

The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming

#Chapter 581 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 581

C581 – You Are too Accurate!

Soong Yunhai noticed the silence in the room and smugly assumed his impressive demeanor had everyone too intimidated to speak.

“How about that? Impressive, right?”

“Miss Ann, I’ve long admired you. Please say yes...”

He edged closer to Ann Chuxia with caution.

“Aiya!”

Just then, Su Ming slammed his hand on the table and stood up, startling Soong Yunhai so much he nearly lost his hair.

“What the heck are you doing? You scared the life out of me!”

Soong Yunhai was genuinely frightened, his speech stumbling.

“Brother Soong truly is formidable. A member of the Soong family, no less. Your reputation precedes you!”

“Judging by your looks, you’re destined for wealth and prosperity. May I have a closer look?”

Su Ming’s enthusiasm was palpable.

“Oh?”

Interest piqued, Soong Yunhai was all ears. A bit slow on the uptake, he wasn’t one for subtleties.

Su Qiu and the others struggled to contain their laughter at the scene.

Ann Chuxia, too, bowed her head to hide her amusement. It wasn’t the time or place for laughter, but it was hard to maintain composure.

Having seen some of Su Ming’s videos before, Ann knew he was up to his old tricks.

“Brother, you can read fortunes?”

“You see wealth and nobility in my future? Really? Come on, take a closer look. Here’s my hand!”

Soong Yunhai eagerly moved aside Ann Chuxia and sat next to Su Ming, taking Principal Ye’s former seat, brimming with enthusiasm.

“Ah, big brother, you hail from a distinguished family, you’re generous, have many friends, and you’re quite shrewd.”

Su Ming stroked his chin in feigned contemplation, nodding as he spoke. Soong Yunhai couldn’t have been more pleased.

“That’s right, absolutely!”

Soong Yunhai’s excitement was palpable as he nodded in self-satisfaction.

While he might have been a bit slow, the others weren’t. They sensed something amiss. The more they observed, the more Su Ming seemed like a charlatan. Was he deceiving them?

As Soong Yunhai showed such keen interest, they held their tongues, opting to observe from the sidelines, ready to intervene should anything amiss arise.

“Ah, big brother, while your future holds promise, I fear a bloody misfortune may be looming.”

“Your lifeline on your palm forks abruptly here, signifying a critical juncture for you. Navigate it well, and your path will be smooth; falter, and you’ll face significant troubles.”

Su Ming’s brow furrowed.

“Is that so?”

Panic washed over Soong Yunhai. This couldn’t be happening. As the young master, he hadn’t yet lived life to the fullest.

“But fear not, Brother Soong. I have a solution, though I wonder if you’re willing to give it a try?”

“Absolutely, tell me!”

“From now on, you must perform three good deeds daily. Roam the streets and lend a hand to the elderly who’ve fallen. Assist them for a total of eighty-one days, and all misfortune will be dispelled, paving the way for a future free of obstacles.”

Soong Yunhai was thoroughly convinced by Su Ming's convincing performance.

"Oh! I've got it!"

His followers behind him couldn't help but facepalm at the revelation.

"Master, I won't bother you any longer. I'm off to assist the elderly ladies right now!"

With that, he was ready to depart.

"Master Soong, hold on a moment. Can't you tell? He's deceiving you!"

One of them couldn't contain himself and spoke up.

"Impertinent! How could the words of a great master be false? Stand aside!"

Soong Yunhai was livid.

"Master, think it through. If you help three elders a day, and just one accuses you of wrongdoing, you could be swindled by all eighty-one, emptying your coffers..."

Another couldn't hold back any longer.

"This..."

Soong Yunhai was suddenly at a loss.

Though he might be a bit simple-minded and direct, he wasn't foolish. A reminder was all it took for him to realize the deception. Enraged, he slammed his hand on the table and pointed at Su Ming's nose. "You scoundrel, how dare you trick me! I'll show you what's coming to you!"

Soong Yunhai was on the verge of taking action.

"Grandson! Stop this instant!"

Suddenly, from behind, a thunderous voice erupted. Soong Yunhai, startled by the audacity, thought, who dares to curse at me?

"Damn it, which sorry excuse for a man dares to speak to your grandfather like that? Quite the nerve. I want to see who it is... Grandfather!"

Soong Yunhai swore loudly, only to turn around and drop to his knees in shock. The man before him was none other than his own grandfather, Song Jianguo!

"You wretched grandson!"

Song Jianguo, livid with rage, delivered a resounding slap.

“Smack!”

Despite being a disappointment, Soong Yunhai was still Song Jianguo’s flesh and blood, a member of the Song family. His grandfather had turned a blind eye to his antics, but speaking so insolently was another matter entirely.

What was unforgivable was his disrespectful attitude toward Mr. Su Ming. Was he looking for trouble?

The old man was truly enraged. The slap was forceful, sending Soong Yunhai’s head spinning as he stumbled into a nearby shelf.

“Crash! Bang! Clatter!”

A cacophony of sounds followed as pots, pans, and kitchenware tumbled down onto him.

Dazed by the blow, Soong Yunhai felt the pain throbbing through him.

He touched his head, finding it slick with blood, yet he felt no anger. Despite the harsh slap and the barrage of kitchenware, he was suddenly filled with immense respect. He got to his feet and hurried over to Su Ming.

Then, he knelt down swiftly.

“Master, you truly are a master! Your predictions are incredibly precise!”

The others in the room witnessed the scene.

Ann Chuxia and the two other girls could barely contain themselves, their heads bowed, hands covering their mouths, bodies shaking with suppressed laughter, faces flushed with effort.

Lee Wangyang and Song Jianguo, the two elders, stood at the door, utterly baffled. What was this about accurate predictions? Could Mr. Su Ming also be a Feng Shui master?

And the men behind them were just as bewildered. They had seen everything clearly. It was eerily accurate. A prediction of a bloody mishap had come true, and so swiftly at that!

Truth be told, even Su Ming was taken aback.

Can you believe such a coincidence?

I was merely bluffing, and to my surprise, this kid actually bought it. Well, it seems fate is on my side. There's nothing I can do about it; it's out of my hands.

"Heh, heh."

Song Jianguo and Lee Wangyang sported sycophantic grins, rubbing their hands together as they cautiously sidled up to Su Ming, casually shoving Soong Yunhai aside in the process.

The unfortunate Soong Yunhai was huddled in the corner, resembling a startled young lady.

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C582 – One Person One Person Don't Fight!

"What are you two up to?"

Upon seeing the two elderly gentlemen, Su Ming instinctively scooted his chair back. Their smiles were unsettlingly eerie. "Mr. Su, we have a rather bold request and hope you might lend us a hand..."

The more the two men spoke, the more animated they became, inching closer to Su Ming, prompting him to again shift his chair.

"Hold it right there, don't move. What's this about?"

Su Ming felt a shiver run down his spine. Couldn't these two old men show a bit more decorum at their age?

"Mr. Su, here's the thing."

"Your sculpting skills are exceptional, truly remarkable for someone of your age. It's almost inconceivable. We were wondering if you could carve a couple of small items for us. Nothing elaborate, just a simple touch of the chisel will do."

Song Jianguo reached into his pocket, pulled out a box, and opened it to reveal a collection of various carving knives, all brand new and razor-sharp.

"Ah, I see."

Su Ming nodded, understanding their request.

“Mr. Su, rest assured, we won’t take up much of your time. This is just a small gesture of our gratitude, and we hope you’ll accept it.”

Lee Wangyang then approached, opening another small box to reveal three exceptionally fine rings.

The rings, crafted from Imperial Green Jade, were stunningly beautiful. On closer inspection, they appeared to be of significant value, possibly relics from the Ming dynasty’s royal collection.

“Mr. Su, I’m aware you’re a wealthy man and probably wouldn’t be interested in these rings. I stumbled upon them in the countryside and had them appraised; they seem to be from the Ming royal household.”

“The pieces are of excellent quality.”

“If you’d be so kind, please accept them,” Lee Wangyang offered.

Su Ming was indeed a master sculptor, his skill far surpassing that of Lee Wangyang. Frankly, while Lee Wangyang might have had more experience in carving, sometimes what one lacks is a certain threshold of ability.

Once you cross that threshold, you can carve with ease, infusing your work with spirit and grace.

But without crossing it, no matter how diligent or persistent you are, it’s all in vain. It’s like having an epiphany, and Su Ming wasn’t just enlightened—he was profoundly insightful!

Lee Wangyang, on the other hand, considered himself a complete novice.

When seeking the expertise of such a master, one does not simply arrive empty-handed.

It’s not like I had nothing better to do.

“Alright then.”

Su Ming nodded and grabbed the ring, casually tossing it aside. “Each of you take one.”

Song Jianguo and Lee Wangyang exchanged a surprised glance, a flicker of astonishment passing between them.

These rings might look unassuming, but at auction, they could fetch tens of millions. To give them away so nonchalantly?

The three girls were thrilled, clustering together, each snagging a ring and beaming with joy.

Su Ming chuckled at the enthusiastic looks from the two seasoned gentlemen.

After all, they were respected elders who had dedicated years to their craft. If he could lend a hand, he would.

“Lee Wangyang.”

Su Ming gestured and glanced at the table before requesting two clean disposable chopsticks from the server.

“Do you know what the essential element of carving is?”

Su Ming looked up, his smile warm and inviting.

Lee Wangyang paused, taken aback. He was used to being the one asking the questions, but he earnestly replied, “Posture, shape, and proportion.”

Su Ming’s laughter filled the air. “That answer is both correct and incorrect. Posture, shape, and proportion are taught to novices as a framework, to help them identify and correct their errors.”

“But as I mentioned, it’s just a framework. Once you’ve overcome certain flaws and improved, those three elements can become constraints.”

“In essence, once you’ve honed your basic skills, there’s only one true answer to sculpting: move with your heart, carve with freedom...”

Su Ming paused, a sense of déjà vu washing over him.

That line sounded eerily familiar.

Wasn’t that a catchphrase from ‘Five-Second True Man’?

Regardless, the sentiment held a profound truth.

“This...”

Lee Wangyang hesitated, well aware that only with a vision in your heart and a certain level of mastery could you create something of value. It’s easy to talk about, but achieving it is another challenge altogether.

“Take these knives, for instance.”

“People have categorized these knives with various names, assigning them different roles in the art of carving.”

“You’ve overlooked one crucial detail: the knife is an extension of the human body. With any knife, you can carve whatever you desire.”

No sooner had Su Ming finished speaking than he snatched up a pair of chopsticks and selected the longest, widest straight knife from the bunch, his hands moving in a blur.

Wood shavings fluttered to the ground.

In just a few seconds, a small, perfectly round ball appeared atop Su Ming’s disposable wooden chopsticks, its surface as smooth as if it had been sanded.

“My goodness, this is incredible. It’s nothing short of a divine skill!”

The two elderly men were gobsmacked, speechless with amazement.

They had thought they could fathom the extent of Su Ming’s prowess, but what they witnessed was merely the tip of the iceberg!

The Divine Level carving skill bestowed by the System couldn’t possibly be a sham, could it?

“Mr. Su, I want to buy those chopsticks from you. I’ll offer 5 million!”

“Old fellow, we had an agreement; I get first dibs. Mr. Su, I’ll pay 10 million!”

“15 million!”

“30 million…”

The two old men were on the verge of coming to blows when Su Ming, caught between amusement and exasperation, intervened.

“Alright, alright, enough bickering. I’ll carve another one so each of you can have your own.”

Su Ming then picked up another pair of chopsticks and set to work on a second carving, as the two men watched intently, not daring to blink.

Song Jianguo, burdened by age and heavy eyelids, propped them open with his hands to keep from missing a single detail.

He was mesmerized.

It was astounding how such a large knife could be wielded with such dexterity.

But what was most remarkable was the immense power it commanded in the hands of Su Ming, producing such flawless artistry.

Five minutes later, the two old men left contentedly, each cradling a pair of chopsticks.

Song Jianguo, on his way out, couldn't resist giving his grandson a swift kick.

He had arrived just in time; any conflict with Su Ming could have jeopardized everything!

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C583 – The Rockandroll Turtle Is No Longer Rockandroll!

The two elderly gentlemen received what they desired and departed contentedly.

Su Ming and his companions were nearly finished with their meal. With a concert scheduled for the afternoon, they settled the bill and made their exit.

Regarding the item Soong Yunhai had accidentally shattered earlier, the old man Song Jianguo dutifully compensated for the damage.

"I should head back now. I have a few more rehearsals this afternoon, and you definitely must come to my concert tonight," Ann Chuxia said as she stood at the bottom of the stairs. She had previously called Liu Dashan, who arrived by car to pick her up.

"Alright," Su Ming agreed with a nod.

He drove the two young ladies back to his villa. Eager to conserve their energy for the evening's concert, they both retired to sleep.

Meanwhile, Su Ming secured the front door and made his way to the rear of the property, heading directly for the aquatic product area.

The Rock-and-roll Turtles were a sight to behold. It was not a matter of maturity; they were already seasoned performers, hosting concerts night after night. It was simply the right time.

Upon arriving, Su Ming peered down and was taken aback by the lively scene below.

Wow! What a spectacle!

Five turtles were energetically performing songs and dances on the System's underwater platform, showing no signs of fatigue. An impressive crowd of various aquatic creatures had gathered in front of the stage—a dense assembly of loaches, fish, shrimp, and even a few earthworms.

Earthworms, though, aren't supposed to breathe underwater, are they? What was this anomaly?

Looking closer, one could see the small fish, shrimp, and loaches gyrating enthusiastically to the rhythm of the music. It was like an animal festival.

Sigh... It was hard to disrupt such joy, but harvest time waits for no one.

Su Ming approached the small wooden cabin adjacent to the aquatic product area. The cabin had grown larger and sturdier following an upgrade, exuding a sense of stability and no longer appearing rickety as before. The central control panel had been replaced with a massive LCD screen, and in the corner lay a supply of universal aquatic feed.

Su Ming donned his water gear and, armed with a net bag, plunged into the chilly waters. Despite the insulation of his water clothes and pants, the icy chill of late autumn sent a shiver through him, raising goosebumps on his skin.

"Brr... It's really a bit chilly today."

"Maybe I should buy a heater..."

"Nah, let's not. What if the heater malfunctions? I'd wake up to a pot of fish soup the next day."

Su Ming shook his head, dismissing the idea from his thoughts.

He edged closer to the turtles that were rocking out.

Feeling Su Ming's presence, the dancing crowd scattered at lightning speed, vanishing into thin air in no time.

The turtles, too, started packing up.

One placed a guitar into a case, another dismantled the stage, and a third got the microphone ready.

Then, cradling the turtles, they slowly made their way to the edge of the stage, bowed, and just like that, the stage vanished, with the five turtles beginning to float upwards.

As they broke the water's surface, the turtles transformed dramatically!

A blinding light flashed; Su Ming shielded his eyes. When the light faded and he lowered his hand, he took a closer look.

What's this...

After seeing the items, Su Ming paused, taken aback. The turtles were gone, and a few objects were floating on the water.

Dragonflies?

I've been raising turtles, and now I end up with dragonflies?

What's going on?

Wait a minute!

These dragonflies seemed different.

Su Ming moved in for a closer inspection.

Wow!

The dragonflies were crafted from bamboo, incredibly lightweight and lifelike.

Plus, they were quite small.

"Ding! Congratulations, Host, you've obtained the 'Locate-Anything Dragonfly.' No matter where they hide, you can find anyone by writing their name on a piece of paper and placing it inside the dragonfly. The dragonfly will then locate the person for the Host!"

"Ding! Effective range is 20 kilometers!"

"Ding! This dragonfly is for the Host's use and visibility only!"

As Su Ming picked up one of them, a notification echoed in his mind.

A locating dragonfly?

This gadget was seriously high-tech.

Impressive, indeed, and certainly useful!

For instance, if someone's child went missing.

With this dragonfly, they could be found in just minutes.

It might not seem useful right now, but who knows how handy it could be in the future?

Su Ming pondered carefully, stroking his chin in thought.

Let's keep it!

There's still quite a distance to go before the next level up.

Even if he cashed in points, he couldn't upgrade the aquatic product area any further.

This item might just prove to be miraculous at some point.

Without a second thought, Su Ming collected all the dragonflies.

He pocketed them and, after emerging from the water, stripped off his wet clothes.

He took the items straight to the villa's underground warehouse.

Inside the warehouse, there were two portals that could access everything stored within.

Su Ming resolved to store all the magical items he cultivated or bred here, ready for any future need.

The Rock-and-roll Turtle harvest was complete.

As dusk fell, Su Ming roused the two young girls, switched to a business van, and headed directly to the concert venue.

Even several kilometers away, the roar of the crowd was audible.

Checking the time, Su Ming saw they had an hour before the concert started.

They would arrive with time to spare.

After parking the van, Su Ming and the girls made their way to the entrance.

The crowd was thick, and a lengthy queue had formed.

"Hey, hey, hey!"

Su Ming and the girls continued forward when suddenly a young man called out to them, "What do you think you're doing? Trying to cut in line? Where's your civic duty? We've all been patiently waiting our turn. Why do you get to skip?"

"Yeah, exactly! You're young, but that's no excuse for poor behavior. We're all in line here. What makes you so special?"

“Get to the back of the line, now!”

The crowd began to echo the young man’s sentiment, mistaking Su Ming for a line-cutter.

“Cutting in line?”

Su Ming paused, blinking in confusion. “Isn’t there an open lane over there with no one in it?”

“Kid, are you out of your mind? Do you even know who’s allowed through that lane? It’s for people with diamond cards only.”

“You think you’re the only clever one here, and the rest of us are fools who don’t know which way to go?”

“Perhaps it’s just some country bumpkin who’s clueless.”

“Better just to queue up and play it safe, rather than risk getting roughed up.”

Upon hearing Su Ming’s words, the crowd behind him couldn’t resist sneering and jeering. Su Ming merely smiled in response and said, “Let’s give it a shot. Who knows, I might just get in.”

“Damn! You’re just torturing yourself for the sake of pride. In the short time we’ve been talking, dozens more have joined the line. If you had just queued up a second earlier, you’d be that much closer to getting into the venue.”

“Exactly. Only the real VIPs can take this path. If you manage to get in, I’ll stand on my head and wash my hair!”

“I’ll stand on my head and eat sh*t!”

The people around continued to mock and scoff, completely disbelieving Su Ming’s words.

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C584 – Inviting the Same Stage?

These guys kept sneering, utterly unconvinced that Su Ming could gain entry.

They had just witnessed several self-proclaimed wealthy individuals insist on using the VIP entrance.

Ultimately, they were escorted away by the police.

“You won’t shed a tear until you see the coffin. I can’t wait to see how you’ll slink back here.”

“Exactly, exactly.”

After a long and sweaty wait in line, these guys couldn’t help but revel in another’s misfortune.

But then, something happened that left them gobsmacked.

Su Ming conversed with the security guards and produced something. Without so much as a peep, the guards promptly allowed Su Ming and his party inside.

“Holy crap! Did they actually f*cking get in?”

“Damn, they’re just showing off!”

“We’ve been waiting forever, and they just stroll in late and get in without any hassle. It’s infuriating!”

These men were nearly bursting with rage.

Su Ming had a rare diamond VIP card, which meant a staff member immediately attended to him upon entry.

Soon after, they arrived at the private suite.

The suite’s location was excellent.

Situated at the center of the stage, it offered a commanding view of the performance.

The suite itself was spacious, spanning over 20 square meters.

At its heart was an enormous sofa, flanked by floor-to-ceiling glass and a variety of teas, snacks, and beverages.

There was also a selection of fine wines.

Of course, it was all complimentary. After all, could anyone who accessed this suite be just an average Joe?

Offering them some wine was hardly a big deal.

The two young ladies were particularly thrilled, lounging on the sofa with their assortment of snacks and drinks, chattering away happily. Su Ming sat nearby, smiling silently.

After a short wait, the show commenced.

Lights burst forth, illuminating the night sky, while soothing music played, calming the audience's anticipation.

Dry ice fog crept across the stage, creating an ethereal atmosphere.

The big screen displayed a stunning landscape with a solitary boat gliding along, and on it stood Ann Chuxia!

The scene moved closer until the screen split down the middle, revealing a breathtaking silhouette that emerged gracefully.

"Ah!!!"

"Ann Chuxia, I love you like a mouse loves rice!"

"Goddess, marry me!"

Upon glimpsing Ann Chuxia, the crowd went wild, their cheers rising like a tsunami.

Red glow sticks were waved frantically, as tens of thousands of fans below merged into a sea of red!

Music has the power to captivate hearts.

The two girls abandoned their snacks and drinks, rushing to the bay window to join in the shouts of excitement!

Ann Chuxia, clad in a flowing white gown, microphone in hand, and sporting delicate yet sophisticated makeup, graced the stage with a smile.

She lifted the microphone gently, and as she began to sing, her melodious voice soared, echoing as if it would linger for days.

The concert was underway!

Each song was a signature piece from Ann Chuxia's repertoire.

After three hours, having sung non-stop for an hour and a half and spent with exhaustion, Ann Chuxia took a brief respite, allowing other guest performers to take the spotlight.

These guests were none other than the hottest stars and renowned singers!

The audience was thrilled, having not anticipated such a delightful surprise!

The two young girls had settled down quite a bit, sitting with flushed faces and sweat-drenched hair, gulping down water with voices worn hoarse from cheering.

Just then, the door to the private box flew open, and Ann Chuxia entered with a nimble grace. She stealthily made her way to the sofa and plopped down, casually sharing snacks with the girls, unconcerned about maintaining her goddess-like persona.

“Hey, hey, hey! You’ve got more singing to do. Should you be eating spicy food right now?”

Su Ming couldn’t help but worry, imagining the disappointment of fans if they saw their idol in such a state.

“It’s okay, it’s okay.”

Ann Chuxia took another swig of her drink, her excitement palpable. “I know my voice well, but oh, how tiring! So, how was it? My singing was good, wasn’t it?”

“Yeah! It was amazing!”

“Absolutely!”

The two girls nodded vigorously, as if in agreement.

Though many guests had come to perform, it wasn’t their show to run. After a thirty-minute break, Ann Chuxia returned to the stage and sang for another hour, fueled by the audience’s infectious enthusiasm, their cheers as overwhelming as a tsunami.

“Ladies and gentlemen,”

Ann Chuxia stood on the stage, visibly fatigued. Singing for such an extended period had taken its toll on her.

“Today, in addition to our guest performers, I’m honored to introduce a good friend.”

“He’s someone I met here in Eastsea. Just a few days ago, I was in a car accident and nearly had a serious mishap, but this friend came to my rescue.”

“I’d like to introduce him to you all now.”

With a mischievous grin, Ann Chuxia pointed toward Su Ming, and suddenly, the spotlight swiveled to illuminate him!

“I...”

Su Ming initially found the situation amusing, but as he listened, he sensed something amiss. It felt like he was being set up.

“Please welcome Su Ming!”

Caught off guard by Ann Chuxia’s sudden announcement, Su Ming slapped his forehead in realization. Great, she’s led me into a trap!

Despite being handsome and wealthy, singing was not his forte.

Going up there and opening his mouth would be a disaster; he’d be so off-key, he might as well be singing to the moon. If the audience had been from the Qing Dynasty, it might have been fine, but with modern ears, he could cause quite the scene.

Yet, not taking the stage wasn’t an option either. Was Young Master Su the type to shy away from a challenge?

Just then, a voice echoed in Su Ming’s mind.

“Brother, the green bananas are ripe. Shall we harvest them?”

It was Little Green’s voice.

“What is it?”

Su Ming inquired within his thoughts.

“It’s a skill.”

“A skill?! Fantastic. Check if there’s a singing skill.”

“Right away, brother... Yes, there is, brother!”

“Then let’s harvest the singing skill and save the rest for later!”

“Understood!”

A notification chimed in Su Ming’s mind—he had mastered the Divine Level singing skill!

“Hehe!”

With a sly chuckle, Su Ming confidently rose to his feet, pushed open the door, and stepped out.

The audience was on the edge of their seats, eager to see who had caught Ann Chuxia's special attention.

As the door swung open, they all leaned forward, eyes wide with anticipation.

"Eh? Why does this person look so familiar?"

"No, this seems like..."


"Ah! It's Mr. Su!"

"Mr. Su!"

"At first, I felt a twinge of jealousy, but now that I see it's Mr. Su, the jealousy has vanished. Truly, Mr. Su is the only man in the world who is a match for Ann Chuxia!"

"Absolutely, you've hit the nail on the head with that one!"

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C585 – The Divine Level Singing Stage

Su Ming was no stranger to the limelight, having weathered many storms in his time. Unfazed by the audience, he ascended to the stage with a smile via the express lane.

"Miss Ann, I came here today completely unprepared. How did you manage to get me up here?" Su Ming asked, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

A mischievous grin spread across Ann Chuxia's face. She had hoped for his unpreparedness; it wouldn't be as fun otherwise.

"Now that you're here, how about singing a song for everyone?" she suggested.

"Sure," Su Ming replied crisply, catching Ann Chuxia off guard as she had half-expected him to decline. She had once secretly listened to him hum a tune, and the memory made her sigh... it was beyond words.

"But I must warn you, my singing might just drive the audience away. You can't hold it against me," he teased.

"Let me remind you, no refunds will be allowed later," he continued playfully. "Even if you wanted to, it's too late now. Miss Ann's policy is no refunds. You'll find the ticket booth at the entrance, but the refund booth is on the moon!" Su Ming quipped, eliciting laughter from the crowd.

"Right! He's not wrong!" Ann Chuxia chimed in, nodding earnestly.

The audience erupted into laughter.

"Singing alone is no fun. How about you join me?" Su Ming turned to ask her.

"Alright, what song do you have in mind?" she replied.

"Let's go with Director Zhou's 'Coral Sea'!" Su Ming suggested.

At the mention of the song, the audience's excitement reached fever pitch, their cheers echoing like a tsunami. Director Zhou's songs were well-known and beloved, and 'Coral Sea' was especially popular among couples. Ann Chuxia's cheeks flushed at the thought.

But, steeling herself, she said with determination, "That's the one."

As the familiar intro played, Ann Chuxia began to sing.

"The horizon far away begins to cloud over."

"How can sadness be so calm and pure?"

"On my face, there's always a trace,"

"Of faint, lingering helplessness..."

The familiar voice, the well-known melody, and the heartfelt emotions resonated deeply, like a fine wine that had been aged to perfection, enveloping everyone in its rich, emotive notes.

The next moment, Su Ming took the microphone and slowly began to sing.

"Use your lips to say you're leaving."

"That sorrow is silent, slowing down."

"You understand the surging tide."

"It's not waves, but an ocean of tears..."

The audience was filled with anticipation. Upon hearing Su Ming's voice, they were all taken aback.

His deep voice carried the song's deepest emotions.

It was as if everyone could see the blooming flowers of spring and the proud sun of winter.

The once jubilant crowd quieted down, closed their eyes, and lost themselves in the song's emotive power.

In their world, there seemed to be only Su Ming and Ann Chuxia left on the stage!

Chairman Zhou's song, along with the flawless rendition by Su Ming and Ann Chuxia, had them instantly enthralled!

Time seemed to stand still until the song concluded.

Su Ming maintained his smile, his demeanor serene.

Ann Chuxia's face was flushed, a tear glistening at the corner of her eye. Unbeknownst to her, the heart of this top-tier celebrity had quietly opened a sliver.

"Ah!!!"

"I can't handle it, it's too beautiful!"

"Get together!"

"Be together!"

"Together!"

The audience remained silent for a full thirty seconds before a girl's scream snapped them back to reality, followed by a groundswell of chants for togetherness that ripped through the night sky.

The sound waves resonated leisurely above Eastsea.

Late into the night, even the bustling Eastsea City had quieted down.

Many sleepers awoke, puzzled by the wave-like sounds reaching them.

Several girls had shouted themselves hoarse, yet they couldn't contain their excitement.

Despite the steep price of admission, hearing that one song made it all worthwhile!

"Oh no! I forgot to record it!"

"Darn it! So did I!"

“Don’t worry, I’ve got it and will share it with you later!”

“I’ve got it too!”

Ann Chuxia’s concert was already the talk of the town, but the duet with Su Ming set the internet ablaze.

People were intensely curious about Su Ming’s identity, as his singing was simply sublime.

Not even the most critical university professors could fault it!

This was the epitome of a perfect voice and a perfect performance!

The concert was scheduled to end at eleven, but the audience’s fervor prompted Su Ming to sing a few more songs. After a brief rest, Ann Chuxia joined him for one final duet.

It wasn’t until well into the night that the crowd finally began to thin out. Today, the stadium was abuzz with tales of Su Ming’s exploits. He was simply unstoppable, a force to be reckoned with!

Backstage was a frenzy of activity as numerous talent agencies clamored for attention.

“Mr. Su, please consider joining our company. If you sign with us, you’ll receive 90% of the profits, and we’ll only take 10% to cover resource management,” one agent pitched eagerly.

“There’s no need for that. Sign with us, and you’ll keep all your earnings, whether from advertisements or anything else!” another chimed in.

“Choose us instead. We’re an established name in the entertainment industry!” a third agent insisted, as a throng of them vied for his attention.

It was clear that after tonight, the video of Su Ming and Ann Chuxia singing would skyrocket to the top of the trending charts.

“Alright, alright, let’s all take a moment to calm down,” Liu Dashan interjected, stepping forward. “Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Su is a business tycoon in Eastsea with a net worth in the billions. He’s not going to accept your offers. If he were, don’t you think I would have taken advantage of my position to benefit first?”

The agents around him were dumbfounded.

Holy cow! Was he really that impressive?

No way! Someone of his stature wouldn't bother becoming a celebrity. With a collective sigh of resignation, the agents shook their heads and dispersed.

And so, the concert came to a successful close. Su Ming, with Ann Chuxia in tow, slipped away quietly through the back.

Earlier, Su Qiu had received a call from Su Ming and was waiting with Zhang Qianqian. Liu Dashan, holding Su Ming's keys, brought the car around to the rear exit. The four of them got in and drove off into the night.

After a quick bite at a nearby eatery, Su Ming dropped Ann Chuxia off at her hotel and the two young ladies back at their school before he headed home.

"Brother!" Little Qing greeted him at the door, her face lit up with a sweet smile.

"Haha, I really owe you one for today," Su Ming laughed, feeling elated. His luck had been extraordinary. Without his newfound singing talent, he might have made a fool of himself at the concert.

But there was still work to be done. Su Ming strode out to the fields where the banana plants had grown tall and robust. Their broad leaves fanned out like umbrellas, and hanging above were clusters of fruit that resembled bananas.

Su Ming was completely taken aback.

Holy smokes!

Isn't that just ridiculously high? How on earth did Little Qing manage that?

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C586 – The Big Harvest!

Su Ming's attention was involuntarily drawn to the side.

A banana plant had already been harvested by Little Qing.

The entire plant was now shriveled, its once vibrant green turned to a grayish-white, completely wilted.

"Little Green, how did you harvest the banana?" Su Ming turned to ask.

"It's very simple, brother."

Little Qing cocked her head, looking puzzled.

Her brother was so capable, how could he not know something so straightforward?

Seeing Little Qing's expression, Su Ming chuckled resignedly. "Little Qing, you're an AI robot. You've got me beat when it comes to physical abilities, that's for sure."

"Okay."

Little Qing nodded and approached the banana tree.

Then, to Su Ming's astonishment, she threw a punch.

"Bang!"

The banana tree, which had seemed so alive, broke in half with a snap.

"Thud!"

The bunch of bananas above Su Ming's head plummeted to the ground.

Su Ming quickly stepped aside. That bunch could have given him quite the headache if it had landed on him.

But as the bananas hit the ground, they vanished, and in their place appeared a glistening golden banana!

"Huh?"

Su Ming paused, surprised. The banana hovered just above the ground, enveloped in a faint, attractive glow.

He reached out and touched the glow; it was soft, and he could feel a delicate membrane that would break with a simple poke.

What was this?

Su Ming had encountered skill scrolls before, but none looked like this.

Without overthinking, Su Ming squeezed the light, popping it.

"Pop!"

With a crisp sound, the light burst, and the banana dropped into Su Ming's hand.

He gave it a gentle squeeze, and it felt soft?

It was reminiscent of marshmallow.

Surely it wasn't a silent marshmallow?

Probably not.

Su Ming examined the banana but found nothing out of the ordinary.

Did he need to peel it?

He reached out, gently peeling back the banana skin.

Indeed, something changed inside!

"Ding! Congratulations, Host, you have earned one chance to evolve a random skill!"

"Ding! Upon use, you can randomly evolve one of the Host's skills!"

Su Ming's eyes sparkled with excitement. This was some really good stuff! He had a decent number of skills, and all of them were incredibly practical. Any one of them could make a huge difference. Without hesitation, Su Ming activated one.

"Ding! Congratulations, Host, the Blessing from Plants has evolved!"

"Ding! The Blessing from Plants has evolved to Intermediate level!"

"Skill Blessing from Plants: Intermediate, earns 10 yuan per second!"

The sound of the notification in his mind made Su Ming's heart leap with joy. Incredible! Ten yuan in a second, 600 in a minute, and 36,000 in an hour. The salary was ludicrously high. And the best part? He didn't have to lift a finger. He could just lie in bed, sleep, and the money would still roll in.

After doing the math, he realized he could make nearly 300 million yuan a year. Hmm... that didn't seem like much, considering he had already spent a hundred million on a lottery. A year's savings would only suffice for three lottery draws...

One shouldn't be too greedy, though. It's important to be content. And this was certainly something to be content about; after all, three hundred million was more than many could earn in a lifetime.

Having gotten a taste of success, Su Ming approached the next banana tree without a second thought.

"Ding!"

That familiar notification sound signaled another skill evolution.

Evolve!

“Ding! Congratulations, Host, your Experience Buff skill has evolved!”

“Ding! Experience Buff has evolved to Advanced level!”

“Experience Buff skill: Advanced, grants an additional 30 experience points!”

Su Ming burst into laughter, unable to contain his excitement. These skills were just too useful.

In no time, he was standing under the third banana tree.

“Huh?”

After Little Green forcefully snapped the tree, Su Ming found not a banana, but a small bead resembling a round grape floating in his palm.

What was this thing?

Su Ming furrowed his brow, looking it over carefully.

“Ding! Congratulations, Host, you’ve acquired a puppet control pill. Whoever consumes it will obey your commands without question!”

“Ding! As the puppet control pill can manipulate a person’s will, the Host cannot use it for criminal or malicious activities. It’s only to be used against those who harbor hostility towards the Host!”

“Ding! This item is a consumable and can only be used once, effective for one hour! Only the Host may use it!”

Su Ming’s heart leapt with joy upon hearing the notification. He gave a slight nod after reviewing the conditions. The System was indeed meticulous in its considerations.

Otherwise, he could just hand it over to some tycoon and have them hand over all their wealth.

That would create utter chaos.

Moreover, Young Master Su wasn’t that sort of person.

If he wanted to get rich, no problem—he’d farm the land diligently.

The soil was rich with potential.

Su Ming continued his harvest.

Most of what remained were puppet control pills.

After a final tally,

He had a total of 20 green banana plants.

One Divine Level singing skill.

Su Ming had a hunch that this skill emerged because he was at a concert.

Had he been at a boxing match, perhaps it would have been a Divine Level boxing skill!

Three skills underwent evolution.

The third skill, once evolved, became the Stamina Talent.

It enhanced his physical condition, allowing Su Ming to go without food or water for extended periods. He could also binge eat and drink without issue, as his digestive system could rapidly process all the intake.

All things considered, it was quite impressive.

He had 16 puppet control pills left and didn't exchange any for points.

As if! As the protagonist of a novel, he was bound to face a string of villains. Exchange these valuable items for points?

That would be a waste!

"Ding! Crop successfully harvested, earning 1,000,000 experience points! Additional reward: 300,000!"

"Ding! Item recycled. Congratulations, Host, for gaining 200,000 experience points! Additional reward: 60,000!"

"Ding! Congratulations on leveling up!"

Farmer: Su Ming

Level: LV13

Experience: 5,897,200 / 15,000,000

Farm: Level Three

Breeding: Level Three

Ranch: Level Three

Aquaculture: Level Three

Skills: Intermediate Blessing from Plants, Initial Scanning Ability, Intermediate Stamina Talent, Mosquito Immune System, Advanced Experience Buff 30, Divine Instrument, Proficient Combat, Divine Level Carving Skill, Divine Level Singing Skill

Planting Points: 6201

Breeding Points: 920

Herding Points: 1040

Aquaculture Points: 860

Servant: Yuvyuv's top-tier intelligence has been developed 5 times, level: ???; Robot Su Xiaoqing's beginner intelligence has been developed 100 times, level: Level Four. The Host may change the name. Knowledge acquired by Xiaoqing can be shared with the Host. The Host can initiate operation at any time!

Damn it!

I've finally leveled up, and it wasn't easy!

Let's see how much experience I need for the next level.

What the...

15 million?!

Who has ever heard of needing 15 million experience points to get to level 13 in a game?

This is just too much!

Su Ming couldn't help but vent his frustration. The road to leveling up is indeed a long one.

"Ding! Your upgrade reward is being generated..."

"Ding! Your reward has been generated!"

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C587 – The Dali Sailors Pineapple!

The path to upgrading seemed incredibly long, yet Su Ming was remarkably composed about the whole process.

He had noticed that after his level increased, particularly when all the land and the other three areas reached Level Three, the points and experience he could earn had significantly increased!

This was especially true in the farming area, the sole place where Su Ming could gain experience.

The boost was substantial!

Take, for instance, the green banana plant from before.

One plant was worth a whopping 50,000 points!

But leveling up? It was a trivial matter!

Su Ming's focus was now on the post-upgrade rewards.

“Ding! Congratulations, Host, you have obtained a passive skill: The Damn Charm of a Man!”

“Ding! The System has detected that the male lead is still a virgin. To liberate the male lead's left and right princesses, this passive skill is provided.”

“Passive skill, The Damn Charm of a Man: Host's attraction to the opposite sex increased by 500, Host's temperament increased by 500, Host's combat strength increased by 100!”

???

Su Ming was dumbfounded when he heard the notification in his mind.

Damn it!

‘System, come out here. What's the meaning of this? Are you mocking me?’

‘I...’

‘Yes! You’re absolutely right!’

[But with my good looks and charm...]

Isn’t getting a girlfriend a piece of cake?]

And what’s with the last part about increasing combat power by 100?

System, do you doubt my abilities?

I...

[My combat power is extraordinary, alright?]

[I’ve never fought before.]

‘But that’s no reason to belittle me!’

‘Tch!’

‘Hmph!’

‘I won’t stoop to your level.’

Despite his internal eye roll, Su Ming’s lips curled into a satisfied smile.

Ah...

This skill was actually quite impressive.

After all, what man would reject the affection of women?

Su Ming was no different.

He too relished the idea of being surrounded by beautiful women.

Hold on!

Wait a second!

The System mentioned attraction to the opposite sex...

That includes middle-aged women...

The thought of being encircled by a crowd of women past their fifties, their faces aglow with adoration, struck Su Ming.

Oh my goodness!

I shivered uncontrollably!

Hiss!

I gasped in a breath of chilly air and quickly banished the terrifying thought from my mind.

Right!

It was already two or three in the morning, and the System had refreshed. Knowing the System's usual behavior, it had surely rolled out new Level Three crops.

Without hesitation, Su Ming pulled out his phone.

Sure enough!

There was indeed a new Level Three crop!

Popeye's spinach!

Uh...

Popeye's spinach...

Uh...

Was this meant for me to rescue Popeye's girlfriend, Olive?

What a name.

Great!

Just great, really great!

It doesn't matter what you name it, as long as it turns out to be something worthwhile!

I'm quite easily pleased!

Yep!

That's the way!

Without another word, Su Ming exchanged the seeds from the warehouse.

He hurried over to take a look.

What?!

What the heck is this?!

This, this, this...

Normal spinach seeds were small, tiny oval orbs, about the size of sunflower seeds, with a pointed end.

But the seeds Su Ming was holding...

Uh...

How can I describe them? It's quite indescribable.

They were actually miniature dolls of a muscle-bound sailor.

His muscles were bulging.

His eyes sparkled!

There must have been an electronic voice box attached!

The phrase it belted out was utterly outrageous!

"Olly, give it to me!!!"

What the...

Su Ming fought back the urge to spew blood. Was this System seriously toxic?

Why couldn't it just give me a proper seed instead of this nonsense?

What a royal pain!

After grumbling to himself, Su Ming took the seed and headed to the field.

He was just about to plant it when Little Qing chimed in.

"Brother, since you unlocked the System, you've been farming non-stop. Brother, even the land gets tired..."

"Hmm? Really? Isn't there a saying that there are only exhausted oxen, not overworked soil?"

Su Ming said instinctively.

No sooner had he spoken than Little Qing's cheeks flushed red.

She bowed her head, her hands clasped in front of her, twisting back and forth.

Her face turned beet red.

"Hmm? What's the matter? Is there a problem with one of your components?"

Su Ming wore a look of confusion.

"No... It's fine..."

Little Qing quickly shook her head, turned, and walked away... She had left...

Little Qing was unwaveringly loyal to him. Whenever she was at home, she would stay by his side unless he issued a specific command.

This was the first time she had left on her own.

What was happening? Was there a problem? It didn't seem likely.

Then it hit Su Ming. Could Little Qing have understood what he had just said?

Oh no!

It was highly likely!

Lately, whenever he was away from home or asleep, Little Qing would be learning from the computer.

The computer was a vast resource, impossible to master all at once, but picking up some basic human scientific knowledge like cooking, playing musical instruments, programming, and calculus was well within reach.

But the computer's vast ocean of information contained more than just educational material.

For example, those overly simplistic adult films that one or two people could act out.

Su Ming had guessed correctly. Just last night, Little Qing had stumbled upon such a website and had seen quite a few scenes.

Being an intelligent robot, she possessed not only absolute loyalty to Su Ming but also human-like emotions.

And human-like sensations.

In other words, aside from her mechanical skeleton and some essential devices, she was not much different from a human.

That's why she felt incredibly shy after visiting those websites, yet she was also curious and had learned quite a bit.

Even a small part of her experienced longing.

"Goodness, I must be the first person in the world to make that kind of joke with a robot and actually have the robot understand it..."

Su Ming blinked.

"Yuvyuv, was Little Qing correct?"

Su Ming inquired mentally.

Yuvyuv was his premier artificial intelligence, with a level surpassing Little Qing's!

Little Qing could be seen as a product of the System, while Yuvyuv served as the System's embodiment and assistant.

"Little Qing is indeed correct. Yuvyuv suggests that the Host take a week's rest!"

"Continuing to farm afterward will increase the chances of yielding quality produce!"

Yuvyuv responded in his mind.

"Okay."

After pondering for a moment, Su Ming nodded and then pocketed the seed that Olly had given him.

Stop yelling!

Actually, if you give it some thought, it's pretty clear. It's just like farming in real life.

The soil goes through a period of exhaustion. After a while, it needs a proper break to recover.

Even though Su Ming has the System, the drastically reduced time between planting and harvest means the soil must be incredibly worn out.


Right!

Taking a break is a good idea. Consider it a vacation for himself.

With that in mind, Su Ming didn't dwell on it. Once he had harvested everything, he planned to take a week off. Once all the land had been rejuvenated, he would plant anew all at once!

That's the plan, perfect!

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C588 – Xiao Ke'er's News

Reflecting on the situation, Su Ming decided not to push the matter any further. After storing the seeds safely back in the warehouse, he returned to his villa and promptly fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, as Su Ming was just waking up, he heard a knock at the door. Upon opening it, he was greeted by a face he hadn't seen in ages.

"Xiao Chen? What brings you here, you rascal? Did you finish the Trimetric Classic?" Su Ming asked, his smile beaming.

Standing at the doorway was Xiao Chen, looking worried. However, his expression quickly soured at Su Ming's question.

"Brother-in-law, give it a rest. I never want to see the Trimetric Classic again; I almost threw up from copying it so much," Xiao Chen complained, visibly shuddering at the memory, a clear sign of his deep aversion.

Su Ming chuckled heartily. "Okay, okay, I'll stop teasing. What's up? Is something wrong?"

Xiao Chen snapped back to reality, realizing he had been sidetracked by Su Ming's teasing. He slapped his forehead and blurted out in a rush, "Brother-in-law, I can't get ahold of Kemeng!"

"What?" Su Ming's brow furrowed, and his demeanor turned grave. "Kemeng is missing?"

Xiao Chen nodded emphatically.

"Come inside," Su Ming instructed, ushering Xiao Chen into the house and closing the door behind them. They took their seats. "Quick, tell me what happened."

Without wasting another second, Xiao Chen began to explain.

To secure the building for Su Ming, Xiao Ke'er had agreed to work as an assistant to the company's boss for one year. Until recently, everything had been running smoothly, especially since the Xiao family's ancestral home and main business were both located in the capital, where most of the family resided. Despite the patriarch's preference to stay here, there was no cause for concern—the capital was their stronghold, and the influence of its prominent families was not to be underestimated.

However, the previous night, the Xiao family's butler had made a distressing call. He reported that the young miss had not returned home for over twenty-four hours. Initially, it was assumed she was held up by work, but upon contacting the company, even Boss Faang was puzzled. He confirmed that Xiao Ke'er had not shown up for work in over a day, leading everyone to believe she might be unexpectedly detained.

The butler was immediately seized by panic.

After an exhaustive search yielded no results, he reluctantly called the patriarch.

Old Master Xiao was instantly fraught with worry and anger.

Xiao Chen was also distressed. After much deliberation, he decided to first share the troubling news with his brother-in-law.

"Hmm..."

Su Ming furrowed his brow, pondering deeply as he stroked his chin.

The Xiao family, based in the capital, ranks among the imperial court's most prestigious families.

Their influence extends deeply into both the highest levels of government and the business sector.

They preside over hundreds of companies.

Their assets total in the hundreds of billions.

The family has expanded greatly over countless generations.

Currently, Old Master Xiao reigns as the family's patriarch. He had several brothers, two of whom are still living.

Among the twenty-plus sons of their generation, Xiao Ke'er's father stands out as the most distinguished.

This is a well-recognized fact within the family, known for their solidarity, far removed from the cutthroat sibling rivalries depicted in television dramas.

Xiao Ke'er, as the family's young heiress, epitomizes the best of her generation in both looks and intellect.

The biological daughter of the future head of the family, she garners immense attention. Her disappearance would be understandable if it occurred in a distant place, but how could she vanish from her own stronghold?

"Brother-in-law, could something have happened to my sister...?"

Xiao Chen couldn't hide his concern.

"Have you called the police?"

"Yes, they're on the case. They've even checked the surveillance footage. The last sighting of my sister was in a park in Beijing. She appeared to be waiting for someone. After about half an hour, she left and entered a blind spot in the camera's view, never to reappear."

Suddenly, Xiao Chen remembered something and pulled out his phone to show a video clip.

In the video, Xiao Ke'er sat on a park bench, exuding her usual noble aura, dressed in a long gown, her demeanor serene.

She occasionally checked her phone, seemingly awaiting someone.

Eventually, Xiao Ke'er rose and walked off, vanishing from the camera's eye.

"My parents have rushed back to the capital to assist in the search. The urgency of the situation caused Old Master Xiao to fall ill once again. Fortunately, it was just a bout of acute distress, nothing serious."

"The real issue is, if we can't find my sister, my father's peace of mind will be at stake. No amount of rest will suffice."

Xiao Chen was extremely anxious.

"You stay here to look after the Old Master, and I'll make a trip to the capital," he suggested.

Su Ming rose to his feet.

"Alright, I'll entrust my brother-in-law to your care."

“Go ahead.”

Aware of the gravity of the situation, Su Ming didn't dare to waste any time. He quickly booked a flight on his phone and sped off to the airport.

Little Qing stayed behind.

She remained at home to tend to things.

After all, watering, fertilizing, and caring for the animals in the three areas required attention.

Su Ming opted for first class.

He made his way into the VIP lounge.

In contrast to the bustling main hall, it was sparsely populated and quiet.

The lounge boasted spacious sofas, ample air conditioning, and complimentary coffee—everything one could need.

Before long, an attendant approached to inform Su Ming that it was time to board. Carrying nothing but a few essential documents, he followed the attendant through the expedited pathway and settled into his first-class seat early.

The first-class cabin had a total of eight seats.

Su Ming's was by the window.

Next to him sat a young woman adorned with sunglasses, a mask, and a hat.

Though her face was obscured, it was clear from her poise and aura that she was strikingly beautiful.

Across the aisle, a slick middle-aged man, bald and decked out in a suit and tie, exuded the vibe of a self-made success as he boastfully regaled a young woman with tales of his company's grand achievements.

The young woman, however, seemed disinterested. Her slightly furrowed brow indicated impatience, yet she politely nodded in response.

“Excuse me, this is my seat,” Su Ming said, standing before the young woman with his ticket in hand.

“Hmm?”

The young woman paused, momentarily confused. With so few seats in first class, how could she have mistaken hers? She checked her ticket again—no error.

As she looked up, intending to assert her correctness, she caught sight of Su Ming's clear eyes and strikingly handsome face.

Her heart seemed to miss a beat, and she found herself momentarily mesmerized.

Upon witnessing the scene, Su Ming couldn't suppress a snicker.

Oh, the curse of this man's irresistible charm!

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C589 – You Can't Even Flirt with Me!

“Hello?”

Su Ming feigned ignorance, a smile playing on his lips.

“Huh?”

The woman, who had been the picture of composure since boarding the plane, suddenly felt a wave of panic. “Sorry, I took the wrong seat...”

She quickly moved to Su Ming's seat.

With Su Ming now beside her, the woman's heart raced.

Oh no!

What was happening to her?

Why was she feeling this way about a stranger?

She was quite the beauty, with no shortage of admirers since childhood. She had always been unflappable, so why was she slipping today...

But even her composure was no match for the allure of the System.

Deep down, she knew Su Ming had switched seats for her benefit.

The middle-aged man in the aisle bristled with anger at the sight.

He shot Su Ming a venomous glare.

Su Ming paid him no mind.

The man was in his forties, with a greasy look and the ostentatious style of a nouveau riche, his belly straining against his seatbelt.

Did this guy really think he could charm a beauty like her?

Wishful thinking!

Despite the setback, the middle-aged man wasn't ready to throw in the towel. He gave Su Ming a sly grin. "Young man, is this your first time in first class? Heading to the capital, are you?"

"No."

Su Ming shook his head.

"Hmm?"

The man paused, confused. "But isn't this the direct flight to the capital?"

"If you know, why ask?"

Su Ming's response was cool and collected.

The woman next to him couldn't help but laugh.

The middle-aged man's face soured, as if he had swallowed something bitter.

Yet he persisted.

"Young man, it's been quite chilly in the capital these days. You might be underdressed..."

He pressed on.

"No worries, I've got a strong constitution."

Su Ming replied with an easy smile.

The middle-aged man's face twisted in annoyance.

Damn!

Was he bragging to me? How did he know about my health issues?

Wait a minute!

What does a strong constitution have to do with not feeling the cold?

But the man was undeterred, his thick skin evident as he continued to engage despite Su Ming's subtle rebuffs.

"You're quite young, little brother. Must have just graduated, right? Heading to the capital to job hunt?" The middle-aged man asked, all smiles.

"No," Su Ming replied, shaking his head.

"Oh? Then what's the..." The middle-aged man paused, a bit taken aback.

"Job hunting is such a grind. A wealthy woman in the capital is keeping me, so I'm off to live a life of leisure," Su Ming said, grinning.

"I..." The middle-aged man was at a loss for words. This was the first time he'd been rendered speechless in a conversation, completely shut down.

[Some people are kept but would never dare admit it for fear of losing face. How can you say it so boldly?]

"Little brother, please don't kid around. So, what's your reason for heading to the capital?" The middle-aged man craned his neck to look at the young woman sitting next to Su Ming.

The young woman pulled down the brim of her hat and put on her headphones, her head lowered.

I didn't hear anything, I didn't hear a thing!

Su Ming chuckled to himself and turned back around. "Uncle, she clearly doesn't want to engage with you. Why press the issue?"

The uncle shook his head. "You shouldn't speak like that, young man. The capital is a wonderful place, after all. You'll need to find somewhere to stay once you land, right? It just so happens my company's driver will be at the airport. If it's not too much trouble, I can take you there," he offered with a smug smile.

If I can't impress with looks, I'll impress with status and wealth, Su Ming thought, amused.

He got the picture.

The man was flaunting his status, hinting that he was a company boss, wealthy and influential.

"Sorry, not interested," Su Ming replied crisply.

"Not interested," echoed the young woman.

The middle-aged man's face turned beet red.

Is this how young people talk these days?

The generational divide seemed too wide to bridge, and he found himself at a loss for words.

After a moment of awkward silence, the middle-aged man gave up trying to converse.

Su Ming breathed a sigh of relief.

Just then, the plane began to taxi slowly from the boarding gate toward the runway, then suddenly picked up speed, thrusting the passengers back in their seats.

Shortly after, the aircraft ascended into the sky.

Once the flight leveled out, the persistent middle-aged man tried his luck at conversation once more.

"Kid, it's your first time in the capital, right? There are some things you might not be aware of. There are places that seem unassuming but can be quite pricey. Make sure you don't end up in the wrong spot."

"Some of those places can cost tens of thousands for just one night."

He attempted to strike up a conversation again.

"Thanks for the advice, but a friend is meeting me," Su Ming responded with a gentle smile.

"A friend? You have friends in Beijing? What do they do?" the middle-aged man inquired.

"They're with the Xiao family," Su Ming replied.

"The Xiao family?" The man looked puzzled for a moment, furrowing his brow and scratching his head in confusion. "Never heard of them. With all these families coming and going, I suppose they're not that well-known."

At this remark, the woman sitting next to Su Ming couldn't contain her laughter.

Oh, dear uncle, you've never heard of the Xiao family, yet you claim to be so knowledgeable and capable?

They're one of the capital's most distinguished families, you know? They wield significant power.

They own so many companies that any one of them could easily overshadow yours.

Su Ming was somewhat at a loss for words. He had intended to speak the truth to silence the man, but it turned out he was clueless.

"Uncle, if you're not familiar with them, it's best not to continue. Maybe you could look them up online after we land," the young woman interjected.

There's no need to make a fool of yourself, especially with so many people on board.

The middle-aged man was taken aback. What did she mean? Had he misspoken?

"Uncle, the Xiao family is one of the capital's elite clans, with assets in the hundreds of billions."

"They own numerous companies. Ever heard of the Four Seasons Hotel? That's just one of their many enterprises."

The young woman had had enough of the man's bothersome chatter and decided to lay out all she knew.

Upon hearing this, the middle-aged man's expression soured. The Four Seasons Hotel was just a fraction of their holdings?

He did run his own company in the capital, but it was modest, with assets merely in the tens of millions. In comparison, he fell short by quite a margin.

He had been prancing around, trying to impress, only to realize he was the fool in the room.

"Come on, young man, you're not being straight with me, are you?"

The middle-aged uncle seemed somewhat annoyed.

"What do you mean, not being straight?"


"Look, I've been completely upfront with you. I haven't said a word more than you have. How am I being dishonest?"

“I get it, you’re trying to catch the eye of a young lady. But I told you already, the Xiao family is picking me up. How is it my fault if you weren’t aware?”

.....

The uncle just clammed up.

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C590 – Found It

The middle-aged man turned his head away and closed his eyes, perhaps questioning his life choices at that moment.

“I’ll definitely check when I get off the plane. Could they have conspired to deceive me?”

The young woman leaned toward Su Ming and whispered a soft “Thank you!”

“It’s no big deal. I always enjoy playing the hero,” Su Ming replied with a chuckle.

They were peers with shared interests, and they struck up a lively conversation on the plane. The middle-aged man listening nearby felt like his head was about to explode.

Seriously? Was this designed to infuriate him?

They added each other as friends during the flight, and soon enough, the plane touched down safely at the airport. As soon as they were allowed to disembark, the middle-aged man grabbed his bag and left in a hurry.

It was his first time in first class, and it had never felt so interminable; he would have preferred economy!

With Xiao Ke’er’s disappearance being a pressing matter, Su Ming quickly bid farewell to the young woman and departed. The butler was already waiting at the airport entrance. Once in the car, with Su Ming in the passenger seat, the butler briefed him on the situation.

“Our Miss has been missing for 36 hours with no leads. The police are searching, but to no avail...” The butler was visibly distressed, wracked with worry and a sense of guilt.

The family had always taken great care to protect Xiao Ke’er, but they had let their guard down in the safety of their own stronghold and the capital’s secure environment. They hadn’t anticipated that a crisis would still arise.

Su Ming remained silent, his head bowed in deep thought. Suddenly, he looked up, "Butler, do you have a map?"

"A map?" The butler was taken aback. Why would they need a map now?

"Just trust me, I need it," Su Ming said earnestly.

"Okay," the butler agreed, nodding. "There's a newsstand nearby; they should have one."

"Good, and pick up a compass as well."

"A compass?!" The butler was completely baffled.

He could understand the need for a map, but a compass? What for?

Since Su Ming had instructed him so, he didn't dare to question it and simply went about the task obediently. The butler parked the car at the curb, purchased a map of the capital from a newsstand, and then acquired a compass from the neighboring stationery store. He handed the items to Su Ming and continued driving, with Su Ming unfolding the map in the passenger seat.

With the compass in hand, Su Ming measured a twenty-kilometer radius and began to draw circles from the center of the capital. Several large circles adorned the map, encompassing the entire city, with some overlapping to ensure there were no gaps. Su Ming then marked certain centers with a pen and instructed the butler, "Butler, we'll visit these locations one by one."

"Eh... Alright," the butler replied, his confusion evident. What exactly was Su Ming up to? But he remembered his family's advice before he left: Mr. Su is free to do as he pleases; don't ask questions.

The butler dutifully drove to the nearest marked location. Once there, Su Ming stepped out of the car and, standing by the roadside, retrieved a bamboo dragonfly from his pocket. Though the dragonfly was usually kept at home, Su Ming had a portal at his disposal. He wrote Xiao Ke'er's name on a slip of paper, attached it to the dragonfly, and released it. The dragonfly hovered and circled in the air before landing and gradually vanishing. No sign of Xiao Ke'er was found. Su Ming wasn't surprised or rushed; he hadn't expected to find her on his first attempt.

Su Ming then re-entered the car. In summary, he visited several locations, each time performing what seemed like an enigmatic ritual to the befuddled butler. Was this man trustworthy, or was he a charlatan? Had the butler picked up the wrong person? Something seemed off, but he dared not voice his concerns. His family had emphasized that this man was a sage, not to be offended.

The steward wouldn't dream of objecting.

They quickly reached the fifth location.

It was the usual procedure, yet this time the dragonfly unexpectedly took off in a specific direction.

"Found it!"

A gleam of excitement shone in Su Ming's eyes as he swiftly boarded the vehicle and commanded, "Butler, make a left turn!"

???

The butler was utterly baffled. How on earth did you find it?

What in the world? How did you manage that?

Do you possess some kind of supernatural vision or a nose that can detect scents from afar?

This is just too incredible, isn't it?

But the butler obediently followed the instructions.

I dare not speak, nor do I dare to question.

The dragonfly was exceptionally smart, pausing in midair every so often to ensure Su Ming could keep up, and its flight path mirrored the roads below.

Despite his doubts, the butler's actions were swift, pressing the gas pedal firmly. What if it were true? After all, the family had gone to great lengths to bring Su Ming here and had emphasized the importance of treating him with care, signifying his exceptional talents.

Before long, the dragonfly halted at the entrance of a residential complex.

"Stop the car!"

The butler hit the brakes, bringing the vehicle to a standstill. Once Su Ming exited, he turned to the butler and said, "Stay here. I'll be right back with your young miss."

With that, Su Ming strode into the complex.

The butler was left in a state of bewilderment.

I'm seriously tempted to start a live stream and ask the viewers.

How did he pull it off?

Are the youth of today really this adept?

Has technology advanced once more?

Ah, it's tough keeping up with the times when you're getting older. This method of finding someone is quite unconventional...

But then again, that doesn't add up. Normally, the police would have the most sophisticated methods for finding someone.

How could they have failed?

The butler's mind was a tangled mess, unable to make heads or tails of the situation.

The bamboo dragonfly observed Su Ming entering the complex and moving toward a certain direction, with Su Ming running after it.

Shortly thereafter, the bamboo dragonfly arrived at the third floor of a building in the complex, hovering slowly by a window before dissolving into tiny points of light.

Found it!

A rush of elation filled Su Ming, and he quickly made his way into the building.

Upon reaching the third floor, Su Ming noted there were three apartments in total. The one visited by the bamboo dragonfly must be apartment 301. He examined the door closely. It was nothing out of the ordinary, just a typical residential unit.

"Knock, knock, knock!"

Su Ming rapped on the door.

"Who's there?"

A distinctly impatient voice echoed from inside.

"Delivery," Su Ming announced cheerfully from the doorway.

"Delivery?"

The voice inside sounded confused. "Did any of you order food?"

“No, we didn’t. Maybe it’s a wrong delivery. Let’s just bring it in and eat it anyway,” another voice suggested.

Following the brief exchange, the door swung open.

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