

THE BILLION-VALUE LANDS ARE JUST FOR FARMING

Chapter 16 - Word Hard to Upgrade

"I won't trouble you any longer, President Chen. We can continue our conversation later."

Following Su Ming's words, he expressed his gratitude to the patrol officers who had been providing him protection from behind.

Subsequently, he drove away.

President Chen nodded and bid farewell, saying, "Take care."

After observing Su Ming's departure, President Chen addressed the security guard with a serious tone, "You're dismissed!"

The security guard was taken aback.

President Chen reprimanded, "How dare you offend our bank's most esteemed customer! Your employment here is no longer necessary."

President Chen then turned to the other staff and instructed, "Immediately distribute Mr. Su's photo to all employees. Everyone should commit Mr. Su's face to memory. Whenever Mr. Su visits, everyone must extend a solemn welcome. Anyone who dares to offend Mr. Su will face consequences."

Just yesterday morning, Su Ming had been worried about the exorbitant dowry.

Yet, within a day, he had become a billionaire.

The System truly proved to be extraordinary.

However, beyond wealth, Su Ming was more inquisitive about what else could be cultivated on this land.

While the bamboo shoots he had planted turned out to be Golden Bamboo Shoots, he was eager to see how potatoes, peanuts, fruits, and other crops would thrive.

Thanks to the farm system, any plant Su Ming cultivated would flourish in its ideal environment.

Su Ming noted that fertilization and watering didn't seem to be very effective, but this could be seen as the System's way of allowing him to relish the joy of farming.

"Crop harvest successful. You have gained 50 experience points."

Suddenly, a system notification chimed in Su Ming's mind.

Su Ming was taken aback and swiftly accessed the control panel.

Farmer: Su Ming

Level: 1

Experience: 50 / 100

Farm: Level One

Whenever he plucked a fruit, he earned a single experience point.

A Level One farm already boasted considerable might.

If he persisted in upgrading the farm, what transformations might await it?

Contemplating this, Su Ming couldn't contain his excitement.

His resolve solidified; he was prepared to toil diligently.

He hummed a tune while driving back.

In no time, he arrived back at the farm, parked the car, and stepped out.

He headed to the bamboo shoot field, tending to the withered bamboo shoots.

“You may recover 50 withered bamboo shoots. Would you like to reclaim them?”

Su Ming pondered, “Reclaim these withered bamboo shoots.”

“Recovery successful. Congratulations, you've gained 10 experience points.”

The notification's chime brought a faint smile to Su Ming's lips.

Harvesting crops bestowed experience points, and reclaiming withered crops did the same.

Brimming with vigor, Su Ming rolled up his sleeves and set to work.

Initially, Su Ming plowed the soil where he had planted bamboo shoots.

Next, he scoured the warehouse for tomato seeds.

“Tomatoes have been successfully sown. They'll ripen in 12 hours.”

Su Ming received this notification with equanimity, as he had grown accustomed to such occurrences.

Irrigating and fertilizing could expedite crop maturation, enhance crop quality, and boost yields.

After nearly three hours of relentless effort, he completed the land's planting. Finally, he released a sigh of relief.

"I haven't worked like this in ages. I'm not as physically fit as I used to be."

Easing the ache in his lower back with a gentle rub, Su Ming cleansed his hands and feet before reclining on the chair beside the thatched cottage. He intended to rest briefly before resuming his work.

Abruptly, Su Ming's phone rang, and his expression shifted slightly upon seeing the caller ID.

It was his parents.

Immersed in his tasks throughout the day, Su Ming had forgotten to inform his parents about calling off the engagement.

Chapter 17 - Again!!!

"Ming, what's the status of your upcoming nuptials with Xue? Is the date finalized?"

The voice of Su Ming's mother resonated from the other end of the phone line.

"Mother."

Experiencing a moment of hesitation, Su Ming felt compelled to be honest. "Wang Xue and I have parted ways."

"Excuse me?"

A sense of urgency filled Lee Sumei's tone. "Why wasn't such a critical decision shared with us? The unborn child in Xue's womb is blameless. If it's a matter of finances, your father and I can secure additional funds. Whatever it takes, we shouldn't postpone your wedding."

The words from Lee Sumei touched Su Ming deeply, almost bringing him to tears.

His parents were simple rural folk.

They had sacrificed much on his behalf.

"Mother."

Su Ming clarified, "It's not as you're imagining. I'd unquestionably assume responsibility if the child were mine, but the baby Wang Xue is carrying isn't mine."

"I beg your pardon?"

Lee Sumei was left bewildered.

“Mother, let's put this matter to rest.”

Attempting to uplift her spirits, Su Ming continued, “On a brighter note, I've secured a promising job. My monthly earnings exceed 20,000 yuan.” fre
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“Is that so?”

A note of astonishment colored Lee Sumei's voice. “Be prudent with your earnings. Put some aside for your eventual wedding.”

“Understood, Mother.”

A smile crossed Su Ming's face.

“Very well, I'll let you get back to your responsibilities now.”

With those words, Lee Sumei ended the call.

Holding the phone, Su Ming felt a swirl of emotions. He exhaled deeply and tucked the phone away.

Should he reveal to his parents his ownership of a city land parcel valued at ten billion, he feared they might not grasp the enormity of it.

Patience was the better course of action.

In due time, he would introduce them to the luxuries of city life.

Resolving this, Su Ming ceased to dwell on the matter.

Su Ming reclined comfortably, letting the sun warm his face while the gentle breeze caressed him.

Just as he teetered on the edge of sleep, a jarring bell sound jolted him awake.

He sluggishly opened his eyes and, upon seeing the caller ID, his brow creased.

It was the landlord ringing him.

Glancing at the calendar, Su Ming had an epiphany.

Ah, that explained it.

Today was rent day.

The place he rented was located in an older suburban area.

Lacking modern amenities like geothermal heating or air conditioning, it was bone-chilling in winter and oppressively hot in summer.

The setting might be somewhat austere, but the price was right.

The landlord, however, was notorious for his short fuse and stinginess.

He perceived Su Ming as an easy target, constantly pushing him around.

He even accused Su Ming of damaging the house's floor, walls, and the old refrigerator.

Truth be told, the place was already in a state of disrepair.

The fridge was nearly as old as Su Ming, so its breaking down was hardly a surprise.

It was the affordability and the convenient bus route nearby that made Su Ming opt for this place.

In the past, Su Ming would have politely engaged with the landlord over the phone.

But times had changed.

“Where are you now?”

The moment Su Ming answered the call, a shrill voice snapped, “Are you planning on skipping out on rent? Listen up, you've got 30 minutes. If you're not back by then, find somewhere else to stay, even if it's the streets!”

“Also, just so you know, I'm raising the rent. It's a thousand a month from now.”

With that, the call ended.

Not this again.

Su Ming couldn't help but smirk.

Periodically, the landlord would hike the rent, and previously Su Ming would bring over fruits and gifts, imploring him for leniency.

He wasn't going to indulge him anymore.

Su Ming powered down his phone, reclined once more, and in no time, he was fast asleep.

Chapter 18 - Ordinary Cars

After completing his farm chores, Su Ming fell into a deep sleep.

He rested for three hours, then awoke with a contented expression.

Waking up, he felt rejuvenated and energetic.

Checking his phone, he noticed over 50 unanswered calls.

He had over thirty unread messages.

The landlord was quite insistent.

Su Ming guessed the landlord was now irate. This thought secretly amused him.

Regardless, his house contained nothing of significance. Just some bedding, clothing, and a second-hand laptop which was the most valuable item.

It held no crucial documents.

Su Ming leisurely got ready and visited the field to inspect his tomato plants.

The vines had indeed sprouted. Adjacent to them was a stick provided by the System that supported and tied the vines.

After all, mature tomatoes became quite weighty.

A sudden rumble from his stomach took Su Ming by surprise. He realized he hadn't eaten the entire day.

He was so engrossed in his farming tasks that meals slipped his mind.

Su Ming headed to the nearby food city and got a bowl of noodles.

“Is that not Mr. Su?”

While eating, a familiar, astonished voice echoed. Su Ming, caught off guard, glanced sideways.

To his surprise, it was his old friend, President Chen.

“What a pleasant surprise, President Chen.”

Su Ming greeted with a smile.

President Chen carefully approached and took a seat facing Su Ming.

An inner reflection reminded him how even a magnate could appear so humble and plain.

What defines a billionaire?

After all, their daily necessities and lifestyles often mirror those of the average individual.

Who could distinguish, on mere appearance, the magnate capable of withdrawing vast sums at a moment's notice from an ordinary passerby?

Had he possessed the funds, he'd have flaunted it by now.

Even though he was nearing 50, he couldn't match the energy of someone in their 20s.

"We appreciate the confidence you've placed in our bank."

President Chen moistened his parched lips. "Today, our bank is holding a raffle for all our customers, and you've just won our top prize."

Su Ming was momentarily taken aback. Could such good fortune be real?

However, he quickly deduced it wasn't an actual raffle.

It was clear President Chen wanted to gift him something, yet struggled to find an appropriate pretext.

"I never realized I was this fortunate. What's the grand prize, President Chen?"

As Su Ming took a noodle bite, he probed further.

"A car."

Without delay, President Chen produced a key from his pocket, placing it before Su Ming: "Mr. Su, please don't take offense. This car is modestly priced at 500,000 yuan. Please accept it."

Su Ming noticed the BMW emblem.

It seemed quite decent.

He pondered whether he should purchase a vehicle for himself since driving his vegetable-selling car around was becoming a tad embarrassing.

Serendipitously, President Chen presented him with a BMW.

Indeed, even if the car wasn't exceptionally pricey, he was in need of one at that moment.

"I'm actually in the market for a car. My gratitude, President Chen."

Su Ming pocketed the car keys.

Observing Su Ming's acceptance, President Chen exhaled a sigh of relief, as though a weight had been lifted. "Mr. Su, enclosed is your car's purchase contract and insurance details. Rest assured, our bank will cover your car's maintenance insurance."

“I appreciate your efforts, President Chen.”

Su Ming expressed his thanks unreservedly.

He understood that President Chen's gesture wasn't without motive.

Being a major client of the bank meant that with increased deposits and investments, President Chen's promotion was on the horizon.

This was merely President Chen strategizing for his future.

“Mr. Su, I won't intrude further. We'll have the car delivered and parked below soon, with license plates already arranged for you.”

“Alright.”

Su Ming nodded.

Chapter 19 - I'll Pay for It

Su Ming ate to his satisfaction and settled the bill.

Exiting the building, he noticed a gleaming new BMW parked just outside the mall.

An employee from the bank stood beside it.

Spotting Su Ming, he quickly approached, saying, “Mr. Su, this car is yours.”

“Thank you!”

Su Ming expressed his gratitude, placing a reassuring hand on the bank employee's shoulder. “Inform your president that I plan to visit your bank soon.”

The bank employee's face lit up with delight. Hadn't this been the moment he'd been hoping for?

Given Mr. Su's statement, it was a done deal!

“Thank you, Mr. Su.”

With a nod and a grin, Su Ming slid into the driver's seat.

During his college days, Su Ming occasionally drove.

Prior to that, he attended several driving courses, mastering the art of handling a sports car.

He maneuvered through the city's downtown, eventually making his way towards the outskirts.

The dense landscape of skyscrapers and malls began to thin out.

Although familiar with this route, he had previously only traveled it by bus. Now driving, the journey felt distinctively different.

Navigating through an intersection, he took a turn and soon entered his rented residential area.

The complex lacked parking, so he found a spot nearby. He then headed towards the building's entrance.

A musty, damp aroma filled the stairwell, its walls plastered with various small ads. Su Ming confidently climbed to the third floor.

He rested his hand on the aged wooden door, giving it a soft push.

A grating noise reverberated down the hallway.

Yet, just as the door opened slightly, it was abruptly yanked from the other side.

The fragile door quivered, seeming as if it might disintegrate.

The stout landlady, not even 1.5 meters tall but weighing considerably, glared at Su Ming.

“Where were you? Why have you returned so late?”

Her shrill voice made Su Ming wince.

“I haven't done anything wrong. I just stepped out for a bite.”

With a subtle smile, Su Ming gently opened the door.

“You!”

The landlord, fuming with anger, pointed directly at Su Ming, her hand quivering. “Listen, this is a brand-new sofa I purchased. It cost me tens of thousands of yuan. You've damaged it severely. You're settling the bill today.”

“I'll cover the costs.”

Su Ming responded with a smile, “How much do I owe?”

“What?”

The landlord was caught off guard.

Her previous perception of Su Ming was of someone who always sought her approval, acting overly compliant whenever he encountered her.

What brought about this sudden change in him?

To her knowledge, Su Ming was broke.

He had exhausted all his savings on gifts and renovations for his prospective mother-in-law.

That's the reason she took advantage of Su Ming.

Yet, his demeanor today was unexpectedly different.

“Alright, it's thirty thousand yuan!”

The landlord declared, hands akimbo, her expression stern.

“Absolutely, I'll handle it.”

With a faint smile, Su Ming accessed his phone and promptly transferred 30,500 yuan into the landlord's account.

The additional 500 yuan was for the rent.

As the landlord's phone buzzed, she checked to find an unexpected sum exceeding 30,000 yuan.

She was taken aback.

What just happened?

Wasn't Su Ming the one she regularly berated, expecting him to return later with an apologetic offering of fruits and gifts?

That way, she could save some money on produce.

However, things didn't unfold as anticipated this time.

Chapter 20 - Stealing

Su Ming paid no attention to the landlord.

After all, with his newfound billionaire status, he owned land valued at ten billion.

Frankly, such individuals were no longer in a position to bother him.

Retreating to his bedroom, Su Ming retrieved his graduation and degree certificates from beneath a box.

He fetched a snakeskin bag from under his bed and packed it with essentials.

Glancing around, he realized there was nothing else he wanted to bring.

“I've decided not to continue renting here. I'll settle any outstanding payments. Farewell.”

With a subtle smile, Su Ming departed downstairs, clutching the snakeskin bag.

The landlord was taken aback by Su Ming's behavior.

She epitomized someone who preyed on the vulnerable but cowered before the dominant.

While her husband was a forceful man, he was notorious for his extramarital escapades.

Despite her awareness of his infidelity, she always welcomed him home with a cheerful demeanor.

That very morning, her husband withdrew a considerable sum for his leisure pursuits. Though she understood his intentions, she felt powerless to intervene.

Feeling aggrieved, the landlord had intended to find a reason to berate Su Ming during rent collection that day.

She had hoped Su Ming would reimburse her for a household item, but he declined.

Over the past three years, Su Ming was the sole occupant, leading the landlord to believe he must be the one responsible for any damages.

The landlord held a housing contract with specific stipulations outlined.

Once she received the payment from Su Ming, she intended to evict him.

Her plan was to use Su Ming's payment for property renovations and upgrading to better second-hand appliances.

This would allow her to hike up the rent.

However, Su Ming's actions took her completely by surprise.

Unlike previous occasions, after her call, Su Ming didn't hurry back. He kept her waiting for over four hours.

Upon his return, he seemed indifferent to her.

Most notably, when she demanded compensation, Su Ming promptly transferred the funds to her.

Despite receiving the money, she felt somewhat disgruntled.

Fuming, the landlord abruptly shut the door and stormed downstairs.

She was determined to confront and rebuke Su Ming.

Reaching the ground floor, she spotted Su Ming near a luxury vehicle, holding a snakeskin bag and conversing with two patrol officers.

Laughing boisterously, the landlord remarked, "Has Su Ming been caught pilfering from the police? No wonder he was keen on moving out. Guess he had prison in mind."

With a sneer, the landlord watched the scene, her gaze filled with contempt for Su Ming.

That luxurious vehicle was easily worth several million yuan.

It was audacious of Su Ming to even think of stealing such a pricey car, likely landing him a lengthy jail term.

She pondered whose car it might be. In this old neighborhood, she was familiar with most, but was certain few could afford such a lavish vehicle.

Perhaps someone had just parked it there temporarily.

Regardless, she believed Su Ming was out of luck. Of all the vehicles available, he chose a luxury one worth over three million yuan, and now he was caught by the police.