

# **The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming**

## **#Chapter 571 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 571**

C571 – Where Did Everyone Go?

“You want fame and fortune, no problem.”

“But don’t forget that while human lives are finite, the life of art is eternal. Why not create a masterpiece or two to leave a lasting legacy?”

Su Ming’s words cut straight to the heart of everyone in the Sculpting Association.

“I, Lee Wangyang, am officially resigning from the Sculpting Association as of today. Don’t bother me anymore. Gao Yunfan, you’ve learned most of what I have to teach, and you’re ready to stand on your own. As of today, you are no longer my disciple!”

Lee Wangyang was a changed man.

“What?!”

Gao Yunfan was dumbfounded. What was happening? He had lost not only a grandfather figure but also his master?!

“I’m out too!”

“Mr. Su’s words make too much sense. They’ve awakened me from years of aimlessness. I’m also resigning!”

“I’m resigning as well!”

“Kid, you’ve been with the Sculpting Association for so long, always flattering me and fetching tea and water. It’s been hard work. Before I go, I’m passing my role as president to you!”

“I’m passing my role to you as well!”

Many of the elder members, their hair silver with age and holding high ranks, were handing down their positions to the younger generation.

Wow, the Sculpting Association was undergoing a complete overhaul.

The young members were completely taken aback. What was happening? They had come to brown-nose, but instead, they were suddenly stepping into big shoes.

Of course, these young people weren't fools. They knew that their newfound status and identity were all thanks to Su Ming!

"Thank you, Mr. Su, for your guidance!"

"Many thanks, Mr. Su!"

"Thanks, Mr. Su!"

"You are the guiding light for us!"

A group of elders came forward to shake hands with Su Ming, while the younger members watched on, their eyes brimming with emotion.

Well, Su Ming had just earned himself a host of devoted followers.

If Su Ming hadn't intervened, he might have ended up with a bunch of 'sons.'

"I declare that all the items in today's exhibition are now available for sale."

"Whatever you fancy, the price doesn't matter."

"Mr. Su, I have a small favor to ask. Could you possibly sell me that seal? I'd pay any price for it—I'd even offer everything I own!"

Lee Wangyang's demeanor suddenly shifted as he rubbed his hands together and smiled warmly at Su Ming.

"Damn, Lee Wangyang, what's gotten into you? I'll have you know you're not the president anymore. You can't compete with us for what Mr. Su is offering. And don't listen to this old charlatan; his skills don't even compare to mine!"

"You two old timers, let me remind you, you're no longer the president and vice president. We're not intimidated by you. Mr. Su should sell his items to me!"

"Mr. Su, you see, I'm the more reliable choice. Don't pay any mind to their blather!"

"Mr. Su, it should be me!"

"Mr. Su, I'm open to negotiation on the price, no matter how much!"

The group of spirited old men had quickly changed their tune, now frantically crowding around Su Ming, each eager to get their hands on that seal.

“Enough!”

At that moment, Lee Wangyang bellowed. Having been president for so long, his authority still held sway. The old man paused, unable to resist stopping in his tracks.

“Here’s an idea: there’s some ink right over there. Why don’t we have Mr. Su stamp a piece of paper for each of us? Wouldn’t that solve the problem?”

The old men, realizing this was the best solution, reluctantly agreed. After all, they couldn’t expect Mr. Su to carve a seal for each of them, could they? That would be excessive.

Though the imprint on paper wasn’t as clear, it was certainly better than nothing, right?

“Excellent, excellent, excellent!”

The old men around nodded in agreement. Lee Wangyang took charge, applying the ink and pressing the seal onto a piece of paper for each of them. They joyfully clutched the papers, handling them with the utmost care.

Seeing the old men’s delight, Lee Wangyang let out a sly chuckle. He then stealthily pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, carefully wrapped the seal in it, and slipped it into his pocket.

You old guys think you can outsmart me? You’ve got a lot to learn!

Each of the old men had gotten what they wanted, and their hearts were filled with joy.

An exhibition expected to buzz with activity for several days came to an abrupt end in less than two hours, thanks to Su Ming’s involvement. Surprisingly, the organizers were overjoyed.

Su Ming and Ann Chuxia exited, trailed by a sizable entourage: Lee Wangyang, Gao Yunfan, a cluster of elderly gentlemen, and the fresh key members of the Carving Association.

“Take care, Mr. Su!”

“Mr. Su, we’ll miss you!”

“Safe travels, Mr. Su...”

“Mr. Su, you’re legendary!”

Inside the car, Su Ming was baffled. What was happening? Why was everyone acting like they were seeing him off?

Enough with the jokes!

Waving cheerfully, Su Ming pressed the gas pedal and sped off.

Lee Wangyang and his group couldn't wait to leave. They quickly delegated their responsibilities to some youngsters and made their escape.

The youngsters, eager to leave as well, followed Lee Wangyang's orders, sold off the sculptures at rock-bottom prices, and vanished.

Many onlookers didn't give the situation much thought. They simply returned to their homes or jobs, and the once lively street regained its tranquility, even the decorative rainbow arch was taken down.

But there were those who had come from afar, drawn by the event's reputation, who were unaware.

In the afternoon, a throng of people, having traveled by train and plane, arrived only to be bewildered.

What was happening? Why was it so quiet?

Huh?

Why was the exhibition hall deserted?

Where was everyone? Where had they gone?

Wasn't it announced that A-list star Ann Chuxia and all the Carving Association members would be present?

Where were Ann Chuxia, Lee Wangyang, and the sculptures?

Where on earth had they all disappeared to?

Could we have gotten the date wrong? No, that's impossible!

The date had been double-checked multiple times. What was going on?!

The crowd stood in the empty hall, exchanging puzzled looks. One person pulled out their phone to check the news.

"What the heck!?"

"What's the matter?"

Curious, the others hurried over, crowding around to see. The phone displayed a news headline that read:

The sculpture exhibition in Eastsea City has concluded successfully!

The article was timestamped at noon.

“Damn it!”

“Only two hours?!”

“That can’t be right; the ad clearly stated it should take a whole week!”


“What the hell is happening here? What went wrong?!”

“Check this out! There’s more news—Lee Wangyang and several key members of the Carving Association have all declared they’re stepping down!”

“What in the world is happening with the Carving Association? Were they raided or something?”

“Oh my God, can somebody please explain what’s going on?!”

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C572 – This Was Definitely Impossible!

Ann Chuxia and Su Ming had just gotten back when Liu Dashan called them.

“We’ve cleared up the situation with Miss Ann. The culprits have been apprehended. Please return as soon as possible. There’s a concert tomorrow night that can’t go on without you.”

“Everything for the rehearsal is already set up.”

Liu Dashan sounded frustrated, as the star of the concert had vanished.

Swept away by a charming man!

Where does one even begin to address such a situation?

“Uncle Liu, who’s responsible?”

Ann Chuxia voiced her suspicion.

“Let’s not talk about it, it’s that...”

Liu Dashan trailed off, clearly surrounded by staff, making it difficult to speak freely.

“Okay, Uncle Liu, I’ve got it. I’m on my way back now.”

Ann Chuxia ended the call.

“Who could it be?”

Su Ming, Su Qiu, and Zhang Qianqian looked puzzled.

“It’s another artist from our company.”

Ann Chuxia couldn’t hide her frustration. “When I first signed on, she was the company’s leading light, very successful. But her acting was poor, she was miserly with her image rights, and she had a diva attitude on set, which led the director to replace her with me at the last minute.”

“Oh, that explains it.”

The trio suddenly understood.

The entertainment industry is known for its rapid pace.

Nowadays, any girl can look stunning with just a bit of grooming and makeup.

And in the entertainment world, there’s never a shortage of beautiful faces.

If you’re not up to par, you’ll quickly be replaced.

It’s all too common.

They recalled the photo editing scandal that had recently caused a stir online.

It didn’t take long for them to put two and two together.

Ann Chuxia was referring to the once top-tier star, Yang XX.

Due to her diva antics and other issues, her popularity plummeted, and she disappeared from variety shows, movies, and TV dramas. In her place rose Ann Chuxia, a new star ascending.

It was typical for someone consumed by jealousy to resort to such actions.

“It’s a shame. If she had honed her acting skills and taken some time to reflect, she might have had a chance at a comeback.”

“After all, today’s audiences are much more discerning, and being a star based solely on popularity isn’t as appealing as it used to be.”

Su Qiu shook her head with a slight sigh.

“Girl, how old are you to be sighing like that?”

Su Ming chuckled. “Okay, let’s not delay any longer. I’ll take you back now.”

“Sure.”

Ann Chuxia nodded. “Oh, before I forget, I have a gift for you.”

She reached into her bag and handed Su Ming a card. “This is a VIP diamond ticket to my concert. It’s a private box seat, and one ticket admits five people. Make sure you come to my concert, okay?”

“Sure.”

Su Ming nodded in agreement.

“Yay! This is so awesome!”

“We get to go to the concert!”

The two young girls couldn’t contain their excitement.

After dropping Ann Chuxia off and taking the girls back to school, Su Ming gave the diamond card to Su Qiu before heading home alone.

Meanwhile, at Eastsea University’s student activity center, Lyu Changping, the president of the student union, sat in the front row, dressed in a suit and looking all business.

“President, just bring me along. I’ll agree to anything you want,” one girl teased.

“President, don’t listen to her. I’m much better!” another chimed in.

“President...”

Despite his serious demeanor, Lyu Changping couldn’t resist the playful banter of the girls surrounding him.

The other student union members sat below, green with envy and longing for such an opportunity.

Who could blame them? The president had the means to secure front-row seats.

“Alas, I only have one spare ticket,” he lamented.

“With so many of you wanting to join me, it’s quite the dilemma!”

Lyu Changping was clearly enjoying the attention.

Distressed? Hardly. He was practically beaming with pride.

“Damn!”

Suddenly, a student below exclaimed while looking at his phone, “The president has snagged a diamond VIP card!”

“What?!”

Lyu Changping’s face registered shock.

“Who got it?”

“Is it a guy or a girl?”

“Good heavens, a diamond VIP card that lets one person bring in five guests!”

“And it’s for a private box with a perfect view!”

“Which senior wouldn’t want to meet the lucky holder?”

“Quick, let me see your phone.”

The girls clustered around Lyu Changping immediately shifted their attention and swarmed the boy next to him.

Lyu Changping’s face was turning a shade of green.

Damn it!

How could this be possible?

The tickets he was holding, front row seats, were the top-selling ones.

And those diamond VIP cards? They were exclusively for concert partners.



How on earth could an ordinary person get their hands on one?

Was there some hidden big shot at the school?

That didn't make sense. He'd been at the school long enough to know there weren't many with a higher status than him.

"No way, it has to be a fake."

"From what I know, diamond VIP cards aren't sold publicly. They're only given to the top three partners."

"Not just the students here, but even Principal Ye couldn't pull that off!"

Lyu Changping was utterly unconvinced.

"President, look at this. It seems to be a diamond VIP card."

The boy stood up and showed his phone to Lyu Changping, who visibly cringed at the sight.

Damn it!

A real diamond VIP card?

What in the world was happening?

Lyu Changping's face fell.

He had boasted that at Eastsea University, only a select few could afford the tickets he sold.

And now, a diamond VIP card, infinitely more prestigious than his own, had surfaced.

Crap!

Talk about a slap in the face!

The star of the concert was none other than Ann Chuxia.

A red-hot A-list celebrity!

Gorgeous and talented, she was the fantasy of many a fanboy!

The concert tickets had sold out in seconds. How did a diamond VIP card end up with a student?

Lyu Changping, once the center of attention in the classroom, now felt the chill of the north wind as all eyes were glued to the phone, speculating about the identity of the card's owner.

Lyu Changping was hit by a wave of desolation.

Damn it, who had upstaged him?!

Since the card had been posted on the Tieba forum, it didn't take long for someone to identify the person.

"Who is it?! Su Qiu?"

Realizing that Su Qiu was the one who had posted, Lyu Changping was momentarily taken aback.

Could it really be her?

How could this be possible?

Many students at the school started wildly speculating.

Some who knew about Su Qiu's connection to Su Ming began to theorize.

It must be because of her brother, Su Ming. After all, Mr. Su is quite the influential figure. Perhaps she obtained it through Mr. Su's connections!

Others speculated that since Su Qiu was Su Ming's sister, the siblings might belong to a prominent family that simply preferred to keep a low profile.

There were even whispers that Su Qiu was the secret daughter of some high-powered individual!

The most outrageous rumor was that Su Qiu was being financially supported by someone, which explained her possession of the card.

The internet was rife with every imaginable story.

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C573 – The Internet Storm

Moreover, they described everything with such detail that it seemed like the real deal. Within minutes, a multitude of stories emerged, complete with sensational headlines.

Stories like “The Untold Story Between Su Qiu and Me” and “That Night with Su Qiu...” Regardless, Su Qiu had quickly become the talk of Eastsea University.

At that moment, Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian were huddled under their blankets, trembling with fear. “Qianqian, I warned you about posting, but you wouldn’t listen!” Su Qiu glanced at Zhang Qianqian. “I’m sorry, I had no idea it would blow up like this...” Zhang Qianqian was full of remorse. She had assumed Su Qiu was just a lurker on the forum, never posting or engaging much. She thought a simple post wouldn’t draw much attention, just serving as a little keepsake. But the result was an unexpected explosion of attention!

The incessant knocking on the door was relentless. The noise from outside was deafening, with the crowd’s chatter threatening to break the door down. Petrified, the two girls could do nothing but stay cocooned in their blankets, silent and still.

“Could they be out of their room?” someone speculated. “It’s possible they went out,” another suggested. “Who has Su Qiu’s number? I’ll pay 50 for it!” one person shouted. “Forget that! I’ll offer 100!” another chimed in. “I’ll go as high as 500!” When Su Qiu overheard this from under the covers, she was tempted to just throw open the door and say, “Here’s my number, now pay up!” Since when had her phone number become such a hot commodity?

Not only strangers but also Su Qiu’s former roommates were trying to reach her. Su Qiu ignored their calls. Her phone was bombarded with texts filled with concern and apologies, but she paid them no mind. Where were they when she needed them before?

As the situation escalated, Su Qiu felt she had no other option but to call Su Ming. Su Ming was torn between amusement and disbelief. “These girls... why on earth did they post in the first place?” With no other recourse, he called Principal Ye. The principal arrived in person, dispersed the crowd, and took up a vigil in a chair outside the dorm room. Finally, the two girls could breathe a sigh of relief.

Many people were caught up in the frenzy, yet there were just as many voices of skepticism.

They didn’t know Su Qiu, nor were they familiar with her relationship with Su Ming.

Doubt crept in.

How could it be possible?

An obscure girl suddenly in possession of such a valuable card?

It made no sense, right?

Then, in the afternoon, a bombshell of a news story broke.

“Ladies and gentlemen, Eastsea City police have just cracked a counterfeit ticket scam. It’s been reported that a group involved in ticket production colluded with concert staff to create a multitude of fake tickets, including diamond cards and various other seating categories!”

“The police have indicated that some of these tickets have already hit the market!”

“Here are the methods to verify their authenticity, please take note...”

Under normal circumstances, such news would barely warrant a second look.

After all, there are plenty of people who profit handsomely from concerts, including a whole host of scalpers.

But when such an incident unfolded within the school, it set off a seismic reaction.

The ticket in Su Qiu’s possession was a fake!

When envy finds no satisfaction, people suddenly discover an outlet, and their tongues can become the most venomous weapons in the world!

The frenzy within the campus morphed into a different kind of chaos.

Lyu Changping was beside himself with glee upon hearing the news: “It’s a fake? I knew it. How could he manage to get such a great ticket?”

“Oh, President, was I wrong? Can you forgive me, please?”

“President...”

The girls who had previously shunned Lyu Changping flocked back to him, making him the man of the hour once again. Reveling in his newfound popularity, he seized the opportunity to incite a torrent of vitriol on the Tieba forums.

“I thought it was the real deal, but it was just a sham.”

“Vanity can be so destructive.”

“I must admit, the counterfeits this group produced are impressively convincing. I couldn’t spot the fakes.”

“A girl from the countryside, burdened by a sense of inferiority, suddenly sees a chance to turn her life around. She wouldn’t pass up the opportunity to work hard for it.”

"My guess is that come tomorrow's concert, she'll claim she has other commitments and can't attend..."

"Oh my God, she promised me a spot, and I gave her 2,000 yuan. I've been scammed!"

"What are you talking about? I gave her 5,000 yuan!"

"People these days just aren't trustworthy anymore!"

An online storm erupted in an instant.

The two girls were nearly in tears as they read the comments online.

"Why are people being like this? They were begging us before, and now they're viciously attacking us."

"I thought we could pick a couple of classmates to join us, but now, forget it!"

The girls were fuming.

They could overlook everything else, but those two who claimed they paid money were outright lying. They hadn't promised anyone anything, nor had they taken any money!

Just then, Su Qiu's phone rang.

Su Ming instinctively wanted to hang up, but then he realized it was his own phone.

"Brother..."

Su Qiu found someone to vent her frustrations to, clutching her phone and speaking with a quivering voice, full of grievance.

"Alright, alright, don't worry, little sister, your brother is here."

Su Ming replied with a comforting smile, "Don't worry, I'm aware of the situation. You two just get some rest. Principal Ye has already arranged dinner for you. I'll come to pick you up first thing in the morning. The rumors will collapse on their own!"

"Okay."

The girls had absolute trust in Su Ming. Since he had reassured them, they felt there was nothing to worry about. Their spirits lifted considerably, and after freshening up, they settled down to sleep.

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

Su Ming rose early and drove straight to the hotel.

Upon arriving, he saw Liu Dashan having a cheerful conversation with someone.

“Ah, Mr. Su.”

Liu Dashan hurried over to greet him as soon as he spotted Su Ming.

Having been Ann Chuxia’s agent for so long, Liu Dashan had developed a keen sense of savvy. He recognized that Su Ming was an enigmatic figure and had spent the past few days discreetly gathering information...

And he had uncovered some explosive details.

Most notably, Liu Dashan realized that the more he learned about Su Ming, the more enigmatic his background appeared. He was clearly dealing with a formidable individual.

“Is Ann Chuxia around?” Su Ming asked cheerfully.

“She’s here, she’s here. Chuxia is tidying up upstairs. As soon as she got your call, Mr. Su, she began doing her makeup. She’ll be right down,” Liu Dashan replied with a grin.

How wonderful!

Su Ming, so young with his air of mystery and striking good looks, paired with Ann Chuxia, they were the epitome of a golden couple – truly a match made in heaven!

C574 – Ann Chuxia Came on Stage!

“Mr. Liu, it won’t cause any issues if I take Ann Chuxia out, will it?” Su Ming suddenly remembered to ask.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Su, it won’t interfere with anything,” Liu Dashan assured him with a smile. “Chuxia is well-versed in the concert routine. Yesterday was just about running through the motions and fine-tuning the sound system.”

“Besides, you won’t be out for long. It won’t cause any delays.”

I mean, even if it did, I’d still insist it didn’t! Mr. Su is such a fine young man, unassuming and decent. And Ann Chuxia isn’t getting any younger. She’s already in her early twenties; it’s time she started thinking about settling down. Wouldn’t it be wonderful if those two got together?

There’s a saying that a mother-in-law’s fondness for her son-in-law grows with each glance. Even though I’m just her agent, I’ve been with Ann Chuxia since her child star days. I’ve watched her grow up, and I can’t help but feel a bit fatherly towards her.

While they were talking, Ann Chuxia descended the stairs. Today, she was made up exquisitely. Naturally beautiful, the makeup only enhanced her ethereal, otherworldly charm. Dressed in a long gown adorned with purple lotus flowers, black high heels, and her long hair cascading over her shoulders, she was a vision of stunning beauty.

Even Su Ming was taken aback. He had met his fair share of beautiful women, but Xiao Ke'er was perhaps the only one who could hold a candle to Ann Chuxia.

"Shall we?" Ann Chuxia said with a sweet smile.

"Of course," Su Ming replied, nodding. They got into the car and drove away.

Liu Dashan watched them leave, sighing to himself, "It seems this young lady has truly taken a liking to him."

Su Ming was unaware that, in Liu Dashan's eyes, Ann Chuxia's smiles were usually polite but somewhat mechanical with others. However, the smile she had given Su Ming was genuinely heartfelt.

Here's to hoping for a happy outcome!

"Heh, now they realize they've been caught faking and are too scared to step outside."

"I thought I had covered my tracks perfectly, but who knew that Eastsea's police force would be so efficient? No more pretending now, huh?"

"I'm just going to wait down here and see if they have the nerve to show their faces!"

At that moment, a sizable crowd had gathered around the base of Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian's building, most of whom had been paid off by Lyu Changping.

Thought you could steal the spotlight from me? Feeling regretful now, aren't you?

Hmph!

Time to show you what I'm really capable of!

Lyu Changping was laying it on thick, draping his arms around two women while sitting on a bench right below Su Qiu's window.

"President, I've checked this ticket of yours, and it's legit. You're incredible!"

"The President isn't just skilled at buying tickets; he excels in other areas too..."

"Exactly, the President is the President, far superior to those who buy fake tickets just for show."

“Absolutely.”

The two women snuggled up to Lyu Changping, basking in his attention.

Lyu Changping couldn't have been more smug.

He felt like he was radiating charisma.

He had become the most dazzling guy in the whole school!

While a crowd was gathered at the base of Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian's dorm, passionately debating, the roar of a car engine suddenly echoed from a distance.

“What in the world? What kind of car is that?”

“Hennessy Venom GT!”

“Do we actually have a car like that at our school?”

“Damn! That's insanely cool! That's seriously impressive!”

Many students couldn't help but gasp in amazement.

“Excuse me, what's a Hennessy Venom GT? Is that the name of a car?”

A student, not particularly knowledgeable about cars, inquired curiously to a nearby peer.

“Seriously? You've never heard of the Hennessy Venom GT? It's a globally limited edition car, with only seven in existence, and each one originally sold for over a hundred million. Now, they're trading for over two hundred million!”

“What? Over two hundred million?”

Many students around shouted in disbelief. My goodness, isn't that number staggeringly high?

They had completely forgotten the task Lyu Changping had assigned them, as they all whipped out their phones to snap photos!

Over two hundred million dollars!

Just how much money is that?!

Even spending ten thousand dollars a day, it would take seventy years to burn through all that cash!



Oh my goodness!

Many girls were looking on with intense interest, particularly when the two beauties next to Lyu Changping walked away again!

Gone...

Just gone...

Lyu Changping was so infuriated he was practically beside himself.

Damn it all!

Who is it this time?!

Which damn jerk is stealing my thunder now?!

Is this ever going to end? One yesterday, another today!

He was even more livid this time, but someone actually did drive up.

I've got to see who this guy is!

Lyu Changping stood up and strode determinedly forward!

The car pulled up right in front of the dormitory building.

Normally, cars aren't allowed here, but who is Su Ming to care?

Would Principal Ye's security dare to refuse him?

The car door rose smoothly, and Su Ming stepped out.

"It's him?!"

Lyu Changping's eyes nearly popped out of his head at the sight of Su Ming, and he was almost at a loss for words!

Is that really Su Ming?!

Many onlookers were equally shocked.

As the buzz on the forums grew, photos of Su Ming were shared widely.

Everyone knew that Su Ming was Su Qiu's brother.

“Why do I get the feeling that the diamond VIP card might actually be real?”

“I’m starting to think the same.”

“People have been saying Su Qiu’s brother is incredibly influential. I thought it was all hype, but it turns out to be true!”

“Oh my god!!”

A wave of disbelief swept through the crowd.

Indeed, Mr. Su’s reputation had made its way around the school.

But.

Only a select few had seen him in person.

They were either graduate students or alumni.

Most students had only heard secondhand stories or seen videos online, leading some to be skeptical.

With the internet being so pervasive, and so many people creating short videos, it was possible that they were all staged with actors.

And as for Principal Ye showing up last night...

That seemed easy to rationalize.

It was perfectly normal for a principal to uphold the basic security of the school.

But now, upon closer inspection...

It appeared that there was more to the story.

Everyone’s gaze was fixed on Su Ming in bewilderment, but he just gave a mysterious smile, walked over to the passenger side, and gracefully opened the car door.

A stunningly beautiful woman stepped out of the car, leaving the already silent crowd completely transfixed.

The next moment, it was as though a single drop of water had hit a sizzling frying pan.

The place erupted into chaos!

“Oh my God, is that really Ann Chuxia?!”

“Holy smokes, pinch me, am I dreaming... Ouch, ease up, will you?”

“Wow, she’s even more gorgeous than her pictures!”

“I feel like I’m in a dream!”

“Lady, I’m in love with you, I want to have your babies!”

“Marry me, goddess; my dad and granddad are both fans...”

“Third-generation Golden Toad!”

“What did you just say? Are you looking for trouble?”

The area descended into mayhem as a throng of people rushed forward.

But it wasn’t long before Principal Ye arrived with the security team. Over twenty guards quickly corralled the fervent students, keeping them at bay.

C575 – His Face Was Swollen!

The students surged forward in a frenzy, as the celebrity beauty they were accustomed to seeing only on TV and posters materialized before their eyes.

Eastsea University had suddenly turned into a hub for star-struck fans.

Thankfully, Su Ming had the foresight to notify Principal Ye before his arrival, and the staff were already in place. Otherwise, the situation could have been chaotic...

“Sister Chuxia!”

“Big Sister, you’ve arrived!”

Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian burst out of the girls’ dormitory, embracing each other joyfully.

The surrounding students were left in shock.

Just moments ago, they were dismissing someone’s possessions as fake, and now they were being proven wrong in the most public way possible.

The turnaround was swift and brutal, like a tornado.

“Damn, who was the fool who said that diamond card was fake? Everyone recognizes Ann Chuxia!”

“Now, who dares to say Su Qiu’s card is fake?”

“I remember it was the president, Lyu Changping.”

“President my foot, his face must be swollen now, huh?!”

“F\*ck! I’m done following the crowd. What the hell? Who’s the idiot that posted that on Tieba?”

“Do we even have to ask? It’s obviously our school’s infamous president, Lyv Changping!”

“That moron!”

.....

The student body was in an uproar, with sentiments reversing in an instant.

Lyu Changping stood there, dumbstruck, feeling his face swell to a size that rivaled Mount Everest.

Ann Chuxia’s former roommates were particularly filled with regret, their insides turning with the realization that they could have secured a spot at the concert had they maintained a good relationship.

And considering Su Ming’s mysterious and formidable background, they wouldn’t have to worry about their future careers.

A golden opportunity had just slipped through their fingers.

“President, I’m sorry, but I’m quitting the student council. I can’t stand to be associated with a fool like you any longer!”

“Me too.”

“From now on, it’s farewell in the world of the living!”

“We part ways indefinitely.”

Many student council members resigned on the spot, unable to bear the embarrassment of any further association. Staying would only bring more shame.

“You’re not listening to me...”

Being publicly humiliated was one thing, but causing a mass exodus from the student council was a grave mistake. He might as well be nailed to a pillar of disgrace!

The Student Council is a coveted destination for many students. However, due to my own misguided leadership, students began to leave in droves. If word of this gets out, it could blow up into a major issue.

Su Ming was driving with Ann Chuxia, while Principal Ye followed in a van along with Su Qiu, Zhang Qianqian, and a few security personnel. They left Eastsea University in a two-vehicle convoy.

“What was all the commotion back at the school?” Ann Chuxia, seated in the passenger seat, asked Su Ming, her face etched with confusion. Although she was accustomed to students being enthusiastic about her, she had overheard their conversations earlier.

Su Ming chuckled and recounted the entire situation.

“So that’s what it was,” Ann Chuxia said with a smile, then suddenly remembered something. “You know, I skipped breakfast this morning, and I’m free for the rest of the morning. How about I treat you to a meal as a way of making amends?”

“Sounds good.”

Neither of them was strapped for cash, so a meal out was hardly a concern.

“You pick the place, and I’ll cover the bill,” Ann Chuxia offered cheerfully.

“Alright, no problem,” Su Ming agreed, turning the car toward a particular direction.

They headed toward a unique area in Eastsea City, known for its old architecture. These buildings were from the era of the Republic of China. At the turn of the century, amidst social unrest, an influx of Western culture made its way into the Central Plains, influencing local architecture.

The district was dotted with distinctive Western-style villas, typically two to three stories tall. They were not the sprawling mansions of modern villa communities but rather quaint and charming in their own right. Despite their smaller size, they exuded an air of cultural heritage.

In the days of the Republic, this neighborhood was home to prominent families and societal officials. Today, descendants of those families and some high-ranking officials still reside here. While modern trends favor redevelopment into skyscrapers, this area has remained untouched due to its deep historical roots, the complexity of its residents—who are not in need of money—and the government’s desire to preserve its cultural legacy. The neighborhood still retains the ambiance of a century past.

The only hint of modernity was the external unit of an air conditioner hanging outside.

“Wow, does Eastsea really have places like this?” Ann Chuxia asked, her face alight with curiosity as she peered outside.

Su Ming shared a bit about the area’s history, reminiscing about his college days at Eastsea University when he would often stroll around here. Each visit brought him a sense of inner peace.

“Besides the local residents, there’s an array of home-style eateries, mostly run by elderly couples whose children work overseas or in other cities. With the house feeling empty, they open these little private kitchens. They’re not crowded, nor are they about making money; it’s more about creating a lively atmosphere.”

Su Ming had heard about this place but had never visited until now. This private restaurant was a well-kept secret, frequented by few, mainly neighbors or those from high society.

For the average person, it was nearly impossible to dine here due to the steep prices and exclusivity. It was a luxury beyond the reach of most.

Rumor had it that the couple running the place were quite accomplished: the wife, a former university professor specializing in Western culture, and the husband, a chef of national banquet caliber who had once crafted exquisite dishes in the capital.

Su Ming had called ahead to reserve one of the two small private rooms in the restaurant, which was actually a converted bedroom.

Principal Ye followed suit, and upon arrival, their security detail remained outside. It wasn’t that Su Ming didn’t want them to join for a meal; rather, they insisted on not intruding, claiming such an occasion had no place for them. Su Ming respected their wishes.

The elderly proprietors, likely in their seventies or eighties, appeared to be in good health, greeting them with warm, welcoming smiles.

The private room was on the second floor, featuring a small window styled after ancient architecture, complete with intricately carved patterns and covered with traditional oiled paper instead of glass.

To their surprise, upon opening the window, they were greeted by a quaint lotus pond. It was then that they realized the central courtyard of the surrounding buildings housed a modestly sized garden, complete with a lotus pond and a small gazebo at its heart.

Such a hidden gem could only be appreciated from a high vantage point or from the air, invisible to those walking by outside.

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## C576 – The Excited Principal Ye!

The private room was decorated in an antique and minimalist style, with even the overhead lighting reminiscent of the Republic era.

A curio shelf adorned the wall, its compartments filled with jade and fan antiques.

Su Ming carefully scanned the items and confirmed their authenticity. The elderly couple felt secure leaving these treasures here without fear of theft. After all, who among the patrons would dare to steal? If someone truly admired the items, they would simply buy them.

The group consisted of five individuals.

Su Ming's presence required no further explanation, given his evident wealth.

The same went for Ann Chuxia, an A-list celebrity accustomed to high-profile events.

Principal Ye's reputation preceded him, having frequented this place before.

The other two girls, Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian, were first-timers, their faces alight with curiosity as they looked around.

They all took their seats, with Su Ming at the center, flanked by Ann Chuxia. Next to her sat Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian.

On Su Ming's other side was Principal Ye, who kept his head down and remained silent, as if to say, "I'm just here to eat; treat me as if I'm not here."

"I really owe you one this time. Without your help, my concert might not have happened," Ann Chuxia admitted, still feeling a bit shaken by the whole ordeal.

"It's no big deal, I was happy to help," Su Ming replied with a smile, brushing off the significance of his actions.

"What's this about? What happened to Miss Ann?" Principal Ye interjected, clearly out of the loop.

Su Ming gave a brief explanation, which left Principal Ye in shock. Was the entertainment industry really that complicated?

"I know you're not in need of money, and giving you cash would be rather trite. Instead, I have something else for you," Ann Chuxia said thoughtfully. She presented Su Ming with a sleek black card edged in gold, bearing her name.

"This is my honorary card. With it, you can attend any of my concerts and bring along up to ten guests," she explained with a beaming smile.

"Wow! That's amazing!"

Upon hearing the news, Su Qiu and her friend jumped for joy, immediately snapping a photo and sharing it on Tieba!

They even shared a photo of everyone dining together.

Tieba was instantly overrun with a wave of envy and lament.

It's just not fair. We didn't even manage to buy tickets, and here they are with an honorary card, granting them access to any concert they wish.

It's maddening how some people have all the luck!

Who would dare to question it now?

Ann Chuxia, the person at the center of it all, has stepped forward. Anyone who still harbors doubts is simply out of their mind!

Before long, the food arrived. Although the fare at this establishment was pricey and the portions small, the dishes were incredibly refined.

You have to hand it to the chef; his skills were truly remarkable.

Even a dish as simple as boiled cabbage was transformed into a culinary delight, bringing out the purest flavors of the food.

Principal Ye was oblivious to the world around him, engrossed in his book of sage wisdom, his focus solely on his meal.

"Principal Ye."

It was then that Su Ming turned his head.

"Eh?!"

Caught off guard by the sudden call, Principal Ye looked up, startled, with a bit of cabbage juice at the corner of his mouth and a piece of cabbage still between his teeth.

Realizing his less-than-elegant dining manner, he quickly wiped his mouth with a napkin and swallowed the cabbage.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Su?"



"Principal Ye, I have a modest proposal. I was wondering if you might be open to it?" Su Ming asked, his eyes twinkling with anticipation.

"Oh?"

Principal Ye paused, intrigued. "What might that be, Mr. Su?"

"Well, the autumn recruitment fair has concluded, and this year's graduates have likely all signed their contracts. There's no need to prepare for spring recruitment, so I assume your next focus will be on next year's incoming students, right?"

"Um..."

Principal Ye was momentarily taken aback.

It was already November.

Though the college entrance exams were still several months away, the major universities had already begun their clandestine battles, vying for the top students from prestigious schools.

The early bird catches the worm!

"Yes..."

Principal Ye nodded in agreement.

"I've had a discussion with Chuxia," he said.

"After tonight's concert, Chuxia's next performance won't be for another two months, so she'll be staying in Eastsea for a bit. I have a modest proposal: for Chuxia to collaborate with Principal Ye on a promotional video. How does that sound to you, Principal Ye?" Su Ming asked, his smile beaming.

"What?!"

Principal Ye was taken aback. He sprang to his feet and retreated several steps. "Mr. Su, please, no jokes. Seriously, no jokes. Please, please, please..."

He shook his head vigorously, unable to believe the offer was real.

Seeing Principal Ye's reaction, Su Ming couldn't suppress a chuckle.

"Take it easy, Principal Ye. I assure you, I'm not pulling your leg. This is for real."

"Chuxia's schedule is quite tight, though. She only has about a week of downtime."

"You'll need to get moving quickly, Principal Ye," Su Ming continued, still smiling.

"Is that so?"

Principal Ye's voice quivered as he asked from his corner retreat.

It wasn't fear that shook Principal Ye, but the sheer magnitude of the surprise had thrown him off balance.

He feared it was all a dream, one that would vanish the moment reality pricked its bubble.

"It's absolutely true," affirmed Ann Chuxia from nearby.

"I... um... that is... well... actually..."

Principal Ye was nearly delirious with joy.

Thanks to Su Ming, all the graduates had landed outstanding contracts at this year's recruitment fair.

The data was already compiled, presenting a golden opportunity for next year's admissions!

And now, with Ann Chuxia potentially joining forces with the school for a promotional video—

My goodness!

There was no question that next year's applicant pool would be substantial.

The thought alone was a delightful dilemma!

"Mr. Su, Miss Ann, I must excuse myself. I have to leave now..."

Overcome with excitement, Principal Ye could no longer contain himself. He dashed off as if propelled by flames, already on the phone before reaching the door. "Soong, you need to find someone fast. We're shooting a recruitment video. What? Too early? Early schmearly, you know nothing. Just find me the best... Money? I'll pay for it myself if I have to. Just hurry!"

The window was ajar, allowing the sound of Principal Ye's animated voice to drift in. The people inside the room exchanged knowing glances and chuckled quietly among themselves.

It was understandable why Principal Ye was so thrilled.

Securing an A-list celebrity to serve as the ambassador for the school's enrollment campaign was beyond his wildest dreams. He mused to himself, 'I wouldn't have dared to even dream of this.'

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### C577 – It Was Su Ming Again!

In the villa district of Eastsea City, a white-haired elder intently examined a seal with a magnifying glass in his right hand, his left hand grasping it firmly. He was mesmerized by a single vertical line etched into the seal's surface.

"A stroke of genius, truly a stroke of genius!" he exclaimed. "Even the most skilled carver, upon close inspection, would leave slight abrasions from the force and friction on the surface. But this cut is so incredibly smooth, it's simply miraculous. This is undoubtedly the work of a master!"

"Old Lee, where on earth did you acquire this seal? Who is the artist behind it? I must meet them," he insisted.

This elder was no ordinary man; he was a senior official in the cultural department of the imperial court, a man of considerable influence. Though he usually worked in the capital, he had taken leave to recuperate at home, yet his authority remained undiminished.

Standing before him was Lee Wangyang. Hearing the elder's praise, Lee Wangyang looked skyward, a wistful expression crossing his face. "Soong, I'll be honest with you, I witnessed it myself. The carving master took up a flat knife and with a seemingly effortless glide, he carved it. To me, it was as if he had reached the essence of his craft, merging his art into his very blood and soul, the epitome of muscle memory!"

"Is that so? Where did you see this master at work? What's his name? Might I know him?" Song Jianguo asked eagerly.

Despite his high-ranking position, Song Jianguo was known for his integrity. He had dedicated his life to the revival of the imperial court's culture. In an age where society favored the fleeting fame of short videos, he saw the traditional culture at risk, with few young people willing to carry on the legacy.

Over the years, Song Jianguo had met virtually every notable sculptor in the imperial court, yet none seemed capable of such mastery as described.

"You probably don't know him," Lee Wangyang replied, posing a cryptic challenge.

"I don't recognize him. How can that be? I've been all over the imperial court for years, and I've met every sculptor worth their salt—at the very least, I'm acquainted with them. How could there be a sculptor I don't know?"

"This level of carving skill can't be achieved without forty or fifty years of dedication, not to mention exceptional talent. Could he possibly be from abroad?"

Song Jianguo had a realization.

Sigh...

It's truly regrettable that the long-standing culture of the imperial court, with its thousands of years of splendid civilization, no longer appeals to the younger generation.

While there are many aspects where the imperial court excels over foreign lands, notably in its stable, safe, and united society, it must be acknowledged that in some respects, it falls short.

In foreign countries, for instance, children who take an interest in musical instruments, dance, soccer, basketball, or even street graffiti receive unconditional support from their parents.

But back home, academic pursuits still take precedence.

Thankfully, I've heard that as the younger generation comes of age, society is becoming more inclusive, offering kids a wider array of choices.

"Soong, listen to you. If he were a foreigner, do you think I'd rush over here just to brag about it?"

"I'll tell you straight, he's not only not a foreigner, he's from Eastsea, right in Eastsea City. He's your fellow townsman, Soong. After all your years traveling, you've missed someone right under your nose—it's like not seeing what's right in front of you."

Lee Wangyang was brimming with pride.

"What?!"

Song Jianguo's eyes nearly popped out of his head in disbelief. "Old Lee, you better not be pulling my leg. A master sculptor from Eastsea? Impossible. I know all the notable sculptors in Eastsea, and there are only a handful of them, all specializing in jade carving, not calligraphy carving..."

"When I say he's from Eastsea, that's exactly what I mean."

Lee Wangyang stood with his hands clasped behind his back.

“Could it be Old Man Zhang?”

“No.”

“The pockmarked guy from the Li family?”

“Far from it.”

“Someone from Sky Dragon Jewelry?”

“Soong, why don’t you guess someone younger? This master sculptor isn’t old.”

“Not old? That can’t be right.”

Song Jianguo grew even more doubtful. “Look, Old Lee, I’ve got my hands full, and I’m not in the best of health. You can’t be messing with me like this.”

“Soong, I’m not fond of what you just said. Out of respect for our long-standing friendship, I brought this item over for you to marvel at, yet you outright dismiss it as a fake. Well, if that’s how you feel, I might as well take it back.”

“No, no, no, wait!”

Song Jianguo panicked upon hearing this. He had merely spoken in the heat of the moment and knew deep down that the matter had to be legitimate. Otherwise, Lee Wangyang, the old timer, wouldn’t have relinquished his role as the president of the Sculpting Association to retreat into seclusion, dedicating himself solely to his craft. He surely must have encountered a master sculptor who gave him a run for his money.

It was a lesson for the arrogant to learn that there’s always someone better out there.

“Enough with the suspense. Who is it already?”

“Haha, the man’s name is Su Ming.”

“Who?!”

Song Jianguo was taken aback at the mention of Su Ming. That was a renowned name. While others might be oblivious, how could he, a senior official from Eastsea, be unaware?

The man who sold diamonds, purchased luxury cars, and acquired five entire residential complexes wholesale.

And most notably, he discovered that concealed national treasure.

Wasn't each of those feats a sensation in their own right?

"Are you talking about that young man? Barely in his twenties, somewhat handsome, dressed simply yet exuding an air of nobility?"

Song Jianguo asked eagerly.

"Exactly, that's him."

Lee Wangyang confirmed with a nod. "You know him?"

"Of course, who doesn't? In Eastsea, try finding someone who hasn't heard of him! Did you know about the recent uproar over the national treasure? It was Su Ming who unearthed that hidden treasure. If it weren't for him, even Tang would have overlooked it..."

Now it was Lee Wangyang's turn to be taken aback. He had been completely out of the loop regarding this incident. He was aware of the national treasure's existence but, being from a different field, he had only caught wind of its significance without grasping the full story.

"My goodness..."

The two elderly men sat in the room, exchanging incredulous looks—one, Lee Wangyang, a national treasure in the carving world, and the other, a distinguished cultural authority. Inside, they both felt a tumultuous surge of emotions akin to the roaring waves of the sea.

In his mere twenties, his mastery of carving has already soared to such heights. Here I am, having toiled for decades, and I haven't even come close to scratching the surface of his skill... It's truly humbling..."

A sense of defeat welled up within the two elders. There's a saying, "Comparison is the thief of joy," and talent, it seems, is something one simply cannot covet.

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C578 – Who's Calling?

While it's true that hard work can compensate for a lack of skill, this adage is meant for those on an equal footing at the starting line. Yet, there are those in the world blessed with high intelligence. They seem to play and cause chaos effortlessly, and ultimately, their achievements far surpass those of ordinary people who toil their entire lives. To put

it another way, a person's effort can raise their lower limit, but their innate talent sets their upper limit. Talent, indeed, is something one cannot help but envy.

"Is Su Ming still in Eastsea? Where exactly is he? I need to meet him. Goodness, to think Eastsea is home to such an influential figure—I can't let this chance slip by!" Song Jianguo murmured as he stealthily pocketed the seal.

"I honestly have no idea where Su Ming is at the moment, but he's likely still around Eastsea. Why don't we... Hey, what are you doing? Give me back that seal!"

"No!"

"Soong, we've been friends for years. It's not decent of you to take my things!"

"Hmm!"

"If you don't return it, I won't hesitate to take it back by force!"

"Come on, Old Lee, let's not resort to that. Let's talk it over. I could offer you a Tang Bohu painting..."

"No!"

"How about a piece by Wang Xizhi?"

"No!"

"Or Qi Baishi?"

"No!"

"I have a prized possession here, something used by the Wu Emperor during the Eastern Han Dynasty..."

"I want it even less!"

"Then I'm not giving it back!"

"Watch it, or I'll shave your head clean!"

"I've been sporting a bald look since I was a kid; you can't threaten me with that!"

"Damn you!"

"Damn you!"

The two old men stood in the room, puffing up with anger and glaring at each other. They exchanged heated words, invoking the memory of each other's late parents in a less than reverent manner.

Song Jianguo, a senior official at the imperial court, was usually surrounded by a retinue of secretaries, aides, and several bodyguards. These attendants, upon hearing the explosive exchange between the two men, couldn't help but facepalm before silently turning to leave.

"Carry on, gentlemen. Do as you please. There's plenty of time for quarreling; the night is still young."

The two old men in the room nearly came to blows, but ultimately, nothing came of it.

With a glare, he grudgingly produced the seal.

"Tsk! When I meet Mr. Su, I'll have him carve one for me too. You old guys will be green with envy!"

"Hehe! Soong, you can't get under my skin. Even if Mr. Su carved the Great Wall for you, I wouldn't bat an eyelid. Let me tell you, this is Mr. Su's very first piece!"

"What?! His first work?! Damn! Had I known, I'd never have given it back to you!"

"Not a chance!"

Suddenly, the living room erupted into chaos.

After some time, two old men emerged, panting and disheveled, their faces flushed—a sight that could easily be misconstrued.

One had a black eye, the other a handprint on his cheek.

They glared at each other intently.

The surrounding security guards looked the other way.

These two old men had been friends since childhood, growing up together like brothers. This wasn't their first altercation, but this time, they had really gone at it!

"Little Sun!"

Song Jianguo noticed a young woman nearby, a pretty girl who was his personal secretary.



Her husband was Song Jianguo's driver, and the couple had traveled extensively with him, meeting many people and gaining a wealth of experience.

"Uncle Song."

Secretary Sun quickly approached.

"Go find Mr. Su at once. Let me know the moment you find him, but do it discreetly—don't let this old man catch wind of it!"

"Humph!"

Lee Wangyang overheard and let out a cold snort.

You think you have the upper hand because you're a government official with more resources? But it's like looking for a needle in a haystack for you, while I can take a shortcut!

A shortcut!

I'll outsmart you yet!

Lee Wangyang mused, then pulled out his phone and texted his disciple, Gao Yunfan.

"Do you know Ann Chuxia's phone number?"

Gao Yunfan responded immediately.

"Yes, 1XXXX..."

"Out of options, old man? Come, beg me. Once I get the scoop on Mr. Su, I might just deign to take you to him. Of course, the price will be that seal..."

"Hmph! Don't get too smug, old man. It's not certain we'll find it first!"

"Ha! I've changed my mind. Even if you begged me now, I wouldn't take you!"

"As if! Me, beg you? Not in a million years!"

The two elderly gentlemen resumed their glaring match, much to the amusement of onlookers who couldn't help but compare them to a couple constantly bickering during their honeymoon phase.

"Apprentice, I'm relying on you today. Call Ann Chuxia right away and find out where Mr. Su is. If you manage to get that information for me, you'll be handsomely rewarded!"

“Got it!”

Gao Yunfan, having been with Lee Wangyang for quite some time, had never seen his master this worked up. There was no time to waste.

He dialed the number immediately.

Su Ming and Ann Chuxia were dining when Ann’s phone rang out of the blue. She hesitated, thinking, “Maybe it’s Uncle Liu telling me to come back after taking so long.”

But when Ann saw the unfamiliar number on her screen, she paused.

“Who could this be?”

Ann blinked, not overly concerned. As a celebrity, it wasn’t unusual for her to receive calls from people seeking her attention.

“Hello?”

Ann answered the call with her usual courtesy.

“Miss Ann, hello. This is Gao Yunfan. Please don’t rush to hang up. I sincerely apologize for any previous offense. I just need to ask you one thing. Is Mr. Su with you right now...”

“Um...”

Ann was taken aback. What in the world was this about?

She wondered how many people would kill to have her number, and here was someone who, having finally obtained it, was asking about Su Ming instead.

Why not just ask him directly? Why bother calling me?

Yet Ann was a straightforward person, and she could sense that Gao Yunfan genuinely needed help. Despite his rough demeanor at their first meeting, he didn’t seem to be a bad person, just a bit hot-headed. “Yes, he’s right here.”

“Yesss! I knew it!”

Gao Yunfan’s subdued cheer left Ann Chuxia feeling puzzled once more.

What was he getting at?

He calls me all business-like, and then he’s overjoyed to hear Su Ming is with me. What’s going on with him...

Really?

“Who’s calling?”

Noticing Ann Chuxia’s puzzled look, Su Ming couldn’t help but ask with curiosity.

“Um...”


Feeling a bit off, Ann Chuxia handed the phone to Su Ming: “It’s for you.”

“For me?”

Su Ming was taken aback. “They called you to reach me?”

Still in disbelief, Su Ming double-checked the caller.

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C579 – When Did I Have a Grandson?

“Yes!”

Ann Chuxia nodded with conviction. You heard that correctly!

“This...”

Su Ming blinked and brought the phone to his ear. “Hello, who is this?”

“Oh my goodness, my dear grandfather, I’ve finally found you!”

Gao Yunfan’s voice boomed from the other end of the line.

The room, though not very large, was quiet enough that everyone heard him.

Ann Chuxia, Su Qiu, and Zhang Qianqian were all taken aback.

Especially Su Qiu.

“Brother, when did you get married? And you have a grandson now? Does that make me a great-aunt? My, how quickly my status has risen! But brother, do aunt and uncle know about this...”

Su Qiu blinked in confusion.

“Quiet, you silly girl, don’t spout nonsense!”

Su Ming was visibly frustrated. What in the world was this? Someone calling him grandpa?

What’s going on with society these days? Had it really come to this?

If he wasn’t mistaken, everyone in the dorm used to wish the other was their son. How had it suddenly flipped, making him the elder?

“Brother, who are you? Have you dialed the wrong number? I’m only in my twenties...”

Su Ming was clearly exasperated.

“No, no, I haven’t dialed the wrong number. Grandpa, it’s Gao Yunfan!”

Gao Yunfan quickly interjected, desperate not to be hung up on.

“Oh, it’s you. What do you need?”

Su Ming recognized the voice and his tone softened considerably. Gao Yunfan, on the other end, felt a pang of disappointment. He had unwittingly offended such a respected figure!

“Grandpa...”

“Enough, call me by my name, or I’m hanging up!”

“Grandpa... No, Mr. Su, please, don’t hang up! I was wrong, can’t you see I was wrong? Mr. Su, I was blind and arrogant, I looked down on you, I’m less than nothing... I was wrong, truly wrong, please forgive me!”

Gao Yunfan pleaded over the phone.

“Alright, alright, I forgive you. To be honest, I never took it to heart. There’s no need for a special call to apologize. Let’s leave it at that...”

After finishing his sentence, Su Ming was ready to end the call.

“No, wait!”

Gao Yunfan couldn’t believe it. He thought, “Seriously? I finally get through, and you’re about to hang up? That’s not happening!”

“Mr. Su, my master, Lee Wangyang, urgently needs to speak with you.”

“What does Lee Wangyang want with me?”

Su Ming paused, taken aback.

“I’m not sure, but he seemed quite anxious. If it’s convenient for you, Mr. Su, my master would like to visit you. We promise not to impose too much!”

“Alright then.”

Su Ming gave it some thought but didn’t add anything else. He bore no ill will toward Lee Wangyang; indeed, an elder who dedicated his life to the tedious craft of carving deserved respect.

With that, Su Ming provided his address. Gao Yunfan expressed his heartfelt thanks and carefully hung up, swiftly sending a text message in response.

In the villa’s courtyard, two old men were locked in a stare-down, puffing out their cheeks and glaring.

Outwardly they appeared composed, but inwardly they were a bundle of nerves, scratching their heads in agitation. They had to act quickly; it was a race to see whose people would reach Mr. Su first.

Suddenly!

“Ding!”

The crisp tone of a text message alert brought Lee Wangyang to full attention. He fumbled for his phone and upon reading the message from his disciple, he nearly burst with joy: “Hahaha! The kid’s done well. My affection wasn’t wasted on him. You’ve lost, old man. My disciple found him first. What do you say now?!”

“What?!”

Song Jianguo shot to his feet, sneering, “You might deceive others, but not me. Don’t bother with those tricks. You say you’ve found Mr. Su? I find that hard to believe.”

“Tsk! Whether you believe it or not is irrelevant to me.”

Lee Wangyang’s spirits soared. He pocketed his phone and sauntered off, humming a tune. “Well, if someone is too proud to join me, that’s their loss. I’m off to meet Mr. Su.”

After finishing his piece, Lee Wangyang strode toward the door. Song Jianguo, anxious in his wake, wondered, “Is he serious or just bluffing? Is this old guy trying to fool me?” He couldn’t shake the worry: better safe than sorry. Missing the chance to meet Mr. Su would be a regret he’d carry to his grave.

"Hehe!" The thought struck him, and Song Jianguo let out a sly chuckle, rubbing his hands together as he cautiously approached.

Lee Wangyang shuddered at the sight. "Soong, what are you up to?" he asked, taking a step back, his guard up.

"What are you talking about? Aren't we like brothers? Why keep score between brothers, right?"

"Cut the act!" Lee Wangyang glared.

You might fool others, but not me!

"Hold on, didn't you just say you know where Mr. Su is? Just take me to him, will you? Look, if you do this for me, you can choose anything from our family's treasure vault—anything you want, no second thoughts."

"Are you for real?"

"My word is my bond!"

"Damn! You're no gentleman; you're a scoundrel!"

"Oh no, you've got me figured out!"

"Get lost!"

The two old men jostled and joked, trading barbs as they climbed into the car and set off. They were in the suburbs, and Su Ming was in the city center, within the Second Loop—a journey of at least half an hour.


Meanwhile, Su Ming turned to Ann Chuxia with concern. "Are you okay? I hope this delay won't cause any issues..."

"Don't worry," she reassured him, "my tour's final stop is in Eastsea, and there's hardly any prep needed. I ran through the set a few times last night; I could do it in my sleep. In two months, I've got a gala to attend. It's not my concert—just one song. I'll rehearse a few days beforehand, that's all."

"We'll go back this afternoon, tweak the sound system, and run through it a couple of times. It's a concert; if something goes awry, it's not the end of the world. Worst case, I'll sing acapella. Sometimes, those little mishaps are what people love about live performances," Ann Chuxia said, smiling.

Su Ming gave it some thought and let it be. After all, it was a concert, and the rules were flexible. As long as the singer showed up, sang enough, and performed well, what did it matter if it ended up being acapella? Technical issues were no big deal.

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C580 – I Am the Young Master of the Song Family!

In the adjacent private room, a group of young men perked up their ears, tuning into the commotion next door.

“Hey, Young Master Song, doesn’t it sound like that’s Ann Chuxia in the room next door?”

These individuals were all youthful elites, the young masters of Eastsea’s prominent families.

And the Young Master Song they referred to was their ringleader.

He was a young man with decent looks, but his demeanor screamed arrogance, a telltale sign of a spoiled and haughty scion.

Typically, the Song family upheld a reputation for strict discipline, rigorously schooling their young from an early age.

But let’s be real, there are always outliers, the black sheep that stray from the path.

It’s not just local families; even in ancient times, emperors could sire princes known only for their indulgent lifestyles.

Initially, the Song family was furious, attempting to rein him in with strict control. But the more they tried, the more rebellious he became. Eventually, they resigned themselves to his ways, deciding to let him be as long as he didn’t stir up serious trouble or break the law.

Master Song truly embodied the infamy of a dissolute young noble, leveraging his family’s clout to commit numerous misdeeds over the years.

Of course, his escapades weren’t as sensational as those found in over-the-top novels.

His dealings were with socialites and internet celebrities—transactions where one party offered their body and the other, their wealth. It was a consensual exchange, each party getting what they wanted.

But this time, Young Master Song was genuinely captivated. Two months prior, while visiting another city with friends, they befriended a local young master who was also a concert sponsor. He invited them to the event.

That's when Young Master Song laid eyes on Ann Chuxia.

By then, Ann Chuxia was a national sensation, a superstar. Yet, her photos and videos didn't do her justice, often embellished with makeup and filters.

In person, it was clear that Ann Chuxia wore only minimal makeup, her natural beauty striking and her figure, nothing short of stunning.

Young Master Song was instantly smitten.

Ever since then, he had been madly pursuing Ann Chuxia, but let's be honest, the competition was fierce. The capital's elite and the sons of national magnates were all in line, and Young Master Soong barely registered on their radar.

Yet, unexpectedly, while out for dinner today, Ann Chuxia was seated right next door. How could he pass up such a golden opportunity?

"Young Master Soong, don't be afraid. Your grandfather is a high-ranking official in the Cultural Bureau. How many people in the entire imperial court can compare to you?"

"Exactly, those wealthy folks are all talk."

"Young Master Soong, with your good looks, talent, and family background, you're the perfect match for Ann Chuxia."

Though Young Master Soong lacked confidence, the relentless praise from his entourage was hard to ignore. Flattery can inflate the ego, and suddenly, Young Master Soong felt a surge of self-assurance.

That's right, who else but me is worthy of Ann Chuxia?

With this thought, Soong Yunhai stood up: "You're right. For love, I'll give it my all!"

It seemed that Young Master Soong wasn't poorly disciplined; rather, he was a bit lacking in common sense.

"Young Master Soong, did I just hear a young man's voice from next door?"

One of his men, who had been eavesdropping, cautiously reported.

"What? Another young man next door?"



“Damn it! I can’t tolerate this!”

Initially hesitant, Soong Yunhai realized he couldn’t hold back any longer—if he did, he might lose his chance with Ann Chuxia.

“Come on, you’ve always wanted to meet this superstar, right? Today, I’ll introduce you.”

“Wow! Young Master Soong is truly impressive!”

“I’m so fortunate to be in your company!”

“We’ve got to take some photos later to brag about this!”

The group excitedly rose to their feet and made their way to the adjacent private room. As mentioned, the upstairs consisted of two closely situated rooms. Pushing open the door, they found Su Ming and Ann Chuxia in the midst of a conversation, only to be interrupted by the sudden entrance of Soong Yunhai and his entourage.

Young Master Song’s eyes sparkled with unmistakable delight upon spotting Ann Chuxia. “My goodness, Miss Ann, it’s truly you! It’s been ages since we last met! I’ve missed you terribly since our last encounter...”

He spoke with glee, and his entourage nodded in agreement, thinking, “That’s our Young Master Song, always impressive. He’s known Miss Ann for quite some time!”

Yet Ann Chuxia blinked in puzzlement, cocked her head to the side, and inquired earnestly, “And you are?”

“I...”

Though Soong Yunhai might have been a bit slow on the uptake, he wasn’t foolish and certainly knew when he was in an awkward spot. Struggling to find his words, he eventually stammered out, “Ha, well, it seems Miss Ann, with her esteemed status, has forgotten quite a bit. My name is Soong Yunhai, does that ring a bell?”

“I don’t remember.”

“Last time, at your concert in Cloud City, many developers invited you to dine, and I was among them...”

“I don’t remember.”

“And then there was the time you were signing autographs for your fans backstage.”

“I don’t remember.”

“There was someone who called out your name...”

“Ah, now I remember!”

“See? See? Miss Ann remembers me now!”

“You’re the rogue who walked into the women’s restroom and took secret photos of the girls?”

“I...”

Soong Yunhai was mortified.

Taking a deep breath, he realized he couldn’t go on like this; it was just too humiliating. He had to steer the conversation elsewhere, and his eyes landed on Su Ming. “Ah! May I inquire as to this gentleman’s name? Are you perhaps from Eastsea? I wonder if you might recognize me—I’m associated with the Song family of Eastsea.”

Soong Yunhai appraised the young man before him—youthful, tall, and strikingly handsome. Despite his own arrogance, Soong Yunhai had to admit that Su Ming had the edge in looks, which stirred a sense of envy within him. He hoped his own status and position would intimidate Su Ming into stepping aside.

“I’ve never heard of you.”

Su Ming shook his head, clearly clueless.

“I...”

Soong Yunhai was on the verge of bursting with frustration. Were they doing this on purpose? Had they conspired against him?

“Humph! Let me tell you, kid, it doesn’t matter who you are or what you do—I’m not afraid of you. Our Soong family is the premier family in Eastsea.”

Upon hearing this, Su Ming slightly furrowed his brow and exchanged a glance with Ann Chuxia. Not just the others, but even Su Qiu and Zhang Qianqian were somewhat bewildered. What’s with this talk of First and Second Families at a time like this? Do you think you’re in the middle of a War King novel?

And even in the realm of War King novels, if you truly belong to the so-called First Family, aren’t they typically just fodder for the protagonist?

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