Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 21: Is it real money burning?

"What the hell? What's going on?"

Ma Lao San and his associates could no longer laugh, exchanging uneasy glances instead. Has Liu Fang gone mad? Getting this scared by a deadbeat so early in the morning? Zhang Qiang's eyelids twitched violently, his gaze locked on the transfer agreement in Lin Fan's hand. For some unknown reason, a sense of unease and tension began to creep into everyone's hearts, along with the faint, ominous premonition of impending disaster.

"What are you doing here? You're not welcome. Get out right now!"

Lin Fan was momentarily stunned, his jaw clenching silently. You teamed up with the Su Family to pressure me last night, and now you want me to plead your case? Do you have no shame? You've completely thrown away your pride!

A flare of anger rose in his chest. Lin Fan took several steps forward and gestured dismissively toward the door. "If you don't get out now, I'll throw you out myself!"

"Lin Fan, I already apologized to your mother! What more do you want?" Liu Fang cried, turning her head. Her face was a mess of snot and tears as she screamed at him. "Can't you just forgive me? Please, ask the person from last night to spare me and let me off the hook!"

After she had rushed to the hospital the previous night, her aunt had already been admitted to the intensive care unit for emergency treatment and was still in critical condition. Her uncle's family was furious, and other relatives and friends were screaming for her blood. Even her own parents cursed her relentlessly when they arrived. Terrified, she was beaten until she was wailing in the hospital corridor, nearly losing her life. She barely made it to dawn before rushing to the memorial hall as if her pants were on fire, hoping to move Lin Fan with her weeping repentance.

"Ah... I'm so sorry, so sorry! Please, be the bigger person! Ask your uncle to spare me and my aunt!" From the corner of her eye, she spotted Yuan Youwei beside Lin Fan, and her whole body trembled. She scrambled forward on her knees and prostrated herself at Yuan Youwei's feet.

"Weren't you the one saying last night that you'd raise the rent however you liked?" Yuan Youwei's red lips curled into a half-smile as she retorted. "And didn't you also tell me to wait, that you'd be back to settle the score?"

"No, no, no! I was out of my mind! I was insane! I was just joking, please, I beg you, don't take it seriously!" Liu Fang's face went deathly pale. She desperately clung to Yuan Youwei's pant leg, wailing and begging for mercy.

"A pity. I much preferred your unruly demeanor last night," Yuan Youwei said, shaking her head. Then, she viciously kicked Liu Fang away, sending her screaming and tumbling out the door!

From outside, Liu Fang's heart-wrenching sobs could be heard.

Yuan Youwei's smile vanished as she spoke coldly, "Rest assured, even if your aunt dies, she'll have to spit out every benefit she ever pocketed. As for you, if you deserve to go to prison, you will. The Yuan family will not show a single shred of mercy!"

BOOM!

The Yuan family? So it really is *the* Yuan family, the top powerhouse in Haicheng! Never mind Yuandao Properties. The entire Yuandao Group belongs to them!

"No, don't! Ah... Ahhh!"

Outside, Liu Fang lay collapsed on the ground, crying hysterically, her face a mask of utter despair.

Inside, the legs of Ma Lao San and the others turned to jelly, and they almost collapsed onto the floor in shock. Zhang Qiang's forehead was slick with cold sweat, his mouth hanging wide open in horror.

What did I just do? I openly harassed a girl from the Yuan family!

"Miss Yuan, it was all a misunderstanding, a complete misunderstanding!" Zhang Qiang swallowed hard, forcing a smile that was uglier than a grimace.

"Your courage is admirable, but you picked the wrong target," Yuan Youwei said, her lips curving as a chill flickered in her eyes.

"No, no, no, I deserve to die! This mouth of mine needs a good beating!"

SLAP!

Zhang Qiang's body shuddered as he felt a desperate urge to piss his pants. Gritting his teeth, he raised his hand and began slapping himself again and again. In just a few

moments, his mouth and nose were bleeding, and he was a pathetic sight. But when he saw Yuan Youwei just watching with a faint smile, his scalp tingled. He could only force a pained expression and continue slapping himself.

Almost at the same time, Ma Lao San and the others also changed their tune. "Lin Fan, our apologies. We just got carried away for a moment," they said, rushing forward to crowd around Lin Fan with forced laughs. "We don't want the money anymore, hehe... Since we're here, we'll just pay our respects to your mother with some incense and be on our way."

It was obvious now that the property transfer agreement in his hand was real. Didn't they see how Liu Fang had been so scared she'd nearly wet herself? Not only was the stunning woman someone they couldn't afford to provoke, but even this young man, Lin Fan, had become their landlord overnight! They couldn't afford to offend him. They absolutely couldn't!

Thinking back to how they had treated Lin Fan just moments before, the faces of Ma Lao San and his group burned with shame. They wanted nothing more than to slap themselves silly. Turning, they glared at Zhang Qiang, so sick with regret it felt like their insides were turning green.

"Actually, I also preferred your arrogant and unruly expressions from before," Lin Fan said flatly, once again pointing toward the door. "Get out! All of you, get out! You're not worthy of paying respects to my mother!"

His furious roar echoed in their ears. Ma Lao San and the others turned pale, but they ultimately swallowed their anger and choked down their bitterness. Being berated by someone from a younger generation and not daring to talk back was beyond humiliating. What's more, if they hadn't burned their bridges with Lin Fan, they might have been able to plead with him for a rent reduction, given his past temperament... or maybe even score some other benefits!

Their regret intensified. They exchanged glances, their faces as grim as if their own parents had died. They could only hang their heads and shuffle toward the door.

"Mr. Lin, hello. I am Luo Da, president of Haicheng Commercial Bank. This is my business card."

The next moment, President Luo, who could no longer contain himself, stepped forward and offered his card to Lin Fan with both hands. His face was wreathed in smiles, with a faintly sycophantic tone. "I've brought the armored cash transport vehicle. Shall we load the one hundred million and deposit it into your personal bank account now?"

At these words, the memorial hall fell dead silent.

Ma Lao San and the others froze in place as if struck by lightning. Zhang Qiang, who was still slapping himself, also stopped, his head turning with a look of stunned disbelief.

HISS!

One hundred million? Could it be... that pile of "Cultivation Coupons" in the corner?

BOOM!

The minds of the dozen or so people in the room simply exploded. Zhang Qiang staggered backward, clutching his chest and sucking in sharp breaths of cold air.

"There isn't a hundred million left," Lin Fan said just then, pocketing the business card and shaking his head. He pointed at the profusely sweating Zhang Qiang and the others. "They came to collect a debt earlier. I gave them about ten million, but they burned it all."

What? They were willing to burn ten million in cash? Was this extreme wealth, or stupidity beyond cure?

Hearing this, Yuan Youwei gave a wry smile and shook her head without a word. When she had first seen the black ashes on the floor, she had assumed they had been burning joss paper as an offering for Lin Suxin.

"Damn, that's incredible! You're a real badass!" President Luo's eyes widened. He strode over to Zhang Qiang and sized him up with mock seriousness. "My friend, you're the number one badass I, Luo Da, have ever met. I was truly blind before. May I ask your esteemed name?"

"No, it wasn't me! I didn't do it on purpose! How was I supposed to know Lin Fan had a hundred million lying around his house..." Zhang Qiang stammered, trembling in fear and on the verge of tears.

Frozen at the doorway, Ma Lao San and the others stared at each other, looking as if they were about to burst into tears themselves. What had they done? They had burned away a heaven-sent fortune that Lin Fan had given them! And what's worse, they had even complained that Zhang Qiang wasn't burning it fast enough and had eagerly joined in to help!

That was hundreds of thousands, even millions! As people from the bottom rungs of society running small businesses, how many pounds of fruit would they have to sell, how many lunch boxes, how many years would they have to run their little shops... to ever earn that kind of money back?

Chapter 22. Dog bites dog, a mouthful of fur!

"Ah... ah! My money! My money!"

THUMP! THUMP!

Ma Lao San wailed, his heart breaking as he slumped to the ground.

The others went berserk, scrambling on the ground and pawing at the thick layer of ashen money. But the ashes were too fragile, disintegrating at the slightest touch, just like their own shattering hearts.

"Why is my life so miserable!"

"The God of Wealth himself smiled upon me, but I'm the one who refused him!"

"Zhang Qiang! You son of a bitch, didn't you say this money was fake? You have to compensate us! You must pay us back!"

Some collapsed to their knees, pounding the ground in despair. Others trembled as they held handfuls of black ash, sobbing uncontrollably. Several more rushed Zhang Qiang, grabbing his collar and raising their fists in rage.

"Are you fucking crazy? You're the ones who burned it, it has nothing to do with me!" Zhang Qiang's face was filled with panic, but he stiffened his neck and struggled to break free.

He blustered, "Who the hell do you think you are, laying your hands on me? Believe it or not, I'll call my aunt and have every last one of you thrown out of Haicheng!"

Hearing this, the expressions of the men holding him changed. They sobered up slightly, and their hands subconsciously loosened. Indeed, Zhang Qiang was not someone to be trifled with. Behind him stood the mighty Su Family.

"That's right! Zhang Qiang, you said it yourself!" Ma Lao San shouted, charging right up to Zhang Qiang's face, spittle flying. "If it turned out to be real money, you would compensate us!"

"When the fuck did I say that? Do you have evidence?" A flicker of guilt crossed Zhang Qiang's eyes, but he defiantly tilted his chin up. "If you keep spouting bullshit, believe it or not, I'll smack you right in the face!"

"You! You two-faced, lying bastard!" Ma Lao San clenched his fists in grief and fury.

The others were incensed, yet they were helpless against Zhang Qiang. It had just been an offhand promise. Even if they took it to the authorities, there was no guarantee they would see justice.

"Hmph! I think you've all gone crazy over money! I have things to do at my shop; I can't be bothered wasting time with you broke-ass losers!" Zhang Qiang straightened his collar, his face a mask of arrogance.

He was certain they wouldn't dare to touch him. As long as the Su Family had his back, these lowlifes wouldn't even dare to fart in his direction!

"Who says there's no evidence?"

The next moment, Lin Fan walked over, staring coldly at Zhang Qiang. "You said you would compensate these people even if the money was real."

"Lin Fan! Don't you think I'm afraid of you! Stop being a busybody!" Zhang Qiang's body shook with rage, his face contorting. He was already jealous that the great beauty of the Yuan family gave Lin Fan special treatment. Now, being publicly exposed by Lin Fan made his face burn with humiliation. "Don't think you can go up against me just because you have some backing. I have the Su Family behind me! I'm not afraid of you!" Zhang Qiang yelled, pointing a finger at Lin Fan's nose.

"I just can't stand the sight of people like you," Lin Fan's gaze darkened as he pulled out his phone, bringing up the surveillance footage from the clinic entrance.

Ma Lao San and his group were just as detestable. But for Zhang Qiang to cause a huge scene and then expect to just walk away? On what grounds? These heartless bastards should be left to tear each other apart. Let the dogs fight.

As expected, Lin Fan's phone screen lit up, playing a video of Zhang Qiang's arrogant face from earlier. His voice boomed from the speaker, "What the hell is there to be afraid of! Even if it's real, I've got more than enough money. I'll compensate every one of you!"

"Zhang Qiang! What the fuck do you have to say for yourself now?"

"You son of a bitch, we never should have come here with you to cause trouble!"

"Look at Lin Fan, then look at yourself! You're worse than an animal!"

Seeing the proof, Ma Lao San and the others' eyes lit up as if they'd grabbed a lifeline. They surrounded Zhang Qiang, hurling vile insults at him. A few of them turned red with shame, too embarrassed to even meet Lin Fan's gaze.

"Hmph! So what? I was just talking out of my ass!" Zhang Qiang's face turned green. He shot Lin Fan a look so ferocious it seemed he wanted to eat him alive.

That was ten million! Even if his entire family were chopped to bits and sold off, he still couldn’t pay it back!

"Zhang Qiang! Don’t think you can weasel out of this! You were the one who led us to burn our money, and you didn’t lose a thing!" Ma Lao San’s face flushed with fury. "If you don’t pay up today, believe it or not, we’ll beat you to death right here!"

As he spoke, the other men and women also clenched their casserole-sized fists, a murderous light glinting in their eyes.

"Fine! It’s just ten million, right?" Zhang Qiang’s expression changed drastically. He shrank his neck and yelled, "My backer is the Su Family! You think I can’t afford it?"

Zhang Meili doted on him. If he went and cried to her a little, she’d surely help clean up his mess again, right?

"Write an IOU! You have to write an IOU first!" Ma Lao San’s breathing grew ragged, the veins on his forehead throbbing.

The others exchanged glances and nodded firmly, lowering their fists.

"I’ll write it! What’s there to be afraid of? I have the Su Family’s backing!" Seeing them back down, Zhang Qiang secretly breathed a sigh of relief and fumbled in his small leather bag for a pen and paper.

"I’m afraid the Su Family won’t be able to help you."

At that moment, Yuan Youwei, who had been observing from the side, couldn’t help but let out a soft laugh. "They are now like a clay Buddha crossing a river—unable to save even themselves."

After returning last night, Yuan Youwei had looked into Su Pharmaceutical. She discovered their rise to prominence began right after Lin Fan married Su Mengqing four years ago. Yuan Youwei immediately guessed the crucial connection and couldn’t help but feel that Lin Fan had gotten a raw deal. Then, on her way over this morning, she’d received explosive news: Su Pharmaceutical was truly finished.

Upon hearing this, Lin Fan’s expression shifted, his mind racing. Beside him, President Luo seemed to realize something and discreetly took out his phone.

"Hehe, Miss Yuan, don’t joke around. The Su Family has a huge business; a mere ten million is nothing to them," Zhang Qiang’s cheeks twitched as he shook his head with a forced smile. He no longer dared to show any disrespect to Yuan Youwei, but her words planted a seed of unease in his heart.

With a few quick strokes, he scrawled out more than a dozen IOUs. With the papers in hand, Zhang Qiang immediately regained some of his confidence and snarled at Ma Lao San and the others. "Satisfied? Now get the hell out of here!"

"...So when do you plan on paying?" Ma Lao San and the others clutched the IOUs, looking at each other as their anger cooled considerably.

"Damn it, are you afraid I won't pay you back? When have I, Zhang Qiang, ever..."

Just as Zhang Qiang was about to continue his blustering, a familiar, portly figure came rushing through the door.

"Xu Juan? Aren't you supposed to be at work? What are you doing here now!" Zhang Qiang's expression soured as he snapped irritably at the newcomer.

The woman was his wife, Xu Juan, who worked at a nearby bank. However, her appearance was plain, and Zhang Qiang was always reluctant to be seen with her in public, fearing she'd embarrass him. As a result, he held her in low regard.

"Zhang Qiang! Hurry up and sell all of our Su Pharmaceutical stock! If you wait, we'll lose everything!" Dressed in a bank teller's uniform, Xu Juan screeched to a halt in front of him. Her face was slick with sweat from the effort, and she was panting heavily. "I heard that the Su Family has been dumping shares like crazy since early this morning. The stock price of Su Pharmaceutical has crashed!"

"Holy shit, she's right! I've already lost a ton!" President Luo, who was staring at his phone, suddenly yelled out. His eyes nearly popped from their sockets as he slapped his thigh in frustration.

The words struck Zhang Qiang like a thunderclap. His face changed dramatically, and even Ma Lao San and the others couldn't help but shudder.

Chapter 23, Debt repayment in ten thousand folds!

"No, it can't be... this is absolutely impossible..."

Stamping her feet in anxiety, Xu Juan rushed over to snatch the phone.

Zhang Qiang shuddered, snapping awake. He fumbled to pull out his phone and open the stock trading app. For the past four years, he had been continuously buying shares of Su Pharmaceutical. Besides pouring in all his cash, he had borrowed heavily from all quarters. He had even gone so far as to mortgage his own house and Xu Juan's family home.

And Su Pharmaceutical had performed admirably, its stock price climbing year after year. Zhang Qiang had made a killing and never missed an opportunity to show off. Naturally, his investments had only grown more frenzied.

If this damn thing suddenly crashes... I'll have to jump off a building!

With his heart pounding in his throat, he opened the app. Zhang Qiang's vision went dark, and his head buzzed as if it would explode.

The chart was green. A sickening sea of green, representing a cliff-like plunge.

"Su Family, you bastards! You've killed me!"

THUD!

Zhang Qiang collapsed to his knees, humiliating tears streaming down his face.

"What the hell are you hesitating for? Sell it all! Hurry!" Xu Juan was on the verge of hysterics. She snatched the phone, and one look was enough to make her sway, struggling to remain on her feet.

In the few minutes that had passed, Su Pharmaceutical's stock price had plummeted even further. If they sold now, they would be completely ruined.

"Zhang Qiang! I want a divorce!" Xu Juan burst into angry tears, furiously kicking and punching the despairing Zhang Qiang.

"Zhang Qiang! You've fucking killed us all!"

Just then, Uncle Ma and the others started crying too. Su Pharmaceutical's stock price had collapsed. Not only was Zhang Qiang unable to repay his debts, turning their IOUs into worthless paper, but they had also been caught in the disaster. They had often been green with envy as Zhang Qiang boasted about his stock earnings, so they had followed his lead and bought a lot themselves. Now, they had been fleeced for everything they had, right down to their underwear.

"Ah! My life's work! It's all gone, completely gone!"

"Lin Fan! Lin Fan, can you help us again? You have a hundred million, don't you? Just pretend none of this happened and give us a few hundred thousand more!"

"Yes, yes! Lin Fan, I'm begging you! Please, just think of it as saving Uncle Ma's entire family!"

The whole group collapsed to the ground, wailing as if at a funeral. But then, their gazes suddenly fell upon the pile of cash in the corner. Instantly, the eyes of every man and woman present filled with greed.

Turning, Uncle Ma hurried over to Lin Fan.

THUD! He dropped to his knees.

THUD. THUD.

The others followed his example, kneeling before Lin Fan and begging pitifully. Even Zhang Qiang and Xu Juan, their faces full of eagerness, shuffled over as well.

"I already told you. I gave you the money, and you were the ones who burned it. As long as you don't regret it," Lin Fan said slowly, finding the situation incredibly amusing.

It seems I've still underestimated their shamelessness. They turned on me completely for the small favors Zhang Qiang promised them. Now, to cover their losses, they have the gall to come begging to me? Do they have no shame? They are truly shameless!

"Lin Fan, how can you just stand by and watch us die?"

"You're so rich! What's a few hundred thousand to you?"

"Exactly! What do you need all that money for? Help Uncle Ma out, and my whole family will be grateful to you for the rest of our lives!"

Seeing Lin Fan refuse without a moment's hesitation, completely unmoved, the expressions on the faces of Uncle Ma and the others instantly soured. The sound of their bitter pleading turned sharp and indignant.

"Am I heartless? No. You're the ones who look down on people, and you don't know the first thing about gratitude." Lin Fan's gaze turned completely cold as he once again pointed toward the door. "My mother spent seven years treating the sick and doing good deeds, but none of you were grateful. You're nothing but a pack of shameless animals."

"There's plenty of room on the road outside. If you want to cause a scene, do it there!"

"My patience is limited! Don't fucking push me into hurting someone!"

His roar echoed through the mourning hall. Uncle Ma and the others trembled, swallowing the curses that were about to leave their lips.

At that moment, Zhang Qiang suddenly charged toward the pile of cash. He frantically scooped up several bundles and turned to run. Xu Juan stood stunned for a moment, then followed his lead, grabbing a few bundles herself.

Holy shit, you can just do that?

This snapped Uncle Ma and the others out of their stupor. They too rushed forward, scrambling to grab the money.

Damn, this is way easier than robbing a bank! With only Lin Fan and two others here, there's no way they can stop so many of us!

Instantly, the faces of the dozen or so men and women lit up with glee. Clutching the hundreds of thousands in cash, they made a frantic dash for the door.

"Fuck. Do you really have no regard for the security of Haicheng Commercial Bank?" Yuan Youwei said, chuckling in disbelief.

Lin Fan didn't give chase. Instead, he looked at President Luo, whose face was flushed with anger. The bank president's face twitched as he swore under his breath and hurried out the door.

"Stop them!" he bellowed.

After his furious roar, Zhang Qiang and the others backed away step-by-step, returning to the mourning hall with ashen faces. Outside the door, two fully armed security escorts stood with tense expressions, their shotguns raised.

"I told you to get lost earlier, but you wouldn't listen. Do you know the penalty for home invasion and robbery?" Lin Fan said with a grim face, looking at the trembling forms of Zhang Qiang, Uncle Ma, and the others.

"This is my money. You can only take it if I give it to you."

"I didn't give it, so this is home invasion and robbery. You can all wait for your prison sentences!"

THUD. THUD.

The entire group collapsed limply to the ground in terror. Their previously ecstatic faces were now utterly pale and filled with despair.

That single moment of audacity had earned them a lifetime of regret. They had only come here to cause trouble at the wake of Lin Fan's mother. How had it suddenly escalated to financial ruin and shattered families? The price was far too high—so high they couldn't possibly bear it. Now, not only was their money gone, but they were about to lose their freedom and go to prison.

"Don't be in such a hurry to cry," Lin Fan said, waving the old ledger at the people on the floor. "Don't forget about the debts in here."

"I said that I, Lin Fan, repay kindness ten-thousand-fold. Since you've already accepted my 'kindness,' it's time to calculate how you'll repay your debts ten-thousand-fold!"

"I will get back every single cent you owe my mother, for her sake!"

"Ah...?!"

Uncle Ma and the others stared in stunned silence. A moment later, a collective shiver ran through them, and they began to sob even louder than before.

This time, even selling our own sons and daughters won't be enough to pay it all back!

"Miss Yuan, do me a favor. Collect these debts, multiplied ten-thousand-fold," Lin Fan said, ignoring their desperate pleas for mercy. "Please arrange for my mother's memorial to be moved. I have to take care of some business."

He walked to his mother's portrait and stared at it, his expression complex. Had it been up to his mother, she would never have been so ruthless. But Lin Fan had reached his limit. These people had crossed his bottom line again and again, and they had to pay the price.

Kindness, he, Lin Fan, would repay ten-thousand-fold. Enmity, he would also repay ten-thousand-fold.

"It won't take long. I'll head to the Yuan family's place soon," Lin Fan said, turning to Yuan Youwei and suppressing his anger. He took an old pawn ticket from four years ago out of a hidden sleeve in the ledger's cover. After handing the ledger to her, he found a black plastic bag and stuffed it with several hundred thousand in cash.

"Alright, I'll have my people handle it." Yuan Youwei was momentarily stunned but quickly took the ledger carefully. "And don't you worry. I'll treat Mrs. Lin as if she were my own future mother-in-law," she added, winking playfully with a meaningful smile.

"..."

Lin Fan's mouth twitched, and he shuddered slightly. He didn't dare respond. Hefting the bulging black plastic bag, he turned and left. "As for you, you can go cry your eyes out at the police station. If you can't repay the debt, that's your problem to figure out."

Watching Lin Fan's back disappear through the doorway, Yuan Youwei turned around. Her smile vanished, replaced by an icy gaze fixed on Zhang Qiang and the others on the ground. Without another word, the dozen or so Yuan family bodyguards who had been waiting outside strode in. They grabbed one person each and dragged them from the mourning hall like dead dogs.

Yuan Youwei took a step, then paused and smiled at the sweating President Luo. "President Luo, starting this afternoon, the Yuan family will be hosting a three-day memorial service for Mr. Lin Fan's late mother, Mrs. Lin Suxin."

"Good, as soon as I finish with these, I'll definitely come right over!" President Luo responded, startled, his eyes nearly bulging out of his head.

What in the world? The Yuan family is going to publicly hold a memorial service for Lin Fan's mother? This clearly means they're treating him as one of their own!

For a moment, President Luo's mind was in turmoil, hit by waves of shock and awe.

That seemingly ordinary young man... from this day forward, he is going to make a name for himself in Haicheng and soar to the heavens!

Chapter 24. Become a street rat everyone shouts at

At this moment, in a private hospital room, Su Mengqing, who had been so furious she coughed up blood and fainted, slowly opened her eyes.

"Mengqing!"

"Director Su, you're finally awake! You scared us to death!" Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting, who were at her bedside, cried out in joyous relief.

"The post... That's right! The post Lin Fan made on the National Medicine Forum! Hurry, find a way to delete it!" A flicker of confusion crossed Su Mengqing's brow before her expression hardened. She remembered everything Lin Fan had done at the wake last night.

"Don't worry, Mengqing." Zhang Meili took her hand with a smile and cast an approving glance at Yang Tingting. "Tingting already contacted the forum administrators. She spent a little money and got it handled."

"You're too kind, Mrs. Zhang," Yang Tingting said, her face glowing with pride. "It's my job to help ease Director Su's burdens. It was the least I could do."

She then added, "Director Su, we also got the formula. We don't have to worry about Lin Fan threatening us anymore!"

"Yes... we finally got it..." A bitter taste filled Su Mengqing's mouth.

They had indeed successfully retrieved the formula during last night's commotion. But in the process, she had allowed that dog Lin Fan to leak the Injury Ointment Prescription!

Fortunately, it was late at night, so the leak probably didn't spread too far. As long as we're willing to spend the money, we can slowly bring the situation under control!

Su Mengqing let out a quiet sigh of relief, her heart finally feeling a little lighter.

Just then, Yang Tingting spoke up hesitantly, "Director Su, Mrs. Zhang... there's something I'm not sure I should tell you."

"Spit it out!" Su Mengqing took a deep breath, steeling herself for more bad news. "I'm Su Mengqing. What is there that I can't handle?"

Zhang Meili also turned to glare at Yang Tingting.

"...This morning, Haicheng's number one powerhouse, the Yuan family, put out a notice in the headlines. They're holding a funeral for someone," Yang Tingting said, watching their reactions cautiously.

"What? Could it be Mr. Yuan Sr.? He hasn't been seen in public for half a year," Su Mengqing said, her pupils contracting.

Even Zhang Meili's jaw dropped in shock.

Yuan Tianguang was the Chairman of the Haicheng Chamber of Commerce and one of the founders of the medical procurement conference. If he were to suddenly pass away, it could greatly affect the scheduled start of the conference!

"No, no, no, not Mr. Yuan Sr. It's... Lin Fan's mother, Lin Suxin!" Yang Tingting said nervously, her voice dropping. "I don't know why the Yuan family would hold a funeral for an outsider, but the memorial portrait in the news was definitely Lin Suxin. There's no mistake!"

BOOM.

At that revelation, Zhang Meili's face changed. Su Mengqing's body trembled as she violently gripped the bedsheets.

So it's true. My worst suspicion has become a reality. Those two women at the wake last night were from the Yuan family! And they must be from the direct family line. Otherwise, they would never have had the authority to convince the Yuan family to hold a funeral for Lin Fan's mother!

"Hmph! That dog must have stepped in shit to get this lucky, managing to latch onto such powerful backers!" Zhang Meili cursed, fuming.

"I doubt Lin Fan will actually become part of the Yuan family," Yang Tingting said indignantly. "Perhaps Lin Suxin did them a great favor once, maybe she saved one of their own?"

"Heh, I really underestimated Lin Fan. What skill, what methods!" Su Mengqing laughed, a vein throbbing on her pale neck. She felt just as bitter.

She had initially thought that after Lin Fan packed his bags and left, he would end up miserable. Then, he would have to bow to reality, crying and begging for her to take him back! But now it seemed that not only was the dog not down on his luck, he had soared to the heavens in a single step!

Thinking back to everything she had said when Lin Fan left the Su family, her breathing grew heavy, and her face burned with humiliation.

Seeing Su Mengqing's intense anger, Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting exchanged a look. "Mengqing, don't waste your anger on trash like him," Zhang Meili began, her tone dismissive. "He's just a good-for-nothing freeloader who has always relied on women.

"He used to rely on his mother, Lin Suxin, to survive, looking like some half-dead ghost. Then he had to rely on you!

"Now he's run off to sponge off the Yuan family. How despicable! He's a complete, worthless coward!"

As she was cursing, Zhang Meili sneered and pulled out her phone. "Mengqing, your cousin Zhang Qiang told me this morning he planned to help you vent your anger. He was going to take some guys to go find trouble with Lin Fan!"

Just then, her phone buzzed. The caller ID showed "Zhang Qiang"!

"See? Your cousin is so capable. He must be calling with good news!" Zhang Meili was grinning from ear to ear. She immediately put the call on speakerphone, hoping it would cheer Su Mengqing up.

"Auntie, I've lost a fortune! You have to save me! I need to borrow over ten million!" Zhang Qiang's wailing voice burst from the speaker.

Lend over ten million?! Zhang Meili was dumbfounded, and Yang Tingting's eyes went wide. Su Mengqing's expression soured, her fists clenching in anger. This Zhang Qiang had taken advantage of the Su family countless times before. Now he was pushing his luck, asking for tens of millions right off the bat?

Before any of the three could respond, the shrill cursing of Zhang Qiang's wife, Xu Juan, erupted from the phone. "Zhang Meili! Is the Su family out of its fucking mind, dumping

your stocks first thing in the morning?! You've completely ruined our family! We're going to end up in jail because of you!"

"Zhang Qiang! Xu Juan! Do you two have a death wish? How dare you speak to me in that tone!" Zhang Meili roared into the phone, livid. "How is your family being ruined our Su family's problem? And you want to borrow over ten million? In your dreams!"

"Zhang Meili! You old bitch! And I even called you Auntie! I only went to mess with Lin Fan because of your family's stupid problems, and now you're just going to abandon me? You're animals! All of you are animals! The Su family is just a pack of heartless, ungrateful bastards! A pack of—"

CLICK!

Zhang Qiang's sobs had turned to hysterical screaming. Zhang Meili couldn't take it anymore and hung up.

"That ungrateful wolf! He's just like that dog Lin Fan!" Zhang Meili was red-faced, her entire body trembling with rage.

Su Mengqing's expression was grim, a flicker of suspicion in her eyes.

"Mrs. Zhang, Director Su, please don't be angry. Some people just never learn gratitude!" A hint of schadenfreude flashed in Yang Tingting's eyes as she spoke in a soft, consoling tone. "They aren't like me. I'm completely loyal to the Su family, and I would never betray anyone's trust..."

Before she could finish, her phone began to ring off the hook. The caller ID was "Liu Fang," whom she hadn't been able to reach all night.

Under the watchful eyes of the other two, Yang Tingting also put the call on speaker. "Hello, Liu Fang? How is your second aunt? Don't worry, I'll visit her on behalf of Director Su when I have a moment."

"Yang Tingting! And that damn Su family! I, Liu Fang, am not finished with you! You used me as your pawn, and now my second aunt is in critical condition—she's still in the emergency room! If you don't go beg Lin Fan, if you don't go beg that Miss Yuan to let me go, I swear, even if I have to die, I'll take you down with me first!"

CLICK!

Yang Tingting's face went white as she scrambled to hang up the phone. She looked up and met the gazes of Su Mengqing and Zhang Meili. The three of them stared at each other, their faces a mask of mutual embarrassment and awkwardness.

"...Mom, Tingting, are you two hiding something from me?" After a moment, Su Mengqing broke the silence, her lips barely moving.

She grabbed her phone from the nightstand. The family chat group icon on the screen showed "99+" unread messages.

"Su family, give us our money back! You frantically dumped your stocks, and it was our hard-earned money you threw away!"

"My family's life savings are gone! Wiped out! The Su family had better give us an explanation!"

"Su Mengqing! Stop playing dead! If you don't come out and reimburse us, we're no longer family. We're enemies!"

"That's right! Su Mengqing, you keep playing deaf and dumb, and see if we don't start hanging protest banners outside your company!"

As she opened the chat, a barrage of furious, grief-stricken voice messages exploded from the phone.

BOOM.

Her vision swam with black spots and dancing stars, as if she'd been clubbed over the head. The color drained from Su Mengqing's face. She froze, then began to tremble uncontrollably.

Something has happened. Something terrible has happened!

Chapter 25. Complete Collapse!

"Yang Tingting, explain yourself! Speak clearly, right now, or you're fired!"

After a long pause, Su Mengqing switched off her phone, her knuckles turning white from how tightly she gripped it. She lifted her bloodshot eyes, glaring daggers at Yang Tingting as she roared.

"Hmph, they're just a bunch of parasites leeching off our Su Family. They have the nerve to curse us in the group chat?" Zhang Meili's chubby face turned stormy, and she raised a hand to stop Su Mengqing.

She was the administrator of the Su Family chat group. In the past, any appearance she made was met with fawning praise, like a star surrounded by planets, basking in the endless flattery of relatives and friends. Who would have thought they would all change

their tune now? Not only were they calling for blood, but they also harbored a bone-deep hatred for the Su Family, making them all feel like reviled outcasts.

Burning with anger, Zhang Meili had jumped into the group chat to argue, only to be relentlessly berated by her relatives. Unable to get a word in edgewise, she flew into a fit of shame and anger and muted all the members. Now that Su Mengqing had noticed something was amiss, Zhang Meili frantically opened her phone and dissolved the family group chat entirely. Out of sight, out of mind!

"Director Su, you've misunderstood! This is actually wonderful news!" Yang Tingting declared, her face wreathed in a smile, not looking flustered in the slightest. There was even a hint of smug satisfaction in her eyes.

"Wonderful news? Those relatives have been cursing me out like a dog!" Su Mengqing yelled, looking between the two of them before furiously smashing her phone on the ground.

"What does it matter if they curse a little? Most of Su Pharmaceutical's stock was cashed out at this morning's peak price anyway!" Yang Tingting smirked, picking up the phone. "Director Su, after Lin Fan leaked the Injury Ointment and its recipe last night, I anticipated our stock price would be severely affected today. Don't worry, we sold the earliest and the fastest. We have no real losses!" Her smile grew even more triumphant as she adopted an expression that clearly fished for praise.

"You... how much did you sell?"

However, Su Mengqing's face was tense; there was none of the praise Yang Tingting expected. Snatching the phone, she opened the app to check the company's stock price. She froze, then began to tremble violently.

"Uh..." Seeing this, Yang Tingting was slightly dissatisfied and disappointed, but she continued to explain with a smile. "We sold the majority, retaining just enough to maintain a controlling interest. Director Su, don't you think you should consider giving me a promotion and a raise—"

SLAP!

Su Mengqing gasped in shock and then erupted with fury, slapping Yang Tingting hard across the face.

"Mengqing, what are you doing! Tingting is a great benefactor to our family! Why do you keep hitting her?" Zhang Meili shot to her feet in alarm, stepping in front of Yang Tingting to prevent Su Mengqing from lashing out further.

"Yes, Director Su! Mrs. Zhang told me to do it!" Yang Tingting cried, covering the bright red handprint on her cheek. Her eyes, welling with tears, shone with indignation and a sense of grievance. "I saved the company from a huge loss!"

"Mom! Can't you see? Our company's stock price has completely tanked!" Su Mengqing choked out, tears streaming down her face. "You two are so foolish! As dumb as pigs! Of course leaking the recipe would start rumors and cause the stock price to fluctuate. If we had just been willing to spend money on public relations to suppress it, the loss wouldn't have been significant! But you chose this exact moment for a massive sell-off, which did nothing but confirm the rumors and send the stock into a freefall!"

On the phone's screen, the displayed stock price for Su Pharmaceutical was a horrifying sight, a catastrophic plunge. It was a complete and utter freefall.

A chill spread through Su Mengqing's limbs, and her teeth ground together with an audible crunch. Her heart filled with despair and sorrow. Lin Fan's actions last night were merely a knife to the heart of Su Pharmaceutical. While it was a serious blow, it shouldn't have been crippling.

Who could have possibly expected that her own family would be the ones to shove the company off a cliff into an abyss of no return? Billions in market value had evaporated, with only a tiny fraction remaining. Her four years of painstaking work were utterly destroyed in an instant.

"Ah... that can't be right, can it? We already cashed out. The money is in our hands, isn't it?" Seeing Su Mengqing's ashen face as she bit her lip, allowing tears to fall unchecked, Zhang Meili's expression faltered, and a hint of panic crept in.

SLAP!

She whirled around and slapped Yang Tingting across the face, then pointed a finger at her nose and began to curse. "You idiot! Why didn't you warn me?! You're completely useless!"

"Mrs. Zhang, you have to be fair!" Yang Tingting wailed, stomping her foot in devastation. "You were the one who told me to do it! How was I supposed to know the consequences would be this serious?"

"Hmph, don't you dare shift the blame to me!" Zhang Meili's face was crimson as she rained more slaps on Yang Tingting's cheeks, cursing nonstop. "It was you who said the stock would plummet and urged me to find a solution! You caused this crash, so you will take full responsibility! You useless thing, you dare blame me? If I told you to go eat shit, would you do that, too?!"

"You're all bullying me... this is too much... Waaah... Waaah..." Yang Tingting, her hair disheveled and her nose and mouth bleeding, broke down into hysterical sobs. For a time,

the hospital room was filled with the sounds of slapping and wailing, causing passersby in the hall to glance over at the commotion.

A moment later, Zhang Meili lowered her tingling hand and shoved the sobbing Yang Tingting to the floor. Turning back to the silently crying Su Mengqing, she offered a sheepish smile. "Mengqing, so what if it plummeted? We have a lot of cash on hand now. We can just buy the stock back. We could even make a huge profit, right?"

"Mom, you're so stupid. Unbelievably, incurably stupid," Su Mengqing wept, pounding her fists on the bed. "Do you have any idea how much effort and energy I've spent over the last four years to ensure the stock price rose steadily?"

"You child, how can you talk to me like that!" Zhang Meili's face was as red as a monkey's rear as she, too, slammed her hand on the edge of the bed. "What did I do wrong? Wasn't it all for the good of this family?"

"...How much money is in the company account right now?" Su Mengqing took a deep breath, ignoring her mother's excuses. She turned her gaze to Yang Tingting, who was still kneeling and crying on the floor.

"A little less than six hundred million," Yang Tingting replied between sniffles, wiping her tears as she scrambled to her feet. "After we repay the principal and interest on the bank loan, we're still waiting on final payments for several large client orders..."

"What do you mean? I distinctly remember we had at least forty million in liquid capital on the books!" Su Mengqing said, stunned, a deep suspicion rising in her eyes. "Adding the money from the stock sale, it should be over six hundred million!"

"Maybe... maybe I miscalculated. I must have remembered it wrong..." Yang Tingting's eyelid twitched, and she ducked her head, her words coming out in a stutter.

"If you can't do your job properly next time, don't blame me for being unforgiving and telling you to pack your bags!" Su Mengqing clenched her fists, forcing herself to calm down. If not for their urgent need for personnel, and the fact that her brother Su Gang and Yang Tingting had always been flirtatious, she would have fired her on the spot.

However, this mess wasn't entirely Yang Tingting's fault. Aside from her mother Zhang Meili's self-righteous arrogance, all the rest of the trouble was caused by Lin Fan.

You want to see me, Su Mengqing, fall? You want to see Su Pharmaceutical crumble in my hands? Lin Fan, if I, Su Mengqing, could rise so quickly in four years, then I can lead this company back to its peak again. Your schemes are destined to fail!

"Director Su, it's... it's a call from Director Shen of Tianfan Group..."

Just then, Yang Tingting carefully approached, holding out the phone with both hands. The caller ID on the screen showed it was indeed their largest client for the past four years: the head of the Tianfan Group from the neighboring province.

"Hello, Director Shen, this is Su Mengqing." Pressing the speaker button, Su Mengqing forced a smile onto her face and spoke softly into the phone. The man on the other end was a major benefactor of Su Pharmaceutical; for four years, his company had accounted for more than half of their orders.

"Su Mengqing," a cold, detached male voice came through the speaker, "I'm calling on behalf of Yunhai Group, Hongwei Pharmaceuticals, and three other companies to jointly issue a notice of contract termination."

BOOM!

Su Mengqing's smile froze. Her entire body shook.

Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting's faces went pale, and they held their breath in sheer terror. Those five clients accounted for almost ninety percent of Su Pharmaceutical's orders. If all of them canceled their contracts, the company would face complete and utter collapse.

Chapter 26, The Cold Truth

"Director Shen, please... please, tell me exactly why?" Su Mengqing's face turned deathly pale, her fingers trembling as she gripped her phone. "If there's anything improper on our part, I hope you'll point it out. We'll correct it immediately!"

"Humph! Su Mengqing, you still have the nerve to ask?" Director Shen's voice grew several shades angrier. "The entire medical community in the Southwest provinces is buzzing with rumors that the formula for your family's flagship product, the Injury Ointment, has been leaked online!

"And you? Not only did you fail to immediately refute the rumors, you didn't offer any explanation to us, your major clients, either.

"Instead, you're frantically dumping stocks to cash out! How can we possibly trust you? How can we continue to cooperate with any peace of mind!"

The tempest of rebukes thundered in her ears, exploding like thunderclaps. Su Mengqing's complexion paled further, and she staggered on her feet.

"Director Shen, we admit we mishandled this situation. I apologize!" She glared fiercely at the equally tense Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting, then gritted her teeth and swallowed her

pride, lowering her voice. "If you're willing to continue our cooperation, Director Shen, I... I can offer a twenty percent discount!"

"Su Mengqing, are you dreaming? We wouldn't take it even if you cut the price in half!" Director Shen retorted angrily. "Furthermore, according to the contract, you breached it first. In addition to returning the full deposit, you must pay a penalty of five times that amount!"

What? Five times the deposit as a penalty? The six hundred million we just got... we'd lose most of it!

Hearing this, Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting were on the verge of tears. Su Mengqing trembled uncontrollably, her pupils constricting.

"A sixty percent discount! Director Shen, that's my bottom line. Please, for the sake of our past cooperation, give me one more chance!"

"Su Mengqing, let me tell you the truth. I never thought much of your family's little company!" Director Shen sneered. "The cooperation we started four years ago was entirely because of your mother-in-law, the Divine Doctor Lin Suxin, who saved my father's life! If it weren't for her taking the initiative to ask on your behalf and bring in orders, you, Su Mengqing, would be a nobody. You never would have even registered on the radar of our five families!

"But this morning, we saw the Yuan family's obituary and only then realized that Mrs. Lin had passed away. What on earth is your Su family doing? Not only did you fail to hold a proper funeral for her, you let outsiders do it for you? I'd heard your Su family was stingy and ungrateful toward her son, Lin Fan, but I didn't really believe it. Now it seems the rumors don't even begin to cover it!"

CLICK!

The furious scolding came to an abrupt end as the other party hung up.

The hospital room fell into a deathly silence. Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting gaped at each other, utterly dumbfounded, as if they had seen a ghost. Su Mengqing stood frozen, her face ashen.

So, the achievements I've been so proud of for four years... were all thanks to Lin Suxin's secret help behind the scenes? Then all my hard work, day and night... what was it all for?

BOOM!

Her mind went blank, and darkness swam before her eyes.

THUD!

Su Mengqing felt her chest tighten painfully. Her knees gave out, and she collapsed to the floor. Resentment, grief, and fury washed over her as tears streamed down her pale cheeks. In that instant, all of Su Mengqing's confidence, pride, and self-respect were shattered by the cold, hard truth.

"Mengqing, you mustn't believe him! Maybe... maybe Lin Fan is behind this, kicking you while you're down! He probably colluded with that man Shen!" Zhang Meili said, her face taut with worry as she rushed to help Su Mengqing up.

"Director Su, at worst, we can just start over! I believe in your abilities. Even without Lin Suxin's help, you can still succeed!" Yang Tingting added, desperately trying to encourage her. She still dreamed of one day marrying Su Gang and becoming the young mistress of the Su family. If Su Mengqing were to collapse, that good-for-nothing would never be able to support such a large family business on his own.

"...Right! If I have to, I, Su Mengqing, will start all over again!" After a long moment, Su Mengqing fiercely wiped away her tears, a sliver of her confidence returning. The situation had already hit rock bottom. That bastard Lin Fan had made good on his words from the previous night. The Su family was about to become an empty shell, almost back to where they were when they started four years ago... having lost everything Lin Suxin had given them.

If only I had taken the time to see her on her deathbed that night... or if I had just been a little less cold toward Lin Fan in the past... would any of this have happened?

A wave of regret washed over her, and a bitter taste exploded in her mouth, seeming to seep into the very depths of her heart.

No, I, Su Mengqing, will not submit! Why should a little help from Lin Suxin completely negate the blood, sweat, and tears I poured into this for the last four years?!

"Speaking of which, where is Su Gang? Where did he run off to?" Biting back her remorse, Su Mengqing turned and questioned Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting.

"Su Gang said he was going to unwind. He hasn't come back yet," Zhang Meili explained with a nervous chuckle, her chubby face tensed.

"At a time like this, he's still in the mood to be out fooling around!" Su Mengqing's anger flared again. She fixed her gaze on Yang Tingting. "Tell me! Did Su Gang go gambling again?!"

THUD!

Yang Tingting's expression changed drastically as she fell to her knees before Su Mengqing. "Director Su, it has nothing to do with me! It was Su Gang! He forced me to

cook the books and embezzle money from the company account!" she cried out, her head bowed low as she trembled.

"...Are you all trying to kill me with anger?!" Su Mengqing was on the verge of breaking down, fresh tears streaming down her face. "Mom, you knew all along, didn't you? You spoiled him so much that he could never kick his gambling addiction! Have you forgotten what happened four years ago? My father, Su Guang—that degenerate gambler—bankrupted the original Su Pharmaceutical by running off with the company's money after racking up huge debts! Grandfather was so angry he died! And Su Gang just had to follow in his father's footsteps, racking up tens of thousands in gambling debts himself! If you hadn't gone begging Lin Suxin for money, do you think I would have ever agreed to marry that loser, Lin Fan?!"

Her heart-wrenching scream echoed through the hospital room. Zhang Meili's face flushed red as she stammered, unable to speak. Yang Tingting practically buried her face in her lap, her trembling growing more intense.

"Speak! Tell me the truth! How much debt does Su Gang have now?!" Su Mengqing yelled at Yang Tingting through her sobs, her nails digging deep into her palms.

"He... he owes Black Tiger Hall's underground casino over twenty million... Director Su, I didn't mean to hide it from you! I was just worried you couldn't handle the blow, so I never dared to tell you!" Yang Tingting stammered, on the brink of tears as she pulled out her phone. "Su Gang just sent a text. He said he's been taken to the Black Tiger Building and they're demanding we bring money to ransom him!"

THUD!

Zhang Meili's eyes bulged, and she collapsed onto the floor. "That prodigal son! Su Gang, you prodigal son! You're just like your deadbeat gambler of a father!" she wailed, frantically slapping her knees while sneakily glancing at Su Mengqing's expression.

"...Mom, stop the act. This is the last time I'm cleaning up Su Gang's mess." Su Mengqing took a deep breath, suppressing the inferno of rage in her heart. She was silent for a moment, then began to change out of her striped hospital gown. She even did her hair and makeup, dressing herself meticulously.

The Black Tiger Building was the lair of the Black Tiger Hall. It was also the personal playground of Haicheng's "Black Prince," Young Master Chen Biao.

Recalling the fiery gaze Young Master Chen had given her at his dog's birthday party the other night, Su Mengqing gritted her teeth, ready to go all in.

So you, Lin Fan, can just go and find a new flame, can you? Well, I, Su Mengqing, can also hitch my wagon to a new star. We'll see who ends up regretting this more!

"Let’s go. To the Black Tiger Building!"

Once she was ready, Su Mengqing immediately left the hospital with Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting, heading toward North City. This time, she wouldn’t just save Su Gang. She would use Chen Biao’s power to bring Su Pharmaceutical back from the dead and slap Lin Fan hard across the face

Chapter 27, Relic

「North City Commercial District.」

Walking down the bustling pedestrian street, Lin Fan stared at a large pawnshop by the roadside and murmured to himself, Mom, after a full four years, I can finally redeem your precious ring...

Four years ago, the Su family had gone completely bankrupt. Su Mengqing’s gambling-addicted father, Su Guang, had vanished without a trace, while her brother, Su Gang, was seized by debt collectors, hung in a basement, and beaten to within an inch of his life. Zhang Meili and Su Mengqing begged their relatives and friends for money, only to be refused at every turn.

In desperation, Zhang Meili had run to the Suxin Clinic and knelt before Lin Fan’s mother, Lin Suxin, weeping and pleading for help. She had once inadvertently seen a treasured ring of considerable value that Lin Suxin owned.

And so, Lin Suxin had pawned the ring to pay off Su Gang’s gambling debts.

But as the Su family recovered and began to prosper, no one made any plans to redeem Lin Suxin’s ring. Though Lin Fan mentioned it to Su Mengqing several times, he was instead cursed by Zhang Meili and Su Gang, who accused him of holding the favor over their heads.

Clutching the yellowed pawn ticket, Lin Fan approached the counter. Before he could speak, the manager seated inside let out a cold, sarcastic sneer. "Well, well. You’re here again?"

"I’m here to redeem the ring. Here’s the ticket," Lin Fan said, his expression grim as he handed it over.

The fat, balding man before him was utterly shameless. Every time Lin Fan had secretly scrimped and saved enough for the redemption price, the man would deliberately hike it up. Fortunately, this time, he had brought several times the required amount. He was determined to get his mother’s relic back, no matter what.

"Kid, seeing as you're so filial, I'll be generous today and give you back your mother's ring," the manager said with a sneer, raising and shaking three fingers. "Three hundred thousand. That's the final price. If you have the money, you get it right away. Otherwise, no deal!"

Three hundred thousand? That was another fifty thousand added to last year's price. It was now more than triple the original pawn amount.

BANG!

Without a word, Lin Fan took three thick stacks of cash from a black plastic bag and slammed them onto the counter.

"Eh... Struck it rich, have we, kid?" The manager was momentarily stunned, then hastily gave the three hundred thousand in cash a cursory look.

"I've paid you. Give me the ring," Lin Fan stated, emphasizing each word.

This lowlife had jacked up the price on a whim time and time again, clearly making things difficult on purpose. If his mother hadn't insisted that he keep his abilities hidden and never reveal them, Lin Fan would have loved nothing more than to smash the fat bastard's smug face in.

"Who said that's enough? I've changed my mind." The manager glanced at the black plastic bag in Lin Fan's hand, greed glinting in his beady eyes.

"Don't push it. The ticket is for a redeemable loan. Even after four years, the price couldn't possibly rise to three hundred thousand," Lin Fan said, taking a step forward with his fists clenched tight.

"Alright, alright. Seeing how persistent you are... just give me all the money in that bag, and we have a deal," the manager said, forcing a smile as he leisurely took a sip of his tea. At his signal, the two burly men with tattooed arms guarding the entrance understood immediately. They stepped forward, blocking Lin Fan's path with menacing expressions.

BANG!

Unwilling to cause a major scene, Lin Fan simply tossed the entire black plastic bag over to them. Besides, the Yuan family was holding his mother's funeral, and he needed to get there as soon as possible.

"Good! Very decisive!" The manager opened the plastic bag, and upon seeing the bricks of cash inside, he couldn't hide his grin. "Go to the storeroom and get the ring from under locker number four!"

A few moments later, a subordinate placed an exquisite jewelry box in front of Lin Fan.

"The deal is done. We're not responsible for anything once you leave the counter!" the manager said slowly, pointedly focusing on his tea as Lin Fan picked up the box and prepared to open it.

"...This isn't my mother's precious ring. Are you messing with me?"

Lin Fan had lifted the lid. Inside lay a rusty iron ring. Its craftsmanship was crude; it was obviously a piece of junk from a roadside stall worth next to nothing. The corner of his eye twitched violently as he glared at the manager. Five hundred thousand for this piece of junk? No wonder the man had been so difficult. The original precious ring had long been swapped out.

"What are you getting so worked up about, kid? You dare to bark at me?" The manager's chubby face hardened, though he continued to sip his tea leisurely. "If I say the ring is real, it's real. You should ask around. Our Jucaili Pawnshop is the property of Black Tiger Hall!"

At his words, the two tattooed henchmen smirked with arrogance, their arms crossed. They clearly intended to pass off the fake as genuine, confident that Lin Fan wouldn't dare cause trouble on Black Tiger Hall's turf.

"Heh. Black Tiger Hall, you say?"

CLANG!

Rage surged through him. Lin Fan laughed in fury, snatched the iron ring, and hurled it forward with all his might.

"Agh... my mouth, my eyes! Ah... AHHH!"

A black shadow shot forward, instantly piercing the white porcelain teacup and exploding right next to the manager's mouth. Sharp, tiny ceramic shards sprayed out like a sudden storm, slicing his fleshy face into a bloody mess. His beady eyes, once filled with mockery, were punctured and burst, turning into two dark, gory holes.

HISS!

The sudden turn of events left the two tattooed henchmen gasping in shock, unable to react for a moment. Only the manager was left, writhing on the floor and clutching his blinded eyes, screaming in agony.

"He's completely out of line! Daring to hurt someone on Black Tiger Hall's turf!"

"Get him! Lock the doors and call for backup! Kill him for me right now!"

Watching Lin Fan stride toward them, silent and stone-faced, the two tattooed henchmen trembled with fury, their faces contorting as they bellowed. Writhing on the ground, the manager let out a hysterical, savage scream.

BANG!

The heavy doors of the pawnshop slammed shut behind Lin Fan, blocking the view of the passersby outside. Immediately, a group of fierce-looking thugs charged from the back room, brandishing baseball bats as thick as a wrist.

Holy shit, why is it this kid? Goddammit, you morons, you've provoked the God of Killing!

But in the next moment, when the thugs saw Lin Fan's face clearly...

SCREECH!

The shouting died instantly. Every one of them turned pale and skidded to a halt.

"Brother Zhilong, what are you lot standing around for? Get him!" Seeing the newcomers freeze, the two original henchmen grew frantic. They clenched their fists and charged at Lin Fan themselves.

"No, don't...!" the bald man known as Brother Zhilong cried out, his face white with horror.

But it was too late.

With a grim expression, Lin Fan smashed a corner off the counter, grabbed a jagged piece of wood, and slashed forward in a lightning-fast arc. The two charging henchmen froze, their savage expressions locked in place. In the next instant, blood sprayed from their throats, revealing deep gashes.

THUD! THUD!

Their hulking figures collapsed to the ground, lifeless.

Holy shit, he's terrifyingly strong! No wonder even Brother Dao was so scared he got on his knees and begged for mercy!

GULP. GULP.

Brother Zhilong and the other thugs shuddered, their faces filled with terror. They swallowed hard and began to back away.

"Lin Fan! You... don't get ahead of yourself! You killed dozens of our Black Tiger Hall brothers, and we haven't even settled the score with you for that!" With a muffled thud,

Brother Zhilong’s back hit the wall. With nowhere left to retreat, his forehead drenched in cold sweat, he could only bluff, yelling at Lin Fan to sound tough despite his terror.

What? He’s Lin Fan? The same monster who crippled our hall’s top enforcer, Brother Dao? I did what? I actually tried to swindle this God of Killing? I messed with him for four full years! It’s a miracle from heaven that I’m still alive!

Hearing this, the manager groaning on the floor shuddered violently. Enduring the searing pain, he scrambled into a corner, cowering. Between his violently trembling legs, a dark, wet patch spread across his pants.

Chapter 28, Chen Biao again?

"Do you recognize me?"

Seeing this, Lin Fan’s eyes turned icy as he pointed toward the manager in the corner.

"Then why deliberately make things difficult for me, time and time again?"

"Uh, this... this must just be a misunderstanding..." Brother Zhilong forced a smile that looked worse than crying. Damn it, who in Haicheng’s underworld doesn’t know of a fearsome man like Lin Fan? Even Brother Dao suffered a major loss at his hands, making Mr. Chen Biao himself extremely wary. After all, the Black Tiger Hall had never been one to swallow insults. They always took revenge, never letting a grudge last overnight! As for the members within the hall, the name Lin Fan was as renowned as thunder. They had even memorized his face, wishing they could run and hide whenever he was near!

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

The more Brother Zhilong thought about it, the angrier he became. He couldn’t stop himself from grabbing the manager by the back of his collar and slapping him repeatedly across the face.

"Old Liu! Are you fucking blind? Why did you deliberately make things difficult for Mr. Lin?"

He absolutely loathed the man. If they truly enraged this God of Killing, his group of a dozen men wouldn’t even be a mouthful for him!

"No, no, no, it’s a misunderstanding! All a misunderstanding! I... I didn’t know Mr. Lin’s identity before!" the manager, known as Old Liu, wailed, his voice cracking. He was sick with regret. Had I known I was provoking Lin Fan, I wouldn’t have dared to go so far, not even if you gave me ten thousand guts!

"Give me back my things. My patience is limited."

Just then, Lin Fan pulled out his phone to check the time, his gaze having turned completely frigid.

His indifferent voice wasn't loud, but to the others, it was nothing less than a death knell.

"Hurry up! Give him what he wants! If you want to die, don't drag us down with you!" Brother Zhilong gripped Old Liu's neck with both hands, shaking him desperately in his panic. The other subordinates were terrified, huddling together.

"I'll talk! I'll talk! The ring isn't in the pawnshop... The night before last was Mr. Chen Biao's beloved dog's birthday celebration, and I took it to give as a gift!" Old Liu was being choked so hard his eyes rolled back, and he was close to suffocating. His fat face turned the color of a pig's liver as he struggled to explain.

"Chen Biao again... Where is he?" Hearing this, a muscle in Lin Fan's eye twitched as he asked in a low voice.

"Mr. Lin, why don't you calm down? I'll go and ask for you," Brother Zhilong said, releasing Old Liu and forcing an ingratiating smile at Lin Fan. "It's all really a misunderstanding. There's no need to make such a big fuss..."

Brother Zhilong's placating words died in his throat as Lin Fan, without a word, flicked his wrist.

WHOOSH!

The splinter from the unremarkable wooden block shot out like a divine weapon, embedding itself deep in the wall just above Brother Zhilong's head.

At the sight, the other subordinates' eyes went wide, and they gasped in horror.

Brother Zhilong himself dropped to his knees with a THUD. "Mr. Chen Biao is on the top floor of the Black Tiger Building!" he frantically blurted out, selling out his boss.

"If I can't find Chen Biao and get my mother's relic back..." Lin Fan stuffed the cash into a black plastic bag, picked it up, and turned to leave. He kicked the locked main door.

BOOM!

The two thick, solid wood doors shattered, exploding into a pile of splinters.

"...I won't mind flattening the Black Tiger Hall today!"

THUD. THUD.

The murderous words still echoed in their ears as the imposing, departing figure finally vanished. Brother Zhilong, his back drenched in cold sweat, and his dozen followers all collapsed weakly to the floor, exchanging terrified glances.

"Old Liu, you really have a death wish!" Brother Zhilong, furious, slapped Old Liu across the face again. Then, he smacked his own forehead and frantically dialed a number. "Quick, quick! Notify Mr. Chen Biao that Lin Fan is coming for him! Tell him to run for his life!"

「Meanwhile, in the Black Tiger Building」

Not far from the pedestrian shopping district, within a massive penthouse that spanned over a thousand square feet, Chen Biao lounged on a leather sofa, dressed in a high-end white suit. A voice spoke from his phone. "Chen Biao, you and your men wait here. I'm going to check on the Yuan family... Hmph, Old Man Yuan obviously croaked, but they have the damn nerve to say it's someone else's funeral. Who are they trying to fool?"

"Dad, I've already gotten the full story on the Yuan family. Yuan Youwei has made everyone furious. As long as we cause a big enough scene this afternoon, we can force that woman to step down!"

After hanging up, a sinister smile spread across Chen Biao's handsome face as he turned to look toward a corner of the room. "Su Gang, if your family doesn't bring the money for your gambling debts soon, don't blame me for being ruthless."

"Ah... Young Master Chen, please, let me go! I promise I'll pay you back today! Ah... Stop biting! Stop biting! Aaaahhh!!"

Suspended by his wrists, Su Gang was covered in bloody gashes, screaming relentlessly as a black Doberman gnawed on him from below. His legs were mangled, with white bone faintly visible.

"Mr. Chen Biao, Zhilong just called. He said Lin Fan is on his way!" Just then, Brother Dao's expression changed. He approached Chen Biao with his phone.

"Lin Fan? I haven't even gone looking for him, and he's rushing here to die?" A vicious grin played on Chen Biao's lips, his eyes glinting. "Well then, I'd like to see which is stronger—his skills or my bullets."

CLICK-CLACK! CLICK-CLACK!

Instantly, the hundred or so Black Tiger Hall elites standing around them drew their pistols and cocked them. The crisp, clean sound echoed through the room. In the corner, Su Gang trembled with fear, wetting his pants.

"Young Master Chen, my sister and Lin Fan have already signed divorce papers! If you're going to kill him, please don't involve the Su Family!" he shrieked.

"Whether you're involved or not isn't up to you. Lin Fan was your brother-in-law, after all. How can you cut ties so easily?" Chen Biao smirked and glanced toward the door.

"Mr. Chen Biao, people from the Su Family are here. It's Su Mengqing and the others. They're downstairs!" There was a knock at the door, and a gorgeous female secretary sashayed in.

"Interesting, very interesting... Imagine Lin Fan's face when he sees me tormenting his wife in front of a hundred of my men... Hahaha! Bring them up at once!" Chen Biao slapped his knees and roared with laughter.

The hundred men around him exchanged glances, their lips curling into twisted, perverse smiles.

Only Brother Dao felt his scalp tingle. He wanted to say something but didn't dare try to dissuade his boss. He was the only one there who had personally witnessed Lin Fan's terrifying power. The memory of those supernatural skills was still enough to send a chill down his spine.

"Young Master Chen, it's a pleasure to see you again."

A few moments later, Su Mengqing and the other two were led into the room. She smiled charmingly as she approached Chen Biao, but as she started to speak, her eyes fell on Su Gang in the corner, being viciously torn apart by the Doberman.

Instantly, Su Mengqing's smile froze, and her delicate body trembled.

Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting's faces drained of color, and they clapped their hands over their mouths in horror.

None of them had ever imagined that the seemingly refined and elegant Chen Biao could be so brutal and psychopathic.

Chapter 29, Only fit to be a plaything!

"Sister! Help me! Hurry, I'm being bitten to death!"

Seeing the three of them arrive, Su Gang burst into tears and shrieked at the top of his lungs. Instantly, the faces of Su Mengqing and the other two tensed, and they grew rigid with fear.

"Young... Young Master Chen, this is the gambling debt my brother owes you." When Chen Biao merely smiled without speaking, Su Mengqing took a deep breath, suppressed her fear, and placed a bank card on the coffee table.

"Also, I... I divorced Lin Fan yesterday. For the past four years, I never let him touch me!" Her cheeks burned as she forced herself to meet Chen Biao's gaze.

"So?" Chen Biao sat up straight, a meaningful smile on his face as he asked the question back.

"As long as Young Master Chen is willing to help Su Pharmaceutical through this crisis, I, Su Mengqing, am willing to..." She steeled her heart and said loudly through gritted teeth.

"Mr. Chen Biao, that Lin Fan fellow is downstairs. He says he wants to see you!" Just then, Brother Dao, holding his phone, cut Su Mengqing off. He approached Chen Biao and reported nervously.

Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting exchanged a look, their faces turning as ugly as if they'd swallowed flies. What? Lin Fan came too?

Su Mengqing silently gritted her teeth, her eyes filled with resentment. That bastard obviously heard something. He's deliberately come to watch the Su family make a complete fool of themselves!

"Not bad, not bad at all... Bring him up. Don't kill him right away. I want to have fun playing him to death." Chen Biao deliberately glanced at Su Mengqing, a smile of keen interest spreading across his face.

A moment later, Lin Fan was brought in. "Young Master Chen, I'm here to redeem my mother's relic. This is five hundred thousand."

BANG!

With an indifferent expression, he tossed the black plastic bag in his hand toward Chen Biao.

"Lin Fan! What the hell do you think you're doing? Will you only be satisfied when you see me, Su Mengqing, completely ruined and finished?" However, before Chen Biao could respond, it was Su Mengqing who erupted, screaming hysterically at Lin Fan.

"What does the Su family's ruin have to do with me?" Lin Fan paused, only now noticing Su Mengqing and the other two standing to the side. In the corner, a strung-up Su Gang was screaming in agony as a large black dog mauled him. There was also a bank card on the coffee table in front of Chen Biao. It was unmistakably Su Mengqing's personal card.

"So, you're here to clean up the mess from Su Gang's gambling debts. My apologies, but that has even less to do with me." Withdrawing his gaze, Lin Fan's eyes turned cold.

Over the past four years, he had warned Su Mengqing more than once that Su Gang was unrepentantly gambling away huge sums of money. It was even highly likely he was colluding with Yang Tingting to steal working capital from the company's accounts. But Su Mengqing had only accused Lin Fan of trying to drive a wedge between her and her brother, claiming he was destroying their sibling bond.

Looks like Su Gang's losses kept piling up until he couldn't plug the hole anymore, huh? Good. This is excellent. He deserves it!

"You! You didn't follow us here on purpose?" Su Mengqing's face was flushed, her ample chest heaving violently. She pointed at Lin Fan and questioned him sharply. "You were always telling me Su Gang was gambling, and now that it's come true, you must be thrilled, right? So very happy!"

"Yes, I'm thrilled. I'm very happy. In fact, I'm fucking ecstatic," Lin Fan replied with a self-mocking smile, nodding.

"Good! Good! Fine! Lin Fan, you forced my hand. Don't you regret it!" Upon hearing this, the faces of Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting twisted with rage. Su Mengqing took a deep breath, a laugh of pure fury escaping her lips. She turned to face the intrigued Chen Biao. "Young Master Chen, my offer still stands. If you are willing to help Su Pharmaceutical through this crisis, I, Su Mengqing, will marry you immediately!"

As soon as she said this, the room fell silent for a heartbeat before erupting into roaring laughter. The hundred or so elites of the Black Tiger Hall looked at each other, their laughter exaggerated and mocking. Even Brother Dao shook his head, his eyes full of ridicule.

"Er..." At this sight, both Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting blushed crimson, too embarrassed to even lift their heads. Su Mengqing's face burned, and she clenched her jaw tightly. Although she had braced herself for ridicule, the reality was still intensely humiliating and unbearable.

"Su Mengqing, if you think you can get revenge on me this way... I'm sorry, but you're going to be disappointed," Lin Fan said after a moment's silence, shaking his head. "Consider this one last piece of advice for old times' sake: you're playing with fire."

"Hmph, scared?" Su Mengqing fought back her shame and turned to stare fiercely at Lin Fan. She sneered through gritted teeth, a flash of vindictive pleasure in her eyes. "Lin Fan, do you think you're the only one who can latch onto the Yuan family? You think I can't find a man ten thousand times better than you?"

"Su Mengqing, are you sick in the head?" a sneering voice asked from behind her.

Su Mengqing’s sneer froze as she stiffly turned her head. Her eyes met Chen Biao’s, who grinned as he sized her up and down.

"Su Mengqing, do you really think you’re something special, all gilded and studded with diamonds?" he drawled, his voice dripping with contempt. "Shamelessly talking about marrying me, the Black Prince of Haicheng?" His eyes filled with disdain as his lips slowly split into a deep, mocking sneer. "Don’t you know that in my eyes, you’ve never been anything more than a toy!"

BOOM! The words struck Su Mengqing like a thunderbolt, and she felt her lungs would explode from fury. What? I, Su Mengqing, am only fit to be a toy? She was the dignified CEO of Su Pharmaceutical, the new Pharmaceutical Queen of Haicheng! She had swallowed her pride, sacrificing all her self-respect to offer herself to this disgusting man. And this was his response?

"Where does she get the confidence, wanting to marry our Mr. Chen Biao?"

"Hahaha, every top-shelf woman Mr. Chen Biao has played with was hotter than you!"

"This is killing me! She acts like Mr. Chen Biao can’t live without her. How shameless!"

The air was thick with piercing taunts. The stares felt like daggers in her back. Even Zhang Meili, Yang Tingting, and Su Gang in the corner turned their heads away, looking as if they wanted nothing to do with her.

"I... I..." Su Mengqing’s breathing grew ragged, and black spots danced in her vision. Her limbs turned ice-cold, as if she had suddenly plunged into an endless abyss.

Shame, despair, humiliation... She staggered, and her eyes suddenly met Lin Fan’s. Pity? What right do you have to pity me, Lin Fan? What gives you the right! Isn’t everything that’s happening right now your fault!

"Lin Fan! Are you happy now? Are you satisfied? Are you laughing your head off at me in your heart right now?" Su Mengqing trembled all over, violently tearing her gaze away as tears streamed down her face. In that moment, she was so overcome with shame she wished a hole would open in the ground and swallow her whole.

"...I just find you pitifully stupid," Lin Fan said, shaking his head again. He turned to the gleefully grinning Chen Biao. "Young Master Chen, I won’t interfere in the bullshit between you and the Su family. Give me my mother’s precious ring, and I’ll leave immediately."

Hearing this, the embarrassed Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting snapped out of their stupor. "Young Master Chen, you have your money. We won’t disturb you any further. We’ll just take Su Gang and go," Zhang Meili said, chuckling nervously.

"Yes, that’s right. We have other things to attend to, so we’ll be taking our leave," Yang Tingting added quickly. The two exchanged a look, forcing obsequious smiles at Chen Biao.

"Don’t be so hasty. I haven’t had my fill of the show yet. What’s the hurry?" Chen Biao stood up, his eyes glinting with amusement as they swept over the faces of Lin Fan, Su Mengqing, and the others. "Since you’re all here for a happy family reunion, why don’t we make things a little more... exciting?"

CLANG!

As he spoke, the door was slammed shut and locked. Then, Chen Biao suddenly grabbed Su Mengqing, seizing her by her pale neck and viciously slamming her down onto the coffee table, forcing her to bend over.

"Lin Fan, do you really think the Black Tiger Hall is a public toilet you can just come and go from as you please?"

The situation turned on a dime, and the room fell silent again. The only sound left was Chen Biao’s wild, arrogant laughter.

"Come on, come on! Today, I’m going to have my way with your wife, right in front of your eyes! Hahaha!"

Chapter 30, Who wants to be sentimental?

"Young Master Chen, no, please don’t! Let’s talk this out..."

"That’s right, our Director Su is quite a catch. Young Master Chen, why don’t you consider getting to know her normally first? Please, don’t be so hasty."

Seeing Su Mengqing shut her eyes and shed tears, resigned to her fate, Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting were startled and quickly whispered their pleas to Chen Biao.

"Cut the crap. This bitch is dressed so sluttishly, isn’t she just trying to seduce me?"

SLAP!

A glint of madness flashed in Chen Biao’s eyes as he raised his hand and struck Su Mengqing across the face.

"Stop playing dead! Struggle! Struggle for me! I don’t like playing with a lifeless wooden doll!"

"You! Kill me... just kill me!"

Su Mengqing’s cheek was red and swollen from the blow, and she finally broke down. She opened her crimson, tear-filled eyes and let out a heart-wrenching cry. All her self-respect, all her pride, had become a complete joke in front of Lin Fan.

RIP!

Her only response, however, was an enraged Chen Biao tearing through the white stockings beneath her black, hip-hugging skirt. A shocking stretch of smooth, snow-white skin was completely exposed for all to see.

Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting both gasped and flinched, their faces fraught with tension and embarrassment. Intimidated by Chen Biao’s ferocity, they didn’t dare speak up, let alone intervene. Even Su Gang, cowering in the corner, shrank back and shut his eyes, not daring to make a sound.

Meanwhile, the surrounding elites of the Black Tiger Hall swallowed hard, their gazes burning with lust. With her slender waist, perky hips, and stunning curves—combined with her delicate, fair skin and her currently alluring pose—one had to admit this foolish woman who had served herself up was a true top-shelf prize.

"Mr. Chen Biao, once you’ve had your fill, let your brothers have a taste too!"

"Damn, she’s a wild one! I’m definitely going to blow off some steam on her, haha!"

Nearly a hundred large men roared with lewd laughter, their fierce faces twisted with hideous desire.

"Lin Fan! What kind of man are you? Are you just going to stand there and watch Mengqing be humiliated?"

"Lin Fan, you can’t even protect your own wife! You... you’re the most pathetic loser of all!"

As the men closed in with perverse smiles, Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting panicked. In their desperation, they turned and shrieked at Lin Fan, hoping to make him the center of attention so they could escape in the chaos.

"Lin Fan, are you really going to be so heartless? Shouldn’t you be angry?"

Su Mengqing also came to her senses. She strained to lift her head and glared fiercely at Lin Fan. She had already come to completely regret her earlier impulsive actions, but she was still unwilling to show weakness to him. Her only option was to try and provoke him, clinging to a glimmer of hope that she could escape her predicament.

All three of them stared desperately at Lin Fan. Even though they knew that if he made a move, he would almost certainly die on the spot, who could spare a thought for his life now?

"Why should I be angry?"

Lin Fan shook his head, a strange expression on his face. "Su Mengqing, have you all forgotten? I have already severed all ties with your Su Family."

His gaze shifted to the corner, to the paw of the Doberman. Sure enough, the ruby-studded ring was right there.

"Weren't you the one who insisted on throwing yourself at Chen Biao? The one who told me not to regret it?" Lin Fan walked toward the corner without a backward glance. "I'm busy. Do whatever you want, and stop being so damn delusional!"

His heartless words and indifferent expression felt like ten thousand steel needles piercing Su Mengqing's heart. The pain was raw and bloody. She trembled uncontrollably. The fingers clenching the edge of the coffee table turned a ghastly white.

At that moment, she finally tasted what it was like to be completely ignored. The bitterness was absolute, the desolation so profound it led to utter despair.

"Lin Fan, you... how could you be like this... how could you!" Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting were stunned, murmuring in a panic.

The burly men from the Black Tiger Hall who had been waiting for the show were also dumbfounded.

"Brother Dao, is this the unparalleled master you spoke of?" Chen Biao was also taken aback. The madness in his eyes faded, replaced by an expression of utter boredom.

THUMP!

Chen Biao shoved Su Mengqing aside and looked toward the dumbstruck Brother Dao.

"This... this... Mr. Chen Biao, I don't know what happened either!" Brother Dao was dripping with cold sweat, his face strained as if he were constipated.

Chen Biao's face darkened, and he fell silent. He had originally planned to break Lin Fan's composure by publicly humiliating Su Mengqing. Who would have thought that the bastard simply didn't care? This left Chen Biao extremely annoyed, with the powerless feeling of punching a fistful of cotton.

"WOOF WOOF WOOF!"

Just then, Lin Fan reached the Doberman. The muscular beast barked furiously and lunged, trying to bite him. But Lin Fan simply kicked out, sending the vicious dog flying through the air with an agonized yelp.

THUMP!

The ferocious dog, weighing over a hundred kilograms, slammed heavily onto the ground, twitched, and died.

"A dog that bites shouldn't be kept around." Lin Fan shook his head and removed the precious ring from the dog's paw. He then wiped it clean on his sleeve before sliding it onto his little finger.

The sight made everyone gasp. Su Mengqing and her companions drew a sharp, shocked breath. The hundred or so men of the Black Tiger Hall were all shaken, exchanging looks of disbelief.

Who didn't know that this black Doberman was Mr. Chen Biao's darling? He even held a birthday banquet for it every year, causing a sensation throughout Haicheng! But now, Lin Fan had casually kicked it to death?

"Lin Fan! I have to hand it to you. You really have a death wish!"

BOOM!

Chen Biao's eyes were bloodshot with rage. With one punch, he smashed the tempered glass coffee table! The sound of shattering glass was accompanied by the sharp clicks of more than a hundred firearms being readied.

"Fine! You're looking for death, so I'll grant it! Open fire!"

At his command, the black muzzles of a hundred guns pointed straight at Lin Fan. Then, the gunfire erupted. The deafening roar filled the room, and shell casings clattered to the floor like a downpour.

Terrified, Su Mengqing and her companions screamed and scrambled to hide in a corner, huddling together and trembling. Suspended in mid-air, Su Gang shrieked wildly as the boxer shorts he was wearing became soaked through. What made him even more horrified and furious was that the bastard Lin Fan was actually using him as a human shield! A hail of bullets poured toward him, and stray rounds grazed Su Gang until he was covered in wounds. Finally, his head slumped to one side as he fainted from sheer terror.

"Where'd he go? How did he disappear?"

"Hmph, must've been blasted into pulp. There isn't even a scrap left!"

After a long while, the Black Tiger Hall elites stopped firing and carefully scanned the spot where Lin Fan had been standing. As the thick cloud of dust and debris gradually settled, all they saw was the blood-soaked form of Su Gang.

"Had your fun? Now it’s my turn."

A calm voice suddenly sounded from behind them.

Everyone’s face drained of color, their hearts lurching in their chests. They whipped around to see that Lin Fan had somehow appeared behind them, his hand clamped tightly around Chen Biao’s throat.

THUD.

The bullet-riddled dog corpse fell from his other hand to the floor.