Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 121, the asking price is too high!

"Su Mengqing, shut the fuck up!"

The Fang Family Head trembled with rage, the medicinal powder on his face flaking off. He glared at Lin Fan, his expression dark and grim, so angry he was about to explode on the spot.

Just think, anyone who got swindled this badly would be driven to desperation!

"Lin Fan, you—you must give us an explanation!" Mr. Wang Sr.'s chest heaved violently, his old face contorting in a spasm.

SMACK!

He smashed the wooden medicine box onto the ground, shattering it into pieces.

"Right! Lin Fan, you must explain yourself, or we are absolutely not buying those damn boxes!"

Seeing this, the Meng Family Head and the others felt a flash of retroactive horror. They all felt a secret sense of relief. It was a good thing they'd held back, otherwise they would have been swindled by Lin Fan too!

Upon hearing this, Lin Fan's brow furrowed slightly. "An explanation? Do you think you're worthy of an explanation from me?" He slowly surveyed their furiously glaring faces. "I gave you many chances. You're the ones who refused them, leading yourselves to this point one step at a time."

"So, what do you mean by selling us empty medicine boxes? Are you openly humiliating our nine families?" the Fang Family Head shouted.

"Yes, I admit our nine families were at fault initially, but you shouldn't play us like this, Lin Fan!" Mr. Wang Sr.'s face was thunderous as he pointed at the shattered medicine box on the ground and yelled.

"Who said I was playing with you?" Lin Fan shook his head, looking at them as if they were a pack of idiots. "Mr. Wang Sr., with your pharmaceutical expertise, can you not tell

that the Divine Dragon Detox Powder I have is essentially the same as the one your Tianchuan Pharmaceuticals produces?"

"This, this..." Mr. Wang Sr. was momentarily stupefied, rendered speechless by the question. Indeed, when he had taken Lin Fan's Divine Dragon Detox Powder earlier, he had examined it closely. It was almost indistinguishable from the ones they produced themselves.

One second, two seconds, three seconds... The old man's brow furrowed in deep thought.

Hiss... Could it be that the storage method for the medicine is wrong?

A horrifying thought suddenly arose in his mind. Mr. Wang Sr.'s pupils contracted. He suddenly understood!

THUMP!

He dropped to his knees and hastily began gathering the pieces of the shattered medicine box, cradling them with care. He didn't dare miss even a single splinter.

"Mr. Wang Sr., what are you doing...?!"

The Fang and Meng Family Heads, along with the others, were all stunned. A moment later, they also had a sudden realization and couldn't help but smack their foreheads.

So the solution to their spoiling medicine was these seemingly unremarkable, custom-made medicine boxes! In other words, the formula Lin Fan had provided was genuine. The only difference was that the damn bastard had held back the secret preservation method!

"Director Lin, I understand now! I finally understand!" The Fang Family Head's eyes lit up with wild joy, so ecstatic he could have leaped into the air.

The Meng Family Head and the others had similarly fervent expressions, their eyes glued to the remaining medicine boxes on the display stand.

Lin Fan's mouth twitched, feeling rather speechless. Just a moment ago he was 'Lin Fan,' and now he's 'Director Lin'? What a switch. "Understand what?"

"Do we have to use these special medicine boxes to keep the drugs from spoiling?" the Fang Family Head asked, nodding excitedly like a failing student desperate for the teacher's praise after solving a difficult problem.

"Heh, you're not completely stupid, after all," Mrs. Xue mocked him mercilessly.

Yuan Youwei then looked at the Meng Family Head and the others, who were itching to make a move. "What are you waiting for? Do you want our Director Lin to raise the price again?"

"We'll buy! We'll all buy!"

The Meng Family Head jolted. He scurried over to the display stand with a fawning smile and slammed his hand down on the box meant for his family.

Seeing this, the other families also hurried over, snatching up the wooden boxes. They were afraid that if they were even a second too late, that bastard Lin Fan would jack up the prices on the spot.

DING! DING! DING! DING!

In an instant, the sound of bank transfer notifications chimed one after another. Tens of billions' worth of medicine boxes were snapped up by the families in the blink of an eye.

The onlookers were completely dumbfounded, feeling as if everything unfolding before them were an unreal dream. Meanwhile, the expressions on Wen Zheyang and Iguchi Tama's faces were incredibly grim.

"Have you all gone mad? Lin Fan completely screwed you over, and you're still paying a fortune for these lousy boxes!" Su Mengqing, still lying on the ground, felt her sneer freeze on her face before she let out a scream of furious indignation.

However, no one paid any attention to her. Everyone's eyes were fixed on Lin Fan, full of envy, jealousy, and resentment.

On the first day of the Medical Procurement Conference, this man had raked in tens of billions with just nine shabby wooden boxes. It was an unprecedented achievement, making him the undisputed king of sales.

Yuan Youwei took the smartphone from Doctor Jiang and checked the account balance. She then turned her head and, with a mocking smile, said to the dumbstruck Yuan Ruoshan, "See that? No matter how stubborn you are, Lin Fan's earnings are real."

"Hmph, so what? I don't care if Lin Fan made ten billion or a hundred billion! As long as it's not from pharmaceutical orders, it doesn't count!" Yuan Ruoshan's face was beet-red as he shook his head, still shouting his denial.

"Fine," Lin Fan said, his eyes turning cold. "In that case, I'll make you lose so badly you'll have no choice but to admit it."

Yuan Ruoshan laughed in fury. "Fine! I'll wait and see what other tricks you have up your sleeve!" Despite his words, a flicker of panic and fear appeared in his eyes.

To be completely honest, Lin Fan has already won the bet. After all, the medicine boxes are related to medicine, so they should count. But... but who would willingly admit defeat? If I admit it, I'll lose my entire fortune and be right back where I started!

Just then, Mr. Wang Sr. exchanged a glance with the other family heads. Forcing a strained smile, he asked, "Director Lin, since our nine families have already purchased the medicine boxes... well, shouldn't you now give us the secret method for preparing the boxes?"

Lin Fan let out a laugh that was almost a sneer. "Do you really think those nine formulas are only worth this paltry sum?" He scanned their flushed faces and shook his head. "This money bought you the answer to your problem, not the method to implement it.

"My conditions remain the same. But like I said, I gave you a chance, and you didn't take it." Lin Fan, disregarding the change in Mr. Wang Sr. and the others' expressions, raised his index finger and wagged it.

"Thirty percent of the net profit from the new drugs. Furthermore, the medicine boxes must be supplied by Yuandao Furniture's woodworking factory—you'll have to buy them, though I assure you the price will be fair."

What?! Thirty percent of the net profits? Has he lost his mind? He might as well just rob us! Not to mention we'd still be getting squeezed by having to buy the medicine boxes from him!

In an instant, the entire venue erupted into an uproar.

"Lin Fan! You... you, don't push us too far!" Mr. Wang Sr. trembled with rage, his lips quivering as he yelled at Lin Fan.

"Lin Fan, you initially only wanted ten percent of the net profits, but now you've tripled it. Don't be too greedy!"

"You should know that our nine families are not to be trifled with! Even if you have those nine formulas, we have the power to prevent you from buying a single herb required for them!" The Fang Family Head and the others were equally incensed, shouting in anger.

They had no choice. The bastard's demands were too ruthless. It was tantamount to making nine pharmaceutical giants work for him and him alone.

"Gentlemen, don't listen to this bastard's nonsense!" Wen Zheyang stepped forward, not forgetting to shoot a provocative glare at Lin Fan as he loudly addressed Mr. Wang Sr. and the others. "The Wen Family and the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group can give you our full support. We guarantee we can solve the issues with your new drugs and make them bestsellers at home and abroad!"

Iguchi Tama walked over, her face impassive. "That’s right," she promised calmly. "If the problem truly can’t be solved, you nine families can revert to your previous flagship products. The Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group has the ability to promote those on the international market as well."

"This..." Upon hearing this, Mr. Wang Sr. and the others fell silent, exchanging bewildered looks.

The terms offered by the Wen Family and the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group were certainly tempting. But they couldn’t bear to just abandon the precious formulas that were now within their grasp. What was more critical was that Lin Fan’s earlier statements were not just for show. He truly had the power to use those nine formulas to suppress their original flagship products and gain a crushing market advantage. Working with Lin Fan is just a question of earning more or less. But if we completely refuse and throw our lot in with the Wen Family and the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group... all that awaits our nine families is a gradual decline until we are completely crushed!

"Oh, I almost forgot about you two," Lin Fan’s eyes flickered toward them, a mocking smile touching his lips. "Since Young Master Wen and Miss Iguchi have spoken, I can only return the favor in kind."

After speaking lightly, Lin Fan turned to look at Mr. Wang Sr. and the others, who were still hesitating.

"If you want to work with me, then add one more condition." His gaze suddenly turned icy cold. His voice rose, cracking like a thunderclap.

"Your nine families have a near-monopoly on the herb supply channels in the Southwest provinces. Good. My final condition is this: you are forbidden from selling a single high-grade herb to the Wen Family or the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group!"

Chapter 122, Sever the foundation of Sakura Country’s pharmaceutical companies!

"What? You’re even trying to control the sale of medicinal herbs?"

"Lin Fan, who the hell do you think you are? You’ve got a lot of nerve, sticking your nose where it doesn’t belong!"

As Lin Fan finished speaking, the entire venue fell silent. All eyes shot toward Mr. Wang Sr. and the others.

"What an absolute joke! My Wen family has worked with Mr. Wang Sr. and the others for decades. The bond we share is something you, Lin Fan, could never comprehend," Wen Zheyang sneered, looking at him as if he were an idiot.

"Lin Fan, do you have any idea what price our Sakura Country merchants are offering? It's more than double that of your Xia Country counterparts!" Iguchi Tama sneered coldly, her eyes filled with an air of superiority. "In fact, we in the Sakura Country are the ones who value traditional Chinese medicine the most! We spend a great deal seeking out high-quality medicinal herbs, which is proof of our sincerity! Moreover, we are considerate of the herbal farmers' hardships and always provide additional subsidies... These acts of goodwill are there for everyone to see!"

As she spoke, many in the audience subconsciously nodded. In recent years, medicinal herb merchants from the Sakura Country and Goryeo had indeed offered extremely high prices, nearly monopolizing the entire domestic market for top-grade herbs. This, in turn, meant that pharmaceutical companies in the Xia Country were forced to use lower-quality materials. Whether for treating patients or producing traditional patent medicines, their efficacy was naturally diminished and couldn't compare to the past.

But in all fairness, they were paying in cold, hard cash. You couldn't just stop the herbal farmers and distributors from earning more money, could you?

"...Indeed. Young Master Wen and Miss Iguchi are good friends of our nine families. How could we possibly refuse to sell them medicinal herbs?"

"Director Lin, business is business. Your terms are too harsh. You're clearly trying to cut off our livelihood!"

The Fang Family Head and the others exchanged uncomfortable glances, then spoke up one after another, flatly rejecting Lin Fan's conditions.

"Lin Fan, I think you're dreaming! They're willing to pay a high price for these herbs. Can you?" Yuan Ruoshan sneered, his eyes behind his gold-rimmed glasses dripping with disdain. "Are you so caught up in your personal grudges that you'll just ignore the well-being of those herbal farmers? They toil all year long to harvest and cultivate these herbs and barely make any money! Their lives are so humble, so incredibly difficult! But you? Just because of your own personal vendetta, you want to smash their rice bowls? How malicious and cold-blooded can you be?!"

BOOM!

His passionate words echoed through the venue.

Everyone was quite moved, nodding in agreement. The way they looked at Lin Fan began to change. Clearly, this man was hiding behind the banner of protecting the Xia Country's

national medicine, when in reality, he was just trying to get revenge on Wen Zheyang and Iguchi Tama. He was nothing but a hypocrite, utterly selfish!

Staggering to her feet, Su Mengqing pointed a hateful finger at Lin Fan and cackled, "Hahaha, do you all see it now? This is the real Lin Fan! He's nothing but a hypocrite, a sinister, cold-blooded beast!"

"Director Lin, as you can see, your demands are excessive and have incited public outrage. We're afraid we cannot comply!"

At that moment, Mr. Wang Sr., who had been silent for a long time, finally began to speak in a hoarse voice. He shook his head, his expression fraught with conflict.

On one hand, he didn't want to offend the Wen family and the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group. On the other hand, if he couldn't satisfy Lin Fan... It was a terrible predicament; neither side was to be trifled with.

"Su Mengqing, when have I ever been hypocritical or cold-blooded?" Lin Fan retorted, his face impassive as he shot her a cold glance.

Turning his head, he looked at Yuan Ruoshan and nodded calmly. "You finally said something that makes sense. Those foreign herb buyers do offer very high prices, but is it really for the sake of the herbal farmers and collectors?"

A mocking smile touched Lin Fan's lips, and his gaze turned utterly glacial.

"Hmph, is it not?" Yuan Ruoshan's gaze faltered for a moment before he shot back with a sneer. "If you're so capable, why don't you put up the cash and buy them at a high price?"

"A tiny country like theirs now occupies a huge share of the international market for traditional patent medicines. What do you think they rely on to do that?" Lin Fan chuckled, but his eyes were filled with resentment. He slowly scanned the room, his face full of disappointment at their lack of fortitude.

"You all know that the moment the Sakura Country loses its supply of our high-quality raw herbs from the Xia Country, it will fall from grace and lose its dominant position in the traditional patent medicine market! Yet for a bit of petty profit, you turn a blind eye and a deaf ear? You just stand by and watch as others use our own resources to swagger and boast right in our faces!"

His forceful words exploded like thunder.

Many of the heads of the large medicinal herb plantations and the various distributors looked away, their expressions becoming deeply unnatural. Mr. Wang Sr. and the others were beet-red, too ashamed to even meet Lin Fan's eyes.

Indeed, no one was a fool. How could they not see what those little devils from the Sakura Country were planning? But the domestic herb market was sluggish. Without mass exports, how were they supposed to make a real fortune? On one side was conscience, on the other was business. So what if they had to ignore their conscience a little to earn more money?

"Lin Fan, there's no need to put on an act. In the world of business, profit is all that matters," Iguchi Tama stared coldly at him, a flicker of irritation flashing in her eyes. This bastard was too vicious. He was actually trying to incite the crowd to cut off the very foundation of the Sakura Country's pharmaceutical companies.

"What act am I putting on? You keep talking about goodwill, so why is it that when you were buying up massive quantities of wild Ziziphus jujuba, you secretly instructed the collectors to uproot the plants entirely?" Lin Fan shook his head, retorting indifferently. "Weren't those sneaky actions just a scheme to drastically reduce the yield of those wild herbs? That way, you could drive up prices through speculation and leave our domestic pharmaceutical companies with even fewer herbs to use."

"That's slander! Who would believe you?" Iguchi Tama's expression shifted slightly before she quickly recovered her icy composure. But anyone with eyes could see the annoyance and sharp killing intent simmering within her gaze.

"Lin Fan, are you ever going to shut up? When you get down to it, they're just selling herbs to foreign merchants to make more money. What's so wrong with that!" Yuan Ruoshan hurriedly stepped forward, trying to change the subject. "If you can't afford their prices, then don't fucking pretend to be some righteous crusader!"

"Who says I can't afford it?" Lin Fan scoffed in amusement. "Youwei, give me your phone."

Turning his head, he took the phone from Yuan Youwei's outstretched hand. "Listen up, everyone. This bank account right here has over ten billion in cash.

"I, Lin Fan, hereby pledge that my Su Pharmaceutical will purchase top-quality medicinal herbs in unlimited quantities, effective immediately!

"Furthermore, our price will always be 5% higher than what the Sakura Country merchants offer!"

What? His price was even higher than the foreign merchants'? And he wasn't bluffing. They had all just watched him receive that enormous sum of money.

Instantly, the room erupted into a commotion. Many of the herb plantation managers and distributors exchanged glances, their interest clearly piqued.

"Hmph, don’t listen to Lin Fan’s nonsense! It’s just over ten billion! How long can that last? Six months? Or maybe just a few?" Wen Zheyang was so furious his nose was practically crooked. The Wen family’s rapid rise over the years wasn’t just due to their pharmaceutical companies. Monopolizing the herb export market between the north and south and raking in a fortune from the price difference—that’s how they got rich on the quiet! But now, Lin Fan was threatening to sever that lucrative path right before his eyes.

"Mr. Wen is right. The domestic herb market in your Xia Country is worth hundreds of billions. How can Lin Fan’s ten billion in funds possibly sustain this in the long run?" Iguchi Tama, in contrast, wasn’t flustered at all. Instead, her red lips curled into a rare, mocking smile. "Only a behemoth like the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group can offer you a stable market price! He, Lin Fan, simply isn’t qualified!"

"And what if we add our Yuan family’s Yuandao Capital to the mix? I wonder if we could then go head-to-head with the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group?"

The next moment, Mr. Yuan Sr., who had been observing from the sidelines, stepped forward with his hands clasped behind his back.

He hadn’t expected Lin Fan to be so ambitious, wanting to turn the tables and cut off the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group’s supply of herbs! Excellent. Truly excellent. For so many years, he had struggled to hold on, bearing an immense pressure few could imagine. Now, he could finally breathe a sigh of relief and pass this heavy burden to Lin Fan...

Instantly, the old man’s eyes grew moist. He looked at Lin Fan with a wide smile, and deep within his cloudy gaze, a trace of gratitude and respect flickered.

"With Mr. Lin and President Yuan showing such spirit, we, the major pharmaceutical companies of Yuncheng, are also willing to lend a hand!" a resonant voice suddenly boomed from the other end of the hall.

Following the voice, Director Shen appeared, laughing heartily as he led a troop of Yuncheng’s pharmaceutical magnates forward with confident strides.

"You little devils from the Sakura Country want to sever the roots of our Xia Country’s national medicine and steal the title as the orthodox successor to traditional Chinese medicine?" The group came to a halt, standing beside Lin Fan and Mr. Yuan Sr.

Director Shen grinned wildly, rolling his eyes at the visibly shaken Iguchi Tama. "Go fuck yourself! Keep dreaming!"

Chapter 123, unity is strength!

"As long as Director Lin is willing to pay a high price for the herbs, we’re willing to cooperate!"

"That’s right! I don’t want to see the high-quality herbs I’ve worked so hard to gather sold for peanuts to those foreigners!"

"Xia Country is the true origin of traditional Chinese medicine! You little devils from Sakura Country have already stolen enough from us; we absolutely cannot let you steal the very source of our medicine as well!"

Seeing the situation completely reverse, Lin Fan was no longer fighting alone. Not only had he secured the full support of the wealthy Yuandao Capital, but he also had the backing of Yuncheng’s King of Medicine, Director Shen, leading the charge!

Instantly, many of the heads of herb-growing bases and large-scale purchasers in the crowd stood up, adding their resounding support! Some were filled with righteous indignation, while others pounded their chests. Still others pointed at Iguchi Tama and her group, bellowing so fiercely that spit flew everywhere.

"Stupid, utterly moronic!" Seeing this, Wen Zheyang and Iguchi Tama exchanged a glance, their expressions turning incredibly ugly. Behind them, the representatives from the North’s pharmaceutical industry were visibly moved but dared not say a word. After all, they had come here following the Wen family’s lead. To recklessly turn on Wen Zheyang and Iguchi Tama would bring consequences they could not afford.

Yuan Ruoshan, on the other hand, stared wide-eyed, his face twisted with rage. He immediately pointed at the crowd behind Lin Fan and stomped his feet, cursing, "You idiots, you’ve been bewitched by a few words from Lin Fan? Take a good look at yourselves. Are you even qualified to oppose the Wen family and the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group?"

"Hmph, with combined assets in the tens of trillions, they could crush you as easily as stepping on an ant!"

As he spoke, the noisy voices in the venue gradually died down. The crowd looked at each other, their gazes all turning toward Lin Fan.

It was true. If they truly provoked the Wen family and the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group... If their opponents decided to wage a vicious price war, Lin Fan’s side wouldn’t be able to withstand it at all!

"Yuan Ruoshan, do you enjoy being someone’s dog that much? A bootlicking dog for the people of Sakura Country, at that?" Lin Fan’s brow furrowed slightly. His gaze toward Yuan Ruoshan had turned ice-cold.

"The Wen family and the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group are indeed two behemoths, but our Xia Country has relied on unity since ancient times! I don’t believe they dare to do as they please in Xia Country. Even if we are but a single spark, we can start a prairie fire and burn all you traitorous running dogs to ashes!"

The moment he finished, Wen Zheyang's face changed drastically, and he flinched. Yuan Ruoshan's complexion shifted between shades of green and red, the veins on his forehead throbbing with anger.

"Lin Fan! Who the hell are you calling a traitorous running dog? What era do you think this is? Is it wrong to integrate with the international community and maintain business relations?"

"He's right! Our Wen family has opened up a vast foreign pharmaceutical market for the herbal farmers and pharmaceutical companies of Xia Country. What a monumental achievement that is!" Wen Zheyang picked up where he left off, his face ashen as he yelled furiously. "All our painstaking efforts, and we're being called running dogs and traitors? This is outright slander!"

The two of them glared at Lin Fan, but anyone with a discerning eye could see the guilt and panic hidden in their gazes.

"Lin Fan, you are openly trying to sabotage the good trade relations between Xia Country and Sakura Country. Do you think everyone is as foolish as you?" Iguchi Tama's gaze turned grim as she arched her pale neck and asked sharply.

"Good trade relations? Do you even believe that yourself?" Hearing this, Lin Fan laughed with anger and shook his head vigorously. "If this were normal herb-exporting business, I would personally welcome it. But you pick out all the best herbs, then use our formulas to manufacture and sell lucrative patent Chinese medicines, all while shamelessly rushing to register the medical patents?

"Fine. Since you keep claiming you're acting for the sake of Xia Country's pharmaceutical market channels, I have a question. Do you dare to state the herbs' place of origin on every box of your medicine? And to indicate, in Chinese, that the formula was first created in Xia Country?"

His resounding words echoed through the venue.

The conflicted Mr. Wang Sr. and the others looked up, their eyes filled with complex emotions. The representatives from the North, who had been silent all this time, all flinched, looking as if they wanted to speak but hesitated.

"Mr. Lin is right! You want to maintain good trade relations? Then do as he says! Stop with the goddamn evasiveness and all these bait-and-switch tricks!" Director Shen slapped his thigh, visibly agitated.

Mr. Yuan Sr., Yuan Youwei, and Mrs. Xue all nodded emphatically. Doctor Jiang was so moved he began to cry, constantly wiping his eyes with his hand.

Damn it! After all these years of being suppressed in the patent Chinese medicine market by those little devils from Sakura Country, we can finally hold our heads high!

"Yeah, you talk a big game, but do you dare to do what Director Lin said?"

"A thief is a thief! Stop making such high-and-mighty excuses!"

"Traditional Chinese medicine is the orthodox practice of Xia Country! No matter how well you hide it, you can't cover up the fact that you are thieves!"

Many in the crowd began shouting, their feet shifting in unison as they began to threaten to encircle Wen Zheyang and his entourage.

"What are you doing? Let me tell you, Miss Iguchi is a distinguished guest, an international friend! If a single hair on her head is harmed, it will be a major diplomatic incident!" Wen Zheyang shouted, his bravado a clear bluff.

Seeing the advancing mob, Iguchi Tama remained silent, her cold, beautiful face unreadable. Yuan Ruoshan looked tense, his Adam's apple bobbing as he couldn't help but retreat step by step. The crowd, however, ignored them, continuing to press forward.

"All of you, stop! Take one more step, and don't blame me for getting rough!" Wen Zheyang was about to explode with rage. He had never taken these people seriously. Who would have thought they would now dare to challenge his authority as the third young master of the Wen family? "If anyone dares to cause trouble, Miss Iguchi's and my bodyguards are not to be trifled with. Think carefully about the consequences, because you will be responsible for them!"

After his fierce warning, Wen Zheyang glared at Mr. Wang Sr. "Wang Tianchuan! You are the president of the Haicheng Pharmaceutical Association! Can't you control these people?"

"...Young Master Wen, my apologies." Mr. Wang Sr. gave a bitter smile, and a determined look suddenly hardened his old eyes, as if he had finally made up his mind. "The nine of us have decided to accept Director Lin's terms!

"I'm nearly eighty. I don't want to die only to be cursed as a traitorous lapdog!"

"That's right. As long as Director Lin's price is high enough, we're naturally willing to use high-quality herbal ingredients."

"Earning less is better than being cursed behind our backs..." The Fang Family Head and others sighed and shook their heads in agreement.

Wh-what?! Even you mongrels have been swayed by Lin Fan? You're turning on us right here and now?!

BOOM!

Wen Zheyang’s pupils contracted violently, the corners of his eyes tightening. Beside him, Iguchi Tama’s eyes flew open with rage, her fists cracking audibly.

Their entire grand plan, ruined by just a few words from Lin Fan! With the supply of high-quality herbs from the southwest provinces cut off, both the Wen family and the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group would suffer devastating losses!

"No, you can’t do this! On what grounds are you agreeing to Lin Fan’s terms?!" At that moment, Yuan Ruoshan’s face was deathly pale, sweat pouring down his forehead.

It’s over. It’s all over. Once Lin Fan secures the cooperation of Haicheng’s nine major pharmaceutical companies, won’t he easily win that so-called four-billion-yuan bet?

At this thought, Yuan Ruoshan’s body trembled, and his vision swam with darkness. Looking crazed, he pointed a shaking finger at Mr. Wang Sr. and the others. "Are you out of your minds? After how Lin Fan treated you, you’re still going to go crazy with him?"

"Hmph! If we don’t cooperate with Director Lin, should we be like you? Insist on fawning over someone who gives you the cold shoulder?" Mr. Wang Sr. retorted with a snort, his face flushing red from the jab.

"Fine, very fine! Then let’s all die together!" Yuan Ruoshan laughed, enraged, and shot a venomous glare at Lin Fan. He then spun around and shouted to Iguchi Tama, "Miss Iguchi, I personally witnessed Lin Fan at the Yuan family estate, killing your brother, Mr. Iguchi Watanabe, with his own hands!

"Furthermore, the hundred Sakura Country Warriors Mr. Iguchi Watanabe brought with him all died there too!"

As soon as he said this, the entire venue fell deathly silent.

Everyone was stunned, their eyes nearly bulging from their sockets. This was followed by a tumultuous uproar as everyone gasped in shock.

Chapter 124, swear to follow the god in my heart!

Holy crap, so Lin Fan is still this fierce? He personally slaughtered Iguchi Watanabe, the vice president of the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group, and took out over a hundred Sakura Country warriors? This was a great deed that brought glory to our Da Xia Country! Why was it kept so low-profile? Awesome, just too awesome!

For a moment, everyone in the room was discussing it fervently, all of them quite excited. Even the female tycoons who previously disliked Lin Fan couldn't help but have their eyes light up.

"Did you all see that? Lin Fan is just a cold-blooded butcher who kills indiscriminately!" At the edge of the crowd, Su Mengqing suddenly cried out sharply. "I even saw him with my own eyes, killing hundreds of members of the Black Tiger Hall inside the Black Tiger Building!"

After saying this, Su Mengqing swept a venomous glare across the room. She searched the faces of the crowd, trying to spot any sign of disgust or anger. However, the people around her only stared with wide eyes, looking even more excited!

"No wonder Director Lin had the guts to single-handedly take on Iguchi Watanabe and those hundred-plus Sakura Country warriors. It turns out he's also the one who wiped out the infamous Black Tiger Hall!"

"He's too fierce! Director Lin is my idol!"

"Director Lin, I want to have your babies!!"

In an instant, countless voices of admiration rose one after another. Everyone's faces were flushed as they looked at Lin Fan, their eyes filled with utter reverence!

"Are you all sick?! Lin Fan is an indiscriminate killer! What's there to admire about that?!" Yuan Ruoshan was dumbfounded, his expression turning ugly.

Su Mengqing froze for a moment, then nearly exploded with rage. I've tried so hard to expose Lin Fan's true colors, so why aren't you all disgusted with him? Why aren't you denouncing him? You're all insane! Completely insane!

"Su Mengqing, I think you're the one who's sick, and seriously so!" Just then, Director Shen pointed at Su Mengqing and cursed with a cold sneer. "Iguchi Watanabe brought a hundred elite warriors from Sakura Country to Haicheng. What good could they possibly have been up to? I think Brother Lin did the right thing killing them! They deserved it! As for those desperados from the Black Tiger Hall, which one of them didn't have blood on their hands? They more than deserved to die! He simply removed a huge menace from Haicheng!"

Turning his head, Director Shen laughed heartily and gave Lin Fan a meaningful look, completely ignoring Su Mengqing, who was trembling with rage, her face contorting viciously.

"Brother Lin, I knew I was right about you! Enough said. From now on, we're true brothers!" Director Shen gave him a thumbs-up, then stepped forward and clapped Lin Fan firmly on the shoulder. "Brother, I only have one thing to say: Well done!"

"I only slaughtered a few beasts. It's nothing for you to be surprised about, Brother Shen. You praise me too highly," Lin Fan said with a small smile, his cold gaze sweeping over Su Mengqing, Iguchi Tama, and the others. "The Black Tiger Hall was a pawn placed in Haicheng by Iguchi Watanabe. His goal was to kill Mr. Yuan Sr. and monopolize Haicheng's premium medicinal herb export business. As for Iguchi Watanabe and those hundred-plus Sakura Country warriors, they took Chen Heihu to Yuandao Manor under the cover of night, intending to annihilate the entire Yuan family!"

"I just want to ask you little devils from Sakura Country, where do you get the audacity to run rampant on the soil of my Xia Country?" As he spoke, Lin Fan's jaw tightened. His piercing gaze was so sharp it was impossible to meet! "I'll say it again: I will kill anyone who dares to provoke me, without mercy!"

BOOM!

At these words, Su Mengqing's mouth fell open, and she was left momentarily speechless. She didn't know any of these details. Now it seemed she had only succeeded in making Lin Fan even more admired by the crowd!

Yuan Ruoshan's eyelids twitched furiously, and his body trembled. Lin Fan clearly has no intention of backing down; he's determined to face Iguchi Tama head-on! Damn it all, is there no one who can put this bastard in his place?

"Lin Fan, you admitted it yourself! A life for a life! You will pay the price in blood for my family!" Iguchi Tama's expression turned grim, her full chest heaving intensely beneath her black trench coat. Arrogant, domineering, and utterly contemptuous! He killed my brother and a hundred elite guards of the Iguchi family, yet he shows not a hint of fear or remorse? Fine! I'll show you the might of the Iguchi family!

"Move! Capture Lin Fan and bring him back to Sakura Country for trial!" Iguchi Tama's face was dark enough to drip ink. She raised a hand and gave a sharp wave.

WHOOSH!

The Sakura Country warriors who had been hiding in the dark corners of the exhibition hall emerged and rushed forward. All of them had their faces veiled with black cloth and were dressed in black suits. In an instant, dozens of men had surrounded Lin Fan completely. Their gazes were stern as they placed their hands on their lower backs, revealing the dark hilts of their daggers.

"Hmph. Do you truly believe there is no one left in Haicheng?" Seeing this, everyone in the hall gasped and instinctively retreated.

Yuan Youwei started to move forward but was held back firmly by Mrs. Xue, who shook her head desperately and shot her a warning look. After all, the situation was too chaotic. Rushing forward now would only make her a burden to Lin Fan.

Mr. Yuan Sr. lowered the hands he had held behind his back, his old face turning grim. His voice was heavy as he turned to Wen Zheyang. "Young Master Wen, you brought these people here. As the host of this procurement conference, are you going to just stand by and watch these people from Sakura Country run rampant on the soil of our Xia Country?"

"President Yuan, Miss Iguchi Tama simply wishes to avenge her brother. What's the problem with that?" Wen Zheyang retorted with a cold face. "Moreover, this Lin Fan harbors malicious intent and wantonly slaughters international friends. He deserves to die!"

Seeing the anxious concern for Lin Fan in Yuan Youwei's eyes, Wen Zheyang grew increasingly furious, his expression becoming even more hideous. "Wang Meng! Wang Meng, where the hell are you? Get your ass out here and lend Miss Iguchi Tama a hand!"

The crowd couldn't believe it. Wen Zheyang wasn't just refusing to stop them; he was ordering his own bodyguard to help the invaders from Sakura Country gang up on Lin Fan.

Hearing this, Director Shen and the others turned livid, gritting their teeth in fury. The crowd's gaze upon Wen Zheyang changed completely, now filled with anger and disgust, all traces of respect gone.

"What are you looking at? No filming! Cut all the live feeds, now!" Amid the sea of condemning stares, Wen Zheyang flew into a rage out of pure humiliation, pointing at the media reporters and shouting. "I am the host here! I call the shots! Anyone who dares support Lin Fan will be kicked out of this conference, banned from ever attending again!"

"Hmph! If we let a spineless coward like you who turns on his own people host this conference, what's the damn point in participating?!" Director Shen exploded, pointing and roaring at Wen Zheyang. "You bastard Wen, my Shen family's Yunhai Group is the first to withdraw!"

"That's right! And our Hongwei Pharmaceuticals from Yuncheng!"

"We also choose to withdraw! We refuse to be associated with the likes of the Wen family!"

Following his lead, many of the pharmaceutical tycoons in the room angrily declared their stance.

"Young Master Wen, please don't do this! If you insist on acting this way, word will spread back to the Imperial Capital, and you'll become a target of public outrage!"

"Yes, our relationship with the pharmaceutical companies from Sakura Country has been too close for years, and it's already drawn significant criticism."

"It’s better to remain neutral. Intervening so recklessly will tarnish the reputation of the Wen family and all of our northern families!"

Even the pharmaceutical representatives from the North could no longer stand by and watch. A dozen of them came forward, crowding around Wen Zheyang and trying to persuade him earnestly.

"Withdraw if you want to! What’s the big deal? He’s just one Lin Fan! If he dies, he dies! How could that possibly shake my Wen family’s reputation in the Imperial Capital?!" A look of defiance crossed Wen Zheyang’s face as he stiffened his neck, deciding to go all in.

He couldn’t help it. Even though reason told him they were genuinely considering the Wen family’s best interests, the moment he saw Yuan Youwei’s beautiful eyes focused entirely on Lin Fan, with no room for anyone else, Wen Zheyang became consumed by an uncontrollable rage, as jealousy shot straight to his head.

"Wang Meng, did you fucking hear me?! What are you dawdling for, you useless piece of trash? Are you that afraid of dying?!" Seeing Wang Meng approach from a corner with a complex expression, Wen Zheyang’s anger boiled over, and he pointed at the man’s nose and cursed. "The Wen family pays you a fortune, and it’s not for you to be a freeloader!"

"...Young Master Wen, I admit the Wen family has shown me kindness, but I, Wang Meng, have also risked my life for your family for many years!" Wang Meng’s jaw muscles bulged as he raised his bloodshot eyes. "When you told me to teach people you didn’t like a lesson, I did it against my conscience. But that doesn’t mean I have to obey your every command! I was a damn soldier of Xia Country! And now you want me to turn around and help these little devils from Sakura Country attack our own people? Wen Zheyang, if you want to be a traitorous lapdog, I won’t stop you! But I’d rather quit this job than be a coward like you!"

The hysterical roar echoed throughout the hall.

Many people were stunned, looking at the agitated Wang Meng with surprise. Lin Fan was slightly taken aback and sized him up. This nationally infamous deserter... he isn’t as despicable as the rumors claimed. At least when it comes to matters of principle, he still has a bottom line.

"Wang Meng, have you lost your mind?! You dare to shout at me for the sake of Lin Fan?" Wen Zheyang stared, dumbfounded. Then, his face flushed crimson with fury, and he nearly burst a lung. "You have the nerve to call yourself a soldier of Xia Country? What are you? You’re nothing but a deserter! If it weren’t for the Wen family kindly taking you in because you had some skill, you’d probably still be fighting for your life on the streets of the Imperial Capital!" He jabbed a finger back at Lin Fan, howling in frustration. "I’m giving you one last chance. Do it! Otherwise, get the hell out of the Wen family!"

"...I'm sorry, Young Master Wen. I can't do it," Wang Meng said after a moment of silence. With a stern face, he strode over to stand beside Lin Fan.

"Today, anyone who dares to touch him will have to go through me!"

No one could see that his fingers were trembling slightly. In the depths of his eyes was a mixture of excitement and sheer joy. That's it. There's no mistake. There might be people in the world who look identical, but a person's aura is something completely unique. Just now, when Lin Fan was scolding Iguchi Tama and her people, his demeanor was exactly like that man's! I had stood in the crowd countless times, looking up in awe at that commanding figure on the podium. And now, even though so much has changed, even though I've been forced to become a disgraced deserter... I, Wang Meng, will follow the god in my heart one last time, to the death!

Chapter 125, Kill without mercy!

"Crazy, they're all fucking crazy!" Wen Zheyang's breathing grew ragged, so furious he almost vomited blood as he watched Wang Meng prepare to risk his life for Lin Fan. He was even willing to betray the Wen family—to betray his own master!

He stole my fiancée and cut off my family's financial lifeline. Now, he's even stolen my bodyguard! A torrent of jealousy threatened to burst his chest.

Wen Zheyang was uncontrollably furious, his eyes bloodshot as he pointed at Lin Fan's group. "Miss Iguchi, do as you please! Kill whoever you want! My Wen family will bear all the consequences!"

BOOM!

His words sent a shockwave through the room. Everyone stared in disbelief before their shock turned to fury.

Has Wen Zheyang completely lost his mind? How dare he give these Sakura Country brats free rein to do whatever they want here?

"Young Master Wen, you mustn't do this!"

"If you insist on this madness, we will have no choice but to withdraw from the procurement meeting!"

The eyelids of the pharmaceutical representatives from the North twitched uncontrollably. They were so scared they nearly wet their pants. In everyone else's eyes, they were on Wen Zheyang's side. If a real disaster broke out, they wouldn't be able to explain their way out of it. It would be like falling into a pile of mud. Even if it isn't shit, it looks like it!

"...What the hell are you afraid of? If the sky falls, my Wen family will be here to hold it up!" Wen Zheyang's body trembled as he visibly regained a sliver of his sanity.

Damn it, if even the representatives from the North that I brought with me withdraw, then not a single pharmaceutical company will be left. This whole procurement meeting will become an empty joke, and I, the host, will become a commander without an army!

His heart lurched. Wen Zheyang suddenly regretted his impulsive words. But with so many people watching, how could he possibly take them back? Besides, his family had always indulged him, and the patriarch was especially fond of him. Even if I go a little overboard this time... it should be fine, right?

"Enough talk! Miss Iguchi, make your move!" After a brief hesitation, Wen Zheyang's gaze hardened, and he bellowed, completely ignoring the representatives from the North, who were all shaking their heads with mournful expressions.

"Very well. Thank you, Young Master Wen," Iguchi Tama said, nodding emotionlessly. "After I avenge my brother, I will be sure to reward you handsomely."

Her gaze toward Lin Fan and the others was now brimming with lethal intent!

Lin Fan must die. And all those who supported him in his quest to destroy the Sakura Country pharmaceutical companies' foundation—they must all die, too!

Her gaze swept over Mr. Yuan Sr., Director Shen, and Mr. Wang Sr. A faint smirk touched Iguchi Tama's lips as she caught the gazes of several of her elite family guards and shot them a look. They understood instantly, shifting their focus to Mr. Yuan Sr.'s group.

These people are key supporters of Lin Fan. I might as well use the chaos to kill every last one of them on the spot. Wen Zheyang will clean up the mess afterward, so there's no need to worry about escaping Haicheng.

"Good," Lin Fan said unexpectedly, a faint, cold smile touching his lips. "I'd also like to thank Young Master Wen for letting me cut loose and go on a killing spree."

A faint, cold smile unexpectedly touched Lin Fan's otherwise expressionless face. His once-indifferent eyes turned razor-sharp, like blades that would slice anyone who dared to meet his gaze.

"Thank you, my ass! You... you... you just die!" Wen Zheyang's face twisted in a ferocious spasm, so furious he felt his scalp would explode. Practically unhinged, he stabbed a finger at Lin Fan while screaming hysterically at Iguchi Tama. "Miss Iguchi, as long as you help me kill Lin Fan, I'll agree to any condition you name!"

"Go! Don't let a single one of them get away!" Iguchi Tama's expression turned grim as she swung her hand down sharply.

WHOOSH!

With sneers plastered on their faces, dozens of elite Sakura Country Warriors surged toward Lin Fan. In a fluid motion, they drew the short swords from their waists, holding them ready. The mirror-polished blades glinted coldly, reflecting their brutal, merciless eyes.

"Stop! Take one more step and we won't be so courteous!" Swallowing nervously, the venue's security guards rushed forward to block the path of the Sakura Country Warriors. These were no ordinary guards; they were elites hired for the conference, most of them retired soldiers with exceptional skills and a strong sense of pride. They wouldn't back down in fear like common security.

But despite their warning shouts, their opponents merely sneered and accelerated their charge.

SWISH! SWISH! SWISH!

The short swords sliced through the air with sharp whistles, aimed directly at the guards' throats. The guards' eyes widened in shock. They swung their rubber batons to block, but it was useless.

CRACK! CRACK!

The sharp swords sliced through the black batons as if they were tofu. The sheer force of the slashes was enough to cut the air and leave thin, bleeding gashes on the guards' necks.

"Fuck, they're all masters of Righteous Energy!" Wang Meng's pupils contracted as he cursed instinctively.

One-on-one, he wouldn't be afraid of any of them. But even an elephant can be killed by enough ants, let alone a swarm of attackers at the same cultivation level. A chill went down his spine. He was wary of the Sakura Country Warriors' strength. After a moment's hesitation, Wang Meng gritted his teeth and charged forward.

BANG!

The security guards, their faces pale, had already closed their eyes in despair as the blades descended. Just then, a tall and powerful figure rushed in, swiftly forcing back the first wave of Sakura Country Warriors.

"Fall back and protect the others!" he roared.

But before the security guards could even catch their breath, the Sakura Country Warriors charged again with sneers on their faces, instantly swarming Wang Meng. Amid the rising

tension, another figure—tall and elegant in a black qipao—shot forward to join the battle. It was none other than an enraged Mrs. Xue.

"Haha! You men of the Xia Country have no backbone at all! You need a woman to protect you!"

"Pathetic! You're not even worth the effort!" the Sakura Country Warriors jeered, erupting in laughter. Beneath their black masks, their eyes glinted with cruel mockery.

SWISH! SWISH! SWISH!

They laughed as they pressed their frenzied attack, their short swords a blur of silver light. In moments, both Wang Meng and Mrs. Xue were on the defensive, struggling to fend off the blows. Ghastly cuts began to appear on their bodies, the crimson streams quickly soaking through their clothes.

"Lin Fan, what are you waiting for?! Do something!" Mrs. Xue cried out. Seeing him still standing there motionlessly, her smooth forehead dripped with sweat. She gasped for breath, her ample chest heaving with rage.

That bastard was all talk just a moment ago. Is he just going to stand there and watch us die?

"Alright. Time to end this," Lin Fan said, nodding. In the next instant, his figure flickered and vanished like a wisp of smoke.

He had deliberately held back to see if Wang Meng's actions would match his words. Seeing Wang Meng's charge, Lin Fan gave a silent nod of reluctant approval.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Several elite Sakura Country Warriors had already broken away from the main fight and were charging toward Mr. Yuan Sr. and Director Shen. But before the snarling thugs could reach their targets, Lin Fan appeared out of nowhere and sent them flying with a series of punches.

"Damn it!"

"Agh... AHHHHH!"

A volley of black-clad figures was sent flying backward, their pig-like squeals of agony echoing through the hall. Before they even hit the ground, they exploded into a fine mist of blood, leaving not a single trace behind.

Holy shit! So strong... so fucking incredible!

The onlookers, who had been trembling in fear moments before, were instantly reinvigorated. Many of the female executives' faces paled, and they covered their mouths in astonishment, their eyes glued to Lin Fan's powerful figure with captivated fascination.

"I was waiting for you to try something like this," Lin Fan said, his voice flat as he advanced with the casual ease of a man on a leisurely stroll. "Still using such pathetic, sneaky tactics in this day and age."

WHOOSH!

The Sakura Country Warriors attacking Wang Meng and Mrs. Xue were stunned. They instinctively fell back, their gazes fixed on Lin Fan, a mixture of rage and profound dread in their eyes. Their previously arrogant expressions were now a cocktail of shock and fear.

"Would it kill you to not be so dramatic?" Mrs. Xue snapped, seething. "Did you have to wait until we were almost beaten to death?"

Covered in wounds, she and Wang Meng retreated behind Lin Fan, panting heavily. She glared at his profile, grinding her teeth in frustration.

"...A master of mysterious energy?" Iguchi Tama said, her expression stiffening. "No wonder you're so arrogant."

"Congratulations, you guessed wrong. Your prize is... death with no reprieve," Lin Fan retorted, ignoring Mrs. Xue's complaint. A mocking smirk played on his lips as he disregarded Iguchi Tama's intensely wary gaze.

BOOM!

The ground trembled as Lin Fan stomped his foot and launched himself into the air. Like a tiger uncaged, he shot toward the group of pale-faced Sakura Country Warriors.

Chapter 126, all must die!

"You damn bastard... Ahhh!!"

"Run! Run for your lives!"

"How dare you! We are international friends! You have no right to kill us!"

In the blink of an eye, Lin Fan appeared before the group of Sakura Country Warriors. Some were terrified, as if they had seen a ghost. Others cursed, gritting their teeth and swinging their swords in defiance!

The next moment, a series of dull thuds echoed across the hall as the first few elite Sakura Country Warriors who charged at Lin Fan exploded into mists of blood! It was like popping a series of large, blood-filled balloons!

Cries, screams, and roars of terrified fury erupted into an overwhelming clamor. This wasn't an assault; it was a massacre, like a tiger rampaging through a flock of sheep! Under Lin Fan's monstrous strength, his iron fists struck like mighty hammers, each blow fatal.

"Phew..." Seeing this, many in the crowd felt a wave of excitement as the hearts that had leaped into their throats quietly settled back down.

Mr. Yuan Sr. let out a long sigh of relief and exchanged a smile with Yuan Youwei. The worry in their eyes vanished, and they chose to simply watch the show.

"Well done, Master! You're truly worthy of being my mentor!"

"Brother Lin, give them hell! Wipe out all these little brats from the Sakura Country!" Doctor Jiang bellowed, his face flushed red, screaming as if to ensure everyone could hear him.

Director Shen was so excited he kept punching the air, clearly wishing he could jump in and experience the thrill firsthand.

Mr. Wang Sr. and the others, however, could only gasp, their faces etched with shock. As they exchanged stunned glances, their eyes filled with a mixture of relief and lingering fear. They had known Lin Fan was a formidable high-ranking Martial Artist, but no one had expected him to be this outrageously strong, to the point of defying logic.

Thinking back on how they had repeatedly provoked him, nearly bringing catastrophe upon themselves, Mr. Wang Sr. and his companions felt their scalps tingle. Cold sweat drenched their backs, soaking through their clothes in an instant.

"...He was testing us just now, wasn't he?" Wang Meng muttered in a daze, his eyes growing brighter with awe and envy.

"I think he just likes to show off, hmph," Mrs. Xue said with disdain, though the corners of her mouth curled up in a smirk, her eyes filled with vindictive satisfaction.

"..."

At the edge of the crowd, Su Mengqing stood completely frozen. She watched Lin Fan's invincible, slaughtering rampage. For some reason, her heart ached with an endless bitterness and resentment.

So, this is the real you, Lin Fan? Then why did you pretend to be a weak, useless good-for-nothing for four years? Was I, Su Mengqing, not worthy of having this version of you? Or were you deliberately fooling me, fooling the entire Su Family?

Grief, helplessness, pain, and regret flooded her. Su Mengqing's eyes turned red as she ground her teeth audibly.

I refuse to accept this! Even if I was the one who misjudged you, one day, I, Su Mengqing, will climb to the summit and make you bow your arrogant head!

"Lin Fan, stop! You... you murderer! How dare you fight back?!"

Meanwhile, Yuan Ruoshan, who was standing opposite, stared wide-eyed before shuddering violently. A mix of shock and fear washed over him, and he couldn't stop himself from jumping and cursing at Lin Fan.

"Lin Fan, I command you not to resist!" Wen Zheyang's face was ashen as he cursed incessantly in his mind.

Useless! These little brats from the Sakura Country that Iguchi Tama brought are all completely useless! Dozens of them ganged up on an unarmed Lin Fan, and they're the ones getting massacred? What the hell, even I could do better!

"My apologies, Young Master Wen."

The next moment, Iguchi Tama's expression darkened as she suddenly seized Wen Zheyang by the throat.

"Lin Fan! If you dare kill another guard of the Iguchi family, I will kill Wen Zheyang!"

Ignoring Wen Zheyang's horrified expression, Iguchi Tama glared at the wind-swift Lin Fan, feeling as if her heart was bleeding. In just ten seconds, the loyal guards she had brought with her were decimated, reduced to a bloody mess on the floor. Their deaths were so horrific that not even their bones remained.

She watched as her last few subordinates cried and fled in all directions, stripped of their former ferocity. Yellow stains marked the floor where they ran; they had clearly been scared to the point of wetting themselves, losing all control. And that damned Lin Fan could have easily finished off the remaining few. Instead, he toyed with them like a cat with a mouse, chasing them down and utterly disgracing them.

It was a blatant humiliation, one that had reduced the once-fearless Sakura Country's Warriors to laughable clowns.

"You want to protect the citizens of Xia Country, don't you? Are you just going to stand there and watch Wen Zheyang die at my hands?" Fear and hatred warred in her heart, and

Iguchi Tama tightened her grip. A cracking sound came from Wen Zheyang's throat as his face twisted in pain, his eyes rolling back while he convulsed.

"Weren't you the ones who wanted to kill me? Am I not even allowed to fight back?" Lin Fan stopped and looked toward Iguchi Tama.

"If you had a shred of conscience, you would kneel and atone with your death to console the innocent People of Sakura Country who died by your hands!" Iguchi Tama shouted, her expression hideous.

"I said it before: if you little brats from the Sakura Country dare to cause trouble within Xia Country's borders, I'll kill every last one of you without mercy!" A mocking sneer touched Lin Fan's lips as he looked at her like she was an idiot. "Conscience is for humans. It's useless on beasts... As for him?"

Lin Fan let out a dry laugh. His body flickered, and he caught up to a Sakura Country Warrior fleeing toward the exhibition hall entrance.

BANG!

A single punch landed, and the man didn't even have time to scream before he pitched forward and exploded into a splatter of blood and gore.

"He loved kneeling and licking the boots of you People of Sakura Country, didn't he? Dying at his master's hand is a fitting end for a traitorous dog," Lin Fan said coolly without looking back, his gaze turning frigid. "Die. All of you must die!"

BANG! BANG!

The few remaining Sakura Country Warriors who were scrambling to escape stiffened one after another before bursting apart. And just like that, within a few short minutes, dozens of exceptionally fierce masters from the Sakura Country had been wiped out by Lin Fan alone.

"You! You!" Iguchi Tama's pupils constricted violently, her body trembling with rage. These elite guards had been cultivated by her family at great expense. Their deaths were a devastating loss.

THUD!

She tossed Wen Zheyang to the ground as if discarding a bag of trash, not even sparing him a glance.

"Lin Fan! How dare you disregard my life?! You dog! You... you must die! You have to die!" Wen Zheyang clutched his throat as he painfully struggled to his feet, pointing a

trembling finger at Lin Fan. He didn’t dare blame Iguchi Tama; his eyes were filled only with a crazed hatred for Lin Fan.

"What, disappointed you didn’t die at the hands of your dog-master?" Lin Fan stared coldly at Wen Zheyang, a murderous glint already in his eyes.

"What do you think you’re doing? You wouldn’t dare lay a hand on me, would you?" Wen Zheyang’s scalp prickled under that gaze. He staggered backward, his voice a mix of bravado and terror.

"Why wouldn’t I dare? Forget you, even your entire Wen family is nothing but a fart in my eyes!"

BOOM!

With a stern face, Lin Fan took a single step, instantly appearing before Iguchi Tama.

WHOOSH!

The color drained from Iguchi Tama’s face. She spun around, flinging her black coat high into the air. In an instant, countless bluish-purple dust particles rained down from the coat’s lining. With a collective buzz, they took flight, spreading out in every direction!

It was a swarm of tiny, colorful Poison Insects, forming a dense cloud.

"Very good. So you’re also a member of the Holy Poison Sect." The sharpness in Lin Fan’s eyes intensified, and he shot his hand forward to grab her. However, the dense swarm of oncoming Poison Insects blocked his path, causing his hand to grasp at empty air.

"Lin Fan! Just you wait! I, Iguchi Tama, will remember this vendetta!" A shrill voice echoed from outside the hall as Iguchi Tama used the chaos to make a swift escape.

"Bring me the Heavenly Glow Moisturizer produced yesterday afternoon, the Divine Dragon Detox Powder, and the Moonlight Lung Soothing Cream! We need to save these people!" Lin Fan started to give chase, but cries of agony from those bitten by the Poison Insects rose up behind him.

After a moment’s hesitation, he abandoned the pursuit. He turned and rushed back into the poisonous mist, swiftly slapping the thousands of Poison Insects out of the air. Once everything was settled, Lin Fan turned to the stunned Mr. Wang Sr. and the others and urged them on repeatedly.

Chapter 127. Belated Truth

"Ah...? This, this..."

Upon hearing this, Mr. Wang Sr. and the others, their heads covered in bumps from the insect bites, all wore troubled expressions. The entire venue was filled with wails of agony. They also wanted to save people, but unfortunately, the new drugs from each of their families had quality issues. Using them rashly would only harm others!

"I know what you're worried about," Lin Fan explained calmly. "Don't worry. As long as they aren't more than a day old, the medicine won't be completely ineffective." He couldn't help but glance at Wen Zheyang, who was rolling on the ground in agony.

Behind him, Yuan Ruoshan's eyes were wide open, his cheeks swollen, bruised, and oozing pus. Lying on the ground in a twisted posture, his deathly state was truly horrifying. He and Wen Zheyang had been closest to Iguchi Tama and had therefore suffered the most severe bites from the Poison Insects.

Those pharmaceutical representatives from the North who were relatively close also felt extremely ill. They were all lying on the ground, foaming at the mouth, convulsing and wailing in agony.

"So that's how it is... Hiss... Okay, okay, we'll send someone to get it right away!" Mr. Wang Sr. slapped his forehead, finally understanding everything. The Fang Family Head and the others also nodded in agreement and quickly ordered their men to fetch the medicine.

"Su Mengqing, this is all your doing!"

SLAP!

The next moment, a furious Mr. Wang Sr. strode forward and viciously slapped Su Mengqing across the face.

It's all this vile woman's fault for sticking her nose where it didn't belong! If it weren't for her text message, why would I have impulsively decided to switch the newly produced drug samples to the premium version? By a stroke of bad luck, I walked right into Lin Fan's trap. I turned a perfectly good new drug launch into a complete fiasco, tarnishing the reputations of all nine of our families!

"Wang Tianchuan, what right do you have to hit me!" Su Mengqing hadn't been spared; her forehead was red and swollen from the insect bites. She glared fiercely at Mr. Wang Sr., the veins on her fair neck bulging.

"You have the gall to ask? If not for your text message, why would I have decided to switch the medicine at the last minute? How could I have fallen for the trap?" Mr. Wang Sr. was about to explode with anger, pointing a trembling finger at Su Mengqing as he yelled.

What? So this old fool's sudden suggestion to change the medicine was all thanks to Su Mengqing?

"Su Mengqing! You, you really are a jinx! You've doomed us all!"

SLAP! SLAP!

Having realized the truth, the Family Heads of the Fang and Meng families stomped their feet in furious regret. They couldn't bring themselves to blame Mr. Wang Sr. any longer, so they directed all their grief and anger toward Su Mengqing. They too strode forward and, raising their hands, slapped her across the face several times!

"What right do you have to hit me! My message told you to stop the conference! You're the ones who didn't listen, and that's why you fell for Lin Fan's trap!" Su Mengqing staggered back from the blows, choking back sobs as she screamed.

"Hmph, you still have the nerve to say that? Without your message, our nine families' new drug launch would have been a perfect success!" Mr. Wang Sr.'s lips trembled with rage. "I think you did it on purpose! You wanted to see our nine families disgraced!"

"No, it wasn't like that! I wish Lin Fan would just die! How could I possibly help him instead?" Su Mengqing shook her head desperately, her vision turning black with anger. She finally understood why Lin Fan had thanked her. Originally, that bastard's plan had failed. But by a terrible twist of fate, her text message had inadvertently prompted Mr. Wang Sr. and the others to switch the medicine at the last second!

Grief, pain, and anger churned violently within her.

SPIT!

She was so overcome with rage that she spat out a mouthful of blood and immediately slumped weakly to the ground.

Is this what they call retribution? But I was trying to do something good, to stop Lin Fan's scheme! The heavens are unjust! So terribly unjust! Why are you doing this to me, Su Mengqing?!

Tears streamed down her face as she buried her head in her knees, crying with utter despair and resentment.

"The medicine's here, the medicine's here! Everyone, don't panic, there's plenty to go around for everyone!"

Just then, someone brought several boxes of the freshest medicine from backstage. The crowd, which had been wailing incessantly, immediately scrambled forward, terrified that a moment's delay would mean more suffering.

Lin Fan shook his head and withdrew his gaze. He then moved over to Mr. Yuan Sr. and the others and began to administer acupuncture. Fortunately, they were farther away and hadn’t been bitten too severely. Under the pressure of an invisible Qi Force, the venom was swiftly expelled from their wounds, and they were soon out of danger.

"Hey, it’s a miracle! A true miracle!"

"This is the real Divine Medicine! I applied the Heavenly Glow Moisturizer and drank some Moonlight Lung Soothing Cream, and now my skin doesn’t hurt and my throat isn’t burning anymore!"

"The Divine Dragon Detox Powder is the most incredible! My skin was broken from the bites, but now it’s stopped oozing pus and the swelling is going down. The bruises are already starting to fade, and it feels cool and very soothing!"

After a few moments, those who had used the medicines began to shout in pleasant surprise. The looks of pain on their faces subsided significantly as they turned to thank Lin Fan profusely.

"If you want to thank someone, thank Mr. Wang Sr. and the others. After all, they provided the medicine free of charge," Lin Fan said, shaking his head and looking toward them.

"This, this..."

Facing a sea of grateful eyes, Mr. Wang Sr.’s face burned, and a bitter taste filled his mouth. The Fang Family Head and the others also wore complex expressions, unsure whether to cry or laugh. Although the new drug launch was ruined, who could have expected such a silver lining? The incident had instead allowed their new drugs to display their incredible efficacy, winning over the entire crowd!

"Mr. Wang Sr., I still want to order 100,000 doses of Divine Dragon Detox Powder!"

"Me too, me too! And give me another 100,000 boxes of Heavenly Glow Moisturizer and Moonlight Lung Soothing Cream!"

"Don’t even try to get ahead of me! I already put in a preorder with the Wang family!"

The distributors and representatives from major pharmacy chains all came to their senses. They swarmed around Mr. Wang Sr. and his companions, shouting anxiously.

"Everyone, I’m afraid you’ll have to wait some time before our families can make deliveries," Mr. Wang Sr. said. His face brightened for a second before turning bitter again. He was kicking himself with regret.

If only he'd known, he never would have done it. If he had just agreed to Lin Fan's terms earlier, he wouldn't have lost three million doses of Divine Dragon Detox Powder for nothing!

"Sigh, it's all our fault for being so foolish!" the Fang Family Head lamented, unable to feel any happiness as he stomped his foot.

"We were wrong. It was all our fault that we ended up in this situation..." the Meng Family Head said, shaking his head in anguish. The thought of the mountain of Moonlight Lung Soothing Cream in his warehouse, all of which now had to be scrapped, made his heart bleed.

"Right, the custom medicine boxes! Quick, we need to place an order at the Yuan Dao Furniture carpentry factory!" Mr. Wang Sr. suddenly slapped his forehead. He immediately scurried over to Yuan Youwei. "Youwei, my dear, I watched you grow up! You have to give our Wang family priority. No matter what, you have to make our custom medicine boxes first!" The old man pleaded, an eager smile plastered on his face.

"On what grounds? Does our Fang family's order just have to wait?" The Fang Family Head could no longer remain calm and rushed over, rolling his eyes incessantly.

"And my Meng family's boxes! Miss Yuan, you can't show favoritism. In terms of seniority, you should be calling me Uncle!" The Meng Family Head squeezed between the other two, his smile looking more painful than a grimace.

Shit, how could we have forgotten about that!

Seeing this, the magnates from the other pharmaceutical companies exchanged glances and also rushed toward Yuan Youwei, clamoring over one another with their desperate requests.

"Alright, everyone, please don't panic. One at a time," Yuan Youwei said, comforting them with a gentle smile. "I promise that all nine of your families will get your custom medicine boxes on time."

Her beautiful eyes, however, drifted toward Lin Fan, who was administering acupuncture to someone else.

This man fulfilled his promise. He really made all of these pharmaceutical magnates come begging me for a partnership!

"Hmph. He just got damn lucky that his boasting didn't fall flat," Mrs. Xue snorted from behind Yuan Youwei, though she couldn't quite suppress the smile tugging at her lips.

"Watch your mouth," Wang Meng grumbled, glaring at Mrs. Xue. "When has he ever let anyone down?"

The two stared each other down, neither willing to yield. They were completely oblivious to a disheveled figure in the room, his face full of resentment, trying to sneak quietly towards the exit.

"You turn a perfectly good pharmaceutical conference into a gathering of invalids, and you think you can just walk away?"

The next moment, Lin Fan put away his silver needle, stood up, and looked over.

"This... This was clearly Iguchi Tama's doing! What the hell does it have to do with me?!" Wen Zheyang froze, then spun around and yelled, his shame turning to rage. He had also shamelessly grabbed some Divine Dragon Detox Powder and Heavenly Glow Moisturizer earlier, which had finally stopped the itching and eased much of his pain. With the situation in shambles, he knew he was bound to become the target of everyone's wrath and that he had to leave as quickly as possible.

"Would any of this have happened if you hadn't invited him here?" Lin Fan was so angry he laughed as he strode toward Wen Zheyang.

THUMP!

He grabbed the man by the collar and threw him back into the center of the room.

"Lin Fan, you... you fucking watch yourself! I'm the Third Young Master of the Imperial Capital's Wen family!" Wen Zheyang fell hard, his cheek stinging with pain, and he instantly exploded with rage. He scrambled back to his feet under a sea of hateful gazes, feeling his face burn with humiliation.

"First, apologize to the people you've harmed!" Lin Fan's eyes turned icy as he kicked the back of Wen Zheyang's knee.

THUMP!

A pained expression flashed across Wen Zheyang's face as he involuntarily dropped stiffly to his knees, his features twisting with rage.

What a joke! Me, apologize to this rabble? Do they even deserve it? I am a direct descendant of the Wen family from the Imperial Capital!

"Lin Fan, I advise you not to be so arrogant! You won't be able to withstand the wrath of the Wen family!" Wen Zheyang yelled, the veins on his forehead bulging as he strained his neck.

"Is that so? I don't believe it." Lin Fan kicked Wen Zheyang flat on his stomach and urged him on indifferently. "Apologize. Or I'll help you."

"You... you...!!" Wen Zheyang was about to burst with rage, his entire body trembling violently. But as he met Lin Fan’s utterly cold gaze, he felt a chill run down his spine and no longer dared to argue.

"Lin Fan! Where’s Lin Fan? Get out here, now!"

Just then, a hurried voice rang out from behind him, accompanied by the sound of urgent footsteps.

That voice... it’s strangely familiar!

Turning his head, Wen Zheyang stared for a moment before his face lit up with absolute joy. A square-faced man in a military uniform was striding toward them, leading several fully armed guards. Behind him, men were carrying a stretcher. On it lay an unconscious old man wearing an oxygen mask who appeared to be from Sha Country.

"Uncle Nie! Save me, hurry and save me! Someone is bullying me and trying to force me to kneel!"

THUMP!

Wen Zheyang scrambled and rolled as he rushed toward the square-faced man.

"Dad...?!"

Meanwhile, Su Mengqing, who had been collapsed on the ground crying, also stared blankly and shot to her feet. She stared, dumbfounded, at the familiar, proud figure standing before the stretcher. A mix of shock and anger overwhelmed her, and she let out a piercing scream.

Chapter 128: You can’t touch him!

"Young Wen? What are you doing in Haicheng... Did your family send you to preside over the medical procurement conference?"

Seeing Wen Zheyang’s pitiful state as he desperately rushed over, the square-faced man was stunned for a moment before his expression eased.

"Uncle Nie, my family saw the live broadcast! They saw me being bullied and sent you to back me up, right?" Wen Zheyang cried and laughed at the same time, trembling with excitement.

Family, I’ve finally found my family!

The man was Nie Feng, the second son of the Imperial Capital's Nie family, which was on very good terms with the Wen family. It was said that for the better part of the last year, he had been entrusted with a critical national mission, traveling abroad to provide protection for state-affiliated enterprises.

Perhaps his official duties have concluded, and he's just passing through Haicheng. Then his family asked him to make a detour to help me, Wen Zheyang!

"Uncle Nie, it's him! It's this bastard Lin Fan! He dares to disrespect the Wen family, and he even tried to kill me!" Turning his head, Wen Zheyang fiercely wiped his tears and stared at Lin Fan with a manic grin.

You bastard, you're finally in my hands! What use is being so skilled? Can you be faster than a bullet? Can you fight a battle-hardened army?!

"He is Lin Fan?" Nie Feng asked, his gaze following the voice. He paused as his expression changed, a flicker of disbelief appearing in his eyes.

The man before me is far too young. He doesn't seem at all like the person the Prince of Sha Country described—someone with divine medical skills!

"Yes, yes, that's him! Uncle Nie, help me take him down! I want him to know the consequences of messing with the third young master of the Wen family!" Wen Zheyang nodded repeatedly, his eyes shining with a gleam of triumphant vengeance.

"You have a grudge against him?" Nie Feng's expression shifted. He suddenly swung his hand and smacked Wen Zheyang hard on the back of the head! "I don't care what kind of grudge you have with him, but... you can't touch him! Do you hear me?!"

SMACK!

The crisp slap was accompanied by a fiery, stinging pain. Wen Zheyang stared, utterly gobsmacked and stupefied.

What's going on? Weren't you here to help me? Why are you siding with him instead, protecting Lin Fan at all costs? To hell with so-called family! It would have been better if you hadn't come at all!

"Uncle Nie, you... you... I don't care! I want Lin Fan dead!" Wen Zheyang's face flushed red as he screamed in fury.

"Are you out of your mind? I'm here on a secret mission, not to be your enforcer and help you dominate others!" Nie Feng's cheek twitched, and he raised his hand again in anger. "Do you have any idea who he is? This concerns the nation's project in Sha Country worth over 370 billion, and you want him dead?"

Growing angrier as he spoke, he shoved Wen Zheyang aside and walked up to the slightly frowning Lin Fan.

"Mr. Lin Fan, I won't say more. Please, you must take action and save this elderly gentleman!" Nie Feng's tone was grave, but his eyes held a hint of a plea. Then, under the strange gazes of the onlookers, he snapped to attention and gave Lin Fan a sharp military salute.

What the hell is going on now?

At the sight, everyone in the venue was stunned, exchanging looks of bewilderment. Seeing Wen Zheyang's arrogance, they had all assumed he had the connections to call in the military for backup, but this was the result? Judging by the square-faced officer's expression, he was clearly begging Lin Fan for help!

"Alright. Carry him to the lounge on the second floor," Lin Fan said, glancing at the beaming Stubborn Su Gang before his gaze fell upon the old man on the stretcher. He couldn't help but feel a little stirred.

Clearly, Master Feng and his men must have resolved the internal strife in Sha Country. The old emperor, however, remains comatose and on the verge of death. So, they had him airlifted directly here for me to treat... Why couldn't they have given me a heads-up?

Shaking his head inwardly, Lin Fan didn't bother to ask further and turned to walk upstairs.

"Guard the stairwell! No one is allowed near! Violators will be shot on the spot!" Nie Feng ordered through gritted teeth to the guards accompanying him. He then followed the stretcher upstairs, his expression fraught with anxiety.

This deep trade cooperation between Xia Country and Sha Country involved a massive project worth over 300 billion, and the agreements had all been negotiated and signed. Who could have known that the Sha Country Royal Family would be thrown into sudden chaos, with the eldest princess and the young prince both disappearing? The old emperor had fallen gravely ill and never regained consciousness. Furthermore, the Crown Prince Telma, who took power, showed no respect for Xia Country and publicly tore up the contract!

Nie Feng was the chief military officer for the delegation, and both he and the project leader were at their wits' end. They had spent the last six months trying to negotiate, but the other side refused to budge, driving the entire team to despair. They were already planning to give up and return home.

But perhaps their efforts had moved the heavens. In just a few short days, the internal strife was abruptly quelled by the young Prince Bulger, who had returned with his forces!

Moreover, his attitude was extremely friendly, almost to an exaggerated degree, which led Nie Feng to seriously wonder, Does this man have a special fondness for Xia Country?

「Moments later」

The lounge was cleared, and the stretcher was placed steadily on the floor.

"Lin Fan, are you confident?" Nie Feng asked with a grave frown, watching as Lin Fan squatted to examine the old man.

Last night, he had been summoned by the young prince, now temporarily in power, who requested a favor from the Xia Country government: to secretly airlift the critically ill old emperor to Southwest Sea City in Xia Country and find a miracle doctor named Lin Fan to save his life. The reason wasn't hard to guess. The situation in the Sha Country Royal Family was still unstable. Only an appearance by the old emperor could quell all opposition to the young prince. Air-lifting the emperor out of the country was an exceptionally risky move. Using Sha Country's own personnel would increase the risk of a leak. If they failed, Sha Country would plunge back into chaotic turmoil.

"It shouldn't be a major problem." Lin Fan untied the old man's striped hospital gown, revealing his emaciated chest.

Just as I expected. The man's condition is almost identical to Mr. Yuan Sr.'s. Both were afflicted with a Poison Insect from the Holy Poison Sect!

"In the name of the government of Xia Country, I order you to do everything in your power! Furthermore, you are not to leak a single word about what happens here today!" The more Nie Feng watched, the more uneasy he became, his tone instinctively growing stern.

"This man, isn't he the old emperor of Sha Country? Xiao Jie's father?" Lin Fan asked, looking up nonchalantly.

GASP!

Nie Feng's entire body shuddered, and his eyes flew wide. He then sucked in a sharp breath of cold air, staring as if he had seen a ghost!

What is this man's background? How does he know top-secret information so clearly? Was there a leak on our side? No, impossible! Absolutely impossible! Other than that shameless old scoundrel, Stubborn Su Gang, who has been harassing the military's female flight attendants, everyone else on this trip is one of my trusted subordinates of over a decade. And Stubborn Su Gang's phone was confiscated, so he had no opportunity to leak anything!

"...I don’t care how you know this man’s identity, but this matter concerns a national overseas project, so you must treat it with the utmost seriousness." Nie Feng took a deep breath, forcing down the confusion and shock in his heart. "We have limited time. We can only stay in Haicheng for three hours, which means you only have an hour and a half!"

According to Prince Bulger, if the old emperor doesn’t appear before the public, awake and lucid, by tomorrow morning, then he’ll also find it difficult to fully control the situation in Sha Country. The trade agreement previously signed with Xia Country will likely become a worthless piece of paper once again! I’ve already decided to secretly contact a renowned doctor in the Imperial Capital. After all, this young man before me just doesn’t seem reliable. If Lin Fan fails, we’ll fly the old emperor directly to the Imperial Capital and bring the renowned doctor back to Sha Country. No matter what, I absolutely cannot allow our nation’s interests to be harmed!

"An hour and a half?" Lin Fan looked slightly taken aback and shook his head.

"I admit, the time is very tight. This puts a lot of pressure and difficulty on you, but..." Nie Feng began, already shaking his head internally and completely writing Lin Fan off.

"No," Lin Fan interrupted. "What I mean is, I only need a few minutes."

The next moment, Lin Fan took off his suit jacket and quickly unbuttoned his white shirt.

"Hey, what are you taking your clothes off for? Wait a minute, did you just say you only need a few minutes?!" Nie Feng froze, his face a mask of disbelief. His eyes bulged, and he instinctively wanted to reach out and stop Lin Fan.

This is madness! Sheer madness! The Sha Country Royal Family couldn’t wake the old emperor, and he thinks he can do it in a few minutes? As the saying goes, ’young and unreliable’!

Chapter 129, I can still give birth!

"Grandpa, could the person on that stretcher be...?"

Inside the hall on the first floor, the crowd wore varied expressions. They all stared at the armed guards at the staircase as they whispered among themselves. Yuan Youwei’s beautiful eyes flashed with an extraordinary light. She couldn’t help but lean close to Mr. Yuan Sr., who stood with his hands clasped behind his back, and venture a cautious guess.

"Enough. Don’t get involved, and don’t say another word. We’ll pretend we know nothing," Mr. Yuan Sr. said, shaking his head with a smile, yet drops of cold sweat beaded on his forehead.

Good heavens, if her guess turns out to be true, it would be utterly terrifying. I can't think about it too deeply. I don't dare!

"What right do you have to stop me? That's my Uncle Nie, a family elder who watched me grow up!"

At the same time, Wen Zheyang, his face flushed, ran to the entrance of the stairwell and shouted. Having been shoved aside by Nie Feng just moments ago, his face burned with shame.

If I don't get my dignity back, this will be a huge loss of face!

"Scram! Take one more step and you'll be shot on the spot!" an expressionless guard barked coldly at Wen Zheyang.

Seeing that Wen Zheyang looked undeterred, he continued to push forward with a sulky expression, shouting defiantly.

CLACK!

The guard and his comrade across the way immediately cocked their rifles. They pressed the dark muzzles against Wen Zheyang's forehead.

"Fuck! You damn soldiers dare to disrespect the Third Young Master of the Wen family?" Wen Zheyang was about to explode with rage, his face twisting into a ferocious scowl. He shouted furiously, but fine beads of sweat were clearly forming on his forehead.

"Fine, fine! Just you wait! All of you, just wait!"

The soldiers' gazes hardened as they placed their index fingers on the triggers. Wen Zheyang's eyelids twitched wildly. After a few blustering threats, he turned tail and fled in disgrace. A roar of laughter erupted behind him, causing him to stumble before he quickened his pace.

Lin Fan, you just wait! When I get back to the Imperial Capital, I'll tell my family everything. I'll have the Old Master send people to slowly deal with you and the Yuan family!

Roaring inwardly with mortified rage, Wen Zheyang clenched his fists, rushed to his car outside, and sped away.

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"Dad, you ran off without a word again. Do you have any idea what I've been through these past few days?!"

At that moment, in a corner of the hall, Su Mengqing stared intently at the ruddy-faced Su Guang, her jaw clenched tight.

"Mengqing, let me explain. I had no choice," Su Guang said, glancing around before deliberately lowering his voice. "I've infiltrated the inner circle of the Sha Country Royal Family and I'm about to be given a major position!"

He recalled the important task Ah Jie had entrusted to him: to travel back to Haicheng on a specialized Da Xia Military plane. At the thought, Su Guang's heart surged with excitement. He couldn't help but grin smugly, his face twisting with glee.

"At a time like this, you're still lying to me? The Su family is finished, completely ruined by Lin Fan! And it's all because you ran off with over five hundred million!" Su Mengqing cried, her face contorted in pain and indignation as she shook her head furiously.

"Su Hua and the others are pressing me for compensation, and they've looted and smashed our home... Even Su Pharmaceutical has been taken by Lin Fan! Mom had a cerebral hemorrhage from the stress Lin Fan caused and is now partially paralyzed. I can't even afford her hospital bills, so I had to take her back to our old house in the urban village to recover. And Su Gang... Lin Fan had him arrested just now. He's been taken away by the authorities. He's going to prison!"

Finishing her choked-out speech, Su Mengqing was now a sobbing mess.

"Ah... I was only gone for a few days. How did things get this bad?" Su Guang froze for a moment, then his face reddened, and he let out an awkward laugh. "Mengqing, don't be afraid. Dad isn't the same man he used to be. I'm more than capable of restoring the Su family's fortunes!"

"You... you've disappointed me so much. You don't deserve to be my father!" However, Su Mengqing didn't believe a word, and her sobs only grew more bitter.

"What way is that to talk to your father? Yes, I acted like a fool before, but I'm trying to turn over a new leaf!" Su Guang's face flushed with anger. "Hmph, the night before I left, didn't I specifically tell you to maintain a good relationship with Lin Fan? Didn't I say that you must remarry him, no matter what? But did any of you listen? You absolutely deserve to be in this mess!"

What? Even now, you still want us to go crawling back to Lin Fan?

BOOM!

Su Mengqing's body trembled as her vision went dark. She abruptly raised her bloodshot eyes, staring at him as if he were a complete stranger.

"You're not my father! You're a monster, an animal! Give me back that five hundred million! If you don't, I'll... I'll report you for the greater good! For illegal fundraising and fraud!"

SLAP!

Stunned, Su Guang was so furious his nose was practically askew. He fiercely slapped Su Mengqing across the face.

"Su Mengqing, for whom have I been risking my life in the Sha Country, surviving by the skin of my teeth through a hail of bullets?" Su Guang bellowed, pointing at her nose. "I did it for you! For the entire Su family!"

"Heh, hit me. Go on, keep hitting me. You might as well beat me to death! It's not like I want to live anymore anyway!" Su Mengqing laughed wretchedly, glaring fiercely at him.

"You fool! You're just as foolish as your mother, Zhang Meili! I've already invested that 500 million with the Sha Country Royal Family. You want the money now? There's not a single penny left!" Su Guang lowered the hand he had raised again, his face a mask of disappointment. "Besides, the money came from Su Pharmaceutical's account. Even if I were to return it, it would go back the way it came. It has nothing to do with you! You're a grown woman, yet you can't even protect your family's business. And you have the nerve to talk about reporting your own father for the 'greater good'?"

Growing angrier as he spoke, he took off his leather shoe. From inside, he dug out an old, hidden cell phone. "Look closely! When I told you to remarry Lin Fan, it was entirely for your own good!"

Opening his photo album, Su Guang pointed to an old picture from the Imperial Capital, taken seven years ago. He tapped his finger on Lin Fan's face.

"Standing beside the old emperor of the Sha Country and his family, do you think Lin Fan is some ordinary person? Besides, he was only twenty at the time. He could easily be an outstanding scion from some major family in the Imperial Capital!"

Before, he had only thought the blurry figure in the photo bore a resemblance to Lin Fan. But after his recent experiences in the Sha Country, combined with Ah Jie's deferential attitude toward Lin Fan, he was certain. Lin Fan was definitely someone with a powerful background. He had to be the same person as the royal family's close guard in the photo.

The thought that his family had kicked out a titan like Lin Fan, and even repeatedly antagonized him, made Su Guang's heart ache with such regret that he wanted to stomp his feet and howl.

"...No, that's impossible! If Lin Fan was a scion from the Imperial Capital, why would he and his mother come to Haicheng, all alone and destitute?" Su Mengqing stared intently at the photo, her face draining of color.

She had believed Lin Fan was simply hiding his shortcomings. She never imagined the bastard's background was also so extraordinary!

Then... my deliberate coldness toward him in the past... was it truly a monumentally stupid mistake?

Su Mengqing swayed on her feet, the world spinning around her as a loud buzzing filled her ears.

"Hmph, believe it or not. I'm still young. I can remarry and have more children. I'm not about to clean up this mess of yours and risk upsetting Lin Fan!" Su Guang put his phone away, a flicker of disgust in his eyes. "You and Su Gang are both useless, all thanks to your mother Zhang Meili's bad genes. Luckily, I'm planning to become a citizen of the Sha Country, where I can have several wives. Don't contact me again. I'll just pretend I never had children. We'll go our separate ways, and don't any of you fucking bother me again!"

BOOM!

BOOM!

His merciless words and icy gaze were like a thousand arrows piercing straight through Su Mengqing's heart. The pain was raw and bloody.

"Su Guang! You can't just abandon us! You're responsible for the state we're in!" Su Mengqing finally broke down, her cries turning into heart-wrenching screams.

My brother, Su Gang, is abandoning us. Now even my father, who just reappeared, is doing the same? Is the entire world abandoning me?!

"Don't cling to me. From this moment on, we have no relationship whatsoever!" Su Guang turned and stalked away with a cold expression, completely ignoring Su Mengqing's violently trembling body as she cried out in utter grief and despair.

"President Yuan, I suggest we clear the venue immediately to prevent any information from leaking!" His demeanor changed in an instant. He scurried over to Mr. Yuan Sr.'s side and suggested with an obsequious smile.

"Alright, we'll do as you say," Mr. Yuan Sr. replied, nodding with a smile. He privately marveled at Su Guang's unbelievable dumb luck. The Su family was finished, yet this fellow had somehow managed to latch onto Lin Fan's coattails. Now that he was involved in such a confidential mission, he couldn't be underestimated in the future.

"Everyone, please head home for today. The medical procurement conference will proceed as scheduled tomorrow and the day after, hosted by my Yuan family!" Turning around, Mr. Yuan Sr. announced with a hearty laugh, simultaneously giving Mrs. Xue a meaningful look.

She understood immediately and led her people toward the reporters with their cameras and microphones. Very politely, she had them delete all the audio and video they had recorded.

"Su Mengqing, what are you still standing here for? Hoping to stay for dinner?"

Mr. Wang Sr. and the others left one after another, and the rest of the crowd quickly dispersed. Soon, only the Yuan family, Su Guang, and a few others remained in the vast exhibition hall. Yuan Youwei walked up to the motionless Su Mengqing and asked with a smirk.

"Fine, I'm leaving! I'm leaving right now! People like you who are in league with Lin Fan will all come to a bad end!" Su Mengqing took a deep breath and fiercely wiped away her tears. She then threw the janitor's uniform in her hands to the ground and scrambled away in humiliation.

"...I'm going to take care of my wounds. Can you say hello to... Director Lin for me?" Wang Meng said, clutching his chest, his face slightly pale. Without waiting for Mrs. Xue's reply, he turned for a final, deep look toward the second floor before striding away.

"That man's not so bad at heart. He just has the same damn attitude as Lin Fan, hmph," Mrs. Xue muttered, her gaze shifting from the exit. She, along with Mr. Yuan Sr. and Yuan Youwei, turned to look up at the second floor.

A full five minutes had passed since Lin Fan's group went upstairs, yet not a single sound had been heard. It was impossible to know if they would succeed.

Chapter 130. Who exactly is this person?

At this moment, the atmosphere inside the second-floor resting room was heavy.

Nie Feng and the several stretcher-bearing guards stood to one side, their eyes glued to Lin Fan's every move. Despite having traveled far and wide on national assignments over the years and considering himself well-versed, he had never heard of a doctor needing to stick himself with a needle to save a patient.

He watched as Lin Fan unbuttoned the collar of his white shirt, revealing a strange lotus-shaped mark over his heart.

SHINK!

Without a shred of hesitation, he fiercely plunged the silver needle into the center of the mark.

In an instant, a frigid gust of wind seemed to sweep through the room. A terrifyingly vast and formless pressure erupted from within Lin Fan’s body, instantly enveloping everyone present.

Nie Feng’s face contorted in alarm. He and the guards stumbled back in unison, unable to stop themselves.

"Lin Fan, what in the world are you doing!" he shouted in a low, furious voice. It felt as if a massive stone was crushing his chest, leaving him breathless. He was so shocked and enraged that his hand subconsciously drifted to the pistol holstered at his waist.

If this bizarre young man dared to harm the old emperor of Sha Country, Nie Feng would put him down without mercy. Sensing that something was terribly wrong, the other guards drew their pistols and aimed them squarely at Lin Fan.

"I’m saving a life," Lin Fan said, his brow furrowed as a flash of pain crossed his eyes. Even after taking the White Dragon Grass to further suppress the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus, using a silver needle to draw out its poison still made his vital energy and blood surge, leaving him quite uncomfortable.

SHINK!

Before Nie Feng and his men could react, Lin Fan abruptly withdrew the silver needle, now wreathed in a black aura, and plunged it deep into the old man’s chest.

At once, a shrill, insect-like screech echoed from within the old man’s body. A small lump protruded sharply from the skin over his heart before he convulsed violently, his eyes shut tight as he collapsed back onto the stretcher.

"This... this... Lin Fan, if anything happens to him, not even your death would be a sufficient apology!" Nie Feng’s lips trembled as he fought to suppress his shock, his face grim with rage. The guards were completely dumbstruck, their minds gone blank.

"It’s done. Take him back," Lin Fan announced, rising to his feet. He had checked the old man’s pulse, and after a moment of concentration, he nodded in satisfaction. "He should wake up in a few hours."

The Seven-Core Deadly Lotus truly lives up to its name as the world’s most peculiar poison. Using poison to fight poison has never failed.

What? Just one needle, and it’s done? But the man looks as lifeless as before, with no sign of recovery! The guards exchanged skeptical glances, their faces etched with disbelief.

Nie Feng looked as if he had seen a ghost, his teeth grinding with an audible click. "And what if he doesn’t wake up?"

"Then why don’t you give it a try?" Lin Fan shot back, wiping the sweat from his forehead with his sleeve as he put away the silver needle. "If you don’t trust me, you can call the Prince of Sha Country right now and hear his opinion."

"...Fine. Don’t you go anywhere," Nie Feng said, his expression flickering with uncertainty. He pulled out his phone and walked to a corner.

A moment later, his entire body trembled. He turned to stare at Lin Fan in utter disbelief, then slowly lowered his phone and walked back.

"What is your relationship with the Prince? Why does he trust you so much?" Nie Feng couldn’t help but ask directly.

On the phone, the Prince had started cheering the moment he heard Lin Fan was handling the treatment and had confirmed its success. That alone was proof of his absolute faith in Lin Fan. He had even blurted out something like, "Brother-in-law is the best!"

Could this seemingly ordinary guy have actually won over the Princess of Sha Country? The preposterous thought nearly made Nie Feng bite his tongue in shock.

"It’s nothing special. We’re friends, I guess," Lin Fan replied with a shake of his head, unwilling to say more.

"...Then why does he call you brother-in-law?" Nie Feng pressed, unable to contain his curiosity. The nearby guards perked up their ears, their eyes wide.

"Do you have too much time on your hands?" Lin Fan stiffened, his brow furrowed. "He can say what he wants. You think I can stop him?"

Why is this square-jawed military man acting like a gossiping old biddy, prying into such trivial matters?

"Remember, this is confidential! Not a single word gets out!" Nie Feng’s mouth twitched. Flustered and annoyed, he barked a low command. He turned and waved his hand, signaling the guards to carry the stretcher downstairs. Since the Prince himself had approved, Nie Feng had no choice but to follow his instructions and arrange for the old emperor to be airlifted back, regardless of his own doubts.

As the group descended the stairs and returned to the lobby, Nie Feng’s nose twitched. "What happened here? Why do I smell blood?" He noticed several janitors scrubbing the floor and spraying air freshener everywhere. In his rush to get Lin Fan to treat the emperor, and with Wen Zheyang pestering him, he hadn’t noticed anything else. Now, his suspicions were instantly piqued.

"Nothing much. Just a bunch of brats from Sakura Country who thought they could go on a killing spree with your nephew, Wen Zheyang, backing them up," Lin Fan said without turning his head, walking on with an air of casual indifference. "So, I slaughtered them all."

What?! What the hell was that?! A group of brats from Sakura Country, annihilated on the spot? And you, Lin Fan, talk about it like you just stepped on a few ants? Don't you own a mirror? How can such cold, merciless words come from a mouth that's supposed to be 98.6 degrees warm?!

The guards carrying the stretcher shuddered so violently they nearly dropped it. Nie Feng froze mid-step, utterly petrified.

"Do you think you're funny, Lin Fan?" Nie Feng's cheek twitched as he glared at him, exasperated. "This is not something to joke about!"

"If you don't believe me, go ask Wen Zheyang... Wait, he ran off?" Lin Fan replied coolly, his gaze sweeping over the now-empty lobby. He seemed genuinely surprised.

"Damn it, you people are driving me insane! This isn't my problem. You youngsters can sort it out yourselves!" A sinking feeling washed over Nie Feng, a flicker of shock in his eyes. He was a good judge of character and could tell that Lin Fan wasn't bluffing. If this was true, he had to warn his family immediately. The Wen family needed to drag Wen Zheyang back for a thorough interrogation. Any murder case involving foreigners was a massive headache.

"Let's go!" His mind was in turmoil. Gritting his teeth, Nie Feng waved for the other guards to follow and hurried away, his face clouded with worry.

"Lin Fan, Xiao Jie said you must visit Sha Country when you're free. He wants to thank you properly!" Stubborn Su Gang scampered over to Lin Fan, beaming. After delivering his message, he quickly scurried after Nie Feng's group.

"Was it... a success?" Yuan Youwei asked softly, walking to Lin Fan's side after watching the group depart.

"More or less. It was the Holy Poison Sect's handiwork, similar to what happened to Mr. Yuan Sr.," Lin Fan answered calmly, his gaze falling on the spotlessly clean floor. His conflicts with the Holy Poison Sect were growing more frequent and more intense.

Very well. One day, for the sake of the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus in his body, he would make the Holy Poison Sect pay in blood!

Just then, his phone buzzed, pulling him from his thoughts. He frowned at the screen, which showed an unfamiliar number from Haicheng.

"Director Lin, it’s Wang Tianchuan," the dry chuckle of Mr. Wang Sr. came through the phone as soon as he answered. "Weren’t you asking about the whereabouts of that Green Phoenix Vine? I’ll tell you what I know, but in return, could you put in a word with the woodworking factory to prioritize the special medicinal boxes for our Divine Dragon Detox Powder?"

"No problem. Go ahead," Lin Fan replied faintly, a jolt running through him.

"That Green Phoenix Vine was actually bought by Huang Jiacheng. He said he was using it for feng shui. It should still be planted and growing well!"

What? It’s in the hands of the property tycoon, Huang Jiacheng?

Putting his phone away, Lin Fan turned to Yuan Youwei and Mr. Yuan Sr. "Youwei, I’ll have to trouble you and Mr. Yuan Sr. to handle the partnerships with those nine families. I need to make a trip to the Huang family."

With the friction with the Holy Poison Sect escalating, there was no telling what kind of masters they might send next. He had to find the Green Phoenix Vine and the Fire Fungus as soon as possible to further suppress the poison in his body and restore himself to his peak strength.

"Don’t worry about it. You and Youwei go. I can handle everything else," Mr. Yuan Sr. said with a smile and a wave, not prying for details.

"Thank you, Mr. Yuan Sr.," Lin Fan said without protest. He, along with Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue, immediately left and drove toward the Bay Villa District.