen were busy too—some moving tables, others chairs.

The welcoming ceremony set up at the school entrance had been cleared out in an instant.

A gust of wind blew by.

Meng Haitao was left standing there, utterly alone.

Ah!

It brought to mind an ancient poem:

In a world where birds have flown beyond the mountains, and human traces have vanished from the paths...

Ah spit!

Why the hell am I reciting poetry?

I can't tolerate this!

Absolutely not!

You group of naive young ladies,
so easily charmed by the dashing looks of young men.

Hmph!

Su Ming, you just wait.

I'll showcase my prowess on stage later.

I'll make you regret crossing me!

With this in mind, Meng Haitao regained his composure.

He hitched up his trousers.

He gave his watch a confident flick.

With bold steps, he marched into the campus.

And then...

He got lost.

Meng Haitao, drenched in sweat under the blazing sun, was from the northwest.

Back home, the temperatures had already plummeted.

Yet there he was, dressed in a thick outfit, utterly out of place.

Eastsea was situated to the south, another coastal city. Given the location, it was still quite warm at this time of year. Meng Haitao had been walking for what felt like an eternity and was utterly bewildered. "Where in the world am I? It's only been two or three years since I graduated—how could the school have changed so drastically?" he wondered, especially perplexed by the new International Convention Center. "Back in my day, I was hardly an exemplary student, never once setting foot in any convention center. I assumed I'd arrive to a welcoming crowd, but instead, I've been wandering alone and now I'm freaking lost."

Eventually, Meng Haitao couldn't stand it any longer. He approached a young girl nearby, mustering the friendliest smile he could: "Excuse me, little sister, could you tell me where the International Convention Center is?"

"Ah!!! Pervert!!!" she screamed, bolting away.

"Eh..." Meng Haitao was taken aback. "Pervert? What's she talking about? I haven't done a thing! I just wanted to ask for directions." He thought to himself, "Besides, I'm tall and good-looking. She's got a poor eye for people. I'm clearly dashing, and she accuses me of being a pervert? Alright, let's try someone else."

But the responses only got worse: "Ah! Shameless!" "Ah! Creep!" "Oh my god, you look so creepy and frightening!" Soon, the area was filled with the screams of girls. "I know him, he's the 'white butt' from the Tieba forum!" "That's the sleazy guy! Run, run!" "What's he doing at our school? Is he up to no good?"

Many girls recognized him as the infamous character from the forum, and the panic intensified. Meng Haitao stood frozen as the vicinity cleared out, leaving not a soul within a hundred meters—not even a bird. He was on the verge of tears. "I just wanted to ask for directions! I don't mean any harm. Is this really necessary?" He pondered the oddity of not seeing a single male student in such a large school. "Surely, asking a guy would be fine, right?"

In desperation, he cried out, "Oh heavens, oh earth, please send me a guy to ask!" But his plea was met with another exclamation from a passerby: "Oh my god, he's a freak!"

"Quick, call the police and have them take him away!"

"It's terrifying, just terrifying."

From a distance, many girls heard his cries.

The fear was enough to drain the color from their faces.

That fool, Meng Haitao.

Without realizing it, he had wandered into the Nursing College.

Eastsea Technology University didn't offer a program for male nurses, so the area was teeming with female students.

It was rare to see a male student around these parts.

Meng Haitao was brooding on a roadside bench when an elderly man approached.

Thank goodness, someone at last.

Before Meng Haitao could get up, the old man glared at him.

"What do you think you're doing? Who gave you permission to sit here?!"

The old man jabbed his finger at Meng Haitao's nose and berated him.

"Uh..."

Meng Haitao was taken aback, "Old man, is this chair off-limits?"

There didn't seem to be any such rule about the benches on campus.

In the past, there were even homeless people sleeping at the school.

But the school later prohibited it, fearing for the students' safety.

"Of course you can sit wherever you like, you blockhead!"

The old man was livid, "Are you illiterate? Can't you read?"

What?

Meng Haitao was completely bewildered by the tirade.

What's this about reading?

I just can't make sense of it.

You've got to be kidding me; I'm in a rush here.

Meng Haitao looked around.

Nothing seemed amiss.

“Right here!”

Unable to contain himself any longer, the old man bellowed, yanked Meng Haitao's hair, and gave a tug.

Meng Haitao's head jerked up.

Above him hung a sign.

“Wet Paint on Chair - Do Not Sit!”

The letters shone brilliantly, surrounded by a ring of fluorescent lights.

Clearly, they were there to ensure the message was visible at night.

Pfft!

Meng Haitao nearly choked on his own disbelief.

I should have known; there was this flickering sensation above my head when I sat down.

But it's a busy school, full of people and distractions.

I didn't pay it any mind.

And to think, there was a sign right above me all along, and I hadn't even noticed?

Upon a second glance at the chair, it was covered in fresh red paint, and now there was a silhouette of a person on it. Meng Haitao turned to find a bright red patch on the back of his clothes. Overwhelmed, Meng Haitao broke down in tears. His suit, which had been custom-made at a steep price, had met its untimely demise.

“Can't you see that sign? You're all dressed up, but you can't read,” the old man fumed, grabbing a can of paint from nearby. As he approached to touch up the paint, he paused, furrowing his brow. “Your behind is quite large, enough for three or four people. Hmm, why does it look so familiar? I swear I've seen it on Eastsea Technology University's forum...”

C517 – I Am Just Here to Ask for Directions

Meng Haitao was taken aback.

Damn!

Did it really have to be like this?

“Old man, at your age, wouldn't you rather be dancing in the square or enjoying Peking Opera?”

“Why on earth are you browsing Tieba when you're bored?”

“Is this really appropriate for you to be looking at?”

“This is absurd, isn't it?”

The elderly man acted as though he hadn't seen him at all.

He just lowered his head and kept working, muttering to himself.

“Well, it's not really your fault. You see, I put up that sign because I was worried some of the shorter female students wouldn't be able to see it. I never expected an even shorter guy to miss it...”

The old man continued to grumble to himself as he worked, and Meng Haitao could no longer bear it.

“I'm not going to ask for directions anymore. I'm leaving.”

Meng Haitao said this and quickly walked away.

He hadn't gone far when he heard footsteps ahead.

Looking up, Meng Haitao was ecstatic.

Wow!

At last, he spotted a few tall, strong, and handsome guys!

Though he hated to admit they were better-looking than him, he knew that if they could just give him directions, they'd definitely be the epitome of handsome!

Meng Haitao approached them eagerly: "Fellows, I need to ask for directions..."

"Go ask your grandma's leg!"

The leader of the group scowled, his face full of rage, and landed a slap across Meng Haitao's face.

Meng Haitao was dumbfounded.

What in the world?

What was happening?

Had Eastsea Technology University changed so drastically?

This greeting was quite peculiar.

"It's not you guys, I'm just..."

Meng Haitao was utterly bewildered.

"It's your sister!"

The lead boy was furious, and the boys behind him were equally enraged. "Are you the one who's been causing trouble on campus?"

"No, I swear, I just wanted to ask for directions!"

Meng Haitao held his face, on the verge of tears. Where could he even begin to argue his case? He had just asked for directions and ended up getting beaten.

"Smack!"

He thought that after explaining himself, it would be over, but then came another slap.

"Are you trying to deceive ghosts by burning newspapers at a grave?"

"Why don't you come up with a believable excuse?"

"There's a map in every section of the school, right over there."

"And you're still asking for directions? Isn't that just a pretext for harassing girls?"

He pointed to the side, giving Meng Haitao a knowing wink, and turned his head slightly.

Holy smokes!

Just a stone's throw away to Meng Haitao's left was a towering sign. It showcased a bird's eye view of Eastsea Technology University, with every location clearly marked, including the International Convention Center he was desperately trying to find!

Meng Haitao felt like weeping.

How many times had I walked past this sign without noticing it?

"The class monitor is the one causing trouble!"

"He just stood there, ogling us while we were picking up laundry in the girls' dorm."

"Qiu is so terrified she's sobbing under her blanket right now."

Several girls chimed in, gathering around.

"Let's give him what he deserves!"

Upon hearing this, one of the boys became enraged and launched into a pummeling.

"I swear I'm not a creep; I just wanted to ask for directions!"

"Oh my God!"

Meng Haitao instinctively protected his head.

"With moves like that, you can tell he's a seasoned troublemaker. He must be used to getting thrashed!"

"This time, we're going to make sure you learn your lesson."

"You think it's okay to behave like this at our school, and even have the nerve to harass our girls?"

"Smack him down!"

A mob of boys descended, delivering a chaotic flurry of kicks.

"What's going on here?"

At that moment, a puzzled voice cut through the commotion.

The boys dishing out the beating paused.

“Hey, it’s Senior Su!”

“Oh, Brother Su!”

“Wow, Brother Su looks amazing!”

The girls nearby paused, then upon recognizing the newcomer, swarmed him in excitement.

Meng Haitao heard Su Ming’s voice and nearly burst into tears.

Salvation at last!

Despite his previous disdain for Su Ming, wishing to trample him underfoot, Su Ming’s arrival was nothing short of a godsend at this moment!

“Senior Su, this guy was flirting with the girls on campus. We couldn’t stand by, so we took matters into our own hands,” the class monitor reported, his brow furrowed.

The class monitor, a former soldier, was known for his integrity and commanding presence.

The medical college was adjacent to the nursing college, which meant there were plenty of boys around.

Once they got wind of the situation, they hurried over.

“Is that so? Then he deserves a good beating.”

Su Ming nodded in agreement. Some people just ask for it.

While it’s not right to resort to violence, there are times when you have to teach someone a lesson the hard way, or they’ll never learn.

“By the way, Senior Su, what brings you here?” the class monitor inquired, puzzled.

“I’m looking for someone. We’ve been waiting for him to show up for a meeting for quite some time. When he didn’t, we split up to search for him. Have you seen him? He’s not very tall, a bit on the hefty side, and, frankly, not the most pleasant-looking,” Su Ming explained.

“No, haven’t seen him.”

“None of us have.”

“Yeah, maybe try looking somewhere else?”

“We just came from over that way; he’s not there either.”

The students exchanged glances and shook their heads in unison.

“Okay then, carry on,” Su Ming said, turning to leave.

“Wait a second!”

Just then, Meng Haitao reached out his hand, calling out with all his might, “Su Ming, it’s me!”

Su Ming paused, the voice sounding oddly familiar. He turned around and saw Meng Haitao struggling to his feet, shivering.

Imagine the scene: fresh paint clinging to his back, and after a few more kicks from the boys, it was everywhere. Meng Haitao was smeared with red paint, footprints stamped all over him, even on his face.

The class monitor had delivered two hefty slaps, drawing on his recent military discharge and the robust fitness that came with it. Meng Haitao’s face was now a swollen, bright red mess, as plump as a ripe peach.

“Who’s that? The voice sounds familiar,” Su Ming mused, squinting in confusion.

He moved closer for a better look and then realized in shock, “Meng Haitao?!”

“Meng Haitao, what happened to you? Were you the troublemaker they were just talking about? What are you doing, causing a scene here instead of attending school or the meeting?” Su Ming asked, his brow furrowed in concern.

Meng Haitao felt like crying and was indeed on the verge of tears.

“I damn well tried to go!”

“I got lost and couldn’t find the place!”

“I just wanted to ask a couple of students for directions, and they accused me of being a troublemaker and started beating me up!”

“And you all just accused me of spying on the girls’ dormitory!”

“What am I even looking at? I was just dizzy from the heat, trying to catch my breath!”

Meng Haitao finally found an outlet and began to sob loudly.

The students around him felt a bit awkward.

From what Su Ming was saying,

it seemed he was genuinely lost and just wanted directions.

“Listen, you guys, I...”

Meng Haitao, shivering, pointed at the students who had hit him.

“What you did was wrong.”

Just then, Su Ming cut in, turning to address the male students.

Hearing this,

Meng Haitao let out a sigh of relief. Despite their differences, his old classmate had come to his defense.

C518 – After Getting Beaten up He Still Wants to Pay the Money

“We’re all university students here; we should act like civilized individuals,” Su Ming instructed with a sense of purpose. “If you must resort to violence in the future, make sure to cover the person’s head with a black bag first. You can’t let anyone identify you. Otherwise, you could find yourself in a heap of trouble. The school won’t hesitate to discipline you, and you might even end up detained. That could seriously derail your future prospects,” he continued, imparting his wisdom.

His fellow students nodded in agreement, clearly impressed.

Wow, that’s actually quite insightful!

Classic Senior Su!

Impressive!

His words were a revelation to us, opening our eyes to a new perspective.

Meng Haitao listened from the sidelines. The first statement seemed reasonable enough, but as he continued to listen, he grew increasingly uneasy. What in the world was this about? What was Su Ming suggesting? Having already been beaten was bad enough, but the idea of being bagged and beaten again was too much. There would be nowhere left to turn for comfort!

“Alright, it’s late. Let’s all head back and get some rest,” Su Ming said cheerfully.

"Hey! Su Ming, they beat me up, and I'm a distinguished guest invited by Eastsea Technology University. You're just going to let it slide?" Meng Haitao protested, clearly upset. He hadn't done anything to deserve the beating. If he didn't seek justice, wouldn't his suffering be in vain?

"Absolutely, absolutely!" Su Ming agreed, but then he cut Meng Haitao off before he could finish. "You all should really be thanking Senior Meng. It's lucky for you that he's a guest of honor invited by our school, and a former senior of yours. If not for that, this incident wouldn't be so easily resolved. Senior Meng is generous and won't hold a grudge. After all, he is a guest of honor at our school, right?" Su Ming continued with a grin.

Meng Haitao was left speechless. Su Ming's words did carry some weight, but something didn't sit right with him. He couldn't quite articulate why, but he felt a sense of injustice. His chest was tight with discomfort, and it was painful.

"No, what I meant to say was..." Meng Haitao began, scratching his head as he tried to collect his thoughts. But before he could get the words out, Su Ming interrupted him again.

"Alright, alright, I get your point!" Su Ming interjected. "You're obviously pleased that these gentlemen stood up for the ladies, and you'd like to reward them for their gallantry, right?"

"You know, you're absolutely right. The campus spirit is so positive, thanks to these guys."

"I'm aware that you're not short on cash. So here's what I'll do: I'll take care of it. Class rep, you've put in a lot of effort today. I'll have him give each of you a red envelope with 1000 yuan."

Su Ming said, grinning from ear to ear.

"Oh my! Thank you, Senior Meng!"

"Senior Meng, I'm truly sorry. It was all just a big misunderstanding earlier."

"Senior Meng sure is loaded!"

The boys around him couldn't hide their delight.

Just think about it!

Get into a fight and come out with cash!

It's an incredibly good deal.

Meng Haitao was on the verge of tears.

I mean, seriously...

Yet here were the students, coming up to shake hands and say hello.

Beaming with gratitude.

At this point, it would be wrong to turn hostile.

"Ah... you guys really put in the work."

"Maintaining the safety of our school is hard work, and you've done it. Thank you."

Meng Haitao managed a strained smile.

Damn, they beat me up, and now I have to pay them?

I have no choice but to willingly hand over the money.

The baby inside is crying, but outwardly, I say nothing.

After the guys expressed their thanks,

they pulled out their phones,

flashing their payment QR codes.

Meng Haitao held his nose, a sour expression on his face,

and begrudgingly transferred the money to each of them.

The boys were over the moon.

Now they had money for gaming online,

for buying gifts for their girlfriends,

and even for those new skins that had just dropped in the game.

They walked away with huge smiles plastered on their faces.

Meanwhile, a group of girls lingered,

gathering around Su Ming, chattering excitedly,

their eyes sparkling with admiration.

Off to the side, Meng Haitao felt like he was going to explode with frustration.

All I did was ask for directions,

and you'd think I was miles away from you.

I barely got a word out before you screamed and ran,

and then you had the nerve to call someone to beat me up.

But when it comes to Su Ming,

you're all sweetness and warmth,

practically tripping over yourselves to get close to him.

What's the matter?

Not playing the tough guy anymore?

How can there be such a vast gap between people?

Doesn't anyone get a break?

Can one even maintain their humanity?

Meng Haitao stood alone in the wind, a picture of misery, shivering uncontrollably.

Meanwhile, Su Ming was the center of attention, encircled by a bevy of beauties.

The contrast couldn't have been more striking.

At last, he managed to send the girls on their way.

Approaching Meng Haitao, Su Ming gave his shoulder a reassuring pat.

"Come on, everyone's waiting for you."

With those words, Su Ming strode forward confidently, chest out and head held high.

Meng Haitao's face was a mask of worry.

He clenched his jaw in frustration.

His walk was a painful hobble.

In a pitiful state, he trailed behind Su Ming.

They continued on until Su Ming stopped in front of a building.

He pulled open the door.

Meng Haitao's reaction was one of utter shock.

What?

This?

This is the International Convention Center?!

No way!

Meng Haitao stood frozen in place.

Su Ming blinked inquisitively, "What's up?"

"I..."

Meng Haitao's face flushed with the effort of holding back his emotions.

After a long pause, he bit his lip and shook his head.

"It's nothing."

He coughed, straightened up despite the pain, and marched inside.

But as he crossed the threshold, tears welled up in Meng Haitao's eyes.

Why?

For the love of...

He had passed this building at least ten times!

Ten times!

He had even sat at its entrance for five minutes.

And it turned out to be the International Convention Center.

He felt an overwhelming urge to cry.

A man's tears are not a sign of guilt!

It suddenly made sense why Su Ming and the others had vanished after turning a corner.

They had been heading inside all along!

He had walked past the International Convention Center entrance countless times, completely oblivious.

Upon entering, Meng Haitao looked up slightly.

Above his line of sight, the words were clear.

International Convention Center!

It was his own short stature that had limited his view!

He had completely missed it!

Not only that, but he had been roughed up.

He had spent thousands.

His once-pricey suit was now a mess.

His cheeks were as swollen as if he had been slapped repeatedly.

The pain was intense, like a burning fire.

His emotions were all over the place.

Utterly frustrated!

.....

The International Convention Center.

In fact, nearly every university has a place like this.

Occasionally, it plays host to visiting scholars.

Perhaps an expert would arrive.

A seminar was about to take place.

Everything was set in this location.

Currently, the grand auditorium of the International Convention Center was packed.

The majority of the attendees were seniors.

A number of underclassmen from freshman to junior years were also present.

Dressed in formal wear, they acted as servers.

Earlier...

Liang Xiaoxue, tasked by Xie Haijun,

donned a long red gown.

Her makeup was subtle, yet she shone brilliantly.

Many male students sneakily glanced her way.

On the elevated stage,

two long tables were set up.

Numerous chairs were arranged.

These were filled by the entrepreneurs, university officials, and renowned scholars who had been invited.

Principal Ye and Xie Haijun were seated among them.

C519 – The Meeting Began

“Well, it’s getting late.”

“Yeah, what’s the deal with Meng Haitao? Why hasn’t he arrived?”

“Let’s not grumble about it. He’s a successful businessman now; it’s to be expected that he might be a bit pretentious.”

A few professors murmured quietly among themselves.

Xie Haijun and Principal Ye, being the figureheads, remained composed. They exchanged a glance but remained silent.

Meng Haitao was nowhere to be seen.

Several groups had been dispatched to look for him, but there was still no word.

Later on, Su Ming also left to search.

With so many people looking, finding one person in the school should have been quick.

At that moment, the door opened.

Su Ming entered, smiling.

Seeing Su Ming, the auditorium erupted.

“Wow, is that Senior Su? He’s incredibly handsome!”

“Nonsense, he’s our senior, not yours!”

“Doesn’t matter, any Eastsea college makes him our senior!”

“Hmph! He’s not from your Eastsea Technology University!”

The girls were star-struck.

The boys looked on in awe.

Graduates from both schools nearly came to blows.

The professors and teachers on stage stood up, applauding.

The entrepreneurs in attendance joined in the applause.

Since the meeting had been hastily arranged that morning, everyone who could make it that afternoon was from Eastsea, except for the out-of-towner Meng Haitao.

It was no joke.

Who wasn’t aware of Su Ming’s fame?

Who wouldn’t show him due respect?

Su Ming chuckled and gestured with his hand.

”Oh no, I’m feeling dizzy!”

“Quick, a girl has a nosebleed! She’s fainted!”

“Mr. Su has entered, Mr. Su has made his mark!”

“Why the hell are you pulling my hair? Damn it, get off my leg, stop stepping on me, can you even see Mr. Su properly?”

The auditorium descended into chaos.

Thankfully, security guards were there to keep order.

It wasn't too out of control.

Then, another person entered from behind the door.

Upon seeing this individual, everyone froze.

The room fell silent.

Everyone was as still as a statue, not moving an inch.

To the uninformed, it would appear as though a spell had been cast.

Time seemed to have stopped.

“Who's this guy?”

“I have no idea.”

“What's with the red footprints all over his face and body?”

“And why is there a huge patch of red paint on his back?”

“This can't be a clown Mr. Su hired for a performance, can it?”

“That doesn't make sense. Today's event is a job seminar, not a variety show.”

A wave of confusion swept through the crowd.

Murmurs filled the air.

Meng Haitao wished he could just disappear.

But no!

I refuse to be defeated!

Sure, I may look pitiful, but my worth is undeniable!

I'm a shining star!

Later, when I stand before this crowd, I'll speak with fervor.

I will turn this around!

With that thought, Meng Haitao's embarrassment vanished.

He walked forward with his head held high and his chest puffed out.

"Could he be mentally ill?"

"It doesn't seem like it."

"Hey, doesn't his face resemble the butts you see on Tieba?"

"It's uncanny!"

Meng Haitao felt like he could spit blood hearing the surrounding chatter.

Like a butt, my foot!

It's your face that looks like a butt!

Xie Haijun and Principal Ye were puzzled as well.

They exchanged glances.

Who is this person?

He's not on the guest list, is he?

Xie Haijun frantically searched through today's guest photos.

No sign of this man!

Wait, why did Mr. Su return alone?

Where's Meng Haitao?

Couldn't find him?

Su Ming and Meng Haitao approached the podium.

Principal Ye and Xie Haijun greeted them.

“Mr. Su, we appreciate your efforts.”

“Mr. Su, you personally went to find someone. We’re quite embarrassed.”

“Please, Mr. Su, take a seat.”

They said in a rush.

“And this is...”

After exchanging pleasantries, their attention turned to Meng Haitao.

They simply couldn’t recognize him.

His face was swollen, his clothes in disarray, red footprints all over, and a large swath of red paint on his back.

Did he escape from a circus?

“Ah, weren’t you looking for Meng Haitao? Here he is.”

Su Ming said cheerfully.

“Ah?!”

The two principals were dumbfounded.

What in the world was this?

Mr. Su, this is no time for jokes.

Where did you find such an indescribable...

Person?

Or...

Monkey?

The two principals blinked in surprise.

They quickly flipped through the photo album.

There, Meng Haitao’s beaming face shone brightly from the page.

The contrast was striking.

Tsk, tsk, tsk!

He looked nothing like his picture.

But if Mr. Su said it was him, then it must be.

But how did he end up like this?

The two principals were baffled.

Yet, one thing was certain.

They recognized the sleaziness that clung to this guy, identical to the one in the photo.

Such a quality was rare among ordinary people.

“Ah, Student Meng, please, have a seat,” Xie Haijun said, his smile more forced than genuine.

What in the world was this?

I was hoping you’d come here to make a good impression.

You...

Well, it would be a relief if you just didn’t make things worse.

Let it be.

Having Mr. Su here today is enough.

Everyone took their seats.

Xie Haijun rose to his feet. Despite Principal Ye being more renowned, this was Eastsea Technology University, Xie Haijun’s turf. Clearing his throat, he grabbed the microphone. “Ladies and gentlemen, students, teachers, and esteemed alumni, welcome to today’s employment seminar!”

“Today marks the collaborative employment research conference between Eastsea Technology University and Eastsea University.”

“We’re here to engage in a thorough discussion on the current challenges of finding employment.”

“Needless to say, both institutions have cultivated many exceptional students over the years, who have gone on to make significant contributions to society.”

“Today, we have some of those accomplished alumni here to share their success stories.”

“We hope that their insights will deeply resonate with those of you about to embark on your own professional journeys. Let’s all take this opportunity to learn from their experiences.”

“Please join me in welcoming them!”

Applause filled the room.

The first student took the stage.

He was notably tall.

His complexion was fair.

Dressed sharply in a suit with gleaming leather shoes, he certainly looked the part.

“Hello, fellow students. I am a proud graduate of Eastsea Technology University.”

“I am grateful to the Principal for his dedicated guidance.”

“Just two years post-graduation, I established my own high-tech company.”

The male student spoke with a measured cough, his tone calm and collected.

“Wow!!!”

The audience erupted in amazement at his words.

Principal Xie’s face was beaming with pride.

He couldn’t resist straightening his posture.

He had truly outdone himself!

Even though I might not know you, I might not even remember you!

But still!

Ultimately, it’s my job to cultivate talents like you, talents that bring honor to me!

The students in the audience were also full of genuine admiration.

What is it that society values today?

Technology!

Technology has the power to transform lives and shape the future!

Think about all those shining examples of national pride.

How did they come to sparkle?

They built their fortunes on their own technological innovations.

To establish a tech company in just two years!

That is seriously impressive!

C520 – Xie Haijun Expressed His Sadness

The event was hosted by a charming young lady from the broadcasting department, who had a wealth of experience from emceeing numerous school galas.

The student had already made such a remark? She knew she had to keep the conversation flowing and let him bask in his moment of glory.

“Wow, this senior is incredible, founding a tech company at such a young age,” one student remarked in awe.

“It’s tough for many of us to even land a job at a tech company, and here he is setting a fantastic example for us all,” another added.

“So, what kind of high-tech company did you start?” the host inquired with a beaming smile.

That’s the mark of a seasoned presenter – making the conversation feel so effortless, lifting you up while giving you the stage to shine even brighter, and making it seem like you’re not just showing off since the host prompted the question.

“A large-scale computer offline joint experience center, combined with a software application and development tech company!” the young man declared proudly, puffing out his chest.

The crowd erupted into excited murmurs – the name alone was impressive, exuding sophistication.

Xie Haijun’s face gleamed with pride. Just like that, the first student had made him so proud. Eastsea only has two undergraduate universities: Eastsea Technology University and Eastsea University. Xie Haijun had always been fiercely competitive, especially since the other institution was a prestigious 985211 university with better resources and

talent. Yet, here was a student from his university, setting such a high bar. How many from Eastsea University could claim such an achievement?

Xie Haijun was bursting with pride, sneaking a glance at Principal Ye, who remained serene and unperturbed. In his mind, he was thinking, "What's there to be so smug about? Eastsea University has produced a Mr. Su, who alone could outshine all your students combined."

But Principal Ye kept his thoughts to himself, maintaining the dignified composure expected of a university president.

"Senior, you're truly impressive," a student gushed.

"Could you share with us the trials and tribulations of your entrepreneurial journey? It would be great to hear about your experiences and get some advice to avoid common pitfalls," the host suggested with a smile.

"Sure," the guy on stage nodded, ready to share his story.

Everyone in the room was holding their breath, eyes wide with anticipation. There's nothing quite like the story of a successful entrepreneur to capture an audience. There's so much to learn from their experiences!

"Me! I've always been fascinated by electronics," the speaker began. "Back in school, I was the one taking apart computers, phones, and all sorts of electronic components. I gained a wealth of knowledge in mechanics and electronic devices."

He continued enthusiastically, while Xie Haijun listened with a growing sense of unease.

Damn it! It was you all along! No wonder the school's computers were always breaking down. The repair technicians would come out and say someone had tampered with them. Xie Haijun had been skeptical, but now it all made sense. Replacing those computers had cost a pretty penny. So it was you causing all the trouble?

But with the situation as it was, Xie Haijun couldn't very well make a scene. He might as well consider it an involuntary upgrade for the school.

"And then," the speaker went on, "after graduation, I hit the job market, faced rejection after rejection, and ended up living in a basement, surviving on one meal a day."

His face was etched with the hardship of those days, and the students around him nodded in understanding. The path to success is often paved with such trials.

"Eventually, I started selling knockoff phones," he admitted. "You'd be surprised how many people fell for it. But then, the police caught up with me, and I've only just been released after serving two years."

He was disarmingly candid, not filtering his words at all. The students, who had been eagerly listening, were now visibly shocked.

What was this? Where was the story of the company he'd supposedly started two years after graduation? If he'd been in jail for those two years, how could he have founded a company?

Xie Haijun was just as baffled. He turned to the head of the Human Resources Department, demanding, "What's going on here? Where did you find this guy?!"

"I... I... I..." The HR leader was at a loss for words. Something was clearly amiss. The information his team had provided didn't match this story at all.

Xie Haijun's face was a mask of displeasure, his earlier smile completely gone.

"Um..." The host of the event was equally mortified, unsure of how to proceed.

Where did this character come from?

Challenging my professional integrity, I tell you.

I couldn't even find the words to respond.

"Um... Senior, since you've just emerged, how did you start your company?"

The host blinked rapidly.

Steadying his nerves.

He hurriedly steered the conversation elsewhere.

"Ah, starting a company is quite straightforward."

"This type of company is ubiquitous."

"It's a large-scale computer offline joint experience center, a collaborative software application and development technology company!"

"It has a catchy, easy-to-understand acronym. Once I say it, it'll click for everyone."

"Internet café!"

The guy stood tall and proud as he declared this.

Snorts of laughter erupted from the audience.

Damn it!

All that anticipation, brimming with excitement, and it turns out he just runs an internet café?

A large-scale computer offline joint experience center, a collaborative software application and development company!

What a ridiculously high-end name.

But when you think about it, it makes sense.

An internet café is just a bunch of computers linked together.

People go in to experience it.

To play games, right?

Isn't software application just opening up computer programs to play games?

And development? Isn't that just loading up websites to watch those simplistic, low-budget movies?

Xie Haijun nearly choked.

Where on earth did this Top Grade come from?

Is this even real life?

Principal Ye, meanwhile, maintained a composed demeanor, though he was nearly bursting with laughter inside.

Oh, Old Xie, no offense, but where did you dig up this Top Grade?

"Ah... So, senior, you opened an internet café? That must have required a substantial investment."

The host's professionalism shone through.

He zeroed in on the key issue.

Starting an internet café could cost hundreds of thousands, if not millions.

How could he open one without the funds?

Though this guy's claims seemed dubious, having the capital to open an internet café certainly set him apart.

The students in the audience nodded in agreement.

Sure, it's just an internet café, but how many people can't even afford to frequent one, much less open their own?

What a joke!

At that moment, the guy shook his head with defiance.

"No, I'm the internet café manager!"

"Fellow students, Flying Dragon Internet Cafe welcomes you! Mention my name for a 20% discount!"

"Our cafe has just upgraded to the fastest machines for a top-notch experience, complete with luxury sofas, self-serve coffee, beverages, and snacks."

"Plus, enjoy the company of charming ladies while you play."

"It's unquestionably your prime choice for surfing the web!"

"Come on down to Flying Dragon Internet Cafe."

"Only five yuan an hour – it's a bargain you won't regret, and there's no catch!"

This guy launched straight into his sales pitch.

Xie Haijun's eye twitched, his expression as dark as a storm cloud.

He was itching to boot the man out of there.

The thought of this getting out was mortifying.

Being a network manager is a standard occupation, a legitimate way to make a living.

I mean no disrespect.

But let's face it, it's a commonplace profession.

Yet here we are, Eastsea Technology University, inviting our distinguished alumni for a symposium.

Even a network manager gets to take the stage.

To think, after four years at Eastsea Technology University, becoming a network manager is considered a mark of excellence.

How on earth are we supposed to attract new students now?