

## Chapter 17

How could Lin Feng draw the talisman that Shen Hanwei had sought for thousands of miles?

Could it really be an evil talisman?

Old Madam Qin's face was extremely gloomy, and she wished she could kill Lin Feng.

"Ah!"

Then, with a strange cry, Qin Ziwei quickly put the yellow talisman back into the sachet and returned it to Shen Hanwei. Then, he clapped his hands hard.

It seemed that he was going to get rid of the evil aura of the evil talisman.

Shen Hanwei was so embarrassed that he didn't know whether to answer or not.

He thought that the gift he would give would definitely make Old Madam Qin happy, because no one could tell whether it was real or not, and it was of great significance.

Unexpectedly, he was exposed by Lin Feng.

A sword sealing one's throat!

Shen Hanwei blushed and said stubbornly, "Lin Feng, how did you know how to draw this talisman?"

"Have you ever peeked at it?"

He wanted to smear Lin Feng's reputation so that others would think that Lin Feng had peeked at this talisman before, which was why he

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was able to draw it.

Lin Feng kept a calm face and said lightly, "Yes, I have seen it on the ground in the corridor of the hospital. It's exactly the same as what you have. Out of curiosity, I took it back to check it out."

"Only then did I realize that this talisman was an evil one."

"However, it's up to you whether you believe it or not. I'm just trying to remind you."

He looked at Old Madam Qin and said with a sneer, "As for whether you want it or not, it depends on how you understand it."

He had seen it on the ground of the hospital?

The exact same one?

Everyone looked at Shen Hanwei in shock. He actually picked up a random thing from the ground and gave it to the old lady as a gift. This was too outrageous.

Shen Hanwei felt goosebumps all over his body, and his face turned red. He had never expected that Lin Feng had already seen the yellow talisman he picked up.

He had bad luck!"

No wonder when he picked up the yellow talisman in the hospital, Lin Feng would look at him in surprise.

"Lin Feng, you're too despicable and shameless!" he scolded in his heart.

This time, even if the old lady wanted to defend Shen Hanwei, she was powerless.

In terms of sincerity, Shen Hanwei took the things he picked up from the floor as a birthday gift.

In terms of honesty, Shen Hanwei lied that this was a talisman from the

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Tianhua Temple.

In terms of value, it was simply worthless. Maybe it was really an evil talisman!

This move of Lin Feng's was not giving him mercy!

"The young master of Bingsheng Group, Sheng Wenxuan, is here to celebrate Grandma's birthday!"

Just as Old Madam Qin was struggling to defend Shen Hanwei, a man's voice came from outside the door.

Old Madam Qin's eyes lit up. "Quick, welcome him."

The savior has arrived!

Outside the door, a man about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old came in.

He was dressed in white and wore white leather shoes. His face was handsome, and he was 1.8 meters tall. However, because his skin was too white and tender, and that his movements were soft and gentle, he looked a little feminine.

When Lin Feng saw him for the first time, he subconsciously took a step back.

Lin Feng thought to himself, "D\*mn, this guy has been abroad for a few years and he has become a bottom?"

"Wait, isn't this guy always in love with my wife?"

"He's bisexual?"

"I'm here to celebrate Grandma's birthday. I wish Grandma a healthy and long life."

He was smiling and welcoming. His manners were friendly, and he talked in an elegant manner. He looked like a member of the upper class.

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Old Madam Qin smiled kindly and said, "Wenxuan, when did you come back?"

"Why didn't you tell me so that I can get someone to pick you up?"

Everyone knew about Sheng Wenxuan's pursuit of Qin Ruoxian. They all wished them a happy ending.

However, ever since Old Master Qin personally arranged Lin Feng and Qin Ruoxian's wedding, Sheng Wenxuan had gone abroad.

Therefore, Old Madam Qin felt a little sorry for Sheng Wenxuan, so she made her own decision to marry Qin Ruoxian's sister to Sheng Wenxuan.

This was what Lin Feng had learned by chance from the conversation between Liu Meifeng and Qin Changkun.

But it had not been announced yet.

"Grandma, I won't go back this time."

Sheng Wenxuan glanced at Qin Ruoxian unintentionally and then said with a smile, "Here, I've brought you something good!"

His men who followed him immediately unfolded a painting. It was unexpectedly The Painting of The Eight Immortals.

As soon as the painting scroll was unfolded, Lin Feng couldn't help but burst into laughter.

The relatives subconsciously looked at Lin Feng and then carefully stared at the painting to see if there were any flaws.

Old Madam Qin's eyes were filled with displeasure. She stared at Lin Feng and said coldly, "Don't make noise in front of guests!"

She was afraid that Lin Feng would say that it was a fake.

Qin Ruoxian tugged at Lin Feng's sleeve and shook her head gently, hinting that Lin Feng should not talk nonsense.

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Lin Feng nodded and didn't care. Anyway, it was not a gift for him. It didn't matter if it was real or not.

Unexpectedly, Sheng Wenxuan saw Qin Ruoxian shaking her head and Lin Feng nodding at her as an intimate interaction, which made him jealous.

"Are you Lin Feng?"

Sheng Wenxuan stared at Lin Feng coldly, looked him up and down, and said with a scornful smile, "It seems that you haven't changed at all. You are still so down-to-earth."

There was no doubt that he was saying that Lin Feng was old-fashioned.

Lin Feng smiled and didn't say anything.

"Sheng Wenxuan, please have a seat. You can ignore this good-for-nothing."

Shen Hanwei stepped forward with a smile and said, "Because in seven days, he will get out of the Qin family."

Sheng Wenxuan's eyes lit up. This was a good opportunity!

Then, he ignored Lin Feng and followed them to the hosts' seats.

This move was undoubtedly to show that they treated Sheng Wenxuan as one of their own.

When he passed by the black box, Sheng Wenxuan looked at the thing in the shape of a bright red ganoderma lucidum. He couldn't help but feel disgusted. "Who does this thing belong to?"

Shen Hanwei pretended not to know. He kicked the black box away and shouted angrily, "Who does such a disgusting thing belong to?"

"Hurry up and take it away. Don't affect our appetite!"

"It's mine!" Lin Feng replied. He quickly bent down to pick up the box

and held it in his arms like a treasure.

Sheng Wenxuan couldn't help sneering. "You're taking garbage as a treasure? Lin Feng, it's true that birds of a feather flock together!"

Lin Feng still smiled and said nothing.

Qin Ruoxian was a little embarrassed, and she complained about Lin Feng's failure in her heart.

She really didn't know what Lin Feng was thinking. This thing was so strange and it looked as if it were poisonous. How could Lin Feng treat it as a treasure?

Seeing that Lin Feng had been rendered speechless by Sheng Wenxuan twice, Shen Hanwei and the others were overjoyed.

Taking this opportunity, Shen Hanwei decided to humiliate Lin Feng again. "Sheng Wenxuan, this painting you brought must be very valuable, right?"

Sheng Wenxuan smiled gently and glanced at Lin Feng. "Of course. We can't take some strange things to celebrate Grandma's birthday, can we?"

When Old Madam Qin heard this, her expression changed slightly.

She was not only looking forward to Sheng Wenxuan damaging Lin Feng's self-esteem, but also looked forward to the value of this birthday painting.

Everyone was also looking forward to it because they didn't see any flaws in the drawing.

The figures were vivid and immortal-like. The outline was vivid too, like the immortals coming to life.

Under everyone's expectant gaze, Sheng Wenxuan did not hide anything. "I bought this painting from a black sheep of a family."

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"He said that it's his family heirloom, passed down for hundreds of years."

In that instant, this painting was full of an ancient feeling.

"More importantly, I've asked someone to check it. It's a real work of Wu Daozi."

"Do you know Wu Daozi? He's the Painting Sage!"

Everyone gasped. Who didn't know about the Painting Sage, Wu Daozi?

With two simple sentences, there was no need to doubt the value of this painting. It was absolutely a genuine one!

Moreover, the Bingsheng Group was not short of money. There was no need to fool people with a fake one.

There was a glint in Old Madam Qin's eyes. "Wenxuan, are you really going to give this painting to me?"

"Of course!"

Sheng Wenxuan looked at the old lady and smiled gently. "Today is your birthday. If I don't give it to you, who else can I give it to?"

"Besides, I'm very grateful for your recognition of me back then. I've long regarded you as my biological grandmother."

"When I come back this time, I should be filial to you, and then..."

He looked at Qin Ruoxian and said, "Take back everything that I have lost."

Anyway, Lin Feng would leave the Qin family in seven days, so he was not afraid of revealing his purpose.

Old Madam Qin was extremely surprised. "Good! I knew I was right to support you!"

Lin Feng's eyes narrowed. This kid was obviously here to steal his wife.

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Qin Ruoxian avoided Sheng Wenxuan's gaze. Other than the fact that Old Master Qin did not agree to this marriage back then, she herself did not want to marry Sheng Wenxuan too.

Then Lin Feng coughed and said, "This painting is fake!"

Just when everyone's expressions relaxed and they thought that the painting was genuine, Lin Feng spoke again.

This time around, Qin Ruoxian did not stop him.

Lin Feng's words made the excited Old Madam Qin's heart tremble. "Lin Feng, shut up!"

"It's okay. Let him say it!"

Sheng Wenxuan tried his best to maintain his composure and sneered. "I'd like to see how he can make an authentic one fake."

"It's quite simple. I believe everyone here has heard of the story of the eight immortals crossing the sea and using their divine abilities."

"Amongst them, Lu Dongbin's magical artifact is a sword, while Han Xiangzi's magical artifact is a vertical bamboo flute."

Lin Feng suppressed his laughter and continued, "There's either one less Han Xiangzi or one more Lu Dongbin in your painting."

"See for yourself if you don't believe me!"

Everyone was stunned and looked at the painting.

That sage-like, divine-looking, and awe-inspiring person had to be Lu Dongbin with his magic treasure and precious sword beneath his feet.

Looking at Han Xiangzi, who looked like a weak scholar with a jade-like face, and the thing under his foot was also a sword!

"This..."

Sheng Wenxuan blushed. He didn't expect that the painting he bought



at a high price was fake in such a bizarre way.

How could this be?

Everyone's faces were also full of shock. They admired the figures' aura, carefully tasting the divine might of immortals, but they overlooked the artifacts.

Lin Feng's face was full of regret. "Sigh, even though this painting you bought at a high price is a fake, it is still worthy of filial piety. I don't think Grandmother will blame you."

He sounded as if he didn't care, but his tone was full of disdain.

Old Madam Qin wanted to explain in this way, but unexpectedly, Lin Feng took the initiative.

She was extremely angry. Wasn't this an insult?

Hearing Lin Feng's comment, a smile flashed across Qin Ruoxian's beautiful face. It was like a plum blossom blooming in the snow and ice, gentle and cold.

"You..."

Liu Meifeng couldn't stand it anymore. Sheng Wenxuan was her favorite future son-in-law. How could he be humiliated by Lin Feng, a good-for-nothing?

She pointed at the box in Lin Feng's arms. "What right do you have to talk about Wenxuan?"

"Wenxuan has been deceived, but the money he spent is still real. This is the basic respect."

"Look at what you brought."

Qin Ziwei took the opportunity and said, "That's right. Wenxuan is sincere. What about you?"

"This thing is so scary. Maybe it's poisonous. Do you want to poison

Grandma?"

Shen Hanwei would not let go of Lin Feng. "I think you just have evil intentions."

"Look at how shabby you are. Maybe you picked it up from a garbage dump."

Old Madam Qin said with a cold face, "Yes, your brother-in-law is right. No matter how fake the painting is, it is hundreds of times better than your vicious heart."

She was also defending Sheng Wenxuan.

In an instant, all the firepower was concentrated on Lin Feng.

Qin Ruoxian wanted to plead for Lin Feng, but she didn't know how to do it, because Lin Feng's gift was too strange.

Even she herself felt that there was something wrong with the gift.

Lin Feng looked at Liu Meifeng and Qin Changkun and asked, "Do you also think that this thing is rubbish?"

"If it's not trash, what is it?"

Qin Changkun frowned. He wanted to take a closer look, but he was stopped by Liu Meifeng. "In my opinion, it's worse than trash."

Lin Feng smiled faintly and looked at Old Madam Qin. "Do you really not want this thing?"

Old Madam Qin was so angry that she stood up with her walking stick on the ground. "B\*stard, do you want to poison me to death?"

Lin Feng shook his head. "Since you don't want it, I want it!"

He picked up the red thing and bit it.

Suddenly, there was a strange fragrance. The chewing sound was like eating a fruit, and the place where it was bitten was dripping with bright

red juice.

At this time, Xiaohui, who was watching TV, suddenly stopped switching channels.

"This morning, the auction of rare treasures, which will be held once every seven years, ended smoothly in Tianhai's seven-star hotel, Fugui Ting."

"A blood-red Ganoderma fruit that is rarely seen in a hundred years from Kunlun Mountain is worth a sky-high price."

"Ms. Xia Chuqing of the Thousand Fates Group got it at the price of five million..." On the screen, the host was passionate. Not only did he show the picture of the auction house, but he also showed the Ganoderma fruit.

It was bright red, weird, and in the shape of a ganoderma lucidum, it was exactly the same as what Lin Feng ate.

Even the black box, which was as black as ink, was exactly the same as the one on TV.

Rare treasures!

It was so rare that it could only be found once in hundreds of years!

Everyone was completely stunned.

Old Madam Qin clutched the walking stick tightly and looked at the only genuine present that should belong to her get eaten by Lin Feng.

She was extremely regretful. Seeing Lin Feng finish his last bite, in extreme anger, Old Madam Qin's eyes rolled back.