Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 3. Remove the firewood from under the pot?

"Sis, why are you upset? That good-for-nothing left on his own, you should be happy!"

After Lin Fan left, Su Gang and the others began a massive clean-up of the house, wanting to erase every last trace he had left behind.

Su Mengqing was staring silently at the wedding photo on the floor.

CRUNCH!

Su Gang grinned and, without hesitation, stomped forward, shattering the frame under his foot.

"How dare he ask for a divorce? If anyone was going to do the divorcing, it should have been me!" Su Mengqing's beautiful face was frosty as she clenched her fists. Lin Fan's sudden outburst had left her with a deep and inexplicable sense of humiliation.

"Mengqing, don't worry. It won't be long before that mutt Lin Fan comes crawling back to you, begging for forgiveness!" Zhang Meili said with a delighted smile. "But you can't go soft on him again. Humiliate him thoroughly, but absolutely do not let him back into the Su family home!"

"That's right, Director Su! What even is Lin Fan? I've disliked him for a long time. In what way is he worthy of you?" Yang Tingting nodded vigorously in wholehearted agreement.

"He will regret this. He definitely will." Su Mengqing pursed her red lips, her gaze fixed on the closed living room door.

She was waiting. Waiting for Lin Fan to return on his own to apologize and admit he was wrong. No man could bear to leave her, Su Mengqing. Especially not a worthless loser like Lin Fan, who had no money, no status, and no ability!

KNOCK, KNOCK. The sound interrupted her thoughts.

Su Mengqing started, then a smile touched her lips as she felt a sense of vindication.

Su Gang and the others exchanged glances, their faces breaking into identical, knowing smirks.

It hasn't even been half an hour. That mutt Lin Fan really did come crawling back on his own!

"Old Song? Why is it you? Where's Lin Fan?" Su Gang demanded, his expression instantly souring as he opened the door to find only Old Song, the pharmacist from their factory, standing outside with no one else in sight.

"Director Su, is Lin Fan not home? He's taken several days off, and the factory is about to run out of the dispensing mixture," Old Song said, scratching the back of his head in confusion under the stare of Su Mengqing and the others.

"The mixture ran out? What does that have to do with Lin Fan? Haven't you always been in charge of that?" Su Mengqing countered, walking over with a grim expression.

"Exactly! That ingrate just demanded a divorce. We already kicked him out!" Zhang Meili added, crossing her arms with a huff.

Old Song gasped. "Director Su... do you mean that for these past four years, Lin Fan has been hiding this from all of you?

"The Injury Ointment Prescription and the recipe for the dispensing mixture both belong to Lin Fan! He specifically told me never to tell anyone!"

What? The flagship product that had allowed Su Pharmaceutical to rise so quickly was actually from Lin Fan? And the mixture that enhanced the ointment's effects was also his creation?!

A long, dead silence descended upon the living room.

Zhang Meili and the others were completely dumbfounded.

Su Mengqing's delicate body trembled, her pupils contracting violently.

"Old Song, did Lin Fan put you up to this?" Su Mengqing demanded, her composure returning as her gaze turned icy. "If you dare conspire with him to deceive me, you can get out of the factory!"

"Director Su, how would I dare?" Old Song shook his head with a pained expression. "It is said that Lin Fan's mother, Lin Suxin, was a master of medicine who cured many

important people. I suspect these recipes all came from her... Director Su, the Pharmaceutical Purchasing Conference is fast approaching! If we don't have the recipe for the mixture, the factory will have to halt production. Otherwise, the quality of our products will plummet!"

"So, you're saying we only have the prescription for the Injury Ointment, and Lin Fan has taken the mixture recipe with him?" Su Mengqing staggered, spots of darkness clouding her vision.

Her worst fears were coming true. This was a critical period, with all efforts focused on preparing for the purchasing conference. And now, Lin Fan had pulled the rug out from under them, forcing the factory to shut down.

"Director Su, you must think of a solution quickly! We absolutely have to get the mixture recipe back from Lin Fan... Sigh." Old Song sighed once more before turning and leaving.

He left Zhang Meili and the other two standing frozen in place, exchanging looks of alarm and disbelief.

"Director Su, I think that bastard Lin Fan did this on purpose to get revenge on you..." Yang Tingting said, closing the door and approaching Su Mengqing, ready to add more fuel to the fire.

SLAP!

Su Mengqing spun around and slapped her fiercely across the face.

"Ah! Director Su, this... this has nothing to do with me!" Yang Tingting cried, her eyes filling with tears as she covered the bright red handprint on her cheek, looking utterly wronged.

"If you hadn't constantly pushed me to divorce Lin Fan, and if you hadn't insisted I shouldn't visit his mother, do you think he would have found the courage to do this?" Su Mengqing's chest heaved as she pointed an accusing finger at Yang Tingting.

"But... but you were the one who said you needed to prioritize work and didn't have time to go to the hospital..." Yang Tingting mumbled, lowering her head with a flash of resentment in her eyes.

"Still talking back? Believe it or not, I'll have you thrown out of Su Pharmaceutical!" Su Mengqing's face burned with fury as she raised her hand again.

"Sis, don't take it out on Tingting! It's all that mutt Lin Fan's fault. Worst case, I'll find some guys to teach him a lesson and snatch the mixture recipe back," Su Gang said, rushing to stop Su Mengqing with a placating grin. He and Yang Tingting had always been

exchanging flirtatious glances, so he naturally didn’t want to see her driven out of the company.

"That’s right, Mengqing. Is it worth getting so angry over such a small thing?" Zhang Meili added, walking over with a cold sneer. "No matter how formidable Lin Fan’s mother was, she’s dead now, isn’t she? The Su family is already rich. What use is that ingrate now?"

"What do you people understand? If Lin Suxin could produce a recipe like the one for the Injury Ointment, who knows what other treasures she had!" Su Mengqing ground her teeth so hard they audibly cracked.

Though she had never really cared whether Lin Fan’s mother lived or died, a flash of regret crossed her mind. If only she had made time to visit last night...

At that thought, she shot another vicious glare at the cowering, silent Yang Tingting.

"Sis, this really isn’t Tingting’s fault. Who let Lin Fan deliberately hide this from us? He got what he deserved!" Su Gang sneered, cracking his knuckles. "If Lin Fan doesn’t hand over that mixture recipe, I’ll make sure he regrets it..."

KNOCK, KNOCK. The door sounded again.

The four of them exchanged uneasy glances, their expressions souring.

Su Gang strode to the door and yanked it open, cursing, "Lin Fan, you have the nerve to come back?! If I don’t beat the shit out of you today, then my surname isn’t Su—" His words died in his throat with a sharp gasp as he saw who was there. "M-Mr. Wang Sr.?"

His eyes widened in shock at the group outside. A crowd of immaculately dressed business elites surrounded a beaming elderly man.

That man was none other than the venerable chairman of the Haicheng Pharmaceutical Association, Wang Tianchuan himself.

"Chairman Wang! Your presence truly brings honor to our Su family!" Su Mengqing exclaimed, her initial surprise turning into astonished delight as she hurried to welcome him inside.

Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting swallowed the curses on their lips, their expressions shifting to ones of deep awe.

The man before them was a distinguished guest the Su family could never hope to invite. For him to visit unannounced could only mean some incredible piece of good fortune was at hand!

"Director Su, forgive my unannounced visit. Let’s get straight to the point," Chairman Wang said with a broad smile. He took a document from his assistant and presented it directly to Su Mengqing. "I am willing to personally invest ten billion in Su Pharmaceutical for the joint development of the Bixia Pill!"