

The men looked ferocious, and they frightened the girls.

However, they were all eating the ice-creams that Qin Ming bought for them. They could not possibly betray Qin Ming now. It would be terrible of them to do that.

Everyone exchanged looks before retreating with their ice-cream simultaneously.

Immediately, the men were irate. When they saw the pretty girls, Nie Haitang and Chen Muling, they said, "Oh? It seems like there quite a lot of girls here. We don't have girlfriends. Why don't you join us for some fun?"

At that, they reached out to grab Chen Muling.

As Chen Muling had no one with her, she became frantic.

Right then, a young man stepped up from aside and stopped the thug. He huffed, "Bro, you're crossing the line. You're in the city. How dare you try to mess around here?"

“Who are you?” the thug frowned.

The young man replied, “Who cares who I am. It’s not right of you to bully others. Chen Muling, don’t worry, I’ll prote-”

Slap!

Before he could finish his words, the thug had slapped him. The young man fell onto the floor.

The thug hissed, “F**king hell. Who’s your ‘bro’? Are you trying to be the hero of the day? Know your place. I can do whatever I like here.”

“Hahaha! I can’t believe this weakling is trying to be the hero. Babe, you don’t have good taste in men.” The other thugs burst into laughter, as the man who was speaking stepped forward to grab Chen Muling again.

Chen Muling shrieked. She had thought the brave young man would be able to save her earlier. Gratitude had only sprouted in her heart for a split second before it disappeared when the young man was instantly defeated.

Disappointment overcame her.

Zhang Qingqing tugged Zhao Tuo's shirt and asked, "Zhao Tuo, can you pull some strings to stop them? We're friends. You should help Chen Muling."

Zhao Tuo raised his head proudly and reassured, "No worries. Leave it to me. I'm quite respected in Guang City, too."

He stepped forward and said, "I'm Zhao Tuo, and I've been known as the God of Fortune by my peers. Have you heard of me?"

Qin Ming could not help but snort upon hearing.

God of Fortune? Aren't you the "Child With A Hole In His Wallet" instead? You only know how to spend your family's hard-earned money on your useless friends.

The few thugs surrounded him swiftly and said, "Nope. Does it mean you're the one who bought out the ice-cream from the Dubai store?"

Zhao Tuo felt awkward; telling them his name had been pointless.

Noticing the ferocious men's preference for violence, he swiftly said, "N- No, it wasn't me. But if you're in the mood for ice-cream, why don't I buy you Haagen-Dazs instead? It's branded ice-cream, too. I'll buy as much as you like. How does that sound?"

The thug instantly punched Zhao Tuo's abdomen, and the latter flopped to the floor.

"If you weren't the one to buy out the store, why are you pretending to be that person?"

"Our sister-in-law is sick of Haagen-Dazs. We're here for the Dubai ice-cream."

"Hah. Does anyone else dare to go against us?"

Then, the thug turned toward Chen Muling and Nie Haitang and said, "Babes, you two are the prettiest in the group. Come over, and let our boss take a good look. Maybe you'll be our new sisters-in-law."

Nie Haitang nervously grabbed Qin Ming. "Qin Ming, what should we do? There are too many of them. Let's run!"

Qin Ming patted her hand and consoled, "Don't worry. I'll deal with this... Hey, I'm the one who bought out the store. What's wrong? I can't spend my own money?"

When Qin Ming finally stepped forward, Chen Muling hurriedly ran behind him. She did not know why, but she felt safe when he was around. Although Qin Ming seemed like a womanizer as he had been in ambiguous relationships with so many girls, he had been reliable in times of emergency.

The thug took a glance at Qin Ming, noticing nothing special about him. In fact, he looked nothing like a rich man. He said, "Brat, you're rich? You don't look like it. What's your name?"

Qin Ming answered, "I'm Qin Ming. What's wrong? Am I breaking the law by being rich?"

The thugs sneered, "It's true you're not breaking

the law. However, you're the one who made it impossible for our sister-in-law to have that Dubai ice-cream today, and she's upset. Our boss has told us to find the person who made her upset, beat him up, then bring him to her so that she can do anything she likes to that person until she's no longer angry."

Qin Ming frowned. "That's horrible of you to do that."

The thug licked his lips. "That's who we are. Brat, you're in trouble."

At that, he swung his fist at Qin Ming.

Before his fist reached Qin Ming's face, the thug suddenly retracted his hand with a pained expression on his face. He looked at his knuckles to find them bleeding.

He immediately looked at Qin Ming with widened eyes, not understand what had just happened.

The others were also dumbfounded. *What's going on?*

Qin Ming did not move an inch, but his assailant's hands had stopped and bled.

A look around suggested that no one else was near them, either.

Qin Ming was the only one who knew that it must have been Long's doing.

Although he did not know what Long had done, he knew the latter had been in the special forces. Long was a man of many tricks.

His skill was especially apparent when he had managed to knock out one of Marin Hathaway's men without anyone noticing.

Marin Hathaway was one of the four elders of the Huan Ning Century Corporation, and she used to be a mercenary. The men on her team would not be less than excellent. However, Long was much more than excellent.

When Qin Ming noticed that Long did not even

bother showing his face, he realized that it must be because these thugs were too weak for him.

Thus, Qin Ming decided to put on a show. He shoved his hands into his pockets and said, "I have superpowers. Do you want to try them out?"

Another stepped forward to swing his fist at Qin Ming's face. "Superpowers, my ass. Brat, you're f**king- Ah!"

Once again, before his fist could land on Qin Ming's face, that man howled in pain. On his wrist was a long cut.

For it to happen once was confusing. For it to happen twice was terrifying.

It was apparent that Qin Ming had both of his hands in his pocket.

How did he do this?

Zhao Tuo and the rest had their jaws slack in shock. *Is he Superman or something? Does he have magic? Is he a deity? Or can he conjure ghosts?*

Qin Ming tilted his head back in laughter. He reached out and pointed his fingers like a gun. “How’s that? I did say I have superpowers. If I fire this, you’ll all be dead meat.”

“Huh?” The ferocious men were finally started to show fright on their faces. They subconsciously took a step back.

Two of them were already injured, so they could not help but start to believe in Qin Ming’s words. And because Qin Ming’s fingers actually resembled a real gun, the men kept avoiding every direction he pointed his fingers at. It looked hilarious to a bystander watching the scene.

Qin Ming pointed to the nearest thug and said, “Bang!”

There was a soft noise, and Qin Ming could sense something flying past his ear. In the next second, something had impacted the thug’s head, and blood streamed down his face.

Furthermore, the impact had been so powerful that the thug could not stand back up with his dizzy head.

The rest of the thugs hissed in fear, "What black magic do you possess?"

Qin Ming laughed boisterously, "Demon's magic. Do you want to try me again? Still interested in beating me up and dragging me to see your sister-in-law?"

The thugs exchanged a look and saw similar fearful expressions on each other's faces. Qin Ming's action had frightened them out of their wits. They swiftly shook their heads in response.

Qin Ming's smile dropped instantly. He growled, "Apologize to my friends now."

"Of course!" The earlier assailant swiftly apologized to Chen Muling and the young man, "I'm sorry. We've been stupid to cross you. I hope you can forgive us."

After chasing the thugs away, the crowd fell

silent.

Then, they started admiring Qin Ming again.

“Qin Ming, are you some sort of deity? What’s going on with your hand? Can you really shoot with your fingers?”

“I was so scared earlier. There are always thugs like them. I didn’t know you would be so brave, Qin Ming.”

“Hear, hear. I never knew you could do that.”

Qin Ming gave them no explanation. He had seen the bloodied sour plum seed on the floor. Long must have been eating sour plums earlier, and he had shot the seeds at the thugs. Qin Ming did not expect the force to be so powerful.

Staring at Zhao Tuo’s look of agony, Zhang Qingqing was envious and angry. *Zhao Tuo’s too useless!*

Zhao Tuo was always useless during crucial times, while Qin Ming always had the last laugh.

She could not decipher how Qin Ming always managed to resolve every difficult situation he was in.

She sighed when she saw Nie Haitang's loving look at Qin Ming, "Forget it. I'll never be able to deal with Qin Ming. He's too tough a target."

With the ice-cream cup in her hands, Nie Haitang leaned toward Qin Ming and whispered, "Qin Ming, I don't want to go home tonight."

Qin Ming tilted his head to the side. *She doesn't want to go home tonight? What is she trying to do then?*



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Qin Ming smirked, "You don't want to go home tonight? Follow me back to my dorm, then. It's the holidays. I'm the only one in the dorm. No one will know even if we broke the bed."

Nie Haitang puffed up her cheeks shyly and squeezed his waist. "I'm just kidding. I know you're thinking of naughty things. You were touching my thigh earlier. You're getting cheekier and cheekier."

Qin Ming replied, "There are no men in this world who aren't cheeky. Are you really not staying over tonight?"

Nie Haitang huffed, "No. Just send me home."

Around eleven in the night, the group dispersed. As promised, Qin Ming sent Nie Haitang home.

Nie Haitang pursed her lips and mumbled to herself, "Stupid Qin Ming. I was so obvious with my hint. Why won't you forcefully bring me back with you? Idiot."

Unfortunately, Qin Ming could not read her

mind, and didn't know that he had made the wrong decision. If he knew, he would have regretted not bringing Nie Haitang back to his room.

The next day, Qin Ming received a surprise call. His parents and sister were coming to Guang City to visit him.

Qin Ming was overjoyed. His parents had been working hard their entire life, and he wanted them to rest from now on. However, they refused the money that he had given them earlier.

Now that Qin Ming had appointed his brother as the general manager of a hypermarket, his brother would earn tens of thousands each month. His life would gradually improve. Qin Ming had been pondering if he should appoint two relaxing jobs for his parents so that they could settle in Guang City instead.

He would then buy a house in the Green Island district and find an excuse to let his parents stay in that house. It was a perfect plan.

Although Qin Ming was the world's richest man, he knew he could not reveal his status. Most of his relatives back in his hometown were poor. If they found out about his sudden wealth, they might swarm his family and ask for loans. It would then be a never-ending nightmare.

As his parents did not know about Qin Ming's situation, they would think that Qin Ming's money was hard-earned and would refuse to spend his money. His relatives would resent his parents' stubbornness, and that would be the end of their family's peace.

On the other hand, if those relatives thought that Qin Ming's family was in Guang City because they had found a good job here, Qin Ming would have an easier time.

After all, they would not be as envious, given the money had come from hard work.

After all, it's impossible for Qin Ming to give money to everyone.

Since his family was visiting him, Qin Ming went

to make preparations in his Green Island home.

Bai Yuchun's mother was still living there. He could offer He Menggu a proper housekeeper job. That way she would be able to make a living and keep his parents company at the same time.

Qin Ming called his father. "Dad, when are you arriving?"

Qin Zhiguo answered, "Soon. We're in Uncle Yang's car. They drove us here, so we saved quite a lot."

Qin Ming hummed, "Alright. Tell me when you reach. I'll pick you up."

Meanwhile, a Toyota RAV4 was on the highway with five passengers in it.

After ending the call, Qin Zhiguo excitedly said to his wife, Wang Xiu, "Ming called. He said he's picking us up when we reach. I'm glad that Yang brought us along to Guang City. You've been a great help. It'd cost us more than 600 for the three of us if we took the train."

Yang Qiangjian, who was driving, replied, "It's no big deal. We're from the same hometown, after all. Zhiguo, you've been working for me for so many years. You're like a brother to me. Hahaha! Your son is basically my son. Anyway, I'm on my way to visit Yang Wei. That boy isn't home even though it's the holidays already. So all I can do is to visit him instead."

Qin Susu pouted as she grumbled in her heart. *What do you mean your son is my son? You're just trying to take advantage of my brother. How shameless.*

On the other hand, Qin Zhiguo did not think like his daughter. He gave Yang Qiangjian a silly smile.

Right then, Feng Yanbing, who had been in the front passenger seat, wound her window down. Instantly, hot air entered the car.

Yang Qiangjian groaned, "Why did you wind down the window? We have air-conditioning in the car."

Feng Yanbing glared at the Qin family, who was seated behind her. "It stinks in the car. I've been holding back from complaining. Let me have some fresh air. I told them to shower before they come into our car, but they came straight after their night shift. How dirty. We can wash the car, but I have to withstand this smell for hours. Also, they brought two chickens with them. The stench of chicken shit is killing me."

Her words were harsh, but Yang Qiangjian could not do anything about it. *After all, they've been working for us for decades!*

All he said was, "Stop talking. We're reaching soon."

Feng Yanbing huffed, "What's wrong? Does it hurt you to hear me say this? We're going to Guang City to visit our son, but you asked them to come along with us. Furthermore, they actually took up your offer. They're in our car so shamelessly because they think that the train tickets are too expensive. Why can't I complain about my situation? It's true that he stinks. Am I in the wrong to say what's true?"

Yang Qiangjian replied, "We're going to the same place. Our children studied in the same high school, and they're friends. Yang Wei will be managing the company in the future, and Qin Ming will be working for him. Isn't that good? They're our men, and they're reliable. Zhiguo has been working for me for more than twenty years. He has never made a single mistake."

Qin Zhiguo could only smile awkwardly to hide his embarrassment. "Madam, you're right. We're unrefined. I'm sorry for dirtying your car. But it had been a rush for us earlier. When we reach, we'll clean your car. After all, I'm usually the one to clean this car."

Feng Yanbing scoffed, "No need. Wash it when we're back home. Especially the trunk. That chicken of yours is filthy."

Qin Zhiguo and Wang Xiu hurriedly nodded and agreed with her.

Beside them, Qin Susu was burning with rage, but she could not shout at them.

Yang Qiangjian continued, "I heard Wei found a pretty girlfriend. She comes from a good family, and they've been spending a lot recently."

Feng Yanbing smugly said, "Of course. City girls are born rich. They have good taste, and they're smart and refined. Although we're well-off in Clearwater Town, we might not be when we're in the city."

Qin Susu pointed out, "That might not be true. She might have a fiery temper like the typical rich city girl."

Feng Yanbing cursed, "You're just a village girl. What do you know? The daughters of wealthy families are well-mannered. Furthermore, it's good for the man if his wife comes from a wealthy family. A good father-in-law can encourage the son-in-law to work even harder. In the future, Wei will expand the business out of Clearwater Town. He'll be able to buy a house in Guang City. No, wait, I mean a villa."

Yang Qiangjian agreed, "That's right. When Wei is rich, he won't forget about Qin Ming. Don't

worry. Working for Wei will make sure he can buy a house and live without worries.”

The fury in Qin Susu was growing. She blurted, “Qin Ming won’t. My brother has already found a good job in finance and investments. Besides, his rich boss finds him capable. His boss’ secretary is also nice to my brother, and she’s really pretty, too. Prettier than the stars you see on television.”

Feng Yanbing laughed, “Haha, you uneducated village girl. Do you think every woman you see in the city is pretty? Working for a boss? He can’t be working as a delivery boy or bouncer again, right? Those are tough jobs, and he’ll tire out eventually. He should learn from his father and work for my husband instead. At least the pay isn’t too bad, and you won’t have to do manual labor.”

Qin Susu huffed, “No way. My brother is studying economics. He has good grades, and he receives scholarship every year. In the future, he’ll enter a big company and work as an executive.”

Feng Yanbing laughed again, "Graduates are everywhere nowadays. Do you think it'll be that easy? Qin Zhiguo, it's time to teach your daughter some things. What kind of father are you? She still thinks that the world on the outside is the same as Clearwater. If you don't teach her well, someone will take advantage of her eventually."

There was a look of embarrassment on Qin Zhiguo's face as he turned to reprimand Qin Susu. "Susu, shut up. Watch your words with Aunt Feng. She knows more than you do. Listen to her well."

After being reprimanded by her father, Qin Susu could only purse her lips, refusing to relent. She held firm to her beliefs. She was certain that Qin Ming would surpass Yang Wei one day, and would not have to work for Yang Wei in the future.

The Toyota RAV4 sped on the road. When it was nearly noon, they reached Guang City.

Yang Qiangjian's car stopped at the junction where college students often crossed, which was also where Zhao Fugui's mini-market was located.

Yang Wei was waiting for them at the mini-market.

When the car reached, Yang Wei led a young and pretty girl forward. "Dad, Mom, you've reached. I've been waiting for so long."

Yang Qiangjian smiled and said, "There's quite a bit of traffic in the city. Who is this? Is this your new girlfriend?"

Yang Wei replied, "Yes. She's Fang Xiaoya. Her family deals in construction materials. Huh? Why is Qin Ming's family in the car, too?"

Feng Yanbing pinched her nose as she scorned in disdain, "They shamelessly asked for a ride. They didn't want to spend the money on a train ride, but they don't have a car, either. Your father felt that the honest Qin Zhiguo could keep a watch on the house for him, so he brought them along. He

was working night shift yesterday, and he snored the entire night. The pungent scent from him nearly killed me. Oh my, is this Wei's girlfriend, Xiaoya? How pretty. Much prettier than that Li Meng."

Her last sentence was louder than the rest; she wanted Qin Zhiguo and Wang Xiu to hear it. There was no way she was going to let her son lose to their son.

Yang Wei informed his mother, "Mom, Li Meng broke up with Qin Ming because he couldn't buy her an Apple phone."

Yang Wei had conveniently left out the part where he was with Li Meng for a few days. He had not been able to sleep with Li Meng, and he even lost 30 thousand. It had been nothing but an embarrassing event for him.

Feng Yanbing raised her voice and answered, "Is that so? That's what a poor boy will get. He can't even keep his girlfriend. Wang Xiu, you can't tell your friends and family that Qin Ming has a city girl for a girlfriend anymore. They've broken up.

There's nothing to be proud of anymore.”

Upon hearing her words, Wang Xiu's face paled. She anxiously pulled Qin Susu closer and asked, “Didn't you say that everything's fine with your brother? Didn't you say he's still in a relationship with Li Meng? W- Why have they broken up? They've been together for two years, and they've even done that. Why did they break up? What did Qin Ming do to the girl?”

Qin Susu was speechless for a moment. Then, she said, “Mom, Ming was the one who asked me not to tell you about it. He said you shouldn't worry about this. Besides, it turns out Li Meng isn't that good of a person anyway.”

Wang Xiu was panicking as if she had lost her money. “What's bad about her? She's a city girl, and she's pretty. Your brother has nothing, but she was willing to be with him. He should've kept her close to his side. Quick, call your brother. Tell him to come here. I want to ask him about this myself. He can't end up just like your other brother, thirty and still single!”

On the other side, Qin Zhiguo was taking their luggage out of the car. They had brought with them a bag of sweet potatoes, two chickens, some sun-dried meat, and a bag of clothes.

Qin Zhiguo licked his lips as he looked at the supermarket that was under construction. He mumbled to himself, “Susu is going to college soon. We’re still missing 3 thousand for her first semester. I wonder if we can request a loan. If it was as easy as Ming’s, then all we need to worry about will be the accommodation and food expenses.”

Qin Susu reassured him, “Dad, don’t worry. I’ll study hard. I’ll be able to get a scholarship as Ming did. I’ll also work part-time to cover living and accommodation expenses like Ming.”

Suddenly, Yang Qiangjian pointed to the opposite construction site and said, “Huh? That man looks like Qin Chaoyang.”

“Where?” Qin Zhiguo and the rest turned their heads toward the direction of the construction site.

Yang Qiangjian said, "That one. The one with a greet hat who's mixing the cement. The sweaty one."

The rest of the group squinted and realized that it was indeed Qin Chaoyang.

Yang Wei walked over and asked, "What's going on? Wasn't Chaoyang working odd jobs for people in town?"

Feng Yanbin jeered, "When he heard his girlfriend, Wang Feng, ran off with someone else, he came to the city to look for her while working. Actually, Wang Feng has come here to sell her body, because another wench from the same village had also come to do the same thing. Each client gives more than a thousand. Excluding commission fees, she'd earn around 300 thousand a month. In a year, she'd be able to buy a house in the county. That b*tch Wang Feng must have been jealous."

Yang Wei scoffed, "Being a cuckold suits him well."

Feng Yanbing looked smug as she said, "Only a swan can give birth to a swan. The son of a penniless man can only be a construction site worker. Wei, look at the Qin family. None of them is capable. How much can they earn every month by working here? If he makes a mistake, his boss will deduct from his wage. Hah. At this rate he won't be able to go home for new year's reunion dinner."

Qin Zhiguo was upset to hear her words. He felt that it was his fault as a father for being unable to buy his son a house. That was why Qin Chaoyang could not marry Wang Feng, and that was why Wang Feng left him. He was a useless father; because of that his son was ridiculed and mocked.

When he thought of that, Qin Zhiguo's eyes brimmed with tears.

Why am I such a failure?

Qin Chaoyang had been by the side of the road when he heard shouts from not far away. When he raised his head, he saw his parents. He

instantly abandoned his shovel and ran to them.

He wiped the sweat from his forehead with his tanned hands. "Dad, Mom, you're here? Why didn't you tell me you're coming?"

Qin Zhiguo replied, "I came with your Uncle Yang. We didn't have the time to tell you. We only told your brother. He should be reaching soon."

Yang Qiangjian stepped forward to pat Qin Chaoyang's shoulder. "Qin, not bad. You're working at the construction site?"

Qin Chaoyang smiled politely. "I'm working for someone for a living."

Feng Yanbing said, "I did offer you to work at our factory, but you didn't want to. You insisted on coming here, but you're still doing manual labor. It's hot and tiring. How much do you think you can earn?"

Qin Chaoyang felt uncomfortable listening to her words, but he still kept his polite smile on his

face. "It's actually quite a lot. I'm earning more than 30 thousand, and I have all the basic insurances."

"W- What?" All of them thought they had heard him wrong as they stared at him. 30 thousand every month was not a small amount. It was almost a year's income for Yang Qiangjian's auto parts factory worker.

Feng Yanbing sneered, "Are you trying to pull our legs? I'll believe it if you said it's 3 thousand. 30 thousand? You're mixing cement for 30 thousand a month? If it's true, I'll be the first to apply for the job."

Qin Zhiguo's expression turned somber as he reprimanded, "What are you talking about? Are you lying to not embarrass yourself? Who mixes cement for 30 thousand a month?"

Now, Yang Qiangjian was looking down on Qin Chaoyang. He laughed mockingly, "Forget it, Zhiguo. Don't reprimand your boy. Maybe he doesn't want to embarrass you in front of me. He has good intentions."

A visible red blush was on Qin Zhiguo's sunburnt face. He swung his palm and slapped Qin Chaoyang as he reprimanded, "Brat, what did I teach you? I taught you to be an honest man. How can you lie to us?"

Qin Chaoyang mumbled, "Dad, I'm not lying. Ming introduced me to this job. I don't mix cement; I'm the general manager. We're building a hypermarket here. Someone on-site had diarrhea, and he was scared that he'll lose the full attendance bonus if he didn't come today. I told him I'll work in his place, but he'll still get the day's pay."

"Hahaha!"

The moment Qin Chaoyang finished his sentence, Yang Wei's family laughed.

Feng Yanbing grabbed her stomach as she crouched by the car. "Qin Chaoyang, you're killing me with your jokes. You as a manager when you haven't even graduated from elementary school? Haha! Does that tally up? You're lying without even thinking. You're really

just lying to make yourself seem better than you are.”

Qin Chaoyang huffed, “It’s true I can’t tally, but the company has assigned a secretary to me. She’s quite pretty, too. She gives me ideas, and I learn while I sign the documents.”

“Hahaha!”

At that, the Yang family laughed even louder. They did not believe in anything he said. Even Yang Wei’s new girlfriend, Fang Xiaoya, wheezed as she laughed.

Qin Zhiguo’s expression was as dark as night. His heart broke as he thought, *My son is lying about something as ridiculous as this in hopes of saving his dignity. This will only embarrass us even more.*

Yang Qiangjian shook his head and said, “Forget it, Zhiguo. I’m your boss for decades. I won’t take this to heart. We have other plans. We’ll be leaving now.”

Right then, a beautiful woman in office wear jogged toward them from the construction site. She said, “Mr. Qin, Mr. Qin, are you going for lunch? I need your signature for this restocking document.”

Everyone’s laughter stopped abruptly. *Mr. Qin? Who is Mr. Qin?*



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Li, the secretary, was a fresh university graduate. Not only was she pretty and had a sweet voice, she also had a gracefully curvy figure. Her beauty stood out even from afar.

To be honest, Qin Chaoyang was a little afraid of her—he was afraid he would fall in love with her. In front of Li, he felt incapable and ashamed, as his brother was the one who helped him enter the company. Moreover, he did not even graduate from elementary school.

However, Li had never been biased against him because of his education level. She still called him Mr. Qin in an especially sweet voice.

Li jogged over and said, “Mr. Qin, I didn’t see you in the office; it turns out you’re at the site again. Here’s the document for restocking. I need your signature.”

Qin Chaoyang took the document and read it carefully. He had little formal education and was afraid of causing troubles for Qin Ming. Thus, he diligently read the document word by word, making sure that there are no loopholes, before

signing it.

While he was reading the document, his secretary smiled and greeted the rest, "You must be Mr. Qin's friends. Hello."

The Yang family and the rest of the Qin family were stunned. She was quite the pretty secretary. *Wait. Qin Chaoyang is really the manager?*

He didn't even graduate from elementary school, but he's a hypermarket's general manager? No one could believe it.

Qin Chaoyang introduced, "These people are from my hometown. These three are my dad, mom, and sister."

Li passionately shook Wang Xiu's hands. "I see. Uncle, Aunt, good afternoon. My name's Li. I'm Mr. Qin's secretary. Right! This is my name card. You can call me if you need anything. If Mr. Qin is busy, I can help you instead."

Qin Zhiguo was baffled, and so was Wang Xiu.

They knew their son's capability.

He only studied up to grade five in elementary school before he dropped out to work for others. From then on, he just kept working. As he was not good at math, he did not last long in any of his jobs and had been working odd jobs in his hometown the entire time. He tried to start a fruit business, but it failed. Qin Chaoyang was not meant to be a businessman.

So it was impossible for him to be a general manager.

At the very least, the initial phase of the construction would require several million, while the investment afterward would run in the tens of millions. *Is the one who hired Qin Chaoyang an idiot? Is he not afraid of ending up bankrupt?*

Regardless of what Qin Chaoyang's employer was thinking, it was obvious now that Qin Chaoyang was not lying to them.

Wang Xiu held Li's hands. *She's such a cheerful and good girl. If only she was my son's girlfriend.*

Then, she looked at Qin Chaoyang. *He's a manager now, right? A manager and a secretary. It's the perfect pair. It's the golden couple in television shows.*

She asked, "Dear, do you have a boyfriend?"

Li shyly answered, "Not yet."

Wang Xiu was overjoyed to hear her answer. *Perfect! That's an opportunity. I'll have to make sure Chaoyang grabs the opportunity. This girl is way better than that Wang Feng.*

Qin Zhiguo's hands were trembling as he reached out to touch Qin Chaoyang's face. He asked, "Son, I've mistaken you. You're a promising man now——my promising son. Does your face still hurt?"

As he spoke, Qin Zhiguo started crying. He hugged his son and sobbed, "My son's doing well now. He's doing well now."

Qin Chaoyang's throat tightened. He was already thirty, but he was incapable, and his parents even had to worry about his marriage. Now that he was finally having a better life, he no longer felt so guilty and could hold his head high when he met folks from his hometown.

He did not cry, but his eyes were reddened as he said, "Dad, it doesn't hurt. This is all thanks to Ming. He introduced me to this job. When he arrives, you can ask him about it."

Feng Yanbing could no longer laugh. Instead, her eyes were green with envy.

She was extremely envious.

Qin Zhiguo, who had been working for them for his entire life, now had a son who was doing well. She could not believe it.

30 thousand a month with basic insurances? And he even has an educated secretary?

Doesn't that mean he'll be buying a house in the county and living beside her in a few years?

Abruptly, she felt that the house she had in the county was no longer as prestigious as she thought.

In fact, she even sensed a hint of threat. It seemed like the Qin family was going to get rich soon. *What do I do when the Qin family catches up to us and becomes the richest family in Clearwater Town?* All these years, they had been working for her family, but now they had suddenly become equal to her. She could not accept the change.

Yang Qiangjian was still gaping. He, too, could not believe what he had just witnessed. He knew Qin Chaoyang's capability well. *How can he find a job as good as this? Even his secretary is so pretty. Tsk. The city does have many pretty girls.*

Yang Wei, who had been standing aside, was in distress. *Even Qin Ming's brother is having such a good life?*

Qin Chaoyang said, "Dad, I still have things to do. I can't make any mistakes during the construction. I won't be able to have lunch with

you. What about tonight? We'll spend time together tonight. Let Ming keep you company for the afternoon."

Qin Zhiguo hurriedly answered, "Of course. Work is important. It's a good job you have. You can't make any mistakes. We're free after your working hours are over. Go ahead now, go! Your brother is reaching soon. We'll stop bothering you now."

Thus, Qin Chaoyang returned to his work.

However, a blissful smile remained on Qin Zhiguo and Wang Xiu's faces. There was no happier news for them than finding out that their son was now doing well.

Qin Susu also had a similar merry smile on her face. Her eldest brother had finally made the family proud. *Now that Chaoyang has a good job, does that mean we don't have to worry about my tuition fees anymore?*

On the other hand, the Yang family was feeling vastly different from the Qin family.

Yang Wei said sarcastically, "Oh my, the eldest son has horribly good luck. But I don't know how long that'll last. He might end up the same way as he had been back home—getting fired every month."

Feng Yanbing added, "That's right. Education is the most important attribute nowadays. Unlike him, our Wei is one of the top economic students in the Hua Sheng University of Technology. He's destined to be a great man."

Qin Susu nearly rolled her eyes upon hearing the exchange between the mother and son. "Ming studies there, too. He came in first place every year, and he has a scholarship."

The corner of Yang Wei's mouth twitched. It was true that he did not fare as well as Qin Ming in terms of academics.

Feng Yanbing shouted, "Can that be considered the same? Wei has been learning about managing businesses since young. He has good judgment and knowledge about it. Qin Ming is fighting every day, and his temper is fiery. You should be

careful; he'll end up in the police station one day."

The atmosphere was tense, and it seemed like a fight was about to start.

Yang Wei did not want to encounter Qin Ming. He did not know why every time he saw Qin Ming, something unfortunate would happen to him. Qin Ming was the exact opposite of a lucky star to him. He urged, "Forget it, Mom. I'll bring you to dine at Guang City's most luxurious restaurant. Let me show you how it feels like to be someone from the city."

Feng Yanbing gleefully replied, "Sure. Let's not waste time with hillbillies."

Not wanting to linger, either, Yang Qiangjian drove his family off to their next location.

Less than two minutes later, an extended Rolls-Royce parked beside Qin Zhiguo and his family.

Noticing the ultra-luxurious car, the Qin family hurriedly shoved their belongings aside, fearing

that they would land a scratch on the car. They would not be able to compensate the car's owner for any damages.

However, the car swiftly followed them.

Now, Qin Zhiguo was feeling fearful. He quickly asked Qin Susu, "Darling, I- I wasn't trying to scam them. Am I being misunderstood?"

Qin Susu did not know what was going on as well. She consoled, "Dad, calm down. Maybe they just want to ask for directions. We'll tell them we don't know this place well."

Qin Zhiguo nodded nervously. "Okay."

Right as the word left his mouth, Song Ying opened the door and stepped out of the car. She was wearing a fashionable bespoke suit with black stockings. Her embroidered dress shirt was made of silk, and it matched perfectly with her nylon suit. She looked sexy.

Qin Susu fell into a trance staring at her. They were both women, but the woman in front of her

looked much more beautiful and stylish.

Song Ying exuded a noble and sexy aura, but she was holding onto a tablet and standing by the door. Evidently, the main character was yet to come.

Just as Qin Zhiguo and his family were wondering what the Rolls-Royce was doing, they saw Qin Ming coming out of the car. They were bewildered.

Rubbing his eyes, Qin Zhiguo asked Wang Xiu, “Darling, is that Ming? Is that him?”

Qin Ming looked at his parents and laughed, “Dad, Mom, it’s me, your son. That’s right. I’m here to pick you up.”

Qin Zhiguo widened his mouth as he looked at Qin Ming, then at the Rolls-Royce beside him. Suddenly, he questioned angrily, “Qin Ming, did you do something illegal? Be honest with me, or else I’m going to hit you.”

“Huh?” Qin Ming was confused. *Why did Dad say this?*

Qin Zhiguo immediately grabbed Qin Ming's ears and shouted, "Did you do something illegal? I've seen this car on TV. Only rich people have this car. It's a Rolls-Royce, isn't it? It has a little golden man at the front and it's very expensive. How can you afford this? Did you do something illegal? Did you earn dirty money?"

Wang Xiu began to persuade her husband. "Darling, calm down. I'm sure our son won't do illegal things."

Qin Ming's ear was hurting badly. He swiftly said, "Dad, listen to me. You've misunderstood me."

Qin Zhiguo let go of his ear, but a righteous look remained on his wrinkled, dirty, and tanned face. "Okay. Tell me. If you can't give me a proper explanation, I'll send you to the police station myself. Even if our family aren't rich, we have to live our lives as honest, good people."

Qin Ming did not know whether to laugh or cry. "I'm being honest. This is my boss's car, and this is my boss's secretary. I'm working for him. I

wanted to rent a car to pick you up, but my boss found out about it, he immediately lent me his car... the car that he didn't want."

Qin Zhiguo said, "What? But this car is so new and nice. Your boss doesn't want it? Who are you trying to fool? Your dad isn't smart, but I'm not an idiot, either."

Qin Ming was speechless. His father was a stubborn man, and the older he was the more stubborn he became. *Why can't you move on from the topic of where the car comes from? Can't you just get in so that we can leave?*

When Song Ying noticed Qin Ming's anxiousness, she could not help but say, "Uncle, Qin is right. Our boss hasn't been riding in cars recently. He has changed to traveling in helicopters instead."

"Whoa!" Qin Zhiguo and Wang Xiu jumped in shock when they heard her words. They mumbled to themselves, "Helicopter... H- He's traveling in the sky... No wonder."

Song Ying continued, “Our boss trusts Qin’s capability. He’s planning to train him to become an executive of the company, so everything Qin has just told you was true.”

It was only then Qin Zhiguo sighed in relief, “I see.”

Qin Susu was delighted as she said, “Dad, look, I wasn’t lying to you, right? Ming found a good job. His boss thinks he’s capable, so Ming will definitely lead a better life in the future.”

Qin Zhiguo was overjoyed as he excitedly grabbed Qin Ming’s hands. “That’s good to hear. My son finally has a good life. Miss, did my son trouble you? He’s dumb, and he’s not good with his words. I hope you’ll be forgiving toward him.”

Song Ying glanced at Qin Ming and smiled gently. “No. Qin is serious in his work, and he completes his tasks perfectly.”

With a smile, Qin Zhiguo said, “That’s great.”

Then, Qin Ming said, "Right. Dad, Mom, ask Chaoyang to join us. Let's go for lunch first. Dad, did you know about this? Chaoyang's doing great now. He's working at the opposite construction site."

Qin Zhiguo replied, "I know. We saw him earlier. He's the general manager, right? But he's busy with work so I didn't ask him to come along. His work takes priority."

Qin Ming raised his brows. "Is that so? But we still have to ask him to come with us. Nothing is as important as a family reunion."

Qin Zhiguo stopped Qin Ming and reprimanded, "Brat, what are you doing? Working is more important than our family reunion. It's difficult for your brother to get a job as good as this. He's getting 30 thousand a month. It's essentially money on his doorstep! He can't make any mistakes, nor could he be lazing around. What if he loses his job? We just saw each other every day last month. We don't need to see him now."

When Qin Ming realized that his father was

getting angry, he quickly relented. "Okay. Let's go for lunch now. Put your things in the trunk."

At that, Qin Ming took the chicken cage and moved to throw it into the trunk.

Qin Zhiguo and Wang Xiu nearly jumped in shock again. They hurriedly stopped Qin Ming and said, "What are you doing? Qin Ming, you brat, do you know what it means to be considerate? This isn't your car. This is your boss's car. What if you dirty it or leave a stench in his car? What if you lose your job?"

Qin Susu added, "That's right. Ming, we came in Uncle Yang's car, and Aunt Feng chastised us the entire way. She said it stinks and that we have dirtied their car. Ming, your boss's car is even more expensive than theirs. We shouldn't put our dirty things in the trunk."

Wang Xiu nodded. "Yes, Ming, you have to be considerate. Moreover, it's your boss's car. We can't possibly ruin it. Why don't we walk to your dormitory and leave our things there first?"

Qin Ming looked at Song Ying tiredly.

Song Ying immediately stepped forward to take the chicken cage, a muddy woven bag, and their luggage into the trunk.

“Ah!” Qin Zhiguo shouted, “Don’t! Miss, it’ll dirty your clothes!”

Wang Xiu’s eyes were reddened from anxiety. “Really. Don’t! This is an expensive car! A car wash must cost at least several thousand, right?”

Song Ying dusted her hands. *Can this be considered dirty?* Back then, she had been in a cruel training camp. She slept beside corpses and ate next to the toilet. To hide and avoid detection, she had to put all kinds of dirty things on her. Now, in front of her were just soil and chicken feces; these were nowhere close to the disgusting things she had to face back then in the training camp.

Song Ying reassured them, “Uncle, Aunt, don’t worry. Our boss has a few dozen cars like this. Even if Qin rammed this car into a wall, my boss

won't blink an eye. I'm not trying to fool you."

Qin Zhiguo and Wang Xiu were dumbfounded. *Is this for real? Does that mean our son has it good now?*

Song Ying whispered to Qin Ming, "Young Master, I'm glad you didn't tell them the truth. If you did, I'm afraid that your parents might not be able to take it. Their blood pressures are definitely going to rise, and we'll have to go to a hospital instead."

Qin Ming scratched his nose and answered, "My parents have been working their entire lives. They don't believe in miracles and getting rich overnight. They only believe in working honestly and earning slowly. That's why I'll have to reveal the truth to them slowly."

Qin Ming stepped forward to hold his parents' hands. "Alright, stop dilly-dallying. Chaoyang is earning 30 thousand a month, and although I don't earn as much, I have a bonus. So, it's not like I'm earning much less than he. In the future, you can both enjoy your retirement."

Wang Xiu sighed, "What do you mean enjoy? My life and your dad's are destined to be difficult. We won't be able to enjoy it. If you marry earlier and have grandchildren, I'll raise them for you. That'll be something I'll enjoy. Son, I think you still can save your relationship with Li Meng. Why don't you ask her out to let me have a talk with her? I'll take a look and see if you can get back together with her again."

Qin Ming rolled his eyes. "No need! Li Meng dumped me because she thinks I'm too poor for her. Do I look like someone who'll date the person I've broken up with? I've found a new girlfriend. She's also a city girl, and she's prettier and nicer to me. I'll ask her to join us for dinner."

Upon hearing, Wang Xiu felt reassured. She beamed, "Really? She's also from the city? You must remember to call her to join us for dinner. My son's amazing. You've found a city girl as your wife-to-be. I was so afraid that you'll end up like your brother, thirty and single. Everyone back home is laughing at him."

Qin Susu said, "Hehe. Ming, you're awesome."

This car feels amazing. It's like I'm sitting on a sofa.”

Qin Ming touched his sister's soft hair and asked, “Do you like it? If you do, I'll earn more and get you one.”

Qin Zhiguo scolded, “Car is just a mode of transport. Why do you have to spend so much on it? Is it easy to earn money? Just get a domestic car that's about forty to fifty thousand.

Nowadays, domestic cars are trending, and they're durable.”

Qin Ming nodded. “Okay. As you say so.”

Soon, the car parked by the most historical and prestigious China Grand Hotel. The city's most expensive dishes came from this hotel.

Not only were the dishes exorbitantly expensive, but they were also delicious. That explained their booming business, which allowed customers to enjoy good food while flaunting their status.

Song Ying entered the hall and spoke to the

restaurant manager. The latter swiftly went to make preparations.

On the other hand, Qin Ming dragged his parents into the hall. Coincidentally, as they stepped into the hall, they encountered Yang Qiangjian and his family arguing with the servers.

Yang Qiangjian shouted in dissatisfaction, “How can there be no seats for us here? Aren’t there many empty seats around? Are you doing this on purpose? Tell your boss to come out!”

The manager answered, “Those are reserved seats. As the restaurant is full every day, most make reservations.”

Qin Ming frowned, thinking, *I’m the boss you’re talking about.*

Qin Susu was observant to notice them. She pointed to the front and asked, "Isn't that Uncle Yang and his family? Are they here for lunch, too?"

Wang Xiu nodded, murmuring, "Yes. What a coincidence. Let's not greet them, or else they'll laugh at Ming again."

However, Qin Zhiguo said, "It seems like they're in trouble. We have to help Yang. Yang is my boss."

Qin Ming rolled his eyes. *And your son's the boss of this restaurant.*

Right then, Yang Wei's girlfriend, Fang Xiaoya, walked past them. She glanced at Qin Zhiguo and exclaimed, "Huh? It's you? Why did you follow us here? It's expensive to eat here; a meal costs at least seven to eight thousand. If you eat to your heart's content, the bill will sky-high. Can you really afford it?"

Qin Zhiguo gasped, "I- Is it that expensive?"

Wang Xiu held Qin Ming's hand. "Son, how much do you earn a month?"

Qin Ming scratched his head and replied, "Around 8 thousand?"

Wang Xiu panicked, "What? Even if you have a good job now, you can't spend like this. Did Li Meng break up with you because you were spending without limits? I've always told you to save up for your wedding, but you keep refusing to listen to me. Now that you have a city girl for a girlfriend, you have to watch your spending."

Qin Zhiguo interjected, "Let's go. This place is too expensive for us. We'll have lunch at another restaurant. It's 8 thousand for a meal. How can we afford this?"

Right then, Song Ying walked over. "Uncle, Aunt, the room is ready. We can enter now."

Qin Zhiguo shook his head vigorously. "No, Miss. We won't be eating here. This place is too expensive. Even if Qin Ming has the money, he has to save it for his wedding."

Song Ying explained, “No. This restaurant belongs to our boss. Employees have a 90% discount when they eat here. It’s a really good deal.”

Qin Zhiguo hesitated, “Huh? 90% discount? But 800 for a meal is still a lot.”

Now, it was Song Ying’s turn to roll her eyes. Qin Ming’s parents were certainly hard to deal with. *All you have to do is eat. You’re not paying, so why are you hesitating?*

In a way, this was a challenge for her. She smiled and patiently said, “That’s right. 800 is still a lot. However, you’ll be enjoying the best service. The tea you drink will be Huangshan Maofeng and Dahongpao from the Wuyi Mountains. The wine you have will be the best too, like Maotai.”

Qin Zhiguo knitted his brows and responded, “I don’t drink tea nor wine. I only drink water. I can’t drink any of these good things. And I’m not picky with food. As long as there are meat and vegetables, I’m fine.”

The corner of Song Ying's mouth twitched; she felt she was talking to a wall.

Song Ying quietly took in a deep breath and continued, "Look, Uncle, Qin and I are core staff so we get a special discount. It's a 90% discount of the 90% discount. It'll be only 80 for a meal."

Qin Zhiguo's expression darkened as he hissed, "Your restaurant is a heartless business. The cost of your food is only 80, but you're selling them for 8 thousand? What have you been selling?"

Song Ying's smile froze. Now, she was at a loss for words.

When Fang Xiaoya heard that Qin Ming had a room, she ran over and dragged Yang Wei's family over. "Uncle Yang, they booked a room. Since we're from the same hometown, we should just share a table."

Yang Qiangjian was stunned for a moment before he asked, "Zhiguo, why are you here?"

Qin Zhiguo replied, "Qin Ming brought me here."

He said he booked a room.”

Yang Qiangjian was ecstatic to hear his reply. “A room? That’s great. Let’s have lunch together. There’s not a lot of you, and the room is spacious. Let’s eat together.”

Qin Ming was reluctant to let them join. He turned his head to the side and asked Song Ying, “Are there no other empty seats? We’re from the same hometown. Just arrange them to sit somewhere.”

Song Ying shook her head helplessly, “The restaurant is fully booked every day. Even reservations have to be made five days prior. We don’t entertain walk-in customers until after two in the afternoon.”

After two? We would’ve died from starvation long before then.

Qin Zhiguo agreed, “Sure. Let’s. We’ll split the bills evenly, and I’ll enjoy myself today.”

As the two men of the house had decided, the rest

could only follow along.

Qin Ming knew that his father was close to Yang Qiangjian. After all, he had worked for him for decades. Not wanting to sour his father's mood, he quietly followed his family into the room.

When they entered the room, Yang Wei exchanged a look with Qin Ming.

Both felt melancholic. Before college, they were good friends and talked about everything. Qin Ming was often invited to play at Yang Wei's house, and Yang Wei was often protected by Qin Ming. Once upon a time, they were best friends.

However, they could not return to what they used to be.

When Yang Wei thought about the many times Qin Ming had embarrassed him, he warned warily, "Our parents are here, so don't try any dirty tricks. We'll go our separate ways after the meal."

Qin Ming answered, "That's what I was thinking,

too.”

The room they entered was spacious. It was decorated like a palace, with a high ceiling and hanging lanterns. The decor was magnificent. In the front was a fountain, flanked by screens on the two sides. At the back was a band playing ancient music. The atmosphere was pleasant, to say the least.

Yang Qiangjian sighed, “Wow. This layout and this atmosphere. No wonder it’s the most reputable restaurant in Guang City.”

Feng Yanbing and Fang Xiaoya had taken out their phones and started snapping photos to post on their social media. They intended to show off to their friends.

Feng Yanbing babbled, “Wow, we haven’t even ordered yet, but there are already bird’s nest here. Do we need to pay if we eat this?”

Song Ying coldly answered, “It’s complimentary.”

It was only then that Yang Qiangjian and his family realized Song Ying was beside Qin Ming. Song Ying was a rare beauty, and her fashion choice made her even more outstanding. She was a hundred times prettier than Yang Wei's new girlfriend, Fang Xiaoya.

Both Yang Wei and Yang Qiangjian could not tear their eyes off her.

Feng Yanbing was infuriated. There was no way she could remain calm when her husband was staring at another woman.

She asked worriedly, "Who are you? Are you Qin Ming's girlfriend?"

Wang Xiu replied instead, "No. This is Ming's colleague. She's Ming's boss's secretary. It's lunch, so she's joining us."

When Feng Yanbing heard that she was not Qin Ming's girlfriend, she quietly sighed in relief. If Qin Ming had a beautiful woman like her as his girlfriend, it would make the Qin family proud. And that would make her gloomy.

Feng Yanbing side-eyed her. "So she's here for a free lunch. If we're talking about girlfriends, Wei is still the best. Xiaoya, come and sit here. I heard your family deals with construction materials. Your family's business must be big, right?"

Fang Xiaoya answered, "It's alright. We earn about tens of millions each year."

Feng Yanbing exclaimed, "Wow! That's amazing!"

Qin Ming was speechless. Do you have to be so exaggerating? Do you really need to shout it out? I'm not deaf. But with Yang Wei's speed in getting dumped by his girlfriends, he'll probably have to find another girl by next month.

Also, it seems like his girlfriends are getting worse. This Fang Xiaoya doesn't look like a good woman. She's so scantily-clad. I can see so much of her skin. Doesn't she know she's having lunch with the parents?

After the two parties settled down, Qin Ming started looking at the menu, thinking of what to

order for his parents. He wanted to let them try all the good food.

The simple dishes in China Grand Hotel were not too expensive. A pork knuckle cost around 200, a plate of sauce-covered knuckles was 300, and an order of Peking duck was 400. The expensive dishes were the rare dishes and famous beverages.

He knew that his parents preferred the simple dishes, so he was thinking of ordering those.

However, his father took the menu and handed it to Yang Qiangjian. "You're a kid. What do you know about ordering dishes? Your Uncle Yang is wise. Let him order."

Yang Qiangjian laughed, "It's the same. Let's just order some simple dishes. Then, we'll order two signature dishes. After all, we're already here. We should try some good food."

Song Ying could no longer stand it. She interrupted, "We've booked this room and we'll be the one to foot the bill. Please hand us the

menu.”

The one to foot the bill was the one to pick the dishes. That was always the unspoken rule.

The atmosphere was awkward as the two families might not have similar preferences. It was too bad that there were no more empty seats anywhere else in the restaurant.

Feng Yanbing scoffed, “What’s wrong? Miss, do you think we can’t afford it? You’re looking down on us. Besides, Qin works for us. What’s wrong with him buying us a meal?”

Yang Qiangjian was also starting to feel irate. He was used to being a boss and making decisions. Yang Qiangjian did not want to be embarrassed, especially in the presence of his long-time employee’s family.

He said, “I’ll foot the bill for this meal. Zhiguo, let me, alright?”

Qin Zhiguo swiftly nodded like the honest man he was. “Sure.”

Qin Ming signaled for Song Ying to sit down and let Yang Qiangjian order.

When Feng Yanbing saw that Song Ying had fallen silent, she gleefully said, “Physical beauty is no use unless one is beautiful on the inside, too.”

Song Ying’s expression turned gloomy. She sneakily took out her phone, turned her head, and instructed the restaurant manager, “Cancel the discount for the room I’m in.”

On the other end of the line, the manager replied, “Yes, Ms. Song.”



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