

## The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming #Chapter 531 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 531

C531 – This Annoying Thing Is Here Again

Since the two girls were asleep, Lee Sumei and Su Tao kept their conversation to a minimum. They too closed their eyes to rest in the backseat while Su Ming focused on driving.

Thanks to his Stamina Talent, fatigue while driving was not an issue for him.

Moreover, the highway was nearly empty that morning, allowing Su Ming to drive with exceptional ease. In no time at all, they arrived at the hospital entrance.

The girls had slept well and were visibly refreshed. The group exited the car and made a beeline for the hospital.

Upon reaching the ward door, they were greeted by the sight of Zhang Tao cheerfully preparing hot water and breakfast.

Spotting Su Ming and the others, his face brightened, and he quickly approached them.

“Oh my! What brings you here?!”

Zhang Tao exclaimed, clearly delighted.

The esteemed doctors from the capital had deliberated for a day.

After the elderly gentleman had rested for a day and his health indicators normalized, they proceeded with the surgery. Lasting an impressive 23 hours, the operation was a resounding success!

He didn't even require a transfer to the intensive care unit afterward but was taken directly to a regular ward.

Of course, this “regular” ward was not quite ordinary.

While a typical ward would house several patients together, this one was a private room, fully equipped and comparable to a hotel.

“We were so elated about the old man's successful surgery that we couldn't sleep. We just had to come and see how he was doing,” Su Tao inquired.

"He's woken up, though he's drifted off to sleep again," Zhang Tao replied, beaming with joy.

"This time, we owe a lot to your son. Old Su, your boy is truly remarkable. Who would have thought our little village would produce such a distinguished individual!" Zhang Tao said to Su Ming with a warm smile.

"Zhang, you're making it sound more dramatic than it is. Don't go flattering the kid too much, or he'll get too cocky. Let's go inside and check on the old man," Su Tao said, leading the group carefully into the ward.

Zhang Tao placed the kettle by the door and then, with a hint of intrigue, pulled his daughter aside and whispered, "Well? Was it a success?"

Zhang Qianqian, having stepped out into the brisk air, had felt more alert, but the hospital's disinfectant odor and warmth quickly made her drowsy again. Confused, she took a moment to process her father's question.

"Dad, what are you saying?"

Zhang Qianqian blinked in confusion.

"You're pretending not to know, aren't you? What about the task I gave you? Have you completed it?"

At this, Zhang Qianqian was torn between laughter and tears. "Dad! Are you really that worried I won't find someone to marry? I've just started my freshman year of college!"

"My daughter is beautiful and smart, and there are plenty of people who'd like to marry her. But finding a good son-in-law is tough. Su Ming, for instance, is from our village and has grown up with you. He knows you inside out. You can't let a catch like him slip away. You've got to be proactive—turn the raw rice into cooked rice!" Zhang Tao advised.

"Dad!" Zhang Qianqian's face flushed with embarrassment.

What kind of father talks like that?

He even went as far as to say 'turn the raw rice into cooked rice'!

Embarrassed, Zhang Qianqian ignored her father and went inside.

The old man wasn't asleep. Hearing the noise at the door, he opened his eyes.

"Oh, everyone's here. It was just a little surgery, and you all come rushing over."

After the surgery, Zhang Tao had filled in the village chief on many things, so the chief knew that if it hadn't been for Su Ming, he might not have made it.

"Uncle Zhang, don't say such things. You're the village chief and our elder. It's only right for us to come and check on you," Su Tao said cheerfully.

The village chief nodded, his eyes settling on Su Ming. "You've always been modest, but who knew you'd become so accomplished. I owe you my life this time. I'm not sure how I can ever thank you enough."

"Grandpa Zhang, I'd be upset if you talk like that. You helped our family a lot when we were struggling. I was just doing what I should," Su Ming replied with a smile.

"Good, good!" The village chief was clearly delighted.

Just then, something occurred to Su Ming.

"Grandpa Zhang, there's something I'd like to discuss with you," Su Ming said, pausing thoughtfully.

"What's on your mind?"

The village chief took the matter seriously.

"It's the vacant lot by your house," Su Ming explained.

Upon hearing this, the village chief paused, then his brow furrowed slightly.

"Grandpa Zhang, please don't misunderstand. I have no ulterior motives; I simply want to purchase that empty lot."

"I plan to construct a plaza, install a few ping-pong tables, create a couple of basketball courts, and build some small structures."

"Our villagers could dance in the plaza, play basketball, ping-pong, or enjoy a game of chess inside those buildings."

"It would also prevent others from coveting the space."

Su Ming quickly clarified his intentions.

Realization dawned on the village chief. This was indeed a positive development.

Ning Zhiyuan had approached him several times, but he had always refused, knowing full well what Ning intended to do.

The village chief was also aware that Ning Zhiyuan wouldn't rest until he acquired the land.

But now, if Su Ming were to buy it, constructing a plaza would not only be harmless to the village but actually beneficial.

"However, if Ning Zhiyuan learns that you've made the purchase, won't he cause trouble for you?" the village chief asked, still concerned.

"Don't worry, Grandpa Zhang," Su Ming reassured him with a smile. "He wouldn't dare mess with me."

Relieved by Su Ming's confidence, the village chief quickly agreed without further thought. "Alright, let's proceed then. It's perfect timing, actually. My house is empty these days, and I've been concerned that Ning Zhiyuan might sneak in and steal my belongings, so I've taken everything with me. Let's not delay and complete the paperwork today while everyone is available."

"Sounds good," Su Ming agreed with a nod.

The village was overjoyed at the successful outcome of the village chief's surgery, and his spirits were high after a lengthy conversation.

The following morning, Zhang Tao and Su Ming went ahead and finalized the land transfer paperwork.

The village chief initially insisted on not accepting any payment, but Su Ming wouldn't hear of it. He promptly paid 100,000 yuan and then gave Zhang Tao an additional two million yuan to oversee the hiring of workers and the purchase of materials for the new plaza.

If the collection exceeded the expected amount, it would be contributed to the village fund. Should it fall short, Su Ming would top it up. At midday, everyone went out for a hearty meal and then returned to keep Village Chief Zhang company, chatting away. As they were talking, a series of footsteps approached the door.

"Oh my! Village Chief Zhang, I'm absolutely thrilled to hear your surgery was a success. I've come to extend my congratulations and also brought along a few small gifts for you!"

The footsteps were accompanied by a voice that made everyone slightly furrow their brows; they immediately recognized who it was. This man was relentless.

He was like a persistent fly, buzzing around once more.

The person in question was none other than Ning Zhiyuan, who had his eyes set on Village Chief Zhang's piece of land.

### C532 – I Feel Very Wronged

The mood in the room had been quite pleasant, with everyone engaged in lighthearted conversation and laughter. However, the moment he entered, all smiles vanished. A distinct expression was etched on each face, one that silently questioned, "What are you doing here? Why don't you leave already?"

Ning Zhiyuan, noticing their looks, understood their sentiments. Yet, he was known for his thick skin and chose to ignore their reactions.

"Village Chief Zhang, you've recently recovered from a serious illness," he said. "As someone younger, I thought it appropriate to bring you a gift. These are all top-notch supplements, specifically to help you regain your strength."

With a beaming smile, Ning Zhiyuan made his way inside, his arms laden with a variety of packages.

The others exchanged glances before shifting the conversation.

"Old Su, that pig of yours is impressive. It must weigh at least 400 pounds by year's end. Where did you find such a fine piglet? I might try my luck there next year," commented Zhang Tao.

"Right over at Old Lee's place in the next village," Su Tao replied cheerfully.

"Ah, it's from their farm! I should've known; their stock is always reliable," Zhang Tao said, nodding in understanding.

Lee Sumei turned to the young girl and asked, "Any recent news from your school, dear?"

Su Qiu, momentarily taken aback, quickly caught on and exclaimed, "Oh yes, lots! Let me share!"

Zhang Tao urged her on, "Do tell."

"Our school has refurbished the sports field and upgraded to new air conditioners!" Su Qiu shared with a grin.

"Ah, that's great!" everyone responded in unison, nodding approvingly.

"The job fair at our school this year was a huge success; all the students secured employment!" Su Qiu continued.

“Ah, excellent!”

As Su Qiu spoke, the group’s nods became a chorus of agreement. Finally, she added, “And, the security guard at our gate lost a tooth.”

“Oh, okay!” they replied, still nodding.

At this point, Ning Zhiyuan could no longer contain his frustration. Ignoring him was one thing, but to be so engrossed in what seemed like trivial news? He thought to himself, how is the loss of a tooth by the gatekeeper newsworthy?

Here he was, a living, breathing person, weighed down by gifts, arms aching from the load, and yet, not a single person had given him a second glance. An uncle might tolerate such treatment, but an aunt certainly would not stand for it!

“Don’t push it too far!”

“I came here specifically to see the Village Chief!”

“Leaving me hanging and ignoring me is pretty rude, don’t you think?”

Ning Zhiyuan made it clear that he was very unhappy.

As soon as Ning Zhiyuan spoke up,  
everyone looked bewildered.

“Oh my! There’s someone else here? When did he arrive?!”

Zhang Tao exclaimed in surprise.

Hearing this, Ning Zhiyuan was flustered.

I... I... I...

I...

You’re acting too convincingly!

You just made eye contact with me!

What gives?

Did you forget that quickly?

This isn’t how you play the game!

“Are you interested in buying that land?”

Su Ming suddenly inquired.

“Yes.”

Ning Zhiyuan, taken aback, nodded in response. There was no point in hiding it since it was common knowledge.

“Sorry, but that land is already mine.”

Su Ming said with a grin.

“What?!”

Ning Zhiyuan was completely baffled.

It sold that fast?

I only just got the news!

His rivals had moved quickly indeed!

“We finalized the transfer paperwork this morning.”

Su Ming explained as he presented the documents.

Ning Zhiyuan took one look and realized,

Damn!

It really was sold!

This, this, this...

“So, you might as well not waste your effort.”

“And just so you know, I have no intention of selling the land to you.”

“I’ve already arranged for a construction crew to start on a plaza.”

“So, no hard feelings, but I won’t be seeing you out.”

“And don’t forget to leave the gift behind; it’s a token of your goodwill, after all.”

Su Ming stated, his tone even.

Ning Zhiyuan's face turned a shade of green.

What the hell...

Why did he feel so aggrieved?

He had received the news,

hurried to the gift shop, and picked out the finest supplements.

He thought,

maybe a few kind words would seal the deal.

But in the end!

The money was spent in vain!

Should he take the gift with him?

That would be too embarrassing.

Especially since he had already mentioned that he was visiting because the Village Chief was recovering from a serious illness.

But if he didn't take it,

the land was no longer attainable, now belonging to someone else.

Leaving the gift would be painful.

Yet, after much consideration, he knew he couldn't take it with him.

As a distinguished young master, how could I suffer such an embarrassment?

Ning Zhiyuan's face darkened, his teeth clenched in frustration.

He dropped the items on the floor.

Without a word, he turned and strode away.

"Oh my! Grandpa Zhang, this is truly a treasure! Top Grade antler velvet is incredibly beneficial for one's health!"

"Wow, isn't this Maotai Liquor that's over 2,000 yuan a bottle? Dad, once you're out of the hospital, we'll definitely have to enjoy a proper drink!"



“This is excellent, truly the best! This gelatin is perfect for boosting energy and improving circulation. Let’s give it a try.”

“Mmm! It really tastes great!”

Ning Zhiyuan had just reached the doorway when the voices inside the room reached his ears.

He felt a surge of frustration well up inside him.

He was caught in an awkward limbo, unable to move forward or retreat.

The discomfort was unbearable.

Damn it!

He tripped over his own feet.

Crash!

He tumbled to the ground!

“Young Master, are you okay?”

“Holy smokes, Young Master, your tooth fell out!”

“Young Master, your surgically altered nose is askew!”

“Young Master, did this kidney tonic fall out of your pocket?”

Ning Zhiyuan was already in agony.

Fury simmered within him.

The comments from his subordinates nearly drove him to the brink of madness.

Please, just stop talking.

I’m already struggling to find any joy.

What have I done to deserve such Top Grade subordinates?

My luck is truly extraordinary!

Ning Zhiyuan, supported to his feet, looked rather pitiful with blood streaming from his nose.

But at least the location was convenient – it was a hospital, after all.

He quickly registered downstairs and got his injuries bandaged.

After the bandaging, Ning Zhiyuan's face was a picture of fury.

He balled his hands into fists.

"Damn it, I will absolutely not forgive that bastard!"

He bit down on his teeth in anger.

Snap!

The teeth he had just had fixed fell out again!

Meanwhile, in the ward.

After a lengthy conversation, it was time for Village Chief Zhang to rest.

Su Ming and the others took their leave.

After dropping his parents off at home, he drove back to Eastsea with the two young ladies.

As for the square incident, Zhang Tao would take care of it.

By the time he got back to Eastsea, night had already fallen. He hadn't eaten much all day, but the two girls with him weren't in any rush, so Su Ming leisurely drove around the city. Eventually, they settled on a barbecue joint that was buzzing with activity. The open area in front of the establishment was dotted with tables, each one occupied by lively patrons chatting and laughing over drinks, creating a vibrant atmosphere.

Su Ming found a spot to park along the street and joined the two girls at an empty table. They ordered a few items and engaged in casual conversation while waiting for their food. Just then, a sedan rolled past them on the road. Inside was a solitary figure—Ning Zhiyuan, his face bandaged up like a mummy, mouth clamped shut for fear of losing his teeth. He glanced around without purpose until his eyes landed on Su Ming.

"Damn it! It's that cursed guy!" Ning Zhiyuan bolted upright in his seat. "Bang!" His head collided with the car roof in his haste. "Ouch!" The pain was so intense that tears welled up in his eyes. As he opened his mouth to curse his luck, another tooth fell out. Damn it! Ning Zhiyuan was seething with rage. "Curse you, Su Ming, I'll never forgive you!" It was as if fate itself was against him.

C533 – You Should Not be in the Society with Your Iq

“Are you all right, young master?” the person sitting beside him asked anxiously.

“I’m fine!” Ning Zhiyuan snapped. “Find some people to beat him up for me, and make sure they do it until he’s half-dead!”

“Yes, yes, yes!” The henchmen, having been with Ning Zhiyuan for quite some time, understood the situation well.

As the eldest son of the Ning family, wasn’t it easy for him to make connections with some shady characters? What’s the big deal about beating someone up? The worst that could happen is a short stint in jail.

After a few days behind bars, they’d be released, and it would all come down to a matter of money. This line of work was their bread and butter, and they were quite skilled at it. They could inflict pain without causing serious injury, avoiding any lengthy sentences—just a few days in detention. Every profession has its experts, and this was no exception.

The subordinates quickly made a few calls. Ning Zhiyuan instructed them to park the car at the roadside and wait. He was eager to see Su Ming get a beating to relieve his frustration.

Meanwhile, Su Ming and his companions were blissfully unaware, enjoying their skewers and drinks while engaged in lively conversation. Suddenly, a group of men approached.

These men, all dressed in black, carried themselves with an air of arrogance that clearly marked them as trouble. Patrons at nearby tables instinctively quieted down, knowing better than to provoke such thugs.

The men were on a mission, heading straight for Su Ming. “Hey, lucky guy, you’ve got quite the charm with the ladies. How about sharing one with me?” the ringleader sneered, flashing a grin that showcased his yellow teeth, still speckled with bits of leek.

Su Qiu had just picked up a skewer but paused, visibly taken aback by the sight, and quietly set it back down. It was simply revolting.

“Are you here to cause trouble for me?” Su Ming asked, looking up with a serene expression.

“That’s not quite the right way to put it,” the leader replied, dragging a chair over and sitting beside Su Ming. “Let’s just say you’re sharing the wealth. But don’t worry, I won’t take advantage of you for free. You’ll have to pay up!”

The leader pulled a coin from his pocket and slapped it down on the table with a defiant look at Su Ming. “How about that?” It was clear as day—he was looking for a fight. Su Ming remained silent, which made the leader think he was scared.

Turning to the two young women, he said, “You two little sisters are quite pretty. How about you come out and have some fun with me?” He flashed what he believed to be a charming smile.

“No way,” Su Qiu quickly responded, shaking her head in disgust.

”Absolutely!” Zhang Qianqian nodded emphatically in agreement.

The leader, taken aback, pulled out a mirror and combed his hair, admiring his own reflection. “You don’t think I’m handsome? I can’t hide this invincible charm. Are you girls just shy?” He grinned with unwarranted confidence.

“Blergh!” someone groaned. “My stomach hurts!” “I’m gonna puke!”

The crowd couldn’t hold back their reactions. Sure, he looked tough and had a crew with him, but did he have to be so revolting? This wasn’t about throwing punches; it was about making people sick to their stomachs.

Big Brother’s mood soured instantly. “What’s the meaning of this?” he barked. “Shut your mouths!”

He banged the table and pointed at Su Ming. “Listen up, kid. Someone’s paid us to take care of you. Stand still and take a beating, hand over the two girls, and we’ll call it even. Otherwise, don’t blame me for what happens next!” His face twisted into a snarl.

“Oh no!” Su Ming exclaimed as he stood up. “You’re too much for me. I can’t compete. You win!”

”Good, you understand,” Big Brother sneered, pleased with himself. “Just a show of force and the kid folds.”

“Don’t move a muscle. Boys, get him!” Big Brother commanded, and his two henchmen charged forward, wielding thick rubber clubs.

This stick was merciless.

Striking someone with it caused excruciating pain.

No marks showed on the surface.

The damage was all internal.

“Hey, little sisters, where shall we go have some fun later? You pick the place, I’ll foot the bill...”

Big Brother shifted his focus to the other two girls, grinning as he spoke.

”Bam!”

But before he could finish...

Suddenly, there was a noise from the side.

Then, in a flash,

Swoosh!

A dark blur zipped by from the corner of his eye.

Big Brother jumped.

What was that?

What kind of trick was that?

Did I just see a giant black rat scurry by?

Big Brother quickly turned to look.

Wow!

To his astonishment,

One of his henchmen

lay seven or eight meters away,

eyes rolling back, body convulsing.

After a few spasms,

he passed out.

Big Brother was completely baffled.

What in the world...

What had just happened?

He quickly looked back at Su Ming,  
who was still standing there, looking utterly harmless.

Blinking in bewilderment, he asked,

“Weren’t you going to hit me? Come on, how did you end up flying away instead?”

Su Ming looked puzzled as he questioned,

“Damn! Skinny Monkey’s losing his touch, flying off like that for no reason? I’ll handle this!”

Big Brother actually fell for it.

He stepped forward.

His underlings behind him thought,

Big brother, you really need to check your head!

You actually believe that?

Stand still and try flying back seven or eight meters, will you?

They were about to intervene,

but it was too late.

Big Brother’s palm had already swung down.

And then,

Big Brother felt a sudden impact against his chest,

sending him flying through the air.

Bang!

He landed right on top of Skinny Monkey.

Ouch!

Big Brother was in agony!

“You little punk, you tricked me! It was you who hit me!”

Clutching his chest, Big Brother pointed at Su Ming, fuming with rage.

Everyone around was dumbfounded.

You're just figuring this out now?

Any normal person would have caught on first thing in the morning, right?

And you still think you can run the streets?

Indeed.

Brains are the least of your concerns in this business.

If you're strong and can throw a punch, you're set.

It seems this job is right up your alley.

Even bricklaying requires some thought.

Figuring out how to move more bricks, earn more money, and use less energy.

His henchmen were dumbfounded.

They couldn't resist covering their faces.

Big Brother.

We can't keep rolling with you.

It's kind of humiliating!

Luckily, Skinny Monkey was cushioning the fall.

Big Brother's injuries weren't severe.

He picked himself up off the ground.

Fuming, he charged at Su Ming.

I must have let my guard down.

I didn't dodge!

But this time, I'm paying attention.

I refuse to believe this kid can land another punch...

“Ah!”

Another cry of pain followed.

The trajectory was identical.

Thud!

And down onto Skinny Monkey once more.

Onlookers turned away, unable to watch.

Skinny Monkey had already taken a beating.

And now, he'd been struck twice more by you.

Talk about a disastrously bad teammate!

C534 – A Hawthorn Pill Scared You to Death

Su Ming clapped his hands and strolled over, all smiles and seemingly as harmless as they come. But when the gang leader caught sight of him, he shuddered in fear. “Oh my god! This guy’s a freaking legend!” he thought. He had assumed it was a simple job, like catching a stray kitten. But now, upon closer inspection, it wasn’t a kitten at all—it was a freaking tiger!

“Who sent you?” Su Ming asked the leader, his tone nonchalant.

“No one sent me,” the leader replied, teeth clenched, head shaking. He couldn’t spill the beans. If he ratted out Young Master Ning, he’d be in deep trouble.

Su Ming was certain they were sent by someone, and the reason was straightforward. These guys had arrived with a clear target and hadn’t glanced anywhere else. It was definitely intentional.

“Not talking?” Su Ming touched his chin, his brow furrowed. “What to do, what to do?” He sighed, feigning concern. “Should I shove bamboo sticks under your fingernails? Or heat up an iron and sear you with it?” He mused aloud, though his voice carried clearly.

The leader was petrified. “What the hell are you planning?! This is terrifying!” Bamboo sticks and a hot iron? Were they being treated like kebabs about to be grilled? He was sweating bullets, regretting his choices.



"I should've never come, no matter the pay. This is too much!" he thought, desperate to escape. But where could he go? He was so weak he could barely move.

"You can't do this..." he protested. "We live in a society governed by laws; vigilantism is illegal! Plus... I have brothers, you can't just—"

He was cut off as he turned around to find... nothing. "Where the hell did they go? My guys? We swore to stick together forever, and just like that, you abandon me? That's so not cool, so dishonest!"

The leader looked everywhere in a panic. "It turns out none of the girls..." he muttered, then caught himself. "What the heck am I saying?!"

These unfaithful jerks!

Not even a gift in sight!

You all sure can run fast!

When it comes to buying food or doing any little thing, you drag your feet like snails.

Why aren't you dragging your feet now?

"Got it!"

Su Ming suddenly slapped his hands together, his eyes sparkling. "I've got a great idea!"

"What? What are you going to do?"

The leader shuddered with fear.

His voice quivered as he spoke,

And he gulped nervously.

His hands and feet went cold.

It was all over.

Done for, completely done for!

Today was the day he'd meet his maker!

GG!

If things went well,

By this time next year,

He'd have been gone for two months!

"Don't be nervous, don't be scared,"

"I was just trying to frighten you."

"We live in a society governed by law now."

"The cruel punishments of ancient feudal dynasties have long been abolished."

Su Ming grinned reassuringly.

Phew...

The leader let out a huge sigh of relief.

Thank goodness.

The kid had some sense after all.

At least his life was spared.

"But..."

Su Ming suddenly changed his tone: "While the death penalty can be avoided, you can't escape punishment. I have a little idea."

Su Ming continued,

Pulling something out of his pocket.

It was round, like a pill,

And under the light, it glinted with a hint of red.

"What is that..."

The leader instinctively shifted back a bit.

"Don't be nervous, it's nothing serious."

"It's just a highly toxic pill."

“After you swallow it, your stomach will start to decay and gradually spread. On the outside, you’ll look perfectly fine, but inside, you’ll be hollow.”

“But don’t worry, it’s quick and painless.”

“It’ll all be over in about a week.”

Su Ming smiled slowly.

How could anyone consider that a short amount of time?

A week!

A full seven days!

Damn it!

“I won’t eat!”

The ringleader shook his head wildly, and after declaring his stance, he clamped his mouth shut.

His tone was resolute.

You could kill me, and I still wouldn’t open my mouth!

“Not eating?”

Su Ming’s face turned frosty.

His fists tightened.

“I’ll smash your jaw and see if you refuse then!”

He threatened, his fists ready to fly.

“No, you can’t treat me like this. I’m warning you, I’m with Young Master Ning. If you lay a finger on me, Young Master Ning won’t let you get away with it!”

The leader blurted out in a panic, his voice tinged with the threat of tears.

“Oh, alright then.”

Su Ming blinked, pausing in his tracks.

He stood up,

left with a decisive flair, then returned to his seat and resumed his meal.

???

That's it?

The leader was dumbfounded.

No.

I...

I just...

I was following the script from TV shows and novels, invoking my boss's name at the most desperate moment.

Usually,

a protagonist like you

would just ignore it, right?

How did that work so well?

Is that really it?

Wow!

The young master is truly formidable!

His reputation precedes him!

Did you see that?

Such an intimidating guy, and he cowered at the mention of the young master's name.

The leader's spirits lifted.

No more fear, no more anxiety.

His back pain vanished, his legs felt strong.

He could stand up again.

Rising from the ground, the leader swaggered, his head bobbing, “Kid, you’ve got some sense. Just so you know, our Young Master Ning is...”

Wait a minute!!!

The leader was suddenly confused!!!

Something felt off!

I couldn’t pinpoint exactly what it was.

But something definitely felt off.

I must have said something I shouldn’t have.

Oh crap!!!

I blurted out Young Master Ning’s name!

Damn it!

I, I, I...

Did I just walk right into a trap?

It seems so.

“Damn, you dared to deceive me?”

The leader was livid.

“What did I lie to you about?”

Su Ming asked, genuinely puzzled.

“I... You...”

The leader was at a loss for words.

Yes, indeed.

He hasn’t deceived you in any way.

He’s been completely honest.

Is it that you’re afraid to speak the truth and you’re blaming him instead?

Certainly not.

But without him, I can't reveal my name.

It's clearly related to him, yet you can't hold him responsible.

"No! You're intimidating me!"

"You have that toxic pill!"

"What are your intentions? Just wait, I'm going to call the police and have you arrested!"

The leader suddenly remembered something and exclaimed loudly.

"Toxic pill?"

Su Ming blinked in bewilderment and held up the sphere in his hand. "This thing?"

"Yes!"

The leader affirmed with unwavering certainty.

"Oh."

Su Ming popped the pill into his mouth. "Well, I must admit it's quite tasty. This hawthorn pill has a really nice flavor. Where did you buy it, sister? Which brand? I might get some myself; they're quite the appetizing treat."

"See, brother? I told you it was delicious," Su Qiu said, beaming with a smile.

C535 – The Sweet Luffa Is Ripe

The gang leader's eyes bulged in shock.

Puff!

He vomited blood and dropped dead on the spot!

Ning Zhiyuan was fuming inside the car.

He was so infuriated he nearly lost his mind.

"Useless trash!"

"Drive us home!"

Ning Zhiyuan clenched his jaw so tightly he nearly cracked his teeth, yet he was helpless.

He knew full well Su Ming was a formidable fighter. Why go down and invite a thrashing?

With rage simmering in his gut, Ning Zhiyuan drove home.

Meanwhile, Su Ming and his company continued their meal, utterly unfazed.

“Brother, do you think he’ll come after us again?” Su Qiu inquired.

“Don’t worry, he won’t,” Su Ming reassured her with a smile. “He’s focused on me right now. If he seeks revenge later, it’ll be my problem.”

“Ah? But Brother Ming, doesn’t that mean you’ll be in danger?” Zhang Qianqian interjected with concern.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be okay,” Su Ming replied, his lips curling into a serene smile.

Ning Zhiyuan, I was willing to overlook our dispute today because of the gift you brought. But you just can’t let it go. Well, don’t blame me for not holding back.

The trio dined late into the evening.

Afterward, Su Ming drove the two young ladies back to their school before heading home himself.

He parked his car in the garage, opened the gate, and then secured it behind him.

“Master, the sweet luffa is ripe!” Yuvyuv chimed in his mind.

“Oh?” Su Ming paused, a surge of happiness filling him.

The timing was perfect.

He made his way quickly to the field.

Su Ming had planted ten sweet luffas across his two-acre plot.

Initially, they looked just like any other luffa.

The System had automatically built a trellis for the vines to climb, similar to cucumbers.

Just yesterday, they were still small, vibrant green luffas.

But today, upon inspection, they had grown to the size of cucumbers, lush and green.

Excellent! They were indeed ready for harvest!

Su Ming eagerly approached, stepping onto the fertile soil.

The sweet luffa had vanished.

In its place was...

Huh?

What on earth is this?

Su Ming paused, taken aback.

He leaned in for a closer inspection.

Just a typical sweet luffa.

One that could yield an abundance of fruit.

Its vines were usually laden with luffas.

But now...

There was just one luffa.

And the shape of this luffa was...

Well, it was indescribable.

Saying it out loud would likely get censored.

It was of the 404 variety.

Because it resembled something all too familiar.

Imagine this.

Two eggs on a table.

With a cucumber in the middle.

I'll let you fill in the blanks.



Upon seeing it, Su Ming felt somewhat hesitant.

If he didn't pick it, it was still a product of the earth.

But to pick it...

He just couldn't get past that mental hurdle.

Enough!

He decided to just take it first.

Without another word, Su Ming reached out.

And grabbed it.

Holy shit!

The moment it was in his hand.

Su Ming nearly leaped out of his skin.

It was soft!

And damn it, it was warm!

Su Ming nearly spat blood.

Was this intentional?

System, you've gone too far this time.

While Su Ming was in the midst of his rant,

The luffa began to transform.

It twitched ever so slightly.

Quickly,

It morphed into a slender box.

Hmm?

What's this?

“Ding! Congratulations, Host, on acquiring the invincible fattening pill that makes slimming down impossible in this lifetime. It’s exclusively for animals. Once consumed by an animal, it will significantly increase their appetite, cause rapid weight gain, and the meat will become exceptionally tasty. This is an indispensable medicine for any farm!!”

Note: Humans may experience side effects, but rest assured, Host, these will not harm your health, though they may cause discomfort. They are ineffective on you!

Note: Side effects include limb weakness, hair loss, diarrhea, mild hallucinations, acne, tinnitus, temporary blindness, and temporary loss of pain sensation...

Note: Human use may trigger one or more of these side effects! Please use with caution!

???

After hearing the introduction in his mind, Su Ming was momentarily dumbfounded.

System, you owe me an explanation.

You just made it abundantly clear that it’s not for human use.

But what’s the deal with the last three?

They even come with a note about side effects, but they’re not harmful to the body.

Especially the last one—it comes with a caution to use it wisely.

It’s as if they’re telling me this thing was made just to mess with people.

It’d be a waste to use it on animals.

Absolutely!

Su Ming burst into laughter.

This item might not look all that magical,

but it’s definitely a perfect tool for pranks.

Hehe!

Suddenly, a face popped into Su Ming’s mind.

Ning Zhiyuan!

Young Master Su has always lived by the rule: if no one bothers me, I won't bother them.

But if someone does...

Well, they can't blame me for not holding back.

You were the one who struck first.

If you don't play fair, you can't fault me for what comes next.

Su Ming opened the box and examined its contents.

It looked pretty much like any ordinary medicine box,  
packed with about a hundred tiny pills, each the size of a sesame seed.

Just one was enough.

The rest could be exchanged for points!

Without hesitation, Su Ming started gathering the rest.

There were ten sweet luffas in total,  
yielding ten boxes of medicine.

Su Ming kept one box and exchanged the rest for points.

"Ding! Congratulations, Host, you've successfully exchanged points and have earned 18,000 points!"

"Ding! Successful crop harvest. You've gained 200,000 experience points! Bonus reward: 40,000 points!"

"Ding! Item recycled. Congratulations, you've earned 50,000 experience points! Bonus reward: 10,000 experience points!"

A flurry of notifications sounded in his mind.

Su Ming reviewed his data panel.

His planting points had soared to over 30,000.

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

With 30,000 experience points, he could upgrade six acres!

First things first, he'd level up the sweet luffa plot.

"Ding! Land upgrade in progress. Time remaining: 24 hours!"

The other five acres were planted with Water-splashing Lotus Root.

If all went well, they should be ready by tomorrow.

He could then exchange them for more points and upgrade all five acres to Level Three!

It was an instant lift-off!

But Su Ming's excitement dimmed when he considered the experience points.

The higher the level, the tougher it was to level up.

Reaching the next Level One required a whopping five million points, yet I had only managed to accumulate around 2.67 million so far.

Ah, the journey to level up is indeed a lengthy one.

Nevertheless, I was confident that once the land reached Level Three, the experience points earned would significantly increase.

The pace of leveling up was bound to pick up.

After tidying up the land, I played some games for a bit, checked the marketplace for any enticing items—finding none, I decided to call it a night.

The following morning, just as I opened my eyes, my phone rang.

It was Su Qiu.

"What's the matter, kiddo?" I asked while brushing my teeth.

"Brother, Principal Ye just called me. He wants to take me to a conference," Su Qiu informed me over the phone.

"That's great news," I responded cheerfully, understanding Principal Ye's intentions. He aimed to expose Su Qiu to influential figures, helping her make a lasting impression.

This experience would be advantageous for Su Qiu, whether she chose a career in academia or entered the workforce later on.

## C536 – It Is Delivered to Your Door

"I really don't want to go, brother," came Su Qiu's somewhat downcast voice over the phone.

"What's the matter, sis?" Su Ming paused briefly before asking, "This is a good opportunity, you know."

"I'm aware, brother. I understand Principal Ye means well, wanting me to meet more people, to build a network for the future. But I just checked the attendee list, and he's going to be there..." Su Qiu trailed off mid-sentence.

"You mean Ning Zhiyuan is on the list?" Su Ming quickly grasped the situation.

"Yes..." Su Qiu's voice carried a hint of distaste.

"Just go," Su Ming replied, suddenly bursting into laughter.

"Go?" Su Qiu was taken aback. "But, brother, I don't want to see him."

"Don't worry about it. Go ahead, I'm treating you to a good show today. And bring Qianqian along," Su Ming said with a slight smile.

Well, well, I was just figuring out how to get back at you.

And here you are, walking right into my hands.

You can't blame me for what happens next.

Young Master Ning.

It must be said, you're quite lucky.

"Where's the meeting being held?" Su Ming inquired, as if remembering something.

"At the Dragonhawk Hotel, starting at ten o'clock," came Su Qiu's response, accompanied by the rustling of papers.

"Great, take Xixi with you. But first, you both should stop by the pharmacy," Su Ming instructed cheerily.

"Buy two N95 masks."

"Huh?" Su Qiu was puzzled. "Brother, why do we need masks?"

"Don't ask now; you'll understand when it's time," Su Ming said with a secretive smile.

"Okay then," Su Qiu acquiesced, always the obedient one. With that, she ended the call.

Su Ming freshened up quickly and gave the situation some thought. This time, instead of driving, he opted for a taxi directly to the Dragonhawk Hotel.

The Dragonhawk Hotel was well-known in Eastsea. Despite its name suggesting it was just a hotel, what really put it on the map was the massive five-story hall owned by the family. After all, this was Eastsea, a bustling first-tier city with a constant stream of people arriving daily to conduct business.

Moreover, there were schools and other major corporations involved.

Government agencies needed space for meetings, too.

A few people were manageable, but when the numbers grew, it could be quite a headache.

Dragonhawk Hotel capitalized on this need by transforming their fifth floor into a conference hall, available for direct rental. It was incredibly popular, with bookings scheduled months in advance. The main attractions were the top-notch facilities, affordable prices, and professional staff. The seating was all genuine leather, a far cry from the hard, uncomfortable benches in standard meeting rooms. You could sit for hours and still feel cozy and relaxed.

Su Ming had a bottle of weight gain pills in his pocket as he reclined in his seat, eyes half-closed. Soon, they reached the Dragonhawk Hotel. The moment he stepped out of the car, his stomach growled. Oops! He had forgotten to eat breakfast. Though the hotel had a kitchen, it was just breakfast, and not worth the fuss.

Su Ming headed to an alley nearby, found a street vendor, and ordered a scallion pancake. He then grabbed a milk tea from next door and casually made his way to a nearby bench. There was no rush; he had time to spare. As he was about to bite into his pancake, a shadow loomed over him. Looking up, Su Ming saw a middle-aged man standing before him. The man had an average appearance, with slicked-back, shiny hair, dressed in a suit and tie, and sporting shiny leather shoes. He carried a small leather bag that likely wasn't cheap and wore a watch on his wrist.

"Hey! You! Hand over your breakfast," the man demanded, eyeing Su Ming with a frown and an impatient tone.

"What?" Su Ming was taken aback. Did I hear that right? This well-dressed man doesn't have money for breakfast? Resorting to snatching someone's meal in broad daylight? Damn, buddy, you must be down on your luck.

"Damn it! Are you listening to me?!" the man barked.

“I need to run a very important meeting, so I don’t have time to grab breakfast!”

“I’ve got your breakfast right here!”

The middle-aged man, clearly impatient, pulled a red bill from his pocket and tossed it at Su Ming. “Take it.”

“I’m not selling.”

Su Ming shook his head.

What’s this, a joke?

Do I need your hundred bucks?

Maybe for two hundred... Ridiculous!

You really do find all sorts in a big forest.

If you’d just asked me nicely.

Brother, I’m about to head to work.

But I was rushed this morning.

Didn’t get a chance to buy breakfast.

My stomach’s not great, I can’t skip a meal.

Look, I can see you’re not busy. Could you part with your breakfast for me?

[If you’d put it that way.]

[There’d be no issue.]

[If it’s not beneath you, take it.]

I haven’t touched it, not a bite or a sip.

[But this commanding tone of yours.]

[It’s really off-putting.]

“Ah! Not enough for you?”

The middle-aged man bristled at the comment. "Listen here, kid, I'm a director at Ning Group! Don't play hard to get. Do you believe I could make one call and you'd be jobless in Eastsea?"

Su Ming was taken aback.

"Who are you? Which group?"

Su Ming blinked.

"Ning Group!"

The middle-aged man puffed up with pride.

So full of himself.

"Oh my! It's someone from Ning Group!"

"I've always heard Ning Group is a top-notch company in Eastsea."

"Seems the reputation is well-deserved."

"Here, take it!"

Su Ming chuckled to himself.

Lucky me.

Never thought I'd run into someone from Ning Group.

But outwardly, Su Ming feigned astonishment.

He even went ahead and inserted the straw into the milk tea.

But in that instant.

Su Ming silently slipped a tiny pill inside with his right hand.

And a few more into the scallion pancake.

Such a generous serving.

Big brother.

You're the first to try these weight-gain pills.



A noble guinea pig.

Best of luck!

“Hmph!”

The middle-aged man was haughtily satisfied: “Smart move, kid.”

He was brimming with pride.

Incredible!

I’m just too good!

[Did you see that? I told him I’m the director of the Ning Group.]

The guy backed down immediately.

I feel unstoppable.

I’m radiating an extraordinary brilliance!

The middle-aged man, beaming with satisfaction, reached for the scallion pancakes and milk tea.

He took several hearty swigs first.

Then he grabbed the pancake and bit into it.

“Hmm?”

He walked a few steps forward, pausing to inspect the scallion pancake.

What are these little black dots?

What on earth?

Ah!

I’ve figured it out!

It’s got to be a new seasoning for the scallion pancakes!

Yes!

That’s definitely it!

Like a whirlwind, the middle-aged man devoured the scallion pancakes and milk tea.

He then headed straight upstairs to the conference hall.

Su Ming waited at the entrance for a moment.

Before long, a sedan approached from a distance.

Su Ming cracked a slight smile.

Here it comes.

C537 – Can You Stop with Your Dirty Tricks?

The car came to a halt in front of Su Ming.

“Oh, Mr. Su, what brings you here?”

Principal Ye stepped out of the vehicle.

“Brother!”

“Brother Ming!”

Two girls emerged from the car, one on each side.

“I just wanted to check in.”

Su Ming said with a smile.

Then something seemed to strike him.

“Right, Principal Ye.”

“Could you pop into the pharmacy next door and pick up an N95 mask?”

Su Ming suggested cheerfully.

“Huh?”

Principal Ye was perplexed.

Why?

What for?

“Principal Ye, you should take my brother’s advice.”

Su Qiu winked mischievously. “If my brother suggests it, he must have a good reason. Some mysteries are best kept secret.”

“Okay then.”

Realizing Su Ming wasn’t inclined to elaborate, Principal Ye didn’t press the issue.

But one must heed Mr. Su’s advice.

Without further ado, Principal Ye headed to the nearby pharmacy and bought a...

Wait, that wouldn’t suffice.

One mask simply wouldn’t be enough.

So, Principal Ye bought a whole pack.

And then another, just to be sure.

In the end, Principal Ye emerged with five packs of N95 masks.

“Mr. Su, will you join us upstairs?”

Principal Ye inquired upon his return.

“No, I’ll stay down here.”

Su Ming responded with a chuckle. “You go on up. It’s nearly time.”

“Alright.”

With no further questions, Principal Ye led the girls upstairs.

Su Ming entered the hotel and approached the front desk.

“Sir, how may I assist you?”

The receptionist greeted Su Ming with a courteous smile.

“I’d like to speak with your manager,” Su Ming replied, still smiling.

“Sir, is there something about our service that you’re unhappy with?”

The receptionist was taken aback, worried that Su Ming had a complaint.

“No, no, don’t worry. I’m not here to lodge a complaint. I just need to discuss something with your manager.”

Su Ming quickly clarified.

“Of course, sir. One moment, please!”

At Long Teng Hotel, the customer’s needs were paramount.

Shortly thereafter, the elevator doors opened.

A well-dressed middle-aged woman approached.

Her eyes brightened when she saw Su Ming.

“My goodness, if it isn’t Mr. Su! What brings you here today?”

A middle-aged woman quickly approached to welcome him.

“Do you recognize me?”

Su Ming was taken aback.

“Mr. Su, who in our industry doesn’t know you?” she quickly clarified.

In other sectors, it might not matter, but in the service industry, knowing Su Ming was a must. It was an unspoken rule among the industry’s heavyweights. Su Ming deserved nothing but the best service; otherwise, it could lead to trouble. What if there were repercussions?

Su Ming liked the sound of that.

He glanced at her name badge and saw that her name was Zhao Caiyun.

“Manager Zhao, there’s something I’d like to discuss with you privately. Could we step aside for a moment?” Su Ming asked with a hint of intrigue.

Zhao Caiyun was taken aback.

A private conversation?

Could it be...

Her face flushed with color.

This... No, it couldn’t be.

Could Mr. Su, having heard she was single, be interested in pursuing her?

That seemed unlikely. Mr. Su, such an exceptional man, surely preferred younger women. How could he be interested in her?

Or did Mr. Su have a taste for someone like her?

That couldn't be right...

But if Mr. Su was indeed pursuing her, what should she do?

Should she just accept?

Or maybe play hard to get before accepting?

Or coyly accept?

Or pretend to hesitate before accepting?

Or...

Wait, why was she even considering acceptance?

Oh dear!

Zhao Caiyun stood rooted to the spot, her cheeks growing warmer.

Zhao Caiyun was the epitome of a successful, strong-willed woman. Her assertive nature was likely why she was still single in her late thirties. Despite this, she was undeniably beautiful, with a mature allure that younger women couldn't match. She was truly at a Divine Level.

Su Ming was perplexed.

He cocked his head to the side and waved his hand in front of Zhao Caiyun's eyes.

"Manager Zhao, are you okay?" he inquired.

"Mr. Su, please, I... I... Well, if you're that fond of me, then I suppose I have no choice but to accept," Zhao Caiyun blurted out.

As she finished her statement, a hush fell over the crowd.

The entrance of the Long Teng Hotel was bustling.

Six receptionists were at the front desk.

Another six greeters stood poised in the lobby.

A few security guards were stationed at the door.

Several guests lounged on the sofas.

Near the elevators, a group awaited their ride.

Many regulars were familiar with Zhao Caiyun.

She had her fair share of admirers, though none had succeeded.

Upon hearing Zhao Caiyun's declaration, everyone's jaws dropped.

No way!!

Seriously??

That's pretty bold!

Su Ming was taken aback.

Huh?!

What?!

What on earth?!

Had he misheard?

No.

Manager Zhao, what are you...

What's this?

I'm at a loss with your enigmatic move.

What did you just agree to?

When did I ever say I liked you?

Please, don't joke like this!

Zhao Caiyun, too, was frozen in shock.

She suddenly realized she had misspoken.

Her cheeks flushed even deeper.

Despite Zhao Caiyun's reputation as a powerhouse, she was inexperienced in matters of the heart.

She had been lost in her thoughts and inadvertently voiced them.

"Right, right, right..."

Zhao Caiyun's heart pounded erratically, her words tumbling out awkwardly.

The onlookers chimed in.

Oh my!

We heard you loud and clear!

No need to overemphasize.

So many 'rights'?

Su Ming's forehead creased with lines of bewilderment.

What's going on?

This is a disaster.

Even the Yellow River couldn't cleanse this.

"I'm sorry! I, I just..."

Zhao Caiyun struggled to form a coherent sentence.

Unable to bear it any longer, she turned and hurried away.

Su Ming, at a loss for words, could only offer a wry smile.

Saying sorry shouldn't be this difficult, right?

He didn't know whether to laugh or frown.

Shaking his head, he decided to act as if nothing had happened and followed Zhao Caiyun to the nearby elevator.

Meanwhile, the onlookers outside were abuzz.

Ah!

It all makes sense now!

They're off to do some morning exercise!

If Su Ming found out about this, he'd surely point right at their noses and give them a piece of his mind.

"Morning your sister!"

"Morning your grandma's third uncle's fourth aunt!"

"I didn't say a darn thing!"


"Damn it!"

Zhao Caiyun kept her head down the entire elevator ride, silent. Once they reached their floor, she led the way with Su Ming trailing behind. Soon, they entered Zhao Caiyun's office. She grabbed a glass of water and gulped it down, the icy liquid soothing her as it traveled down her throat to her stomach, making her feel somewhat relieved.

"Mr. Su, just tell me what you need. I'm ready to cooperate," Zhao Caiyun said, steadying her emotions before speaking out. But right after she finished, she realized her words might be misconstrued. In this office, with its excellent soundproofing, just the two of them, and her saying she could cooperate—it was awkward. Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

Seeing her reaction, Su Ming was at a loss for words. "Maybe you should consider acting," he thought. "You've got enough drama for it."

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C538 – The Voice from the Lower Part of the Body

Su Ming had reached his limit.

He carefully considered his words before speaking. "Manager Zhao, there's a meeting scheduled for ten o'clock on the seventh floor, and Ning Zhiyuan will be attending."

"Yes."



Manager Zhao's demeanor became professional as she listened to Su Ming discuss business matters.

She nodded in acknowledgment, remembering the details. Ning Zhiyuan was a well-known figure, a prominent young man. She was in charge of this event and would personally attend to him.

"Manager Zhao, would you mind finding me a waiter's uniform later?" Su Ming asked, his smile warm and friendly.

"Hmm? Mr. Su, what are you planning to do?" Manager Zhao was momentarily puzzled, not quite following his intentions.

"Manager Zhao, I can't go into details about the reason," Su Ming replied. "Please, just go ahead with the request."

Upon hearing this, Manager Zhao thought to herself, 'Alright then. He's the boss, and I won't pry.'

She quickly made a phone call, and soon a simple waiter's uniform was delivered: black trousers and a white shirt.

Su Ming changed into the uniform in the restroom. When he reemerged, Manager Zhao was impressed.

"Wow! You look very sharp!"

Su Ming checked his reflection in the mirror, pleased with his appearance.

Next, he retrieved a pill and a key ring from his pocket and placed them into the pockets of his new attire. He then pulled out a fake beard and a pair of black-rimmed glasses. With this disguise, he was nearly unrecognizable.

Familiar faces might discern his identity upon close inspection, but as a waiter serving at a busy meeting, he would likely go unnoticed. Even if someone did take a second glance, they wouldn't remember his face.

"Mr. Su, what's this all about?" Manager Zhao asked, still baffled by his actions.

"Thank you, Manager Zhao," Su Ming said with a smile. "I'd appreciate it if you could let me into the meeting."

"Sure, that's no problem," Manager Zhao agreed, nodding.

She was still unclear about Su Ming's intentions, but she knew better than to question the motives of someone like Mr. Su. His mysterious ways were beyond her understanding.

Manager Zhao didn't give it much thought and made a quick call to the meeting hall. As luck would have it, the meeting hadn't started yet, so adding another waiter wasn't an issue.

However, Manager Zhao made it clear:

This waiter was not to be bossed around by anyone.

He was free to do as he pleased.

In theory,

most of the bigwigs in the room should have recognized Su Ming.

Unfortunately,

Ning Zhiyuan really didn't know him.

Or to be more precise, he didn't know much about Su Ming, just who he was.

After all, Su Ming hadn't been farming for very long.

And during that time, Ning Zhiyuan had been preoccupied elsewhere,

busy with the construction of his factory.

So, he was clueless about Su Ming's background.

Su Ming rode the elevator straight to the conference floor.

Then he pushed open the door and entered.

The room was already packed.

It looked like it was about time to start.

Su Ming stood silently.

Soon, the meeting commenced.

For Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian, this was their first time at such a gathering, and they were understandably anxious.

They sat cautiously next to Principal Ye,  
constantly scanning the room.

“Eh? That person looks familiar.”

Su Qiu caught sight of someone in the corner.

Though he was somewhat distant,  
and was wearing glasses and a beard,  
his face seemed vaguely recognizable.

After all, they were siblings who had grown up together.

It was natural for her to feel a sense of familiarity.

Eh?

Zhang Qianqian also paused for a moment,  
then took a more careful look.

“Oh my! Isn’t that Brother Su?”

Zhang Qianqian recognized him.

“Really?”

Su Qiu was momentarily taken aback.

She quickly looked again and saw it was indeed true!

“What’s Brother Su up to?”

The two young women exchanged glances.

Principal Ye, who was next to them, overheard and looked in the direction they were gazing. Sure enough, it was Mr. Su.

But Principal Ye kept to himself.

Su Ming had asked him to buy a mask earlier that day and had managed to blend in with the wait staff.

He was clearly up to something.

All Principal Ye had to do was watch quietly.

The two young women, however, had a hunch.

It seemed Su Ming was there for Ning Zhiyuan today.

Although I wasn't sure how Su Ming would handle Ning Zhiyuan, I knew it wouldn't be good for him.

"Alright," I said, just as Ning Zhiyuan rose from his seat at the center of the front row of tables. He carried himself with an air of arrogance and a hint of smugness.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "thank you for accepting my invitation to today's meeting. We've convened because the Ning Group is launching several new projects, and I'd like to take this opportunity to introduce them to you. Should any of you be interested in collaborating with us, please feel free to get in touch. It's all about creating win-win situations and making money together!" Ning Zhiyuan concluded with a subtle smile.

"Of course!" someone exclaimed. "If it's Young Master Ning's project, we're all in!"

The room erupted in enthusiastic applause and flattery, and Ning Zhiyuan couldn't have been more pleased with himself. I'm on top of the world! How did I become so incredible?

"Now, I'd like to invite Director Wang from our company to present our projects to you," Ning Zhiyuan announced, leading the applause, which everyone joined in.

Director Wang, the same man who had earlier snatched Su Ming's scallion pancakes, stood up with a contented grin, greeting everyone warmly before confidently making his way to the podium.

Ah, what a smart move it was to take that poor kid's scallion pancakes this morning! Full and content, I felt a surge of energy coursing through me.

Standing at the podium, Director Wang cleared his throat and began, "Ahem! On behalf of our esteemed Master Ning, I extend a warm welcome to you all. Thank you for being here today. I will now introduce some of our company's internal projects."

As he spoke, Director Wang launched the PowerPoint presentation, and the big screen displayed a bold headline: The Research Results on the Future Market Industries!

"In business, our goal is to make money," Director Wang continued. "But the essence of entrepreneurship is innovation; it's the key to survival. That's why our company has

recently been focusing on researching and forecasting emerging industries for the future.”

He spoke with a sense of pride, clearly impressed with the turnout of influential figures from within the company.

Everyone had to heed my words obediently.

Takeoff!

All of a sudden.

Director Wang’s body tensed.

Hiss!

He sharply inhaled a breath of cool air.

What was happening?

Oh no!

This stomach pain!

Director Wang’s stomach suddenly seized up as if twisted in knots!

Oh, the agony!

Sweat broke out on his forehead instantly.

Under normal circumstances, it would be manageable.

Just a quick trip to the restroom, right?

But what was this occasion?

Wouldn’t leaving now be utterly mortifying?

No, I must hold on!

Let chaos reign, as the bright moon illuminates the vast river!

I can withstand this!

Director Wang clenched his teeth.

He continued to act as though nothing was amiss.

“As I was saying, technological innovation leads to business innovation, which in turn spurs societal innovation. If our company doesn’t innovate and venture forward, how can we succeed?”

The moment Director Wang finished his statement.

“Pfft!”

From the lower region of Director Wang’s torso.

A distinct sound emerged.

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C539 – The Show Is about to Begin

“Absolutely! Director Wang is spot on; it simply won’t work!”

“Indeed, indeed.”

“No! The way Director Wang said ‘no’ was so emphatic!”

The onlookers heaped praise upon him.

Director Wang nearly broke down in tears.

Damn it!

I didn’t say a word!

That just now...

It was a damn fart!

Crap!

It was so close!

I could feel it!

Just a hair’s breadth away from bursting forth!

*Cough, cough!*

Director Wang took a deep breath.

I must remain calm!

I must be the epitome of composure!

Perfect timing.

They think I was the one who spoke.

I can smooth this over.

Right!

I have to act as if nothing happened.

“So, as I was saying.”

“To reject innovation is to court extinction, to be cast aside by society.”

“We can’t let that happen, can we?!!”

Director Wang continued, his passion ignited.

His emotions surged, and he let out a bellow.

What a perfect moment to rally everyone’s spirits!

But!

When you’re desperately trying to control something.

And your attention suddenly shifts.

What happens?

The thing you’re controlling starts to slip.

“Pfft!”

Yet another distinct sound.

The audience erupted in applause.

“Director Wang is right!”

“Director Wang speaks the truth!”

“Director Wang is the beacon on our path forward!”

“We will follow Ning Group to the very end!”

The crowd’s loud praises left Director Wang rigid.

Damn it...

It seems like...

A bit escaped!

No!

I must finish this speech no matter what!

I take a deep breath!

I clench my teeth and stomp my foot!

I clench tightly.

But then.

The movement was a bit too vigorous.

“Boom!”

A resounding noise filled the room.

Everyone was taken aback.

They looked around in confusion.

What in the world?

Where did that sound come from?

Thunder?

Impossible!



The sky was clear.

Not a cloud in sight, so where could the thunder come from?

Something falling?

That couldn't be it.

The noise was too loud!

It was like the firecrackers set off during the Spring Festival.

Director Wang's face was a picture of discomfort.

Then.

A pungent and lingering scent slowly wafted through the air.

How to describe this aroma?

Hmm...

Like a sauerkraut jar that hadn't been opened for countless years.

He stacked a pile of stinky socks.

Then added a truckload of durians.

Followed by two tons of stinky tofu.

And ten boxes of herring.

That should do it.

But since Director Wang was standing on stage,

he was the first to catch the odor.

The people below didn't notice a thing,

still deep in conversation.

"Mr. Ning, your idea is truly excellent. If you'd give us the opportunity, our company would like to collaborate with you..."

A businessman seated next to Ning Zhiyuan buttered him up with a sycophantic grin.

“Absolutely, absolutely,”

Mr. Ning replied with a nonchalant smile. “Boss Wang, we go way back. I wouldn’t forget you when a great opportunity arises. Rest assured.”

Boss Wang was ecstatic, about to respond,  
when suddenly he caught a whiff of something foul.

Ugh!

Damn!!!

What the hell!

Is it really that stinky?

Boss Wang quickly turned to Mr. Ning beside him,  
covering his nose and standing up in horror, retreating several steps.

“Did you eat shit?! It reeks!”

Boss Wang’s exclamation was anything but quiet.

Ning Zhiyuan was taken aback.

Are you out of your mind?

Are you spewing nonsense because you’ve lost it?

Everyone around was equally shocked.

What got into Boss Wang?

That kind of joke was in poor taste.

Ning Zhiyuan was livid.

He was about to lash out,  
when a nauseating stench hit his nostrils.

“Ugh!”

Ning Zhiyuan gagged,

barely holding back vomit.

What the hell!

It was unbearably foul!

“Open the doors and windows! It stinks too much!”

Ning Zhiyuan shouted in a panic.

The crowd reacted with surprise.

Really?

Damn.

The esteemed Young Master Ning,

caught in such an odorous plight?

As the waiter scrambled to open doors and windows for ventilation, nose covered,

others did the same,

searching for the source of the stench.

Even though Principal Ye and the two young ladies were seated towards the back,

let's be honest,

the smell was overpowering.

It was eye-watering!

Visibility was nearly gone!

The trio quickly pulled out their masks and put them on with a sigh of relief. Although the masks didn't completely block out the odor, the faint smell that lingered was tolerable.

“Damn, Principal Ye, where did you get those masks?”

“Sell me one for 10 bucks!”

“100!”

"I'll offer 1000 yuan for one, Principal Ye. We go way back, so you've got to sell one to me."

"Principal Ye, what if I offer your school thirty positions next year?"

"I'll offer 50!"

"I'll offer 100, just please give me a mask!"

The other business owners around them took notice of their masks and hurried over.

"Let's talk," Principal Ye said with a grin. "I can give you masks, but you have to stand by your word."

"Absolutely, a promise is a promise, and it's as good as gold."

"There are plenty of witnesses here."

"Ye, just give us the masks already. We can't stand this anymore!"

Principal Ye was practically beaming with delight. What a win! He'd secured a large number of placements for next year's graduates!

Mr. Su was truly impressive! How did he know we'd need masks? It was beyond belief. But Principal Ye didn't dwell on it or bother asking questions. Anything associated with Su Ming was bound to be extraordinary.

With a collective sigh of relief, everyone around had their masks on. Yet, Principal Ye was shrewd, keeping a pack in reserve for emergencies. With masks on and windows open for ventilation, the smell in the room improved slightly.

"Where is this stench coming from?"

"What's happening here?"

"Is it a sewer malfunction?" people began to wonder.

The search for the source of the smell began, and then one person spotted Director Wang.

"Holy smokes, Director Wang, what's going on with you...?" he exclaimed, his voice booming across the room.

All eyes turned to see Director Wang gripping the podium tightly, his legs clamped together and splayed out, his complexion turning a ghastly shade of green as he shook uncontrollably.

The room fell silent as everyone exchanged glances, realizing they had pinpointed the source of the odor. But before they could fully process the situation, a loud “Bang!” echoed through the air, followed by another wave of the pungent scent.

“Damn it! Director Wang! What the hell are you eating?”

“Holy shit! I can smell it all the way back here!”

“My eyes are burning; I can’t even open them!”

“My rhinitis is miraculously cured!”

A collective groan echoed from below.

“Ah!!!”

All of a sudden, Director Wang let out a bellow.

He bolted for the door, clenching his buttocks.

Simultaneously, a series of explosive sounds erupted from his lower half.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Whether it was all in their heads or not, everyone felt as if the room was bathed in a greenish hue.

“I can’t stand it, I need a smoke to chill out!”

One of them couldn’t take it anymore and flicked on his lighter.

”No!!!”

Another person yelled desperately.

But it was already too late!

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C540 – Can You Hurry Up?

“Bang!”

Amidst the horrified stares of many onlookers, a lighter sparked to life.

Swish!

Bang!

A flame shot up, quickly spreading in all directions, forming a ball of fire.

“Damn it!”

Director Wang had been standing at the podium, which, along with its immediate vicinity, bore the brunt of the blaze.

Ning Zhiyuan was directly facing Director Wang.

And so, before his shocked eyes, a massive fireball engulfed him.

Thankfully, the fuel was scant.

It flared up and faded just as fast.

Once the flames subsided, Ning Zhiyuan was left in a sorry state, his face singed and his hair sticking up, a far cry from his usual suave appearance.

“Damn!”

Stunned, Ning Zhiyuan opened his mouth, exhaling a plume of smoke, and couldn’t help but jump around cursing, “I’m definitely going to fire that guy later!”

“Mr. Ning.”

Several staff members, seeing his condition, rushed over with a damp towel for Ning Zhiyuan to clean himself off.

“Cough, cough!”

The chaos subsided, and calm was restored. Ning Zhiyuan coughed a few times and took his place at the podium once more.

Sniffing slightly, his face soured.

Damn it!

The stench was overwhelming and lingered on.

It was almost suffocating.

“Master Ning, please have some water.”

At that moment, a waiter approached with a bottle of mineral water, offering it with a smile. Ning Zhiyuan, not paying much attention, accepted the bottle and took large gulps.

After drinking, he recognized the waiter's voice as somewhat familiar, but Ning Zhiyuan didn't dwell on it and set the bottle aside.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my apologies for the spectacle earlier. Director Wang has been under the weather with stomach issues."

"Thankfully, that little mishap is behind us. Let's proceed."

Ning Zhiyuan stood up, smiling faintly. Since Director Wang was indisposed, he would take charge himself.

As expected, when the various bosses below heard him, they all quieted down and took their seats obediently.

Ning Zhiyuan suddenly felt a surge of pride.

It was me.

Who else could gather so many bosses and have them listen as attentively as schoolchildren?

Nobody!

"Ah, that..."

Ning Zhiyuan opened his mouth, ready to pontificate.

The audience sat up attentively, hanging on his every word.

The Ning Group was no small player.

They commanded respect in Eastsea, and listening closely was clearly to everyone's benefit.

As everyone listened intently,

suddenly,

they were all taken aback.

Every pair of eyes in the room was fixed on Ning Zhiyuan, wide with astonishment.

Their faces were a mix of surprise, amusement, and barely contained laughter.

“Hmm?”

Ning Zhiyuan, in the midst of his speech, sensed the odd atmosphere. What were these expressions about? What was happening?

What could possibly be so shocking?

“What’s the matter?”

Ning Zhiyuan asked, his brow furrowed.

“It’s nothing!”

The crowd shook their heads in unison: “Nothing at all, nothing at all. Please, Young Master Ning, carry on.”

“Young Master Ning, your words are simply enlightening. We’ve learned so much, hence our surprise.”

“Indeed, many things were unclear to us, but with your explanation, it’s as if a light has been turned on.”

“You possess such insight at such a young age, Young Master Ning. Truly, you are exceptional.”

The crowd murmured among themselves, no one willing to break the illusion.

“So, it’s like that.”

Ning Zhiyuan beamed at the flattery, then cleared his throat with a light cough: “Let’s proceed.”

Just as Ning Zhiyuan was about to continue,

suddenly, a rumbling came from his stomach.

A torrent of warmth surged from his abdomen to a specific spot.

It felt like it was about to explode.

“Damn it!”

Ning Zhiyuan’s body froze, his eyes bulging as he gripped the podium tightly.



He bent at the waist, his legs tensed.

His teeth clenched, his face turning a shade of iron blue.

Ah!

What in the world...

What was happening?

Could he have eaten something that upset his stomach today?

No, that can't be. He had breakfast at home, prepared by the family chef.

After all these years, there had never been an issue.

Could he have caught something from Director Wang earlier?

He hadn't heard of this being contagious.

Ning Zhiyuan was on the brink of madness, sweat beading on his forehead, his body shaking uncontrollably. Everyone has been through this, knowing the moment when it's about to burst forth.

It's an incredibly difficult sensation to control.

Su Ming stood to the side, barely containing his amusement.

My water isn't so easily tolerated. I added quite a bit to your mineral water, much more than what Director Wang had.

It all depends on how well your body can handle it.

Regarding the side effects, the System had previously explained that there could be one or several, all depending on your luck. But now, it seems you've triggered two.

Both seem to suit you well.

"Ah, I can't take it anymore. Excuse me, everyone, I need to step out for a moment."

Ning Zhiyuan couldn't bear it any longer and bolted.

"Where's the restroom? Where's the restroom?!"

He grabbed a passing waiter and bellowed.

“Uh... I’m sorry, sir. The restrooms on these floors are under maintenance. You’ll need to go to the top floor!”

The waiter, clearly terrified, stuttered out the response.

Damn it!!!

Ning Zhiyuan wanted to scream in frustration. Of all times for the restroom to be out of order!

He vowed to himself that he’d fill his house with restrooms and toilets in the future.

Ning Zhiyuan sprinted to the elevator, frantically pressing the button.

Luckily, the elevator was nearby and soon opened.

Without a second thought, he pressed for the top floor and hurriedly hit the button to close the doors.

Just as the doors were nearly shut, he couldn’t hold back any longer, but a hand suddenly stopped them.

Ding!

The doors reopened.

Ning Zhiyuan was so furious he felt like he could spit blood.

Who is it?!

What’s the meaning of this?!

Are you in such a rush that you can’t wait for the next one?

Ning Zhiyuan was itching to swear, but he couldn’t risk making a peep at the moment. He needed to gather every ounce of his strength to focus on holding back.

The elevator doors crept open, revealing Su Ming at the threshold, with a cart in tow. The cart was laden with tea sets and towels, among other items.

With a beard, sunglasses, and a hat perched atop his head, Su Ming was in disguise, and Ning Zhiyuan failed to recognize him.

Su Ming wheeled the cart in unhurriedly, but as he was about to fully enter, the cart wobbled, sending several towels tumbling to the ground.

“Oh, my apologies, sir. Just one moment,” Su Ming said, his voice laced with cheer.

He then sauntered out, leisurely picked up a towel, returned to the elevator to place it on the cart, and repeated the process for each fallen towel.

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