Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 4: He burned through a hundred billion!

"What? An investment of ten billion in Su Pharmaceutical?"

"This is going to make them skyrocket!"

As Chairman Wang's voice fell, Su Gang, Zhang Meili, and Yang Tingting all trembled violently, their mouths agape in shock.

Su Mengqing's eyes lit up, her body trembling with excitement.

Indeed, heaven rewards the diligent. Her four years of hard work had finally paid off.

Amid her wild joy, Su Mengqing suddenly froze.

Bixia Pill... I've never heard of it, and it's not a product of Su Pharmaceutical. Could this be some kind of mix-up?

"Director Su, you must have seen my sincerity. Just let me look over the complete recipe for the Bixia Pill, and we can sign the contract immediately, haha." Chairman Wang rubbed his hands, his old eyes gleaming with excitement.

Last night, after he had passed by Lin Fan, he had unexpectedly picked up the torn fragment of the Bixia Pill recipe. After studying it all night, the old man had nearly gone mad with joy.

It can't be wrong. This is absolutely the correct recipe for the Bixia Pill!

After all, the Bixia Pill was the creation of the Medical Sage Lin Aochang. It had only briefly appeared decades ago, but it caused a massive sensation. Back then, Chairman Wang was just a young man in his twenties, apprenticing at a pharmacy in the Imperial Capital, when he overheard the old shopkeeper mention it. He had never forgotten about

it, searching tirelessly for half his life. Unfortunately, the Medical Sage was as elusive as a dragon, having been missing for far too many years to be found.

He never, ever expected to find the burned remnants of the Bixia Pill recipe right under his very nose.

This must be fate! It has to be!

"Director Su, if you think ten billion isn't enough, I can double it!" Seeing Su Mengqing and her family just exchange glances without a word, Chairman Wang gritted his teeth and held up two fingers. "Twenty billion in investment, and I'll only take a thirty... no, a twenty percent stake is fine too!"

"Chairman Wang, you might be mistaken... I-I don't have the recipe for the Bixia Pill."

Under Chairman Wang's eager gaze, Su Mengqing finally bit her lip and shook her head, feeling both tense and helpless. The offer was incredibly tempting, but she simply didn't have this so-called Bixia Pill.

"Director Su, stop joking. Wasn't it you who burned the Bixia Pill recipe at the hospital last night?" Hearing this, Chairman Wang's smile faded. He presumed Su Mengqing was trying to drive up the price.

"Hospital? I was at Young Master Chen's dog's birthday party all last night. I never left..." Su Mengqing slowly shook her head, but an ominous feeling inexplicably bloomed in her heart. The word "hospital" made her instantly think of Lin Fan.

"Director Su, my, Wang Tianchuan's, reputation is not something to be trifled with." Chairman Wang's expression turned ugly. "I've had someone check carefully. The payment for that hospital room has always been made under your name, Su Mengqing!"

"Chairman Wang, please don't be angry! Director Su isn't lying. She didn't go to any hospital last night, and she hasn't made any hospital payments recently," Yang Tingting hurriedly stepped forward, explaining with an apologetic smile.

"Right, right! No one in our family is sick, so why would we go to a hospital?" Zhang Meili and Su Gang added, nodding repeatedly.

"No, I did make a payment... It was for... for Lin Fan's mother."

At that moment, Su Mengqing's face turned deathly pale, and her body began to tremble uncontrollably. Her hands shaking, she fumbled inside her small purse and pulled out Lin Fan's payroll card. She had held onto this card for the four years of their marriage. Aside from the few hundred dollars she gave Lin Fan for pocket money each month, all his other major expenses were paid by her personally.

So, the one who burned the Bixia Pill recipe last night was Lin Fan? And it's highly likely that the recipe, just like the Injury Ointment, was something Lin Suxin intended to leave for me?

BOOM!

Her mind exploded. Su Mengqing's vision went dark, as if she had stepped off a cliff into an abyss.

What had she missed?

Just because she didn't go to see Lin Fan's mother one last time, she had let a twenty-billion-dollar investment contract slip through her fingers!

No, that wasn't right. To get someone of Chairman Wang's stature to come personally, the Bixia Pill had to be priceless. It was worth at least a hundred billion!

A heavy weight seemed to crush her chest, the pressure so immense it was almost suffocating. Su Mengqing swayed, struggling to stay on her feet, her face completely drained of color.

That bastard Lin Fan hadn't just burned a recipe. He had burned the hundred-billion-dollar future of Su Pharmaceutical!

She regretted it. She was filled with absolute, soul-crushing regret. She wanted to slap herself silly.

With the Bixia Pill formula, why would I have needed to attend a dog's birthday party? Why would I have wasted so much effort trying to squeeze into that pharmaceutical procurement conference?!

"Director Su, what exactly is going on? You must give me an explanation!" Chairman Wang shouted, his patience clearly gone.

"Hit her... Beat her! Beat her to death!"

However, Su Mengqing clutched her chest tightly, her trembling finger pointing toward a completely bewildered Yang Tingting.

Lin Fan is hateful, but this wretched woman is just as much to blame! It's all my fault for being so stupid! I never should have listened to her goading and let a hundred-billion-dollar opportunity slip away! On the surface, Lin Fan was the one leaving with nothing from this divorce. In reality, I was the one who lost out spectacularly!

THUD!

Overwhelmed by a tidal wave of fury, Su Mengqing could no longer bear it. Before the shocked eyes of Chairman Wang and the others, she pitched forward. Furious to the point of blacking out, she collapsed straight to the ground, completely unconscious.

「Southern City.」

In a deep alley stood the Suxin Clinic. Night had fallen, and lights flickered inside and outside the lane.

"Mom, I'm sorry. I didn't listen to you... Not only did I divorce Su Mengqing, but I will also make those people in the Imperial Capital pay for their crimes in blood!"

Inside the memorial hall, which was draped entirely in white, Lin Fan crouched before the portrait, silently tossing joss paper into a fire basin. The bright flames illuminated a face etched with resolve.

Years ago, the Ying family in the Imperial Capital had faced a powerful enemy and was nearly wiped out. At the same time, Lin Fan was afflicted with the rare Seven-Core Deadly Lotus poison and was hanging on by a thread. The ridiculous part was that his father, Ying Wenyuan, had been urged on by his new wife, Shen Yueli, and others. He callously discarded his old affections, choosing to frame his ex-wife, Lin Suxin, and forcing her to take the fall for everything.

Lin Fan had carried this blood debt for seven long years, seared into his very bones. He wouldn't just return to the Imperial Capital to seek justice for his mother. He would make every single one of those heartless beasts of the Ying family pay the price!

"Just three more rare herbs, and I can neutralize the poison and recover my full strength... Mom, one day, I will make those animals from the Ying family kneel before you, crying and repenting..."

Lin Fan lifted his bloodshot eyes, staring at the portrait and muttering to himself. Just then, he tilted his head slightly. From the alley entrance, the sound of two sets of hurried footsteps approached, seemingly heading for the clinic.

A moment later, the visitors barged in, panting heavily. Lin Fan frowned slightly, but without turning around, he curtly dismissed them. "Sorry, the clinic is closed. Please leave."

"Are you a doctor? My Young Miss is injured and needs urgent treatment!" The speaker was a tall woman in a tight-fitting black cheongsam, her cold, beautiful face fraught with anxiety. She was tightly supporting another stunningly beautiful woman with a voluptuous figure, her voice sharp as she addressed Lin Fan's back.

"Mrs. Xue, we... we should go. Let's not bring trouble to him..." the injured woman said. She appeared to be in her twenties, dressed in sleek gray pencil pants. Her white blouse

was stained red with blood on the right shoulder, stretching taut over her ample chest in a breathtaking curve. Her breathing was ragged, and her lovely face was as pale as paper. After glancing around the memorial hall, she shook her head at the older woman.

"But, Young Miss, you've lost too much blood! It needs to be treated immediately!" Mrs. Xue gritted her teeth and turned back to Lin Fan, her voice rising in anger. "You! You must save my Young Miss right now, or you'll face consequences you can't afford!"

"I don't treat gunshot wounds," Lin Fan said, still not turning around, continuing to toss joss paper into the fire.

"You! You bastard, I... I..." Mrs. Xue's brow throbbed with fury. She took a step forward but was held back firmly by the young woman.

Utterly helpless, she was about to turn and leave with her companion. But as they took a step, a sudden realization struck them both. They exchanged a look of pure shock.

From start to finish, Lin Fan hadn't once looked at them.

So how did he know someone had a gunshot wound?

BOOM!

Their breath caught in their throats, and their eyes filled with deep suspicion and alarm. If the man before them wasn't one of their enemies, the only other explanation was that he was a peerless divine doctor.