

# **The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming #Chapter 551 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 551**

C551 – Poisonous

The door swung open, and there was Ann Chuxia, waiting inside. Gone was the glamorous sheen of the stage; she was simply dressed in a plain white dress, her hair pulled back into a ponytail, her face adorned with a touch of light makeup. Yet, even with this understated look, Ann Chuxia's beauty was still striking, now accompanied by a newfound approachability.

"You've arrived," she said, quickly rising to greet Su Ming. "Please, have a seat."

Su Ming nodded, taking a seat at the dining table as Ann Chuxia settled beside him.

"Everything okay with you?" Su Ming asked, his tone warm.

"Just a little scare, nothing major," Ann Chuxia replied cheerfully. "The doctor said a few days of rest should do the trick. And who might this be?" Her eyes shifted to Xiaoqing.

"Oh, this is Xiaoqing, my cousin. She's a big fan of yours. When she heard you were treating me to a meal, she insisted on coming along. She's a bit on the shy side, though, not much of a talker," Su Ming explained with a chuckle.

"Miss Ann, I... I really admire you. Could I possibly get a photo with you later, maybe an autograph?" Xiaoqing, playing her part perfectly, spoke with a timid voice, her head bowed and her hands nervously fidgeting.

"Of course, there's no need to be nervous. Just relax. Right now, I'm not a star, just an ordinary person. Your brother is my lifesaver; we're simply friends," Ann Chuxia reassured her with a warm smile.

"Okay!" Su Ming thought to himself, impressed by Xiaoqing's convincing performance.

Just then, Ann Chuxia's phone screen lit up. She glanced at it, her expression subtly shifting. The image displayed was Su Ming's vehicle—a Hennessy Venom GT valued at a fortune.

The photo had come from her agent, and it left Ann Chuxia utterly astounded. She had pegged Su Ming as a well-to-do heir from a local company, but she hadn't imagined this level of wealth. A Hennessy Venom GT was no ordinary sports car—it was a symbol of opulence. Despite her own fame and earnings, she knew too well that a significant portion of her income was claimed by her agency.

A portion of her income was subject to taxes, so ultimately, the amount of money she pocketed wasn't substantial. Despite the glamorous appearance and high earnings of celebrities, their wealth is often more limited than it seems.

Ann Chuxia had been in the industry for over a decade. As a child star, she didn't earn much. It was only in recent years, after gaining fame, that she began to make significant money, amounting to roughly one billion in total.

To the average person, this was an astronomical sum.

Yet, Ann Chuxia had invested this fortune, opening numerous hotels and several jewelry stores, thereby converting her earnings into assets.

Currently, her bank account held only a few tens of millions in cash.

Extracting over a hundred million to purchase a Hennessy Venom GT was a daunting task.

The most crucial factor was that this car wasn't simply available to anyone with the funds. It was a limited edition, requiring not just money but also influence and connections.

Ann Chuxia had initially wanted to express her gratitude to Su Ming, and his serene demeanor had put her at ease. However, she was now taken aback.

Was Su Ming's indifference not just a trait of his character, but rather a sign that he was on a much higher level than she was?

A subtle shock ran through Ann Chuxia, causing her initial intentions to quietly recede.

"I wasn't sure about your preferences, so I had them prepare both Western and Chinese cuisine. Please take a look at the menu."

"Alright."

Su Ming nodded and perused the menu.

He casually selected two modestly priced home-style dishes, the kind that offered good value for money.

"Just these?"

Ann Chuxia paused for a moment. "What about your sister...?"

"It's fine, as long as there's enough to eat, let's not be wasteful."

Su Ming said with a smile.

“Okay then.”

Ann Chuxia didn't press further and signaled for the waiter to leave. She then ordered a few additional dishes, and soon, a spread of six dishes and a soup adorned the table.

It goes without saying that five-star hotels have their merits; the chefs in the kitchen certainly paid close attention to their craft, resulting in dishes that were a feast for the senses.

“Please, help yourself and don't be shy.”

Ann Chuxia encouraged with a warm smile.

Su Ming nodded, picked up a piece of meat with his chopsticks, and placed it in Little Green's bowl.

“Thank you, brother.”

Little Green smiled sweetly before putting the meat in her mouth and gently chewing.

Then, she spat it out.

“What's wrong?”

Su Ming and Ann Chuxia were both taken aback.

Their reasons for surprise, however, differed.

Ann Chuxia wondered if the dish was poorly prepared or simply not to Little Green's liking.

Su Ming's shock, however, stemmed from a different cause. Little Green was an intelligent robot; even if she found the flavor disagreeable, she certainly wouldn't spit it out, as that would be impolite.

“The dish is poisoned,” Little Green declared.

“What?!”

Su Ming and Ann Chuxia were horrified. Su Ming quickly asked, “Little Green, you're not joking, are you? Is this serious?”

“Of course, brother. Little Green would never lie to you!” she replied with a sweet smile.

Exchanging glances, Su Ming activated his scanner and examined the seemingly ordinary sweet and sour pork.

It contained a significant amount of laxative. While not lethal, it would weaken the body, requiring at least a week to fully recover.

Su Ming's brow furrowed.

Ann Chuxia's concert was just around the corner. If she had eaten this meat, the performance would inevitably be canceled or delayed.

The repercussions would be significant.

"Is that true?"

Ann Chuxia blinked, struggling to believe it.

"If Little Green says it's true, then it likely is," Su Ming said, his brow creased. "I forgot to mention, Little Green comes from a long line of medical practitioners. She's been studying medicine from a young age and has a remarkable gift for it. If she says there's a problem, there's definitely a problem."

Ann Chuxia became visibly flustered.

After all, she was the host of the meal, and now the dish was found to be poisoned. It was natural for suspicion to fall on her.

"Su Ming, you have to believe me, I didn't do this," she pleaded urgently.

"Why would you even think that? Of course, you didn't," Su Ming reassured her with a smile. "You have no reason or motive, and it seems this was all targeted at you."

"Is this meant for me?"

Ann Chuxia paused briefly, then it dawned on her. She had narrowly escaped being hit by a car the previous night, and now, someone had poisoned her food!

But who could it be?

And why would they do such a thing?

She couldn't recall offending anyone, could she?

It was a stroke of luck that she had asked Su Ming to join her for lunch today. If not for him, she certainly wouldn't have detected the poison. She would have been a goner for sure!

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## C552 – Young Master Zhou Is on Stage

"Little Qing, what kind of poison is in this?" Su Ming turned to ask, feigning ignorance. He couldn't very well admit that he had spotted it with the naked eye—that would be too astonishing. Tasting it and figuring it out would be believable, but just seeing it would be nothing short of miraculous.

Some people have noses that can easily detect thousands of chemical compounds, and palates that can discern the vintage and alcohol concentration of a wine. This is because the body's neural responses provide analysis far more reliable than what the eye can see.

"If I'm not mistaken, it's a laxative," Little Qing explained.

"The dose is substantial. It won't be lethal after ingestion, but it will lead to severe diarrhea over the next two days, causing serious dehydration. A full recovery would take at least a week."

Ann Chuxia was taken aback. Her concert was just around the corner. If she were truly poisoned, she wouldn't recover for a week, and the concert would have to be postponed.

The real issue was the venue for her concert—the stadium. The stadium's schedule was packed, with various events and concerts lined up every day. Given that Eastsea is a major city with a high standard of living and residents with disposable income, attending football matches or concerts was commonplace.

If her concert were postponed, securing another date at the venue would be challenging. Yet, she had to perform in Eastsea, or she'd face hefty fines for contract breaches.

Such a scenario could harm both her and the company's interests, potentially leading to her being sidelined by the company. No matter how talented or famous you are, being shelved means you're essentially worthless.

Who could be so malicious?

"Do you remember what I mentioned to you yesterday?" Su Ming prompted, noticing Ann Chuxia's troubled look.

"About the people close to me?" Although Ann Chuxia was reluctant to believe it, she had to face the possibility now.

"How many people accompanied you to Eastsea this time?" Su Ming inquired, setting down his chopsticks.

"Three in total. One is my agent, Liu Dashan, who the company assigned to me. He's an experienced agent who has worked with three other artists before me," she replied.

"The other two are my assistants, also arranged by the company. They usually help me with tasks like changing clothes or fetching water."

Ann Chuxia pondered the situation carefully.

She was known for being down-to-earth and led a modest life, avoiding any unnecessary extravagance. The three individuals in question had been imposed upon her by her company.

Had it been up to her, Ann Chuxia would have preferred to operate solo.

"But they've been with me for so long. It couldn't be them, could it?" Ann Chuxia found the idea hard to believe.

Liu Dashan was significantly older than her, a married man with two children. He always treated her with respect and maintained a cautious demeanor, keeping a clear professional boundary.

The two assistants had been fresh out of college when they started working with her. They came from clean backgrounds and shared a good rapport with her.

She racked her brain but couldn't pinpoint the culprit.

"The only ones who knew your whereabouts last night were them, and you nearly had an accident. Plus, someone managed to slip a laxative into your food here. It's most convenient for someone close to you to have done it," Su Ming explained calmly.

Hearing this, Ann Chuxia opened her mouth to defend her team but found herself at a loss for words.

Just then, the sound of footsteps approached the door, followed by a gentle knock.

Startled, Ann Chuxia's nerves were already on edge, considering the near-miss with the car the previous night and the recent discovery of the tainted food.

"Who is it?" she asked, steadying her voice after taking a deep breath.

"It's me, Miss Ann," came the voice of Liu Dashan from outside.

"Come in," Ann Chuxia responded, her lips tensing slightly, her emotions tangled.

Under normal circumstances, she wouldn't have thought twice about it. But now, she felt besieged on all sides.

Could Liu Dashan be checking to see if she had eaten anything? No, that seemed far-fetched. He often sought her out during meals, which was typical given her status as a top-tier celebrity with a busy schedule.

Shaking off the paranoia, Ann Chuxia tried to clear her mind.

Liu Dashan entered with a composed look on his face and quickly approached her.

"Miss Ann, someone is here to see you," he announced.

"Who is it?"

Ann Chuxia paused, "Someone from the organizing team? Didn't we meet already?"

"No."

Liu Dashan looked troubled, hesitating before he sighed, "It's Zhou Guozhi."

"Him?!"

Hearing that name, Ann Chuxia's expression fell, tinged with a hint of revulsion. "Why has he come back?"

"Well..."

Liu Dashan was at a loss. "Miss Ann, you know as well as I do that Zhou Guozhi is the chairman's son. Isn't it expected for him to know where you are?"

She sighed deeply.

Zhou Guozhi, the pampered only son of the chairman, was tied to the management company Ann Chuxia had signed with. Since her contract began, Zhou Guozhi had been a constant bother.

Out of respect for the chairman, Ann Chuxia had kept her cool, not wanting to clash with the boss's son.

She had hoped that her concert tour would give her a break from him, but to her dismay, he had tracked her down.

So irritating!

"Should we see him or not?"

Liu Dashan was in a bind.

Having worked with Ann Chuxia for a long time, he knew her to be a sincere and kind-hearted young woman. Despite her beauty, Liu Dashan harbored no ill intentions, treating her more like a daughter.

He was well aware that Zhou Guozhi was bad news.

But as the chairman's son, his status alone was intimidating. What could you say against that?

You couldn't say anything.

"Let him in," Ann Chuxia finally relented, biting her lip. She couldn't just refuse.

While the company wouldn't trouble her too soon, as she was a valuable asset, it would complicate things for Liu Dashan. The company could pressure him, potentially finding reasons to cut his pay. And Liu Dashan had his own family to support.

"Alright then," Liu Dashan said with a resigned shake of his head as he turned and made his way to the door.

"I'm so irritated, so irritated!" Ann Chuxia muttered under her breath, clenching her teeth. She grabbed the bottle of water from the table and downed it in one swift motion. It was her own bottle—she always made sure to bring clean mineral water with her.

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C553 – Fear of Daddy

"Oh, Chuxia, I've missed you terribly these past few days."

Moments later, a grating voice pierced the air.

A figure then made his entrance.

Su Ming was taken aback.

What in the world was this creature?

Good grief!

It was the epitome of abstract art!



This guy was short, yet remarkably round.

He resembled a potato.

A potato with limbs sprouting out and topped with a head.

While it's common for people to carry a little extra weight, when someone like Zhou Guozhi takes it to an extreme, usually their limbs and head balloon along with their body.

But not Zhou Guozhi.

Why blend in when you can stand out? He was determined to be different!

His torso was disproportionately large, yet his limbs and head were almost normal-sized, devoid of excess fat.

My goodness!

He could give someone a fright just walking down the street.

He was practically a potato come to life!

And that was the least of it; his facial features were haphazardly placed.

They were barely situated where they should be, and they were hideously arranged.

My word, this guy.

He was beyond the reach of any adjective known for ugliness.

"Who are you?"

Zhou Guozhi had just walked in and immediately fixed his gaze on Su Ming sitting next to Ann Chuxia, his eyes bulging with surprise.

A surge of anger welled up inside him!

A strange man sitting beside Ann Chuxia?!

Though it pained him to admit it, he couldn't deny that the guy was incredibly handsome!

Zhou Guozhi's jealousy flared. He glared with furrowed brows, his face a picture of suspicion as he interrogated.

“I am...”

Su Ming was about to introduce himself.

Zhou Guozhi's eyes sparkled.

His suspicious demeanor vanished, replaced by a beaming, youthful grin. He sidled up to Xiaoqing, oozing insincerity, “Oh, miss, what's your name? You're so beautiful. I really want to...ahem, I mean, I'd love to become friends with you, and maybe...ah, no, I just want to have a chat.”

Su Ming blinked, his forehead creasing with several lines of bewilderment. He exchanged a glance with Ann Chuxia, who could only shake her head in resignation and spread her hands in a gesture of helplessness.

That was it.

Su Ming's brow furrowed slightly.

Where did this character spring from?

Is it now the case that the lower the IQ, the easier it is to become a wealthy heir?

He blurted out the truth in just two sentences!

Little Qing was also taken aback.

Even with its advanced artificial intelligence, Little Qing had never encountered such a lowlife before.

“I'm your father.”

Little Qing blinked and uttered five words.

“Sploosh!”

Su Ming, mid-sip, sprayed out his water.

Don't get the wrong idea; I didn't teach it that.

I had absolutely nothing to do with this, it was all Little Qing's own doing.

Though the statement was rather earth-shattering.

To be frank.

I have to give you a big thumbs up. Well said!

Beautifully put!

“I...”

Zhou Guozhi nearly suffocated.

He was frozen in place.

This, this, this...

What in the world is happening? Can someone tell me how I’m supposed to respond?

I’ve encountered plenty of beauties, and some have given me the cold shoulder, like Ann Chuxia.

But this is the first time I’ve come across a response like this!

This is truly a novelty.

I, I, I...

I love it!!!

It’s exactly my type!

The feeling is exhilarating!

“Bravo! Well said, I love it, I really do.”

Zhou Guozhi’s face lit up with delight, having encountered something refreshingly different.

A novel flavor indeed.

Su Ming and Ann Chuxia were dumbfounded, exchanging glances. What was with this guy? Delighted to be insulted?

What’s the deal? Does he have a daddy complex?

Does he need to acknowledge a whole fleet of fathers to feel secure?

Surely not, Young Master Zhou, you’re the son of a renowned entertainment company’s owner; your tastes can’t be that extreme...

Zhou Guozhi, now thoroughly entertained, plopped down next to Little Qing, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

Ann Chuxia was taken aback.

That was a swift change.

Just a moment ago, you were flirting with me, and now you've switched targets?

It wasn't that Ann Chuxia felt a sense of loss.

It wasn't that she felt empty because Zhou Guozhi wasn't pursuing her; rather, she felt somewhat guilty toward Su Ming. He had come to dine, and now, because of her, he was embroiled in this mess.

"Su Ming..."

Ann Chuxia was about to say something when Su Ming gave her a smile and a dismissive shake of his head.

The idea was ludicrous, especially considering Zhou Guozhi.

Even if the world's most handsome man stood before Little Qing, she wouldn't bat an eyelid!

You're thinking of romancing an intelligent robot that's already imprinted on its owner? You must be joking!

"Little lady, what's your name? Where are you working these days? What are your interests?"

Zhou Guozhi's grin was tinged with sleaziness and repulsion.

Little Qing paused, blinking before glancing at Su Ming.

Amused, Su Ming thought to himself, "Yuvyuv, can you talk to Little Qing?"

"Of course, Master. However, you can also communicate directly with Little Qing in your mind," Yuvyuv responded sweetly.

"Yes, Brother," came Little Qing's voice in his mind.

Huh?

Su Ming was taken aback.

Little Qing could interact with him telepathically, yet the tones of the two AIs were noticeably different. Yuvyuv had always seemed so docile, but now her voice was softer than ever. Meanwhile, Little Qing sounded somewhat boastful and pretentious.

Could it be that artificial intelligence could also vie for favor and get jealous?

Was it possible that his future entourage would include not just a bevy of beauties but also a handful of robots?

Wow, what a thrill!

Chuckling to himself, Su Ming mentally asked, "What can you ask him about?"

"Right away, Brother!" Little Qing responded in his mind, then faced Zhou Guozhi with a neutral expression. "What do you know how to do?"

"Ah!" Zhou Guozhi nearly burst with laughter.

What did this imply?

It suggested the beauty was intrigued by him. If he could just demonstrate his best skill, he might just capture her heart, and tonight...

[Blissful! Blissful!]

[My charm is truly irresistible!]

Zhou Guozhi smirked, then composed himself, shaking his head and lightly stroking his temples with a smug smile. "I'm a magician!"

"Magic?" Little Qing blinked.

"You see, our Young Master Zhou has been studying magic since childhood. He's a protégé of Yun Zhong Hai, the magic maestro of the imperial court. You've heard of Yun Zhong Hai, haven't you?"

One of Zhou Guozhi's henchmen quickly spoke up from behind him.

Having been Zhou Guozhi's right-hand man for so long, he was well aware that Young Master Zhou was in need of a boost.

"Cloud Sea?"

Su Ming felt a twinge of surprise himself.

This was a renowned magician, a name that commanded respect on the international stage!

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C554 – Where Did the Things Go?

Magicians have traditionally hailed from abroad.

Yet Yun Zhonghai was the imperial court's first master to gain international acclaim, stunning audiences at an international magic competition.

He even made a helicopter disappear right before everyone's eyes.

“Oh? I had no idea you were into magic. It's my absolute favorite to watch.”

Little Qing's eyes sparkled with feigned interest.

Zhou Guozhi was so thrilled he was nearly beside himself with joy.

Aiyaya!

Tsk, tsk, tsk!

Who says you can have too many tricks up your sleeve?

Especially a talent like magic, which never fails to capture the hearts of young ladies!

Haha!

My moment of triumph is at hand.

“Since the young lady enjoys it, I'll perform a trick just for you.”

Zhou Guozhi struck a pose, straightened his clothes, and cleared his throat, “Go, fetch my things.”

“Yes, sir.”

A butler-like figure hurried off and quickly returned with a small box that surely contained magic props. Zhou Guozhi must have been quite the charmer, always ready with his tricks even when away from home, likely having dazzled many a young lady before.

Zhou Guozhi opened the box and pulled out a small black pouch.

“Don’t be fooled by its appearance, little sister. This pouch is rather renowned.”

“It’s akin to a treasure of the immortals called the Hundred Treasure Bag.”

“From it, I can produce a multitude of wonderful items.”

As Zhou Guozhi boasted, he reached into the pouch and, with a flourish, produced a rose.

“Wow! That’s amazing!”

Little Qing’s eyes lit up in amazement.

Zhou Guozhi was on cloud nine, thinking to himself, I’m just too cool!

Indeed, a man with a skill can instantly skyrocket in charisma. Look at that, this young lady is utterly captivated by me. I’m incredible!

Bolstered by Little Qing’s praise, Zhou Guozhi grew even more enthusiastic.

“Of course, it’s not just for taking things out; I can also make things disappear.”

Zhou Guozhi said with a casual smile.

“Really? I’m skeptical. Is there a hole in the bottom of your bag?”

Little Qing blinked curiously.

“Absolutely not. Check it for yourself if you’re doubtful.”

Zhou Guozhi handed over the pouch with a smile, and Little Qing inspected it inside and out, only to confirm that the pouch was indeed intact.

“Of course, to make something disappear, you definitely need a prop.”

While Zhou Guozhi spoke, he turned his attention to Su Ming.

Narrowing his eyes, he noticed Su Ming was wearing a watch on each wrist.

On the right was a children’s watch equipped with Yuvyuv intelligence.

On the left, a Vacheron Constantin timepiece.

“Could I borrow your watch for a second, my friend?” Zhou Guozhi asked with a grin.

"Certainly," Su Ming replied with a serene smile, thinking to himself, Just wait, soon you'll be the one crying.

With a smile, Su Ming removed his watch and placed it before Zhou Guozhi.

"Little miss, watch as I put the watch into my pocket," Zhou Guozhi said, tossing the watch into his pocket and giving it a slight shake.

"Oops, seems we've hit a snag today. I'm missing a lady's breath on it. Would you mind helping out, little sister?" he asked with a sleazy smile.

"Fine," Su Ming said, having already instructed Little Green in her mind. Little Green nodded and blew a breath.

"123!" Zhou Guozhi counted aloud, then gave his pocket a shake, and it instantly deflated, the watch vanishing into thin air!

"Where's my watch?" Su Ming feigned great concern. "That watch cost me a pretty penny; you better not have lost or damaged it."

"Relax, if it's broken, I'll pay for it," Zhou Guozhi assured him with a casual smile. "But it's just a high-quality replica of a Vacheron Constantin, worth maybe a couple thousand. I can cover that."

"Are you certain?" Su Ming asked, still calm.

Zhou Guozhi, unfazed, replied, "Absolutely. It's just a few thousand yuan. To me, that's nothing. Even if it were genuine, I could easily afford it."

Zhou Guozhi spoke with towering arrogance, not missing the chance to flaunt his wealth in front of Little Qing.

He then opened the bag and revealed the trick.

"Wow! That's incredible! How did you make it vanish?" Little Qing clapped her hands, full of wonder.

"It's magic, merely sleight of hand. I've been practicing diligently since childhood, so naturally, I've become quite skilled. Impressive, right?"

Zhou Guozhi started to strut his stuff.

"What about my watch?" Su Ming inquired from the side.



Zhou Guozhi, hearing this, was visibly irritated. Doesn't he understand the situation? I'm in the middle of showing off, basking in the adoration of this young lady, and he chooses now to interrupt?

With a look of displeasure, Zhou Guozhi shot Su Ming an annoyed glance and said with impatience, "Alright, alright, I'll change it back for you now. You're such a miser, fussing over a lousy watch so much."

His expression then shifted dramatically. The look of annoyance vanished, replaced by a sleazy grin. "Little girl, I'm about to bring the watch back."

"Don't blink, little girl."

"The moment of wonder is upon us!"

With those words, Zhou Guozhi flicked his wrist.

"Haha! How about that? The watch is back, isn't it?"

After the flick, Zhou Guozhi erupted into hearty laughter.

"Young Master Zhou is truly impressive!"

"Young Master Zhou is incredible, Young Master Zhou is formidable!"

"I'm always in awe of Young Master Zhou's magic. It's simply miraculous. Young Master Zhou, you couldn't possibly be a real magician, could you? Are you Harry Potter or something?"

The crowd around him was effusive in their praise.

Zhou Guozhi was naturally basking in glory, laughing heartily.

Wait a minute.

Something wasn't right.

Suddenly, Zhou Guozhi sensed an anomaly.

Why does this pocket feel so light?

He looked down.

The pocket was empty.

Nothing was inside!

What?!

Zhou Guozhi was baffled and began to search frantically.

What was happening?

What was the situation?

How could his magic trick have failed?!

Magic is all about sleight of hand. Just before, he had flicked his pocket to send the watch upwards, swiftly grabbing it and concealing it at his wrist.

It was a classic misdirection.

Then, with a pronounced flick of his wrist, he was supposed to send the watch back into his pocket.

It was all supposed to flow seamlessly, appearing utterly magical.

He had felt the watch at his wrist moments ago. How could it have vanished with a flick?

Damn it!

What on earth was going on?

I've performed this trick countless times without a hitch. How could it fail now, especially in front of such a pure and stunning beauty?

In a sudden panic, Zhou Guozhi quickly stood and began to search the area frantically.

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C555 – Zhou Guozhi Expressed His Agreement

The lackeys surrounding Young Master Zhou sensed that something was amiss and were visibly confused. What exactly was happening?

Ann Chuxia was equally perplexed.

Where had her watch gone?

“Where’s the watch?”

Xiaoqing feigned confusion, extending her hand to retrieve the cloth bag. Upon opening it, she discovered it was completely empty.

“This, this, this...”

Sweat began to bead on Zhou Guozhi’s forehead.

He had been showing off, but now he was metaphorically slapped in the face, and it stung.

What in the world was going on?

He wasn’t concerned about the few thousand yuan, but the embarrassment was unbearable!

“You’ve got to be kidding, Young Master Zhou, where did my watch go?”

“I spent a pretty penny on that watch.”

Su Ming sipped his water, a slight smile playing on his lips.

“Humph!”

Annoyed, Zhou Guozhi let out a cold snort in response to Su Ming’s comment. “Enough talk. You think I care about your cheap watch? I’ll reimburse you to the last cent!”

“Is that so?”

Su Ming blinked innocently.

“Of course, I’m loaded. I’m not worried about that small amount of money!”

Zhou Guozhi retorted with a sneer.

“What’s the rush over a knockoff watch? Young Master Zhou has money to burn; he’ll cover your loss, no question.”

“Seriously, you have the audacity to flaunt a watch that’s barely worth a grand or two?”

“If I were you, I’d have found a hole to crawl into by now.”

“It’s not entirely his fault, you know. Some folks get so used to fakes they start to believe they’re the real deal.”

The lackeys around them sneered at Su Ming with a mix of scorn and amusement.

“Fine.”

Su Ming nodded. “If you’re willing to compensate me, then I’m at ease. Let’s settle it at the original price.”

With that, Su Ming pulled a piece of paper from his pocket, revealing it to be an invoice to the shock of the onlookers.

“Hahaha! Look at this guy, so broke he carries an invoice around. What, are you scared people won’t realize it’s a fake?”

“Wait, this shows he’s probably hoping the watch would break so he could claim the full retail price!”

“Carrying an invoice around? That’s just Top Grade!”

The lackeys continued their loud jeers.

“Take a good look before you run your mouth.”

Su Ming offered a faint smile. Upon hearing this, Zhou Guozhi let out a cold laugh. “How much could it possibly be? It’s just... Holy smokes! 2.83 million?!!!”

Zhou Guozhi leapt to his feet, rubbing his eyes vigorously. He scrutinized the invoice and, sure enough, the figure was correct—it was indeed 2.83 million!

“How can this be? How can this be?!”

Zhou Guozhi was in a state of panic. This sum was no trifling amount.

“Young Master Zhou, take a good look. This watch is from Vacheron Constantin, an anniversary limited edition. Here’s the number on the invoice, guaranteed authentic,” Su Ming said with a slow smile.

”This, this, this...”

Zhou Guozhi was stunned. “This can’t be, this absolutely can’t be. The invoice must be fake, it’s definitely a counterfeit!”

“Young Master Zhou, the anniversary edition is one-of-a-kind. Once it’s sold, the buyer’s information is registered. You can check the official website to see if I’m really the one who made the purchase,” Su Ming explained, still smiling, as he sat back in his chair. Zhou Guozhi was utterly panicked now. He frantically pulled out his smartphone and, to his astonishment, the buyer listed was indeed Su Ming!

Over two million—this was no small figure!

Then, Zhou Guozhi's eyes widened in horror as he pointed at Su Ming. "The car keys you're holding... could they be for a Hennessy Venom GT?!"

"Well, I'm impressed, Young Master Zhou. You certainly know your stuff," Su Ming said, his smile unwavering.

"I... I can't believe this..."

Zhou Guozhi felt like he was about to explode in frustration.

He was wealthy, and his father was even wealthier, running an entertainment company with several top-tier celebrities and a host of second-tier ones under contract.

They appeared to be doing exceptionally well, but the total value of their company barely exceeded 10 billion, mostly tied up in fixed assets and stocks.

Even his father couldn't just pull out over a billion to purchase a limited edition Hennessy Venom GT!

What was most telling was that the higher one's status, the more they understood the significance of owning such a car. Who could afford such a vehicle, and what kind of background did they have?

At that moment, Zhou Guozhi lost all interest in chasing women, feeling nothing but a cold shiver running down his spine.

While in the capital, Zhou Guozhi was well aware of the abundance of talented individuals around him. He kept a low profile, careful not to boast or cross anyone.

He had assumed that in a city like Eastsea, he could strut around with impunity. However, his attempt to impress was quickly met with a humiliating setback, and to top it off, he encountered an incredibly formidable person.

"This, this, this..." Zhou Guozhi stammered, unable to form a coherent sentence.

"Relax, Young Master Zhou. Just give me back my watch," Su Ming said, his smile spreading slowly.

Zhou Guozhi gulped, his face slick with nervous sweat. True, his family was wealthy, but they didn't have much liquid cash—his father had only about ten million at his disposal.

"We'll find it! We have to find it!" Zhou Guozhi frantically searched everywhere.

Noticing his subordinates frozen in place, his anger flared. "What the hell are you waiting for? Get moving and find it!" he bellowed.

His men, now in a frenzy, scurried about, shining flashlights under distant cabinets and scouring every nook and cranny. Zhou Guozhi was so desperate, he even stripped down to his underwear, turning his clothes inside out in a wild search, all for naught.

"The Young Master... we didn't find it," his subordinates reported back, their voices shaky and their eyes darting nervously.

Zhou Guozhi's head spun, and he nearly collapsed, his complexion turning deathly pale. Nearly three million yuan was at stake—not an insignificant sum. His father would be furious, possibly to the point of violence.

"Young Master Zhou, since the watch is gone, you'll have to compensate. Here's the invoice; I haven't deceived you," Su Ming said, taking a leisurely sip of water, the picture of serenity.

"I, I, I..." Zhou Guozhi's trembling continued, and he found himself speechless.

Desperate for assistance, he turned pleading eyes toward Ann Chuxia and Xiaoqing, hoping for their advocacy. But Ann Chuxia was meditating, paying no heed to Xiaoqing, and offering no help to him.

In that instant, Zhou Guozhi was in a state of sheer panic.

Sweat drenched his forehead.

What to do? What could he possibly do?

He had attempted to impress others, only to end up losing a watch in the process. It was utterly baffling. What in the world was happening? Was it possible that the watch had sprouted wings and taken flight?

The fact remained that the watch was genuinely missing!

I've pulled off magic tricks to show off countless times, but this time I've hit a wall so hard my head's nearly split open!

Who can explain what the heck is going on here?!

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C556 – Are You Going to Build a Building?

"Relax, Young Master Zhou, there's no need to be so tense."

Su Ming offered a reassuring smile. "If it's lost, it's lost. It wasn't worth much, and I'm not concerned about it. You haven't had dinner yet, have you? Come on, let's eat together."

"Huh?"

Zhou Guozhi was momentarily taken aback.

Just like that?

It was worth millions, and he was supposed to just shrug it off?

Su Ming dismissed the idea that a few million meant anything.

Besides, the watch wasn't even lost.

And even if it were, what would it matter?

He had spent a billion on a lottery the day before!

Noticing Zhou Guozhi frozen in place, Su Ming's brow furrowed slightly. "What's the matter, Young Master Zhou? Don't feel like it? Then you'll still owe..."

"No!"

Zhou Guozhi, as if suddenly energized, shouted, "I'll do it, I'll eat!"

With that, he dashed to the dining table, grabbed his bowl, and began devouring the food voraciously.

He ate as if a storm was clearing the remnants of a feast!

Su Ming and Ann Chuxia observed in silence, their chopsticks untouched.

They both knew something was off with the meal.

But Zhou Guozhi was blissfully unaware.

Desperate not to upset Su Ming, Zhou Guozhi kept eating.

"Burp!"

Eventually, Zhou Guozhi was so stuffed that he was rolling his eyes and burping uncontrollably.

"I... I just can't eat any more..."

His stomach was distended to the point of roundness.

"If you can't finish, that's alright. By the way, your men haven't eaten yet, have they? Let's not waste food; they should finish it."

Su Ming's smile was easy and slow.

"Quick, you guys, come here! Finish all of this for me!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

The flunkies didn't dare delay.

They charged in and devoured the remaining food like ravenous dogs.

Ann Chuxia had only prepared enough for three, but Zhou Guozhi had brought several people.

Finishing the meal was no problem for them.

"See, I've finished everything, I..."

Zhou Guozhi began, beaming at Su Ming, but mid-sentence, his body seized up, his eyes bulged, and he doubled over, sticking out his rear.

He was bent over like a shrimp!

"Ouch!"

Zhou Guozhi clutched his stomach, pain twisting his features into a grimace of agony.

"Ah, it hurts so much!"

"Excuse me for a moment, I need to use the restroom!"

A tumultuous rumbling echoed from Zhou Guozhi's belly as a searing wave surged toward a particular area.

"Ouch! My stomach!"

"Damn, that's painful!"

"Yikes! It's about to happen!"

His face contorted in a snarl of discomfort.



His henchmen started to feel the effects too.

"I can't hold it, I need the bathroom!"

"Don't anyone dare compete with me for the toilet—it's mine!"

"The hell with it! I'm the boss here!"

They all scrambled toward the exit in a frenzy.

"Have you lost your minds? I'm your Young Master Zhou, and you dare to challenge me? Stay put!"

Zhou Guozhi spun around, glaring at them.

"Screw this! I don't care if you're the young master or not. You could be my own father, and it wouldn't make a difference!"

"Exactly! Move aside!"

"I'm sure the bathroom is just over there!"

These underlings had eaten less, so their discomfort was more manageable.

But Zhou Guozhi had indulged too much.

His condition was particularly severe.

As they jostled him, his resistance weakened...

Let's spare the details; it's too revolting.

Ann Chuxia quickly covered her eyes and nose.

Su Ming shook his head in dismay.

They both promptly stood up and retreated to the adjacent bedroom.

Xiaoqing trailed behind them.

Outside, a cacophony of crashes and bangs erupted.

It sounded like a thunderstorm.

Ah!

Then the rhythm shifted, resembling the beat of a drum.

That was the Li Faction's drumming!

Now it was the Zhang Faction's turn!

Hey, hey, hey!

The rhythm changed once more!

It turned into a lively Yangge dance!

To put it simply.

Eventually, the firefighters arrived, all donning gas masks.

It took a good three to four hours before the entrance was cleared, and only then did Ann Chuxia and Su Ming emerge.

They looked over at Zhou Guozhi.

His once plump figure had slimmed down significantly.

His cheeks were hollowed out, giving his face a sunken appearance.

Sitting on the ground, his eyes were devoid of any spark.

To the uninformed observer, he might have appeared completely drained.

Upon seeing Su Ming, Zhou Guozhi was nearly in tears. "Look at me, I'm a mess. You can't possibly still want money from me, can you?"

"No, of course not," Su Ming chuckled. "You just take it easy, Young Master Zhou. We'll head out now."

As Su Ming turned to leave, he suddenly remembered something and returned to place a magic box and a pouch beside Zhou Guozhi.

"Don't forget, this is your magic prop, Young Master Zhou. It wouldn't do to lose it."

While speaking, Su Ming handed the pouch to Zhou Guozhi.

Zhou Guozhi accepted it listlessly, but as he did, confusion washed over him.

What in the world? What's happening here?

There's... there's something inside!

In a rush, Zhou Guozhi opened the pouch to find his watch lying there, silent and still.

What the heck?!

Zhou Guozhi felt like he was about to explode in frustration!

The watch wasn't lost after all; it had been in the pouch the whole time!

But that couldn't be right; he had checked thoroughly just moments ago, and it definitely wasn't there!

What on earth was happening?

Trembling, Zhou Guozhi pulled out the watch and, with a voice close to tears, said to Su Ming, "My watch... it wasn't lost."

He was the picture of misery.

"Oh my! It wasn't lost after all!" Su Ming exclaimed, feigning surprise.

He took the watch and strapped it onto his wrist.

Then, as he was about to place the pouch into the box, Su Ming looked astonished. "Young Master Zhou, this pouch of yours seems to hold quite a bit."

Zhou Guozhi was dumbfounded.

Hold quite a bit? But he hadn't put anything else in it!

He had just confirmed that there was only the watch inside, nothing more.

He had even turned the pouch inside out to check!

"Young Master Zhou, no jokes here. There really are quite a few things in here. Take a look for yourself," Su Ming insisted.

With that, he reached into the pouch and slowly pulled out an item.

Zhou Guozhi was skeptical at first, but as he took a closer look, his eyes bulged in astonishment!

Su Ming suddenly pulled out a brick from inside the bag!

"A brick?!"

Zhou Guozhi's brain nearly short-circuited.

Sure, the bag could fit a brick, but it was hardly larger than one.

Just one bag, and inside, a brick.

Frankly, it was so obvious, a blind person could tell!

"Huh? There's more?"

Su Ming paused, set the brick down, and produced yet another.

"Oh my! More?!"

The scene was abruptly cut.

Su Ming continued to pull out an entire pile of bricks.

He effectively encircled Zhou Guozhi with them.

Zhou Guozhi was completely dumbfounded.

This guy was a freaking master magician!

How on earth did he do it?!

Usually, things that appear out of nowhere are hidden in props or on a person.

But these bricks could nearly construct a building.

Where could they be hidden? How?

The prop bag was only so large; it couldn't possibly hold that many bricks. This wasn't some fantasy novel's spatial bag!

Was he seeing things? Was he still asleep and dreaming?

Zhou Guozhi was plunged into a profound state of self-doubt.

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C557 – Go to Your Place

"This... this... this..."

Zhou Guozhi was completely frozen in place.

“Little brother, now that’s what I call magic.”

Su Ming’s smile was warm as he leisurely stood up.

Zhou Guozhi’s hand shook as he reached out and picked up a brick.

It was solid and heavy. If it struck him, it would surely crack his skull.

With so many bricks, where could Su Ming possibly have hidden them? How did he produce them?

On television, magicians made planes, cannons, rockets, and tanks disappear.

But that was all done with editing tricks.

The onlookers were actors, too.

Yet, this was unfolding right before his very eyes.

What in the world was happening?

Before Zhou Guozhi could gather his thoughts, Su Ming and his group had already left.

“I’m sorry, I had planned to take you out for a meal today, but I didn’t expect...”

Ann Chuxia stood awkwardly at the door, wringing her hands, clearly embarrassed.

“You should be more cautious than I am. Even though I don’t know who is behind the poisoning, they certainly won’t stop there.”

Su Ming offered a reassuring smile.

“Sigh...”

Hearing this, Ann Chuxia exhaled a deep sigh. “There’s no helping it. The entertainment industry is treacherous, and I don’t have anywhere else to stay right now.”

Su Ming stroked his chin thoughtfully.

Initially, he hadn’t been too concerned, but the previous night, while browsing his social media, he saw Su Qiu and another girl excitedly sharing photos from Ann Chuxia’s concert. It was then he realized the girls were devoted fans of Ann Chuxia.

They hadn't managed to get concert tickets, but just being in the same city as their idol was enough to thrill them.

"Mr. Su, may I stay at your place?"

Ann Chuxia suddenly blurted out, biting her lip and blushing, a moment of hesitation in her voice.

"Ah? That wouldn't be appropriate..."

Su Ming was taken aback.

This was quite unexpected.

A celebrity wanted to stay at his place?

Liu Dashan, upon hearing this, also appeared hesitant and troubled. But after giving it some thought, he found Ann Chuxia's request quite reasonable: "Mr. Su, as you've seen, someone tried to run Miss Ann over with a car yesterday, and today she was poisoned. Who knows what might happen next? It's too dangerous here. We haven't known you for long, Mr. Su, but we can tell you're a decent man. Please, could you do us this favor?"

"Alright."

Su Ming nodded in response. "Just so you know, my place is pretty modest. I hope you won't mind, Miss Ann."

"It's fine, really."

Ann Chuxia nodded politely, her cheeks flushed and her heart racing.

She couldn't understand why she had impulsively suggested staying at Su Ming's place.

Sure, her current accommodation wasn't safe, but she could have switched hotels.

There were plenty of alternatives, so why did she choose this one?

The more Ann Chuxia dwelled on it, the more embarrassed she felt. She bowed her head, fidgeting with her hands.

Could it be that she was developing feelings for...

Oh no!

They had just met, not even a full day had passed. How could she...

“Come on, let’s get in the car!”

Su Ming, oblivious to Ann Chuxia’s inner turmoil, gave a small smile and escorted her to his sports car. He opened the door and they both climbed inside.

“Oh no, my clothes, toiletries, makeup...”

Ann Chuxia suddenly remembered.

“Don’t worry. We can buy what you need,” Su Ming reassured her with a smile, starting the car and driving off with Ann Chuxia and Xiaoqing in tow.

Liu Dashan stood at the doorway, exhaling deeply, his brow furrowed with concern.

Ann Chuxia had been facing one danger after another lately, and he was at a loss. The police had called the day before, confirming that the driver had been hired by someone, but the employer’s identity was well-concealed. They were still chasing down leads.

“Wow, is this what riding in a sports car feels like?”

Ann Chuxia was thrilled, taking in the thunderous engine and the luxurious, comfortable interior.

“Really, Miss Ann? As an A-list celebrity, aren’t sports cars pretty standard for you?” Su Ming asked, turning to her.

“Not at all,” Ann Chuxia replied, her expression turning wistful. “You know, people see our glamour, but honestly, I envy ordinary folks. They can take time off, stroll through the streets, shop for clothes, and enjoy delicious food. Not me, though. My life is practically owned by my agency. If it weren’t for this incident, Uncle Liu would never have let me out.”

Su Ming simply nodded in response, acknowledging the truth that celebrities indeed earn a lot and live glamorous lives with high visibility. But it was also true that they had to make many sacrifices. They had essentially said goodbye to the life of an average person.

“I have two sisters who really like you. Would it be okay if I brought them to live with us at home?” Su Ming asked, thinking of Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian.

“Absolutely, that would be wonderful!” Ann Chuxia exclaimed, her face lighting up with excitement. “The more the merrier!”

During their conversation, Su Ming noticed that Ann Chuxia still maintained a certain innocence, seemingly untouched by the entertainment industry. However, this did not mean she was unaware of its rules. Her manager, Liu Dashan, had taken good care of

her, shielding her from the industry's darker side, at least for now. The future, however, was uncertain. The entertainment industry was like a dye vat; easy to enter, difficult to leave.

Deciding to take action, Su Ming headed straight to the school to pick up the girls. He instructed Xiaoqing and Ann Chuxia to stay in the car. Ann Chuxia's presence at the school would undoubtedly cause a sensation, likely drawing crowds and potentially even police to maintain order. As for Xiaoqing, being artificial intelligence, it was better to keep her presence under wraps. Only those close to him needed to know.

Upon arriving at the school, Su Ming stepped out of the car. It was Saturday, and the campus was relatively quiet, with just a few students milling about with their backpacks. He reached the girls' dormitory and dialed Su Qiu's number.

"Brother?" she answered.

The background noise suggested she was in a bustling place, with the sound of people calling for waiters, likely at a meal.

"Where are you right now?" Su Ming inquired, not overly concerned. It was common for college students to have friends and to go out for meals on a Saturday afternoon.

"Brother, I'm at the food stall next to the school's back gate," Su Qiu replied.

Su Qiu's voice came through the phone, tinged with a hint of melancholy.

"Okay, I'm on my way."

After hanging up, Su Ming set out for the renowned food stall. It was a local favorite, drawing in both students and nearby residents alike. With a brisk pace, Su Ming made his way there.

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C558 – What a Powerful Authority You Have

Su Ming quickly made his way to the bustling food stall. Despite it being the afternoon, the place was teeming with patrons. Under the shade of an awning, shirtless men stood on beer crates, skewering kebabs and sipping on drinks. From a distance, Su Ming spotted Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian.

Approaching a long table, he realized it was actually three tables pushed together, surrounded by a group of young people who looked to be students, judging by their age.



The table was laden with an array of mouthwatering dishes, and several boxes of beer were nearby, most of them empty, indicating a lengthy drinking session.

The center of attention was a young man seated in the middle of the group. He was quite young and undeniably handsome, dressed in a suit for a casual drink and meal. His demeanor was proud, and his movements carried an air of arrogance. Upon closer inspection, Su Ming noticed a small badge pinned to the young man's chest—it bore the title of Eastsea University's student council president.

Su Ming chuckled to himself. This fellow had to wear a suit and tie, complete with the student council president's badge, just to have dinner with classmates on the weekend. Was he worried about going unrecognized? Talk about a show-off.

This display made sense to Su Ming. Thanks to him, Principal Ye had shown special consideration for Su Qiu, encouraging her to join the student council for some real-world experience. After all, the student council is a reflection of society at large. However, anyone who's been to college knows that student councils can sometimes mirror the worst of societal bureaucracy and interpersonal politics...

"Brother!" Su Qiu exclaimed, spotting Su Ming. She quickly stood up and scurried over, grabbing his arm affectionately. "Brother, you made it! Have you eaten yet? Come, sit down."

As Su Qiu rose, the gazes of all the young men at the table shifted toward them. As they eyed Su Ming, a subtle hostility was palpable.

Su Ming paused, taken aback. What was happening? Had he unwittingly become the object of everyone's envy?

"I skipped lunch, so I'm feeling a bit peckish now."

Su Ming chuckled and took a seat beside Su Qiu. The tension in the air thickened, fueled by Su Qiu's hand, which remained wrapped around Su Ming's arm. The situation was further inflamed when another beauty, Zhang Qianqian, made her way to Su Ming's side and settled to his right.

With one girl on each side, they both clung to Su Ming's arms, a picture of affection.

The group of boys looked on, their eyes practically shooting flames of jealousy.

They had finally managed to invite the two beauties out for a meal, and the boys were buzzing with excitement, chatting incessantly with the women during dinner. Yet, the women seemed disinterested and aloof throughout.

However, upon Su Ming's arrival, these same beauties, who had not so much as cracked a smile before, were suddenly lively and thrilled, even going so far as to wrap their arms around Su Ming!

They might have been using sibling terms of endearment, but that didn't mean much—many couples did the same.

The boys were beside themselves with frustration, especially the president of the student union, whose dark gaze was fixed on Su Ming. If looks could kill, Su Ming would have met his demise several times over.

Seeing the boys' reactions, Su Ming couldn't help but smile to himself, thinking how wonderful youth was.

Yet, he seemed to forget that he wasn't much older than them, having graduated from college just a few years prior.

"As the long-standing president of the student union, I don't recall ever seeing you around. Which department are you from, and what's your major?" asked the president, his voice dripping with condescension.

"I've already graduated," Su Ming replied with an easy smile, reaching for a skewer on the table and taking a bite. "Not bad, the flavor is quite good."

"Haha!" Lyu Changping, the student council president, laughed heartily. "So you're an alumnus? I imagine you've been quite successful out there in the real world. We're still students and don't know much about the job market. Maybe you could give us some insights?"

"Insights?" Su Ming responded with a casual smile, continuing to enjoy his skewer. "I was just an average student at Eastsea University. After graduating, I landed a modest job at a company, earning a few thousand a month."

"Oh!" A sneer curled the corner of Lyu Changping's mouth upon hearing the remark.

You look like you're barely scraping by, and yet you dare to vie with me for a woman? Today, I'll show you what 'awesome' really means!

"Ah, even though we're not fully immersed in society yet, as the president of the student union, I often collaborate with businesses."

"Nowadays, some guys graduate without landing decent jobs, earning little money. But with their good looks and smooth talk, they manage to deceive the girls who are still in school."

"Such people are truly despicable," Lyu Changping remarked, taking a leisurely sip of his wine.

"The president is spot on. You always get straight to the point!" someone chimed in.

"Absolutely, I despise those types too! They can't cut it in the real world, so they trick naive young girls."

"And yet, these individuals often have the nerve to look attractive," another added.

The group eagerly echoed Lyu Changping's sentiments, flattering him while simultaneously throwing jabs at Su Ming.

Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian bristled at their words. They were about to retort when Su Ming took their hands and gently squeezed, signaling for them to hold their peace.

"Indeed, I find such people repugnant. And it's not just that—some may look decent and dress well, but they act inhumanely," Su Ming responded with composure.

What a farce.

Since acquiring the System, I've interacted with plenty of influential figures. Handling these small fries is child's play to me.

Predictably, Lyu Changping and his cronies were seething with rage, particularly Lyu Changping, who was sharp enough to realize that Su Ming's comments were a direct hit.

Despite being livid, he couldn't retaliate since Su Ming hadn't called anyone out by name, and besides, he had been the instigator. Lyu Changping grudgingly reined in his fury and managed a strained smile before turning to Su Qiu. "Su Qiu, I've heard you're quite the fan of Ann Chuxia. As it happens, I've snagged a couple of front-row tickets to her concert. How about you join me?"

Having finished his statement, Lyu Changping slid his hand into his suit pocket and cast a challenging glance at Su Ming. With a smug expression, he triumphantly produced two tickets, leaving the onlookers utterly astonished.

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C559 – Whoever You like

"Wow! President, you're incredible! How on earth did you manage to snag tickets to Ann Chuxia's concert?!"

“Goodness, these are first-class seats! I’ve heard first-class seats are going for over 10,000 yuan now!”

“Let me tell you, it’s even more than that. The tickets sold out in no time. Nowadays, if you want a first-class seat, it’ll cost you at least 20,000!”

“President, you’re just too cool. We couldn’t even get our hands on a fifth-class ticket, and you scored two first-class ones?”

“The president is truly in a league of his own. He’s not someone just anyone can hold a candle to!”

The student union members around him were all full of admiration.

Ann Chuxia’s concert had been heavily promoted well in advance, and the tickets went on sale and were snapped up in mere seconds.

Whether there was insider scalping involved is anyone’s guess, but even so, getting your hands on a ticket was a Herculean task.

First-class seats are the closest to the stage, offering a crystal-clear view of Ann Chuxia.

The rest of the seats at the concert were packed together like a movie theater, cramped and uncomfortable. But a first-class seat was like a massive sofa, where you could comfortably lie back and enjoy the show.

So, to secure a first-class ticket, you needed more than just money; you needed clout and connections!

“It’s just a couple of measly tickets, no big deal. They might be hard for you to come by, but for me, it’s just a phone call away.”

Lyu Changping was even more smug, flaunting the tickets with a flick of his wrist.

Then, he placed the ticket before Ann Chuxia: “Su Qiu, I bought this ticket especially for you. Not too shabby for a first-class seat, huh?”

Lyu Changping was sure Ann Chuxia would be overjoyed, ready to leap up and embrace him.

Yep!

That’s definitely how the script goes!

He might even be rewarded with a passionate kiss!

Oh, the woes of the wealthy and influential – always shining like the sun wherever they go. I'm just too impressive!

"Wow, I'm so jealous of Su Qiu. Su Qiu, you should definitely take it."

"If the president were to gift me a ticket like this, I'd be over the moon!"

"Absolutely!"

The other girls in the student council had stars in their eyes, while the boys couldn't hide their envy.

But envy was all they could muster. They couldn't match the president's incredible wealth, status, and connections.

As Lyu Changping basked in their admiration, his ego swelled.

I'm the ultimate winner in life! Handsome, from a wealthy and prestigious family, and highly capable!

You're just an outdated senior who graduated years ago, and you dare compete with me for a woman?

While Lyu Changping mulled this over, he turned his attention to Su Qiu.

"I'm sorry, I won't be going."

Su Qiu shook her head, her expression frosty as she flatly refused.

"What?"

Lyu Changping was dumbfounded.

This made no sense. She couldn't possibly say no. His plan hadn't accounted for a rejection from Ann Chuxia. What was he supposed to do now?

"Uh..."

Lyu Changping started to panic, stuttering as he glanced at the ticket in his hand, his embarrassment palpable.

Who wouldn't be embarrassed after being turned down?

"It's not about the ticket..."

Before Lyu Changping could continue, Su Qiu cut him off: “Senior Lyu, I’m not fond of bustling scenes. I prefer tranquility. Even though I’m a big fan of Ann Chuxia, I don’t want to go to a concert. It’s just too loud.”

“Ah... um...”

Lyu Changping’s mouth hung open as he struggled to form a coherent response.

Seething inside, his glare at Su Ming was filled with intense resentment. It had to be because of him, that detestable guy who must have brainwashed Su Qiu.

Otherwise, how could Ann Chuxia possibly turn down such a prime ticket? It was illogical, completely illogical!

“By the way, I’ve met a couple of new friends. How about we go clubbing tonight?”

Su Ming suggested cheerfully.

“Yeah, that sounds great!”

Su Qiu’s eyes sparkled with excitement at the idea.

???

Lyu Changping was left reeling. What was happening? Moments ago, she claimed to dislike noise and crowds, preferring peace and quiet, yet now she was eager to hit the dance floor?

So you’re saying disco dancing isn’t noisy? If I’m not mistaken, it should be louder than a concert, right?

Now I get it; it’s not the concert you care about. It’s the noise, or is it who you’re going with?

“Humph!”

Lyu Changping’s expression turned icy as he snorted, “Well, if Su Qiu doesn’t want to go to the concert, that’s fine. Our department is in need of a sponsorship. You can go secure that. We can’t afford to be short; anything less than \$200,000 won’t cut it.”

“Two hundred thousand?”

The students around gasped at the amount. They all realized Lyu Changping was exacting revenge, but this seemed excessively harsh.

Eastsea University had a good reputation, and there were many businesses eager to collaborate, but most partnerships were with the school administration, not the student union.

Securing a few thousand dollars in sponsorship was challenging enough, and getting ten or twenty thousand was considered a success. Two hundred thousand seemed like a fantasy!

“Su Qiu, I understand that’s a significant amount, but as an alumnus, you must have plenty of connections. Two hundred thousand is merely a trifle, right?”

“Of course, if you truly can’t raise the two hundred thousand, I’m willing to help. To my family, it’s just a drop in the bucket. The only condition is that you accompany me to the concert.”

Lyu Changping started to wield his authority, ready to use his position to pressure Su Qiu.

“Sorry! I don’t care who it is, I’m not going.”

Su Qiu replied with a faint smile.

Lyu Changping was livid, clenching his fists. “I am the president of the student council! You must do as I say, or else leave the council!”

“Fine, I’ll quit.”

With those five words, Su Qiu left Lyu Changping speechless.

At Eastsea University, a prestigious institution, holding a post in the student union was coveted by many students, even though most viewed the union with a degree of disdain.

Nevertheless, a number of students flocked to it eagerly.

Lyu Changping was aware that Su Qiu had been parachuted into her position, backed by some significant connections. However, he was confident that her backing couldn’t rival his own, as his father was a friend of Principal Ye. The fact that she had been placed in the student council indicated that Su Qiu placed great importance on the role.

This also suggested that Su Qiu’s family, or rather the influential figure behind her, highly valued the position. Su Qiu wouldn’t dare step away from the student council and was sure to follow his lead obediently. Changping had pulled strings like this more than once before, and it had always been effective.

But this time, the outcome took him by surprise.

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### C560 – Let Me Introduce You to Someone

Lyu Changping was visibly upset. “Brother, let’s go somewhere else to eat,” Su Qiu suggested, glancing at Su Ming with a smile. “Sure, let’s bring these two friends along,” Su Ming replied, then promptly ignored the rest. Lyu Changping and company stood up, taking the two girls with them, leaving a group of bewildered people behind at the table.

“President, please don’t be upset. Su Qiu is ungrateful. Don’t stoop to her level,” one of the sycophants sitting next to Lyu Changping pleaded. “Exactly, so many people want to join the student council but can’t. If she wants to leave, let her go!” another chimed in. “Let’s just ignore her and continue our meal,” they suggested in unison.

Lyu Changping nodded in agreement. “Ungrateful indeed. Let’s keep eating. Little Chun, do you want to check it out? If you do, we can go together,” he said, turning his attention to a girl next to him who was dressed provocatively despite the cool autumn afternoon. “Oh my! Thank you, President. I’ll agree to anything you want to do tonight,” the girl said with glee, her voice dripping with sweetness as she leaned into Lyu Changping, who laughed heartily, clearly enjoying the attention.

Meanwhile, Su Ming led the two girls to the entrance. They reached the parking lot, where Su Ming faced a dilemma. The Hennessy Venom GT had only two seats, which previously accommodated Ann Chuxia and Xiaoqing, since both girls were slim. But now, with two additional girls, there simply wasn’t enough space.

“Here’s what we’ll do: you two take a cab back, and I’ll drive. See you at home,” Su Ming decided, addressing the two girls. “Okay,” Su Qiu agreed without hesitation, exchanging a glance with Zhang Qianqian, and both girls nodded in understanding.

After dropping the two girls off at the school entrance, Su Ming drove straight home. Given the downtown location, even with Su Ming’s impressive car, speeding wasn’t an option. The two vehicles arrived almost simultaneously. This time, Su Ming didn’t bother parking in the garage; he simply opened the gate and drove straight in.

“Brother, who’s riding with you?” Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian stood in the yard, puzzled, as Su Ming closed the gate with an air of secrecy, while the two passengers remained in the car, hidden behind the dim car windows.

Su Ming just chuckled mischievously, cleared his throat, and stood tall with his hands clasped behind his back, resembling a university professor. “Ah, I’m feeling a bit parched. I could use some water.”



"Hmph! All this secrecy, and for what? We're not playing along! If you're thirsty, get your own water," the two girls retorted in unison, their delicate brows furrowed and heads turned away in defiance.

"Are you two certain about that?"

"Absolutely!"

"No second thoughts?"

"None whatsoever!"

"Alright then." Su Ming sighed, feigning disappointment. "I was going to introduce you to Ann Chuxia, but since you're not interested, that's that. Driver, hold on, these two are heading back to school!"

"Who?!" The girls froze at Su Ming's words, then their excitement skyrocketed, and they stared at him in amazement. "Brother, who did you just mention?!"

"Hey! Take it easy, don't get too worked up. Sis, I just bought this outfit!" Su Ming teased.

"Qianqian, be careful, you're bruising my arm," one girl complained as they were overcome with excitement.

Su Ming, unable to hide his amusement at their reaction, walked over to the passenger side and opened the door with a smile.

Ann Chuxia stepped out of the car, followed by Xiaoqing.

"Ah!" Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian gasped, their mouths agape, wanting to scream but unable to utter a sound. After a stunned silence, they finally let out a scream that echoed to the heavens.

"Qianqian, pinch me, please. I must be dreaming!"

"Is it really true?"

Two girls hurriedly approached, encircling Ann Chuxia.

"It feels soft and warm, almost like it's real."

"Oh my god, bro, how did you meet her?!"

"Are you... really Miss Ann?"

"Yes, it's her! Miss Ann, I'm a devoted fan of yours. My dorm room walls are plastered with your posters!"

The girls buzzed around Ann Chuxia like excited sparrows.

"Thank you all for your support."

Ann Chuxia responded with a sweet smile, her gratitude evident.

"I can't take it anymore, I'm about to hyperventilate!"

"Brother, I need some water!"

Su Ming stood to the side, his frustration visible. I just said I needed water, how did it get turned around on me so quickly?

"Okay, okay, let's not stand out here in the hot sun. Come on, let's go inside and talk."

Su Ming chuckled, leading everyone into the house to sit on the living room sofa. After a good half-hour, the girls finally began to settle down, though they still eagerly devoured their ice cream to cool off.

"Miss Ann, how did you come to know my brother? Miss Ann, he didn't deceive you, did he? Miss Ann, I have to warn you, my brother is the worst; he's always tricking innocent young women. Please don't be fooled by him."

Su Qiu blinked earnestly as she spoke.

Su Ming's face fell. "Hey, hey, hey, little sister, where's your sense of fairness? Would you have met Ann Chuxia without me?"

"Qiu, you've got it all wrong."

Ann Chuxia, caught between amusement and exasperation, clarified the whole story, and the girls finally understood.

"You two will be staying here for a while. Qiu, you've got your driver's license, right? You know where my garage is. When you need to go to school, just take the car."

Su Ming said warmly, offering his guidance.

Su Qiu was clearly thrilled, but Zhang Qianqian expressed her discontent. I still have to attend school, and it's starting soon...

I've been on leave for quite a while now. If I don't return...

It would be excessive.

“Right, Qianqian, I’ll have Principal Ye call your principal to extend your leave a bit longer. However, while you’re here, you’ll need to attend online classes. You can’t fall behind on your studies. If you fail your finals, don’t bother coming back. Just focus on attending your classes properly.”

“Yes, yes!”

Zhang Qianqian couldn’t contain her excitement. She nodded vigorously and clenched her small fists, vowing to diligently study and strive for improvement every day. She was determined to become a well-rounded and admirable young person, excelling in character, intelligence, and physical fitness!

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