

THE BILLION-VALUE LANDS ARE JUST FOR FARMING

Chapter 6 - Being Ripe in 12 Hours

Su Ming was stunned at that moment.

He had mentally prepared himself.

Mao Zhu might require about a week or two to reach maturity.

However, he hadn't anticipated it reaching maturity within twelve hours.

The System's power was truly astonishing!

Su Ming stood in disbelief, his mouth agape.

The crops covering such an expansive piece of land could yield two harvests in a single day.

He might soon become the principal vegetable supplier in the entire city.

Furthermore, the produce cultivated on this land was certain to be of exceptional quality.

It was unexpected that despite his parents investing heavily to send him to a major city for education, he ended up as a farmer.

But farmers, too, could rake in substantial earnings.

Additionally, Su Ming swiftly realized that apart from vegetables, he could plant other items.

For instance, certain special plants with lengthy maturation periods.

Setting aside any other functionalities, the mere fact that this plot of land could significantly accelerate crop growth was enough for Su Ming to amass a fortune.

As Su Ming was lost in thought, he observed the seed he had recently planted sprouting.

The speed was astonishing!

“Host, you can boost crop output through watering and fertilization, or reduce the time needed for crops to ripen!”

The System's notification suddenly chimed in.

Su Ming felt elated and promptly fetched a bucket of water to irrigate the crops.

“Crop growth time reduced by one hour!”

“Crop ripening quality increased by 10%!”

Every time he watered the plants, a notification echoed. However, there was no alert when he watered them again. It appeared he could only water them at intervals.

Su Ming meticulously applied fertilizer, each time greeted by the sound of a notification.

After a whole afternoon of work, the sky was gradually dimming.

Su Ming stretched his body and washed his dirt-covered hands and feet. All he had to do now was wait for the crops to reach maturity.

Amid the rush hour, the streets bustled with white-collar workers donned in blue attire.

Finding a restaurant, Su Ming ordered a bowl of noodles and, in an unusually lavish manner, added a meat dish. He dug into his meal with hearty bites.

He didn't plan on returning to his rented house tonight.

On the farm, there stood a small thatched cottage where he could sleep at any time, allowing him to rise early and tend to the crops.

Yet, thoughts of the house made Su Ming scratch his head.

The rented place he used to inhabit was no longer suitable.

The rent wasn't cheap, and the living conditions were far from ideal.

Were it not for his cost-saving marriage, he wouldn't have settled for such a subpar dwelling.

However, that was all in the past.

After sating his hunger, he purchased some snacks and fruits before heading back to the thatched cottage. After fiddling with his phone for a bit, he slipped into a deep sleep.

In today's world, people often wrestled with insomnia due to stress and a lack of physical labor. Yet, after a day's work in the fields, how could one not sleep soundly?

When he awoke, dawn had already broken. In a sleepy daze, Su Ming grabbed his phone and checked the time.

It was already ten in the morning!

The crops had ripened long ago!

Su Ming jumped out of bed in a hurry. He didn't even bother washing his face before flinging open the door and dashing toward the field.

What would he find?

Su Ming's excitement knew no bounds!

From a distance, the plot still appeared as an empty space; there was no sign of the crops.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, thinking he might be mistaken. But then, he recalled that the System probably orchestrated this.

After all, the crops maturing in a single day was astonishingly rapid. The System likely intervened to keep things discreet.

Chapter 7 - Golden Bamboo Shoots

As Su Ming stepped in to inspect, his eyes widened in astonishment.

Behold, a bamboo shoot had emerged!

Surprisingly, the final sprout from the furry bamboo seed wasn't just any bamboo shoot, but rather a bamboo shoot!

Bamboo itself had little value; only bamboo shoots were fit for consumption!

Remarkably, it had already matured within a single night!

Filled with joy, Su Ming entered the ground, grabbed a shovel, and commenced digging!

Undoubtedly, he felt a tad fatigued.

Nevertheless, he swiftly unearthed a bamboo shoot!

Why was it so weighty?

Su Ming found himself puzzled. Picking it up, he examined it closely.

There was nothing amiss upon first glance.

Traces of his shovel were apparent around the base of the bamboo shoot.

Back then, he hadn't scrutinized it closely.

Intriguingly, there was a golden hue within!

Su Ming rapidly peeled back the skin of the bamboo shoot to get a better view!

When Su Ming fully comprehended it, he was rendered nearly speechless by shock.

Was the bamboo shoot actually golden?

Among the Golden Bamboo Shoots, a label was attached.

Su Ming took the label and examined it with care.

It contained details about the purchase number, purity, weight, and other relevant information concerning the bamboo shoots.

A Walton Bank commemorative bamboo shoot, marked with the purchase number 123456. Weighing 4,000 grams, it possessed a purity of 99.99%.

Su Ming pinched his thigh, experiencing a sensation of pain.

Su Ming aspired to be a diligent farmer.

The extent of the System's potency caught him off guard.

The bamboo shoots he cultivated were, astonishingly, made of gold!

Su Ming found himself profoundly taken aback.

Today, he had harvested golden bamboo shoots from the earth.

Laborers were indeed the most honorable.

What truly stood out was the fact that the bamboo shoots came complete with labels and purchase certificates.

Su Ming blinked, slowly recovering from his initial astonishment.

He moistened his dry lips.

With a sense of excitement, he grasped the golden bamboo shoot.

The weight was substantial!

Regardless of its weight, his joy was boundless!

After all, this wasn't just gold, but rather treasure, distinct from construction site bricks.

The excitement within Su Ming was irrepressible.

The weariness from the previous day's labor had dissolved. Gazing at the extensive uncultivated land, his eyes ignited with enthusiasm.

A fervor to experiment with all sorts of crops, be it cucumbers, potatoes, or melons, welled up inside him.

He was eager to witness how these crops would flourish on his land.

However, the moment wasn't right for such endeavors.

Despite these bamboo shoots being golden, they held no immediate utility for him.

After all, if he desired more bamboo shoots later, he could simply cultivate them anew.

In any case, these bamboo shoots required a mere ten hours to mature.

Therefore, he intended to sell these golden bamboo shoots.

Originating from Walton Bank, the nation's largest bank, these bamboo shoots were of immense worth.

It was probable that other banks would express interest in purchasing them.

With this thought in mind, Su Ming promptly retrieved his phone, accessing the number for Tianhua Bank through 114.

Amongst local establishments, Tianhua Bank held the distinction of being the largest.

“Greetings, sir. This is the Tianhua Bank Consultation Center.”

Upon dialing, a pleasant and courteous female voice emanated from the opposite end.

“I have an inquiry. I possess a collection of commemorative bamboo shoots released by Walton Bank. Is your bank open to procuring them?”

“Sir, kindly hold for a moment. This query surpasses my authority. I shall promptly confer with our president!”

The tone of the young lady grew significantly more respectful. In under half a minute, a male voice interjected. “Hello, sir. I am the president of the Eastsea Branch of Tianhua Bank. We are prepared to acquire any quantity of Walton Bank's commemorative bamboo shoots that you have.”

“Very well.”

Upon receiving the affirmation, Su Ming concluded the call.

Su Ming couldn't help but sigh at the prospect of becoming a billionaire!

Chapter 8 - I Need a Big Truck

Su Ming consulted the map.

Tianhua Bank stood three kilometers away from his current location.

A bit of a distance, indeed.

Standing upright, Su Ming began counting methodically.

Precisely fifty bamboo shoots lay before him.

Each of these weighed four kilograms, summing up to a total of two hundred kilograms.

The thought of transporting them all individually to Tianhua Bank would likely exhaust him.

Contemplating the situation, Su Ming recognized the need to purchase a vehicle.

Although his work revolved around farming, making a tractor the obvious choice, navigating through the city center posed limitations for tractors.

Anticipating considerable future crop growth, a truck was necessary.

The question was: Where could he acquire one?

It struck Su Ming that the vendor who sold seeds and fertilizers yesterday might have useful contacts.

While not dealing in cars, he might have a connection or two who did.

Su Ming only needed to provide funds for the purchase, and the car would be arranged.

He placed a call to the vendor.

“What do you require now? No worries, I have an assortment here. Simply tell me what you need, and I'll get it delivered to you promptly.”

The vendor displayed remarkable enthusiasm.

This was due to Su Ming's status as an affluent urban farmer.

“I need a truck, boss.”

Su Ming conveyed.

“No problem, I'll take care of it.”

The vendor assured confidently.

The vendor posed an inquiry, “Any specific configuration preferences for the vehicle?”

“No specific demands.”

“Alright!”

The vendor readily agreed.

Upon ending the call, Su Ming fetched a small cart from the thatched hut.

He systematically loaded the golden bamboo shoots onto the cart and wheeled it to the farm's periphery.

Precisely when he'd aligned all fifty bamboo shoots at the farm's edge, a truck pulled up by the entrance.

Stepping out from the driver's seat was the vendor.

It was a compact white van with a four-ton capacity—sufficient for his needs.

“Is this vehicle suitable?”

The vendor handed Su Ming the keys, a smile gracing his features.

“Not bad. What's the price?”

“Two hundred thousand.”

Su Ming nodded, transferring 210,000 yuan to the vendor while stating, “The extra 10,000 is your commission.”

The boss's eyes lit up.

He was so lucky.

He had only been Su Ming's driver for a while, but he had earned 10,000 yuan.

Su Ming was indeed rich. He was too generous.

“Thank you, sir. Then I won't bother you anymore.”

Recognizing that Su Ming probably had other matters to attend to, the boss didn't disturb him. He turned and hailed a taxi.

Su Ming skillfully maneuvered the car backward into his farm.

Proceeding, he carefully stacked the golden bamboo shoots, one by one.

He loaded all fifty of the precious bamboo shoots into the car before sealing the door.

With everything set, he was ready to depart!

Su Ming drove the vehicle to the farm entrance and configured the GPS location on his phone.

Just then, an unexpected knock resounded on his car door.

Lowering the window, Su Ming peeked outside.

Standing there was a slightly portly middle-aged man, dressed in a chef's uniform. An air of self-assurance surrounded him. "Excuse me, sir, but what do you have in your car?"

"Bamboo shoots."

Su Ming hesitated momentarily before replying.

"Bamboo shoots?"

The middle-aged man's eyes widened, a spark of delight evident. "What a coincidence. Our company's cafeteria is currently short on bamboo shoots. Sir, are you selling these bamboo shoots? What's the price?"

The middle-aged man was a culinary expert in a major corporation and was responsible for its vegetable procurement. With local vendors always seeking to curry his favor, he couldn't help but adopt a slightly conceited demeanor.

On this particular morning, he had planned to venture out and buy bamboo shoots.

However, as soon as he stepped out of the company, his gaze landed on a parked truck by the curb.

Being well-versed in vegetable purchasing, he recognized the refrigerated truck with a local license plate as likely carrying fresh produce.

Should there be bamboo shoots on the truck, he could bypass his market trip.

His intuition didn't fail him.

The man couldn't help but smile. Luck was evidently on his side.

Chapter 9 - My Bamboo Shoots

Su Ming found himself momentarily stunned.

If he were to cook with his bamboo shoots, it would undoubtedly result in the company employees needing dental work.

This misunderstanding was enough to make Su Ming unsure whether to laugh or sigh.

He shifted his gaze downwards.

His attire was a simple cotton outfit, splashed with mud.

He truly resembled a vegetable vendor.

"Selling the bamboo shoots to me would be a profitable deal for you."

Observing Su Ming's silence, the middle-aged man added, "The market rate for these bamboo shoots is 6.3 yuan per jin. Would you consider selling them to me at 6.5 yuan per jin?"

The middle-aged man's words placed Su Ming in an amusing dilemma.

Even though the company would reimburse him, he shouldn't have amassed so many discounts.

Yet, this wasn't Su Ming's concern.

Had he actually had bamboo shoots, he might have sold some.

However, he had no bamboo shoots on hand.

"I apologize. I'm not selling these bamboo shoots."

Su Ming had no choice but to decline with a good-natured smile.

The middle-aged man appeared slightly displeased. "If your bamboo shoots are of good quality, I'll be your consistent buyer. How does that sound?"

"I really have no intention of selling these bamboo shoots."

Su Ming was rendered momentarily speechless.

A frown creased the middle-aged man's brow. His tenacity was evident.

"Seven yuan per catty. Would that suffice? You're quite the hard bargainer."

Su Ming shook his head.

With so many vegetable vendors around, why hadn't he found another option?

What was driving him to be so unyielding?

His bamboo shoots were priced per gram.

At over 400 yuan per gram.

"You truly might not be able to afford my bamboo shoots."

Su Ming spoke the truth.

The middle-aged man was taken aback, then erupted into a laughing fit mixed with frustration. "Are you kidding me? Do you think your bamboo shoots are made of gold?"

His intuition had been spot on!

"I refuse to believe I can't afford your bamboo shoots."

The middle-aged man promptly unzipped his bag, revealing a stack of bills. "Is this amount sufficient?"

His persistence was unwavering. He was a purchaser for a prominent corporation.

That morning, he had indulged in a bit of alcohol before heading to work.

The company he worked for had two or three thousand employees, leading to a considerable daily demand for vegetables. Every vegetable vendor was eager to transact with him.

But today, he had encountered a resolute young man.

He wasn't convinced that he couldn't afford it!

Never mind the bamboo shoots; I could probably buy your car!

As he continued speaking, the middle-aged man furiously reached for the car door.

Su Ming felt genuinely helpless.

Why was he so stubborn?

Chapter 10 - Parking Illegally

Just as the middle-aged man was about to wrench open the rear door, he vented his frustration, "I'm curious to know how pricey your bamboo shoots are, and yet you claim I can't afford them!"

In a sudden turn of events, a hand materialized, pressing onto the door.

Su Ming addressed him, "Uncle, I've been clear that I won't be selling these bamboo shoots. You can't coerce me into selling, can you?"

"If I persist in wanting your bamboo shoots, what will you do to stop me?"

Drunk and confrontational, the middle-aged man glared at Su Ming, attempting to shove him aside.

Su Ming's brows knitted.

Su Ming wondered, "Is this middle-aged man spoiling for a fight?"

Extending his hand, Su Ming caught the middle-aged man's wrist, applying force to pull it towards him.

Subsequently, he aimed a swift kick.

The kick squarely struck the middle-aged man's abdomen.

The impact sent the middle-aged man stumbling a few steps backward, tumbling to the ground.

Grimacing in pain, the middle-aged man cast a fierce gaze at Su Ming, snarling, "You dare to lay hands on me?"

"What's happening here?"

Just then, a stern voice pierced through.

Su Ming turned his head, noticing two policemen in uniform making their way over with grave expressions.

Within the city center, this location epitomized the city's image.

The vicinity boasted towering structures with a constant stream of visitors. Not only were there local patrons, but foreign visitors and dignitaries from other cities also frequented this area.

Any brawling here would undoubtedly tarnish the city's image.

As the two patrolling officers drove by, they spotted the situation and promptly approached.

The middle-aged man exclaimed, "Officers, you're here just in time."

The middle-aged man spoke up first, saying, "This individual parked in a restricted area. I advised him against it, explaining how it affects the city's appearance. Yet, not only did he disregard my words, but he also resorted to aggression. This bamboo shoot peddler actually dared to drive right into the city center."

Su Ming was rendered speechless.

He was the one who insisted Su Ming sell the bamboo shoots, yet now all the blame seemed to rest on Su Ming's shoulders alone.

Upon hearing this, the two officers furrowed their brows and turned their gaze to Su Ming.

Being seasoned patrollers, they recognized that relying solely on one-sided claims was unwise.

"I indeed have bamboo shoots in my car, but this plot of land belongs to me. Would it not be within my rights to park my vehicle on my own property?"

"Furthermore, I had no intention of selling these bamboo shoots. However, he persisted in pressuring me. He even resorted to pushing me just a while ago. I was merely defending myself."

Su Ming recounted the truth.

"Bullshit!"

The middle-aged man sneered, "You can't even fabricate a proper lie. Do you have any idea about the value of this land? If this land is indeed yours, I'd eat sh*t right away."

Su Ming chuckled upon hearing this.

This individual was being quite reckless.

In reality, the two patrolling officers were skeptical of Su Ming's account as well.

Not that they underestimated him.

But, could a young man like him really afford such a pricey piece of land in the city center?

With no one willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, Su Ming had no choice but to present his property ownership certificate.

"Property ownership certificate!"

The two policemen stood momentarily dazed. After scrutinizing it closely, astonishment overtook their faces.

It was indeed true.

This piece of land unequivocally belonged to the young man before them!

Good gracious, the person standing there was a billionaire!

It appeared that nobody could prevent him from parking on the property.

The middle-aged man craned his neck to glimpse the property ownership certificate.

He was left utterly stupefied.

Dear heavens! The ownership of this house genuinely lay with the young man!

Subsequently, Su Ming strolled to the rear of his car, opening the door.

"Gentlemen, take a look at my bamboo shoots."

The two policemen exchanged glances and proceeded over. As they peered within, their eyes widened.

The middle-aged man also yearned to approach and inspect the contents, but Su Ming promptly closed the car door.

"Officers, this is the protocol."

Su Ming presented his purchase certificate as well.

All the documents were completely lawful and aligned with the requisite procedure.

The two policemen remained astounded.

Yet, upon careful consideration, it seemed reasonable. Since the central city land belonged to him, owning these Golden Bamboo Shoots was hardly perplexing.

Nevertheless, this young man was exceedingly affluent!