Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 1: What did I do wrong?

"Lin Fan, can’t you be any more annoying? I already told you, Director Su is in a meeting and can’t leave!"

「Late at night, in Haicheng.」

At the end of a deserted hospital corridor, Lin Fan clenched his phone, his jaw muscles working silently. He had called his wife, Su Mengqing, repeatedly and sent over a dozen voice messages. The only response he got was two words: "In a meeting."

Finally, the call connected, but it wasn’t Su Mengqing herself. The words that came through made Lin Fan’s heart sink.

"My mom is dying. She just wants to see Su Mengqing one last time. Is she really unwilling to come?"

"Are you sick in the head? What does your mom dying have to do with Director Su? Will she live if Director Su comes over?" the secretary, Yang Tingting, screeched, her voice rising sharply.

"Is she really in a meeting... or is she at someone else’s birthday party?"

From the other end of the line, he could faintly hear laughter and the clear clinking of glasses. They were even playing a cheerful birthday song.

Lin Fan took a deep breath, clenching his teeth to suppress his rage. "Tell Su Mengqing I need her to get here as fast as she can, or else..."

"Hmph, or else what? You dare bring up divorce?" Yang Tingting cut him off with a disdainful scoff.

"Let me be honest with you. Director Su is at a birthday party for Young Master Chen’s precious dog. It’s a great opportunity to network with important people in Haicheng and prepare for the upcoming pharmaceutical purchasing conference!

"She only said she was in a meeting to spare your feelings. Don’t you have any decency? You can’t help with anything, and all you do is call and cause trouble!"

A birthday party? For a dog? So, in your eyes, Su Mengqing, my mother’s life is less important than a dog’s?

"I want Su Mengqing at this hospital. Right now!"

A wave of hot blood rushed to his head, and Lin Fan finally lost control. His eyes turned red as he growled, squeezing his phone so hard that it crackled and the screen splintered with cracks.

"That’s hilarious! Who do you think you are? A useless freeloader waiting to die, threatening Director Su, a woman worth over a hundred million?

"You have no money, no status, and no skills. You’re just a menial worker at Su Pharmaceutical, a charity case living off the Su family. And now you dare to act tough?

"Do you have any idea how much time and effort Director Su has put in just to get Su Pharmaceutical a spot at the purchasing conference?

"And you expect her to throw all that away for your mom? Is she worth it? And she just had to pick now to act like she’s dying. Good riddance! She deserves to die!"

CLICK!

She hung up, leaving only the dead tone of the dial tone.

Lin Fan stood frozen, veins bulging on his forehead as the cool night wind washed over him. After a long while, he slowly lowered his phone, a silent, bitter smile twisting his lips.

That’s right, you, Su Mengqing, are a very busy woman. In just four years, you took Su Pharmaceutical from the brink of bankruptcy to a company worth billions. So busy you never once came to the hospital to see my mother. But if it wasn’t for her, my mother, secretly helping you, resolving one crisis after another, who the hell would you be, Su Mengqing? How could you have made it this far unscathed?!

Returning to the dimly lit hospital room, Lin Fan knelt by the bed and spoke softly to his mother, Lin Suxin. "Mom, Mengqing said she’s on her way. She’s just... stuck in a bit of traffic."

"Okay, okay... no rush. Mengqing is so busy with work. I’m the one troubling her... Cough, cough..."

On the simple hospital bed, the emaciated woman managed a weak smile. Her eyes dimmed, though her features still held the faint shadow of her former, stunning beauty.

"Xiao Fan, don't blame Mengqing, and don't blame the Su family for being harsh with you. It was I who asked you to hide your identity, worried that you would attract attention from the Imperial Capital if you were exposed."

"I understand your good intentions, Mom. I can endure it," Lin Fan nodded quietly, taking out a tissue to gently wipe the blood his mother had coughed onto her lips.

"This... This is the ancient recipe for the Bixia Pill I prepared for Su Pharmaceutical. Give it to Master Song at the factory, and have him present it to Mengqing in his name."

The woman's breathing grew fainter. Trembling, she pulled a stack of papers from under her pillow. Coughing up blood violently, she gripped Lin Fan's hand. "With these recipes, the Su family will be secure, and you and Mengqing will be set for life... Xiao Fan, promise me, don't think about revenge. Don't go back... don't go back to the Imperial Capital..."

Thick, dark blood gushed from her mouth, staining the pillow red. Lin Fan's heart felt as if it were being twisted by a knife. He frantically tried to wipe the blood away with tissues, but it was useless.

BEEEEEP—

The bedside monitor emitted a long, low tone. The heart-rate curve on the screen went flat, showing no more activity. The woman's worried eyes remained open as she passed away.

THUMP!

"Mom... I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I lied to you. Su Mengqing isn't coming..."

Tears blurred his vision. Lin Fan dropped heavily to his knees, his entire body shaking violently.

The sharp sound of slapping echoed through the hospital room. He struck his own face again and again, from one side to the other.

Looking back, how could I have been so stupid? How could I have fallen in love with a cold-blooded woman like Su Mengqing?

Seven years ago, his mother was framed and forced to take poison. She faked her own death to escape the Ying family in the Imperial Capital. He, too, had been afflicted with the insidious poison of the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus and was hanging on by a thread.

It was his mother who brought him to Haicheng, the city of medicine, in secret. She nursed her own wounds while searching for an antidote for him. Unfortunately, the poison of the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus was too potent. Even his mother, a famed divine doctor, struggled to gather all the necessary herbs and suffered a backlash from the poison herself.

In the end, the poison in Lin Fan's body was temporarily suppressed, and he survived. But his mother had exhausted all her strength and vitality. She died full of regret and worry...

After what felt like an eternity, the buzzing of his phone shattered Lin Fan's sorrowful thoughts. He pressed the speakerphone button, and Su Mengqing's indifferent voice came through.

"What is it? Say it quickly. I'm busy."

"Yes, you're busy. You're always busy. So busy you don't give a damn if my mother lives or dies," Lin Fan said, his eyes bloodshot, a heartbreaking laugh escaping his lips.

Su Mengqing fell silent for a moment before replying, "I'll come see Mrs. Lin when I have time. Lin Fan, I'm warning you, don't start a fight with me over such petty issues. This is a critical time for Su Pharmaceutical. For me, everything else has to take a backseat!"

"Is climbing into a higher social circle really that important to you?" Lin Fan shot back, a vein throbbing on his forehead as he enunciated every word. "Or is it that my mother and I are less important than Young Master Chen's dog?!"

"Lin Fan! If you could help me just a little, would I need to go around sucking up to people? Everything I do is for this family! What have I, Su Mengqing, done wrong?" Her voice was laced with anger before she hung up.

"Right, you've done nothing wrong. It's my fault... I'm the idiot. I was blind." Lin Fan lowered his phone, muttering to himself.

At that moment, his heart turned completely to ice.

"Mom, you once said Mengqing was a good girl... but people change."

CLICK.

The flame of a lighter flared up, illuminating a pair of cold, bloodshot eyes. Lin Fan lit the stack of recipes, dropped it to the floor, and watched as it burned to ash.

If the love is gone, then let's just end it all and start over. I have nothing left to tie me down in this world anyway... To hell with enduring it anymore!

"Mom, let's go. I'm taking you home..."

Carrying his mother’s body on his back, Lin Fan walked out with a numb expression, brushing past a man and a woman coming down the corridor.

"How inconsiderate. Who’s burning things in a hospital in the middle of the night? Aren’t they afraid of starting a fire?" the man, an elderly gentleman in a high-end black suit who exuded a natural authority, grumbled.

Following the smell of smoke, he and a young nurse entered the empty hospital room, where they found only a pile of ashes. However, his gaze fell upon a charred fragment on the floor. On it, the characters for "Bixia Pill," written in an elegant script, were still visible.

The old man froze. A moment later, his pupils constricted in shock. He clutched his chest and staggered backward, gasping for air.

"Mr. Wang Sr., what’s wrong?" the young nurse cried out, rushing to support him.

"A sacrilege! An absolute sacrilege..." the old man lamented, his face a mask of agony as he repeatedly slapped his thigh. "Quick! Go find out who was just in this room burning things!"

He looked like he was on the verge of madness.