Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 11, As you wish!

"Wow, Lin Fan, you actually gave in? Weren't you acting so tough just a moment ago? Tsk, as expected. You're still the same complete loser with no backbone!" Seeing this, Yang Tingting let out an exaggerated, sarcastic cackle.

"Hahaha! Lin Fan, just look at yourself! How useless are you? Without our Su Family, you can't even hold on to your mother's clinic!" Su Gang laughed triumphantly, a laugh full of vindication.

The two of them went back and forth, mocking and taunting him relentlessly. They all thought Lin Fan had been forced to back down.

"Lin Fan, daring to initiate a divorce with me, Su Mengqing, is the biggest mistake of your life." Su Mengqing secretly breathed a sigh of relief. A corner of her mouth lifted, revealing a look of condescending pride in her eyes. You, Lin Fan, are still the same Lin Fan, fit only to look up and submit to me. With just a minor trick, I, Su Mengqing, can make you lose all your dignity as a man!

"Liu Fang, thank you so much for coming over to help in the middle of the night. Tingting, you did well, too. Our Su Family will definitely not treat you unfairly." Zhang Meili was beaming as she stepped forward to heap praise on Liu Fang. Her gaze toward Yang Tingting, who stood to the side, also became much more pleasant.

"Mrs. Zhang, you're too kind. I'm Tingting's close friend, after all. It was no trouble at all." Liu Fang and Yang Tingting exchanged an excited glance. They had done a great service for the wealthy Su Family and were naturally expecting a significant reward afterward!

Unable to watch any longer, Yuan Youwei, who had been observing silently from the sidelines, finally stepped forward. She walked up to Lin Fan and shook her head apologetically. "Mr. Lin, this must be a misunderstanding. Yuandao Properties would never maliciously raise the rent."

"Mm, I believe you weren't aware of this beforehand." Lin Fan didn't even lift his head as he quickly typed something on his phone screen. He was preparing a big surprise for the Su Family!

"...Please rest assured, Mr. Lin. I will give you a satisfactory explanation." Yuan Youwei took a deep breath and gave Mrs. Xue a meaningful look. Previously, this had been Lin Fan's family affair, and it wasn't her place to intervene. But this woman named Liu Fang dared to use the name of Yuandao Properties to pressure Lin Fan? The old master will be here in just over four minutes. As she turned her head, Yuan Youwei's gaze became icy cold.

Staring at Liu Fang, she enunciated each word. "Your name is Liu Fang, right? Very good. You're fired. And because of you, your direct superior and their superior are all getting kicked out of Yuandao Group!"

Her words were met with a moment of silence, followed by an eruption of uproarious laughter.

"Well now, who do you think you are? You've got some nerve talking to Liu Fang like that!" Zhang Meili's plump face was covered in a cold sneer as she speculated maliciously, "You haven't been fooled by Lin Fan, have you? Are you actually throwing yourself at a man who's been married before?"

"Are you insane? Shamelessly talking about firing Liu Fang? Do you think Yuandao Properties is your family's company?" Yang Tingting pursed her lips, sneering nonstop.

"Heh, I'm not afraid to tell you, lady. I am maliciously raising the rent. What are you going to do about it?" Liu Fang gave a smile that didn't reach her eyes, glancing sideways at the frosty-faced Yuan Youwei. "My second aunt is my direct supervisor! The rent in this area is whatever I, Liu Fang, say it is! I'll raise it however I damn well please. Go on, get her to fire me if you have the guts!"

"Very well. As you wish." Yuan Youwei nodded, her eyes sharp. Yuandao Properties was just one of many unremarkable subsidiaries under Yuandao Capital. A low-level employee like Liu Fang didn't even have the qualifications to meet her. Who would have thought that someone like this could have nearly ruined such an important matter? She deserves to die! Not only will I have parasites like you and your second aunt kicked out of the group, but I'll also have everything you've done investigated. You'll spit out every last benefit you've taken!

"Go on, then! Give it a try, I'd love to see it! Oh my, I'm so scared! I'm practically scared to death! Hahaha!" Liu Fang clutched her chest with an exaggerated look of terror, but her mouth continued to spew taunts.

Yuan Youwei said nothing more, her gaze like she was looking at a corpse. After receiving a subtle nod from Mrs. Xue, she couldn't be bothered with Liu Fang's group any longer.

This demeanor, however, only made Liu Fang and Yang Tingting laugh all the more recklessly. They thought she couldn’t keep up the act and was about to be exposed.

Su Mengqing stared at Yuan Youwei and sneered, a flicker of jealousy in her eyes. "You certainly have peculiar tastes, going after a man like Lin Fan."

To be honest, she had always been immensely confident in her own looks. Yet, in front of this woman who had appeared out of nowhere, she inexplicably felt overshadowed. What’s more, this woman was deliberately defending Lin Fan, ignoring the strange looks from everyone else. This made Su Mengqing extremely uncomfortable, as if something that belonged to her had just been stolen.

Hmph. Even though Lin Fan and I, Su Mengqing, are divorced, I will never let him be happy. And I certainly won’t let him find a new love so quickly!

"And your judgment is truly poor, to discard a man like Mr. Lin like an old shoe." Yuan Youwei glanced at Su Mengqing and suddenly broke into a brilliant smile. Then, she boldly extended her fair wrist and hooked Lin Fan’s arm!

"..."

Su Mengqing froze, her expression turning utterly cold. She secretly clenched her fists as a nameless fire ignited in her heart. It was obvious this beautiful stranger was deliberately provoking her!

Lin Fan, who was busy typing furiously on his phone, jolted and stiffly turned his head. "...What are you doing?" Feeling the wonderful softness pressed against his elbow, his face grew hot and his breathing became slightly ragged.

Their eyes met for a bewildering moment. As soon as their gazes touched, they darted away, both feeling a slight flutter in their hearts.

"Are you trying to get close to me to get out of paying my fee?" Lin Fan suppressed the strange feeling in his heart and spoke without looking up. His hands never stopped moving. In a few quick taps, he added the last ingredient of the recipe to a post on a web page. Without a moment’s hesitation, Lin Fan hit send!

"Don’t move. I’m backing you up," Yuan Youwei whispered, her cheeks burning hot and her heart pounding in her chest. This was the first time she had been in such intimate contact with a man who wasn’t a relative. The strong masculine scent washed over her, making her body grow hot and weak, almost to the point where she couldn’t stand steadily.

"..."

Lin Fan remained silent, subtly trying to pull his arm from her soft embrace. Unexpectedly, Yuan Youwei steeled herself and held on even tighter!

Seeing this shameless couple flirting and being intimate as if no one else was there, Su Mengqing finally couldn't bear it any longer. "Lin Fan!" she shouted through gritted teeth. "Were you already cheating on me with her? Is that why you were in such a hurry to divorce me?! Fine, I've changed my mind! If you don't leave her, I'm not paying your rent!"

"My business is none of yours." Lin Fan looked up, angered as well. On impulse, he pulled the nearby Mrs. Xue to his other side, embracing one woman with each arm!

"You..." Mrs. Xue was stunned for a moment, her body trembling slightly. The anger in her eyes was quickly suppressed as she gracefully hooked her arm through Lin Fan's. She and Yuan Youwei exchanged a look. Then, both women deliberately leaned their heads on Lin Fan's shoulders, wearing expressions of pure contentment.

HISS!

At this sight, Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting were so shocked their jaws dropped. Su Gang's face was a mask of jealousy, and he was seething with rage. You, Lin Fan, used to have zero luck with women. Even a dog wouldn't give you a second glance. And now look at you. The moment you divorce Su Mengqing, you turn around and find new lovers of this quality? And—and you got two of them at once, for fuck's sake!

"Lin Fan! You're doing this just to piss me off, aren't you? Well, I'm telling you, you're dreaming!" Su Mengqing screamed hysterically, practically driven mad with rage. "What are you even capable of? You can't even support yourself! You're just a useless parasite who lives off women!"

"That's right. A broke loser who can't even afford his rent dares to act like a playboy with a woman on each arm. How shameless..." Liu Fang tutted, about to chime in with more taunts. Just then, the buzzing of her phone caught her attention.

"Hello, Uncle? What's up? Why are you calling so late?" Liu Fang put the call on speaker and asked with a smile.

"Liu Fang! What the hell have you done?! You got your second aunt's entire department fired!

"She just got a call from group headquarters saying it was because she allowed you to abuse your authority!

"Your second aunt was so angry she had a heart attack! She's being rushed to the hospital for emergency treatment right now!

"You bitch, get over here now! You have to give us an explanation!"

CLICK!

The furious, booming voice was cut off as the caller hung up.

Liu Fang’s smile froze on her face, her eyes as wide as saucers.

Chapter 12. Su Mengqing gives in!

The sudden turn of events plunged the mourning hall into a deathly silence.

Su Mengqing was stupefied, her eyes wide with shock and disbelief. Zhang Meili and her two companions stared at each other, completely dumbfounded.

"No, impossible... absolutely impossible..." Liu Fang stood frozen, the color draining from her face. She slowly turned her head, her eyes filled with incredulity, and looked at Yuan Youwei, who was smiling without saying a word.

"That’s right, I did it," Yuan Youwei said, her smile blooming like a flower as she nodded calmly. "My uncle is a senior executive at Yuandao Properties. I can have him fire anyone I want."

"You! You!" Liu Fang clenched her fists, her entire body trembling with rage.

Yuan Youwei had mimicked her tone, throwing her own words right back at her. Liu Fang felt as if she had been slapped hard across the face, her cheeks burning with humiliation.

"Liu Fang, don’t believe her! She’s just trying to provoke you!" Yang Tingting urged hastily, seeing how badly the situation had turned.

"Right, it’s only been a few minutes. How could she possibly do that? It must be a coincidence!" Su Mengqing said with firm conviction.

Beside her, Zhang Meili and Su Gang nodded repeatedly in agreement. The whole affair was too outlandish for anyone to believe so easily.

"You wait! Just you wait! I’ll go to the hospital to figure out what’s going on, and then I’m coming back to settle the score with you!" Liu Fang snarled. She could no longer be bothered with the Su family’s drama. Clutching her phone, she scrambled toward the door in a panic. Although she suspected the woman was just provoking her, the scathing call from her second aunt’s husband had thrown her into a state of terror.

SCREECH! SCREECH!

Just as Liu Fang jogged to the mouth of the alley and reached for her car door, a convoy of luxury cars came roaring up the road. They screeched to a halt one after another, forming a long queue.

The most eye-catching of them all was a dark green armored cash transport vehicle.

The car doors flew open, and well-dressed men and women jumped out. With anxious expressions, they began unloading large briefcases from the armored vehicle and rushing with them toward the Suxin Clinic down the alley.

Liu Fang gasped, dumbstruck. "What in the world is going on?"

She suddenly noticed a young man among them with dark circles under his eyes.

"Young... Young Master Yuan?"

BOOM!

Liu Fang's mind went blank. That was Yuan Tao, the eldest son of the second branch of the Yuan family—the number one clan in Haicheng! She had never met him personally, but she had once seen him from a distance outside the general manager's office at her company.

So the woman wasn't threatening me after all? Could she... actually be part of the Yuan family? It's likely she really got my second aunt's entire department—and me—fired!

"Yang Tingting! The Su family! You've doomed me! This isn't over!"

THUD!

The world spun before her eyes as her legs gave way. Overwhelmed with regret, Liu Fang collapsed to the ground, sobbing her heart out.

「Inside the mourning hall.」

With Liu Fang's departure, a flicker of unease crossed Su Mengqing's mind. She turned on Lin Fan and demanded angrily, "Give me the formula now! Otherwise, in three days when the clinic's rent is due, you'll be thrown out on the street!"

"That's right! You loser, if it weren't for our family, could you possibly come up with the tens of thousands needed for the monthly rent in just three days?" Zhang Meili shouted, her plump face dark and her patience completely exhausted.

"You don't need to worry about the rent," Lin Fan said, releasing Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue. He gave a cold smile and held up his phone. "You want the formula? I've already posted it on the National Medicine Forum. Go copy it yourselves."

At his words, the four members of the Su family were stunned for a moment, then felt a surge of joy. But in the next instant, their expressions changed dramatically, as if they'd been struck by lightning.

What National Medicine Forum... Damn it! Doesn't that mean it's been published online? Lin Fan, how dare you? How could you DARE?!

They had thought the pressure of the rent had finally broken him. Who would have thought he'd go for the kill, stabbing the Su family right in the heart?

"Lin Fan! You... May you die a horrible death!" Su Mengqing shrieked, staggering as she pointed a trembling finger at him, her lips quivering uncontrollably.

"Director Su, it's true! Lin Fan really posted the formula on that National Medicine Forum!" Yang Tingting cried out in a panic, having quickly searched for it on her phone.

This was the core trade secret of Su Pharmaceutical, and Lin Fan had just casually leaked it to the public. Furthermore, the website was the largest forum for the traditional medicine industry in the Southwest provinces and was widely followed by people in the business. To make matters worse, Lin Fan's account level on the forum was ridiculously high. In just a few short minutes, his post had already been flooded with likes and replies. It was impossible to stop it now!

"You're finished, Lin Fan! I'm telling you, your life is over! I'll hire someone to kill you!" Su Gang threatened loudly, his face contorted in a ferocious glare.

"Lin Fan, may you die a horrible death! I curse your mother, Lin Suxin, to be sent to the eighteenth level of hell!" Zhang Meili shrieked, her blood pressure soaring. She hopped in fury, pointing a spittle-flecked finger at the memorial portrait as she hurled curses.

"Good. It seems you're still not satisfied," Lin Fan said, the veins on his forehead bulging as his eyes instantly turned bloodshot. Without another word, he unlocked his phone and began typing furiously. "I'd rather publish the Injury Ointment Prescription as well than let your Su family get it for free!"

The Injury Ointment Prescription? That's the very lifeblood of Su Pharmaceutical!

The four members of the Su family were aghast, trembling from head to toe.

"You... you...!" Su Mengqing's face went deathly pale. Clutching her heart, she collapsed to the ground and coughed up mouthfuls of blood. Staring at Lin Fan, she was so furious she couldn't speak, her body shaking like a sieve.

"You bastard! You... you stop it! Stop it right now!" Zhang Meili's plump face twitched as she completely lost control. Screeching, she lunged forward with her hands outstretched, trying to snatch Lin Fan's phone.

Su Gang and Yang Tingting snapped out of their stupor and charged forward as well.

THUMP! THUMP!

Mrs. Xue, who had been standing silently, suddenly lifted her long, elegant legs from beneath her black cheongsam and lashed out with two vicious kicks.

After a few cries of pain, Zhang Meili and the other two were sent sprawling to the floor. They let out piercing wails of agony, unable to get any closer to Lin Fan.

"Lin Fan, you... you're committing a crime! Do you want to go to prison?" Su Mengqing shrieked, gasping for breath between sobs.

"Even if I go to prison, I'll drag the Su family down with me!" Lin Fan retorted, laughing with rage.

The speed of his typing quickened. He had the brazen attitude of someone with nothing left to lose.

"No, don't! We were wrong, we were really wrong! Lin Fan, stop! Please, stop!" Just then, Zhang Meili endured the pain and struggled to get up. With a grimace, she fell to her knees before Lin Fan and began kowtowing frantically. "As long as you spare our Su family and don't leak the Injury Ointment Prescription, we'll agree to anything!"

"Yes, yes! Brother-in-law! Brother Fan! Grandpa Fan! Please, spare the Su family! We deserve to die! We wronged your mother!" Su Gang clutched his stomach as he knelt, turning to Lin Suxin's memorial portrait and slapping his own face repeatedly.

The mother and son were utterly terrified. If the Su family was finished, they would be cast back to their humble origins, losing everything they had.

"And you, you damned witch! You really deserve to die! This is all your fault for being so disrespectful to Brother Fan and Mrs. Lin!" Seeing that Lin Fan remained unmoved and continued typing, Su Gang viciously grabbed Yang Tingting's hair. Ignoring her piercing screams, he slapped her face again and again.

"No, you're not sorry. You're just scared because the Su family is about to be finished," Lin Fan said, shaking his head with a cold, indifferent expression. He continued to focus on the forum, typing out the ingredients and ratios for the Injury Ointment.

Every tap of his fingers on the screen was another step toward the collapse of Su Pharmaceutical.

"Lin Fan! You just wanted to force me to apologize to your mother, didn't you?"

In the next moment, Su Mengqing used her hands and feet to drag herself to the foot of Lin Suxin’s memorial tablet. Then, she knelt down straight, her head bowed low.

"Fine! You’ve won. You’re incredible!"

Tears of absolute humiliation streamed down her deathly pale cheeks, making her look utterly wretched—a world away from her usual image as a cold and proud CEO.

Chapter 13. Scram!

SLAP!

Su Mengqing’s body trembled violently as she shakily lifted her hand. Then, she fiercely struck her own tear-streaked face.

"Is that enough? Are you satisfied now?" she sobbed, turning her head to scream hysterically.

"Not enough. Not even close."

Lin Fan finally stopped tapping on his phone. The sight brought immense relief to Zhang Meili and the others, who had been watching, scared out of their wits. It was as if they had been granted a great pardon.

"Su Mengqing, drop the act like you’re the one who has been wronged to death!" Lin Fan looked up from his phone, his eyes bloodshot. "Compared to what your Su family did to my mother, you haven’t even started to pay the interest! What right do you have to feel wronged? You still have no idea how you even got to where you are today!"

"Fine, fine, fine... You’ve won. You and your mother have won. I, Su Mengqing, am the despicable one! I’m the one with a cruel heart!"

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Su Mengqing laughed with bitter resentment, tears streaming down her face as she raised her hand again, slapping her cheeks hard.

The crisp sound of each slap echoed relentlessly within the mourning hall, leaving Yuan Tao and the others, who had just arrived outside, completely dumbfounded.

What the hell is going on? Didn’t the investigation report say Lin Fan was a complete pushover in the Su family? He has his mother-in-law, brother-in-law, and wife all kneeling on the ground, weeping and begging for mercy. This isn’t a pushover; this is beyond arrogant and domineering!

"Lin Fan, Mengqing has apologized! What more do you want? Do you truly have no regard for our past?"

Just then, the kneeling Zhang Meili also burst into tears.

"Have you forgotten? When you and your mother first came to Haicheng, it was Mengqing's grandfather who took pity on you, a widow and her orphan son, and helped you! He let you live in the Su family's old house for free, giving you a place to shelter you from the wind and rain! Later, he even introduced the college-educated Mengqing to you, secretly setting you two up!" she wiped her tears, screaming at the top of her lungs. "You always say the Su family owes your mother, but what you and your mother owe the Su family is a debt you can never repay in a lifetime!"

"...Mr. Lin, saving a life is the priority," Yuan Youwei said to Lin Fan in a low voice, her expression complex. "Just say the word, and I can decide the fate of the Su family for you."

She wasn't pleading out of sympathy for them. Rather, Mr. Yuan Sr. had already been brought to the door. They had delayed for too long, and she feared it was truly too late.

"...Fine. All of you, get out of here. And don't bother me again." Lin Fan exhaled a ragged breath, his jaw clenching repeatedly.

He truly wasn't as heartless as the Su family. He couldn't bring himself to be completely ruthless. Su Pharmaceutical was founded by Mr. Su Sr., the product of a lifetime of effort. To ask him to personally destroy the life's work of that kind-hearted old man... Lin Fan just couldn't do it.

"Hmph, so you do have a conscience, remembering how well Mr. Su Sr. treated you and your mother!" Hearing this, Zhang Meili fiercely wiped her tears and shot to her feet. She stuck out a chubby hand, her old, sullen expression returning. "Give me the phone! I'm deleting everything you posted right now!"

"Lin Fan, if my grandfather saw how ungrateful you are, he'd slap you to death!" Su Gang shouted viciously, having let go of Yang Tingting.

The mother and son had regained their confidence, their voices growing louder. Even Su Mengqing stopped prostrating, gritting her teeth as she staggered to her feet. The three of them seemed to believe they could control Lin Fan again by exploiting his sense of guilt toward Mr. Su Sr.

"Are you insane?" A mocking smile curled Lin Fan's lips, as if he were looking at idiots. "I am only letting your disruption of this mourning hall slide out of respect for Mr. Su Sr."

He pointed toward the door. "I've already posted the recipes for the Injury Ointment and its components on the forum, and I will not be deleting them. Consider it me taking back

what belongs to my mother! Your Su family has flourished for four years because of it. With that, my mother and I have repaid Mr. Su Sr.'s kindness. If you don't get out now, I'll release the recipes for all of Su Pharmaceutical's other products and send you back to square one overnight!"

The realization hit them like a thunderbolt. Wh-what? So you bastard never even intended to let the Su family off easy! Then all our crying and kneeling just now... was that all for nothing?!

Zhang Meili and Su Gang were horrified and furious, nearly driven mad by rage. Su Mengqing staggered, her steps unsteady as she clutched the corner of the altar table for support. Overcome with fury, she spun around, raised her hand, and swiped fiercely at the spirit tablet beneath the memorial portrait!

"GET OUT!"

A thunderous roar exploded next to Su Mengqing's ear. Lin Fan took a single step, appearing instantly behind her, and his hand flew out!

SLAP!

The loud, crisp slap spun Su Mengqing completely around and sent her flying out the door.

"I'd like to see what kind of divine doctor can bring a dead man back to life... Ouch, you're crushing me!"

At that moment, a smirking Doctor Jiang came strolling over, his hands clasped behind his back. Before he could even step through the doorway, he was knocked backward to the ground by the flying Su Mengqing, becoming a human cushion.

"Which blind son of a bitch... who..." Doctor Jiang howled, about to let loose a string of curses. But when their eyes met, his pupils constricted violently, and his voice died in his throat.

"Ah... you, you're Doctor Jiang? I'm so sorry, so sorry!" Su Mengqing scrambled to her feet, her head ringing. Lin Fan's slap had left her mouth and nose bleeding, and the pain was so intense she nearly fainted. She shot a venomous glare into the mourning hall, then turned her head. Stunned for a moment, she began apologizing profusely to Doctor Jiang.

"Who are you? Humph, I don't know you at all!" Doctor Jiang's expression shifted. He stood up, rubbing his lower back and flicking his sleeve in a dismissive, angry snort.

"I'm Su Mengqing, the President of Su Pharmaceutical. We met last night, you even complimented me on my looks..." Su Mengqing said, completely bewildered.

"Nonsense! I certainly did not attend any birthday party for Young Master Chen's dog last night!" Doctor Jiang's face turned green. He could have strangled the foolish woman in front of him. Everyone knows the Yuan family and the Black Tiger Hall are mortal enemies. You've just sold me out! Are you trying to make Yuan Youwei suspicious?

"Doctor Jiang, Director Su never said you went to Chen Biao's pet dog's birthday party."

The next moment, Yuan Youwei walked out of the mourning hall. She stared at Doctor Jiang, a faint, cold smile playing on her lips. Her beautiful eyes were already filled with ice. Mrs. Xue, Yuan Tao, and the others exchanged uneasy glances.

"No, no, I merely heard about it, I never went!" Doctor Jiang shuddered, cold sweat beading on his forehead.

SLAP!

He backhanded Su Mengqing across the face, pointing at her nose as he scolded, "If you dare slander me again, I'll make Su Pharmaceutical disappear from Haicheng!"

Ignoring Su Mengqing's humiliated, tear-filled eyes, Doctor Jiang turned back to Yuan Youwei with a sycophantic smile, all his earlier arrogance gone. "I suddenly remembered I left my door unlocked at home. I'll be taking my leave now, heh heh..."

"You've come all this way, why the hurry to leave? Weren't you the one just insisting that my grandfather was a dead man who couldn't be saved?" Yuan Youwei's smile vanished, and her beautiful face hardened. "Clear the room! Close the doors!"

THUD! THUD!

At her command, Mrs. Xue, who was just inside the doorway, grabbed Zhang Meili, Su Gang, and Yang Tingting by the back of their collars and tossed them out one after another. Immediately after, she and Yuan Tao flanked the horrified Doctor Jiang, grabbing him by the arms and hauling him directly into the mourning hall.

CLANG!

After the old man on the stretcher was carried inside, the clinic's two transparent glass doors slammed shut, leaving Su Mengqing and the other three standing rigidly outside, staring blankly through the glass.

Chapter 14: One hundred million consultation fee!

"Mr. Lin, please, you must help me! Bring my grandfather back to life!"

Inside the memorial hall, Yuan Youwei looked at the old man on the stretcher before her, her eyes instantly welling with tears.

His eyes were tightly shut, his aged face gaunt and waxen, with high, prominent cheekbones. Only between his grizzled eyebrows could one faintly see a trace of his former authority. The skin visible beneath his striped hospital gown had already turned a deathly pale.

Her heart spasmed in agony. Fighting back tears, Yuan Youwei barked at Yuan Tao and the others, "Bring out all the money!"

CLATTER! CLATTER!

At that moment, large suitcases piled in the corner were flung open and tipped over. In moments, huge bundles of cash spilled out, forming a small mountain on the floor.

GASP...!

Seeing this, even the chronically anxious Doctor Jiang couldn't help but stare wide-eyed. He turned and glared at the serene Lin Fan, his heart filled with a mixture of shock and envy.

Damn it! I've been slogging away for the Yuan family for so long and have only received a ten million consultation fee. This young punk hasn't even done anything, and he's getting this much?

"I'm afraid... that's at least a hundred million in cash..." Su Mengqing muttered, her expression turning incredibly grim.

Outside the door, Zhang Meili and Su Gang were gobsmacked, gasping for air. Even Yang Tingting, who had been sobbing into her hands, froze in shock, forgetting to cry. Su Mengqing's pupils contracted sharply.

The two glass doors provided excellent soundproofing, making it impossible for the four of them to hear anything from inside. However, the impact of a shimmering mountain of money was overwhelming. It made their hearts tremble and their breathing grow erratic.

"This... can't be what those two women are using to keep Lin Fan, can it?" Su Gang said, his face collapsing in disbelief. He clenched his fists, thoroughly indignant. "They even brought a family elder here personally! Are they planning a deathbed visit? What gives him the right? How is he worth that price? How the hell am I any worse than him!"

"It's fake! It has to be!" Zhang Meili rubbed her sore rear and cursed viciously. "Lin Fan probably hired a bunch of actors to stage this just to piss us off! He'll definitely die a horrible death! And his mom, it's a good thing she's dead! Serves her right!"

"Director Su, you see? This is all Lin Fan's doing! It has nothing to do with me," Yang Tingting sniffled, complaining pitifully.

"I don't believe it either. No one would just hand Lin Fan a hundred million in cash... It must be fake money, like those Cultivation Coupons," Su Mengqing said, clutching her cheeks, which burned with a searing pain. She had been slapped three times tonight and had been so infuriated she vomited blood twice. Now, she was so weak she had to lean on Zhang Meili just to stay upright. The scene before her was too dreamlike to accept. Forget a hundred million in cash; she'd never even seen such a large pile of Joss Paper!

"Irrelevant people, leave now, or we won't be polite!"

Just then, a group of men and women in business suits, all looking tense, flooded in from the end of the alley. A few burly, stern-faced men who looked like bodyguards waved their hands, shooing Su Mengqing's group away.

"What right do you have to chase us away? You—"

Zhang Meili, already simmering with rage, was about to put her hands on her hips and start shouting, but a single glare from one of the men made her swallow her words.

The four of them had no choice but to swallow their anger. They helped each other as they squeezed out of the alley. Under the peculiar gazes of the distinguished-looking men and women, they blushed furiously, wishing the ground would swallow them whole.

"P-President Luo?"

Reaching the road outside the alley, Su Mengqing saw a long line of luxury cars parked silently under the night sky. Among them, a dark green armored cash transport vehicle was especially conspicuous. Her heart tightened as a sense of foreboding washed over her. Her gaze inadvertently fell on a man squatting beside the armored van, smoking a cigarette.

She was stunned. That man was none other than President Luo from Haicheng Commercial Bank!

She recalled how she had repeatedly applied to him for loans to expand her pharmaceutical factory, only to be rebuffed every time, never even getting a chance to meet him. Yet here he was, in the middle of the night in a remote neighborhood, wearing nothing but a bathrobe. He wasn't even qualified to walk with that group of men and women, relegated to squatting outside and smoking a sullen cigarette!

"Who... who in the world are those two women...?"

BOOM!

BOOM!

Confusion, panic, jealousy... a maelstrom of emotions churned within her. Su Mengqing's head felt like it was going to explode. She couldn't help but shiver violently.

So, that one hundred million in cash inside the memorial hall... it was all real? It's possible President Luo himself escorted it here in that armored van! But why? What is so special about Lin Fan that you would do all this?!

"Lin Fan! You bastard! I... I will never forget the humiliation you've dealt me tonight!"

With a low, hysterical roar, Su Mengqing was overwhelmed with rage, rolled her eyes back, and fainted. Her three companions panicked, clumsily lifting her into their car and speeding off toward the hospital.

「Inside the memorial hall.」

Yuan Youwei ignored the departure of Su Mengqing's group. With reddened eyes, she walked to Lin Fan and bowed deeply, her sincerity evident. "Mr. Lin, this one hundred million in cash is a token of my personal gratitude. Whether or not you succeed in reviving my grandfather, the money is yours."

Since he needed money, she would gather a hundred million to ensure his satisfaction. And it had to be in cash to show the utmost sincerity.

"What is this? What kind of person do you take me for?" Lin Fan tore his gaze from the pile of money and waved his hand at Yuan Youwei, clearly displeased.

"Hmph! To gather this much cash, my young miss woke up President Luo of Haicheng Commercial Bank in the middle of the night!" Mrs. Xue fumed, assuming Lin Fan was about to jack up his price. "He withdrew tens of millions directly from the bank's vault, which was then escorted here along with the Yuan family's own cash. And you're still not satisfied?"

"Mr. Lin, if it's not enough, just say the word," Yuan Youwei said solemnly, gritting her teeth.

"Can you all stop talking about money? And do you find it amusing to have so much cash piled up here?" Lin Fan rolled his eyes in annoyance. He squatted down and began to examine the old man on the stretcher. "Don't go to so much trouble next time. There's a payment QR code on the counter. A simple transfer is fine."

As he pressed his fingers to the old man's heart meridian, Lin Fan's expression changed slightly. He felt a faint, unusual movement inside, as if a tiny living creature was hidden there.

Mrs. Xue was so stunned she almost choked. Yuan Tao and the others exchanged confused glances, muttering to themselves.

This kid is way too young. It doesn't look like he has any medical skills whatsoever. Even as the son of the divine physician Lin Suxin, he probably isn't very capable.

"Kid, what the hell are you blindly pressing for? Can't you see the old man has been dead for a while?" Doctor Jiang jeered, his lips curled in a mocking sneer. He glanced at the funeral portrait and shook his head. "What bullshit divine physician? She died looking sick herself. In my opinion, she was just a common charlatan."

His gaze shifted to Lin Fan, his smile growing more disdainful. "Your mom couldn't do it. You? You have even less of a chance."

"Tell him to get lost. He's affecting my performance," Lin Fan said coolly, without looking up.

"You! You!" Doctor Jiang was stunned, his old face twisting in anger. He nearly went berserk.

Perform? If you keep stalling and putting on this act, Old Man Yuan will be stone cold!

"Doctor Jiang, please do not disturb Mr. Lin. Otherwise, I will have to ask someone to escort you out," Yuan Youwei said, her expression hardening as she spoke to him coldly.

"Hmph! If you all want to be completely fooled by this kid, I certainly won't meddle," Doctor Jiang snapped, his face flushed. With a flick of his sleeves, he snorted and stalked over to a chair. He sat down, crossed his legs, and settled in, ready to watch the show.

"Mr. Lin, can... can you save him?" Yuan Youwei squatted down beside Lin Fan, pressing close. Her slender waist and perky rear, both incredibly supple, tensed into an alluring curve. Her face was fraught with tension, and her voice trembled.

"He isn't breathing, and his heart meridian has stopped. Not even a Daluo Golden Immortal could save him." Lin Fan patted his hands together, stood up, and shook his head.

The memorial hall fell into a deathly silence.

Mrs. Xue and the others all paled, their faces filling with sorrow and grief.

Yuan Youwei staggered, her vision going black. Lin Fan reached out and grabbed her just in time, preventing her from collapsing to the floor.

"Hahaha! Did you hear that? All of you! You brought a hundred million in cash as a consultation fee, and look what good it did you!" Doctor Jiang let out a harsh laugh,

slapping his knee wildly. His outburst immediately drew furious glares from the Yuan family.

"This old man is dead, and you seem quite happy about it?"

The next moment, Lin Fan slowly retrieved a long, narrow needle case from the counter.

He glanced at Doctor Jiang.

"A Daluo Golden Immortal might not be able to save him, but I, Lin Fan... can."

Chapter 15. The First Strange Poison

What? He can save him? Lin Fan can actually save him? Damn it, why couldn't he say everything at once? He nearly scared us to death!

Hearing this, the Yuan family members, whose faces had been ashen with despair, were suddenly invigorated. They all turned to look at Lin Fan in unison.

Yuan Youwei's beautiful eyes lit up, shimmering with tears of excitement.

"Fine," Doctor Jiang said with a cold, sarcastic laugh after a moment of shock. "Lad, if you can actually show me something, I, Jiang Wanqiu, will take you as my master!"

"Forget it," Lin Fan replied coolly without looking up. "I'm not a recycling center that takes in any piece of trash."

Then, he slowly squatted down and began inserting silver needles into the old man's chest.

"Hmph! Talk is cheap!" Doctor Jiang's face turned livid with frustration, and he flicked his sleeves and turned away.

The next moment, Lin Fan shook his head as he continued his work. "You quack. An absolute quack. Who sealed the old master's heart meridians? That was complete malpractice!"

"You brat, what the hell do you know!" Doctor Jiang shot up from his seat, instantly incensed. "If I hadn't sealed the old master's heart meridians, he wouldn't have lasted this long!"

"You sealed the meridians around his heart, but that prevented the Poison Insect inside him from escaping, forcing it to burrow desperately toward his heart," Lin Fan said, concentrating on his needlework without even glancing at the man. "If you had discovered this sooner, the old master wouldn't have been comatose all this time."

A dead silence fell over the room again. Doctor Jiang's expression changed dramatically. Beside him, Mrs. Xue, Yuan Tao, and the others stared with pupils constricted in shock.

"Doctor Jiang, haven't you been telling us all this time that my grandfather contracted an extremely rare disease?" Yuan Youwei's voice was like ice, the corner of her eye twitching. To meet his endless demands, the Yuan family had been put through the wringer for the past six months. One moment, he needed a Tianshan Fire Lotus; the next, he required Arctic Millennium Ice Marrow. After they had gone through immense trouble to acquire both, he announced he needed a White Dragon Grass, which only blooms and bears fruit once a century. After all that, the Yuan family had spent countless resources and shed blood and tears, all while being suppressed by forces like the Black Tiger Hall of Haicheng, leaving them gasping for air.

To think that this so-called famous doctor from the Southwest provinces hadn't even figured out the real cause of the illness! In fact, his six months of pretentious busyness were worth less than Lin Fan's brief examination.

"Also, I'll have someone thoroughly investigate whether you visited Chen Biao last night," Yuan Youwei said, staring coldly at Doctor Jiang's pale face, a sharp glint in her eyes.

She was already beginning to suspect that her grandfather's sudden illness was no natural disaster. It was a man-made catastrophe, born of a vile conspiracy. The Yuan family was the top family in Haicheng, and her grandfather was the Chairman of the Haicheng Chamber of Commerce. Adding to that the ambush she had faced tonight from the elite of the Black Tiger Hall, all the signs pointed to one conclusion: someone wanted the Yuan family leaderless, ripe for being devoured whole.

"Director Yuan, don't let this brat fool you! The old master truly has a strange disease. I swear, I have no ulterior motives!" Doctor Jiang pleaded, cold sweat pouring down his forehead. But his desperate explanations were met with disbelief as Yuan Tao, Mrs. Xue, and the others surrounded him.

"Miss Yuan, you're actually mistaken about this old fellow," Lin Fan said just as he placed the last of the long silver needles into the old man's chest. He finally paused, turning his head to look at the anxious Doctor Jiang. "He thinks he's clever, but he's laughably stupid. Still, I suppose he stumbled upon the right course of action by mistake. The Poison Insect has been living deep within the old master's heart meridians for a long time. In order to ensure its own survival, it has been desperately preserving the last thread of its host's life force."

What an insult! A naked, shameless insult!

"You brat, don't you dare spout such nonsense! I, Jiang Wanqiu, have practiced medicine for decades! You have no right to slander me!" Doctor Jiang was nearly mad with rage, his finger trembling as he pointed at Lin Fan, shouting so hard that spittle flew from his mouth.

"Hit a nerve, did I? Calling you stupid is a compliment. With your paltry skill, do you think you deserve to be called a divine doctor, like my mother was?"

Lin Fan looked away from him, unbuttoning his shirt to reveal his chest. There, right over his heart, was a coin-sized mark shaped like a lotus flower. Under the light, it gave off a strange, faint, seven-colored glow.

The Seven-Core Deadly Lotus. A poison so potent it had nearly killed Lin Fan on several occasions, and for which there was almost no cure. Only by gathering seven specific, counteracting herbs could its toxicity be suppressed.

"No, that’s impossible! Absolutely impossible! How can you coexist with the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus?" Seeing Lin Fan stare at the mark, momentarily lost in thought, Doctor Jiang’s eyes bulged as he cried out in disbelief.

That thing was the supreme treasure of the Holy Poison Sect. It was said that its poison could kill even an expert at the God Realm of martial arts. It was known as the deadliest poison in the world! He never would have imagined it could be coexisting, however bizarrely, with the young man before him.

"You’re a fool, but at least you’re not blind. You actually recognize this," Lin Fan noted, his expression shifting.

Years ago, he had been ambushed by a mysterious figure and infected with the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus. Around the same time, the Ying family in the Imperial Capital had come under pressure from a powerful enemy. He had always suspected the two events were orchestrated by the same force, but he had no proof or leads. Doctor Jiang’s reaction now made him wonder if the old man knew something.

"In that case, take a good look at what the deadliest poison in the world really is."

Lin Fan gripped the silver needle and, with a sudden twist, plunged it into the center of the lotus mark on his chest. Instantly, a terrifying tendril of black, corrupted blood emerged from the wound. It slithered up the needle like a living creature!

THUD!

Yuan Youwei, standing nearby, turned deathly pale. Her body swayed, and she collapsed to the ground, nearly fainting. A short distance away, Mrs. Xue and the others scrambled back in horror. Everyone felt as if a massive boulder had been dropped on their chest, the pressure so intense it was suffocating.

It truly was the deadliest poison in the world. Just a whiff of its aura was enough to cause extreme discomfort.

"Poison Insects are nothing but trash in the face of my poisoned blood," Lin Fan said, his own face now pale. He quickly withdrew the silver needle, calming the rampaging Seven-Core Deadly Lotus back into submission.

Then, without hesitation, he plunged the blood-tainted tip of the needle deep into the old man's heart meridians.

In an instant, a small, bean-sized lump bulged from the old man's previously still chest. A sharp, piercing chirp echoed from within his body, then vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

The rapid succession of events left the room utterly silent. Yuan Youwei and the others could only stare, wide-eyed, holding their breath.

A moment later, Lin Fan withdrew all the silver needles and steadily regulated his Inner Breath. "Alright, it's done. You can carry him back now," he said, nodding to Yuan Youwei.

Recklessly activating the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus had seemed to take but an instant. In reality, Lin Fan's back was soaked with cold sweat. Even his hanging fingertips trembled imperceptibly. The momentary need for exquisite control was immensely draining on his spirit. The slightest lapse would have caused a backlash, putting his own life in grave danger. If the dose of poisoned blood had been even a fraction too much, the old man would have been instantly corroded into a pool of gore.

In truth, it was not just his blood; all his bodily fluids were now faintly toxic. This was why he had been so cautious at the Su Family residence, even choosing to eat separately from everyone else. The irony was that while he was being considerate of Su Mengqing and the others, they saw his behavior as weakness and low self-esteem, causing them to look down on him even more.

One, two, three... a full ten seconds passed. The hall remained steeped in an eerie silence. Yuan Youwei blinked, her beautiful eyes filled with uncertainty. Mrs. Xue, Yuan Tao, and the others exchanged glances, not daring to speak.

That's it? It's over? But Mr. Yuan Sr. still looks dead!

"Hahaha, you've all been fooled! The kid tried to fight poison with poison," Doctor Jiang suddenly burst out, laughing hysterically. He pointed at Lin Fan, laughing so hard that tears streamed down his face as if he were looking at a complete idiot. "He never considered that the old master's body couldn't possibly withstand the corrosion of that poisoned blood!"

"And what if I could precisely control the dosage of the poisoned blood, using just enough to neutralize the Poison Insect?" Lin Fan countered, glancing at Doctor Jiang.

He was certain the Poison Insect had been converted into nutrients, which were now replenishing Mr. Yuan Sr. The powerful, instantaneous effect would not only revive him but restore his consciousness on the spot.

"Old fellow, stop pretending," Lin Fan said, losing his patience as the man on the stretcher remained unresponsive. He reached out and slapped the old man's face.

However, this casual act provoked a collective gasp from everyone in the room.

Chapter 16. How about I offer myself to you?

Holy shit, holy shit! Are you trying to get yourself killed, Lin Fan? That's the face of Haicheng's leading tycoon! Across the entire Southwest provinces, no one would dare to slap it!

"How dare you! You are not worthy to defile Mr. Yuan Sr.'s remains!" a Yuan family bodyguard standing in the corner suddenly bellowed.

His name was Ah Tai, an orphan Mr. Yuan Sr. had taken in as a child. After reaching adulthood, he had remained with the Yuan family, becoming the old man's personal guard.

"Hmph, I think he's just run out of tricks and is starting to go insane!" Doctor Jiang sneered, looking at Lin Fan as if he were already a dead man.

Yuan Tao and Mrs. Xue's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. When they came to their senses, they exchanged glances, their expressions turning ugly. They knew a large group of Yuan family members was watching from outside. Not only had Lin Fan failed to revive Mr. Yuan Sr., but he also dared to treat him with such disrespect?

He's like a dead pig that doesn't fear boiling water; he has nothing to lose. But Yuan Youwei is the one who will be dragged down with him! She bet her entire future to vouch for him!

"Mr. Lin, are... are you sure? Has my grandfather really been revived?" Yuan Youwei bit her red lip, crouching down beside Lin Fan once more. Even though she believed Lin Fan wouldn't lie, reality was cold as ice. Mr. Yuan Sr. remained lifeless, showing no sign of revival.

"Second Miss, stop being foolish! Don't let Mr. Yuan Sr.'s body be humiliated any further!" Ah Tai shouted again, his face stern.

Doctor Jiang simply smiled without a word, his gaze filled with mockery.

Mrs. Xue and Yuan Tao also approached to persuade her. "Miss, give up. Perhaps this is fate..." Mrs. Xue said sorrowfully.

"Second Sister, we should just take Grandpa back and prepare for the funeral tonight," Yuan Tao urged.

Hurried and dull pounding came from outside the glass door. Yuan Youwei's pretty face was ashen, her mind in turmoil. Wordlessly, she reached out and grasped the old man's icy hand.

"Hmm...?"

Yuan Youwei froze, her breath catching in her throat. She nearly screamed aloud. The old man's withered wrist seemed to have a pulse again, and it was gradually growing stronger! Her heart throbbed violently. Suppressing her elation, Yuan Youwei focused her senses again. She didn't dare celebrate yet, fearing it was just wishful thinking.

Just then, Lin Fan frowned, his patience clearly gone. Without warning, he moved swiftly, plunging a needle into the philtrum below the old man's nose.

SHNK!

Instantly, the old man, who had been lying perfectly still, shot up into a sitting position!

"Oh my God! A reanimated corpse! A zombie!"

The sudden change left the mourning hall in a dead silence for a moment before chaos erupted. Doctor Jiang fell to the floor in fright, pointing at the old man and screaming. Yuan Tao, Mrs. Xue, and the others trembled, stumbling back in shock. Even the Yuan family members outside, who had been scrambling to break in, froze in terror.

Only Ah Tai's expression changed. Standing in the corner, he secretly reached for his lower back. But for some reason, Lin Fan shot a quick glance his way. Ah Tai's heart shuddered, and he silently retracted his hand.

"Youwei, don't shout. Grandpa is fine now."

At the same time, Yuan Youwei gaped in shock, still processing what was happening. She saw that the old man's eyes were still tightly shut, yet a voice, as faint as a mosquito's buzz, came from him. Only she and Lin Fan were close enough to hear it.

"Announce my death to the public and proceed with the funeral. Do not leak the news that I have awakened."

THUD!

After whispering the words rapidly, the old man fell back, lying stiffly once more. A trace of pain flickered across his brow, and through a tiny slit in his eyelids, he shot a fiery glare at Lin Fan.

Damn it, couldn't you have been gentler? This bastard doctor is completely ruthless. That needle hurt so much I almost screamed for help!

"Grandpa! Oh, Grandpa, why did you have to leave us!"

Yuan Youwei's body trembled as realization hit her in an instant. Her eyes, which had been shining brightly, immediately filled with sorrow. She threw herself onto the old man's body, her shoulders shaking uncontrollably as she buried her head and wailed.

Seeing this, Lin Fan's lips twitched. He was speechless.

Women truly are natural-born actresses. Her heart must be bursting with joy, yet she's crying as if it's real... But this Old Man Yuan certainly lives up to his reputation. What a seasoned old fox of the business world. He obviously wants Yuan Youwei to play along with this fake death so the funeral can draw out the masterminds targeting the Yuan family!

With this thought, Lin Fan could only stand up and shake his head at Yuan Tao and the others. "I'm sorry. I did my best."

I really did try my best. After all, with this old guy so intent on playing dead, nobody could wake him.

"Tried your best? You didn't do anything! You were clearly just putting on an act!" Having collected himself, Doctor Jiang scrambled up from the ground, brushing himself off. A triumphant, victorious smile spread across his face.

"Lin Fan! You... you have truly let us down! Do you have any idea how much risk the Second Miss took for you? You... you!" Mrs. Xue pointed a trembling finger at Lin Fan, her face etched with anguish as she stomped her foot in anger.

Yuan Tao and the others looked at Lin Fan with gazes full of disappointment and indignation.

"And you claimed that even a Daluo Golden Immortal couldn't save him, but you could? Young Master Yuan, now do you see who was really bragging?" Doctor Jiang shook his head in disdain, continuing to mock and gloat.

"If you doubt my medical skills, perhaps you'd like to test my fighting skills?" Lin Fan's expression darkened, his patience wearing thin. I have no real connection to Old Man Yuan. There's no reason for me to endure this.

"No! Don’t blame Mr. Lin! It’s all my fault! I was the one who forced him!"

Just as Lin Fan took a step, a slender hand shot out and grabbed his pant leg, holding it tight. He turned his head and met Yuan Youwei’s gaze. Her tear-filled, misty eyes conveyed deep apology and pleading.

Lin Fan hesitated for a moment with a slight frown before rolling his eyes and turning away from Doctor Jiang and the others.

"Second Miss, you are kind-hearted and don’t wish to pursue this con artist, but I, Ah Tai, must uphold Mr. Yuan Sr.’s dignity in death!"

The next moment, Ah Tai stepped forward from the corner, shouting fiercely at Lin Fan. Before Yuan Youwei could respond, he swiftly drew a pistol from behind his back and pulled the trigger!

BANG!

The gunshot was deafening, echoing throughout the mourning hall.

But the dark muzzle was aimed not at Lin Fan, but at Yuan Youwei beside him!

"I noticed long ago that your breathing rhythm was off. Something was very wrong with you," Lin Fan said. Almost simultaneously, his eyes darkened as he flicked a finger. A silver flash shot out, arriving faster than the bullet, and buried itself in Ah Tai’s forehead, blasting out a bloody, bean-sized hole!

THUD!

Ah Tai fell backward, stiff as a board. The impact knocked his aim off, and the bullet flew harmlessly into the ceiling.

"I’m sorry, Second Miss... They took my family... I had to... do it..."

This new twist plunged everyone, both inside and outside the hall, into a fresh panic.

Yuan Youwei’s face turned pale, her tear-filled eyes reflecting the profound fear she felt. She hurried to Ah Tai’s side, but he only managed to mutter a few words before his head lolled to the side, his eyes wide with unwillingness as he breathed his last.

"Second Miss, to think Ah Tai would betray the Yuan family! He deserved to die!" Mrs. Xue and Yuan Tao followed her over, exchanging frightened looks.

"No wonder we could never find the cause of Grandpa’s illness... He must have been the one who implanted the Poison Insect in him..." Yuan Youwei muttered to herself, her expression heavy as she nodded.

It was clear Ah Tai had been under duress, forced to act the moment Mr. Yuan Sr. was confirmed dead. He was a time bomb buried deep within the Yuan family.

If Lin Fan hadn’t been here tonight, I might have died twice!

"Mr. Lin, you saved my life twice tonight. I, Yuan Youwei, truly don’t know how I can ever repay you." Turning her head, Yuan Youwei, now drenched in a cold sweat, gazed deeply at Lin Fan, her eyes filled with tenderness and gratitude.

In fact, it was more than just saving me twice. By reviving Grandpa, Lin Fan saved the entire Yuan family!

"It was nothing. You don’t have to be so formal," Lin Fan said with a wave of his hand, glancing at Old Man Yuan on the stretcher, who was still doing a fine job of playing dead. "As long as you don’t blame me for failing to wake your grandfather. The old man is already cold. You should probably hurry and take him back for burial."

At his words, the old man’s eyelids trembled violently, and his clenched fists tightened.

This insolent brat seems very unhappy about cooperating. How dare he insult me, Yuan Tianguang, to my face? Old Man Yuan gritted his teeth, unable to erupt. He could only suppress his fury and silently add another mark against Lin Fan in his mental ledger.

Just then, Yuan Youwei locked eyes with Lin Fan. Her red lips curved upwards as she suddenly broke into a brilliant, daring smile.

"I see that Mr. Lin was recently divorced, and I’ve been single for many years... Why don’t I offer myself to you in marriage?"

Chapter 17. Handle a funeral together?

"...Miss, have you lost your mind? The old man’s bones aren’t even cold yet!"

"That’s right, Second Sister! How can you make that kind of joke in front of Grandfather’s body?"

As Yuan Youwei’s words fell, Mrs. Xue, Yuan Tao, and the others were dumbstruck, their faces etched with disbelief. The other Yuan family bodyguards nearly dropped their jaws in shock. They had never seen their Second Miss show interest in a man before, but of all people, why Lin Fan? She couldn’t even stop herself from confessing in public!

"Th-th-this..."

Doctor Jiang, who was standing to the side, was utterly flabbergasted. I fanned the flames so hard, fully expecting Lin Fan to fail and face the Yuan family’s immense wrath. Who

would have thought this guy's luck was so outrageous? Not only did he become Yuan Youwei's lifesaver, but it seems the Flower of Haicheng has also secretly lost her heart to him! Damn it, this is completely unfair! I talked until my mouth was dry, yet not only did you ignore me, Yuan Youwei, you actually became infatuated with Lin Fan?

"Miss Yuan, we only met by chance. There's no need for such kindness," Lin Fan said, looking away from Yuan Youwei's sparkling eyes. He fell silent for a moment before shaking his head.

He had to admit, the woman before him was incredibly vibrant and passionate. Any normal man would find it hard not to be moved. However, his mother had just passed away, and he had just ended his four-year relationship with Su Mengqing. Lin Fan didn't have the mental energy to consider anything else.

"Alright, it seems my joke was a bit too forward, haha." The tips of Yuan Youwei's delicate ears turned red, and a hint of disappointment flickered in her beautiful eyes.

But a moment later, a subtle confidence re-emerged. She was known as the Flower of Haicheng, after all. In terms of beauty, ability, and social standing, she far surpassed Lin Fan's ex-wife, Su Mengqing. As long as she could keep Lin Fan firmly by her side and continuously launch a gentle offensive... hmph, how could she be afraid he'd run away? It was impossible for feelings not to develop over time.

Thinking about how the Old Master had finally been revived and the spy lurking in the Yuan family had been eliminated by Lin Fan, Yuan Youwei secretly sighed in relief, her spirits lifting considerably. But to maintain the secret, she had to suppress the smile on her lips and force a sorrowful expression.

"Mr. Lin, how about this? Since both our families need to arrange a funeral, why not do it together?" she persuaded softly, a sorrowful expression on her Yu Rong. "Divine Doctor Lin served the world with her medical skills. She shouldn't pass away so quietly. She deserves a grand and dignified funeral!"

"..."

Lin Fan paused, frowning slightly, but he felt a stir of temptation. Indeed, his mother's passing had been too sudden, leaving behind many regrets and worries. And since he had just left the Su Family with nothing, he lacked the means to arrange a grand affair. If the Yuan family could help give his mother a grand and dignified departure, it would be one way for him to fulfill his filial duty.

"You don't need to persuade me. Mr. Lin saved my life. It's only right for our Yuan family to help send off Divine Doctor Lin," Yuan Youwei said, her gaze sharpening as she saw the shifting expressions on Mrs. Xue and Yuan Tao, who were about to protest. Her tone allowed no argument. "Besides, it is not yet time to announce the Old Master's 'funeral.' This provides the perfect cover!"

"Second Sister, our Yuan family is the most prestigious family in Haicheng! This... this is too humiliating!" Yuan Tao cried out indignantly, looking stupefied.

"Yes, Miss, perhaps you should discuss this with the other elders first," Mrs. Xue pleaded, her expression complicated.

She truly couldn't understand. The Young Miss had known Lin Fan for one night, at most. Even though he had saved Yuan Youwei twice, that still wasn't reason enough to arrange a funeral for his mother! How terrifying it is to be lovesick... Thank goodness I've been single for thirty years, making me completely impervious. I've never let any of these wretched men get their way! Yet, when she recalled how Lin Fan had suddenly grabbed her waist... Mrs. Xue's cheeks burned inexplicably, and she shot him a hateful glare.

"There is nothing to discuss. I am the heir to the Yuan family, and right now, all the major powers are watching us like vultures," Yuan Youwei stated, her expression resolute. "If we hold a funeral for Grandfather according to standard procedure, it will undoubtedly cause a great deal of trouble! We can only speak of face and dignity after we've overcome this crisis!"

At her words, Mrs. Xue and Yuan Tao exchanged a look and fell silent.

"...If necessary, I will intervene," Lin Fan said, finally nodding after a moment of silence.

Although Yuan Youwei was certainly using him, it was a mutually beneficial arrangement, so it wasn't unreasonable.

"Thank you for agreeing, Mr. Lin. I'll head back and begin preparations immediately. I'll come to pick up Mrs. Lin first thing tomorrow morning." Upon hearing his agreement, Yuan Youwei breathed another secret sigh of relief, a sweet feeling blooming in her heart.

This was the first step to getting closer to Lin Fan! Otherwise, this stubborn man would insist on holding a vigil for his mother and refuse to leave the house, no matter what. She couldn't exactly keep running over to see him.

Her gaze shifted to the memorial portrait on the wall. Staring at the woman's kind smile, she silently prayed, Divine Doctor Lin, please, may your spirit in heaven bless me...

She completely failed to notice the old man on the stretcher. His lips were pursed so tightly his face was beginning to turn dark. He was clearly seething, suppressing his anger with great difficulty.

"Doctor Jiang, you'll be staying with the Yuan family for a few days. We still have matters to clear up," Yuan Youwei said with a half-smile, turning to Doctor Jiang, who was stealthily trying to open the glass door.

"Ah... Director Yuan, I really did forget to lock my front door! I must get back immediately!" Doctor Jiang's body shuddered, and he froze in place. Twisting his head around, he forced a smile that looked more painful than a grimace.

"Take the Old Master, him, and Ah Tai. Let's go!" Yuan Youwei said with a final smile to Lin Fan. Ignoring the drastic change in Doctor Jiang's expression as he was hauled away by two bodyguards, she led her retinue away in a flurry of motion.

A moment later, the rumble of departing cars in the alley faded into silence.

CLICK.

Lin Fan closed the door and turned off the light. He then squatted before the brazier and began burning joss paper. Raising his head to look at his mother's portrait, a lump formed in his throat as he murmured under his breath, "Mom, we'll be moving tomorrow... I'm going to make your funeral the talk of the entire city."

「Meanwhile.」

In a dimly lit hospital room, Brother Dao lay on a bed, his hand wrapped in thick white bandages, snoring deeply.

"Brother Dao, how did you end up like this?"

A gentle male voice from above startled Brother Dao awake.

THUMP!

As his vision cleared, Brother Dao's sleepy eyes filled with panic. He scrambled out of bed and knelt before the visitor. The man was young and handsome, dressed in a high-end white suit, but his smile was chilling.

"Mr. Chen Biao, I've brought shame to Black Tiger Hall, to Lord Hu, and to you!" Brother Dao trembled, not daring to meet the man's gaze.

The man was Chen Biao, the deputy head of Black Tiger Hall and the only son of Haicheng's underground emperor. He was the notorious Black Prince of Haicheng.

"I know all about it. We lost dozens of our elites this time, and now even I, the Black Prince, have become a laughingstock." Chen Biao's voice grew even gentler as he sat on the edge of the bed with a smile. Suddenly, he stomped his foot down on Brother Dao's broken hand.

"Hiss... Mr. Chen Biao, please, listen to me! That brat Lin Fan is just too bizarre!" Brother Dao's face contorted, and cold sweat poured down his forehead. He grit his teeth against

the agony and looked up. "In just a few seconds, he killed everyone I brought with me! I don’t even know how he did it!"

"So, he might be a Martial Artist? How interesting. I love breaking tough guys like him. I especially enjoy the way they look when they finally kneel and beg for mercy." A sinister smile played on Chen Biao’s lips as he ground his shoe heavily back and forth on the injured hand.

"Also, there’s that Su Gang! He owes us over twenty million in gambling debts! He knows Lin Fan; I think they’re family!" Brother Dao shook like a leaf in a storm. Fresh blood rapidly seeped through the bandages on his hand, and the veins on his forehead bulged from the pain.

"Good. We’ll grab Su Gang first, then, and feel out this Lin Fan’s background," Chen Biao nodded. Removing his foot, he stood up and walked toward the door. "Next time, if you come crawling back alive by yourself, you know what to do. Black Tiger Hall doesn’t keep failures."

"Yes, yes! I was wrong! I will never bring shame to Black Tiger Hall again!"

THUD!

As if granted a pardon, Brother Dao collapsed to the floor, soaked in sweat as if he had just been pulled from a river.

Chapter 18. Out of sight, out of mind.

"Lin Fan, Lin Fan, hurry up and open the door!"

"Don’t think we can’t do anything to you just because you’re hiding inside! Pay back the money! Now!"

「The next morning.」

Inside the memorial hall, Lin Fan, who had fallen asleep on the examination table, was jolted awake.

The rolling shutter outside the clinic’s glass door was being pounded on, accompanied by a barrage of impatient shouts.

"...Zhang Qiang? What are you doing here?"

As he lifted the rolling shutter, Lin Fan was taken aback. Outside stood more than a dozen familiar neighbors, all of them old customers of Suxin Clinic. At this moment, each of them wore a complex expression, avoiding his gaze.

Leading them was a short, thin man with a cigarette dangling from his mouth. With a small leather clutch tucked under his arm and his right leg shaking incessantly, he had the air of a petty boss.

"If you want to keep causing trouble, I don't mind giving you another beating."

Recalling the man's past actions, Lin Fan's eyes turned cold.

This guy was Zhang Qiang, Zhang Meili's nephew from her family's hometown. Ever since the Su family struck it rich four years ago, he had shamelessly come to borrow money from his aunt, Zhang Meili. Wanting to save face, Zhang Meili always reluctantly gave him whatever he asked for. She had even helped Zhang Qiang open a chain pharmacy selling Su Pharmaceutical products in a nearby neighborhood. Unfortunately, Zhang Qiang had no business sense. He only knew how to arbitrarily hike up prices, which gave the pharmacy such a terrible reputation that it was on the verge of closing. Instead of reflecting on his own mistakes, the man blamed the proximity of Suxin Clinic for his store's poor business. He had caused trouble here many times before, and after being chased away by Lin Fan, he would invariably run to Zhang Meili to complain.

"What am I here for? You really have to ask?" Zhang Qiang tossed his cigarette butt aside, cocked his head, and shot a look at the men and women behind him.

"Brother Qiang, you'd better say it..."

Under Zhang Qiang's intimidating gaze, the neighbors exchanged uneasy glances.

Seeing this, Lin Fan's heart sank with a vague sense of foreboding.

"Fine, I'll say it!" Zhang Qiang coughed twice to clear his throat and pointed at the memorial portrait of Lin Suxin inside. "Lin Fan, these neighbors all visited your mom at the hospital. They brought plenty of fruit baskets and milk, and some even gave money!"

"What is it you all really want? Just spit it out." Lin Fan clenched his jaw, his heart sinking further.

Clearly, these neighbors hadn't come to pay their respects. They were here with Zhang Qiang to cause a scene at the memorial!

"Your mom is dead, so this crappy clinic of yours will definitely close down," Zhang Qiang grinned, gesturing toward the crowd behind him. "After all, you're just a handyman at a factory. You don't have any real medical skills. Since we won't be neighbors anymore, there's no need for pleasantries... Shouldn't you return what the neighbors gave you?"

Last night, well into the early morning hours, Zhang Meili and Su Gang had spent hours cursing Lin Fan and Lin Suxin in the family group chat. They completely omitted what had actually happened at the memorial, instead just calling the mother and son jinxes. They

called them ungrateful parasites, hungry ghosts who had come to the Su family to collect on a debt!

When Zhang Qiang woke up and scrolled through the chat history, he was practically delirious with joy. He'd been waiting for this for so long! Lin Fan had finally been kicked out by the Su family! Not only that, but the loser had suddenly snapped, shedding his usual spineless, compliant demeanor. He'd even driven Su Mengqing to cough up blood and faint from pure rage! How wonderful! It was a double blessing! Zhang Qiang had long lusted after his cousin, Su Mengqing, but she had ended up married to a waste of space like Lin Fan. He considered himself no worse than Lin Fan and could never understand why he had lost out. But now was his chance to show Su Mengqing what a real man was made of! He wouldn't just vent his anger. He would kick Lin Fan while he was down and make the Su family look at him in a new light!

"But, I also know you were kicked out of the Su family without a penny, so you definitely can't pay them back in cash." Zhang Qiang grew more excited as he spoke, already fantasizing about the wonderful scene of Su Mengqing throwing herself into his arms. "No problem! Lin Fan, just let the neighbors go into the clinic and take things to settle the debt."

With that, Zhang Qiang waved his hand. The men and women behind him exchanged glances, all clearly tempted. Yet they hesitated, no one making the first move.

"...Is this what you all want, too?" A chill went through Lin Fan's heart as his gaze slowly swept over the familiar faces before him.

These were all common people from the neighborhood trying to make a living—fruit stall owners, small convenience store keepers, and people who ran little restaurants. They had always greeted him with such warm and friendly smiles.

He never imagined they would turn on him the moment his mother died. How fickle people were.

Finally, after some hesitation, one of them spoke up with an awkward, apologetic smile. "Lin Fan, don't blame us. Your mother was a good person, but we have to keep on living here."

"Yeah, with your mother's clinic closed and the hospital so far away, we can only go to Brother Qiang's pharmacy for medicine if we get a headache or a fever."

"He's already promised that as long as we get back the money we gave your family, we'll get a thirty-percent discount on all medicine we buy from his store in the future!"

"And during holidays, he'll run promotions! We'll be first in line for free eggs, and the elderly and children can even get a double share!"

The voices grew more numerous and louder, eventually becoming a chaotic clamor.

Blocked in the doorway, Lin Fan watched these familiar neighbors, a self-deprecating smile slowly forming on his lips.

So that's it. People's hearts truly do change. All the kindness they'd shown before was just because they could take advantage of the clinic. Now that his mother was gone and they thought the clinic would close, they were so easily bought over by Zhang Qiang's petty favors? The irony was that Suxin Clinic had been open for years with a constant stream of patients, yet it never even made enough to cover the monthly rent. It was always losing money! If his mother hadn't been secretly treating influential people on the side to earn money to subsidize it, the clinic would have closed down long ago. Lin Fan had urged her more than once to close up shop and get some rest, telling her it wasn't worth the hardship. But his mother, worried that the neighbors would have nowhere to go for treatment, gritted her teeth and persevered.

"Lin Fan, aren't you going to say something?"

"We're not trying to bankrupt you. There's no need to make this so difficult, is there?"

"Exactly! It's not that much money. And your family has made plenty off us over the years, haven't you?"

"What's with that ugly look on your face? It's as if we're forcing you to your death! Honestly!"

As Lin Fan remained silent, the men and women exchanged glances, their expressions growing impatient.

"Animals."

The next moment, Lin Fan's extreme anger gave way to a bitter laugh as he squeezed the single word from between his teeth.

The cacophony ceased abruptly, and the expression on everyone's face changed. Then, like cold water hitting boiling oil, the scene erupted.

"How dare you speak like that, you child! Have you no manners?"

"No wonder you and your mom ran off to Haicheng! We haven't seen a shadow of your father all these years. You must be an unwanted bastard!"

"I always said a woman with a figure like Lin Suxin's couldn't possibly be single. She must have been someone's mistress, right?"

The crowd spat insults, each one uglier than the last.

"Animals! You’re all a bunch of heartless, treacherous animals!"

Unable to take it anymore, Lin Fan clenched his fists! His roars exploded like thunder.

BOOM!

He took a step forward, and an overwhelming aura burst from him. Terrified, the men and women stumbled back, their faces draining of color.

Chapter 19: I, Lin Fan, will repay a thousandfold!

"What’s the matter? You want to start something?"

"Lin Fan, you lay a finger on us and see if we don’t make you pay until you’re bankrupt!"

"You have the damn nerve to yell at us? Don’t act like we’re ganging up on you; you’re the one who turned shameless first!"

Having come to their senses, the dozen or so men and women all grew furious. Their faces flushed red as they surrounded Lin Fan and loudly berated him. Many rolled up their sleeves, looking ready to get physical.

"Heh, these days, the debtors are the loudest ones. What a joke."

Just then, Zhang Qiang, who had been enjoying the show for a while, smirked. He pushed through the crowd and pulled a list out of his small leather bag.

"Lin Fan, seeing as we used to be relatives, I went ahead and tallied everything up for you."

RUSTLE!

Zhang Qiang unfolded the paper and began reading it aloud, word by word. It was all trivial stuff, mostly gifts these neighbors had brought when they visited Lin Suxin in the hospital: fruit baskets, milk, or a few homemade boxed lunches. Some had given a little money—fifty yuan here, a hundred there. It was all bits and pieces.

"I calculated the value of everything. The total comes to 835 yuan and 70 cents." After finishing the list, Zhang Qiang peeked into the clinic with a sly grin. "If we clear out everything inside, we should be about square."

"Square?"

Hearing this, Lin Fan laughed out of sheer rage. Perhaps this is what they mean by 'a kind man is always bullied, just as a gentle horse is always ridden.' Right now, he felt only that his mother's past kindness had been utterly wasted!

"Why don't you all take a look at this account book first?"

SLAP!

He turned, went to the consultation desk, pulled out a thick notebook, and slammed it down in front of everyone.

"This contains all the unpaid medical bills from you beasts! And here are the IOUs for when you borrowed money from my mom to get by!"

Flipping open the yellowed pages, he stared at the familiar, neat handwriting, and his eyes instantly turned bloodshot. Every single stroke was a testament to his mother's kindness toward these people over the last seven years. In return, they had come to her mourning hall to brazenly demand repayment for the trivial things they had once given her.

"Hmph, so we were right to come. Your mother really wasn't a good person!"

"This is from years ago! She remembered every single cent. How stingy!"

"Lin Fan, who says I owe your family money? You got proof? Why don't you call your mom out and ask her?"

Facing Lin Fan's furious gaze, some turned their heads away in disdain. Others looked uncomfortable and started shouting loudly. A few simply dug in their heels, shamelessly denying any debt.

Zhang Qiang tossed his list in front of Lin Fan and jutted his chin at him. "See? I told you this family was no good. And here some of you were, hesitant to even come. Lin Fan, are you going to pay up or not? Don't tell me that after being kicked out of the Su Family, you can't even scrape together a thousand yuan?"

He glanced around, and his eyes suddenly fell on a large pile in the corner covered by a black plastic sheet.

"Tsk tsk, what kind of junk needs to be covered up? How ridic— HISS!"

WHOOSH!

Zhang Qiang yanked off the black plastic sheet. The mocking sneer on his face froze, and his eyes flew wide open.

Money! It was all money!

A mountain built from bundles of cash, piled so high it nearly touched the ceiling!

The cramped mourning hall plunged into dead silence.

Zhang Qiang was dumbstruck. The neighbors, their faces unsightly, were so shocked their mouths hung open and wouldn't close for a long time.

"You want money, right? Fine! I, Lin Fan, repay kindness ten thousandfold and avenge any grievance ten thousandfold!"

SLAP!

Lin Fan slammed the account book shut, his heart clenching painfully. These animals before me are utterly unworthy of my mother's kindness! They don't even deserve to cause a scene in her mourning hall!

He grabbed the list from the table and walked over to the pile of cash. Then, he snatched five bundles of banknotes and hurled them at a bald man.

This was the cash Yuan Youwei had left last night, a hundred million yuan in total. Lin Fan had thought it was too ostentatious, so he covered it with the plastic sheet, planning to find time to deposit it in the bank. Each bundle was one hundred thousand yuan, wrapped tightly with bank straps, making it as heavy as an oversized brick.

"You, Ma! This is for the box of milk you gave my mom. It was forty-nine ninety, so I'll pay you back five hundred thousand!"

THUD! THUD!

The brick-like bundles of cash landed at the man's feet. The bald man was so stunned he didn't dare pick them up.

"And you! For the boxed lunch you brought my mom, I'll round it up for you. Four hundred thousand!"

"And you, Liu! For the fruit and the fifty yuan cash you gave. I'll pay you back nine hundred thousand!"

Lin Fan threw bundle after bundle of cash, which piled up at everyone's feet. It was nearly ten million yuan in total, yet it had barely made a dent in the mountain of cash.

"Take the money and get out!" Lin Fan roared, his eyes red as he pointed at the stunned and uncertain crowd. "And remember this: it is you who will forever be indebted to my mother! She lived a blameless life and could face anyone in the world with a clear

conscience! If I ever hear any of you slander my mother again, don’t blame me for severing all ties!"

His thunderous words exploded in their ears. For a moment, no one dared to move an inch, completely stunned by the sheer power of a man who could toss away millions without a second thought.

"It can’t be real, can it?"

"Impossible! If that was real, it would be like he’d emptied an entire bank vault!"

"But... but those bank straps on the bundles look exactly like the ones I’ve seen at the bank!"

As they slowly came to their senses, the crowd members looked at one another, their faces filled with disbelief.

"Are you all stupid? How could this good-for-nothing have so much money? He couldn’t get this much even if he robbed ten banks!"

Just then, Zhang Qiang snapped out of his shock. He slapped his thigh and started laughing so hard he doubled over.

"Oh, Lin Fan, you’re hilarious! Trying to save face with a pile of Cultivation Coupons? Too bad for you, you ran into me, a man of the world!"

He bent down, picked up a "brick" of money, and tore off the bank strap. He pulled out a few banknotes to examine them, clicking his tongue. "The feel, the printing... it’s quite realistic, heh!"

CLICK!

Zhang Qiang took out a lighter and lit the banknotes. Then, with a provocative look, he threw the burning money at Lin Fan’s feet.

"Hey, hey, don’t burn it! What if it’s real?"

The bald man, addressed as Ma the Third, instinctively reached for the money.

"Ma the Third, are you an idiot?" Zhang Qiang shot him a look of contempt. "You poor saps really are clueless!"

"I already told you, they’re just the bank’s Cultivation Coupons! They look like real money, but they’re fake!"

Hearing this, Ma the Third’s face turned red, and he quickly pulled his hand back. Amid the jeers of the others, his embarrassment turned to rage as he glared at Lin Fan. "Hmph! You dare try to fool us with fake money? I’ll burn it all to a crisp!"

When Zhang Qiang saw that Lin Fan remained indifferent, not provoked in the slightest, He felt an unsatisfying sense of futility, like punching cotton.

RIP! RIP!

He tore open several more bundles of cash and lit them on fire one after another. In moments, nearly ten million yuan in banknotes had become a blazing bonfire.

"That’s right, burn it! Fake money is fake money! Does he really think we’re idiots?"

"Exactly! If you really had a pile of money like this, would you still be putting up with the Su Family’s crap?"

The other men and women clearly believed Zhang Qiang. They even started helping, tearing the straps off the remaining "Cultivation Banknotes" and tossing them all into the fire.

Having done their part, they stood back and sneered at Lin Fan from across the bonfire, their faces full of contempt. They were completely unaware that they had just personally destroyed a fortune of a lifetime, watching it turn to ash right before their very eyes.

Chapter 20, Property worth tens of millions!

"Hmph. You can buy a heap of worthless paper online for a few hundred yuan, and you still try to fool people with it? Calling you stupid is an understatement."

Stack after stack of banknotes burst into flames, gradually turning into a pile of black ash. A cross-breeze blew through the hall, scattering the ashes until they vanished completely.

Zhang Qiang stood to the side, staring at Lin Fan as if he were an idiot. He even planned to post this incident as a joke in the family chat group so Zhang Meili and Su Mengqing could join in and viciously mock Lin Fan!

"Why don’t you burn it for your mom, Lin Suxin, so she can spend it in the underworld! Hahaha!"

"Burning ten million in cash for my mother? You’re even more filial than her own son," Lin Fan said, taking a deep breath to calm himself. He returned the favor, looking at Zhang Qiang as if he were the moron.

"And as for all of you," Lin Fan said, turning to the gathered men and women, "I have already repaid the kindness you showed by visiting my mother. You burned the money yourselves. Just don’t regret it later."

"Lin Fan! Have you no shame? Trying to dismiss us with a pile of fake money?"

"I don’t believe a word you say! You’re just as cunning as your mother, Lin Suxin. Did you prepare this in advance?"

Some shot him disdainful looks while others crossed their arms and scoffed. None of them took his words seriously.

"That’s right, pay up! Believe it or not, we’ll smash this memorial hall to pieces if you don’t!" Unsettled by Lin Fan’s stare, Zhang Qiang was about to continue his loud threats.

"Brother Qiang, something’s not right!" Ma Laosan said, rushing over with his phone, a panicked look on his face. "I just checked online. Cultivation Coupons are always printed with warning text that makes them easy to identify!"

"Have you got no backbone?" Zhang Qiang rolled his eyes in exasperation. "We just burned a bunch of Cultivation Banknotes. What’s the big deal? Why are you looking it up online?"

His wife was a teller at a bank branch and had once brought home a stack of Cultivation Coupons. And the bills they had just burned... they didn’t quite look like the usual ones.

A sense of dread made his stomach lurch. Zhang Qiang’s expression shifted slightly, but he quickly stuck his neck out and snorted defiantly. "What’s there to be scared of?! Even if it was real, I have plenty of money! I can pay you all back!"

Hearing this, Ma Laosan’s face turned beet red again, and he smiled sheepishly, not daring to say another word. The other men and women also nodded along with expressions of complete trust. Everyone knew that Zhang Qiang’s aunt was the wealthy Zhang Meili, whose family owned the multi-billion-yuan Su Pharmaceutical. He wasn’t just bragging; he truly had the means to back it up!

"Mr. Lin, I’ve come for Mrs. Lin."

Just then, a pleasant, melodious voice spoke from the doorway. Following the sound, a man and a woman entered, immediately capturing everyone’s attention.

A beauty, an absolute goddess!

Zhang Qiang’s eyes were glued to Yuan Youwei as she walked toward Lin Fan, his jaw nearly on the floor. However, when his gaze shifted to the man behind her, his pupils contracted violently and a tremor ran through his body.

"President Luo? You... you're really President Luo from Haicheng Commercial Bank?!" Zhang Qiang rushed forward, his face plastered with a wide smile as he eagerly extended his hand. "My wife, Xu Juan, is a teller at one of your branches. I never thought I'd get to meet you today, it's truly a..."

"Mm," President Luo, dressed in a sharp suit, cut him off with a noncommittal grunt. He looked past him at Lin Fan, who stood beside Yuan Youwei, a flicker of surprise in his eyes.

Last night, a call from the Yuan family had dragged him out of bed to personally escort a delivery of one hundred million in cash. President Luo had no idea what had transpired. But when he learned today that the same one hundred million was to be deposited back into the bank, he shamelessly took the initiative to come along. A young man held in such high regard by Yuan Youwei could hardly be an ordinary person. At that moment, President Luo was filled with speculation and decided he had to find a way to get closer to Lin Fan.

"President Luo, Xu Juan has been a teller for four years. Could you... help her out a bit? Maybe a promotion?" Zhang Qiang pressed on, seeing President Luo ignore him to size up Lin Fan. He forced an even more fawning smile. "Don't worry, our family will be eternally grateful..."

"If you say one more word, believe me when I say I will fire Xu Juan on the spot," President Luo hissed under his breath, his face turning green with fury. I was trying to make a good impression on Mr. Lin, and this idiot chooses this exact moment to attempt a blatant bribe? Stupid. As stupid as a pig!

"Uh..." Zhang Qiang was so stunned he almost choked, his fawning smile freezing on his face as he fell silent. Ma Laosan and the others were completely quiet, appearing cowed and fearful, utterly overwhelmed by the imposing presence of both Yuan Youwei and President Luo.

"Mr. Lin, this is a property transfer agreement," Yuan Youwei said, opening a thick folder and presenting it to Lin Fan with both hands. "It includes all the storefronts and supermarkets on this block, including the clinic. As soon as you sign, these properties will all be yours." Smiling like a blooming flower, she continued in a soft voice, "It's only worth a little over ten million, but please accept it as a token of the Yuan family's sincerity and a small compensation for what happened last night."

What? All the shops and supermarkets on this block? What a joke! That's Yuandao Properties' assets! Hmph, does she really think we're that easy to fool? Everyone knows Liu Fang manages this property!

Instantly, Ma Laosan and the others exchanged strange glances. Then, they suddenly burst into uproarious laughter. Even Zhang Qiang, who had been secretly admiring Yuan Youwei's beauty, couldn't help but snicker.

"My dear beauty, you aren't an actress Lin Fan hired, are you?" Zhang Qiang asked, flicking his hair as he stepped closer and laughed lecherously at Yuan Youwei. "How much did he pay you? I'll double it! No, triple it!" He licked his lips, his eyes burning with a fiery heat, his expression growing more and more vile. "I'm the owner of Brother Qiang's Pharmacy. Why don't we head over to my place and... get better acquainted?"

"Fine by me," Yuan Youwei glanced at Zhang Qiang, smiling with great interest. "I'm just afraid you can't afford the price."

A sharp hiss escaped Zhang Qiang's lips. She agreed! His mouth went dry, and his bones felt like they were melting. His gaze grew even bolder, shamelessly drifting down to her ample chest. He was completely oblivious to the man beside him, President Luo, whose throat bobbed as his face turned pale with fright. Damn, he's got guts! Real guts! Trying to make a move on the second young miss of the Yuan family? He must be in a rush to reincarnate!

"As of today, there will be no 'Brother Qiang's Pharmacy' on this block."

The next moment, Lin Fan, who had been silent, took the folder and swiftly signed his name. "I'm going to make every last one of you heartless, beastly scoundrels get the hell out of here!"

The memorial hall fell dead silent for a second before erupting into another round of deafening laughter.

"Are you insane, Lin Fan? You think someone like you can make us scram?"

"You can't even cough up the eight hundred-some yuan you owe us, yet you're still talking tough? You think you can make decisions for Liu Fang?"

"This is hilarious! Hahaha! Go on then, try and make us leave! Right here, in front of Lin Suxin's memorial tablet!"

Ma Laosan laughed so hard he slapped his thigh, while the others were bent over, clutching their stomachs. It was as if they'd just heard the biggest joke in the world. Zhang Qiang just rolled his eyes, no longer bothering to even look at Lin Fan. He was just about to resume his fawning over Yuan Youwei.

THUMP!

A dark figure suddenly burst through the door and knelt heavily before Lin Suxin's memorial tablet.

The smiles on the faces of Ma Laosan and the others froze. Zhang Qiang's mouth fell open in shock. Then, all their faces changed dramatically, their eyes nearly popping from their sockets in disbelief.

"Mrs. Lin, I was wrong! I’m not human, I’m a beast! I never should have listened to the lies of Yang Tingting and the Su family!"

It was Liu Fang, her face bruised and swollen, her hair a disheveled mess, and her clothes in tatters. She looked like a ghost who had just crawled out of a grave. She wept hysterically, kowtowing frantically toward the memorial tablet over and over, completely devoid of the proud, high-and-mighty attitude she always had when collecting rent.