

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

## **#Chapter 611 - Read The Billion-Value Lands Are Just For Farming Chapter 611**

C611 – You Can't Believe It

The young man was on the verge of tears.

He had believed himself to be the coolest guy from the capital, expecting everyone to fawn over him. But now...

He felt like it was all over!

[I don't want to die!]

So many beautiful women are out there waiting for my rescue...

Sobbing ensued...

With no other option, the young man had to dial 911 himself.

Yet, emergency responders were already on-site.

When the call from the ambulance headquarters reached them, they arrived with stern faces.

"Come and lie down here!"

A doctor directed him to the stretcher with an icy demeanor.

"Sure thing!"

The once haughty young man, now too scared to make a peep, quickly got up and compliantly lay on the stretcher.

"Take off your shoes!"

"Alright, alright!"

But then, a cloud of green smoke wafted up.

"Damn! Just keep them on; they're unbearably stinky!"

“Jesus! Don’t smoke!”

“Good lord! Is that a chemical weapon?”

The surrounding doctors pinched their noses at the stench. My goodness!

After years in medicine, I’ve encountered my fair share of foot odor, but this level of stench is unprecedented!

Embarrassed, the young man was carted away by the group.

Switching to Su Ming’s situation.

The helicopter had arrived, and all parties were in position, awaiting the command.

A deluge of water purification tablets cascaded into the reservoir, instantly restoring the water to its normal state.

“Haha, fantastic, this is truly excellent. Thank you, Mr. Su, thank you!”

“Mr. Su, on behalf of the Water Conservancy Bureau and the authorities, we are grateful!”

“Mr. Su, rest assured, I’ll go right away to request your reward!”

Director-general Zhang and others eagerly expressed their gratitude.

“There’s no need for thanks; I’m a fellow Eastsea resident.”

Su Ming smiled. “I live downtown. Just ask around when you arrive, and you’ll find I have more. Send someone to collect them, and remember to bring a large vehicle.”

“A large vehicle?!”

Director-general Zhang was momentarily taken aback.

But he didn’t dare question further; Mr. Su’s word was enough.

“Absolutely! You can count on me.”

Director-general Zhang nodded eagerly, and Su Ming departed with Xiao Ke’er.

Shortly after arriving home, a knock echoed from the door.

Su Ming opened it to a surprising sight.

Wow!

What a crowd!

Director-general Zhang was at the forefront, proudly holding a silk banner!

Eastsea Savior!

A throng of media reporters followed, and numerous onlookers gazed on with curiosity.

"Mr. Su, we owe you a debt of gratitude for your assistance. Without you, this crisis would have been a major ordeal," Zhang expressed.

"On behalf of the government and our community, I extend our thanks to you, Mr. Su."

"Furthermore, here is a certificate from the government. You are now a special expert with our Water Conservancy Bureau."

"But rest assured, we won't impose on your time under normal circumstances," Director-general Zhang added hastily.

"Uh..."

Su Ming blinked, exchanged a glance with Xiao Ke'er, and then nodded. Official recognition was definitely a positive, especially since he was farming right in the city center.

Urban planning is a significant matter, and his farming activities had undoubtedly caught the attention of the authorities.

Yet, they had remained silent, probably due to other concerns or considerations.

Now that he had official approval, it seemed his urban farming might have received a nod from the officials.

This was indeed a good turn of events for him.

"By the way, Mr. Su, you mentioned you had something else..." Director-general Zhang said, rubbing his hands anxiously.

"Oh, I would have completely forgotten if you hadn't mentioned it," Su Ming said, smacking his forehead and looking aside. "Didn't I ask you to find a larger vehicle?"

Director-general Zhang turned around, puzzled, then saw a pickup truck. "Mr. Su, surely this pickup truck is large enough, right?"

“Hmm...”

Su Ming mulled it over for a few minutes. “Wait here, please.”

He then went back inside the villa and soon emerged carrying two large gourds. He had previously mentioned that these gourds were quite large, at least half as tall as a person. Su Ming, being over 1.8 meters tall himself, meant the gourds were over a meter in height.

Each gourd weighed close to 100 kilograms.

Su Ming was one of the few who could manage such a feat; ordinary people simply couldn't lift them.

Director-general Zhang glanced over.

Hey!

I had assumed it was more significant, but these two gourds, though large, can easily fit into a pickup truck, right?

After Su Ming set them down,

He turned back and fetched two more.

Oh!

There were actually four of them. No issue for the pickup truck, then. Despite not being very thick, fitting four would still be a breeze.

But then, Su Ming brought out two more.

Yet another pair.

And two more...

Long story short, Su Ming ended up bringing out sixteen in total...

He kept four back at his place, just in case.

Director-general Zhang was dumbfounded.

Sixteen in all!

Each stood half as tall as a person and weighed over 100 pounds. Together, the sixteen weighed nearly a ton!

While the pickup truck could handle the weight, fitting a ton of cargo was no problem; the real issue was space.

“Quick, quick, quick! Get the truck!”

“Exactly, get the truck over here now!”

Director-general Zhang turned and barked orders, as his team scrambled about. Soon after, a truck arrived.

“Director-general Zhang!”

Just then, a desperate voice cut through the air, causing everyone to freeze and turn. They saw a young man in a hospital gown, leaning on crutches, his face pale, accompanied by another man holding an IV bag.

“What are you doing here?”

Director-general Zhang’s heart sank at the sight.

“Director-general Zhang, I traveled from the capital to assist you, and now I’ve been poisoned. You didn’t even visit me in the hospital...”

“I’m telling you, this isn’t over. I’ll report everything once I’m back in the capital!”

“What kind of nonsense is supposed to purify water? For all we know, it could contain hormones!”

“It could pose a severe threat to the entire city!”

The young man yelled, then quickly turned to a journalist.

“Comrade journalist, you must get this story out.”

“The reservoir’s water is contaminated with heavy metals; it’s not something that can be cleansed by just anything.”

“This guy must have added some other hormone to the water to achieve such impressive results.”

“If it’s used by the general populace, it could have irreversible effects on their health.”

“These individuals will stop at nothing to maintain the illusion of peace. It’s all a self-directed farce. As a senior researcher from the Capital’s Institute, I stand for the nation and for science. You mustn’t take their word for it!”

The young man exclaimed, his voice breaking as tears and snot streamed down his face. The onlookers were frozen in shock. Could this actually be true?

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C612 – You Have Misunderstood

Seeing the confusion and skepticism on the faces of those around him, the young man quickly pulled out his work ID from his pocket.

“Please look, everyone. I am from the Beijing Research Institute,” he declared.

“What I say represents both the Beijing Research Institute and science itself!”

“Don’t let him deceive you!”

The young man yelled emphatically.

The crowd started to give credence to his claims.

In this digital age, with technology at our fingertips, verifying such information online was a simple task.

“Ah! The young man is correct. Heavy metal pollution is a serious issue and tough to tackle. How could it possibly be resolved so quickly?”

“Could it really be a hoax?”

“We should probably call our relatives and tell them to avoid using the water for now.”

Reporters were snapping photos like mad, sensing a major scoop. If aired, this story could create an uproar...

Just then, two vans sped by in the distance.

The vans were moving at an impressive clip.

Onlookers were taken aback. Could vans even go that fast?

Were they trying to take flight?

Director-general Zhang was equally shocked before his brow furrowed in displeasure. “What’s happening? Who are they? This is the city center; why are they driving so recklessly?”

The traffic police were not pleased either. Did they look like decorations?

“Stop, all of you, stop! What do you think you’re doing? This is the city center; speeding endangers lives!”

“Exactly, what’s your intention? You’re playing with people’s lives!”

“Come to a halt immediately, all of you stop!”

The traffic officers hurried to intercept them. With so many people around, if the vans lost control and charged in, the outcome would be disastrous. They couldn’t afford to let such an incident occur.

But as soon as the vehicles came to a stop, the doors flew open, and a group of white-haired elders emerged.

The sight brought the young man to the brink of tears.

At last, reinforcements had arrived!

Indeed, these elders were from the Beijing Research Institute, including a senior professor leading the team.

They were esteemed national figures, brimming with experience and significant achievements in water management.

“Teachers, professors, you’ve finally made it!”

“I’ve come all the way to Eastsea, and instead of a warm welcome, I nearly met my end.”

“He must have cut corners to make the water seem clean. Teacher, you must conduct a thorough investigation. We cannot let the people be swindled...”

The young man lunged forward and clung to the leg of one of the elders, sobbing uncontrollably.

“Scram!”

Almost immediately, the elder kicked the young man away.

He rushed over to Su Ming, beaming with a smile. “Ah, Mr. Su, I was wondering if you might still have any of those small, round pills left. Could you spare one for an old man...”

“Even half a pill would do, or just some scraps – I’d take them back for a thorough analysis!”

“Absolutely, absolutely!”

The group of elders encircled Su Ming, their excitement palpable.

The young man stood there, completely bewildered.

What was happening?

This wasn’t how things were supposed to go, was it?

“Teacher...”

He scrambled to his feet, but before he could utter another word, the elder turned and fixed him with a stern gaze. “Silence! You think I’m unaware of your antics in Eastsea? Director-general Zhang has briefed me thoroughly, even showing me the surveillance footage. You’ve tarnished the reputation of our Beijing Research Institute. As of today, you are no longer part of our ranks!”

“Furthermore, if you dare question the integrity of Mr. Su’s work, let me inform you that I’ve personally inspected the site. The water has been tested and is perfectly safe for consumption!”

“I’ve always said, don’t let a little knowledge go to your head. Haven’t you learned that education is a lifelong journey?”

The young man was struck speechless.

“This, this, this...”

It was all over!

He’d lost his job!

And to make matters worse, he’d been berated in front of an audience.

Once this story got out, not a single research institute would welcome him!

“Mr. Su, your invention is truly revolutionary!”

“Indeed, indeed. It has the potential to significantly enhance water quality, which is of utmost importance to us!”

“Mr. Su, you are...”



The elders' conversation with Su Ming grew increasingly animated.

Oh, boy!

No more tears, please!

Su Ming was overwhelmed.

Handling a crying child was one thing, but consoling a group of weeping elders? That was another challenge altogether.

Good grief!

What are you up to now, old timer?

Could you please use your own clothes to wipe your nose?

Oh my goodness!

Would you mind letting go of my hand?

You've pinched my hand so hard it hurts, did you realize that?

Damn!

I put up with you pinching my hand, but kissing it? That's just revolting!

Su Ming quickly pulled his hand away and retreated several steps. "You all can take your time examining that thing. I'm going to head out now."

With that, Su Ming hurriedly returned to the house with Xiao Ke'er and shut the door.

Slam!

The door closed firmly!

"Ah!"

The group of elderly men had much more to say, but Su Ming had shut the door on them, leaving them in a state of urgency.

"Mr. Su, please don't close the door. I have questions for you!"

"Mr. Su, I beg you to open the door. We could have a lengthy discussion!"

"If it comes to it, I'm even willing to stay the night!"

Truth be told, if an otaku were inside and a group of beautiful women were knocking on his door, he'd be ecstatic.

But it was a group of excited, white-haired old men outside.

Su Ming couldn't handle it.

Please, just go away.

He was at his limit.

*Sigh...*

Back inside the villa, Su Ming finally let out a deep sigh of relief.

"Brother."

Just then, Little Qing came downstairs.

"This is..."

Xiao Ke'er immediately stood up, her gaze shifting between Little Qing and Su Ming.

Keeping a beauty hidden away?

"Then... I should get going."

A mist seemed to form over Xiao Ke'er's eyes.

She snatched up her bag and turned to leave.

Su Ming paused, surprised. Was she feeling jealous?

"Hey, hey, hey! Don't leave just yet. Let me explain!"

"She is... She's my cousin, like Su Qiu."

"Little Qing lost her parents when she was very young and was raised by the whole village. Recently, she quit her job because her boss was harassing her. My mom found out and suggested that Little Qing come to work as my assistant."

"Little Qing doesn't have a place to stay at the moment, so she's living here. As you know, my villa is quite spacious, and it's just me here."

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C613 – The Cigar Dog Is Embroidered

"It's not what you think," Su Ming quickly clarified.

"Wow! Xiao Qing, you look absolutely gorgeous!"

In a flash, Xiao Ke'er tossed her bag aside, paying no attention to Su Ming, and eagerly approached to shake hands and chat with Xiao Qing.

Su Ming stood off to the side, visibly frustrated.

That was a quick turnaround!

I nearly threw my back out!

"We're going to hit the shops. You just stay home," Xiao Ke'er said cheerfully after a brief exchange, then whisked Xiao Qing away without further ado.

Su Ming, seated on the couch and half-watching TV, sighed in resignation.

Fine, off you go.

I might as well check on the breeding zone.

The cigar dogs should be...

Mature?

That's not quite the right word.

But no better term comes to mind.

Time to send them on their way!

As the pair left the house, Su Ming cracked a smile and headed for the breeding zone.

Thanks to Little Green, Su Ming's AI, he could tap into all of its sensory inputs.

With Little Qing around, there was no chance of Xiao Ke'er making an unexpected return. And if she did, Su Ming would be forewarned.

He swung open the door to the breeding zone.

Whoa!

The place was so smoky he could barely see!

He quickly opened several windows and cranked up the air conditioning. After some time, visibility improved.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Su Ming approached a curious sight, bending down for a closer look.

What on earth?

They were supposed to be raising burning cigars.

But now...

They had transformed?

The dogs were gone, replaced by bamboo tubes with four legs and a tail, scuttling about.

What in the world?

Puzzled, Su Ming opened another door and stepped through. The bamboo tubes seemed overjoyed at his presence and scampered up to him.

He picked one up, examining its limbs and tail. In an instant, it reverted to a plain, utterly ordinary bamboo tube.

Tapping on it, he found it hollow and empty, even when shaken.

The bamboo tube was sealed tightly on all sides.

Su Ming paused to think, glanced around, and noticed a screwdriver he had previously placed by the wall. He walked over, grabbed the screwdriver, and forcefully jabbed it into the side of the bamboo tube.

“Crack!”

A sharp sound echoed as the side of the tube shattered with less resistance than Su Ming had anticipated.

Quickly setting the screwdriver aside, Su Ming reached in.

“Hmm?”

He felt something inside and hesitated. It was soft, slightly silky, and cool to the touch...

Not a snake, but something layered...

What was this?

“Ding! Congratulations, Host, you have obtained top-quality embroidery!”

A notification suddenly echoed in Su Ming’s mind, this time a brief message with no further details.

Embroidery?

Su Ming was momentarily taken aback. He hastily pulled out the object and inspected it closely, discovering it was a handkerchief.

It wasn’t large, just about the size of eight of his hands, and it was indeed embroidered, featuring a pair of mandarin ducks.

But the craftsmanship...

The embroidery was truly top-notch. Even without expertise, Su Ming could see that this was an extraordinary piece!

Turning it over, he saw an old man fishing on the reverse side.

“Holy smokes! Double-sided embroidery?!”

Su Ming was shocked, then filled with awe. Single-sided embroidery was challenging enough, but double-sided took it to a whole new level, representing the pinnacle of the embroidery world!

What stood out was not just the complexity of the embroidery; the figures were incredibly lifelike, particularly the little bird that seemed ready to take flight.

The embroidery patterns were typically exquisite, with intricate designs and nimble stitching. Upon closer examination, you could hardly notice the threads, making it appear more like a painting.

Embroidery came in many styles, some understated and elegant, others vibrant and colorful.

But regardless, the technique was what truly mattered!

Su Ming had seen several embroideries before.

They were indeed impressive, with masterful technique, especially the 22-meter long Qing Ming River Scene at the museum in the capital, which stood as the zenith of embroidery craftsmanship!

The auction price for this particular piece of embroidery reportedly soared into the tens of millions. Yet, the embroidery in Su Ming's hands was something else entirely. The handkerchief alone was incredibly soft to the touch, suggesting it was crafted from the finest silk. Held up to the sunlight, it possessed a translucent, crystalline quality, almost as if it wasn't woven from thread at all, but rather like a sheet of paper. The stitching was so densely packed that it seemed beyond the capabilities of even the most advanced modern machinery. But that was just the beginning.

The design itself was breathtakingly lifelike, with a bird that appeared to soar across the sky, its eyes brimming with a lifelike spirit. Su Ming was mesmerized by the embroidery, blinking in astonishment as he realized he had been drawn into the beauty of the pattern, a beauty so profound it bordered on the unbelievable.

Eager to explore further, Su Ming discovered that the other pieces were also embroidered, each with a unique design. "Something's not right," he thought, holding the 24 pieces of embroidery. A realization dawned on him. "No way..."

In a flurry, Su Ming gathered all the pieces and rushed to the villa's living room, laying them out on the floor one by one. "This can't be... It's actually a complete painting?!" After a careful examination, it clicked; the embroidery pieces fit together like a puzzle. In no time, Su Ming had arranged them into a stunning landscape painting.

The scene depicted an old man fishing from a boat on a river, with lush green mountains and white clouds in the distance, and a long, winding expanse of clear water. Above, a bright moon hung in the sky, accompanied by a line of egrets soaring high. Su Ming sat there on the ground, gazing in awe, feeling as though he had been transported into the painting itself, with the lake's gentle ripples and the distant calls of birds echoing around him.

Such incredible artistry! Su Ming had initially thought the System's discovery would be of little use to him, merely something to exchange for money. But now, it seemed there was much more to it than that. This piece had transcended all known levels of craftsmanship, reaching an entirely new realm of beauty.

If this item were to be brought out, it would undoubtedly attract a swarm of eager old-timers!

Incredible, just incredible!

Su Ming burst into hearty laughter.

His wallet was going to be a bit thicker this time around!

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C614 – You Came to the Wrong Place

Suddenly, Su Ming had an epiphany. Since the embroidery was double-sided, there must be a design on the reverse.

He quickly flipped through them, one after another.

Wow!

Su Ming was utterly astonished!

This... this... this...

It was actually...

The image on the back was a stark contrast to the front; it was the legendary Chang'e flying to the moon!

It was incredibly lifelike!

Absolutely stunning!

Incredible!

Su Ming blinked. Maybe he should keep this?

Get it framed.

And hang it in the living room?

Yes!

That's the plan. His living room was quite bare, so adding a piece of embroidery would be quite nice.

With that thought, Su Ming gathered the items, casually grabbed a plastic bag nearby, and tossed all the scrolls inside. Bag in hand, he sauntered off.

Since Little Qing had a key, there was no worry about her being locked out later.

Before long, Su Ming found himself in a framing shop.

The place was spacious, filled with the aroma of wood and the scent of paint.

Customers, many of whom were well-dressed and affluent, bustled in and out.

Understandably, only the well-off had the luxury to indulge in such pastimes these days.

"Welcome, sir," greeted a clerk as he approached Su Ming. "May I ask what you're looking to frame today? Or are you interested in purchasing a frame?"

"I'd like to frame an embroidery," Su Ming replied cheerfully.

"How large is it? Do you have it with you?" the clerk inquired, following protocol.

"It's right here in my pocket," Su Ming responded, lifting the bag for emphasis. The clerk's expression shifted subtly, his eyes narrowing slightly as he glanced at Su Ming's bag.

He couldn't help but feel a bit disdainful.

Embroidery wasn't as sought after as antiques or paintings, with a smaller circle of enthusiasts.

Yet, a Top Grade embroidery was something else entirely – a true treasure.

But who would carry a priceless treasure in a pocket? Especially in one of those nondescript black plastic bags you might use for grocery shopping.

"Hey there, young man, I mean no offense, but framing something in our shop can be quite costly."

"It's typically crafted from rosewood, and just one frame can set you back tens of thousands. Are you certain about this?"

The shop assistant glanced at Su Ming.

He observed that Su Ming was young, dressed simply, and not like those young couples who casually stitch a cross-stitch and look for a frame as a keepsake.

Ordinary shops might suffice, but this isn't just any place.

Can just anyone afford to come here?

Framing something here is very expensive.

"Absolutely certain," Su Ming responded with a light smile.



“Little brother, perhaps I wasn’t clear enough before. We’re talking tens of thousands, not merely tens or hundreds...”

The shop assistant blinked, reiterating the point.

As Su Ming was about to reply, the door suddenly swung open, and a white-haired elder entered, flanked by two middle-aged men. Upon seeing them, the shop assistant promptly left Su Ming to the side and greeted the newcomers enthusiastically: “Ah, what a pleasure to have you gentlemen here. Please, come inside!”

“Hmm.”

The elder, carrying an air of self-importance, grunted, “Your boss invited me, claiming he has something to show me. What might it be?”

“Oh! My apologies for not greeting you sooner, sir!”

“And welcome to you both as well.”

At that moment, a somewhat portly figure with a beaming smile descended from the upstairs.

“Boss Ding, my time is precious. What sort of treasure do you insist on showing me?”

The elder inquired with a furrowed brow.

“Mr. Qian, I assure you it’s a treasure indeed,” Boss Ding said with a secretive grin. “Just yesterday, I came into possession of two pieces of top-grade embroidery, court pieces from the Han Dynasty, no less.”

“Oh?”

The elder perked up, his face lighting up with excitement and anticipation. “Really? Well then, lead the way!”

“Certainly!”

Boss Ding quickly escorted the elder to the second floor.

The two middle-aged men followed in silence.

The shop assistant trailed behind, attending to their needs and serving tea.

Meanwhile, Su Ming was left standing alone, unfazed.

Having been through this sort of situation many times before, it no longer fazed him.

He glanced at the sign next to him.

The second floor served as another workspace where they offered framing services, albeit at a steeper price.

Su Ming ascended the stairs to the second floor. Just as he reached the doorway, he overheard voices from an adjacent private room.

“Wow! This is truly a treasure!”

“Absolutely, the quality of this embroidery is top-grade!”

“In the entire imperial court, it’s hard to find someone with better luck than you, Boss Ding. How did you manage to come across such a gem?”

“Typically, in the world of imperial court antiques, landscape paintings are the most esteemed, followed by jade artifacts. Embroidery like this is usually considered the least valuable.”

“Only the finest embroidery can hold a candle to antique landscape paintings. But this piece of embroidery you have might just surpass ordinary antique calligraphy and paintings—it’s certainly in the top tier!”

Su Ming looked over to see that the private room’s door was ajar. Several people were seated inside, marveling at a handkerchief with continuous exclamations of awe.

“Mr. Qian, I know you have a fondness for this item. If you’d like it, please, take it. Just offer me a fair price,” Boss Ding offered with a beaming smile.

“How could I possibly accept such a gesture?” the elder replied with feigned humility, yet his grip on the embroidery revealed his reluctance to let it go.

“Mr. Qian, there’s a saying: ‘A fine sword belongs in the hands of a hero.’ I’m not one for appreciating these items. They’re wasted on me, but in your hands, they’d be treasured. It’s the perfect fit,” Boss Ding insisted with a grin.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk! It’s clear why you’re so generous, Boss Ding. Rest assured, I won’t shortchange you on the price. After all, we go way back,” the old man chuckled with delight.

“Excellent, this piece is remarkable!” he continued, holding the embroidery and lavishing it with praise, his face alight with sheer pleasure.

“Furthermore, Mr. Qian, I have several other exceptional treasures here,” Boss Ding mentioned, reaching for a few boxes nearby. Crafted from red sandalwood, they undoubtedly contained items of significant value.

“Wow, Boss Ding’s fortune has really turned up lately. Where did he strike it rich? How did he come by all these wonderful items?”

The elder’s eyes sparkled at the sight, and he inquired with a beaming smile.

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C615 – Shut up

“Mr. Qian, no matter how wealthy I become, I’ll never match up to you.”

“The old saying goes, ‘a fine sword is best bestowed upon a hero.’ This item, though valuable, is not my area of expertise. Its true worth can only be realized in your hands.”

“What do we have here?”

With that, Boss Ding opened the first box to reveal a Night-Luminescent Pearl.

It was as large as a pigeon’s egg, perfectly round, and utterly translucent, a thing of great beauty.

Bathed in the light, it emitted a radiant emerald glow.

“My goodness! A Night-Luminescent Pearl of this size and quality is quite rare indeed!”

The elder gentleman, visibly impressed, took the pearl and examined it with great care, clearly delighted. “Where on earth did you find such a fine Night-Luminescent Pearl, Boss Ding?”

“Haha! Mr. Qian, it was simply a stroke of luck! On a recent trip to the countryside, I stumbled upon it quite by chance.”

“The seller thought it was just an ordinary gem and not very valuable. I managed to acquire it for less than thirty thousand.”

Boss Ding couldn’t contain his joy, nodding and smiling broadly.

“Excellent! I’ll take it!”

The old man nodded approvingly, placed the pearl back into its box, and then proceeded to open the second box.

“Oh my! This is quite the find as well. This thumb ring... could it be...?”

Upon seeing the thumb ring in the second box, the old man was taken aback. It was clear that it had been lovingly cared for over time, evidenced by a subtle sheen of oil on its surface.

"Indeed."

Boss Ding chuckled, "Mr. Qian, your discerning eye never fails. This ring once belonged to a prince during the Qing Dynasty!"

"Wow!"

Hearing this, the old man's eyes went wide with excitement, and he slapped the table in a frenzy of delight. "What a treasure, truly remarkable!"

As the conversation flowed inside the room, a disgruntled voice suddenly interrupted from outside.

"Why are you up here? Were you eavesdropping on Mr. Qian's conversation with our boss?"

The two men paused, taken aback, and turned to see Su Ming, bag in hand. Standing before Su Ming was the earlier waiter, looking decidedly on guard.

"Isn't your second floor also a place of business?" Su Ming asked with a faint smile.

"Indeed, it is a place for business, but I'll have you know, our second floor isn't just for anyone," the waiter retorted. "Only those with framed landscape paintings come up here, and not just any paintings, but the top-grade ones!"

"Do you really need to bring that shoddy cross stitch up here?" he scoffed. "Just go out, turn right, and less than 30 meters away, there's a small shop that'll frame it for a few bucks. Don't come here causing a fuss."

The waiter scrutinized Su Ming, who was dressed plainly and wore a child's watch on his wrist, looking every bit the part of someone without money.

"Oh? You're certain you want me to leave?" Su Ming asked, his smile broadening.

"What else? Am I supposed to keep you here to celebrate the New Year?" the waiter snapped back.

Suddenly, the sound of hurried footsteps echoed from the staircase. A young boy, around seven or eight years old, came bounding up with a windmill in his hand, his face alight with joy. As he ran, he called out to Boss Ding, "Daddy!"

In passing, the windmill brushed against Su Ming's plastic bag with a swish. Su Ming's bag was flimsy, the disposable kind meant for trash—hardly durable. It was fine for holding something like embroidery, but anything else, or a brush with something sharp, and it would tear apart easily.

And just like that, the embroidery Su Ming was carrying gently tumbled out of the torn bag.

"Hmm?" The waiter paused, then erupted into laughter. "Hahaha! And here I thought you had some precious treasure. That's what you call embroidery? It doesn't have a single stitch on it. You're framing a print on fabric?"

Old Qian and Boss Ding paid little attention to the incident, merely glancing over before continuing their conversation, particularly entranced by the thumb ring the elder was holding. It was a thing of beauty, truly top grade.

"Hmm?" Suddenly, something caught the old man's eye in his peripheral vision.

Whipping his head around in a hurry, he caught sight of it.

Wow!

Could this be...

The elder sprang to his feet, his eyes ablaze with fervent light, fixated on the plastic bag in Su Ming's hand and the embroidery strewn across the floor.

"This, this, this..."

The old man's mouth hung open, his body quivering with excitement, as the thumb ring slipped from his grasp.

"Clatter!"

It shattered into two pieces!

"Oh no!"

Boss Ding was in a frenzy. 'What's happening here? That cost me a pretty penny, and you just smashed it?'

Boss Ding was no fool; he quickly realized the old man must have stumbled upon something extraordinary. He stood up and peered in the same direction as the elder.

Wow!

Could this be...

Could this be the fabled...

"Did you hear me? Pack up your stuff and beat it," the waiter said, face stern as he ushered Su Ming away.

"Be quiet!"

In that instant, the elder bellowed, and with a burst of unexpected strength and speed, the septuagenarian charged forward, booting the waiter in the behind.

"Ah!!!"

Caught off guard, the waiter let out a yelp and stumbled forward, his face meeting the ground in an unfortunate encounter.

"Oh dear! Sir, is this item yours...?"

The elder rushed over to Su Ming, shakily picking up an embroidery from the ground and inquiring with utmost care.

"Yes."

Su Ming nodded.

"This, this, this... My goodness, I never thought I'd see such divine craftsmanship in my lifetime. Truly, this is Top Grade embroidery that captures the essence of nature..."

"I'm so incredibly fortunate..."

The elderly man cradled the embroidery, tears and snot streaming down his face.

Su Ming stood nearby, momentarily taken aback.

What was happening here?

Was this a case of a late-in-life child?

Crying is one thing!

But!

If you dare use my embroidery to wipe your nose, we're going to have a problem!

At that moment, Boss Ding also came rushing out, took one look, and was flabbergasted: “Is this... could this possibly be the work of the finest embroidery technique known to the craft? My goodness, even the silk thread is luminous and transparent. It must have been Top Grade silk back in the day. Nowadays, with the environment compromised by industrialization, such quality is a thing of the past. We can no longer produce silk like this. This embroidery could very well be a one-of-a-kind national treasure!”

Boss Ding stood by, shaking his head in wonder and admiration.

Such a marvel, this is truly a remarkable piece!

So rare!

Incredibly rare!

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C616 – Isn’t This Mr Su?

Boss Ding and the elderly collector stood agape, utterly speechless as they beheld Su Ming’s items.

One was the proprietor of a framing shop.

The other, an avid collector with a passion for such treasures.

They were both connoisseurs when it came to these items.

Upon laying eyes on the embroidery in Su Ming’s hands, they were practically glued to the spot.

“Fantastic! What a find!”

The collector’s hands shook and tears streamed down his face. “Young man, are you selling this or not? Rest assured, I’ll buy it no matter the cost, even if it bankrupts me!”

“Here’s what I’ll do, young man. I’ll frame it for you at no charge. I’ll use the finest wood. You retain ownership, but may I display it in my shop for a few days?”

Boss Ding eagerly interjected, having noticed the bounty of items in Su Ming’s pocket.

“Uh...”

Su Ming blinked. “This isn’t mine, is it?”

“Stop right there, lad. I get it, I completely understand!”

The old man cut him off, “500 million, how about that? Not enough? 1 billion, surely 1 billion will do?!”

“It’s not about the money...”

Su Ming scratched his head.

“Then 1.5 billion, young man. That’s my entire net worth!”

The old man spoke in haste.

“Um...”

Su Ming began to speak.

“I’ll add another five. 2 billion has to be enough, right?”

“Alright, just get out! What? You want to settle your wages? Forget it! As of today, I’m officially blacklisting you across the industry!”

Boss Ding chimed in, while casting a menacing glance at the waiter.

The waiter had just picked himself up off the floor.

He was still reeling from the fall, dazed and confused.

Then he overheard the astronomical figures being thrown around.

And Boss Ding’s declaration.

He was utterly bewildered!

Holy smokes!

Is this guy some kind of ultra-magnate?

This level of secrecy...

It’s unheard of.

This isn’t right.



You don't see tycoons carrying around their precious possessions in a tattered bag – that's just entrapment!

He had finally landed a job that was both laid-back and well-paying, only to be abruptly fired.

Missing out on a month's salary was the least of his worries; the real blow was being blacklisted from the entire industry!

The waiter was well-versed in this line of work, knowledgeable about antiques and jade wares.

Working as a waiter, carrying plates in a restaurant, was one thing, but he was accustomed to his old job. Switching careers so suddenly was jarring.

The significant difference in salary and benefits was too much for him to stomach.

It was all over!

Done for!

Yet, the waiter was merely a bit player, overlooked by the trio.

As the two were about to resume their conversation, Su Ming felt his patience wearing thin.

"Enough!"

Overwhelmed, Su Ming gestured frantically. "Calm down, let me finish speaking."

"This object, actually..."

Before Su Ming could continue, a sudden flurry of footsteps echoed from the second floor.

"Old Qian, you're really not playing fair. Rumor has it you've got several treasures and sneakily delivered them to Boss Ding. Why not let us brothers have a look?"

"Exactly, you always tantalize us with a peek at your treasures. What have you got this time?"

"We're not going to shortchange you, Boss Ding, so don't you dare compete with us for it!"

As the voices grew louder, several elderly gentlemen descended from upstairs, their hair white with age, but their spirits undiminished.

They approached with beaming smiles.

Boss Ding and the old men glanced back and inwardly cursed their luck.

The competition had arrived.

These old timers were venerable figures in the collecting world.

Recognizing the items, they were naturally inclined to vie for them.

“Goodness! Is that Mr. Su?”

“My, my! Mr. Su, it’s been ages since we’ve seen you!”

“Mr. Su, ever since my granddaughter met you, she’s been lovesick...”

“Cut it out. Just yesterday, your granddaughter polished off three roast chickens, five chicken legs, and ten pork buns!”

“You scoundrel!”

“My dear sir has long passed away. Are you suggesting you want to join him?”

“That’s it! I’ve had enough!”

In an instant, the old men were at each other’s throats.

Suddenly, wigs were flying everywhere, and white hair filled the air!

“Cough, cough!”

Boss Ding could no longer stand idly by. With a gentle cough, he caught the attention of the brawling elders.

Realizing that fighting might not be the best idea, they all released their grips on each other. Yet, they continued to glare, faces red with anger, wigs long gone, leaving a patchwork of red and white on their cheeks.

Their clothes bore the marks of the scuffle—footprints and fist imprints.

Behind them was a crowd of wealthy old collectors, accompanied by their grandchildren and a host of attendants. Upon witnessing the scene, they silently retreated to the ground floor as if nothing had happened.

[Continue, please.]

Your brawling is the secret to staying young and full of life!

Keep fighting, the more you do, the longer you'll live!

"How do you not recognize him?"

The old men straightened out their attire and looked at Su Ming with blank and puzzled expressions as Old Master Qian and Boss Ding watched.

"This..."

Both men were somewhat embarrassed by their old friends' reactions. Clearly, this young man was someone significant, yet they had no idea who he was.

"Oh my! You two almost missed out on meeting a living legend. This is Mr. Su!"

"What? It didn't click for me. Let me jog your memory."

"Do you recall someone who sold a bunch of antique paintings in Antiques City recently? And someone who discovered a national treasure..."

At that, the two men suddenly remembered. As members of the antiques community, how could they not be aware? They had simply been out of town during that time, and it's quite normal for antique enthusiasts to travel all over the country, isn't it?

"Damn! You're that young man? No wonder the name Mr. Su sounded so familiar!"

"Quick, quick, quick! Bring out the tea! The finest Longjing tea!"

"My apologies, Mr. Su. I was too quick to judge. Please, don't take offense at my ignorance."

Boss Ding rushed forward, regretting his earlier indifference. When he had come downstairs, he hadn't given Su Ming a second glance, nor had he intervened when the waiter mistreated him. What a shameful oversight.

"Please, Mr. Su!"

"Mr. Su, please take the seat of honor!"

"Please, Mr. Su!"

The cluster of elderly gentlemen behind him followed Su Ming as respectfully and dutifully as their own sons would, with great deference.

Su Ming stood still for a moment and blinked in surprise.

I haven't uttered a single word from start to finish.

You all are moving ahead rather quickly, aren't you?

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C617 – Pulling the Old Man's Clothes

As the group eagerly escorted Su Ming forward, one of the elders suddenly realized something.

"Hmm? Mr. Su, your visit this time is for...?"

This question prompted the other elders to ponder as well.

Mr. Su was no ordinary individual; he wouldn't visit this place without good reason. Could it be that he was here to unveil a rare treasure?

The idea that Su Ming was here to shop was out of the question for them; they were convinced that the shop was merely for show.

Su Ming wouldn't bother coming to such a shop to make purchases.

Moreover, Su Ming's collection was surely beyond their wildest dreams. Otherwise, he wouldn't have sold those incredibly valuable paintings by famous artists. If he truly cherished them, why not keep them for himself?

"Eh? What's this?"

One of the elders glanced down at the tattered bag in Su Ming's hand.

The bag had ripped, spilling several handkerchiefs onto the ground.

Initially, their focus was solely on Su Ming. They had glimpsed the handkerchiefs peripherally but hadn't thought much of them.

After all, what significance could a few handkerchiefs hold?

But upon closer inspection, they realized something was amiss!

"This, this, this... My goodness, could this be the long-lost... Phoenix Dance of the Nine Heavens?"

"Absolutely, the craftsmanship, the texture!"

“This artifact has reappeared in the world?”

“My god! If word of this gets out, it will surely create an uproar!”

“And the silk of these handkerchiefs...”

“No way, it’s double-sided embroidery!”

“Good heavens, it truly is double-sided embroidery. It’s a work of genius, the pinnacle of our craft in the embroidery world!”

“Plus, the artwork embroidered here appears to be from the Tang Dynasty, which holds immense historical value!”

“I never imagined Mr. Su would possess such an item!”

“The texture is so smooth. Oh, I’m so moved I could cry...”

On the sidelines, Su Ming felt like his head was going to burst. It was one thing for an elder to cry, but a whole group of them weeping together was just too much.

If anyone outside overheard, they’d surely get the wrong idea.

Who was this man?

And just like that, he walked away?

What’s with this group of old men looking so mournful?

“Mr. Su, make me an offer—I’m ready to buy this piece!”

“Back off, I’m buying it!”

“You old coot, you think you can compete with me?”

“Listen here, if you try to snatch it from me, I’ll spill the beans to your wife about your dance with Mrs. Zhang!”

“You’re despicable. Do you honestly think I’m scared of you? Don’t forget what happened between you and Mrs. Li...”

“Ha! My wife’s no longer with us. I’ve got nothing to fear. And it wasn’t just with Mrs. Li; there was Mrs. Chen too!”

“You’re impossible!”

“My second uncle’s gone too; are you that eager to follow in his footsteps?”

The old men were on the verge of coming to blows once more.

Upstairs, there was a cacophony of clattering sounds.

Crash! Bang! Pop!

Boss Ding, though a framer by trade, was also a collector at heart. The second floor was off-limits to the average person; only the wealthy could ascend, as framing anything up there meant dealing with premium materials.

To showcase his sophistication and taste, Boss Ding had adorned the second floor with shelves laden with jars and vases, all authentic antiques.

But now, disaster struck!

Boss Ding winced in agony at the sight.

“Oh no! My ceramics!”

They were cracked...

“Ouch! My Tang Sancai!”

Even if it had a fake base...

“Ah! My teacup...”

Damn it!

If this trash is going to break, then let it break. I’m done with it!

As the old timers engaged in their raucous scuffle, Su Ming quietly stepped back, thinking, ‘Carry on, gentlemen, just keep me out of it.’ Old Master Qian, ever the clever one, took advantage of the chaos and discreetly pocketed a handkerchief.

But what were these old men up to?

One of them, eagle-eyed, caught the movement instantly!

“Old Qian, what are you sneaking into your pocket there?”

“Old Qian, you sly dog, you’re not playing fair. Boys, get him! Strip him down!”

“He was here first; he might have already snapped up a few items! Let’s take them!”

“Darn it! It’s payback time! I’ll make that jerk pay for stealing my dance partner!”

“Exactly! Let that old coot pay for swiping my calligraphy and paintings!”

“Let that old coot dare to breathe in my presence!”

“Breathing isn’t a crime, is it?”

“It is now!”

“You got that right!”

Initially, it was just a scuffle, but suddenly, Master Qian found himself the center of everyone’s wrath. The group of old men surged forward, stripping him bare.

Soon, an old man emerged from the throng.

He was shirtless, his trousers gone, wearing nothing but a pair of lacy underpants, his arms crossed over his shivering shoulders.

It was November, after all.

Though the southern climate wasn’t as biting cold as the north, it was far from warm.

And with no heating in the room, the old man was freezing.

“You all... you’ve gone too far!”

“I could overlook the theft!”

“Who just pinched my behind?”

“And who gave me that kick?”

“Let me tell you, I’m not going to let this go!”

The old man was livid.

“Pfft!”

The other old timers rolled their eyes in disdain.

As if they cared!

“Ouch! Old Qian, nice clothes, I’m taking them.”

“Nonsense! Old Qian barely tips the scales at 100 pounds, and you’re pushing 180!”

“Mind your own business! I can use it as an apron, can’t I?”

“These shoes are nice, I’m keeping them.”

“You think your size 45 feet can fit into size 42 shoes?”

“They’ll do for swatting flies, won’t they?”

Without any hesitation, the old men divided up all of Master Qian’s clothes and shoes among themselves. Su Ming stood by, silently pondering.

Wow!

Just how many wrongs had Old Master Qian committed?

What had driven these old men to such lengths?

Not even sparing his clothes and shoes?

Luckily, Master Qian had brought two people with him this time: his eldest son and his nephew.

They were the two middle-aged men who had been following Master Qian from the start.

Both were respected elders. Even with their own father and uncle being humiliated, they didn’t dare utter a word.

Would you dare to speak up?

[Hehehe!]

“I’m going to strip you both down!”

“Dad…”

One of the middle-aged men cautiously approached and removed his coat, placing it over the elderly gentleman’s shoulders.

Despite the old man’s modest stature of just over 1.6 meters, his son towered at nearly 1.8 meters with a burly build.

It wasn’t that the older generation was naturally short; rather, in their youth, they lacked proper nutrition and development, which is why their descendants tended to be taller.



The suit coat hung down to the old man's knees, offering protection from the wind and rain, as well as preserving his modesty.

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C618 – They Were Going to Tear down the Door

Old Man Qian donned his clothes and immediately felt the warmth return, making him feel much better.

It was quite comical to be enveloped in such an oversized suit.

But at that moment, humor was the least of his concerns. Staying warm was crucial; otherwise, he risked freezing to death.

“I’m telling you, this isn’t over!” Old Man Qian fumed, practically steaming at the nostrils.

“Wow! Mr. Su’s items are really something!”

“We should stop squabbling. Let’s heed Mr. Su’s wishes. The items are his, after all. If he doesn’t speak up, all our fighting is for naught.”

“That’s logical, very logical.”

“Mr. Su, how do you plan to handle this item?”

Ultimately, the elderly gentlemen disregarded Old Man Qian and turned their attention to Su Ming.

“Uh...”

Su Ming blinked and let out a sigh. It hadn’t been easy. Since their arrival, he had barely spoken, mostly just watching them bicker. Though entertaining, having a wig tossed onto his head wasn’t exactly comfortable...

And what was the point of stripping the old man first? Why not focus on that beautiful lady nearby...

No, that’s not something to be said.

That would be crossing the line!

“Boss Ding, do you happen to have anything here that can be fixed?”

Su Ming turned and inquired.

“Yes!”

Boss Ding leaped up excitedly at the question!

Even if he didn’t have it, he would make sure he did!

It was a must!

“May I ask what size Mr. Su requires?”

Boss Ding inquired.

“Let’s see, could you prepare a piece of glass for me, Boss Ding? A two-by-two should suffice. And could you bring me a few magnets, small and round ones? Maybe a couple hundred should do.”

Su Ming pondered carefully, figuring that should be enough.

“Alright!”

Upon hearing this, Boss Ding didn’t hesitate and quickly went to prepare the items. Nearby, a store was undergoing renovations.

“Be careful with that glass, you guys. I paid 20,000 yuan for it. If it gets damaged, you’ll be compensating for it!”

“Take care, take care!”

The workers carefully maneuvered a large pane of glass into place.

The shop owner watched anxiously from the doorway. A shattered glass would mean a substantial loss!

But typically, the reinforced and thickened glass at the entrance shouldn’t break under normal conditions.

“Wow, if it isn’t Boss Ding!”

The shopkeeper rushed to greet him with enthusiasm. How could he not? Boss Ding was the wealthiest business owner on the street, with a net worth in the hundreds of millions. He was a true hidden tycoon, and everyone knew it!

“Xiao Sun, I’ve come to discuss a matter with you. I need to buy this glass.”

“What?!”

The shopkeeper was completely baffled. Glass? Why would a wealthy man like Boss Ding need that? With his wealth, he could easily buy any piece of glass without having to compete for one.

“I’m in a hurry. Here’s the deal: I’ll give you 50,000 yuan for this piece of glass. And you guys, don’t bother installing it. Just follow me, and I’ll give each of you a 1,000 yuan bonus!”

“Sounds good!”

The workers were thrilled at the prospect of earning 1,000 yuan just for moving a piece of glass. They promptly followed his lead.

The shopkeeper was left alone, utterly confused. Where am I? Who am I? What’s happening? Why is this happening?

He wasn’t worried about Boss Ding not paying up; Boss Ding’s wealth was well known. He wouldn’t miss a few tens of thousands of yuan. The shopkeeper was just puzzled about what Boss Ding needed the glass for.

No, he decided, I must follow and see for myself!

“Oh dear, Boss, I’m terribly sorry, but you can’t get through this door.”

The workers realized the glass wouldn’t fit through the entrance. If they tilted it, it might just squeeze through, but it risked getting scratched or damaged.

“This...”

Boss Ding, upon seeing the dilemma, clenched his jaw, stamped his foot, and slapped his thigh in determination. “Since you’ve got the tools right here, just set the glass aside and take the door down!”

“Take down the door?!”

The workers were dumbfounded. Had they heard that right? The boss wanted to dismantle the door?

Surely not...

“Are you listening? Take down the door! Take it down!”

“Alright then!”

Upon hearing the boss's decision, the workers got straight to work. Conveniently, the neighboring storefront was undergoing renovations, so all the necessary tools were at hand. Taking down a door is much simpler than installing one, and in no time, they had removed it. The shop owner next door watched, dumbfounded. Was it really necessary to dismantle a door over a piece of glass worth tens of thousands?

But seeing Boss Ding's determined expression, there was no doubt in his mind. With that kind of resolve, it seemed Boss Ding would be willing to tear down an entire building if necessary!

The shop owner grew even more curious. What exactly was happening? What had transpired?

Inside the room, however, everyone seemed unfazed—waiters, the manager, and customers shopping on the first floor had heard the commotion upstairs and thought nothing of it. After all, those who frequented this place had at least some understanding of antiques, and Su Ming's reputation in the antique world was nothing short of stellar.

Who wasn't aware of Mr. Su's renown?

Taking down a door for Mr. Su was hardly an issue. Before long, the door was off its hinges.

A few workers carefully carried the glass upstairs. Boss Ding, not joining them, dashed to the nearby toy store and returned with a large box of magnets.

"Huff... Huff..." Boss Ding, clearly out of shape, was gasping for air after the exertion.

"My apologies for the trouble," said Su Ming with a light smile, instructing the workers to prop up the glass. He then gathered all the handkerchiefs and began to meticulously piece them together, placing magnets at each corner, and matching them with corresponding magnets on the other side.

At first, the onlookers were puzzled by his actions, but after a few handkerchiefs were placed, the realization dawned on them.

My goodness!

This was no simple handkerchief pattern; the embroidery was a complete jigsaw puzzle. Each piece was a separate painting, and when assembled, the result was breathtakingly beautiful!

This craftsmanship defied ordinary explanation—it was nothing short of miraculous, a masterpiece that captured the essence of nature itself!

The onlookers, several elderly gentlemen, were completely captivated. Their mouths agape, they were at a loss for words. Once Su Ming finished assembling the pattern, all the elders were deeply immersed, as if transported to the grandeur of the Tang Dynasty.

Stunning!


Absolutely stunning!

Modern people usually rely on books and paintings to glimpse into the past, but Su Ming's assembly brought that era to vivid life right before their eyes, in a display of beauty beyond compare.

“Oh my God...”

A crowd of customers and servers from the first floor, along with Boss Ding, had all made their way upstairs. To their horror, they found that everyone had been slaughtered. In a chilling display of power, Su Ming unleashed Medusa's skill once more, turning the entire group to stone.

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C619 – He Hid His True Identity

Seeing the bewildered looks on their faces, Su Ming couldn't help but chuckle to himself. He then instructed the workers, “Turn it around.”

“No, no, no!”

“We haven't finished looking yet!”

“Mr. Su, please let us look a little longer!”

The group hastily tried to intervene, thinking Su Ming no longer wanted them to view the piece. However, when they turned around, they were greeted by a completely different image and were once again stunned.

This was double-sided embroidery at its finest!

Each handkerchief was not only double-sided but also part of a larger, magnificent double-sided tapestry. When separated, each stood on its own; yet, when joined together, they formed a seamless masterpiece without a single flaw.

The craftsmanship was simply incredible, beyond belief.

“This... this... this...”

It took a while before one of the elders managed to stammer out his amazement. The group of old men exchanged wide-eyed glances, speechless. They had been so eager to purchase one for themselves.

But now, they suddenly realized they couldn't possibly afford such a perfect example of Top Grade craftsmanship.

Ancient paintings and calligraphy always had their imperfections; no piece had ever reached the pinnacle of perfection. Yet, this embroidery was flawless, the epitome of perfection!

It was so exquisite that it seemed otherworldly.

Could it be that this was the work of celestial beings?

In the Tang Dynasty, there was a renowned embroidery technique called the Phoenix Dance of the Nine Heavens.

Legend has it that during the reign of Tang Taizong, Emperor Li Shimin discovered an exceptionally beautiful piece of embroidery while mingling with his subjects. Upon closer inspection, he found it to be a Nine-tailed Fire Phoenix, so lifelike and stunning that it was hard to believe. Emperor Li Shimin eagerly sought out the creator and found it was the work of a young girl. Treating her as a national treasure, he brought her into the palace to lead a newly established weaving bureau.

This technique came to be known as the Phoenix Dance of the Nine Heavens.

Over time, these four words have taken on new meanings, but in ancient times, they symbolized the pinnacle of beauty and craftsmanship.

“Such a treasure as Mr. Su's is beyond our means to possess.”

“Indeed, such Top Grade embroidery is likely only within Mr. Su's reach.”

“To have witnessed this in our lifetime is a blessing. Throughout history, countless have sought the heights of embroidery, yet never to see its ultimate form. How fortunate are we!”

“Mr. Su, let's not fight over this item!”

The group of elderly gentlemen simultaneously shook their heads in an unusual display of agreement.

It wasn't that they didn't desire it; they simply felt unworthy. Such a treasure would be wasted in their hands, as they couldn't fully appreciate its value.

The item wasn't undesirable; on the contrary, it was of such exceptional quality that perhaps only someone like Su Ming was fit to possess it!

And the old man, who had spent his money on his son's suit, was utterly dumbfounded.

He had never anticipated such an outcome!

Boss Ding, beside himself with excitement, was trembling.

He stepped right over the shards of broken porcelain scattered on the floor.

To him, these shattered trinkets were inconsequential. The opportunity to showcase such a masterpiece in his shop, even if it meant the shop was destroyed in the process, was worth it!

"Mr. Su, I have a modest proposal."

"I have a private stash of top-grade rosewood, a fortunate find that I intended to keep for future generations. But now, it seems like destiny—it was meant for your embroidery!"

"Mr. Su, entrust the piece to me, and I assure you, I'll frame it exquisitely with no harm done!"

"I'm aware you're not in need of money, but please don't decline my offer—I ask for nothing in return!"

"All I request is that you allow the piece to be displayed in my shop for just one day. Would that be possible?"

Boss Ding's face was etched with longing. Having the item in his shop, even for a single day, would be the ultimate honor for him!

"No!"

Su Ming, however, shook his head.

"This..."

Upon hearing the refusal, Boss Ding stiffened, a tinge of disappointment in his heart. But upon reflection, he understood. Mr. Su had the right to decide the fate of his own piece, and it wasn't Boss Ding's place to interfere. Besides, he realized it was quite presumptuous to expect such a treasure in his shop for a day...

"I'm going to donate this embroidery first."

Su Ming said with a gentle smile.

"Donate..."

His words left the onlookers in shock, their eyes wide with disbelief. They could hardly believe what Su Ming had said: "Mr. Su, are you serious?"

"Of course, to me, this item is merely ordinary. I have no other use for it," I remarked casually.

"Moreover, if it stays with me, it's nothing more than a simple piece of embroidery. It's far better for it to be seen by more people."

"It's an opportunity for them to witness the splendor of our ancient imperial court civilization and to unite the spirit of our nation."

Su Ming offered a slight smile. As a son of the imperial court, with its blood coursing through his veins, his love for his country was beyond question.

"This, this, this..."

The elders were astounded, never anticipating that Su Ming would make such a choice!

"Mr. Su, you truly are..."

"Mr. Su, words fail to express our feelings!"

"Mr. Su..."

Noticing the old men on the verge of tears, Su Ming quickly gestured: "Stop! Enough, or I'll burn this thing right now!"

"Understood!"

The elders responded with lightning speed, their faces shifting from sorrow to composure in an instant.

"I'll leave this item in your care, gentlemen, as I'm not well-versed in the procedures involved."

"Just let me know when it's time."

With that, Su Ming clapped his hands lightly and strolled away, hands clasped behind his back—a true embodiment of modesty, concealing his merits and reputation.



The group exchanged glances, overwhelmed with admiration.

Mr. Su was truly exceptional!

“Did you catch what Mr. Su said? If it were in my possession, it would be just an ordinary embroidery. Does that imply Mr. Su has even more...?”

“My goodness! If he deems this as ordinary, what must he consider top grade?”

“I thought, having lived a good 86 years, I’d seen it all. But next to Mr. Su, I feel like I’m back in elementary school!”

“Elementary school? That’s giving us too much credit. I feel like I’m still in the womb!”

“Enough, enough, let’s not dwell on it. Come on, waiter, quickly clear all this up.”

Boss Ding stood to the side, knowing that further discussion was pointless. It was crucial to act swiftly. “Get rid of all this junk, and move the second-floor furniture down to the first. We’re closing for the day!”

“Manager, please notify the staff that they will be on a half-month vacation!”

“Summon the three top-grade craftsmen from our shop immediately!”

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C620 – I Was Mistaken for Someone else

After sorting out his affairs, Su Ming made his way back home. Initially, he had intended to sell some embroidery to pad his wallet. However, upon reflection, he realized that his skill, Blessing from Plants, had advanced to an intermediate level, yielding over 300 million a year. Moreover, as the chairman of 100 companies with a majority shareholding, his dividends were substantial. In a year, he would rake in at least several billion. If he ever found himself short on cash, he could simply grow and sell something for a significant sum.

Su Ming decided it was best to keep an item that even esteemed gentlemen had resigned themselves from acquiring, deeming themselves unworthy. Placing it in a museum for the public to witness the splendor of the bygone Great Tang era seemed like a noble act. Not all things can be appraised with money, after all. Especially when it comes to national pride, Su Ming, as a subject of the imperial court, was beyond reproach.

Upon arriving home, Su Ming was ecstatic to discover that the Celestial Peach had ripened. He burst into laughter, eager to finally savor it. He approached the massive tree that sprawled over an acre, its branches bearing an exceptionally large peach, its sweet aroma tantalizing from a distance. Temptation got the better of him, and he quickly plucked the Celestial Peach, inhaling its scent deeply. It was incredibly fragrant and promised to be delicious.

It seemed that because he had previously planted before the second harvest, the System did not prompt him this time, but he still gained experience points.

"Ding! Successful crop harvest – 200,000 experience points gained! Additional reward: 60,000!"

"Ding! Recycling complete – Congratulations, Host, you've earned 50,000 experience points! Additional reward: 15,000 experience points!"

Driven by hunger, Su Ming didn't hesitate to tear into the Celestial Peach. He bit down and was instantly overwhelmed. His taste buds exploded as the peach flesh melted into a warm, sweet, fragrant, and crisp sensation, unlike anything he had ever tasted. It was, without a doubt, the Top Grade of flavors!

The juice slid down Su Ming's throat and settled warmly in his stomach, a comforting sensation spreading from there to his limbs. Before long, Su Ming felt a surge in his strength. Could this thing actually enhance his body?

Without even washing it, Su Ming devoured the Celestial Peach in large bites. Unlike ordinary peaches, this one had no fuzz on its surface and was exceptionally smooth. The skin was tender and incredibly tasty.

In no time at all, Su Ming had consumed an entire Celestial Peach, the size of a watermelon. It was only after he had finished that he realized the enormity of his appetite.

"Phew..." Su Ming plopped down on the ground, thoroughly content.

Comfortable!

Then, something caught his eye. He glanced down at the peach pit.

Hmm?

What's this?

For a moment, Su Ming was taken aback. Was this an unexpected bonus?

The peach pit emitted a soft glow as it hovered above the ground. Su Ming had been too busy eating before to notice it.

Huh?

With a puzzled blink, Su Ming reached out and grabbed the object.

Click!

The moment Su Ming's hand made contact, the glow vanished, and a small spray bottle appeared in his grasp.

What was this?

A white medicinal spray? Insect repellent? A facial cleanser?

It didn't seem like any of those...

Upon closer inspection, he could see it was filled with liquid, but there appeared to be nothing else to it.

"Ding! Congratulations, Host, you've acquired the Mist of Misidentification! What to do when netizens come across a dinosaur? Or when faced with a Top Grade unattractive man on a blind date? Or when your boss is a witch with chive bits stuck in her teeth and she's utterly revolting? Reach for the Planted Ground Brand Mist of Misidentification! Once inhaled, this mist causes the user to see a completely different face on anyone they look at, body shape included!"

"Note: This mist is for the Host's use only. If multiple people inhale the mist, the Host can decide whether to trigger its effects and can specify the target!"

"Note: This item has no effect on the Host!"

A series of prompts echoed in Su Ming's mind.

Ouch?

Su Ming paused, intrigued by the object in his hand.

It bore a slight resemblance to the puppet pill.

The puppet pill could control a person's consciousness, but this device could alter how someone appeared to the viewer.

Each had its advantages and disadvantages.

Indeed, the sensation of manipulating another's consciousness was vastly different from being deceived by one's own senses!

Hehe!

Su Ming chuckled to himself, sensing the potential for something extraordinary.

While Su Ming was lost in his amusement on the ground, his phone suddenly rang. It was a call from Xiao Ke'er.

"What are you up to?"

Xiao Ke'er's voice came through as soon as he answered.

"Just at home."

Glancing at his watch, Su Ming realized it was already afternoon and he hadn't eaten all day.

"There's a new movie out, 'Assassinating Authors.' I've heard it's quite good. I've got three tickets. I'll text you the details so you can meet up with us."

"Alright."

After agreeing, Su Ming ended the call.

He walked into the house with the spray, took a quick shower, changed into fresh clothes, and checked the location Xiao Ke'er had sent. Slipping the spray into his pocket, he hopped into his car and headed for the distant mall.

You have to admit, women have a natural gift for shopping!

If it were closer, Su Ming wouldn't have bothered driving. Instead, he busied himself with some embroidery, and in just a couple of hours, the two women had made their way five kilometers away.

Their pace was impressive. Xiaoqing's speed was understandable, being an AI that never tires as long as it's powered.

But Xiao Ke'er, a lady of refined upbringing...

She must have been raised with such discipline.

Perhaps she hadn't much experience with shopping sprees before?

Maybe this was her first time venturing out for such an extended period.

Sigh...

Talent is a curious thing, elusive and not easily envied.

Su Ming quickly reached the mall, parked his car, and rode the elevator directly to the fifth floor.

The fifth floor was bustling with eateries, and the cinema was just above. He spotted Xiao Ke'er and Xiaoqing seated by a window in the distance. With a smile, Su Ming made his way over to join them.

"There's no need to hurry; the movie doesn't start for another hour and a half."

Xiao Ke'er offered a sweet smile. "I'm feeling a bit peckish. I've already ordered some food. Why don't we share?"

"Sounds good."

Su Ming nodded in agreement, realizing he hadn't eaten either. He requested the menu and selected a few more items. The two of them, along with an artificial intelligence, engaged in conversation while they waited.

As they talked, the evening sky gradually transitioned to night.

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