Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 31. Flatten Black Tiger Hall!

"How dare you! Release Mr. Chen Biao at once!"

"Lin Fan, do you want your entire family exterminated? Don’t think you can walk out of the Black Tiger Building alive just because you’re a skilled fighter!"

"Do you have any idea what you’re doing? There are over three thousand of our brothers in this building!"

Seeing Chen Biao captured, the elites of the Black Tiger Hall panicked. Surprised and furious, they hurled threats at Lin Fan. Meanwhile, a pale and trembling Brother Dao frantically called for reinforcements.

"Wipe out my family?" Lin Fan’s expression darkened as he tightened his grip.

CRACK!

Instantly, a series of cracking sounds came from Chen Biao’s neck as his feet kicked wildly in the air. His handsome, smirking face turned a livid color, his expression filled with utter despair and defiance!

"Stop! Stop right now, or I’ll kill your wife!"

Everyone was frantic, terrified Lin Fan would strangle Chen Biao to death. Thinking fast, one of the men grabbed Su Mengqing by the hair and pressed a gun to her forehead.

"Go ahead. I have nothing to do with her anymore. Do as you please," Lin Fan said, shaking his head. With a fierce swing, he slapped Chen Biao across the face!

"You! You!" the man stammered, stunned. He instinctively slapped Su Mengqing across the face in retaliation.

"Let go of me! Let go! What does Lin Fan hitting your boss have to do with me!" Su Mengqing screamed, on the verge of hysterics as she struggled desperately.

"I don’t care! For every time Lin Fan hits Mr. Chen Biao, I’ll hit you!" the man shouted ferociously, gritting his teeth.

"Fine, then let’s see who suffers more." Lin Fan found this laughable. He raised his hand and slapped Chen Biao again.

SMACK!

"You like celebrating a dog’s birthday?"

SMACK!

"You like putting my mother’s things on a dog’s paws?"

SMACK!

"You like murdering people at the drop of a hat?"

Three consecutive slaps left Chen Biao bleeding from his mouth and nose, his body convulsing violently.

What a colossal humiliation! This was the greatest shame he, Haicheng’s Black Prince, had ever suffered in his life!

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Unwilling to be outdone, the man immediately retaliated, slapping Su Mengqing fiercely across the face.

"You! Are you stupid? Are you insane?" Su Mengqing sobbed, her voice breaking into a shriek. "Can’t you see? Lin Fan doesn’t care about me anymore! He doesn’t care whether I live or die!"

"I don’t care! However Lin Fan treats Mr. Chen Biao, that’s how I’ll treat you!" the Black Tiger Hall elite stubbornly yelled.

The others exchanged uneasy glances, their faces pale.

Dammit, if this keeps up, Mr. Chen Biao is the one who’s going to suffer! No matter how they tormented Su Mengqing, Lin Fan clearly didn’t give a damn. They couldn’t win. They just couldn’t win!

"Lin Fan! I advise you to release Mr. Chen Biao. If you do, you might be allowed to die with your body intact!" Just then, Brother Dao mustered his courage and pointed at Lin Fan, shouting, "There are hundreds of men gathered outside right now. If you dare harm a single hair on Mr. Chen Biao’s head, you won’t escape this place alive!"

Sure enough, as soon as Brother Dao finished speaking, a loud thumping began at the locked door, as if countless hands were frantically pounding on it from the other side.

"I, Lin Fan, have no quarrel with the Black Tiger Hall. It was you who repeatedly crossed my bottom line." Seeing this, Lin Fan laughed, a sound devoid of humor and full of fury. He spoke, enunciating each word. "Since that's the case, then today... I have no choice but to wipe out the Black Tiger Hall!"

He tossed aside Chen Biao, who lay unconscious like a dead dog. A fierce light gleamed in Lin Fan's eyes!

In a flash, his movements became a blur. All anyone could see was a shower of silver light bursting forth like a sudden storm—a rain of death.

SWISH! SWISH! SWISH!

Countless slender silver needles shot out, becoming reaping blades that relentlessly pierced and tore through one throat after another!

THUD! THUD!

In the blink of an eye, the room filled with screams of alarm as bodies dropped to the floor. The ground was stained red with blood, and its metallic stench permeated the air. It was a scene straight out of hell!

GASP...!

Su Mengqing was stunned. Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting huddled together in terror. The three of them stared, their faces etched with the terror of someone who had just seen a ghost.

Is... is this the same Lin Fan who never fought back when hit, never talked back when scolded? In just a few moments, he had killed nearly a hundred elite members of the Black Tiger Hall! He was cold, merciless, and utterly ruthless!

Recalling how they had treated Lin Fan in the past, the three women exchanged glances. Their faces were ashen, their hearts pounding in their throats.

"Lin Fan! You're a maniac! A demon!" Scared witless, Brother Dao finally shuddered violently as if waking from a nightmare. He stumbled backward, pointing a trembling finger at Lin Fan and letting out a hysterical shriek.

"I'm not killing you because I want you to watch the Black Tiger Hall fall with your own eyes," Lin Fan said, his face expressionless. He ignored Brother Dao and turned toward the closed door.

CRASH!

The locked door was finally smashed open from the outside, and a dense crowd surged in like a tide!

"No! Don’t come in! Run!" Face etched with despair, Brother Dao screamed at the newcomers, his voice cracking.

He was filled with utter and complete regret. Zhilong had called earlier, telling Mr. Chen Biao to run for his life, but Brother Dao had hesitated, trying to use their superior numbers to kill Lin Fan and wipe away their earlier shame. Now, he saw it was nothing but a foolish fantasy. It was far too late for regrets. It was all over.

Just then, the terrifying shower of silver light flashed from Lin Fan’s hand once more.

THUD! THUD!

There was no suspense. They didn’t even have time to scream. The countless figures rushing forward all crumpled to the ground, their bodies almost completely blocking the corridor.

Brother Dao collapsed to his knees, tears streaming down his face.

Mr. Chen Biao, who had just come to, watched with eyes that looked ready to split with rage!

Gone. It was all gone. The elites the Black Tiger Hall had spent years carefully cultivating had been wiped out by Lin Fan in a single stroke!

"AH... AHH!! Lin Fan! I’ll kill you! I’ll kill you!" Losing all control, Chen Biao lay on the ground and roared with defiance, his eyes bloodshot.

However, the tall figure remained unmoved. Stepping over the corpses and blood, he strode out the door like an emotionless God of Killing!

"Ah!"

"Shoot! Everybody shoot!"

"Mercy, please, have mercy!"

Screams and pleas echoed from down the hallway, but they soon faded into a dead silence.

Brother Dao slumped to the ground, picked up a handgun, and pressed it to his temple.

The Black Tiger Hall was annihilated by Lin Fan, and Mr. Chen Biao's death was certain. There was no way he himself could survive. Even if Lin Fan didn't kill him, Chen Heihu would surely make him accompany his son in death later!

BANG!

"Mr. Chen Biao, we were wrong... we were all wrong..." Brother Dao muttered, his head lolling to the side as his pupils gradually dilated. "We never should have provoked... Lin... Fan..."

"No, impossible! I am the Black Prince of Haicheng! How could I lose to Lin Fan? Hahahaha, HAHAHAHA!" Seeing this, Chen Biao devolved into a madman, laughing and crying as he furiously pounded the ground.

Just then, Lin Fan strode back into the room, his body radiating a murderous aura. He stopped before Chen Biao. "Alright, everyone outside has been dealt with. Now, it's your turn."

"Lin Fan, you can't kill Young Master Chen!"

Before Lin Fan could make his move, Su Mengqing's face went pale. She rushed forward to shield Chen Biao.

"If you kill him, our Su Family won't survive either!" Veins bulged on her pale neck as she glared at Lin Fan and screamed, "If you want to kill him, you'll have to kill me, Su Mengqing, first!"

Chapter 32. How does the life or death of the Su family concern me?

"Right, right, Lin Fan, you can't kill him! If you kill him, you'll destroy our Su family!"

"Lin Fan, have you gone mad? Do you have no compassion? You've already reduced Young Master Chen to this state. Do you have to exterminate him completely?"

As Su Mengqing finished speaking, Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting exchanged a glance from the corner. As if waking from a dream, they also rushed to stand in front of Lin Fan.

They knew that while Lin Fan was certainly formidable, the Black Tiger Hall was even more notoriously fierce. This bastard was reckless and had nothing to lose, but the Su family absolutely could not withstand Chen Heihu's fury. If they could desperately protect Chen Biao, not only would they be blameless, but they would also be owed a life-saving favor.

"Lin Fan, don't you kill without blinking an eye? If you've got the guts, then kill the three of us women, too!" Zhang Meili's chubby face was dark and sinister as she subconsciously reverted to her usual disdainful expression toward Lin Fan.

"Young Master Chen, don't be afraid. Even if we die, we'll shield you from Lin Fan!" Yang Tingting turned her head to smile at Chen Biao, comforting him in a soft voice.

Stunned for a moment, Chen Biao pointed at Lin Fan and burst into manic laughter. "Hahaha! Oh, Lin Fan, you are both pitiful and pathetic. Even your wife's family is on my side. You've lost, completely and utterly!"

"Who said I've lost?" Facing three pairs of wary eyes, Lin Fan laughed in fury, as if he were looking at three colossal idiots. "Su Mengqing, do you all really think that by saving Chen Biao, you can latch onto a powerful connection and revive Su Pharmaceutical?"

Her scheme exposed, Su Mengqing's face burned. She turned her head and snorted angrily. "Hmph, so what? Unless you step over my dead body, don't even think of laying another finger on Young Master Chen!"

"And you two," Lin Fan laughed again, turning his gaze to Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting, "do you think I was so weak before, so easily manipulated by you?"

"So what if you can fight? Is that supposed to be impressive?" Zhang Meili's face was flushed red as she shrieked in anger. "If you have the nerve, then kill me! If you don't, you're a spineless coward, and I'll still look down on you!"

"Lin Fan, you wouldn't dare kill a woman, would you? If you do this, how can you face your mother's spirit in heaven?" Yang Tingting shrank back for a second before jutting out her chin and questioning him harshly.

SMACK!

The next moment, Lin Fan's palm connected with Yang Tingting's face, sending her flying through the air and tumbling several meters away.

"You're not worthy of mentioning my mother's spirit in heaven," he snarled, the corner of his eye twitching violently, his gaze burning with rage.

SMACK! SMACK!

Lin Fan raised his hand again, sending Su Mengqing and Zhang Meili screaming and tumbling away as well.

"The three of you, did you ever spare a single thought for whether my mother lived or died?" Lin Fan pointed at them as they huddled together, their eyes filled with terror and panic. "I shouldn't have fucking intervened! I should've just waited for Chen Biao to torture you all to death! And now you turn around to protect scum like him? You threaten me with your own deaths?"

A towering rage churned in his chest, threatening to explode.

"What does the survival of your Su family have to do with me?"

CRACK!

Ignoring the horrified expressions on the three women's faces, Lin Fan lifted his foot and stomped down, crushing Chen Biao's right hand.

"Ah... Lin Fan! You motherfucker, you'll die a miserable death! You... you'll regret everything you've done today!" Chen Biao's sneer froze on his face, replaced by a wretched scream as his body convulsed violently.

His face went deathly pale, and he struggled desperately under Lin Fan's foot, but it was no use.

"Lin Fan, why are you doing this? Why must you push the Su family to a dead end?" Su Mengqing, her eyes red and swollen, screamed through her sobs.

Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting shivered uncontrollably, no longer daring to talk back as they desperately shrank into a ball.

"A dead end?" Lin Fan's breathing grew ragged. "When you left my mother in the hospital to die, your Su family deserved to be pushed to a dead end!"

CRACK!

He lifted his foot and stomped down fiercely once more. In an instant, Chen Biao's left hand was obliterated, turned into a mangled pulp of bloody flesh.

"Lin Fan, fuck you! You clearly hate the Su family, so why the hell are you torturing me?!" Chen Biao let out another squeal like a slaughtered pig, tears of agony streaming down his face as his pants grew damp.

His gaze shot past Lin Fan to glare daggers at Su Mengqing and the other two. He hated these three stupid women with a burning passion! If they hadn't been so aggressive toward Lin Fan, he wouldn't have had to suffer such humiliation and torture, even if he still had to die!

Trembling all over, Chen Biao snarled at the three women, "You three idiots, did you deliberately get Lin Fan to torture me? Just you wait, my father will never let your Su family off!"

"Ah... Young Master Chen, you can't accuse innocent people! We were really trying to save you!" Hearing this, Zhang Meili's plump face paled, and she scrambled to defend herself.

"Yes, Young Master Chen, this was all Lin Fan's doing! You can't hold it against us!" Yang Tingting was on the verge of tears, covering her swollen cheeks as she shivered.

"Young Master Chen, don't worry! Even if Lin Fan kills you, we will expose his heinous crimes to the public!" Su Mengqing's face burned again, but she forced herself to shout.

She never would have imagined that not only was he ungrateful, but he was actually blaming them for provoking Lin Fan? Talk about biting the hand that feeds you!

"Why don't I leave you all some private space to have a nice chat?"

The next moment, murderous intent flashed in Lin Fan's eyes. He had completely lost his patience.

CRACK!

Lin Fan lifted his foot and stomped one last time. With a violent convulsion, Chen Biao's neck snapped.

His eyes bulged with resentment. In his dying throes, he used his broken, bloody hand to smear a crooked "Su" character beside him.

Lin Fan didn't even spare him a glance. He grabbed the black plastic bag from the ground, turned, and walked away.

I've wasted too much time. I have to get to the Yuan family right away to oversee my mother's funeral.

A long time passed before the footsteps outside finally faded away.

Zhang Meili snapped back to her senses and burst into tears with a loud wail. "Mengqing, what do we do? What are we going to do?"

Terrified and tear-streaked, Yang Tingting clung to Zhang Meili, and they both sobbed their hearts out.

"...First, get Su Gang to the hospital. Then we're going to the Yuan family," Su Mengqing said, gritting her teeth as she got to her feet, her eyes fixed on Chen Biao's corpse.

Who would have thought that the notoriously feared Black Prince of Haicheng would be stomped to death by that good-for-nothing, Lin Fan? He did it as casually as crushing an ant! This man... was he hiding his true self all this time, or had I completely misjudged him for the last four years? When I angrily signed the divorce papers... was I, Su Mengqing, the one who was wrong?

Her heart clenched violently. Her chest felt crushed by a massive boulder, making it hard to breathe.

Su Mengqing's face darkened as she clenched her fists.

No, I'm not wrong. Lin Fan is the one who's wrong! If you'd shown these skills sooner, would anyone have treated you like a weak, incompetent piece of trash? Are you showing off your strength in front of me now on purpose? Is this to humiliate me? To make me regret it?!

A moment later, the three women struggled to support the unconscious Su Gang as they left the Black Tiger Building and headed for the hospital.

"Mom, you stay at the hospital and look after Su Gang. Tingting and I will go to the Yuan family."

Standing at the hospital entrance, Su Mengqing gritted her teeth and stared toward the city's outskirts.

"I'm going to expose Lin Fan's true colors in front of everyone at the Yuan family!"

Chapter 33. Forced the palace to ascend to the throne

On the outskirts of Haicheng stood the Yuan family estate.

The splendid, sprawling estate covered tens of thousands of square meters, and everything within had been decorated in stark white. To facilitate visitors coming to pay their condolences, the main gate was wide open, ensuring unobstructed access. Soul Banners, wreaths, and paper effigies of people and horses—various mourning items were piled as high as mountains, spreading out from the memorial hall deep within the manor.

In a side hall to the right, all members of the Yuan family were present. Their faces were grim as they tightly surrounded Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue.

A middle-aged man in mourning clothes pointed at Yuan Youwei and demanded, "Yuan Youwei, what are you thinking? Why are you hosting a funeral for an outsider?"

His name was Yuan Ruohai, the second master of the Yuan family. After Yuan Youwei's parents had passed away, he should have become the heir. Unexpectedly, the Old Master, Yuan Tianguang, had doted on the second daughter of the main branch even more and was determined to make her the successor instead. Yuan Ruohai had long harbored resentment over this. Now, seizing the opportunity, the thoughts he had suppressed for so long could no longer be contained.

"Second Uncle, I am arranging the funeral for Lin Suxin, firstly to thank Lin Fan for saving my life," Yuan Youwei said, biting her lip as she calmly met the judgmental stares of the crowd. "Secondly, it is to conceal the news of the Old Master's death so we can handle his arrangements at the same time, preventing any unforeseen complications!"

She had already explained these two reasons to everyone when she returned last night. Being forced to repeat herself now gave Yuan Youwei a terrible sense of foreboding.

"Hmph! A fine excuse to 'prevent unforeseen complications.' I think you're just a love-struck fool! To curry favor with some divorced man, you've thrown away the Yuan family's dignity!" Yuan Ruohai flew into a rage, his voice rising sharply. "You took the Old Master to see Lin Fan last night, and what happened? Nothing changed! That bastard even

desecrated the Old Master's face, and not only did you fail to hold him accountable, you gave him one hundred million in cash? Then, early this morning, you handed over property worth tens of millions? What in the world are you doing, Yuan Youwei!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the hall fell silent for a moment before erupting into an uproar. One hundred million in cash, plus property worth tens of millions? So Yuan Youwei was willing to spend a fortune to keep a pretty boy!

"Yuan Youwei, you must give us a reasonable explanation!"

"That's right! You're so generous to outsiders but so stingy with us! Are you not ashamed to face the Old Master's spirit in heaven?"

"The Old Master's body hasn't even been laid to rest, and you're already in a rush to empty the Yuan family's coffers?"

Everyone was furious, pointing at Yuan Youwei and cursing loudly. Even Mrs. Xue could only bite her lip, unable to say a word in her defense.

"Lin Fan saved my life twice last night." Yuan Youwei took a deep breath, and a frosty chill appeared on her beautiful face. She slowly swept her gaze over the familiar, angry faces, her heart sinking. "In your eyes, is my life not worth that much money?"

"Stop making excuses, Yuan Youwei! I think the Old Master spoiled you rotten! You're simply not fit to lead the Yuan family!"

At a signal from Yuan Ruohai, a white-haired elder stepped out from the crowd and approached Yuan Youwei.

"I am a clan elder. Even Tianguang had to call me Seventh Brother. Now that the Yuan family is without a leader, I propose we strip Yuan Youwei of her status as heir!" Seventh Uncle announced, his gaze sweeping across the room. "Ruohai is capable and driven. We old-timers have all witnessed his contributions to the Yuan family over the years!"

The hall fell silent for a moment before bursting into shocked murmurs. Mrs. Xue's expression tightened as she cast a worried glance at Yuan Youwei. The others exchanged looks, their expressions a mixture of surprise and uncertainty. Clearly, Yuan Ruohai was staging a coup to oust Yuan Youwei from power.

"Dad, are you insane? You're trying to take over at a time like this?" Standing behind his father, Yuan Tao was visibly startled as he whispered the question.

"You little brat, what do you know? I'm doing this for you!" Yuan Ruohai snapped, then strode confidently to stand before Seventh Uncle. "Seventh Uncle, my abilities are humble. I am truly unworthy of such a heavy responsibility." He put on a look of shame, shaking his head. "However, I cannot bear to watch an ignorant junior like Yuan Youwei drag the Yuan family's name through the mud and bring it to ruin!"

"...Second Uncle. I never thought it would be you." At that moment, Yuan Youwei, who had been standing frozen, clenched her fists and spoke through gritted teeth. "The Poison Insect in the Old Master's body—was it you who colluded with Ah Tai to plant it?"

Yuan Ruohai's face stiffened. "What nonsense about a Poison Insect? I have no idea what you're babbling about!" he snapped, turning away with an angry snort. However, anyone with eyes could see the flicker of guilt in his.

"Second Uncle, Seventh Uncle, how can you do this? Do you have no respect for the Old Master?" Seeing this, Yuan Youwei's beautiful eyes reddened as she choked back a sob. Her heart felt as if it had been plunged into ice.

"The one who has let down Tianguang is you, his unfilial descendant!" Seventh Uncle's face darkened as he pointed a trembling finger toward the coffin in the outer hall. "You, an unmarried maiden, are brazenly hosting a funeral for an outsider's deceased mother and daring to publicize it throughout the city?

"Yuan Youwei, have you no shame? You have utterly disgraced the Yuan family!" he roared, stamping his foot, his face contorted with rage as spittle flew from his mouth.

"That's right! We never agreed to this! It was all your reckless decision!"

"Yuan Youwei, oh, Yuan Youwei, don't you realize all of Haicheng is laughing at our family right now?"

"I agree with Seventh Uncle's proposal! Let Ruohai take charge of the Yuan family!"

"I agree! It's better than someone secretly transferring family assets to benefit an outsider!"

One after another, shouts of condemnation rang out. Yuan Youwei trembled, clenching her teeth in silence. Meanwhile, Yuan Ruohai and Seventh Uncle exchanged triumphant glances, their faces beaming with victory.

"The Black Tiger Hall also agrees that Brother Ruohai should inherit the Yuan family!"

The next moment, a loud, rough voice boomed from outside, accompanied by the sound of countless footsteps. Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue exchanged a look, their expressions changing drastically. Yuan Ruohai, however, was ecstatic and strode forward to greet the arrivals.

"Lord Hu, your presence brings great honor to the Yuan family!"

The newcomers were a group of menacing men in black suits. Their leader was a burly, bearded man in a black trench coat. His face was fleshy and fierce, twisted into a savage smile. This was Chen Heihu, the master of the Black Tiger Hall, which boasted thirty thousand followers. He was the infamous underground emperor of Haicheng.

"This... this..." The Yuan family members exchanged uneasy glances. It was well known that this man was the Yuan family's archenemy. His brazen appearance now certainly meant he was up to no good.

BANG!

A smirk played on Chen Heihu's lips as he dragged a chair over and sat down ostentatiously at the hall's entrance. Beaming, Yuan Ruohai coolly took his place by his side.

"The Bright Moon Villa also supports Brother Ruohai!"

"As does the Divine Blade Sect!"

"And so do we, the Bamboo Union, the Eight Treasures Pavilion, the Sky Blast Gang..."

More voices thundered from outside. Group after group of men strode forward, packing the entrance tightly. It was a dark, overwhelming mass of people, like a surging black tide stretching as far as the eye could see.

The Yuan family members were aghast, gasping in shock. The top-ranking underground power, the Black Tiger Hall; the second-ranking Bright Moon Villa; the third-ranking Divine Blade Sect; and all the gangs that controlled Haicheng's docks and ports—nearly every major figure in Haicheng's underworld was present, and it seemed they were all here to back Yuan Ruohai.

"Yuan Youwei, don't blame your Second Uncle for being heartless. It's just that the Old Master favored you far too much when he was alive!" Yuan Ruohai declared, beaming with triumph as he held his head high. He turned and clasped his hands in thanks to the crowd behind him. When he faced Yuan Youwei again, his smile had turned cold, the pretense finally dropped.

"Second Uncle, are you trying to push the Yuan family into a fiery pit?!" Yuan Youwei's face was a mask of disappointment and despair, her heart sinking as if into an ice cavern. For him to have gained the support of so

many underworld forces, the Yuan family would surely have to pay an enormous price.

"Enough of this nonsense! Today, whether you accept it or not, the result will be the same," Yuan Ruohai sneered, pointing toward the memorial hall outside. "Men! Go smash that worthless Lin Suxin's memorial tablet and portrait! Destroy it all!"

Chapter 34. Who would dare to touch her?

"I'd like to see who dares to make a move!"

At these words, a look of alarm crossed Yuan Youwei's face. She and Mrs. Xue rushed to block the entrance to the hall. However, they were intercepted by grinning minions from the various factions, who blocked their path.

"What's there to be afraid of? It's just an outsider."

"Exactly! Why should our Yuan family hold a funeral for an outsider? What terrible luck!"

"Only the old master deserves such honors! Who the hell is Lin Suxin?"

Seeing that the situation was decided and Yuan Youwei's defeat was certain, many members of the Yuan family stepped forward and began to taunt her sarcastically. Some even approached Yuan Ruohai with sycophantic smiles.

"Dad, I don't want to be the successor! I just want to be a useless bum who eats and waits for death!"

Just then, the stunned Yuan Tao finally snapped out of it, his face etched with anxiety. He strode up to Yuan Ruohai and shouted in grief and indignation, "In terms of skill, strategy, and character, Second Sister is the most capable! Even Grandpa praised her! Without her, the Yuan family will fall apart!"

As soon as he finished, Chen Heihu and the others burst out laughing.

SLAP!

Yuan Ruohai's face flushed red with fury. He viciously slapped Yuan Tao across the face. "You worthless wretch! Once I become the Family Head, won't you be the one to take over after I'm gone?"

"Yuan Ruohai! If you continue this madness, I will sever our father-son relationship!" Yuan Tao exploded in anger. He clutched the red handprint on his cheek and yelled

defiantly. Fuming, he stalked over to stand beside Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue, making his position clear.

"You're making me furious! Absolutely furious! Fine! I'll have you locked up first, along with Yuan Youwei and the others!" Yuan Ruohai's breathing grew ragged, his chest heaving violently with rage. At his command, several expressionless Yuan family bodyguards emerged from the corners and advanced on the three of them.

Many more from the Yuan family scrambled toward the memorial hall, ready to wreak havoc and put on a good show for the new Family Head.

"Second Miss, Mrs. Xue, Third Young Master, my apologies," one of the bodyguards said coldly, reaching a hand toward Yuan Youwei's shoulder.

"I'd like to see who dares touch her today."

SWISH!

An indifferent voice sounded from outside the hall, followed instantly by a flash of silver light. It shot forward and buried itself in the bodyguard's palm, blasting open a bloody hole deep enough to reveal bone.

"Ah... Ah! My hand! My hand!"

The bodyguard stared in shock, his face turning deathly pale. He staggered back, clutching his mangled hand and letting out a series of squeals like a stuck pig.

The sudden turn of events left Yuan Ruohai dumbfounded. The other members of the Yuan family grew anxious and uncertain. The faces of Chen Heihu and the other underworld bosses, who had been enjoying the show, changed dramatically. They all shot to their feet, their eyes locked on the entrance.

"Miss, it's Lin Fan! Lin Fan is here!" Mrs. Xue's eyes widened with a mixture of shock and joy.

But what's the use in him coming now? He'll only get dragged into this mess.

Yuan Youwei, however, couldn't feel any happiness as she watched the tall figure at the door.

The situation is hopeless; there's no chance of turning things around. I don't even dare reveal the truth that Grandpa faked his death! If Yuan Ruohai, Chen Heihu, and the others find out, Grandpa will surely be killed!

"Lin Fan! You're the one who crippled Daozi's hand!"

Holding a black plastic bag, Lin Fan pushed past several Yuan family members. He walked step-by-step from the memorial hall into the side hall. His eyes were like ice, and a palpable murderous aura swirled around him. A faint, pungent smell of blood clung to his clothes.

The minions blocking the doorway felt their eyes twitch and their hearts pound inexplicably. None of them dared to stop him. They subconsciously parted, clearing a wide path.

At this sight, Chen Heihu's expression turned hideous. He pointed at Lin Fan and bellowed, "You killed one of my Black Tiger Hall brothers and ruined my plans, yet you still have the gall to show your face?!"

"Yes, I did it," Lin Fan said, his gaze hardening. "So, you're the boss of the Black Cat Hall, Chen Black Cat?"

I actually arrived some time ago and have been watching from the shadows. If Yuan Youwei and the other two hadn't been consistently trying to stop the Yuan family's chaos, I certainly wouldn't have stepped in to solve their problems for them.

"Haha, what an arrogant little punk! I haven't even come to settle the score with you, yet you dare to come here and pull the tiger's whiskers?" Chen Heihu was momentarily stunned before flying into a rage, his face twisting in fury.

It's been years since anyone dared to provoke me, Lord Hu. The grass on the graves of those who did is already overgrown!

"Lin Fan, I know you're skilled, but so what? What can one man do alone?" Chen Heihu sneered, clenching his fists as a savage light filled his eyes.

HISS...!!

The surrounding Yuan family members paled and scrambled to get away, intimidated into silence by Chen Heihu's overwhelming ferocity.

"Let me tell you, my Black Tiger Hall has thirty thousand disciples, and every single one is a ruthless, bloodthirsty killer!" Chen Heihu noted the crowd's reaction and proudly lifted his bearded chin. "If you don't want to end up as scattered ashes, you'll get on your knees right now and beg for mercy until I, Lord Hu, am satisfied!"

"...Have you not gotten the news yet?" Lin Fan asked, looking at him as if he were an idiot. "From now on, there's no such thing as the damn Black Tiger Hall in Haicheng."

He shook his head and wagged a finger. "I went to retrieve my mother's relic and, while I was at it, I leveled the Black Tiger Hall's headquarters."

His indifferent voice wasn't loud, but it struck the ears of everyone present like a clap of thunder on a clear day.

What? He single-handedly destroyed the Black Tiger Building?

The hall fell silent for a moment, then erupted in roaring laughter. Chen Heihu placed his hands on his hips and laughed manically. The other underworld bosses and their lackeys bent over, howling with laughter. Even Yuan Ruohai and his faction sneered, looking at Lin Fan as if he were already a dead man.

What a colossal joke! Daring to brag like that right in front of Lord Hu? He was courting death!

Has Lin Fan lost his mind? What on earth is he talking about... Mrs. Xue stared blankly, then gritted her teeth in frustration, mentally rolling her eyes at him. I thought he might work a miracle, turn the tide. But it turns out he's all talk, just a nonstop braggart?

"No, he wouldn't lie," Yuan Youwei said, her beautiful eyes shining as her heart filled with a deep sweetness.

That infuriating man! On the surface, he acts so cold and clueless, but in reality, he secretly went to the Black Tiger Hall's headquarters and eliminated the Yuan family's greatest threat! Hmph, he must have done it for me, Yuan Youwei! This has to be his way of repaying me for arranging his mother's funeral!

"Miss! This is hardly the time! How can you...!!" Seeing Yuan Youwei gazing at Lin Fan with an infatuated look, Mrs. Xue's lips twitched, and she was left speechless.

Just a moment ago, you were worried, saying his arrival was useless. Now he makes one boast, and you're suddenly smitten and full of admiration? A mind clouded by love is truly a terrifying thing... it makes people lose all sense!

"Lord Hu, leave this brat to us at Bright Moon Villa! We'll beat him so badly he'll be seeing red!"

"Our Divine Blade Sect is also willing to lend a hand!"

"This is hilarious! We at the Bamboo Union love tough-talkers like him. We'll make him wish for death but deny him even that!"

Just then, the laughter died down. The underworld bosses' smiles vanished, replaced by looks of displeasure as they sized up Lin Fan.

This kid isn't even flinching. He hasn't pissed his pants in fear? Shit, did he really think we all came out in force just to pay respects at his mother's funeral?

Amid the rising clamor, the minions outside got the message and began to circle Lin Fan with menacing grins.

"Good. Since everyone is so eager, I, Chen Heihu, thank you for your generosity!" Chen Heihu nodded, his expression incredibly grim. He raised a hand, and the dozen or so Black Tiger Hall elites behind him tensed, ready to move.

For a moment, the atmosphere grew heavy. The temperature in the room seemed to drop to freezing. Yuan Ruohai and the others quickly retreated to a corner, while Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue watched Lin Fan with tight, worried expressions.

"Relax," Lin Fan said, shaking his head and giving the two women a reassuring look. "They're just a bunch of pests."

He turned back to the crowd, his eyes turning glacial as he tightened his grip on a bundle of silver needles.

These people dare to cause a scene at a funeral? Then they'll all pay. It's time to continue the slaughter.

"Lord Hu! Lord Hu, terrible news! Our Black Tiger Building has been wiped out!"

THUD!

A bloody, disheveled figure burst in from outside, instantly shattering the tense standoff. He collapsed to his knees before Chen Heihu, trembling as he let out a miserable wail. "They're all dead! Everyone's dead! Even Mr. Chen Biao... he, he... Aaaahhh!!"

Out of the corner of his eye, he suddenly caught sight of Lin Fan, who stood just a few steps away. Cold sweat poured down Brother Zhilong's bald head as he pointed a horrified finger at him, looking as though he had just seen a ghost.

Chapter 35. One person dominates the entire field!

"Who the hell are you to come here spouting nonsense and messing with my men's morale?"

Seeing this, Chen Heihu was stunned. With a fierce kick, he sent Brother Zhilong tumbling to the ground.

There was no helping it. Black Tiger Hall was a massive force with numerous disciples, and as the Hall Master, he couldn't possibly remember everyone.

"Lord Hu, it’s me, Zhilong! I’m usually the one leading the boys to keep the peace on the commercial pedestrian street!" Brother Zhilong endured the pain, scrambling forward to grab Chen Heihu’s pant leg.

"Lord Hu, he really is one of ours," one of the Black Tiger Hall elites said, his expression changing after taking a closer look at Brother Zhilong. He leaned in and whispered to Chen Heihu.

What? He’s really from Black Tiger Hall? Chen Heihu’s eyes flew wide open, his heart sinking. Damn it, when did my Black Tiger Hall start recruiting such garbage?

"Hmph! Even if you are one of us, you don’t get to run your mouth in front of me!" Chen Heihu snapped, raising his foot again to kick the terrified Brother Zhilong away.

"No, no, I’m not making things up! I rushed here to deliver a message!" Brother Zhilong trembled, on the verge of tears.

"It was him! It was Lin Fan!" he shouted, his voice shaking as he clenched his teeth and pointed at Lin Fan.

"He went to Jucaili Pawnshop to stir up trouble, saying he was going to Black Tiger Building to find Mr. Chen Biao!

"I had a bad feeling, so I called Brother Dao... but I was still uneasy, so I followed him.

"And then... I saw our men lying all over the ground. Even Mr. Chen Biao and Brother Dao... they... they died horrible, horrible deaths!"

The room fell deathly silent for an instant before exploding into chaos.

Yuan Ruohai and the others were dumbfounded. Yuan Tao’s body trembled as he stared at Lin Fan in disbelief. The underworld bosses exchanged skeptical glances, while Mrs. Xue’s mouth fell open in shock.

Only Yuan Youwei’s bright eyes lit up fiercely once again as she quietly let out a long sigh of relief.

I knew it. I absolutely knew it. It must have been Lin Fan who wiped out Black Tiger Hall’s main base! As long as Black Tiger Hall’s strength is crippled, Chen Heihu won’t be able to make any more trouble. In fact, he’ll have to watch his back for other underworld forces looking to swallow his territory!

Lin Fan, are you the noble benefactor heaven sent me...? In that moment, Yuan Youwei felt a wave of relief, and she could no longer suppress the smile playing on her delicate lips. Her gaze, as it rested on Lin Fan, was filled with tenderness and profound gratitude.

My choice was right. It was all worth it, no matter the pressure, no matter the gossip! Mr. Yuan Sr. can be saved, and so can the Yuan family!

"No, impossible! Absolutely impossible! I left hundreds of my best men in Black Tiger Building! How could they all be dead!"

At that moment, the stupefied Chen Heihu jolted awake with a hysterical roar. Shocked and enraged, he fumbled for his phone and frantically dialed Chen Biao's private number.

One second, two seconds, three seconds... A full half a minute passed. Still, no one picked up.

Something's wrong. Something has gone terribly wrong!

Chen Heihu's pupils constricted. Steeling himself, he clenched his teeth and dialed Brother Dao's number. After a long wait, that call also went unanswered.

BOOM!

Chen Heihu's face went white as a sheet, and a bomb seemed to go off in his head. His large, formidable body trembled violently. He gripped his phone, glaring at Lin Fan in utter disbelief. His tiger-like eyes turned bloodshot, glowing with a murderous light as if he wanted to eat the man alive.

"It was you! You did this! Lin Fan! I'll fucking annihilate your entire family as a funeral offering for Chen Biao and the others!"

"I'm afraid you can't do that," Lin Fan said indifferently, shaking his head. "If you dare cause a scene before my mother's memorial tablet, I don't mind sending you down for a father-son reunion."

His icy voice echoed like thunder through the hall.

Everyone gasped, their faces changing color. Yuan Ruohai's eyes looked ready to pop out of their sockets. The underworld bosses and their men drew sharp breaths, their expressions like they had just seen a ghost.

How is this possible? How could a single man take down Haicheng's number one underworld force all by himself? The very thought was enough to make one's skin crawl!

Instantly, a chill ran down everyone's spines, and a strange sense of regret began to bubble up. It was supposed to be them, the many, against him, the one. Yet, standing before that unyielding, mountain-like figure, they had the absurd feeling that they were the ones who were cornered.

CRACK! CRACK!

In the next moment, the sound of Chen Heihu's cracking knuckles filled the air as he teetered on the edge of losing control.

"Everyone, attack! Whoever kills Lin Fan, I, Chen Heihu, will give them half of Black Tiger Hall's territory!"

His hysterical roar resounded through the hall, but even after ten long seconds, there was no response.

The underworld bosses glanced at each other. The flicker of interest in their eyes was replaced by a look of tacit understanding. No one is stupid enough to go head-to-head with a tough nut like Lin Fan. Besides, Black Tiger Hall is already finished... why wait for Chen Heihu to hand over his territory? Can't we just seize it all for ourselves?

"You... you cowardly bastards! I, Chen Heihu, am ashamed to have ever called you my brothers!" Chen Heihu's face turned utterly foul, and he was practically bursting with rage. He glanced at his own underlings, only to see them shrinking back in fear, not daring to make a sound.

Chen Heihu was on the verge of madness. He wanted to charge at Lin Fan and fight to the death, but he was truly terrified of his power. All he could do was rage impotently, roaring and screaming.

"Are you going to fight or not?" Lin Fan's voice cut through the air, laced with impatience as he slowly scanned the varied expressions in the crowd. "If not, then go pay respects to my mother and get the hell out!"

The atmosphere became incredibly strange and awkward.

"This..."

The faces of the underworld bosses burned with shame, and they remained silent. The members of the Yuan family exchanged glances and discreetly shuffled a few steps away from Yuan Ruohai.

No one could have predicted this. This obscure young man, Lin Fan, was the real powerhouse! He suppressed all of Haicheng's underworld forces by himself! How utterly dominant! How brazen and arrogant! No wonder Yuan Youwei fought desperately to protect him. It turns out Lin Fan was the Second Young Miss's greatest trump card all along!

"Don't be fooled by Lin Fan! He's nothing but a cold, ruthless, inhuman beast!"

Just then, a voice filled with resentment echoed from the doorway. Following it, a bruised and swollen Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting appeared, leading a large group of distinguished-looking individuals in at a brisk pace.

"Su Mengqing, what are you doing here? You're not worthy to pay respects to my mother!" Lin Fan's gaze hardened as he saw them.

He recognized the newcomers. Among them were Mr. Wang Sr. from the Haicheng Pharmaceutical Association and Mr. Huang Sr., Haicheng's real estate magnate. The others were also prominent figures in the city.

Adding them to Chen Heihu and the supposedly dead Mr. Yuan Sr., it meant that almost all of Haicheng's four great titans, along with a host of top power players, had now arrived.

Lin Fan scanned their unfriendly faces, his jaw muscles tensing. "If you've come to pay respects to my mother, I, Lin Fan, will be deeply grateful," he said in a low voice. "But if anyone is here to make trouble, then don't blame me for being merciless!"

Chapter 36. Already too high to climb!

"Hmph, pay respects? Your mother, Lin Suxin, no matter how you put it, was just a clinic physician. What makes her worthy of our respects?"

Hearing this, Su Mengqing gritted her teeth, pointed at Lin Fan, and shrieked, "Members of the Yuan family, don't you dare believe his nonsense! He's not only a heartless monster who intentionally leaked our Su Pharmaceutical's product formulas, causing our stock to plummet and bankrupting countless people, but he's also a murderer! Just now, at the Black Tiger Building, Tingting and I saw it with our own eyes—Lin Fan killed Young Master Chen and several hundred others!"

As soon as these words were spoken, everyone was utterly shocked.

So the shocking collapse of Su Pharmaceutical's stock was also his doing? Who on earth is this kid? When he makes a move, he wipes out billions from the Su family's market value! And on top of that, he even eliminated the notoriously vicious Black Prince of Haicheng!

Noticing the stunned looks on everyone's faces, Su Mengqing's lips curled into a malicious, triumphant smile. "Lin Fan, I don't know what sweet nothings you've used to deceive that young lady from the Yuan family."

On the way here, they had run into Mr. Wang Sr. and his group, who were also rushing to the Yuan estate to see what was happening. Su Mengqing had immediately told them everything, instantly inciting public outrage against Lin Fan. Everyone declared that he must be punished severely as an example to others.

Seeing Lin Fan become the target of public criticism made Su Mengqing feel incredibly smug. Once the Yuan family isn't backing you, what can you possibly do, Lin Fan? You'll never be able to withstand the wrath of the Black Tiger Hall and the other tycoons of Haicheng!

"Lin Fan! You can't hide your crimes from everyone any longer! Today, I'm going to ruin your reputation and make you the shame of Haicheng!" Su Mengqing yelled, tilting her chin up defiantly.

"That's right!" Yang Tingting chimed in, stepping forward and nodding emphatically. "The Yuan family can't let a scoundrel like him through your doors! Lin Fan is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Who knows, he might cause your family's ruin next!"

Just then, Mr. Wang Sr. stormed forward, his face livid with fury. He pointed at Lin Fan and roared, "Lin Fan! So it was you who burned the ancient formula for the Bixia Pill! You fool! You absolute prodigal son! That night, I walked right past you! I was just a step too late to stop you from committing such a sacrilege!"

The old man was so furious that veins bulged on his forehead, his face twisting in rage, as if Lin Fan had just run off with his wife.

Lin Fan glanced at Mr. Wang Sr., finding the whole situation absurdly comical. He shook his head and retorted coolly, "They were my mother's things. Why couldn't I burn them?"

"You! You incurably stupid bastard!" Wang Tianchuan was so choked with anger he nearly coughed up blood. Clutching his heaving chest, he seemed on the verge of a complete breakdown. "As long as I, Wang Tianchuan, am the president of the Medical Association for even one more day, I will never allow you to set foot in the Haicheng pharmaceutical industry!"

The ancient formula for the Bixia Pill was a treasure he had coveted for more than half his life! Fate had finally, miraculously, let him encounter it, yet it had been burned to ashes by the fool standing right in front of him!

An imperious-looking old man stepped forward and gently patted Mr. Wang Sr.'s back. Turning his head, the old man's face was cold, and he didn't even deign to glance at Lin Fan as he spoke. "Lin Fan, you freeloaded off the Su family for four years, yet you caused their stock to crash, instantly destroying four years of Director Su's painstaking effort. I, Huang Jiacheng, put my word to it right here. None of the properties owned by my Haipu Industry will ever be sold or leased to you!"

This statement sent another stir through the crowd. This man was one of the four great tycoons of Haicheng, the famous real estate king, Huang Jiacheng! The Haipu Industry he founded controlled more than half of all the real estate in the city! To be blacklisted by him... Lin Fan would truly have nowhere to go. He would have no foothold left in this city at all!

"Yes, our Apparel Association will do the same!"

"Our Food and Beverage Association also refuses you, Lin Fan!"

"As will our Automotive Association, our Funeral Services Association, and our Aquatic Products Association!"

More and more business magnates stood up, glaring at Lin Fan in unison. These people controlled nearly every aspect of daily life in Haicheng—from clothing and food to housing and transportation. Now that they had all declared their stance, it was tantamount to the entire city rejecting Lin Fan's very existence.

Seeing Lin Fan utterly discredited, Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting exchanged a look of triumphant victory. Su Mengqing pointed a finger at him, her eyes filled with supreme arrogance. "Lin Fan! Do you see this? This is the painful price you pay for betraying me, Su Mengqing! Even if you have hidden your true colors well, I, Su Mengqing, am still an existence you can never hope to reach! I gave you chance after chance, but you've done unforgivable things. Don't you ever dream of remarrying me or setting foot in the Su family's home again!"

Hearing this, Lin Fan was silent for a moment before he suddenly burst out laughing. "Su Mengqing, are you delusional? I already cut all ties with your family. Who the hell would want to go back to that pathetic household of yours!"

Ignoring Su Mengqing's frozen, disdainful sneer, Lin Fan turned to scan Mr. Wang Sr. and the others. "As for the rest of you," he said, his gaze sweeping over them, "you're a complete joke to me. You think you can join forces to crush me?" He raised a single finger and wagged it slowly. "Sorry, but you're simply not qualified."

The bustling hall fell deathly silent in an instant. The expressions on the faces of Mr. Wang Sr. and the others changed drastically.

Arrogant! The man is utterly, unbelievably arrogant! He's just a blind fool, a prodigal son who stupidly burned the ancient Bixia Pill formula! Where does he get the nerve to think he can stand against the entire Haicheng business community?

"Lin Fan, could you be any more shameless?" Su Mengqing's face was as ugly as if she'd swallowed a dead fly. She had thought this grand display would frighten him into showing remorse, that he'd break down right on the spot. Who knew he would be so unbelievably stubborn? He even dared to mock Mr. Wang Sr. and all these other industry leaders! "You might act like you've got nothing to lose, but let me tell you, your death is imminent!"

Furious, Su Mengqing glared at Lin Fan through gritted teeth. "At this point, you're not afraid at all? Or are you still clinging to the hope that the Yuan family will protect a piece of trash like you?"

"Su Mengqing, I believe you are the one who is mistaken."

The next moment, before Lin Fan could respond, Yuan Youwei, who had been watching coldly from the sidelines, walked over to his side, followed by Mrs. Xue and Yuan Tao. She

shot Su Mengqing a sidelong glance, and a sudden, cold smile bloomed on her face. "And the rest of you are also mistaken... It is not Mr. Lin who relies on us."

A smile played on Yuan Youwei's lips, but her beautiful eyes held a distinct chill as her gaze swept over Mr. Wang Sr. and the others. Then, she turned back to face Lin Fan.

THUD!

She dropped to one knee before him and declared with utmost sincerity, "Thank you, Mr. Lin, for protecting the Yuan family! I, Yuan Youwei, am eternally grateful!"

THUD! THUD!

Mrs. Xue and Yuan Tao exchanged a look before they too knelt on one knee and bowed their heads. "Thank you, Mr. Lin, for protecting our family!"

Next, the other members of the Yuan family, who had been hiding in the corners, all looked at one another. Then, in a great wave, they all knelt down before Lin Fan, bowing low and crying out in unison, "Thank you, Mr. Lin, for protecting the Yuan family!"

Holy crap, what is happening? Have all the members of the Yuan family gone completely insane?!

Seeing this, Mr. Wang Sr. and the other tycoons were so shocked their jaws dropped to the floor. Yuan Ruohai's face was ashen, his eyes filled with bitterness and despair. As for Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting, they were completely dumbfounded, unable to process what they were seeing for a long moment.

They had always thought Lin Fan had just hooked up with some ordinary girl from the Yuan family. Who could have possibly imagined she was Yuan Youwei, the chosen successor of the entire clan! This was Yuan Youwei, the idol of thousands of women in Haicheng! Even Su Mengqing herself secretly saw her as a role model. How many times had she dreamed of one day becoming like her—the most powerful woman in the Haicheng business community!

Her vision swam and went dark, stars exploding behind her eyes. Su Mengqing's face turned deathly pale, the ground seeming to fall away from beneath her feet.

I thought I had him completely cornered, crushed under my heel. I never, ever imagined that he would earn the reverence of the entire Yuan family! Instead of me being out of his league, he has become an untouchable existence for me! Why? Why in God's name is this happening?!

Su Mengqing trembled all over, feeling as if a massive boulder was crushing her chest. The pressure was so intense, so unbearable, that she felt she was going mad, that she was about to suffocate.

"If you think that’s still not enough, then you can add me, this old mess, to the list."

Just then, a raspy, ancient voice echoed from the memorial hall outside. Everyone’s head whipped toward the sound, their expressions changing in an instant!

To their amazement, Mr. Yuan Sr., dressed in his burial clothes, was climbing out of his coffin

Chapter 37. Crawl on your knees for me!

"Holy shit, he’s come back from the dead! He’s back!"

"Jeez... you all woke up Mr. Yuan Sr. with your racket!"

Seeing the dead man revive, the scene instantly erupted into chaos. Some screamed, others stood stunned, while the rest exchanged uncertain, incredulous glances.

"Grandpa, you, you aren’t dead?!" Yuan Tao’s eyes widened. He jolted violently and rushed over.

"...Miss, did you already know Mr. Yuan Sr. was fine?" Mrs. Xue stared at Yuan Youwei in astonishment, unable to help but ask in a low voice.

Not only did Yuan Youwei show no surprise, but she was actually smiling even more brightly. This was proof enough that she had anticipated Mr. Yuan Sr.’s "resurrection."

No, that’s not right. She must have known since last night that Lin Fan had revived him! Thinking back, Yuan Youwei hadn’t shown much grief upon her return.

Mrs. Xue’s heart skipped a beat as she turned to gaze deeply at Lin Fan. What incredible trust! Lin Fan probably means more to Yuan Youwei than I, her personal bodyguard, do!

"Let’s talk later. Today is a great day for the Yuan family," Yuan Youwei responded in a low voice. She could no longer suppress the smile playing on her delicate lips.

"Hoho, what a lively crowd. It’s been a long time since the Yuan family estate was this boisterous."

Mr. Yuan Sr. leaned on the coffin, catching his breath for a moment. Then, he grabbed some pastries from the offering plate on the table and began to devour them. He couldn’t help it. To feign death, the old man hadn’t eaten a single grain of rice or drunk a drop of water since last night. He was so starved his vision was blurry.

Yuan Youwei and the other two rushed into the memorial hall, excitedly gathering around the old man. The rest of the Yuan family was both shocked and delighted as they stood up and followed.

Only Yuan Ruohai and Seventh Uncle remained frozen in place, their faces pale and their bodies beginning to tremble.

Could it be... that when Yuan Youwei stubbornly took the nearly cold body of her grandfather to Lin Fan for help last night... she actually succeeded?

BOOM!

As the realization dawned on them, a chill shot down the spines of Yuan Ruohai and his cohorts, and their blood ran cold.

This was obviously a setup. That damn Yuan Youwei! She conspired with her grandfather to dig this enormous trap!

They turned stiffly to look at Chen Heihu, whose expression had changed drastically. They all pressed their lips into a thin line, remaining silent.

This time, they had lost. They had lost completely, utterly defeated. Their plan, carefully crafted for half a year, had been overturned in a single night by this newcomer, Lin Fan, who had simply stumbled into the middle of it all!

"Little Tiger, you're too kind, bringing so many people to visit an old man like me."

Surrounded by Yuan Youwei and the others, Mr. Yuan Sr. strolled into the side hall with his hands behind his back, a wide smile on his face.

"Heh, you're too kind, President Yuan. We just came... to pay our respects to Mrs. Lin Suxin," Chen Heihu's expression shifted several times before he reluctantly ground out the words.

"Yes, yes! We saw the obituary released by the Yuan family and came specifically to see Mrs. Lin Suxin off!"

"Hey, you! Quick, go buy some memorial offerings—get the highest quality ones!"

The other underworld bosses exchanged glances and hurriedly offered their own strained explanations. Every one of their smiles looked more painful than tears. At this point, their guts were twisted with regret. They had thought they were following Chen Heihu to get a piece of the Yuan family's fortune. Who knew they were all collectively jumping into a goddamn pit!

"Well, well, if it isn't Mr. Wang Sr. and Mr. Huang Sr. You were stirred to come out as well?" Beaming, Mr. Yuan Sr. turned to scan the embarrassed faces of Mr. Wang Sr. and the others.

"Brother, don't misunderstand. We, we were actually here to... pay our respects to Divine Doctor Lin!"

"That's right. Although we didn't know Mrs. Lin personally, since the Yuan family is handling the funeral arrangements, we, as members of the Haicheng Business Community, felt we had to come and pay our respects."

Hearing this, Mr. Wang Sr. and Mr. Huang Sr. both flinched and gave awkward, dry laughs. The other business tycoons from Haicheng also put on forced smiles, no longer displaying any of their earlier prowess.

There was nothing they could do. The Yuan family was the number one powerhouse in Haicheng, and its Family Head, Yuan Tianguang himself, was the stabilizing pillar of the Haicheng Business Community! They only dared to come and test the waters because they thought he was dead and gone. But now, not only was Old Man Yuan alive, he had also climbed out of his own coffin to voice his support for Lin Fan.

Who the hell would dare to give Lin Fan trouble now? Ganging up to suppress this kid would be tantamount to declaring open war on the Yuan family!

Their hearts tightened. Mr. Wang Sr. and the others glared at Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting, wishing they could march over and slap them. If you two hadn't goaded us into this, would we be in such a passive position?

"So, Director Su, are you also here to pay respects to Mrs. Lin?" Mr. Yuan Sr. was clearly satisfied with everyone's reaction. He chuckled and nodded, then turned his gaze to the trembling figures of Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting.

"I... I... I'm sorry, President Yuan! I was wrong! I never should have come here to cause trouble!"

THUD!

Under the old man's half-smiling gaze and the strange looks from the crowd, Su Mengqing finally broke down. She collapsed to her knees and began kowtowing repeatedly! Yang Tingting was so scared she burst into tears, kneeling and trembling on the ground, too terrified to even lift her head.

"If apologies were enough, what would be the point of punishment?"

The next moment, Lin Fan, who had been silent for so long, stepped forward to stand expressionlessly before the two women.

"Lin Fan! You... don't you push your luck!" Tears streaming down her face, Su Mengqing hysterically raised her reddened eyes.

At this moment, she was drowning in regret. She wanted nothing more than to slap herself hard across the face! She had thought that by causing a scene, she could ruin Lin Fan's reputation completely. Instead, she had only witnessed his meteoric rise! Worse, she had now offended the Yuan family and all the other business magnates. From this day forward, the Su Family was well and truly finished!

"Didn't you say my mother was just some lowly clinic physician, unworthy of your presence?" Lin Fan was so furious he began to laugh, slowly sweeping his gaze over the hall full of Haicheng's elite. Wherever his eyes landed, people flushed red with embarrassment and averted their gazes, choosing to swallow their pride in silence.

"Lin Fan, can't you show some compassion? You've already ruined Director Su! What more do you want?" Yang Tingting cried, her voice trembling as she, too, became hysterical.

"I told you. The two of you are not worthy of paying respects to my mother!" Lin Fan's face was ashen as he pointed toward the door. "Get out! Both of you will crawl out of here on your knees, and you will keep crawling until you reach the road outside the main gate!"

His gut-wrenching roar exploded in Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting's ears like a clap of thunder.

Humiliation, indignation, grief... Su Mengqing bit her pale lip so hard it nearly bled, her body shaking ever more violently.

One second, two seconds, three... after a full ten seconds had passed, not a single one of the powerful figures in the hall had spoken up for her. They had all clearly given their tacit approval to Lin Fan's outrageous demand!

Su Mengqing fell into complete despair. She closed her eyes, letting the tears stream down her face. Just like that, with Yang Tingting behind her, she got on her hands and knees and began to crawl toward the door.

"Wait! You can't leave! Before Mr. Chen Biao died, he wrote a word on the ground in his own blood! It was the character 'Su' from your Su Family's name!"

Just then, the stunned Brother Zhilong suddenly slapped his forehead. His eyes wide, he shouted at the backs of the two departing women.

At his words, the room fell dead silent for an instant. Then, all hell broke loose.

Chapter 38. Real and Fake

What’s going on? When did Chen Biao die? And it looks like the Su family is the main culprit?

Upon hearing this, Mr. Wang Sr. and the others exchanged shocked and suspicious glances before their expressions turned to collective fury.

That Su Mengqing! How dare she extend her reach to Black Tiger Hall and even deliberately try to use us as her pawns? Thank goodness this was exposed in time. Otherwise, the Su family would have truly ruined us!

THUMP!

His face flushed with anger, Mr. Wang Sr. couldn’t stop himself from striding forward and kicking Su Mengqing to the ground! "Su Mengqing! I almost fell for your act! You truly are a venomous bitch!"

Still not satisfied, he spat on Su Mengqing’s face.

"Su Mengqing! You nearly got us all killed! We wrongly accused a good man!"

"Your Su family deserves every bit of this misfortune! And to think you tried to pin the blame for the stock price collapse on Lin Fan!"

"Hmph. I suspected Su Pharmaceutical staged this all along. Why else would you sell off your shares on such a massive scale beforehand?"

Mr. Huang Sr. and the others also came forward, surrounding the two women and cursing at them loudly.

"No, it’s not like that! Young Master Chen’s death has nothing to do with the Su family!" Su Mengqing froze, her face a mask of panic and despair. Yang Tingting was so terrified she simply collapsed, curling into a shivering ball on the floor.

SLAP!

Chen Heihu strode over and slapped Su Mengqing so hard she went rolling across the ground. "Su Mengqing! You fucking said you were in the Black Tiger Building! How could it be such a coincidence?"

"Lord Hu! Lin Fan was the one who killed Young Master Chen! It had nothing to do with me!" Su Mengqing endured the searing pain, lifting her twisted and ferocious face from the ground.

"Fine! Then tell me, what were you doing at the Black Tiger Building?" Though furious beyond words, Chen Heihu no longer dared to vent his anger on Lin Fan, so he directed all his resentment at Su Mengqing.

Yang Tingting stammered, "Lord Hu, Director Su isn't lying! W-we were there to pay off Su Gang's gambling debt!"

"So the Su family didn't want to pay up, and you killed my son instead! Is that it?" Chen Heihu's eye twitched, his face a terrifying shade of livid.

"No, no, no! We already paid! We gave this bank card with over twenty million on it to Young Master Chen..." Su Mengqing hastily pulled out the bank card to prove her innocence.

SLAP!

But Chen Heihu only grew more enraged, slapping her viciously once more. "Are you taking me for a fool? If you gave the card to Chen Biao, how could it possibly still be on you?"

"I... I..." Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting were questioned until their faces went deathly pale, unable to utter another word.

They had assumed that with Chen Biao killed by Lin Fan, they could secretly pocket the gambling debt money, so they had taken the bank card back. Now, however, they were trapped in their own lie, unable to talk their way out of it.

"Hmph! Nothing to say for yourselves now? If you weren't behind this, why would my son write the character 'Su' for your family name with his dying breath, instead of 'Lin'?" Chen Heihu laughed out of pure rage, his face contorted. "Even if Lin Fan was the one who struck the blow, the Su family must be the true culprits behind it all!"

"No, it's not like that! It's not like that at all...!!" Su Mengqing trembled with rage, tears streaming down her face. But she had no way to refute the accusation and could only wail in helpless, stifling despair.

Yang Tingting also lost her composure. "Lin Fan! Lin Fan, say something! You're the one who wanted to kill Young Master Chen! It has nothing to do with us!" she stared fiercely at Lin Fan, screaming hysterically.

"Su Mengqing, you two are truly shameless. Utterly without decency." Before the expressionless Lin Fan could respond, Yuan Youwei stepped forward. Her beautiful face turned cold as ice as she pointed at the two women. "This was clearly the Su family's doing, yet now you turn around and pin all the blame on Lin Fan? Then explain this: why did the Su family start dumping its stock in huge quantities first thing in the morning?

You’re the ones who crashed Su Pharmaceutical’s stock price, and then you framed Lin Fan for it!"

The relentless questioning left Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting speechless, and they could only cry even louder.

Mr. Yuan Sr. smiled without saying a word, while Mr. Wang Sr. and the others shook their heads, their gazes toward Su Mengqing and her companion turning completely icy. Chen Heihu, on the other hand, was so enraged that his fists cracked as he clenched them, his eyes bloodshot and radiating a violent, murderous light.

"No, Su Mengqing and her friend aren’t lying. I killed Chen Biao. They didn’t order me to do it." At that moment, Lin Fan’s jaw muscle twitched as he spoke in a cold voice.

A man must take responsibility for his own actions. He wasn’t afraid of Chen Heihu’s retaliation, and more importantly, he wanted nothing more to do with the Su family!

Upon hearing this, Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting looked as though they had been granted a great pardon, nodding their heads emphatically.

"Did you hear that? Did you all hear that? Lin Fan admitted it himself!"

"That’s right, that’s right! It was all Lin Fan! Lord Hu, you’ve truly wronged us!"

But when they looked at Lin Fan, their eyes were still filled with resentment, lacking even a hint of gratitude.

"Su Mengqing, look at Lin Fan, and then look at yourselves. Tsk, tsk. What ungrateful, heartless creatures." Before the crowd could react, Yuan Youwei’s eyes glinted as she began to speak, her tone dripping with ridicule. "Presumably everyone knows that Lin Fan is Su Mengqing’s ex-husband, whom the Su family just kicked out with nothing to his name! But what you don’t know is that the key to the Su family’s rapid rise these past few years was the secret support of Lin Fan’s mother, Ms. Lin Suxin! The Injury Ointment and its recipe that Lin Fan leaked online both came from Ms. Lin Suxin’s hands! They were never the Su family’s property to begin with!"

She slowly scanned the crowd as she spoke in a clear, loud voice. When she turned back to Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting, her gaze was completely glacial. "If you hadn’t gone to his mother’s memorial to cause a scene last night and completely break his heart, why would he have ever done this? And now, out of consideration for your past relationship, he’s even shouldering all the blame for you!"

BOOM!

Her words, a mix of truth and fabrication, thundered through the crowd. Everyone’s faces changed, their hearts filled with a storm of emotions.

So Lin Fan’s arrogant and domineering behavior was all a cover for the Su family? How is that an ungrateful bastard? He’s clearly a tough, loyal man of his word! He’s disregarding his own life and death, even willing to offend Black Tiger Hall and the entire Haicheng Business Community! And yet the Su family, instead of cherishing a man like that, kicked him out and even tried to frame him?

"Yuan Youwei! You! You’re spouting utter nonsense! You’re the one who’s insidious and malicious!" Sensing the complete change in the way the crowd was looking at her—with disgust, contempt, and even simmering anger—Su Mengqing felt a chill run down her spine. Her head was buzzing, and she felt like she was about to explode with rage.

"No, don’t listen to her! She’s deliberately trying to confuse you!" Yang Tingting also flew into a rage, screaming frantically. "You claim Lin Fan’s mother helped build the Su family, and that the Injury Ointment and its recipe were hers? What proof do you have? You’re just shamelessly siding with Lin Fan!"

She furiously wiped away her tears, still desperately trying to argue her case.

"Tingting is right!" Su Mengqing yelled as if jolted awake. "Lin Fan, what proof could you possibly have?!"

So much time has passed, and everything Lin Suxin did was in secret. They were certain Lin Fan had no proof. He’d have to suffer in silence, unable to defend himself!

"Speak, Lin Fan! Say something!"

"You’re just a worthless freeloader who hides behind a woman! How dare you conspire with others to steal the credit for the Su family’s success and give it to your mother? Do you deserve it? Does your mother deserve it? The two of you are utterly shameless and disgusting!"

Seeing Lin Fan remain silent with a grim expression, Su Mengqing’s confidence suddenly surged, and she let out a venomous laugh, her face contorted with malice.

"Did everyone see that? This is how cunning and treacherous Lin Fan is! He’s even fooled a sharp woman like Miss Yuan!" Yang Tingting also broke into a hideous laugh, lifting her chin defiantly as she spoke with self-righteous fury. "He pretends to confess, but he’s really trying to frame us! How hypocritical! How deep his schemes must run! No wonder his mother dropped dead! She must have been a schemer just like him! Good riddance! She got what she deserved!"

The two supported each other, staggering to their feet, their eyes brimming with malicious satisfaction.

Chapter 39. Those who demean themselves will eventually be dealt with by heaven!

For a moment, the atmosphere in the hall turned strange. Everyone looked dumbfounded, exchanging speechless glances, unsure of whom to trust. Even the normally irascible Chen Heihu was filled with uncertainty, his gaze shifting back and forth between Lin Fan and Su Mengqing.

Yuan Youwei also fell silent, biting her lip. She naturally trusted Lin Fan completely, but there was no evidence to expose the shamelessness of Su Mengqing and her friend. The hatred was almost palpable!

Just then, Lin Fan, who had been silent for a long while, finally spoke, his voice heavy. "Su Mengqing, can you touch your heart and say you didn't know your Su Family's rise was built on my mother's work?"

A thick, self-mocking sneer appeared on his lips as he slowly shook his head. "Then again, what conscience would heartless beasts like you have?"

"I truly regret it. I never should have stepped in. I should have waited for those hundred-plus men to defile you to death!"

"Hmph, enough, Lin Fan. Are you still trying to play the hero?" Su Mengqing's expression flickered as she scoffed and turned her head away.

Not to be outdone, Yang Tingting pointed at Lin Fan and shot back harshly, "Wasn't it because you killed Young Master Chen's beloved dog that he holds a grudge against you? Wasn't it you who leaked the recipe last night, causing the Su Family's stock price to fluctuate? And the most laughable part is, you can't produce a shred of evidence, yet you still have the gall to claim the recipe came from your mother?"

After a long, heavy silence, Lin Fan's cheeks tensed as he gave a furious laugh. "You're right. I can't produce any evidence that the recipes came from my mother."

"Then why did you two come to the memorial hall last night, pressuring me for the formulation?"

Yang Tingting's eyes darted nervously, but she lifted her pointed chin and shrieked, "Th-that's because the Su Family trusted you enough to let you safeguard our ancestral recipe!"

Caught off guard by the question, Su Mengqing felt her face burn. She stiffened her neck and yelled back, "That's right! If the Old Master hadn't taken pity on you and your mother

and taken you in, where would you be today? You two ungrateful wretches would have been homeless, dead in some gutter!"

"If you tell too many lies, eventually they stop adding up," Lin Fan sneered again, his gaze now filled with utter disgust. "I, Lin Fan, worked for the Su Family for four years as a mere handyman at the pharmaceutical factory. What qualifications did I have to be entrusted with the core trade secrets of Su Pharmaceutical?"

"Or are you saying, Director Su, that while you publicly treated me with disdain and called me a worthless slacker, you secretly held great expectations for me?"

As his words fell, the room went quiet. A moment later, several people couldn't hold back their snickers, which quickly turned into outright laughter. No one was a fool. If the Su Family truly valued Lin Fan, he wouldn't have been a mere factory handyman for four years. Furthermore, who would entrust their core trade secrets to a good-for-nothing layabout?

"You're just trying to change the subject, Lin Fan! You still can't produce any evidence!" Yang Tingting was left red-faced and speechless.

Su Mengqing, however, grew enraged with humiliation and shrieked viciously. Her previously cold and beautiful face twisted into a monstrous mask, like that of a malevolent spirit. "If you have it, then show your proof today! Make me, Su Mengqing, a total laughingstock!" she screamed hysterically, on the verge of a complete breakdown.

"Mr. Shen Wenqing and his fellow patients have come to pay their respects to Mrs. Lin and to thank Doctor Lin for saving their lives!"

The next moment, a loud voice rang out from the doorway. Following the announcement, a group of elderly people dressed in black solemnly entered the memorial hall.

At this sight, Su Mengqing's entire body jolted, her expression changing drastically! Among the newcomers was Director Shen, a major client of Su Pharmaceutical!

"Su Mengqing, how do you have the face to stand before Mrs. Lin's memorial?" As expected, Director Shen and the others were momentarily stunned as they looked toward the side hall. He bypassed the crowd and strode over to the trembling Su Mengqing, sneering with contempt. "Nearly all of your company's orders were secured by Mrs. Lin. Now that she's passed away, you finally remember to come put on a hypocritical performance?"

What? All of Su Pharmaceutical's orders came from Lin Fan's mother? The faces of everyone present changed at his words.

This man was no small figure either. He was the head of the Yunhai Pharmaceutical Group from the neighboring province, known as the Medicine King of Yuncheng. His father, Shen

Wenqing, was a titan of the Yuncheng business world, though he had not been seen in public for many years after suffering a serious illness. No one could have imagined that Lin Suxin—the woman Su Mengqing had dismissed as a mere "clinic physician"—had actually saved Shen Wenqing's life. Even more shocking, he had been moved enough to bring other influential figures saved by Lin Suxin to personally pay their respects!

Instantly, the gazes of Mr. Wang Sr. and the others fell upon Su Mengqing's face, their expressions turning utterly glacial.

"Wh-who are you? Our Director Su doesn't know you at all!" Su Mengqing bit her lip and said nothing, turning her head away, wishing the ground would swallow her whole. Yang Tingting, trembling, bluffed with a fierce exterior as she snapped at Director Shen. They were in too deep now to back down. They absolutely could not admit defeat, let alone acknowledge his words!

"Incredible," Director Shen chuckled, thoroughly amused. "This morning, you were crying on the phone, begging me not to cancel our orders. Now you're pretending you don't know me?"

He turned and beckoned to someone in his group. A haggard, middle-aged man came forward. He was still wearing a uniform with "Su Pharmaceutical Factory" printed on it. "Director Su, don't blame me for jumping ship. Your mother, Zhang Meili, pushed me too far. She demanded I alter the Injury Ointment Prescription to cut costs! She said if I couldn't do it, I should just get lost!"

He was none other than the factory's veteran pharmacist, Old Song!

"That recipe came from the hands of Divine Doctor Lin herself! What right do I, Old Song, have to dare alter it?" Old Song sighed, looking hopefully at Director Shen. "Luckily, I heard Director Shen was coming to pay respects to Mrs. Lin, so I sought him out. He valued my skills and offered me a position at Yunhai Group immediately." As he spoke, a hint of resentment crept into his voice, which grew louder.

Gritting his teeth, Old Song ripped off his factory uniform and threw it down in front of Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting. "Director Su, it's true. My skills aren't good enough to work in a grand temple like the Su Family. So, I'll see myself out!"

"You... you treacherous turncoat! You're just like Lin Fan—a heartless, ungrateful wretch!" Yang Tingting was about to go mad. She pointed at Old Song, her face contorted with rage as she screamed abuse.

Su Mengqing's face flushed crimson. She closed her eyes tightly, her breathing ragged and chaotic.

"Su Mengqing, you can pretend you don't know me, but surely you recognize your own pharmacist?"

Hearing Director Shen's mocking tone, Su Mengqing hung her head and wept silently, consumed by shame and fury.

Lin Fan was right. She had told too many lies, and now there was no way to make them add up. It was over. Everything was over. Not only had she been exposed in public, but the Su Family's desperate situation was now laid bare for all to see!

Was this really my fault? Why? Why is everyone doing this to me?

"Liar! Filthy liar! And you have the nerve to call yourself the new queen of medicine? I spit on you!"

"Director Shen, you came just in time! Otherwise, we would have been completely fooled by these two wretches!"

"I've never in my life seen such shameless, despicable trash!"

Her nails dug so deep into her palms that they broke the skin, drawing trickles of blood. But the tsunami of angry curses and accusations drowned out everything else. Su Mengqing's heart turned to ash. She felt completely numb, unable to even register the pain.

SLAP!

A sharp, stinging pain erupted on her cheek. Su Mengqing's eyes flew open in fury, meeting the half-smiling gaze of Yuan Youwei.

"Su Mengqing, Yang Tingting. You wanted evidence, didn't you? Are you satisfied now?"

Su Mengqing hung her head, wishing she could find a crack in the floor to crawl into. Yang Tingting shrank back, not daring to make a peep.

"Lin Fan might not have had evidence, but heaven has a way of dealing with despicable people!" Yuan Youwei's red lips curled into a triumphant smile, her words filled with pure, unadulterated glee. "You wanted to become a laughingstock? Congratulations, you've finally succeeded!"

"The Yuan family doesn't welcome trash like you. And you are certainly not permitted to set foot in Mrs. Lin's memorial hall!" She pointed a finger toward the door. "Get out! And do exactly as Lin Fan said. Crawl on your knees all the way to the road outside. Not a single step less!"

Chapter 40, no one can escape!

THUMP, THUMP!

Humiliation, regret, indignation... A torrent of emotions flashed through Su Mengqing's eyes, finally settling into a blank numbness.

Resigned to their fate, she and the sobbing Yang Tingting knelt once more, crawling toward the entrance of the memorial hall. The former president of Su Pharmaceutical, once hailed as a corporate beauty, the renowned, newly-crowned pharmaceutical queen of Haicheng, had been thoroughly reduced to a laughingstock under the watchful eyes of the city's most powerful figures.

DRIP, DRIP.

Tears streamed down her face, leaving two humiliating trails behind her trembling figure as she crawled away from the side hall.

"They brought this upon themselves... A sad sight..." Old Song sighed, shaking his head.

Director Shen and his companions watched coldly. Mr. Wang Sr. and the others also shook their heads in dismay. Mr. Yuan Sr., however, simply stood by with a smile, choosing to watch things unfold.

"Thank you all for coming to pay respects to my mother, and thank you even more for speaking up for what is right."

Just then, Lin Fan withdrew his gaze from the doorway. He approached the elderly Shen Wenqing and his companions, cupping his hands in sincere gratitude.

"Nephew Lin, there's no need for such politeness," Shen Wenqing and the others said, nodding with complicated expressions. "Your mother saved our lives. It was only right that we come."

After greeting a few old acquaintances in the hall, they went to the altar to offer incense and pay their respects.

"Brother Lin, the Su Family is nothing! Why not join us at Yunhai Group like Old Song? I guarantee we won't stick you in some factory as a mere handyman!" Director Shen said, slinging an arm around Lin Fan's shoulder with a hearty laugh.

"Thank you for the kind offer, Director Shen, but Mr. Lin has already decided to join our Yuan family's Yuandao Capital," Yuan Youwei interjected, looking slightly alarmed. She rushed forward to hook Lin Fan's arm, her face breaking into a radiant smile.

"When did I decide—" Lin Fan started to deny it but yelped as he felt a sharp pinch on his side from Yuan Youwei.

Their eyes met. In the depths of her beautiful gaze, he saw a playful pout and a silent plea.

Director Shen looked startled for a moment before bursting into laughter. "It seems Brother Lin isn't as useless as the rumors claim. I see you're already spoken for, haha!" He patted Lin Fan's shoulder and then headed for the altar.

"If you dare run off with someone else, I'll burn joss paper for your mother every day and tell her you bullied me!"

Seeing that Shen Wenqing's group was already lining up before the memorial portrait to offer incense, Lin Fan tried to take a step, only to be yanked back by Yuan Youwei.

"...Miss Yuan, why are you doing this? I'm just a divorced man that everyone looks down on."

Lin Fan felt an inexplicable warmth in his heart, yet he was also amused by her cute pout and bared canine teeth. He gave a self-deprecating chuckle and tried to withdraw his arm from her soft grasp.

"I don't care! If other people don't want you, it's because they're blind! You've helped me so much, I don't even know how to express my gratitude..." Yuan Youwei's voice grew quieter and quieter as a blush spread across her face. "In that case, I'll just have to go all out and offer myself to you!"

"..."

A shudder ran through Lin Fan. He was genuinely struggling to handle her fiery, passionate offensive.

COUGH, COUGH, COUGH!

A series of urgent, aged coughs sounded from behind them. Startled, Yuan Youwei hastily let go, her face beet red as she pretended to admire the scenery. Lin Fan quietly sighed in relief. He quickly walked over to the altar to thank Shen Wenqing and the others one by one as they prepared to leave.

"You foolish girl, can't you be a little more reserved? You're the future heir of the Yuan family!" Mr. Yuan Sr. grumbled, walking over with a scowl and poking Yuan Youwei on her smooth forehead.

"Grandpa, he's your savior! I was just expressing my gratitude. What's wrong with that?" Yuan Youwei retorted, her face burning as she pouted.

"Hmph, was that expressing gratitude? You were clearly just lusting after his body!" the old man snorted, half-annoyed and half-amused as he rolled his eyes.

Just then, Mrs. Xue walked over and said hesitantly, "Actually, Mr. Yuan Sr., I think Lin Fan is quite good."

"That’s right! Lin Fan is a total beast! He snuck into the Black Tiger Hall’s lair all by himself and got out unscathed. How badass is that!" Yuan Tao chimed in, his eyes gleaming with a crafty light. "Why don’t we make him my underling? Who in Haicheng would dare mess with me then?"

SLAP!

"You, get over there. You want to be his underling? I doubt Lin Fan would even have you," Yuan Youwei snapped, her face darkening as she smacked the back of Yuan Tao’s head.

"President Yuan, we should be taking our leave now, hehe."

"Yes, us too. Forgive our rude intrusion, we’re terribly sorry..."

At that, the crowd of business tycoons like Mr. Wang Sr. and underworld bosses like Chen Heihu all gathered around. Awkward smiles were plastered on their faces as they chuckled nervously. Now that Lin Fan was seemingly roped in by the Yuan family, they had gained another formidable general. Entertaining any crooked ideas about him would be much, much harder now.

"President Yuan, the Black Tiger Hall has urgent matters to attend to. I will visit another day to apologize properly," Chen Heihu said, his expression complex. He gritted his teeth and cupped his hands toward Mr. Yuan Sr.

Today had been a crushing defeat. Not only that, but he had also lost his only son, Chen Biao, and a host of Black Tiger Hall’s elite. His heart seethed with grief and rage. He was anxious to go back and retrieve his son’s body. With the Yuan family’s backing and his own incredible skills, Lin Fan was untouchable for now. The Su Family, however, could not escape their involvement. They would have to pay a price in blood!

"What’s the rush? Didn’t you all say you came to pay respects to Mrs. Lin?" Mr. Yuan Sr. said, giving Chen Heihu a long look before shaking his head with a smile.

"Of course, of course! We were definitely planning to pay our respects before leaving, hehe..." Everyone was jolted by his words and quickly nodded with forced smiles.

"Since you’re here to pay respects, you can’t have come empty-handed, can you?" Mr. Yuan Sr. held up a single finger, a crafty smile playing on his lips. "You are all reputable figures. It would be a disgrace if word got out that you were stingy with your condolence money... so let’s say ten million from each family. On behalf of Lin Fan, I thank you all in advance."

What? Ten million each in condolence money? Damn it, how is that any different from daylight robbery!

As his words fell, everyone’s expression changed. They gritted their teeth, remaining silent.

"What’s wrong, you think it’s too little?" Mr. Yuan Sr. continued to chuckle, but his eyes grew cold. "You’re right. With such vast family fortunes, ten million is probably too embarrassing for you to offer."

You think you can just come to the Yuan estate, stir up a mob, and then walk away without paying a price? Not a chance! Not a single one of you is leaving today!

"Since President Yuan has spoken, we are of course happy to comply," Mr. Wang Sr. and the others said, nodding with grim faces.

"Indeed. We came all this way, we should at least show some sincerity."

The underworld bosses had no choice but to grimly take out their phones and make the transfers.

It took over an hour before everyone had their turn at the altar to offer incense. They paid their respects and then scurried away dejectedly, leaving the once crowded and noisy venue quiet and empty.

Chen Heihu gritted his teeth as he finished offering his incense. Before leaving, he growled in a low voice at Lin Fan, who was kneeling and burning joss paper, "Lin Fan, this isn’t over between us! You just wait!"

"If you want revenge, I’ll be waiting. I’m just afraid you won’t live to see that day," Lin Fan replied coolly, not even turning his head.

"Don’t be so arrogant! Even if you’re a high-level Martial Artist, you won’t be able to withstand wave after wave of assassins!" Chen Heihu’s face was ashen as he stormed away in a fury.

The sound of his footsteps faded outside. Lin Fan suppressed his killing intent, murmuring to himself.

Assassins... I survived the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus. What kind of assassination could possibly be deadlier than the world’s number one poison?

His principle had always been simple: he wouldn’t attack unless attacked first. But if Chen Heihu truly dared to cause more trouble, Lin Fan wouldn’t mind sending him to reunite with Chen Biao.