Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 101. Who exactly is he?

"Su Mengqing, you were once a person of high status. Is there any point in making a scene like this?" Yuan Youwei's beautiful face turned cold as she asked sharply.

"Miss, there's a saying: 'When you're shameless, you're invincible.' It seems Director Su has become quite invincible," Mrs. Xue sneered, her face full of disgust.

"Say whatever you want! I absolutely will not agree to this divorce so easily!" Su Mengqing took a deep breath, the madness in her eyes fading slightly. She glared daggers at Lin Fan and shouted, "Even if I become a ghost, I will haunt you for the rest of your life!"

"Well said! Director Su, I, Wen Zheyang, support you!" Wen Zheyang laughed, his voice dripping with fury. Pointing at Lin Fan and Yuan Youwei, he roared, "One of you isn't even divorced, and the other is still engaged to someone else! Getting together like this makes you nothing but a pair of adulterers! Yuan Youwei, if you continue down this foolish path, your reputation will be dragged through the mud right alongside Lin Fan's! I'm giving you one last chance. Leave Lin Fan immediately! You can successfully marry into my Wen family and climb the social ladder, and your Yuan family will benefit greatly from our association!"

"...And so what?" Yuan Youwei fell silent for a moment. Then, she flashed a brilliant smile and tightened her grip on Lin Fan's arm. "The social ladder? Who cares about that? I, Yuan Youwei, would rather follow Lin Fan for the rest of my life without any official status than marry into your Wen family and become some damn high-society wife!"

BOOM!

At her words, Mr. Wang Sr. and the others were visibly moved. Su Mengqing was also stunned.

Has Yuan Youwei gone mad? She's willing to have no official status just to stay with Lin Fan? Isn't that just throwing herself at him for free? More importantly, she's rejecting the Wen family, one of the top ten families in the Imperial Capital, for Lin Fan. What good can he possibly be? She's blind, utterly and completely blind!

"Yuan Youwei! You dare to look down on my Wen family? What's so good about Lin Fan that you would do this?" Wen Zheyang's face turned livid as he gasped for breath in a rage.

Damn it, she'd rather be Lin Fan's mistress than marry me, Wen Zheyang? This is infuriating! I could just die from anger!

"He is a thousand times, ten thousand times better than you," Yuan Youwei said with a sweet smile, turning to gaze at Lin Fan's profile with deep affection.

I have to admit, the more I look at this man, the more handsome he is. I like him more and more!

Just then, after a moment of silence, Lin Fan suddenly smiled.

Ridiculous. Truly ridiculous. Looking back at the past four years, I can't help but laugh! Back then, the Su Family looked down on me in every possible way, constantly pushing Su Mengqing to divorce me. And Su Mengqing herself grew colder and colder, our marriage a sham. For me, that life was no different from being divorced. Now the Su Family has been knocked back to square one, and Su Mengqing has realized I'm not some useless freeloader but a man with significant assets. So now she wants to turn back into a parasite and latch onto me to suck me dry?

"Divorce me or don't. It's up to you. I, Lin Fan, don't need a divorce certificate to sever the connection between us," Lin Fan said, his smile vanishing as his expression turned to ice. "As for rumors and slander, what do I have to fear?"

He took Yuan Youwei's arm, turned decisively, and walked away without a single glance back. "Su Mengqing, you once cast me aside like a worn-out shoe. Now I'm telling you, to me, you're nothing but mud!"

RUMBLE! RUMBLE!

Staring at Lin Fan's resolute departing figure, Su Mengqing trembled from head to toe.

Mud? In your eyes, Lin Fan, I, Su Mengqing, have become nothing more than a pile of mud that can't be plastered on a wall?

Her vision swam with black spots, and a buzzing filled her head. A coppery sweetness welled up in her throat, and she had to bite down hard to keep from spitting blood.

No, I won't accept this. I, Su Mengqing, absolutely cannot lose to you, Lin Fan! Even if I have to throw away all my dignity, I will hold onto this marriage!

Sensing the strange looks from the people around her, Su Mengqing closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and then, her face a mask of humiliated fury, she lowered her head and rushed away.

"Young Master Wen, something isn't right," Mr. Wang Sr. said uncertainly to Wen Zheyang, finally coming to his senses after watching the uninvited guests leave the inner courtyard. "Lin Fan is completely unharmed, and Yuan Youwei is safe and can still wield the power of Yuandao Capital... I'm afraid something terrible has happened to Mr. Iguchi Watanabe."

"Hmph! What's there to be afraid of? It's just the insignificant Yuan family. Do you really think they can cause any real trouble?" Wen Zheyang snorted, his eyes filled with irritation.

Throughout his life, he had never failed to get anything he wanted. Even though he had seen countless beauties, including some absolute stunners, the more Yuan Youwei refused to leave Lin Fan, the more he desired to claim her for himself.

"Perhaps you should take the initiative and contact Mr. Iguchi Watanabe? It might be best to call and confirm his... his safety, hehe," Mr. Wang Sr. suggested with a sheepish smile. Recalling Lin Fan's earlier words, an inexplicable chill ran down his spine.

"Investigate that kid for me. I want the most comprehensive file you can find. Dig up everything, even his ancestors for the last eighteen generations! I want it all crystal clear!" Wen Zheyang ordered angrily as he pulled out his phone, his mind in a chaotic whirl.

How could a mere nobody from Haicheng possibly know about my scandals? And his skills are simply monstrous. Even Wang Meng, a peak Righteous Energy expert, couldn't even take one of his moves! Would anyone believe he's just an ordinary person?

Though arrogant, Wen Zheyang was not stupid. He never fought a battle he wasn't prepared for. Once he had Lin Fan's complete background, he could devise a targeted plan to deal with him.

"Third Young Master, that man just now... he looked a lot like someone I used to know." At that moment, Wang Meng, having received some basic medical treatment from the Wang family members, walked back over, clutching his chest. He approached Wen Zheyang's side, hesitating, and glanced in the direction Lin Fan had left, his eyes filled with deep apprehension.

"Don't tell me Lin Fan is some powerful figure with connections everywhere?" Wen Zheyang shot back, rolling his eyes in irritation at the sight of this failure.

"His appearance... he looks a bit like the eldest son of the Ying family, Ying Bufan," Wang Meng said, his face flushing red. He swallowed hard and braced himself to speak.

The courtyard fell into a sudden, dead silence, followed by a collective gasp of shock.

"Impossible! Ying Bufan died seven years ago! That was an official announcement from the Da Xia Military! They even held a state funeral for him!" Wen Zheyang's expression changed dramatically as he shouted his denial.

What kind of joke was this? That was the legitimate eldest son of the number one family in the Imperial Capital, the Ying family!

It was said that at sixteen, furious that the Ying Family Head, Ying Wenyuan, had divorced his mother to marry another woman, he dropped out of school and joined the military. He swore he would carve out his own destiny and wash away his mother's shame. In just a few short years, Ying Bufan accumulated countless military honors and received a series of extraordinary promotions.

Finally, in his early twenties, he took command of the three-hundred-thousand-strong Hulin Guard on the front lines of the Northern War Zone. With that, he became the youngest general in the history of the Da Xia Military—a truly unprecedented achievement.

Among his many legendary deeds, the most incredible was when he single-handedly infiltrated an enemy encampment. In a single night, he assassinated nine of their War Gods and annihilated several thousand of their special forces elites. The enemy's military strength was so severely damaged that they were instantly thrown into disarray, forced to surrender and retreat.

A genius of such phenomenal talent was an idol to nearly every young master of the great families in the Imperial Capital. Some even worshipped him as the God of Killing, and he had hundreds of millions of followers across the Xia Country.

"Mr. Wang, you must be mistaken. I know Lin Fan quite well. He used to be nothing more than a freeloader living off the Su Family," Mr. Wang Sr. said, equally stunned. Once he recovered, he shook his head vehemently, refusing to believe it. It was impossible. The reputation of that God of Killing was simply too immense, echoing across the entire globe. Even those in the pharmaceutical industry like them had long heard the tales. How could a mere nobody like Lin Fan possibly have such a background? If that were true, how could the Ying family of the Imperial Capital simply stand by and do nothing? They didn't even send anyone to attend Lin Fan's mother's funeral.

"Perhaps... I really was mistaken." Wang Meng's face was etched with bitterness as he shook his head. "That man was once my Commander. I can only hope that he is still alive."

Ever since Ying Bufan's mysterious death seven years ago, the once-famous Hulin Guard had a change of command, putting an incompetent fool in charge. The result was plummeting morale and a drastic decline in combat strength, leading to one defeat after another. Wang Meng, too, was dissatisfied with his new superior's inept command.

During one suicidal charge that he knew was a futile waste of life, he gritted his teeth, disobeyed a direct order, and led his unit in a retreat.

For this, he faced military punishment. All his honors were stripped away in exchange for his life, and he was forced to leave his beloved Hulin Guard. Afterward, the new Commander shifted all the blame for the military defeat onto Wang Meng's shoulders. Not only did he embellish and exaggerate Wang Meng's actions, but he also broadcast them far and wide, making his name infamous throughout the Xia Country.

Utterly disheartened, Wang Meng gave up all hope of returning to the military and accepted an offer from the Wen family of the Imperial Capital. He went from a valiant warrior of the Hulin Guard who risked his life on the battlefield to a bodyguard for a wealthy family.

"Hmph! I don't care who he is. Investigate him! You must get me a full report!" Wen Zheyang commanded fiercely, his head down as he dialed Iguchi Watanabe's private number. "As long as he isn't connected to the elite of the Imperial Capital, I can have someone get rid of him directly!"

Chapter 102. Zhang Meili's Delusional Fantasies

"Of course, Young Master Wen, rest assured. I'll have my people thoroughly investigate Lin Fan's entire family tree!"

Hearing this, Mr. Wang Sr. nodded solemnly.

He was actually quite curious himself. What exactly was Lin Fan's relationship with Medical Sage Lin Aochang? How could he produce so many of the man's unique secret prescriptions? Moreover, his mother also bore the surname Lin... He might not be a direct descendant, but what if they were from the same family! If that were the case, Lin Fan probably had even more of the Medical Sage's prescriptions in his hands! Previously, they had been wary of Lin Fan's methods and hadn't dared to delve deeper, only wanting to find someone to kill him and be done with it. But things were different now. With the support of Iguchi Watanabe and the protection of an unparalleled expert like Master Feng, they just needed to find an opportunity to take Lin Fan down. Perhaps they could even force more valuable things out of him!

At this thought, Mr. Wang Sr.'s gaze turned fervent. He leaned in close to stare at Wen Zheyang's phone screen. One second, two seconds, three seconds... The phone showed it was still dialing, but no one was answering.

"What's going on? Is Mr. Iguchi still sleeping in?" Wen Zheyang paused for a moment, then hung up and immediately dialed Iguchi Watanabe's personal assistant.

The result was the same—no one answered.

Wen Zheyang sucked in a breath. Don't tell me... something really happened?

At this, Wen Zheyang's expression changed. Mr. Wang Sr. and the heads of the nine pharmaceutical giants glanced at each other, their hearts sinking heavily.

"Lin Fan... surely Lin Fan hasn't gone mad and... done something to Mr. Iguchi?" one person gasped, their eyes wide with horror.

Others swallowed hard, their expressions shifting rapidly.

"Let me try. I have Chen Heihu's personal contact information!" Mr. Wang Sr. clenched his teeth, forcing himself to remain calm as he took out his phone to make a call.

Instantly, all eyes turned to him. Even Wen Zheyang was visibly nervous.

"It's useless. The call won't go through. No one is picking up!" After a moment, Mr. Wang Sr. dejectedly put down his phone and shook his head gravely.

The room fell into a prolonged, deathly silence. No one dared to make a sound, each harboring an inexplicable sense of dread. It was one thing for Iguchi Watanabe to be unreachable; after all, he was a major figure who kept a low profile. But for an enforcer like Chen Heihu to also lose contact... this was surely no coincidence.

"Don't panic. Maybe Mr. Iguchi has other urgent matters to attend to and can't focus on us for now," Wen Zheyang said, his face stern as he waved a hand to calm everyone down. "In any case, the president of Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group, Miss Iguchi Tama, will be attending the Haicheng Pharmaceutical Convention in person. Everything will come to light then. There's no need for us to make wild guesses."

At his words, Mr. Wang Sr. and the others were momentarily stunned before quietly breathing a collective sigh of relief.

"Young Master Wen, Lin Fan is representing Yuandao Pharmaceuticals at the convention. Should we just revoke his entry pass?" Mr. Wang Sr. hesitated, having a bad feeling that Lin Fan was up to no good. Naturally, he didn't want to see him at the convention and risk more trouble.

"No need. Didn't you say he and that Yuan Ruoshan fellow signed a four-billion-yuan bet on orders?" Wen Zheyang sneered, baring his teeth. "I want him to be utterly humiliated at the convention, right in front of all the bigwigs of the northern and southern pharmaceutical industries."

His eyes brimmed with confidence, betraying a hint of arrogance.

Dare to covet my woman? As the host of this convention, I'll make sure Lin Fan doesn't get a single penny's worth of orders!

「Downstairs at the hospital」

Su Mengqing stepped out of a taxi and looked up toward the inpatient department. Her eyes were red and swollen, and her makeup was a ruined mess from her tears. She looked utterly disheveled, attracting sideways glances from passersby.

Mom, Su Gang, what should I do? I've risked everything, even thrown away my pride... but Lin Fan still refuses to come, she muttered to herself, her eyes filled with a mixture of confusion, grief, and indignation.

Standing stunned for a moment, she bit her lip and steeled herself to walk into the hospital.

When she reached the ward, Su Mengqing saw that Zhang Meili had already finished her surgery and was sleeping fitfully, her head wrapped in bandages. After finding the attending physician and getting an update, she finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"The patient's surgery was successful, but she shouldn't be subjected to any major emotional stress," the doctor had told her.

Su Gang was nowhere to be seen. Su Mengqing had no energy to look for him, feeling utterly exhausted and overwhelmed. She simply sat by the hospital bed, rested her head on the edge, and fell into a deep sleep.

"...Mengqing, Mengqing, wake up. Where is Lin Fan? Why isn't he here yet?"

After an unknown amount of time, a hoarse voice came from beside her. Su Mengqing was jolted awake, only to realize that night had already fallen outside.

Had she really slept from noon until late at night?

She rubbed her eyes and, in the dim light of the room, looked at her mother, Zhang Meili.

"Mengqing, our family's stock has gone up! I just checked my phone, and it's risen by a lot!" Zhang Meili slurred, her pale, chubby face forcing a smile. She seemed to have completely forgotten that Su Pharmaceutical had changed hands and that they no longer held any shares.

"Mom, when did you make such a large investment? Why didn't you tell me or Su Gang?"

Su Mengqing's heart sank, and she felt a suffocating pressure. It had been barely ten hours, yet Su Pharmaceutical was already showing signs of reviving. Had I really made

the wrong choice? Did I give up the family business and sell our stock for cash all because I'm incompetent?

Silently shaking her head, Su Mengqing didn't dare to dwell on it and quickly changed the subject. "That investment fund crashed at the end of last year. If you'd told me earlier, we might have been able to recover some of the losses."

"It was just a little money, wasn't it? What's there to talk about?" Zhang Meili's dull, sickly eyes were blank with confusion. It took a moment for the memory to surface, and then her face fell.

"Where's Lin Fan? Did you go beg him? You only signed a divorce agreement; it's not like you're officially divorced.

"I think Lin Fan is just doing this to spite you. He just wants you to give in to him for once.

"As long as you go and properly beg that bastard to change his mind and return everything, our family can go back to being the Su Family we once were!"

She was growing agitated, which made her pull at the surgical incision on her head. She grimaced, sucking in a sharp breath of cold air.

"Mom, where did Su Gang go? I haven't seen him at all." Su Mengqing's expression stiffened. Remembering the doctor's warning, she quickly tried to change the subject again.

"Don't you change the subject! Su Mengqing, I'm asking you, why isn't Lin Fan here yet? It's already dark!" Zhang Meili was furious, struggling to prop herself up. She had clearly noticed that Su Mengqing's mind was elsewhere and that she was deliberately beating around the bush.

"Mom, please, just stop asking, okay?" Su Mengqing hung her head as tears of humiliation and indignation rolled down her cheeks.

In the days since her break with Lin Fan, she had cried more than she had in her entire life. Lin Fan, why do you have to hurt me like this? Was all the love you showed me just a pretense?

Su Mengqing stared at the ground, letting her tears drip down unchecked. She found it impossible to understand or accept. Lin Fan was like a completely different person. Can you really become so cruel and heartless just because you've stopped loving someone?

"Su Mengqing, you... you obviously couldn't persuade Lin Fan! You're useless! Absolutely useless!"

At that moment, Zhang Meili's eyes flew wide as she let out a piercing shriek.

"If you don't make Lin Fan give everything back, what's our family supposed to do? What about your younger brother?

"Is it so hard to make that bastard come to the hospital and apologize to me?

"Or is it that you, Su Mengqing, don't care whether I live or die and have just been fobbing me off this whole time!"

BOOM!

The harsh accusations pierced Su Mengqing's heart like arrows. She looked up abruptly, completely enraged.

"Mom! What do you know? All you know is how to spoil Su Gang and how to force me to go beg Lin Fan!

"I went! I even knelt before him! I shamelessly tore up the divorce agreement in front of a whole crowd of people!"

Su Mengqing glared at Zhang Meili, her chest heaving violently. The frustration, grief, and indignation that had been pent up for days finally ignited, erupting all at once.

"I've already gone that far! What more do you want from me? Lin Fan is completely unmoved! Do you want to drive me to my death before you're satisfied?!"

"Useless! You wretched girl, you're completely useless! How dare you... how dare you talk back to me—"

Zhang Meili also exploded in fury, her body convulsing violently. Her face was a contorted mask of rage. Gritting her teeth, she raised a trembling hand to point at Su Mengqing, cursing wildly. However, before she could finish, she began foaming at the mouth and collapsed, unconscious.

"Mom! Mom, what's wrong with you? Don't scare me!"

Su Mengqing was stunned. She snapped back to her senses, rushing forward and shaking her mother desperately. But Zhang Meili's eyes remained tightly shut, showing no sign of waking.

And from the thick white bandage wrapped around her head, streaks of crimson began to seep through.

Chapter 103. Did Su Gang also run away?

"Didn’t I tell you not to let the patient get too agitated? Why don’t you family members ever listen?"

A few moments later, Su Mengqing frantically called the doctor on duty. After a thorough examination, the doctor shook his head disapprovingly and gave them a stern reprimand.

"So, how is my mom doing? It won’t affect her condition, will it?" Su Mengqing murmured, lowering her head in shame and regret.

"It’s unclear for now, but the situation isn’t optimistic. She needs to remain hospitalized for further observation and treatment."

After performing some simple procedures, the doctor shook his head and left.

Su Mengqing was left standing rigidly by the hospital bed, utterly lost. Her income was cut off, and she had almost no money left. If her mother had to stay in the hospital... thankfully, Su Gang should still have some money to contribute.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is switched off. Please try again later..."

Su Mengqing pulled out her phone, intending to contact Su Gang. But after dialing his number, she was met only with a cold, mechanical female voice.

"Su Gang, where have you run off to? Don’t you care if Mom lives or dies?" Su Mengqing’s expression turned grim.

Still not giving up, she dialed again. Deep down, an ominous premonition began to form.

"Hasn’t the patient in bed three been discharged with a refund? Why are you still here?"

Just then, a nurse on her rounds walked over, staring at Su Mengqing in puzzlement.

"My mom just had surgery this afternoon. We didn’t request a discharge or a refund. There must be a mistake in the hospital’s system." Su Mengqing helplessly put down her phone, which still couldn’t get through to Su Gang, and shook her head at the nurse.

"That’s impossible. I have the records right here. The patient’s name is Zhang Meili, and the person who processed the discharge and refund is named Su Gang. He said he was her biological son." The nurse looked suspicious, her posture becoming guarded. "If you want to continue her hospitalization and treatment, you must pay the fees immediately. Otherwise, please leave."

At these words, Su Mengqing’s expression froze. She was so stunned she nearly bit her tongue.

When did Su Gang process the discharge and refund? Why didn't he even tell me? No, that's not right. That bastard... could he have abandoned Mom and me... taken the remaining medical fees, and run away?

BOOM!

A terrible thought exploded in her mind. Su Mengqing's face twisted in horror, and her whole body began to tremble uncontrollably.

You bastard! Su Gang, you heartless, ungrateful bastard! How could you be so cruel as to abandon your family at such a critical moment? No wonder I couldn't find you and your phone was off! Was it because you thought the Su Family was completely ruined, with no hope of recovery? So you ran off by yourself, afraid that Mom and I would drag you down, without any regard for whether we live or die?

"I'll give you until tomorrow morning. If the fees aren't paid by then, you'll have to leave." Seeing that Su Mengqing was clearly distraught and likely unable to pay, the nurse let out a silent sigh, shook her head, and walked away.

Time ticked by. Su Mengqing gripped the bed's side rail, a suffocating tightness in her chest. She gasped for breath, veins bulging on her forehead.

Yang Tingting had betrayed her and fled. Now, even her own brother, Su Gang, had run away!

Is this what it means to be deserted by everyone close to you? Why? Why have I sunk to this point?

Despair, grief, and helplessness washed over her. Su Mengqing bit down hard on her pale lips, her mouth filled with a bitter taste, as if it were seeping deep into her very heart.

"Mengqing, I want Lin Fan to come here. I want him to come and apologize to me, to give back everything that belongs to the Su Family..."

Just then, Zhang Meili began to murmur, still in a daze, looking haggard and only half-awake.

"Mom, I'll make sure Lin Fan comes. Don't worry!" Su Mengqing forced herself to stop her tears, clenching her jaw as she leaned in to comfort her mother softly.

If there were any other way, she would never contact Lin Fan again. But to keep her mother's emotions stable, she had to swallow all the humiliation and shame and bear it.

Taking out her phone, Su Mengqing walked to the window. She stood in the cool night breeze, staring at the screen for a long, long time.

「Meanwhile, in the depths of an alley in Southern City, inside Suxin Clinic.」

"It’s getting late. You two should go home and rest," Lin Fan said, stopping as he turned to Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue, who had been following him.

After leaving the Wang family’s old mansion at noon, Doctor Jiang had returned to his hotel. Lin Fan, along with Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue, had first gone to the Yuandao Pharmaceuticals office building. The situation was just as he’d expected. The place was filled with Yuan Ruoshan’s loyalists, who were completely unresponsive to any orders. Even with Yuan Youwei there, the subordinates showed no respect, maintaining an indolent and dismissive attitude.

Lin Fan didn’t care. Once the bet was over, he could replace all of these good-for-nothings anyway. After giving brief instructions to prepare the venue and exhibition booths for the upcoming ordering conference, the trio went to the Yuandao Furniture Woodworking Factory.

Yuan Tao was proving to be quite responsible. He had remembered Lin Fan’s instructions and was carefully overseeing the production of the special medicine boxes. A few words of praise from Lin Fan made the man beam with joy. He promised to complete the task perfectly before the ordering conference began.

"As for Su Pharmaceutical, you don’t need to worry about that. I’ll take care of everything," Yuan Youwei said, her hands behind her back. She smiled, her eyes curving like crescent moons as she surreptitiously looked around the clinic.

"Find someone to bring Yang Tingting and Su Gang back," Lin Fan added after a moment’s thought. "Those two cooked the books and stole money from the company accounts. I couldn’t do anything about it before, but now they must be held accountable."

After leaving the woodworking factory, he had also stopped by the Su Pharmaceutical office building. The situation was far worse than he had anticipated. It was a total disaster. The company was practically deserted and had ground to a halt. To get it operational again, he would first have to clear out all the old, bad debts.

"No problem. I’ve disliked those two for a long time anyway," Yuan Youwei said, nodding with a bright smile, yet she showed no intention of leaving.

Just then, Mrs. Xue, standing beside them, seemed to sense something and gave a dry cough. "Miss, it’s getting late. It’s time to go home. Don’t make the old master wait up and worry."

"Mrs. Xue, why don’t you go back first? I want to talk with Lin Fan a bit more about the ordering conference," Yuan Youwei replied, turning to give Mrs. Xue a sweet smile.

"No, I can’t feel at ease leaving you here alone," Mrs. Xue said, startled. She immediately shook her head in refusal and shot Lin Fan a wary glance.

"...It’s fine. Director Lin is an upright gentleman. How could he possibly have ill intentions towards me?" Yuan Youwei’s smile stiffened as she gritted her teeth in frustration.

Seriously, Mrs. Xue, you are being such an annoying third wheel. I’m making it so obvious that I want to stay the night and take the opportunity to claim Lin Fan. How can you still not get it?

"Miss, you are a young, unmarried maiden. How can you stay alone with a man you barely know so late at night?" Mrs. Xue asked, clearly baffled. "If word of this got out, it would be bad for your reputation!"

"You can go. I need to discuss work with Lin Fan alone!" Yuan Youwei couldn’t hold it in any longer, her face darkening as she spoke.

"Miss, how could... how could you... Alright, I’ll go. Just remember to come back early." Mrs. Xue was stunned.

Although she was of an older generation, Mrs. Xue was only a few years older than Yuan Youwei, and they were more like sisters. They had grown up together, incredibly close, and kept almost no secrets from each other. But now, her miss was actually kicking her out just to be alone with Lin Fan...

"If you dare to lay a single finger on my miss, I will never forgive you!" Mrs. Xue declared, her expression wounded as she glared indignantly at Lin Fan.

BANG!

She slammed the glass door shut and stormed off in a huff.

"What work is so important it can’t wait until tomorrow?" Lin Fan asked, a slight frown on his face as he looked away from the door, equally confused.

"No, I want to talk tonight!"

CLANG!

Yuan Youwei’s lovely face flushed slightly. Biting her red lip, she walked over and pulled down the metal roller shutter. Instantly, the view from outside was completely cut off. The two of them were left silently facing each other, a palpable, ambiguous tension filling the air.

Chapter 104, I am poisonous.

One second, two seconds, three seconds...

Inside the clinic, Lin Fan and Yuan Youwei stared at each other, momentarily speechless.

"Youwei, what exactly are you trying to do?" Lin Fan touched the tip of his nose, an unusual feeling swirling in his heart.

But he didn't dare to think too deeply. What if it was a misunderstanding, just his own wishful thinking? Wouldn't that be terribly embarrassing?

"Nothing, just talking about work." Yuan Youwei turned her head to avoid Lin Fan's gaze, her heart pounding in her chest. She pretended to look around, feeling her cheeks burn as if on fire.

In the past, she had always been busy with work, not wanting to disappoint her grandfather's expectations. Even though there was no shortage of exceptional young men around her, Yuan Youwei had never given any of them a second thought.

But now, I have to be the one to make a move on Lin Fan? What do I do? I'm completely inexperienced! Getting that clueless guy to take a hint seems impossible.

She rose onto the tips of her high heels, hoisted herself up with her hands, and sat on the examination table. Her two long, shapely legs, clad in black stockings, swung gently beneath the table.

"If you don't have anything else, you should head back. There's only one bed in the clinic." Lin Fan fell silent for a moment, preparing to pull down the rolling shutter door.

"Don't. I just want to be alone with you."

His wrist was suddenly grabbed. Lin Fan turned his head and met Yuan Youwei's shimmering, enchanting eyes.

"Su Mengqing and I haven't officially finalized our divorce yet. Mrs. Xue is right; it would be bad for your reputation if we get too close." Lin Fan was in a daze for a moment before he hardened his heart and looked away.

"I told you, I don't care. Even if it means having no title or status, I want to be by your side." Yuan Youwei's gaze burned with passion. Her warm, fragrant breath was on him as she leaned close, her eyelids tremulously fluttering shut.

"...I can't. At least, not right now."

One second, two seconds, three seconds... He watched her inviting red lips, so close they resembled flower petals. Lin Fan suppressed the strange feelings stirring within him and chose to refuse her.

"Why? Can you still not forget Su Mengqing?" Yuan Youwei's slender body trembled. She opened her eyes, her beautiful face flushed crimson, a hint of flustered annoyance in her gaze.

"I'm... poisoned," Lin Fan said after a pause, speaking each word slowly, a hint of bitter resentment in his eyes.

Damn it all! Who the hell was the bastard that poisoned me with the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus? My body is full of violent toxins, making it impossible to even touch a woman!

He thought back to seven years ago. After returning to the Imperial Capital for the military parade, he celebrated his twentieth birthday. Back then, he and Adele had been passionately in love, on the verge of taking things to the next level. But right before the crucial moment, he was poisoned!

"The Seven-Core Deadly Lotus is unbelievably potent. All of my bodily fluids are toxic." Lin Fan touched the mark on his chest beneath his clothes, a bitter taste filling his mouth.

Fuck, this is infuriating! If I ever find the person who poisoned me, I'll physically castrate that bastard!

"I'm not afraid." Yuan Youwei paused, then let out a low chuckle, her stunning features blooming like a thousand flowers. "My dear Xiao Fan, even if you're a rose with thorns, I, Yuan Youwei, am going to pick you tonight!"

The girl blushed, hopping off the counter and tenderly cupping Lin Fan's face. Then, without a moment's hesitation, she planted a fierce kiss on his lips!

BOOM!

In an instant, Yuan Youwei's eyes flew wide open. She felt a strange aroma fill her senses. Her mind went blank, and she slumped into Lin Fan's arms, completely dazed.

"...I told you I was poisoned. You can't touch me right now."

Lin Fan was completely dumbfounded. He quickly helped her into a sitting position and took out a bottle of Divine Dragon Detox Powder. After uncorking it, he held it under Yuan Youwei's nose.

In no time, the girl slowly came to. She stared at Lin Fan, speechless and stunned.

"You... you jerk! I was ready to throw caution to the wind and sleep with you tonight!" Yuan Youwei burst into tears, throwing herself into Lin Fan's arms and weeping with frustrated indignation.

"It's okay, it's okay. There will be other chances." Lin Fan was stunned, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. He could only comfort her in a soft voice. "Once I gather the Green Phoenix Vine and the Fire Fungus, I'll be able to completely suppress the poison of the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus."

"Okay, I'll wait. I'll help you find those two herbs!" Yuan Youwei dried her tears and nodded vigorously, as if she had made up her mind.

Then, she seemed to think of something, and her tears suddenly turned to laughter, her eyes brimming with mischievous delight. "Does this mean you're still a virgin? Not even Su Mengqing ever got her hands on you, hahaha!"

"...Go. Just go home and get some sleep. Stop thinking about such nonsense." Lin Fan's body shuddered, his face turning pale. He helped Yuan Youwei to her feet and pushed her toward the door.

"Fine, but you just wait. Your first time, Lin Fan... hmph, I, Yuan Youwei, claim it!" Yuan Youwei appeared supremely confident, smiling so wide her eyes curved into crescents.

"Please, just go. Can you just leave me alone for now?" Lin Fan's mouth twitched, feeling extremely exasperated. When they had been pressed so close together, her warm, soft body was already more than he could handle. Now, smelling the faint, feminine fragrance that lingered in the air drove him wild, a fire growing inside him.

"Alright. Be good, and don't go thinking about other women." Yuan Youwei wore a triumphant expression as she leisurely released Lin Fan's arm.

Just then, her phone buzzed, making her stop in her tracks. The caller ID displayed an unknown number.

"This is... a call from Su Mengqing. Should I answer?" Yuan Youwei froze. Her smile vanished as she looked at Lin Fan.

To facilitate the handover of Su Pharmaceutical's affairs, she had given her number to Su Mengqing. When Lin Fan had gone to the Wang family's old estate, Su Mengqing had called, saying she wanted to apologize to him sincerely. After some hesitation, Yuan Youwei had told her where Lin Fan was. Who would have thought that she would call again so late at night?

Without a doubt, she and Su Mengqing couldn't stand each other; there was no reason for them to be in contact in the middle of the night. This call had to be an attempt to reach Lin Fan through her.

"What's there to answer? I have nothing to do with her anymore." Lin Fan frowned slightly. He reached out and decisively pressed the end call button on the screen.

「At the same time.」

By the windowsill of a hospital room, Su Mengqing stared blankly at her phone as the call was disconnected. "He hung up?" Her expression darkened. Undeterred, she pressed the call button again.

She had no choice. Lin Fan had blocked all of her contact numbers. To get him to come to the hospital immediately, she had to rely on Yuan Youwei to relay the message. The thought of those two getting cozy together so late at night filled Su Mengqing's heart with a strange mix of resentment and bitterness.

In the past, when she came home from work at this time, Lin Fan would always be waiting for her. But now, that same man was giving all his affection to another woman...

Once, twice, three times... Su Mengqing called more than ten times in a row. She even sent several text messages. But without exception, every call was instantly rejected, and she received no response.

Finally, the call was answered. "Su Mengqing, are you trying to be annoying?" Yuan Youwei's exasperated voice shouted through the phone. "Lin Fan doesn't want to have anything to do with you!"

"My mother's condition has gotten worse. She just wants to see Lin Fan for a moment so he can apologize. Is he not even willing to do that?" Su Mengqing swallowed her humiliation, clenching her phone as she spoke through gritted teeth.

"Are you insane? What does your mother's condition have to do with Lin Fan? Do you think she'll be cured if he just shows up? Lin Fan and I are busy with work, so don't disturb us," Yuan Youwei's voice was icy and laced with impatience.

"You... how can you be so cruel? Are you two really busy with work, or are you on a secret date?!" Su Mengqing's eyes turned red with anger, her voice catching in her throat.

"That's right, we're on a date. What's it to you? Don't call me again. I'm afraid people might think I'm some pathetic simp!" Lin Fan's indifferent voice came through the phone. Then, there was only the dial tone.

Su Mengqing's body shook, and she froze on the spot. She stood there as the night wind drifted in through the window, enveloping her in its chill. He was with his new love, sharing laughter and tender moments, while she was all alone, watching over her gravely ill mother. Even just asking him to come to the hospital seemed like an extravagant, unattainable wish.

No, that’s not right. Why does this scene feel so eerily familiar? Isn’t this just a repeat of the night Lin Fan’s mother passed away?

BOOM!

Su Mengqing staggered. After a long moment, a silent, bitter smile spread across her lips.

It seemed fate truly had its own designs. The humiliation and pain Lin Fan had suffered that night had now come back to her like a boomerang, striking her with full force.

Chapter 105, Thoroughly beaten back to its original form!

"Mom, what should I do? What should I do...?"

After what felt like an eternity, the silently weeping Su Mengqing finally snapped out of her daze. She walked from the windowsill to the hospital bed, gazing deeply at her mother, Zhang Meili, who was lost in a coma.

Lin Fan will definitely not come back. That night, she hurt him too deeply, too harshly. Only now, having tasted the same bitterness, did she understand why he had suddenly changed so drastically.

Moreover, she had no money left for the medical bills.

Rather than being kicked out by the hospital tomorrow morning, it would be better to use the cover of night and leave quietly with my mother.

"Mom, I’ll take you home."

Su Mengqing subconsciously grabbed her phone, intending to find someone to help move her mother. Then, she put it down dejectedly, her face a mask of despair and misery. She had no money to hire a temporary caregiver, let alone find a vehicle to transport her mother. Utterly helpless, Su Mengqing gritted her teeth, preparing to laboriously hoist Zhang Meili onto her back.

Is this... Lin Suxin’s handwriting?

The next moment, as the bedsheet was disturbed, a small scrap of paper fluttered out and landed before her eyes. She picked it up to examine it, and her expression changed slightly.

There’s no mistaking it. I could never mistake it. Lin Fan’s mother wrote with a beautiful, elegant script that was exquisitely unique.

The edges of the scrap were blackened, clearly the remains of something that had been burned. The words on it were the names of medicinal herbs!

Could it be... could this be a fragment of the prescriptions Lin Fan burned that night?

BOOM!

A tremor ran through Su Mengqing, her pupils constricting violently. She suddenly understood. This hospital wasn't far from Suxin Clinic; it was the very same one where Lin Suxin had been hospitalized!

Even this very room... had she stayed here too?

An image suddenly surfaced in her mind: a grief-stricken man with reddened eyes, pulling out a lighter and setting a pile of prescriptions on fire. Then, watching helplessly as they turned to ash in the night wind...

Lin Suxin, are you trying to mock me, to ridicule me like this?!

Su Mengqing's face turned deathly pale, and beads of cold sweat formed on her forehead. She clenched the scrap of paper tightly, feeling as if a mocking gaze were sizing her up from the shadows.

It was as if time and space had twisted together in an instant, making her understand exactly what had happened that night. This suddenly appeared scrap of paper was some kind of reminder from the heavens. Originally, if she had just squeezed out a little time to come here, she would have had everything she ever dreamed of. But now, everything had changed. Everything was different.

"Mrs. Lin, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. It was my fault. I shouldn't have spurned your kindness..."

Su Mengqing bowed her head deeply, her shoulders trembling as cold tears rolled freely down her cheeks. At that moment, she finally accepted the cold reality, breaking down in remorseful tears.

But no matter how much she regretted it, no matter how unwilling she was to accept it, what could she do? Ultimately, one wrong step had led to all the others.

Isn't the Su family now just like this scrap of paper in my palm? All our prosperity and wealth has been incinerated, as if by a great fire. We've truly been knocked back to where we started.

The once-magnificent villa was gone. All that was left was the old house in the urban village from when their fortune was just beginning four years ago, a place they could barely use for shelter.

"Mom, I'll carry you home, back to our original old home..."

Su Mengqing wiped away her tears and carefully put the scrap of paper away. Though she now acknowledged Lin Suxin's kindness, she would never forgive the deep hurt Lin Fan had caused.

Gritting her teeth, Su Mengqing struggled to get Zhang Meili onto her back. She laboriously left the hospital room and headed downstairs. One step, two steps, three steps... Every step was an ordeal. In just a few moments, she was drenched in sweat.

The midnight streets were cold and deserted. The occasional passerby simply cast a curious glance her way.

"What's with that hospital, always kicking people out in the middle of the night? I saw a young man just a few days ago, carrying someone just like this!"

"Sigh, young people these days have it too tough. The moment a family member gets seriously ill, many can't handle the expensive medical fees..."

The sighs came from a short distance away, where a few elderly night joggers had stopped to watch. Su Mengqing hung her head low, not daring to explain.

The young man they were talking about was most likely Lin Fan. It makes sense. The night Lin Suxin passed away, what spare money would Lin Fan have had for a taxi? The path I'm walking now, the suffering I'm tasting... it's nothing more than what Lin Fan already experienced and endured!

Mom, is this what they call karma? Did I bring all this suffering on myself by ignoring Mrs. Lin back then?

Su Mengqing kept walking, her mind filled with silent whispers. She carried Zhang Meili like that, walking distractedly amidst the strange looks from passersby. She just kept walking and walking... even as her high heels rubbed her heels raw and red.

"Who are you looking for?"

Finally, after more than an hour, Su Mengqing, still carrying the unconscious Zhang Meili, stood before a three-story building in an urban village on the west side of the city. Staring at the closed, old, rusty gate, her eyes grew moist, and her heart clenched violently.

Four years ago, as Su Pharmaceutical began to rise, the whole family moved out. She had sworn to herself that she would never come back to live here, that she would only fly higher and higher. But fate had a cruel sense of irony. It was as if everything had returned to the starting point. All she had left now was this old house she had once despised.

"It's me, Aunt Xu. I'm bringing my mom back to stay for a while."

Forcing back her tears, Su Mengqing turned her head and managed a smile at the woman peering out from the neighboring doorway. This woman was an old neighbor of the Su family, someone who had practically watched Su Mengqing grow up. After the Su family moved out, the two families had lost touch.

"Oh my, the big boss is back!" Aunt Xu froze for a second before recognizing Su Mengqing, her voice a mix of surprise and delight.

"Please, don't tell anyone. I'm just secretly coming back to stay for a little while..." Su Mengqing's face burned. The title "big boss" stung her heart. Afraid of attracting more attention from old neighbors, she shook her head frantically at Aunt Xu.

"I get it, I get it. Mengqing, you're a big shot now. You big shots all like to keep a low profile." Aunt Xu nodded with a smile, then glanced curiously at the bandages wrapped around Zhang Meili's head. However, she was tactful enough not to ask any questions. After saying her goodbyes, she closed her door and went back inside.

SLAM!

Su Mengqing fumbled in a crack in the wall and found the key to the old house. She opened the main door and pressed the light switch on the wall. In an instant, the bright light of an incandescent bulb illuminated the gray, dusty interior, like overturning a box of old memories.

Back then, Lin Fan and his mother had also lived here as tenants. Su Mengqing's room was on the third floor, while Lin Fan lived in a small partitioned room near the rooftop. They often ran into each other in the early morning and, before they knew it, had become friends.

"Mengqing, my head hurts. I need a doctor... Where—where is this?"

After a few moments, Zhang Meili, who had been placed on the sofa, groggily opened her listless eyes. She groaned and clutched her head, and then her expression suddenly froze.

This wasn't a hospital room at all. It was... the Su family's dilapidated old house!

Damn it all, has our family fallen so far? We can't even stay in the hospital and have to scurry back to this dump!

Chapter 106, it's all retribution!

"Mom, Su Gang just abandoned us! He ran off and even took the rest of the money for your medical bills!"

Upon hearing this, Su Mengqing, who was standing beside them in a daze, snapped back to reality. Overwhelmed with sorrow, she walked over and squatted in front of Zhang Meili, weeping bitterly.

"Su Gang ran away, and you... you moved me from the hospital back to this rundown hovel?!" Zhang Meili's pale, pudgy face twitched. She screamed furiously, pounding on the sofa. What terrified her even more was that the right side of her body had become completely numb, devoid of sensation. She could only barely move her left arm and leg.

This is clearly a stroke. I'm paralyzed on one side!

"Su Mengqing, you useless thing! I gave birth to you, I raised you, and this is how you treat me!" Zhang Meili shrieked, her voice growing shriller with terror. "I don't care! I want to go to the hospital! I want to stay in a private luxury suite! I don't want to stay here and wait to die!"

"Mom, our family is bankrupt, completely finished! Where would we get the money to keep you in the hospital?" Su Mengqing cried with even more grief and indignation, her hands clenching the edges of the sofa.

"That's your problem! I'm your mother, you have to take care of me! Even if you have to sell yourself and become someone's mistress, you have to earn enough for my medical bills!" Zhang Meili screamed.

Then her hefty body convulsed, and she fainted from rage.

"...Fine. I'll sell myself. I'll go earn money. It seems I just deserve to be tormented by all of you until my life is worse than death!"

After a long moment, Su Mengqing stood up, her eyes bloodshot and her expression numb. Life had to go on. Even if she didn't care whether Zhang Meili lived or died, she still had to eat. Taking out her phone, she began making one call after another.

"Second Uncle? It's Mengqing... I, uh, I was hoping to borrow some money..."

"Third Cousin, you borrowed 20,000 yuan from my family last month. Could you possibly pay it back now?"

"Lili, you borrowed 100,000 yuan from me when you bought your house. Isn't it time to pay me back?"

"Xiaohuan, my family's in a bit of trouble right now. For the sake of our old friendship, could you lend me some money? I promise, next month I'll..."

But whether she was asking to borrow money or trying to collect old debts, the relatives and supposed best friends on the other end of the line all hung up on her in a flash. Some

even cursed her out, saying the Su family was just running a scheme to cheat stockholders!

She was out of options. There was simply no other way.

Su Mengqing bit her lip hard, silently taking off all her jewelry: a platinum necklace, a pair of pearl earrings, and the Omega watch on her wrist. As for her wedding ring, she never liked wearing it, finding it an eyesore. It had been lost long ago when Su Hua and the others trashed the villa.

Even if I sell all of this, it'll only be a few tens of thousands of yuan. That won't last long... and I still need to buy supplements and medicine for Mom.

Muttering to herself, Su Mengqing couldn't help but turn and look toward the neighboring Xu family's house. Aunt Xu was a team leader at a housekeeping services company and often hired people for cleaning jobs. Right now, Su Mengqing desperately needed work to support herself and her mother.

What about sending my résumé to other companies? The news of Su Pharmaceutical's collapse is all over Haicheng. The company's reputation is in the gutter... who would hire Su Mengqing now?

After much hesitation, Su Mengqing went to the Xu family's front door and knocked. KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Mengqing? You must be joking. You're a big boss. What favor could you possibly need from me?" The door opened, and a startled Aunt Xu shook her head with a laugh.

"Actually... my family's gone bankrupt. We've lost everything," Su Mengqing explained, her face flushed with shame as she lowered her head. "My mom was so angry she had a stroke from a brain hemorrhage. I can't even afford her medical bills, so I had to bring her back to our old house to recover... I... I was hoping I could do housekeeping work with you."

"Ignore her!" The next moment, Xu Shengli, Aunt Xu's husband, stormed out and scowled at his wife. "Back when the Su family was rich, they looked down on us old neighbors! They were too important to even invite us to their housewarming banquet!"

"Uncle Xu, that was our fault. Please don't be angry. Can you forgive me?" Su Mengqing's face burned as if she'd been struck by an invisible hand. Her voice dropped to a whisper, and she couldn't bring herself to meet Xu Shengli's eyes.

"See? This is karma! Your Su Family always looked down their noses at people, and look at you now! You still had to come crawling back!" Xu Shengli ranted as Aunt Xu quickly pushed him back inside.

"Mengqing, don’t listen to your Uncle Xu’s nonsense. Every family has its struggles." Aunt Xu looked troubled and forced a smile. "Our team is fully staffed at the moment, so we can’t hire anyone right now, you see..."

"It’s okay. Thank you, Aunt Xu. I’ll find another way," Su Mengqing nodded forlornly, a bitter taste filling her mouth.

Am I really this useless? It’s come to this—I’m willing to lower myself to become a cleaner, and I can’t even manage that?

Just as Su Mengqing turned to leave, Aunt Xu called out to her again, her eyes filled with pity. "However, at the pharmaceutical purchasing convention in two days, our company is sending people to the entrance to kneel and shine the guests’ shoes. We’ll definitely be short-staffed and need temporary workers. Are you willing? It’s for three days. I can pay you three hundred yuan a day. It’s just... you might have to put up with some humiliation."

"I’m willing! I am! Thank you, Aunt Xu!" Su Mengqing froze for a second, then nodded quickly, biting her lip as she thanked her profusely.

Well, all things are difficult at the beginning. Even if it’s only 900 yuan, that’s still an income! Thinking back four years ago, when Su Pharmaceutical was on the brink of bankruptcy, didn’t I do the same thing, swallowing my pride to hand out flyers, wash dishes, and work part-time jobs to get through that difficult period?

"Alright. Come with me early tomorrow morning. I’ll take you to the company for a little training," Aunt Xu said with a smile, though she sighed inwardly. She had heard rumors about the Su family’s fall but hadn’t quite believed them. Only now did she realize they had truly hit rock bottom, right back where they started.

But who was there to blame? The root of it all, they said, was the mess Lin Fan made after Su Mengqing kicked him out with nothing. What goes around comes around. Su Mengqing went from being a CEO to being on the verge of kneeling to shine shoes for others. Sigh... she can only blame herself.

「Two days later.」

The Haicheng Pharmaceutical Purchasing Convention, an event watched by the entire nation’s pharmaceutical industry, had finally arrived!

"Hahaha, Mr. Wang Sr., you’re positively glowing! You look decades younger!"

"The same to you. Everyone must have been working overtime these past few days, furiously producing new drugs, hoping to make a splash at the convention and make a killing, right?"

"Well, the Meng family only managed to make a meager 100,000 boxes of the Moonlight Lung Soothing Cream."

"HISS! You're greedy, Old Meng! My Song family only rushed out 200,000 boxes of the Ferocious Strengthening Pill!"

"Heheh, my Fang family can't compete with that kind of scale. We barely scraped together 90,000 bottles of Heavenly Glow Moisturizer."

At ten in the morning, a crowd of Haicheng's pharmaceutical giants gathered inside the Medical Association building. They were all beaming, their faces flushed with excitement as they chatted away.

"It seems everyone came well-prepared. My Wang family is mainly pushing the Divine Dragon Detox Powder this time, though we didn't manage to produce that much," Mr. Wang Sr., sitting at the head of the table, said with a happy smile as he observed the excited crowd.

"Mr. Wang Sr., stop keeping us in suspense! Your Tianchuan Pharmaceuticals is the top company in Haicheng. How much did you prepare?" someone asked with a laugh.

The others perked up their ears, their eyes filled with curiosity.

"Not that much. About 30,000 cases," Mr. Wang Sr. said in an airy, casual tone.

HISS!

A full 30,000 cases? Considering each case contained one hundred units...

Doesn't that mean they churned out 3,000,000 units of Divine Dragon Detox Powder in just a few days? This old man is truly insatiable. He's clearly planning to dominate this convention and snatch the title for most orders!

"As expected of the Wang family! Such a grand play!"

"Hahaha, Lin Fan said he'd make us all look like fools at the convention? I think he's the one who's going to make a fool of himself!"

"I heard Yuan Ruoshan arranged for Yuandao Pharmaceuticals' booth to be in the furthest corner of the exhibition hall, right next to the restrooms. No one's going to want to go over there!"

"That bastard is definitely screwed. And with Young Master Wen making a move against him? Hmph. He won't get a single damn order from this convention!"

Hearing this, the crowd drew sharp breaths, shocked by Mr. Wang Sr.’s astonishing boldness. Some then turned the conversation to Lin Fan, their words dripping with scorn and ridicule.

"Today, we’ll see what he’s really made of." Mr. Wang Sr. glanced at his watch, then rose to his feet with a cold smile. "Let’s go. It’s about time we headed to the exhibition hall to host the new product launch. As for Lin Fan? After today, he’ll be nothing but a laughingstock in Haicheng’s pharmaceutical industry!"

Chapter 107, completely unattainable!

Deep within an alley in the Southern City, inside Suxin Clinic.

"Miss, this is infuriating!" Mrs. Xue exclaimed, putting down her phone, her elegant face seething with anger. "I just got word that Yuan Ruoshan had someone secretly move our booth to the farthest edge of the venue, right in the corner by the restrooms! That man is determined to make us look like fools."

At her words, Yuan Youwei’s expression soured. She turned to look at Lin Fan, who remained calm. They were just about to head to the International Convention and Exhibition Center, and now this mess had to happen. It was a truly inauspicious start.

"It doesn’t matter," Lin Fan said, shaking his head as he picked up a large black plastic bag from under the counter. "My targets are just those nine pharmaceutical companies anyway."

Inside the bag were nine wooden medicine boxes of various sizes. Although they looked unassuming, the crafting process had been incredibly laborious. Yuan Tao had supervised the furniture workshop for three days and nights straight just to rush out the first batch. Lin Fan had him select the nine with the best finish to be delivered. His plan was to attend the Medical Supply Conference with just this one bag of wooden boxes.

The three of them left and got into the car, heading directly for the International Convention and Exhibition Center in the heart of the city.

"Lin Fan, you’d better not mess this up," Mrs. Xue warned, glaring at him through the rearview mirror as she drove. "Otherwise, our Miss will share in your misfortune today."

It couldn’t be helped. Even though she had witnessed Lin Fan’s extraordinary abilities time and again, the thought of him securing a four-billion-yuan order with nothing but a bag of wooden boxes... it sounded like an absolute fantasy!

"Don’t worry, Mrs. Xue. My Xiao Fan has never disappointed me," Yuan Youwei said, nestling closely against Lin Fan’s side, her eyes curving into crescents as she smiled. She hadn’t been idle these past two days either, helping Lin Fan with the full takeover of Su

Pharmaceutical while also sending people to search for the Green Phoenix Vine and Fire Fungus.

Recalling what Lin Fan had said that night, she felt a mix of amusement and exasperation. She was even more anxious than he was, hoping to find those two rare herbs quickly to suppress the toxins of the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus! Otherwise, this man would be forced to remain a pitiful rose with thorns—to be admired from a distance, but never to be touched...

"Miss, just keep on being so lovesick. If he fails, well... ugh!" Mrs. Xue glanced away from the rearview mirror, a look of exasperation on her face.

She knew perfectly well that her young miss had fallen head over heels for Lin Fan and wouldn't listen to reason. Even if Lin Fan's gamble failed, she would probably just stick by his side, hopelessly devoted!

"You really have that little faith in me?" Lin Fan asked just then, turning his gaze from the window and shaking his head calmly. "A mere four billion is nothing. If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Wang Sr. and the others have already taken the bait."

"Oh, yes, of course! They've taken the bait, alright," Mrs. Xue shot back, rolling her eyes at his reflection. "They've eaten every last crumb you laid out and are probably bursting at the seams by now!" In a fit of pique, she stomped on the accelerator, and the car surged forward.

"Xiao Fan, my grandfather already said he plans to take us to the Wen family in the Imperial Capital to call off the engagement right after the conference," Yuan Youwei said. The sudden jolt pressed her into her seat. With a sly glint in her eyes, she took the opportunity to lean against Lin Fan's shoulder, her alluring red lips curving into a faint smile.

Over the last two days, Wen Zheyang had made an uncharacteristic number of visits to the Yuan estate. He had even tried to use the engagement contract to force Mr. Yuan Sr.'s hand. In response, Yuan Youwei took matters into her own hands and had the door shut in his face twice, thoroughly venting her grandfather's anger.

Thinking of this, Yuan Youwei's heart swelled with sweetness and joy. After all, her confidence came from the man right beside her!

"Hmm, just buckle your seatbelt first," Lin Fan mumbled, silently pulling the belt across and clicking it into place. He was half-afraid Mrs. Xue might suddenly snap and take them all down with her.

As for everything else... a flicker of uncertainty crossed Lin Fan's eyes. He hadn't made up his mind yet. The path ahead was fraught with difficulty and danger. It wouldn't be wise to rashly pull Yuan Youwei into his troubles.

"What's wrong? A great fighter like you is afraid to die?" Mrs. Xue taunted through the mirror, casting a disdainful look at the back seat. For some reason, seeing the two of them being so lovey-dovey made her feel a little jealous.

"I'm afraid you'll take me with you," Lin Fan retorted coolly, his brow furrowed.

"Pfft! As if anyone would want to commit lovers' suicide with you!" Mrs. Xue scoffed, genuinely annoyed now, and turned her head away to ignore him.

Before long, the black Bentley slowed and pulled into the International Convention and Exhibition Center. Lin Fan stepped out of the car and took in the scene. The entrance was a sea of people. Gongs and drums echoed, red banners fluttered, and firecrackers popped. Luxury cars were parked row after row, resembling a grand auto show. Countless reporters swarmed any high-society figure who appeared, jockeying for interviews.

"My God, it's the Medical Association's Mr. Wang Sr.!"

"The real estate tycoon from Haipu Industry, Mr. Huang Jiacheng, is here too!"

"Wow, even the Chamber of Commerce Chairman, Mr. Yuan Sr., has graced us with his presence!"

One after another, these important figures walked down the red carpet, entering the exhibition hall with an air of distinction. The consecutive arrival of three of Haicheng's four greatest tycoons brought the atmosphere to a fever pitch, eliciting countless cheers and the ceaseless flashing of cameras.

"Su, stop spacing out! Get on your knees and shine the guests' shoes!" a coworker urged.

At that moment, to the left of the main hall's entrance, Su Mengqing stood clutching a rag. She stared blankly at the stream of arriving dignitaries.

How she had once longed to be one of them, to walk through these doors under the admiring gaze of the crowd. And now, she had halfway succeeded—she was standing at the entrance, but only as a temporary shoe-shiner!

"Oh, okay." A thousand emotions churned within her, finally settling into a bleakness in her eyes. Prodded by her coworker, Su Mengqing quickly nodded, bowed her head low, and knelt to begin her work. To avoid being recognized, she wore a large white mask that hid most of her face and deliberately left her hair disheveled, giving her a sloppy appearance.

Pair after pair of leather shoes were vigorously polished until they shone, their owners then striding away with heads held high. Some were gentlemanly enough to politely refuse her service, even pressing a few hundred-yuan bills into her hand as a tip.

The next moment, another pair of new black leather shoes stopped before her. Her wrists aching from exhaustion, Su Mengqing instinctively hunched over and reached out with her rag.

"Thank you, I don’t need them polished."

Hearing that familiar male voice, she froze instantly.

Lin Fan... It was actually Lin Fan! In that instant, the bustling venue fell silent to her ears, replaced by a loud ringing in her head!

Su Mengqing numbly raised her head. Lin Fan stood there in a brand-new, high-end, custom-tailored black suit, looking utterly magnificent and dashing. Flanking him were Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue, one in a white gown and the other in black. The trio complemented each other perfectly, radiating an aura of nobility and elegance.

BOOM!

Their eyes met. Su Mengqing’s heart seized violently, and her face instantly burned with shame. She quickly lowered her head, her body trembling uncontrollably, like a thief caught in the act.

The man who had once been her partner... now he was part of Haicheng’s elite, completely beyond her reach. If he recognized her now... the shame would be unbearable, a fate worse than death!

One second, two seconds, three seconds... Each second felt like a year. But the new black leather shoes didn’t move. Their mirror-like surface even reflected her own mortified face.

"...Su Mengqing?"

After what felt like an eternity, Lin Fan’s somewhat conflicted voice sounded from above. His voice was accompanied by a hand extending toward her, holding a thick wad of hundred-yuan bills.

He recognized me! He recognized me!

THUNDERCLAP. RUMBLE, RUMBLE!

The world went black for Su Mengqing as if she had stepped off a cliff, her mind going completely blank for a moment.

"Yes, I’m Su Mengqing! Are you satisfied now? Are you happy, Lin Fan? Are you thrilled to see me get my comeuppance?"

SLAP!

Su Mengqing violently knocked his hand away and shot to her feet. Her eyes were bloodshot, her breathing ragged as she glared at the conflicted-looking Lin Fan like a cornered beast.

"Isn’t it your fault I’ve ended up like this? Are you trying to humiliate me with money? Save your fake pity! I, Su Mengqing, don’t need pity from you, Lin Fan!"

Her piercing shriek tore through the air. In an instant, the clamor inside and outside the hall died down. Every head turned to stare.

Chapter 108. Who still cares about the life and death of others?

"My god! Isn’t that Su Mengqing, the so-called ’Rising Pharmaceutical Queen of Haicheng’?"

"How long has it been? She hadn’t even warmed her seat yet and she’s already been reduced to a shoe shiner?"

"I heard from a reliable source that Lin Fan not only bankrupted the Su family but also seized Su Pharmaceutical!"

Whispers rippled through the crowd as numerous people pointed in their direction. Upon hearing their words, Su Mengqing felt a prickling on her back, overwhelmed with shame and anger. However, the tide of public opinion was in her favor, which gave her a sliver of confidence to confront Lin Fan.

"Lin Fan! Did you hear that? The public isn’t blind! You know better than anyone what you’ve done to me!"

"Su Mengqing, stop making a scene. How the Su family ended up in this state is entirely your own doing!"

Before the slightly frowning Lin Fan could respond, Yuan Youwei’s expression changed as she stepped forward to address Su Mengqing.

How could she not see through the other woman’s petty scheme? She was deliberately playing the victim at such a grand event to tarnish Lin Fan’s reputation. It was a classic case of how, with enough gossip, metal can be melted, and with enough slander, bones can be broken. Who would care about the truth? As long as Su Mengqing’s act was convincing and tragic enough, she could stir the sympathy of the bystanders, who would then turn to condemn Lin Fan for his supposed cruelty.

"Miss Yuan, don’t think you can twist right and wrong and deceive others just because you’re the second daughter of the Yuan family!" Su Mengqing took a deep breath, forcing herself to remain calm. "Fine. Today, in front of all these media reporters and the entire Haicheng elite, I will completely expose your true face, Lin Fan!"

Her words immediately caused a significant commotion.

"Is that the famous ’Beauty of Haicheng’?"

"She really is a devastatingly beautiful woman, but why does it look like she’s fighting with Su Mengqing over a man?"

"Haven’t you heard? Yuandao Capital is preparing to invest five billion in Su Pharmaceutical. This clearly means Miss Yuan plans on keeping Lin Fan!"

"Damn, where did I go wrong? Why do good things like this never happen to me?"

"Yeah, seriously! I’m way more handsome than Lin Fan..."

Some were amazed, some were baffled, and others glared at Lin Fan with indignation.

"I’m so sorry, so sorry. Su Mengqing is a temporary worker I hired. I’ll take her away right now."

Just then, Aunt Xu, also dressed in a cleaning service uniform, hurried over with an anxious look on her face. She squeezed through the crowd and positioned herself between Yuan Youwei and Su Mengqing, apologizing to the former with an obsequious smile.

"No, I’m not leaving! I’m going to finish what I have to say today and expose Lin Fan for who he really is!" Su Mengqing broke free from Aunt Xu’s grasp, her eyes bloodshot. Remembering all the grievances and heartache she had endured over the past few days, she couldn’t stop her body from trembling.

"Mengqing, don’t be like this. If you blow this up, not only will you lose your pay, but I could get fired from the company!" Aunt Xu’s face fell. She quickly lowered her voice, trying to persuade her patiently.

"I don’t care! I’ve had enough! I can’t go on like this anymore!" Su Mengqing hesitated for a moment before gritting her teeth and shaking her head, crying out in bitterness.

"You, why are you being so difficult... Ugh!" Aunt Xu was so frantic she could have stomped her feet, cold sweat beading on her forehead.

Continuing this scene would only make things worse. She would probably be held responsible and get fired. If only she had known. She shouldn’t have been so soft-hearted;

she should have listened to her husband, Xu Shengli. To be stuck with someone who has no regard for the lives of others... this was truly a curse of eight lifetimes!

"Su Mengqing, are you trying to drag us all down with you?"

"Sister Xu, what were you thinking? You never should have let someone like her join our team!"

The other cleaners from the shoe-shining crew also gathered around, voicing their complaints. Seeing this, Aunt Xu's stomach churned with regret. Steeling herself, she was about to order her colleagues to forcibly remove Su Mengqing from the scene.

"It's fine. The conference hasn't officially started yet. Let Director Su finish what she has to say."

Before Aunt Xu could speak, Mr. Wang Sr. walked over, followed by a host of tycoons from Haicheng Pharmaceutical. The old man raised a hand to stop them, turning to face Lin Fan with a gloating smile evident in his dim eyes.

"What's there to say? It's just some petty squabble between youngsters. Old Wang, let's not let our colleagues from the North, who've traveled so far, laugh at the Haicheng Business Community," a smiling Mr. Yuan Sr. said as he walked over, his hands clasped behind his back. Behind him stood the main members of the Haicheng Chamber of Commerce, each carrying an extraordinary air.

As the two old men's eyes met, both were smiling, but any discerning observer could sense the palpable tension in the air.

For a moment, the venue fell into a brief, eerie silence. Everyone was stunned, gasping in shock.

The two giants of Haicheng are publicly facing off over a nobody like Lin Fan? My god, what is going on? Could the rumors be true? Is the Yuan family really planning to have Lin Fan marry Yuan Youwei?!

Aunt Xu and the others were completely dumbfounded. In the presence of these titans, they had no right to speak. They could only shoot desperate glances at Su Mengqing, silently praying she would consider their predicament. However, Su Mengqing simply turned her head away, pointedly ignoring them.

Just then, Mr. Wang Sr.'s eyes lit up as he looked toward the approaching Land King, Huang Jiacheng.

Mr. Yuan Sr. smiled without a word, his old eyes narrowing slightly, a sharp glint hiding within them.

"Old Huang, what do you say?" Mr. Wang Sr. asked.

"Haha, I'm just here for the excitement," Huang Jiacheng replied with a faint smile, under the curious gazes of the crowd. He deliberately glanced at the silently frowning Lin Fan. "Today is the pharmaceutical industry's main event. As an outsider, it's not my place to comment."

Frankly, he disliked this arrogant and presumptuous young man. Back at the Yuan family estate, in the side hall next to Lin Suxin's Heart of Spirit Hall, the guy had been insufferably boastful and showed him no respect at all. But now, Wang Tianchuan was squaring off against Yuan Tianguang. Who would be foolish enough to get involved? Offending either side would be a thankless task. Better to remain neutral and sit on the mountain to watch the tigers fight. Still, the Wang family's power was a notch below the Yuan family's. Where did they suddenly get the confidence to openly challenge the authority of Yuan Tianguang, the most powerful man in Haicheng? Secretly amazed, Huang Jiacheng's eyes flickered with confusion.

"Since everyone is so concerned about my little spat with the Su family, how about I hold an impromptu press conference right here?" the silent Lin Fan finally said, his voice slow and deliberate.

He swept his gaze across the crowd, his eyes finally landing on Su Mengqing's face.

"Su Mengqing, can you stop flattering yourself? Who said I was pitying you?"

WHOOSH!

Lin Fan took a thick stack of hundred-yuan bills and flung them into the air.

"This is a tip. I'd give it to anyone who shined my shoes!"

The banknotes fluttered down like a shower of red rain, enveloping the violently trembling Su Mengqing.

Chapter 109. Crushing Lin Fan!

BOOM!

As Lin Fan's icy voice faded, the entire hall fell silent. Everyone's heart skipped a beat.

He was too ruthless, too cold and heartless. She was his ex-wife, after all, and had been brought so low. Yet he showed no regard for their past and even threw money at her in public?!

Some sneered, while others shook their heads in contempt.

"No way. Yuan Youwei was known as the Flower of Haicheng. How could she have fallen for such a cold-blooded, ruthless man?"

"You can’t get ahead without being ruthless. How else could he have seized control of Su Pharmaceutical?"

"Lin Fan! Do you have any compassion? Did a dog eat your conscience?"

"What an absolute scumbag! I bet he had sinister intentions from the moment he married into the Yuan family. The Su family’s fate today will be the Yuan family’s tomorrow!"

As the murmurs grew, many of the women in the crowd began pointing accusingly at Lin Fan, denouncing him harshly.

"I was delusional? Yes! I must have been blind to agree to marry you, you predatory beast with wild ambitions!"

Amidst the uproar, Su Mengqing’s face flushed with shame and rage. She clenched her fists, staring down at the banknotes scattered at her feet. She had never imagined that he would dare to humiliate her like this. Lin Fan, the second you get a taste of success, you throw money at me? Have you forgotten how you groveled and begged me to pay for Lin Suxin’s hospital bills?

"No, I was the one who was blind," Lin Fan slowly shook his head, a spark of anger in his eyes. "Blind to believe in some bullshit thing called love!"

He ignored the strange looks from the crowd, having no interest in explaining himself. He simply picked up the black plastic bag and prepared to walk toward the Yuandao Pharmaceuticals booth.

However, this action only fueled the crowd’s anger. They all thought he was acting out of guilt, deliberately trying to flee.

"Don’t you dare leave! Lin Fan, you have to make things clear today!"

"That’s right! What gives you the right to bully a gentle woman like Director Su? Even with Yuan Youwei backing you, you can’t escape public justice!"

In an instant, the crowd was in an uproar. Their gazes toward Yuan Youwei and Mr. Yuan Sr. also turned resentful. Several elegantly dressed women surged forward indignantly, blocking Lin Fan’s path.

Seeing this, Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue’s expressions soured with anger. Aunt Xu and the others looked on with despair and anxiety, feeling completely overwhelmed.

"Lin Fan, do you see this? Justice resides in the hearts of the people!" Su Mengqing said, taking a deep breath to calm herself completely. Aside from the Yuan family, nearly everyone in the room is on my side. Today, I must expose every single one of Lin Fan's wicked deeds! I will make that scoundrel and his adulterous partner, Yuan Youwei, the ultimate disgrace of Haicheng!

"Director Su, must you force this situation until nobody can save face?"

The next moment, Mr. Yuan Sr.'s smile vanished, and he frowned. He didn't consider Su Mengqing a threat, but if she continued her tirade, it would undoubtedly tarnish Lin Fan's and Yuan Youwei's reputations. It would also draw criticism from the pharmaceutical representatives from the North toward both the Yuan family and the entire Haicheng Business Community.

"Old Yuan, this is just a squabble between youngsters. There's no need to use your authority as the Chamber of Commerce Chairman to intimidate people, is there?" Mr. Wang Sr. and a group of pharmaceutical magnates exchanged gleeful glances, their smiles wide.

Turning his head, he gave Su Mengqing an encouraging look. "Director Su, your company was once part of our Medical Association. I will support you today. Speak your mind freely!"

"If Director Su thinks Mr. Wang Sr. doesn't carry enough weight, then add me, Wen Zheyang, and this distinguished guest, Miss Iguchi Tama, the CEO of the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group from Sakura Country, who has traveled a great distance to be here!"

An impassioned voice suddenly rang out from across the hall, capturing everyone's attention. A group of men and women with a remarkable presence strode forward. They were all the pharmaceutical representatives from the North attending the procurement conference. Leading the group were Wen Zheyang, a cold smirk playing on his lips, and a beautiful woman walking beside him.

Her skin was as white as snow. A light, black trench coat accentuated her tall, captivating figure. Her neat, navy-blue bob and slender eyebrows gave her a sharp, knife-like aura. She was coldly glamorous and impeccably competent—so dazzlingly beautiful that people dared not look at her directly.

As the two led the contingent of Northern representatives forward, the hall fell deathly silent. Then, like cold water hitting hot oil, the place erupted.

CLICK! CLICK!

Countless media reporters swarmed in like flies drawn to filth. Their cameras flashed relentlessly, desperately capturing her commanding presence.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am Wen Zheyang of the Wen family from the Imperial Capital, and I am the host of this North-South Pharmaceutical Procurement Conference." Wen Zheyang was in high spirits, basking in the thrill of being the center of attention. He shot Lin Fan a provocative glance, savoring the feeling of stealing his spotlight. "Allow me to solemnly introduce our esteemed guest, Miss Iguchi Tama! She has come with the utmost sincerity and will be the largest overseas channel partner at this conference!"

BOOM!

The announcement sent the entire venue into a frenzy. The Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group was a renowned giant in Sakura Country's pharmaceutical industry, with a market value in the trillions. With them participating in this year's procurement conference, the projected market size of ten billion would likely multiply several times over.

Suddenly, who cared about Lin Fan? Everyone rushed to surround Wen Zheyang and Iguchi Tama, fawning over them.

"Old Wang, you were really holding a trump card, weren't you? To have managed to land such a major channel partner?" Mr. Yuan Sr. chuckled, casting a meaningful glance at Mr. Wang Sr.

Everyone knew that he, in his capacity as Chamber of Commerce Chairman, had repeatedly rejected the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group's attempts to monopolize Haicheng's medicinal herb exports. But now, the nine major pharmaceutical firms of Haicheng, led by Mr. Wang Sr., had joined forces with the Wen family of the Imperial Capital. Were they planning for the entire national pharmaceutical industry, both North and South, to cooperate with the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group?

Even if he, Yuan Tianguang, refused to yield, it was likely futile now. Feeling a sense of helplessness, the old man glanced at Lin Fan out of the corner of his eye. On the surface, those people were openly supporting Su Mengqing. In reality, they were just using it as a pretext to pressure him, the Chamber of Commerce Chairman. He had to wonder... would Lin Fan be able to withstand this and turn the tide once again?

"Old Yuan, times have changed. There's money to be made for everyone," Mr. Wang Sr. said, his face flushed with success, as he sauntered over to stand beside Wen Zheyang and Iguchi Tama. He turned and nodded at Mr. Yuan Sr., his eyes filled with ridicule. "What's the use of clinging to those useless old rules? Now, isn't everyone encouraged to go global and face the world?"

"But some things have been passed down for thousands of years. How can we just let foreigners snatch them away?" Mr. Yuan Sr. replied, shaking his head with a faint smile. "Isn't that the same as disowning our ancestors? Allowing foreigners to lord over our Da Xia Country's National Medicine?"

"Hmph, that’s just an empty title. Making money is what matters. Even the Wen family from the Imperial Capital is working with the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group. Who can stop this?" Mr. Wang Sr.’s expression flickered, and he snorted.

The other tycoons from Haicheng’s nine major pharmaceutical firms merely smiled without comment.

"Indeed. I’m old. My words carry no weight anymore," Mr. Yuan Sr. said with a bitter smile. A heavy look crossed his features, and he said no more.

Behind him, Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue exchanged grave glances.

"Miss, Su Gang and Yang Tingting have been found," Mrs. Xue glanced at her phone and whispered to Yuan Youwei.

"Have someone bring them over," Yuan Youwei nodded, her heart heavy with worry as she looked at Lin Fan, who was now surrounded by the hostile crowd.

"Everyone, please calm down. We can discuss matters of cooperation after the conference officially begins," Wen Zheyang announced as he and the frosty Iguchi Tama walked up to Lin Fan.

"Director Lin, as the host of this conference, it is my duty to be impartial and ensure justice for all," Wen Zheyang said. "If you don’t clarify these matters with the Su family, it will be hard to convince everyone. If you don’t, I’ll have no choice but to revoke Yuandao Pharmaceuticals’ entry qualification!"

At his words, everyone nodded in agreement, showing their support. Even many members of the Haicheng Chamber of Commerce who had arrived with Mr. Yuan Sr. exchanged glances, a strange light in their eyes. It was common knowledge that Mr. Wang Sr. and his faction were also influential members of the Haicheng Chamber of Commerce. Now, with the backing of the Wen family from the Imperial Capital and the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group, their power had grown immensely. It seemed Yuan Tianguang’s position as Chairman was no longer secure.

"Allow me to say a word in the name of fairness." The next moment, Huang Jiacheng, who had been watching coldly from the sidelines, stepped forward and spoke, his voice heavy with authority. "I have no connection to either Lin Fan or Su Mengqing. But since both are part of the Haicheng Business Community, it falls to all of us to render a fair and just judgment!"

What?! Even the property tycoon himself was siding with Su Mengqing?

The impact of his words was like a thunderclap, leaving everyone utterly aghast. All eyes snapped back to Lin Fan and Su Mengqing. The scales had tipped completely; the situation was now a one-sided rout. It seemed that even if Lin Fan were innocent, he would have no

choice but to grit his teeth and endure the humiliation. He would be unable to defend himself, condemned by all, and cast out by the entire Haicheng Business Community.

Chapter 110. Yuan Youwei furiously pounds on Su Mengqing!

"Su Mengqing, what justice do you want?"

After a long pause, Lin Fan, who was surrounded by a group of women, finally turned to look at her.

"You disregarded my mother's life, preferring to attend Chen Biao's damn dog's birthday party rather than coming to the hospital to see her one last time," Lin Fan said with a smile, though his eyes were slowly turning bloodshot. "So, I burned the medical formulas my mom left you, initiated the divorce, and left with nothing. That's fair, isn't it?"

"I... I only did that for work! To get Su Pharmaceutical qualified to attend the medical procurement conference!" Su Mengqing's expression faltered. She gritted her teeth, shook her head, and desperately tried to defend herself. "I did it all for the company, for this family! What did I do wrong?"

"Right, you did nothing wrong. You were just being selfish, completely ignoring whether my mother and I lived or died," a self-deprecating sneer touched Lin Fan's lips. "On the first night of the wake, you brought Su Gang and the others to cause a scene at the mourning hall. You even had Liu Fang maliciously hike the rent to pressure me, trying to force me out so I couldn't even keep my mother's clinic."

His gaze turned icy. "Out of respect for Mr. Su Sr., I had originally planned to leave the Injury Ointment Prescription with your Su family. But you animals went too far! So, I chose to release my mother's work on the National Medicine Forum. That's also fair, isn't it?"

As he spoke, the surrounding crowd was visibly stirred. Even the women blocking Lin Fan's path couldn't help but exchange glances.

Something seems off. If what Lin Fan said is true... then it really does seem like the Su family went too far!

"Nonsense, you're spouting nonsense!" Su Mengqing panicked when she felt the gazes on her begin to shift, and she immediately shot back with a fierce denial. "It was you who took the Injury Ointment Prescription, forcing the factory to halt production! I... I had no choice but to bring people to demand it back from you! Not only did you refuse, but you also ganged up with other women to beat my mother and Su Gang! We even knelt and apologized to your mother, but you still exposed all the prescriptions online!"

As the humiliating memories resurfaced, Su Mengqing's eyes reddened and her voice choked. "Lin Fan! Search your heart and tell me, have I ever wronged you? Even though you were the one who insisted on the divorce and on leaving with nothing, I was still willing to put the past behind us. I planned to promote you to warehouse supervisor at the factory and even compensate you with five hundred thousand!"

Her hysterical screams echoed through the venue. The expressions on the onlookers' faces shifted again, becoming conflicted. Seeing Su Mengqing looking so wretched, it didn't seem like she was lying. Even if she had been in the wrong before, her attempts to make amends afterward should have been enough for Lin Fan.

"Tsk, tsk. Five hundred thousand and a warehouse supervisor position... Su Mengqing, you're so generous," Yuan Youwei said with a sarcastic smile as she stepped forward. "You truly are a shameless piece of work. The Injury Ointment Prescription Lin Fan's mother gave the Su family was the key to Su Pharmaceutical's rise. It's worth billions. But how did your Su family treat him and his mother? You didn't even arrange a proper funeral, and you skipped the pretense of paying respects altogether, choosing instead to march into the mourning hall and throw them out."

"Yuan Youwei! Don't you dare bring that up! This is between Lin Fan and me! What right do you have to interfere?" Su Mengqing's face flushed red as she yelled. But anyone with eyes could see the flicker of panic in hers.

"How do I not have the right? Lin Fan is my savior," Yuan Youwei said with a small smile, her gaze turning cold. "Are you getting upset just because I'm speaking a little truth on his behalf? I'm sure everyone has heard what happened next. It was clearly the Su family who, fearing the prescription would be leaked and crash their stock, made an incredibly stupid decision."

She looked out at the crowd and scoffed. "The CEO of a publicly listed company actually lost her head and chose to sell off a massive number of shares to cash out, causing her own company's stock to plummet through the floor!"

"No, that's not what happened! Don't listen to her nonsense!" Su Mengqing was frantic, shaking her head in denial. "This was all Lin Fan's fault! My family sold stocks to cash out, yes, but that was just to cut our losses! There was nothing wrong with that!"

"Heh, your Su family cut its losses, sure, but at the expense of all the ordinary people who bought your stock," Yuan Youwei's smile widened, but her eyes grew colder. "You keep saying Lin Fan has no conscience, but where is yours, Su Mengqing? Was it watching those investors lose everything they had? You were sitting on a mountain of cash. You could have bought back shares immediately to drive the price back up. But you were afraid of losing even more, so you just watched coldly from the sidelines, once again choosing to ignore the lives of others!"

BOOM!

Su Mengqing shuddered, her face turning purple as an eggplant. Yuan Youwei's words were like a sharp knife stabbing straight into her heart.

It was true. She had considered buying back the stock, but she had been worried she wouldn't be able to restore the price, losing a fortune in the process. Being exposed like this in public by Yuan Youwei was like a vicious slap to the face. It hurt, a scorching pain!

"Shut up! Just shut up! Stop talking, I don't want to hear your lies anymore!"

The gazes from the crowd had changed entirely. Even the women who had been blocking Lin Fan for her now looked sheepish and quietly backed away. Su Mengqing's breathing grew ragged. She clenched her fists, screaming with a mixture of anger and panic. She deeply regretted her decision to confront Lin Fan in public!

"What's wrong? Can't even stand to hear about your own foolish actions?" Yuan Youwei gave her a contemptuous look and rolled her eyes. "You were so terrified that Lin Suxin had left behind other valuable prescriptions that you led a group of people to the clinic in the middle of the night to steal things. But instead, you ended up stealing the White Dragon Grass our Yuan family had gifted to Lin Fan!"

She then turned to Mr. Wang Sr., whose expression had soured. "Mr. Wang Sr., you were a party to this as well. If Lin Fan hadn't discovered it in time, you would have accepted stolen goods from the Su family, and your lifetime of good reputation would have been ruined."

"Hmph! That was so long ago, what's the point in bringing it up now?" Mr. Wang Sr. snorted, turning his head away, his old face as grim as if he'd swallowed a fly.

His reaction sent a new wave of shock through the crowd, which erupted in an uproar.

His reaction means it's true? Holy crap, that's just bizarre! You're Su Mengqing, the CEO of a publicly traded pharmaceutical company. How could you stoop so low as to steal from your ex-husband's clinic?

"Gasp... You don't think it's true, do you?"

"It's hard to say, but did you see Mr. Wang Sr.? He didn't deny it."

"How shameless. To think I actually felt sorry for her a minute ago!"

Some people were stunned, while others just shook their heads. The women who had spoken up for Su Mengqing were now red-faced, shrinking back into the crowd in silence.

"Shut up! You—you, you shut up!!"

Amid the pointing fingers and whispers of the crowd, Su Mengqing's face twitched, her features contorting with rage as if she were about to go mad. Trembling, she pointed a shaky finger at Yuan Youwei, her eyes so fierce she looked ready to eat her alive.

"You're the one who wanted justice, aren't you? I'm just laying out all your wonderful deeds, one by one, for everyone to see. How else is anyone supposed to give you justice?" Yuan Youwei's smile vanished. She then glanced at the silent Lin Fan. This man is still too kind. If it were me, Su Mengqing wouldn't have a foothold left in Haicheng!

"You blindly trusted the lies from your good-for-nothing father, letting him cheat your family and friends out of more than five hundred million. When the scheme was exposed and the banks came calling, you decided to make Lin Fan shoulder all of it! You pulled out that corporate legal entity transfer agreement from four years ago and forced him to take over the mess that was Su Pharmaceutical!

"And the funniest part? Lin Fan actually agreed. He dragged Su Pharmaceutical back from the brink of bankruptcy and even made the stock price, which had crashed through the floor, rebound and soar. But your Su family? You immediately got greedy and went back on your word. They sent you to beg Lin Fan to return Su Pharmaceutical, even threatening to tear up the divorce agreement, didn't they?"

Yuan Youwei stared at Su Mengqing and scoffed in disdain. "You really had it all figured out, Su Mengqing. First, you made Lin Fan leave with nothing, and now you're coveting the billion-plus in assets he holds, even dreaming of taking half?"

Her cold voice grew louder and more furious. The entire hall fell silent. Everyone listened with expressions of quiet disapproval, unable to stop themselves from shaking their heads and sighing.

"Su Mengqing, where do you get the gall, the nerve, the confidence to demand justice from Lin Fan?"

"No, you're lying! You're just spouting nonsense! Don't listen to her! She and Lin Fan have been in cahoots for a long time; they're partners in crime!" Su Mengqing shrieked, staggering backward as if struck by a series of physical blows under Yuan Youwei's icy glare.

"I'm lying? Fine. Then let's see what the people closest to you have to say. Let's expose your true colors once and for all!" Now furious herself, Yuan Youwei shot a look at Mrs. Xue.

THUMP! THUMP!

The next moment, two disheveled figures were thrown from the edge of the crowd, landing heavily on the ground.

Su Mengqing froze, her expression twisting in horror.

The two were none other than Su Gang and Yang Tingting, who had been missing for some time.