

## **THE BILLION-VALUE LANDS ARE JUST FOR FARMING**

### Chapter 11 - Nothing to Say

One of the patrolling officers gulped. "Is he trying to rob you for your belongings?"

He gestured toward the middle-aged man as he spoke.

"Yeah, he's attempting to forcefully open my car door without my consent."

Su Ming offered a faint smile.

The two officers exchanged glances.

Abruptly, the officer on the left produced an electric baton and applied pressure against the middle-aged man's body.

A twitch coursed through the middle-aged man.

Following that, the two patrol officers subdued the middle-aged man to the ground.

Gradually, the middle-aged man regained consciousness.

His eyes met the furious stares of the two patrollers.

Handcuffs secured his wrists.

What was happening?

"What are you doing?"

Struggling, the middle-aged man queried.

Yet, a patrolling officer from behind seized his neck. "Stay still."

"Come take a look."

The two officers guided him toward the back of the car, where Su Ming had unlocked the door.

The middle-aged man's eyes widened as he glimpsed the car's contents.

He had been right!

Those bamboo shoots were genuinely crafted from gold!

"You are suspected of attempted robbery. Involving a substantial sum!"

The middle-aged man stood bewildered.

He had become a captive just like that?

“Allow me to explain. It's not as it appears.”

“Silence!”

One of the policemen barked, “You forcibly opened the car door without authorization. Now, with irrefutable evidence, you still intend to argue?”

The middle-aged man neared tears.

He was incredibly unfortunate.

He had merely intended to purchase a bamboo shoot.

It made sense why Su Ming had refused to sell to him.

Su Ming even asserted he couldn't afford the bamboo shoots.

Initially, he had believed Su Ming acted deliberately.

Yet now, reflecting, Su Ming's words had proven accurate.

His current predicament was a consequence of his disbelief in Su Ming.

The issue lay in no one trusting him.

A young man owning a considerable plot in the city center was difficult to believe.

Further puzzling was the fact that if others possessed golden bamboo shoots, they would cautiously stash them in basements, fearing exposure.

Nobody would be as casual as Su Ming, placing them in his car.

“Couldn't you keep these golden bamboo shoots at home? Are you intentionally causing trouble?”

The middle-aged man was on the verge of tears.

“I apologize.”

Su Ming offered a faint smile. “These items consume a lot of space. I'm planning to sell them.”

Even the two patrolmen were rendered speechless.

Were all affluent individuals this capricious?

Chapter 12 - You Can't Park Here

The middle-aged man was close to tears.

He had simply stepped out to buy a bamboo shoot.

And now, he had unexpectedly encountered an understated tycoon.

If he had even a hint that these bamboo shoots in the truck were worth their weight in gold, he would never have ventured anywhere near this vicinity.

“All of this is just a big misunderstanding.”

The middle-aged man was now imploring for mercy.

Su Ming stood to the side, his smile subtle.

While the middle-aged man remained oblivious to Su Ming's sale of golden bamboo shoots, his demeanor exuded anything but innocence; he was crude and unreasonable.

The two police officers maintained vigilant gazes.

The vehicle itself might not have been particularly expensive, but its contents were outrageously valuable.

Before long, the distant sound of police sirens grew audible. Shortly afterward, two patrolmen arrived.

The presence of their colleague clearly eased the tension, apparent from the relieved expressions of the two original officers.

Only after the middle-aged man had been escorted into the police car did they slightly relax.

“Are you on your way to the bank?”

One of the patrolmen inquired.

This was a conjecture on the part of the patrolman. The sheer value of these goods was hard to dismiss.

“Yes.”

Su Ming responded with a faint smile.

“Would you like us to provide an escort?”

“That won't be necessary.”

Su Ming's smile held a hint of wryness. “These items aren't of considerable worth. You needn't trouble yourselves.”

The patrolman found himself momentarily at a loss for words.

Expressing his gratitude to the patrolmen, Su Ming then climbed into the vehicle.

Following the navigation instructions, he proceeded towards the bank.

Though Su Ming had declined their offer to escort him, two police cars discreetly followed behind.

The sight of them made it difficult for Su Ming to turn them down.

The patrolmen at the initial intersections were well-informed, allowing Su Ming to pass through the signals without waiting.

“What's happening?”

“What kind of produce is he peddling?”

The main road had already become congested.

A red light that lasted minutes had aggravated the impatience of the drivers.

Upon spotting a produce truck navigating the road unimpeded and receiving no resistance, every set of eyes widened.

A Porsche owner, who had recently splurged on their purchase, felt a pang of regret.

The truck driver's demeanor reeked of dejection.

Su Ming, however, was in high spirits. He pressed down on the accelerator and surged forward, aiming directly for the bank.

Su Ming parked the vehicle right in front of the bank.

“You can't park here.”

The bank's security guard emerged with a stern expression, pushing the entrance door open.

“Isn't this a parking space?”

“This is our bank's VIP parking zone.”

Pointing at the sign nearby, the security guard explained, “Only customers with savings exceeding ten million are eligible to park here.”

Su Ming gave a nod.

“Just drive ahead about 20 meters. There's a public parking space available there.”

The security guard indicated.

Su Ming's smile was tinged with subtle amusement. “So, if I were to deposit 10 million yuan now, I'd be exempt from moving my vehicle, right?”

## Chapter 13 - The Rich Man

“Do you actually possess that much money?”

Upon hearing this, the security guard furrowed his brows.

“I don't have time for games.”

The security guard's tone turned icy, “Move your vehicle to the public parking area. Don't create disturbances in front of the bank.”

The security guard was clearly disdainful.

Judging by his attire, it seemed improbable for him to have ten million in savings.

Seeing a billionaire behind the wheel of a vegetable-selling car was a novelty.

Just then, a siren blared.

The two patrolling officers tailing Su Ming approached rapidly.

One of the patrolmen inquired sternly, “What's the situation?”

The security guard was taken aback.

The police response was astonishingly quick.

The security guard hurriedly explained, “Officers, this parking spot is reserved for VIPs of our bank, yet he insisted on parking here.”

The other patrol officer questioned coolly, “Why did you prevent this gentleman from entering?”

The security guard was surprised.

Why were these two patrolmen vouching for this individual?

What was happening?

The security guard stood stunned and speechless.

“Look, what's transpiring?”

“Could it be that the security guard is in cahoots with the robbers and the police caught on?”

“Sounds like an excessive dose of TV drama.”

Overindulgence in TV, perhaps?

Meanwhile, the bank's president who was dealing with business inside noticed the commotion and rushed out.

President Chen spoke anxiously, "Officers, I am the bank's president. What's transpired here?"

If the security guard had indeed committed a misstep, he had to take responsibility.

After all, ascending to the position of bank president required substantial effort.

Should he be ensnared due to the security guard, he'd face significant repercussions.

"Don't fret."

The two policemen shifted their gaze toward Su Ming and stated, "This gentleman intends to vend something here."

President Chen was taken aback, "Vend something?"

Wasn't this a vegetable-selling car?

This was a bank, not a marketplace.

President Chen was utterly perplexed, yet the stern expressions of the two officers remained unchanged.

Tentatively, President Chen inquired, "Sir, what exactly do you have in your vehicle?"

Su Ming grinned and replied, "While cleaning my storeroom today, I found some things occupying space in a corner. So, I've brought them here, wondering if you're interested in these items."

What astonished President Chen was Su Ming treating the bank like a garbage disposal site.

However, if Su Ming was indeed here to peddle waste, he shouldn't be under police protection.

A thought occurred to Su Ming and he added, "I made a call to your bank earlier. Do you recall?"

President Chen was flabbergasted.

So he was the caller!

He was the one who wanted to sell commemorative bamboo shoots.

Based on President Chen's experience, individuals selling high-priced items usually contacted him privately, and often had a contingent of bodyguards in tow.

This was the first instance of someone like Su Ming: clad in cloth shoes, driving a vegetable vendor's automobile: that President Chen had encountered.

## Chapter 14 - Protection

Being the president of a bank, he had encountered numerous wealthy individuals.

Every affluent person had their own distinctive interests and pastimes.

Perhaps the wealthy person before him had a penchant for farming.

“You're the one selling these bamboo shoots?!”

President Chen inquired with evident surprise.

“Yes, please have a look.”

Su Ming responded casually, strolling to the rear door of the car and opening it.

President Chen moistened his lips and hurriedly made his way to the back of the vehicle to peer inside.

There were not many of these golden bamboo shoots; only a hundred existed worldwide.

Although not large in size, they possessed an exceptionally high density. Despite their bamboo shoot-like appearance, they were petite.

Most significantly, the gold's purity was exceptionally high, rendering these golden bamboo shoots exquisite and exceptionally valuable.

Each bamboo shoot boasted its own unique serial number.

This was particularly true for the bamboo shoot bearing the number 001.

Its worth was outrageously high.

As for the seemingly unremarkable bamboo shoot nearest to President Chen, its label bore the number 001.

“President Chen, are you interested in purchasing them?”

Surprised by President Chen's momentary silence, Su Ming couldn't help but inquire.

“Yes!”

Fearing that Su Ming might reconsider, President Chen exclaimed jubilantly, momentarily startling Su Ming.

“My apologies, I got carried away.”

President Chen, aware of his loss of composure, rubbed his hands sheepishly.

He had struck gold this time.

These 50 golden bamboo shoots constituted a substantial sum, and there was profit to be made without a doubt.

“How do you intend to sell them?”

President Chen ventured to ask.

Su Ming hesitated momentarily. “I’ll sell them by weight! Don’t your bank’s coffers have enough money? I can take my business elsewhere.”

President Chen hastily waved his hand. “We certainly have enough funds!”

President Chen was on the brink of ecstasy!

He had just made a fortune!

The value of bamboo shoot number 001 alone far surpassed the worth of the gold itself.

This specially numbered bamboo shoot was worth millions.

It was worth noting that a 4,000g bamboo shoot was valued at only 1.56 million.

However, President Chen remained oblivious to Su Ming’s nonchalance.

To Su Ming, this was merely a facet of farming.

Su Ming glanced at the time. “I’ll get in the car and catch some sleep then. Notify me when you’re finished.”

President Chen promptly nodded.

President Chen concurred while wiping the beads of sweat from his brow. As he watched Su Ming take the driver’s seat and shut his eyes for a nap, he couldn’t help but reflect:

This was the essence of wealth.

The contents in the car were worth hundreds of millions in gold.

Yet, Su Ming remained utterly unfazed.

Despite Su Ming’s absence to supervise, President Chen did not dare to act recklessly.



But parking Su Ming's vehicle by the roadside in broad daylight made it inappropriate to tally gold in front of onlookers, right?

President Chen pondered for a moment. He had no choice but to make a phone call.

Before long, two black vehicles approached. Over a dozen fully equipped bank security personnel formed a perimeter.

These individuals were bank employees authorized to carry firearms.

Additionally, several patrol officers, alerted by the commotion, arrived and encircled the vicinity.

### Chapter 15 - I Could be a Billionaire

“What's going on?”

“Is there an attempt to rob me?”

“You're speaking nonsense. You're so destitute that criminals wouldn't even consider targeting you.”

“Can't you show me some respect?”

“Could you please show me some respect?”

Even the bank's staff had rarely witnessed such a scene.

Even when the armored money truck arrived, it wasn't like this.

The pedestrians nearby were even more astonished.

What on earth is happening?

Isn't that a truck carrying vegetables?

Why are there so many security guards surrounding it?

Since when did a vegetable truck become so valuable?

All eyes were on Su Ming, who was comfortably seated in the driver's seat.

He was sleeping soundly.

After all, with so many people around to protect him, how could he not get a good night's sleep?

Due to the fixed weight of each bamboo shoot and the bank's unique method for verifying their authenticity.

They counted, cataloged, packaged, transported, and stored the bamboo shoots.

The process was incredibly swift.

In under ten minutes, they completed the task.

President Chen's eyes gleamed with excitement.

The headquarters had just received the news, and the regional CEO personally called him to heap praise upon him.

This time, he would be hailed as the President of the Year.

If the regional CEO continued to support him.

He could truly thrive.

Of course, this was all in the future. For now, his priority was to ingratiate himself with Su Ming, who had brought him this opportunity.

Su Ming was an incredibly distinguished VIP!

President Chen couldn't help but bow respectfully, holding a bank card with both hands as he cautiously approached the car. He hesitated when he saw Su Ming, who appeared to be resting with his eyes closed.

Should he wait a bit longer?

Just as President Chen wavered, Su Ming slowly opened his eyes and lowered the car window. "President Chen, have you finished the counting?"

"Yes!"

President Chen hastily affirmed, bowing deeply and saying, "Your golden bamboo shoots are worth a fortune, totaling 50 in all."

"Tell me the total."

Su Ming said.

"Okay!"

President Chen quickly responded, "The total amount is 89.2 million. We're willing to round it up to 90 million for you!"

As he uttered these words, President Chen respectfully placed the bank card before Su Ming.

This amounted to a grand total of 90 million yuan!

Despite Su Ming's mental preparation, he couldn't help but feel a tad bewildered when confronted with this substantial sum.

However, in President Chen's eyes, Su Ming appeared deep in thought with a composed demeanor, possibly indicating his dissatisfaction with the sum.

Could it be that he deemed the offer insufficient?

Su Ming must have conducted a thorough evaluation before arriving!

While the price offered was generous, there remained the possibility that other banks might offer even more.

This thought troubled President Chen. Su Ming held significant importance for their bank at this juncture!

Moreover, the uniqueness lay in the fact that this wasn't a fixed asset or stock.

This was actual gold, liquid cash readily available for withdrawal at any moment!

In this instance, Su Ming was presenting President Chen with a significant opportunity.

Excluding the batch of 50 exceedingly precious Golden Bamboo Shoots.

If this transaction were to go through successfully, Su Ming would emerge as a substantial client for their bank!

Contemplating this, President Chen clenched his teeth and promptly offered, "Mr. Su, should you find our offer unsatisfactory, I'm willing to further increase the price!"

In truth, Su Ming was already content with the current offer. He could still nurture this asset upon his return!

However, who could ever complain about having an abundance of wealth?

"If you'd be amenable, let's delve deeper into this. I can promptly provide you with a more agreeable offer."

"Then the two of you can proceed with your discussions."

Su Ming nodded nonchalantly, radiating an air of composure.

This only strengthened President Chen's conviction that Su Ming had been dissatisfied with the initial proposal.

He was relieved that he had acted swiftly in raising the offer. Otherwise, losing a major client like Su Ming would haunt him for at least three months.

Following some negotiation, President Chen elevated the price to 120 million.

Without further hesitation, Su Ming accepted the bank card.

This deal wasn't a loss!

“Thank you.”

Su Ming stashed the bank card away with a casual remark.

“This is the way forward. If you have anything else in your warehouse to sell, don't hesitate to reach out to me. We'll ensure you get a fair price.”

President Chen hastily extended his business card.

The bystanders, upon hearing this, collectively gasped in amazement.

So, he had come to sell his merchandise.

What was even more astounding was that he had managed to secure 120 million!

What kind of items was he peddling?

Not even a ten-thousand-year-old ginseng would fetch such a sum, would it?

“He's so young, and he's already a billionaire.”

“I just signed a three-million-yuan deal. I was thrilled initially, but now, not so much.”

“The most astonishing part is that he's only selling a portion of it.”

“If he were to bring out all that cash, how substantial would it be?”

“He's incredibly handsome. Isn't he the Prince Charming I've always dreamed of?”

“Big sister, maybe you should take a look in the mirror.”

Envy radiated from the onlookers.

Su Ming overheard the murmurs from the surrounding crowd and offered a faint smile.

I own a downtown farm worth ten billion.