Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 41: I’m not willing to accept this!

Inside a private hospital room, two extra beds had been placed by the window. Lying on them were Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting, their knees wrapped in bandages.

"Mengqing, Lin Fan is a real piece of work. I won’t let him get away with this!" Zhang Meili stood before the three patients, her pudgy face twisted in fury as she ground her teeth.

Su Gang was already in a wretched state, wrapped head to toe like a mummy and howling in agony despite having regained consciousness. Who would have thought that in the blink of an eye, the returning Su Mengqing and Yang Tingting would also be so badly hurt? Their knees were scraped raw and bloody, leaving them barely able to walk.

"Mrs. Zhang, you have no idea how ruthless and hypocritical Lin Fan is!" Yang Tingting cried out, her face tear-streaked. "He even tried to pin Young Master Chen’s death on the Su family!"

What? Lin Fan dares to be so reckless? He’s nothing but a beast!

Hearing this, Zhang Meili’s pudgy face paled, and she gulped. Even the wailing Su Gang couldn’t help but tremble and fell silent.

An oppressive, suffocating silence filled the room.

After a long moment, Su Mengqing, lying there with dead fish eyes, finally broke the silence. She stared blankly at the ceiling, a hoarse, wretched laugh escaping her lips. Two streams of hot tears rolled down her cheeks and into the corners of her mouth, tasting of bitterness.

This trip to the Yuan estate had not only cost them their dignity but had also offended business magnates like Chen Heihu and Mr. Wang Sr. It was a classic case of lifting a rock only to drop it on their own feet.

To make matters worse, she had just received back-to-back calls from the Haicheng Chamber of Commerce and the Medical Association, informing her that Su Pharmaceutical

had been expelled from their memberships. Four years of blood, sweat, and tears had become a complete joke. She had fought desperately to climb the social ladder and break into higher circles, yet in the mere two days since her falling out with Lin Fan, she had plummeted back to where she started.

Su Mengqing was utterly disheartened, filled with a crushing sense of defeat. Even as her phone buzzed incessantly with resignation letters from her employees and cancellation notices from clients, she was too numb to feel anything.

THUD!

"It's all because of your gambling addict of a father, Su Guang!" Zhang Meili's jaw dropped. Her expression of disbelief instantly twisted into one of immense grief and resentment. She collapsed to the floor, wailing and cursing. "If he hadn't bankrupted the Su family all those years ago, would we ever have provoked a jinx like Lin Fan?!"

"Sis, didn't our family cash out several hundred million?" Su Gang said sheepishly, trying to console them. "So what if the company goes bankrupt? We can still live a good life!"

"You still have the nerve to mention those hundreds of millions? If it weren't for your mess, how would we have gotten involved with Black Tiger Hall?" Su Mengqing turned her head stiffly, staring daggers at Su Gang. "And on top of that, you and Yang Tingting have been secretly stealing money from the company accounts!" she choked out, fresh tears welling in her swollen eyes.

"I'm the only male heir of the Su family! Shouldn't the family's money be mine to spend?" Su Gang shot back.

At his outburst, Yang Tingting guiltily shrank back and said nothing.

His own face flushing with anger, Su Gang continued to shout, "If you'd just given me a bigger allowance, would I have needed to get money behind your back?"

"Fine, I was wrong. It's all my fault... but I refuse to accept this!" Su Mengqing clenched the bedsheets, grinding her teeth so hard they audibly clicked.

"Director Su, our only chance to rise from the ashes might be the Pharmaceutical Procurement Conference in a week," Yang Tingting said cautiously, stealing a glance at Su Mengqing's expression.

"That's right, Mengqing! We haven't lost yet! Our family still has a chance to make a comeback!" Zhang Meili fiercely wiped her tears and scrambled up from the floor.

"Exactly. Lin Fan must be staying at the Yuan estate these days, keeping a vigil for his mother," Su Gang's eyes darted around as he let out a sly snicker. "Once I've recovered for

a couple of days, I'll go turn that broken-down clinic upside down. Maybe I'll find some other prescriptions Lin Suxin left behind!"

At these words, the eyes of Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting lit up. Even Su Mengqing paused, a flicker of interest in her eyes.

Although the idea of stealing from Lin Fan left a bad taste in her mouth, she just couldn't swallow this humiliation! As long as she could get into the Pharmaceutical Procurement Conference and open up the market channels in the North, Su Pharmaceutical was bound to rise again under her leadership! And if she could get her hands on Lin Suxin's other prescriptions, their market competitiveness would be even stronger, completely making up for the damage from the leaked Injury Ointment Prescription!

"Alright. Let's work together and shock everyone all over again!" Under their three pairs of expectant eyes, Su Mengqing's resolve hardened, and she gave a firm, heavy nod.

「On the outskirts of the city」

Deep within the Yuan family estate stood a stark white mourning hall. Night had fallen, but the estate grounds were brightly illuminated. Lin Fan was still squatting before the portrait, tossing paper money into a brazier.

"Mr. Lin," came Mrs. Xue's soft voice from behind him, "the Old Master and the Young Miss invite you to join them for dinner in the dining hall."

Lin Fan hesitated for a moment, then stood up and nodded.

The two of them left the mourning hall and entered the grand dining hall of the estate. A long rosewood table was already filled with members of the Yuan family, all of whom turned to stare at Lin Fan as he entered. At the head of the table sat a smiling Mr. Yuan Sr.

Yuan Ruohai, seated in the place of honor to the right, pointed to a small stool in the corner. "Lin Fan, there's no seat for you here," he said with a disgruntled look. "Go over there."

If it hadn't been for this guy, the Yuan family would have long since changed masters. Yuan Ruohai detested Lin Fan, so there was no way he would allow him at the main table.

"Lin Fan, don't think we're trying to humiliate you," Seventh Uncle chimed in, his face grim as he sneered. "The Yuan family has a strict hierarchy, and as an outsider, you naturally don't qualify to sit at this table."

"That's right. For our Yuan family to handle your mother's funeral was already an act of utmost benevolence."

"If not for the Yuan family's reputation, none of those magnates would have come to pay their respects. You and your mother have benefited greatly from our family's standing."

"I think we should just have Lin Fan eat with the servants in the kitchen. That way he won't feel so out of place."

"Heh, you can't serve dog meat at a grand feast, after all..."

One mocking, backhanded comment followed another. Everyone watched Lin Fan with playful interest, curious to see how he would react. They had kneeled to this man before, but that was because the Yuan family had been in peril, with Yuan Youwei leading the gesture. But who could have predicted such a turn of events? Not only had the old master survived, but even now, Yuan Ruohai hadn't been punished for his attempt to seize power.

With the situation now stable, other considerations came to the forefront.

So what if Lin Fan is a capable fighter? So what if the Yuan family owes him a favor? Did he really think he could use that to climb the social ladder, enter the Yuan family's inner circle, and get a piece of the pie? Hmph, in his dreams! Absolutely not!

The atmosphere in the hall grew awkward. The expressions on Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue's faces soured, a flash of anger in their eyes. Yuan Tao started to speak, but a fierce glare from Yuan Ruohai silenced him.

"Is this how the Yuan family, Haicheng's so-called top household, shows its hospitality?"

Meeting their strange gazes, Lin Fan remained silent for a moment before turning to the quietly smiling Mr. Yuan Sr.

"If a life-saving favor isn't even worthy of a decent meal... then I see the Yuan family is nothing special after all."

His detached voice wasn't loud, but it instantly silenced the hall.

A moment later, the room erupted into chaos.

Chapter 42. Mr. Yuan Sr. got so scared he wet himself!

"How dare you! Is the noble Yuan family something you can insult and belittle?"

"Lin Fan, don't think you can impress us just because you showed off a little and acted tough!"

"Tch, what a joke. Does he really think he’s the old master’s savior?"

Everyone’s expression changed. Tables were slammed, curses were shouted, and scoldings flew. The uproar was like a chaotic marketplace.

Yuan Ruohai and Seventh Uncle exchanged a glance, both smiling with unconcealed pleasure at Lin Fan’s misfortune.

As expected, just a brute. Can a few harsh words really throw him into such disarray?

"Grandfather, Lin Fan... he didn’t mean it, please don’t be angry with him!" Yuan Youwei’s expression tightened.

She quickly rose and moved to Mr. Yuan Sr.’s side, pleading earnestly for Lin Fan.

"Young man, in all my years, you are the first person who has dared to point at my nose and curse me."

Mr. Yuan Sr. raised a hand to stop Yuan Youwei. The smile on his old face grew wider, but a glint of anger hid in the depths of his eyes.

I remember last night at the clinic. This little rascal repeatedly provoked me, showing no reverence whatsoever. Especially that needle he stuck in my philtrum. That really fucking hurt! Hmph. If I don’t teach him a harsh lesson, how can I swallow this humiliation? Not to mention, that silly girl Youwei is completely bewitched by him. If you can’t even pass this little test, then on what grounds can you, Lin Fan, enter the Yuan family’s doors?

"How about this? If you feel the Yuan family has wronged you, why don’t you just take this old fool’s life back?"

The old man stood up leisurely. He then spread his arms with a grin, presenting himself as if ready for slaughter.

The hall fell silent once more.

The members of the Yuan family stared at each other in shock, not daring to utter another sound. He was furious. Mr. Yuan Sr. was on the verge of unleashing his thunderous rage!

Seeing this, Yuan Ruohai and Seventh Uncle exchanged another subtle glance, no longer able to suppress the smug smiles on their faces.

Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue were frantic, desperately trying to give Lin Fan warning looks.

"Are you serious?" Lin Fan asked, his expression unchanged.

"...You can try," Mr. Yuan Sr. replied, his smile vanishing as his gaze turned hard.

Damn it, this little brat is really stubborn. Is he absolutely refusing to back down? Fine, fine, fine. Then don’t blame this old man for breaking up the happy couple!

"Alright, then I’ll have to try," Lin Fan said with a nod.

With a flick of his wrist, a fine silver needle appeared stealthily between his fingers.

Practicing medicine and saving lives is supposed to be a good deed. But what if the person you saved turns out to be a heartless old beast? Well, I don’t mind correcting my mistake on the spot.

Dead silence filled the hall. The atmosphere grew incredibly oppressive, like a giant boulder pressing down on everyone’s chest, making it difficult to breathe.

As the old and young man stood their ground, staring each other down, Yuan Ruohai and the others could no longer laugh, discreetly reaching for their phones.

Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue were burning with anxiety, their foreheads beaded with cold sweat.

We’ve both seen Lin Fan’s skills firsthand. If he truly decides to kill... no one here can stop him!

One second, two seconds, three seconds... a full ten seconds passed.

Suddenly, the sound of dense, rapid footsteps came from outside the dining hall!

"Lin Fan! The audacity! No wonder the Su Family kicked you out! You truly are a heartless beast!"

Seeing the troop of Yuan family bodyguards rushing to the doorway, each with a hand resting on their lower back, Yuan Ruohai was greatly reassured. He slammed the table and shot to his feet, then walked right up to Lin Fan, pointing at his nose and shouting.

"Youwei, look at what you’ve brought home! Our Yuan family’s kindness has been utterly wasted on a dog!" Seventh Uncle added, turning to scold Yuan Youwei.

"It’s not like that! Lin Fan was just joking, Grandfather, please don’t take it seriously..." Yuan Youwei said hurriedly. Ignoring the strange looks from everyone, she stepped in front of Lin Fan, her eyes pleading.

"Youwei, step aside! The old master was just testing Lin Fan, and this fellow has revealed his true colors!"

Before Lin Fan could respond, Yuan Ruohai pushed Yuan Youwei aside and stared at him with a sneer.

"...You call this a test?"

Lin Fan glanced at the Yuan family bodyguards at the door and found the situation utterly ridiculous.

They're all fucking ready to draw their guns. What kind of test is this?

"Lin Fan, your reaction disappoints me."

Just then, Mr. Yuan Sr. shook his head, his old face turning completely cold.

"You are too extreme, too impulsive. You are not at all suitable for Youwei. I plan to..."

Out of the corner of his eye, his gaze suddenly fell on the silver needle between Lin Fan's fingers. Mr. Yuan Sr. froze, his voice catching in his throat.

Shock, bewilderment, terror... The old man stared intently at Lin Fan's ruby ring. His pupils contracted violently, and his heart clenched.

It can't be wrong. It's absolutely unmistakable. That's the precious ring from that seal!

THUD!

A deep-seated fear that had haunted him for years made his heart pound and his entire body tremble.

"...This old servant... this old servant greets the Young Master!"

Mr. Yuan Sr.'s legs gave out, and he actually knelt down before Lin Fan, bowing his head!

HISS...!

What in the world was happening?

Could it be that the old man, known as the pillar of the Haicheng Business Community, was actually so frightened by Lin Fan that he knelt and begged for mercy?!

At this sight, Yuan Ruohai's sneer froze on his face. Seventh Uncle and the others were completely stupefied. At the door, the Yuan family bodyguards stared blankly at one another. Even Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue were aghast, their lips parted in shock as they exchanged a look.

Everyone knew that Mr. Yuan Sr. had weathered countless storms in his life. The number of assassination attempts he had survived was too high to count. Even with a gun pressed to his head, he wouldn't so much as blink. So why was he acting like this now, so terrified of Lin Fan?

The atmosphere in the room instantly turned to ice. No one dared to speak, afraid to even breathe too loudly.

One second, two seconds, three seconds... more than ten seconds passed.

After a long moment of stunned silence, Lin Fan's mouth twitched. "...Old man, are you feeling alright?"

What on earth is this old coot playing at? He was acting all tough one second, and now he's kneeling? And this "old servant" and "Young Master" business... it sounds like a lunatic's ravings.

"Are all of you in the Yuan family this polite?" Turning his head, Lin Fan looked at Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue.

"...Grandfather, what's wrong with you? Get up, please get up!"

Mrs. Xue's face was stiff as she remained silent. Yuan Youwei, completely dumbfounded, helped the old man to his feet with a look of shocked uncertainty.

"Uh... perhaps I... I mistook you for someone else, hehe," Mr. Yuan Sr. said, constantly sizing Lin Fan up. Seeing that Lin Fan seemed truly unaware, he quietly breathed a sigh of relief. The heart that had been caught in his throat fell back into his stomach. The panic in his old eyes gradually faded, replaced by embarrassment.

"When you get old, your eyesight starts to go. It's quite normal," Mr. Yuan Sr. mumbled, his face flushing red as he gave an awkward laugh. But anyone with eyes could see that his gaze toward Lin Fan now carried a distinct trace of reverence.

Seeing this, Yuan Ruohai and the others were even more bewildered, exchanging glances.

None of us are fools. That old man is definitely not telling the truth!

"Then... why did you kneel?" Lin Fan frowned slightly, not buying a word of Old Man Yuan's nonsense.

Noticing how the man kept sneaking glances at his ring, a thought struck him. He had a faint feeling that this relic was the key to the old man's panic.

Growing up, I almost never saw Mom wear it. She had only said that the ring was passed down to her by my master, Lin Aochang, and that it was incredibly precious. Thinking about it now, this thing must have a significant history. It's not as simple as it looks... and is Mom hiding something too?

"Sigh, when you're old, you can't handle hunger. It's easy to get low blood sugar and feel unsteady."

His thoughts were interrupted as he looked up at Mr. Yuan Sr. The old man shook his head with a straight face before signaling for Yuan Youwei to help him leave.

"You all eat first. I'm going to take some medicine and come back... Lin Fan, ah, you... you can just sit in my seat for now."

As he started to walk away, Mr. Yuan Sr. turned his head back, smiling and nodding at Lin Fan.

What?! It's one thing to let an outsider like Lin Fan sit at the table, but another thing entirely to have him take the seat of the Family Head?

The moment the words were spoken, everyone's expression changed. The room instantly exploded into a commotion

Chapter 43. Sect Manager

"Tianguang, are you getting senile? That's your exclusive seat. How could you let an outsider sit there!" Seventh Uncle demanded sharply, looking shocked and furious.

"That's right, Grandpa! Lin Fan isn't even a member of the Yuan family yet. Aren't you going a bit too far?"

"If he wants that seat, I'll be the first to object!"

Several younger members of the Yuan family were also quite upset, chiming in indignantly.

"Dad, you can't do this! Lin Fan just had killing intent aimed at you!" Yuan Ruohai cried out, agitated.

"..."

Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue said nothing, simply exchanging shocked glances.

They had to admit, Mr. Yuan Sr. was being incredibly fickle. Just a moment ago, he clearly disliked Lin Fan. Now, he was showing him excessive favoritism?

The two of them had been worried that Lin Fan would be put in an untenable position. Now, however, they were actually a bit jealous of the guy.

"It's just a casual family meal. Does it really matter where anyone sits?" Mr. Yuan Sr. said with a smile. Waving his hand, he ignored the strange looks and gestured for Lin Fan to take a seat.

"How can it not matter?! How can it not matter?!"

BANG!

Before Lin Fan could even move, Yuan Ruohai exploded in a rage, his face twisting into a snarl. He slammed his hand on the table with furious force.

"Dad! When I was a child, I was foolish enough to sit in your seat and refused to move. You disciplined me with the family rules, beating me so badly I couldn't get out of bed for half a month!"

Recalling the painful memory, Yuan Ruohai sputtered, nearly bursting with rage.

You're always going on about how the Yuan family has a strict hierarchy and that no one can break the rules. So why are you so tolerant of Lin Fan? Damn it, the hypocrisy is infuriating!

"So you disagree, is that it? Fine. Why don't you use the family rules on me? Give me a good beating," Mr. Yuan Sr. retorted, his gaze darkening as a humorless smile touched his lips.

Before the heavily breathing Yuan Ruohai could respond, the old man grabbed Lin Fan, pushed him into the seat at the head of the long table, and waved a hand dismissively without looking back.

"No need to wait for me and Youwei. Start eating!"

One after the other, he and Yuan Youwei left the dining room and entered the old man's lounge.

"Yuan Youwei, kneel!"

The moment the door closed, Mr. Yuan Sr.'s face became a thundercloud as he roared at her.

THUD!

Startled, Yuan Youwei bit her lip and knelt, feeling completely lost.

"I'm asking you, how exactly do you know Lin Fan? And what is this young man's background? You must explain everything to me, clearly and completely!" the old man demanded. He paced around her with his hands clasped behind his back, having lost all of his usual composure.

"Grandpa, this is Lin Fan's detailed file. I've already had someone investigate him thoroughly," Yuan Youwei said, stunned. She quickly pulled out her phone and displayed Lin Fan's profile.

"...Impossible. This young man is definitely not as simple as he appears on the surface."

After listening to Yuan Youwei briefly describe their history and carefully reading through Lin Fan's file, Mr. Yuan Sr.'s expression grew even more solemn, his graying eyebrows knitting together.

"Youwei, do you know why your grandfather was so startled earlier?" he asked, helping the bewildered Yuan Youwei to her feet. The old man let out a long sigh, a nostalgic look in his eyes. "This story goes back to my youth, to when I was starting from nothing..."

He had her sit down, then shook his head again. "This world actually has many hidden powers, forces that ordinary people will never know exist in their entire lifetime. And back then, I was fortunate enough to be chosen by one of these hidden forces to become a 'Sect Manager'!"

At this, Yuan Youwei's expression changed drastically, her pupils shrinking.

This meant that the renowned titan of the Haicheng Business Community, Yuan Tianguang, was actually just a front for some hidden sect? And the vast Yuan family... didn't that mean it was their property?

"You're very clever, you catch on quick... That's right. Your grandfather is actually just an employee," Mr. Yuan Sr. said with a bitter expression, giving a frank nod in the face of her incredulous stare.

"Back then, I was just a dirt-poor young man from the countryside. The reason I was able to rise so quickly in a place as valuable as Haicheng was thanks to the start-up capital and manpower they provided. It's just that decades passed and they never contacted me again. I thought they had long forgotten about this asset," he added with a dry chuckle.

Hearing this, Yuan Youwei's brow twitched, and she pressed her lips together tightly.

Obviously, Grandpa had mistaken Lin Fan for someone from that hidden sect. That's why he was so terrified that he knelt and begged for forgiveness, even calling himself a servant!

"Is... is Lin Fan here to reclaim the sect's assets?" Yuan Youwei stammered, her voice trembling slightly.

"I don't know. I even have a feeling... that Lin Fan himself might not know," Mr. Yuan Sr. replied with a bitter smile. "Back then, they never revealed which sect they belonged to.

They just told me to memorize a certain insignia, which I was to use later to hand over ninety percent of the profits."

He took a deep breath and gritted his teeth. "That insignia is etched into my mind. I could never be wrong. It’s the Vermilion Bird Ring that Lin Fan is wearing on his hand!"

BOOM!

Yuan Youwei’s mind went blank, her scalp tingling.

In other words, Lin Fan was the true owner of the entire Yuan family?

Amidst her terror, she couldn’t help but breathe a quiet sigh of relief. Fortunately, she had always treated Lin Fan with sincerity and admiration. Plus, he wasn’t a cruel person... Perhaps, if he ever discovered the truth, he might not actually take the Yuan family away.

"Youwei, I’m not kidding, I was so scared I wet myself! Lin Fan nearly scared me to death!"

After a long silence, Mr. Yuan Sr. raised a trembling hand and gripped Yuan Youwei’s wrist tightly. Their eyes met, and the old man’s were filled with endless anxiety and pleading.

"Right now, the only one who can save the Yuan family is you, Yuan Youwei!"

"Grandpa, I... I don’t understand." Yuan Youwei froze for a moment before a realization dawned on her, causing her face to flush scarlet.

"Hmph, still playing dumb, you little rascal?" the old man huffed. "You’re fond of Lin Fan, aren’t you? Then hurry up and make him yours! Hold onto him tight, and don’t let anyone else lay a finger on him!" He then let out a sly, cunning chuckle. "As long as you get Lin Fan to marry into our Yuan family, hehe... then what’s his will be yours, won’t it?"

"...Then why were you so disapproving of him before, telling me I needed to be more reserved?" Yuan Youwei’s eyes lit up. She was simultaneously amused and annoyed, pouting as she spoke.

"Are you asking for a spanking? How dare you tease your own grandfather?" The old man’s smile froze, and his face instantly turned red. He grumbled in frustration and turned away, refusing to look at her.

"So does that mean I should be a lot more unrestrained? A lot more forward and enthusiastic?" Yuan Youwei asked. Her heart felt sweet as honey, and she smiled, her eyes curving into crescents, yet she deliberately posed the question with a serious expression.

This was a direct order from her grandfather to chase after a man. Humph, now no one could say she was just a lovesick fool lusting after Lin Fan's body, could they? Everything I, Yuan Youwei, do... yes, it's all for the sake of the Yuan family!

"Figure it out yourself! This old man has no experience in these matters... The best thing to do is to lock him down completely and give me eight or ten chubby grandbabies!" Old Man Yuan huffed, rolling his eyes in exasperation.

With an impatient wave, he told the grinning Yuan Youwei to scram. "You go back to the dining room and eat with Lin Fan. I'll be there after I change my pants."

"Ah...?!"

Yuan Youwei's smile vanished. She stared at her grandfather's crotch in utter shock.

So when he said he was so scared he wet himself... he was being literal?

Chapter 44. Start settling accounts!

「In the dining room.」

A heaping spread of steaming, delicious delicacies was served in succession by the manor's servants, filling the table to the brim. Yet, no one dared to be the first to pick up their chopsticks. Every person wore a complex expression, their eyes fixed on Lin Fan, who was seated at the head of the table. The atmosphere grew incredibly tense, and a heavy silence fell over the room.

One second, two seconds, three seconds passed. Finally, Lin Fan glanced around and casually reached for a plate of braised abalone.

SMACK!

Yuan Ruohai's face contorted with fury as he thrust his own chopsticks forward, intending to knock Lin Fan's out of his hand. To his shock, Lin Fan's wrist was as steady as a mountain. Instead, the force of the impact snapped his own chopsticks in two!

"Audacious! Mr. Yuan Sr. hasn't arrived yet. Who dares to eat first?"

"Lin Fan, can't you show some basic manners? Do you think this is a place where you can act so wantonly?"

"And you dare to break my Second Uncle's chopsticks? You mongrel, are you trying to turn everything upside down?"

Seeing this, the members of the Yuan family, who had been bottling up their frustration, finally couldn't hold back any longer. With Yuan Youwei and Mr. Yuan Sr. absent, they seized the opportunity, slamming their chopsticks down and rising to their feet to berate Lin Fan.

"Lin Fan, I advise you not to push your luck. You'd better scram from the Yuan family while you still can," Yuan Ruohai seethed, staring blankly at the broken chopsticks in his hand. His face was as grim as if he'd just swallowed a dead fly. This is an extremely ominous sign. A broken bowl or snapped chopsticks is said to signify losing one's livelihood!

"What's the matter? Mr. Yuan Sr. himself said it was time to eat. Are you all going to disobey his orders?" Lin Fan asked nonchalantly, not even bothering to lift his head. Amidst the pairs of eyes blazing with fury, he leisurely picked up a piece of abalone, placed it in his mouth, and began to chew slowly.

"Heh, who do you think you are? Are you worthy of using Mr. Yuan Sr.'s words as a command?" the other family members exchanged glances, stunned into silence by the retort. Yuan Ruohai retorted with a scornful laugh, then stood up, pointed a finger at Lin Fan's nose, and sneered, "A good-for-nothing who sponged off the Su Family for four years has the gall to put on airs in front of me?"

"Second Uncle, Mr. Lin is no freeloader. If you don't know the truth, you shouldn't spout such nonsense."

Just then, a clear voice of rebuttal sounded from the dining room entrance. Yuan Youwei appeared, a smile playing on her lips, and walked gracefully to stand in attendance before Lin Fan.

"Mr. Lin, my grandfather asked me to come and serve you first."

What? What did she say? Mr. Yuan Sr. actually asked the esteemed young miss of the Yuan family to serve a mere outsider? The old fool! He's a complete and utter old fool! If word of this gets out, won't the Yuan family lose all face?

The room fell silent for a beat, then instantly erupted into an uproar.

"Yuan Youwei, did Mr. Yuan Sr. really say that?"

"Impossible! Forcing the future heir of the Yuan family to serve Lin Fan... How... how is this proper in any way!"

The faces of the Yuan family members were flushed with rage; they were practically bursting with anger.

"Miss, with your status, how can you serve Lin Fan?" Mrs. Xue couldn't bear to watch any longer and hurried to Yuan Youwei's side, whispering her reminder.

"Yuan Youwei, you're getting more audacious by the day! Do you still have any respect for me, your Second Uncle?" Yuan Ruohai's face was as dark as a thundercloud as he glared at the smiling Yuan Youwei. This girl is getting more and more out of line, daring to openly defy me? And for an outsider like Lin Fan, of all people!

"I'm happy to serve Mr. Lin. Is that any of your business?" Yuan Youwei simply smiled, calmly meeting their hostile stares. Not only was she unterrified, but her eyes even held a faint glimmer of joy.

"Mr. Lin, what would you like to eat? I'll get it for you." Ignoring everyone's utterly shocked expressions, Yuan Youwei extended her delicate wrist and began to carefully serve Lin Fan some food.

"...I'm not comfortable with this." Lin Fan put down his chopsticks. The fragrant scent floating from the beautiful woman smiling sweetly beside him was a bit much. He shook his head at her.

"Then, how about I just keep you company while you eat? Is that okay?" Yuan Youwei's lovely face grew slightly flushed. She pulled a chair to sit right next to him and deliberately adopted a cutesy, gentle tone. Cradling her alabaster cheeks in her hands, her beautiful eyes gazed at him with affection, completely oblivious to everyone else in the room.

"You doing this is affecting my appetite," Lin Fan said after a moment of silence, once again pausing his meal. He reminded her seriously, "I'm not used to being stared at while I eat."

"..."

Yuan Youwei froze for a second. Her ears turned crimson, and she bit her lip in frustration. I've pulled out all the stops, throwing a girl's modesty to the wind, and you... you actually dare to shoo away an enticing beauty like me?! Damn it, what a clueless, insensitive block of steel!

"Lin Fan, can't you be less unreasonable? To have our Miss accompany you for a meal is an honor few in Haicheng could ever claim!" Mrs. Xue, now quite incensed, rolled her eyes at Lin Fan.

The other Yuan family members' faces were twisted with indignation. Yuan Youwei was, after all, the renowned Flower of Haicheng and the pride of the family's younger generation. Her suitors were countless; if they held hands, they could form a line from Haicheng all the way to Maris. Among them were top-tier young masters from the elite circles of Beijing and Shanghai. Yet here was Lin Fan, not only failing to appreciate such a

beauty but actively finding fault with her? Where does he get the audacity? His skin is as thick as a city wall!

"You see that, Yuan Youwei? He doesn't appreciate your kindness at all. You're just fawning over him while he's giving you the cold shoul—" Yuan Ruohai mocked her mercilessly, a gloating smirk on his face.

"Whether he appreciates it or not is his business. Our Yuan family, however, must not lose our sense of decorum."

A moment later, an aged voice cut Yuan Ruohai off. Mr. Yuan Sr., now in a fresh set of clothes, strode into the dining room with his hands clasped behind his back. Before anyone else could speak, he clasped his fist in his palm in a salute to Lin Fan and laughed heartily, his eyes filled with gratitude.

"I hope Mr. Lin can forgive us. That earlier display was merely a joke. If Mr. Lin hadn't stepped in to save me, Yuan Tianguang, and annihilated the Black Tiger Hall's stronghold, our Yuan family would undoubtedly be facing a great disaster today!"

As soon as he said this, everyone's expression changed dramatically, their hearts lurching in their chests. It's here. The old man is finally bringing up the afternoon's attempt to usurp power!

THUMP!

"Dad! I truly had no ill intentions!" Yuan Ruohai's brow twitched, his eyes darting about frantically. He dropped straight to his knees on the floor and began explaining desperately to Mr. Yuan Sr. "At the time, I just felt that Yuan Youwei was going too far, and with you having passed on... the Yuan family couldn't be left without a leader for a single day!"

"Tianguang, when we old folks stood up to support Ruohai, it was all for the good of the Yuan family!" Seventh Uncle and the others chimed in, their smiles looking more painful than if they were crying. "Yes, yes! If we had known you were all right, Tianguang, we would have unconditionally supported your decision!"

"Then what about the Black Tiger Hall? The Divine Blade Sect? And those underground forces from Bright Moon Villa? Why did they all support Second Uncle?" Yuan Youwei could no longer contain herself, her beautiful eyes filled with grief and indignation. She glared at the trembling Yuan Ruohai and said coldly, "I would have nothing to say if you wanted the position of heir, Second Uncle. But you shouldn't have colluded with outsiders and nearly gotten Grandpa killed!"

"You wretched girl, shut your mouth!" Yuan Ruohai's eye twitched as he snapped at her. "My contributions to the Yuan family are witnessed by heaven and earth! How dare you slander me here!"

"Dad, it couldn't be true... Did you really try to have Grandpa killed?" Just then, Yuan Tao, who had been silent all this time, could no longer hold back and questioned his father loudly. "You were the one who found Doctor Jiang. But he previously attended the birthday party for Chen Biao's dog. It's obvious he's extremely close to the Black Tiger Hall!"

A collective gasp echoed through the room, which then fell deathly silent, only to be followed by a massive uproar.

Colluding with the Black Tiger Hall was one thing. But to also secretly bribe Doctor Jiang and intentionally delay the old man's treatment? If this is true, Yuan Ruohai, you're worse than a beast!

Chapter 45, bite back?

"Nonsense! Complete and utter nonsense!" Yuan Ruohai's face turned purple, and he looked as if he might explode with rage. Is this kid really his own flesh and blood? Why is he always siding against his own family? And of all times, he chooses now to betray his kin for the sake of so-called righteousness? Damn it, this is enough to kill a man with anger!

"I-I'm not talking nonsense! Last night, in front of Suxin Clinic, we all personally heard Su Mengqing say that she saw Doctor Jiang go over to Chen Biao's side that night!" Under Yuan Ruohai's glare, who looked ready to grind his teeth to dust, Yuan Tao shrank back but still shouted. "Grandfather, Taozi isn't lying! Mrs. Xue and I saw it too. Doctor Jiang must have something to hide!"

Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue exchanged a look and nodded in unison.

"Good. In that case, let's invite Doctor Jiang over and ask him to his face," Mr. Yuan Sr. said with a smile, turning to Lin Fan, who was eating quietly. "Mr. Lin, if you don't mind, perhaps you'd like to stay and listen as well."

"...Alright." Lin Fan put down his chopsticks and wiped his mouth with a napkin. After a moment's hesitation, he nodded.

This is all Yuan family business, so it's not really my place as an outsider to get involved. But... that old coot, Doctor Jiang, actually recognizes the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus? Perhaps I can really get some clues about what happened back then from him.

A moment later, Doctor Jiang was brought into the dining room, nonchalantly picking his teeth with a toothpick. After being brought back to the manor by Yuan Youwei and placed under house arrest the previous night, he hadn't been mistreated. On the contrary, he had been served fine tea and good meals, living quite comfortably. After all, he was brought here by Second Master Yuan Ruohai, so naturally, no one dared to offend him. Sensing the

tense atmosphere in the dining room now, Doctor Jiang quickly spat out his toothpick. When a flicker of movement at the head of the table caught his eye, he saw Mr. Yuan Sr. standing there.

THUD!

Doctor Jiang's face went white with terror. As if he had seen a ghost, he collapsed to the floor in a heap. "Ah... Mr. Yuan Sr.! Y-You're alive?!" he shrieked. He then gasped in horror, whipping his head around and pointing a trembling finger at Lin Fan. "It was you! You're the one who saved him?!"

"That poisonous insect was a Gu-bug from the Holy Poison Sect, wasn't it?" Lin Fan asked, ignoring the man's question. "And you? Are you a disciple of the Holy Poison Sect?"

Lin Fan's mother had once told him about the so-called Holy Poison Sect. It was a sect that specialized in poisons and was known for its extremely malevolent methods, even going so far as to use living people to test its toxins. Eventually, due to their countless evil deeds, they were jointly suppressed by the major powers of Xia Country and driven overseas. They had vanished for many years... could they be re-emerging here in Haicheng?

"No, no, no! I don't know anything! I'm not a member of the Holy Poison Sect!" Doctor Jiang's face was ashen, cold sweat beading on his forehead as he shook his head frantically. "The Seven-Core Deadly Lotus is on you! It's the ultimate treasure of the Holy Poison Sect, you should be asking yourself!"

Lin Fan's brow furrowed as he stared intently at Doctor Jiang. Seeing the man's abject terror, it seemed he truly didn't know anything. He couldn't help but touch the mark on his chest, a wave of disappointment washing over him. But the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus is the ultimate treasure of the Holy Poison Sect? Why did Mother never mention that... And what is the origin of this precious ring? For a moment, Lin Fan's thoughts were a tangled mess as he lowered his gaze to the ring on his finger, lost in thought.

"Hmph! What damn Holy Poison Sect? I've never heard of it! I think you two are the ones with something to hide!" At that moment, Yuan Ruohai, who had been kneeling, scrambled to his feet. He pointed an accusatory finger at Lin Fan and roared, "Brat, I've suspected you for a while! Your appearance was far too coincidental. Why were you the only one who could save the Old Master? I say it was you! You colluded with Yuan Youwei to secretly poison him!"

As his words fell, the room erupted into a commotion. Many members of the Yuan family began pointing at Lin Fan, their faces a mixture of shock and suspicion.

"Second Uncle, stop your slander!" Yuan Youwei's face turned cold, and she bit her lip in anger. "Lin Fan saved Grandfather! How could he possibly be the one who poisoned him?"

"You’re asking me? Who am I supposed to ask? Who knows what kind of schemes the two of you have been cooking up?" Yuan Ruohai retorted with a smirk.

"Then explain this," Lin Fan said, his eyes darkening as he stared at Yuan Ruohai. "Why did those forces from the Black Tiger Hall suddenly show up to publicly support you?"

Anyone with eyes could see that the attempted coup this afternoon was something he had been planning for a long time. Without the promise of some enormous benefit, why would those underworld bosses have bothered to show up? And now, this Yuan Ruohai has the audacity to try and turn the accusation back on me?

"Hmph! I, Yuan Ruohai, do as I please! I don’t need to explain my actions to you!" Yuan Ruohai’s expression flickered, and he let out a heavy, angry snort. He turned to the quietly smiling Mr. Yuan Sr. and forced a placating look onto his own face. "Dad, you know I have some pull in Haicheng. It’s not too much to have a few friends who are willing to give me some face, is it?"

"Not at all, of course not," Mr. Yuan Sr. nodded with a gentle smile before his tone shifted abruptly. "Then tell me, what about Ah Tai’s family? You sent them abroad for a ’vacation’ six months ago. Why haven’t they returned yet?"

The moment he spoke, a deathly silence fell over the room. Jaws dropped as every gaze snapped toward Yuan Ruohai. They all remembered how Ah Tai had suddenly turned on Yuan Youwei in the clinic last night, trying to shoot her. Blocked by the glass door, they hadn’t clearly heard his final words. But now, with Mr. Yuan Sr. raising the issue, the horrifying implications suddenly clicked into place.

THUD!

Yuan Ruohai’s face contorted in panic, feeling as if his scalp would explode. "Dad! It wasn’t me! It really wasn’t me! I... I was forced into it by Chen Heihu!" Gritting his teeth, he fell to his knees again before Mr. Yuan Sr. "They told me it would only put you in a coma, that your life wouldn’t be in danger! I was forced, I had no choice!

"Besides, would I be so bad at leading the Yuan family? In what way am I inferior to that wretched girl, Yuan Youwei? Everything I did was for the good of the family!"

His howls and roars echoed through the dining room while everyone else watched in silence, their expressions complex.

Mr. Yuan Sr. closed his eyes and asked, his voice heavy, "Seventh Brother, what do you and the others have to say?"

THUD! THUD!

Feeling as if doomsday had arrived, Seventh Uncle and the other elders all dropped to their knees and began kowtowing frantically.

"Tianguang, we were also forced by that beast, Ruohai!"

"Yes, yes! He’s a wolf with wild ambitions, and he tried to drag us old men down with him! He’s a truly heartless and ungrateful beast!"

"Thank goodness Mr. Lin appeared and saved the Yuan family from this disaster!"

Crying and shouting, they wasted no time in throwing Yuan Ruohai under the bus.

"Heh..." Mr. Yuan Sr. let out a bitter, sorrowful laugh. He opened his cloudy old eyes and shook his head slowly. "I never thought that I, Yuan Tianguang, would live so long only to find I’d raised a beast."

"Dad, I was wrong, I was wrong! Please, forgive me! Let me go!" Yuan Ruohai begged, kowtowing desperately.

Mr. Yuan Sr. was silent for a long moment before he finally spoke. "Enough... Go south. And never come back." He paused, then added a final decree. "Furthermore, effective immediately, control of Yuandao Pharmaceuticals is to be transferred to Lin Fan."

Chapter 46, Who is the biological one!

"Dad, even if you want to send me south to expand the market, there’s no need to hand over Yuandao Pharmaceuticals to an outsider!"

Hearing this, Yuan Ruohai secretly rejoiced. The heart that had jumped into his throat quietly settled back into his stomach. He patted himself off as he stood up, not forgetting to shoot a provocative glance at Lin Fan and Yuan Youwei.

See that? That’s what a real son is like. Even if I commit a terrible mistake, Dad can’t bear to punish me severely! He said I’m not allowed back for life? That must have been said in anger. After a few days, when his fury subsides, I’ll still be the renowned Second Master of the Yuan family!

"Second Son, are you deaf? When did I ask you to go south to expand the market?"

Just then, Mr. Yuan Sr. wore the hint of a smile, but his old eyes held a sharp glint.

THUD!

Yuan Ruohai’s heart sank as a dreadful premonition washed over him. He hurriedly knelt again, bowing his head, no longer daring to be arrogant.

"By 'south,' I meant across the ocean. I'm sparing your life, letting you leave without a penny to go carve out a place for yourself overseas." Mr. Yuan Sr. shook his head, his aged voice brooking no argument. "If you make it, that's a credit to you. If you fail and die out there... you'll have no one to blame but yourself!"

BOOM!

As his words fell, the color drained from everyone's faces.

Good heavens, this was a direct kick to the curb, an exile with nothing to his name!

The Yuan family members looked at each other, their hearts reeling. They all knew that while Mr. Yuan Sr. appeared impartial, he valued blood ties above all else. Otherwise, he wouldn't have moved the entire Yuan clan from the countryside to Haicheng after making his fortune. And it wasn't as if Yuan Ruohai hadn't made major mistakes in the past. The rod was always raised high, only to fall lightly.

But this time, Mr. Yuan Sr. was serious. Startled, everyone's gaze toward Lin Fan changed in an instant, becoming a mix of shock, jealousy, and suspicion.

Could it be because of Lin Fan? Fucking hell, could this guy be Dad's illegitimate son?

"Dad! I won't accept this! Are you banishing me abroad just to make room for Lin Fan?" Yuan Ruohai erupted in a hysterical roar. With bloodshot eyes, he glared at Lin Fan, his face a ferocious, twisted mask. "Why do you treat Lin Fan so well? He's just an outsider! I'm your real son!"

"Because Lin Fan saved my life, saved Youwei twice, and saved our entire Yuan family!"

SLAP!

Mr. Yuan Sr. flew into a towering rage, viciously slapping Yuan Ruohai across the face. His chest heaved with anger, and a deep unease and tension flickered in his eyes.

Is he kidding me? Lin Fan is wearing the Vermilion Bird Ring! He might very well be the Young Master of that hidden Sect! He's probably still unaware of the connection—his Sect must have countless Managers, so they've simply never paid attention to the Yuan family! What if he finds out one day and decides to hold us accountable? The entire Yuan family couldn't withstand that overwhelming wrath!

"Yuan Ruohai, you bastard! Who the hell do you think you are, daring to shout at Mr. Lin?"

SLAP!

The more Mr. Yuan Sr. thought about it, the angrier he became, and he couldn't stop himself from slapping Yuan Ruohai again.

This idiot has no perception at all! Can't you see that even I was scared shitless by Mr. Lin? And you still dare to make a fuss? You're clueless even with death at your doorstep! Sending you overseas, seemingly penniless, is actually my way of getting Mr. Lin to spare your life!

"Ah... AH! I won't accept it! I fucking refuse to accept it!" Yuan Ruohai bellowed, tears of humiliation and resentment streaming down his furious face.

"Still talking back? Bring me the family cane! I'll beat you, you animal, into submission today!" Mr. Yuan Sr. was on the verge of madness. He kicked Yuan Ruohai to the ground and began kicking him relentlessly.

HISS!

Seeing this, all the Yuan family members were stunned, sucking in a cold breath in horror.

What's going on? Mr. Yuan Sr. is being far too biased toward Lin Fan! Just because the guy saved the Yuan family, no one is allowed to speak ill of him?

Mrs. Xue looked bewildered and glanced at Yuan Youwei, seeking answers. Having grown up in the Yuan household, she had never seen Mr. Yuan Sr. this furious. And for an outsider like Lin Fan, no less! Even if he's doing this to vent Yuan Youwei's anger, isn't this going too far?

"Grandpa, I'll go get you the thickest and hardest of the family canes!"

However, Yuan Youwei didn't respond to Mrs. Xue. Instead, she walked gracefully to her grandfather's side, spoke with a smile, and then headed toward the ancestral hall.

"Uh..."

Mrs. Xue's mouth twitched, and she was left speechless. The rest of the Yuan family exchanged terrified glances. Seventh Uncle and the other elders shuddered, their old faces turning ashen.

THUD! THUD!

"Mr. Lin, we were wrong! We've offended you, and we beg for your mercy and forgiveness!"

"Yes, yes, we were all deceived by that bastard Yuan Ruohai! That's why we wronged our benefactor!"

"We’re not human, we deserve a beating! Please, Mr. Lin, don’t take it to heart!"

The old men panicked, terrified that Old Man Yuan’s rage would turn on them. Gritting their teeth, they cast aside their dignity and knelt before Lin Fan, begging for mercy.

"What are you all doing? I’m just an outsider. I don’t deserve such a grand gesture," Lin Fan said, shaking his head at Seventh Uncle and the others. Having watched coldly from the side, he was secretly surprised himself.

I have to admit, Old Man Yuan seems to be putting on quite a show for my benefit. Is it because I scared him into kneeling earlier?

"No, no, no! Mr. Lin is the savior of the Yuan family! How could you be considered an outsider?"

"That’s right! We spoke so rudely to our savior! We deserve a beating, we truly do!"

Red with shame, Seventh Uncle and the others gritted their teeth, raised their hands, and began slapping their own faces. SMACK! SMACK! The sight left the other Yuan family members dumbfounded, their eyes wide with horror.

To make matters worse, Yuan Youwei had returned, carrying an old vine cane as thick as an egg. Its patina was a dark, glossy black. It was clearly well-maintained, and a beating from it would be excruciating.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Mr. Yuan Sr. took the cane and, with a grim look, began furiously whipping Yuan Ruohai’s back. The latter struggled and screamed, trying to get up and flee, but two Yuan family bodyguards held him down, rendering him immobile. Seeing this, the hearts of the Yuan family members pounded in their chests, their faces drained of color.

Mr. Yuan Sr. only stopped when Yuan Ruohai had been whipped half to death and was rolling on the ground, his back a mess of split flesh and flowing blood, his voice hoarse from screaming. Panting heavily, the old man turned to Lin Fan with a chuckle. "If Mr. Lin isn’t satisfied, would you like to have a go?"

Before he finished speaking, Yuan Ruohai’s body convulsed on the ground as if he might die on the spot. He stiffly turned his head, glaring at Lin Fan, terrified he would agree.

"Alright, I’ll test its feel."

After a moment’s hesitation, Lin Fan nodded amiably and took the blood-stained black cane.

"Ah... AH! You, don’t come over here!!!"

Yuan Ruohai’s vision went black, and his pants instantly soaked through. He scrambled and crawled desperately toward the crowd, shrinking away, his courage utterly shattered.

"Second Uncle Yuan, why the fuss?" Lin Fan said, shaking his head and setting the black cane down. "I just wanted to test you a little on behalf of Mr. Yuan Sr."

Wha-what? You call this a test? Test my ass!

Yuan Ruohai’s body trembled violently. He recalled his earlier taunts, which Lin Fan had just returned to him practically word for word. Anguish, frustration, resentment... his face burned as if he’d been struck by a vicious, invisible slap.

THUD!

Yuan Ruohai’s eyes rolled back into his head, and he fainted, overwhelmed with rage by Lin Fan.

Chapter 47. Worth a billion!

"Get him bandaged up, then send him to the international freight terminal. Put him on a ship and get him out to sea overnight!"

Several bodyguards came over and lifted the unconscious Yuan Ruohai. Mr. Yuan Sr.’s eyes twitched as he gritted his teeth and gave the furious command.

Instantly, a shudder ran through every member of the Yuan family as they gasped in shock.

Is the old man really serious? Even though Yuan Ruohai is severely injured and unconscious, he’s being expelled from the Yuan family immediately!

"As for the few of you, hand over the shares you hold. Go and live out your days in the old country house." Turning his head, Mr. Yuan Sr. looked at the kneeling, trembling Seventh Uncle and his cohorts, his voice heavy.

"Tianguang, Tianguang, you can’t do this to us!" Seventh Uncle and the others wailed, tears and snot streaming down their faces, their eyes filled with regret as they cried out uncontrollably. "Even if we haven’t made great contributions, we’ve poured our blood and sweat into the Yuan family over the years! I don’t want to go back to the countryside and farm! I want to stay in Haicheng and enjoy my life!"

The onlookers glanced over, but no one dared to utter a word in their defense.

Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue exchanged a look, a hint of gratified relief in their expressions. Those old coots relied on the Yuan family, enjoying years of wealth and prestige. But

instead of being grateful, they conspired with outsiders to cause trouble at a critical moment. It serves them right to be knocked back into place and sent packing to their old country homes!

"Mr. Lin, are you satisfied with this outcome?" Mr. Yuan Sr. ignored the wailing and pleading of Seventh Uncle and the others. He forced a smile and turned to Lin Fan.

"...These are the Yuan family's affairs. It's not my place to interfere," Lin Fan hesitated, then added, "As for taking charge of Yuandao Pharmaceuticals, I'll need some time to consider it."

What? This kid has hit the jackpot and he's still putting on an act, pretending to consider it? What a joke! While Yuandao Pharmaceuticals isn't the absolute pillar of the Yuandao Group, it's still ranked in the top ten among the many pharmaceutical companies in Haicheng! The CEO position, with an annual salary of over ten million, is a throne coveted by so many of the Yuan descendants!

For a moment, all the Yuan family members stared daggers at Lin Fan, a storm of complex emotions raging within them. They all wanted to rush forward and strangle this pretentious bastard to death!

"Oh, right. I almost forgot about this." Mr. Yuan Sr. started, then slapped his forehead and pulled a bank card from his pocket. "This afternoon, the Yuan family accepted condolence money on your behalf, totaling over two hundred million." He smiled at Lin Fan. "The Yuan family can't be outdone, so we added a little something extra, bringing the total to eight hundred million!"

At his words, the sound of frenzied swallowing filled the air.

Eight hundred million! A full eight hundred million in condolence money! Good heavens, how much did the Yuan family add to that? When you add last night's one-hundred-million medical fee, plus the position of CEO at Yuandao Pharmaceuticals, Lin Fan has gone from being a penniless pauper, kicked out with nothing, to having a net worth of nearly one billion in just two days!

The members of the Yuan family looked at each other, nearly driven mad with jealousy. On the ground, Seventh Uncle and the others only cried louder.

Even the already dumbfounded Doctor Jiang gulped, his eyes burning with envy.

THUD!

The old codger suddenly surged forward, threw himself down at Lin Fan's feet, and desperately clung to his pant leg.

"Master! I admit defeat! From now on, I am your disciple!" Doctor Jiang shouted with great excitement, looking up at Lin Fan and ignoring the strange looks from everyone else.

"...When did I say I would take you as my disciple?" Lin Fan frowned and pulled his pant leg free from Doctor Jiang's grasp.

"Last night at the clinic, I swore an oath! As long as you, Master, could save Mr. Yuan Sr., I would willingly become your disciple!" Doctor Jiang pleaded, his face plastered with an eager smile. He wasn't a fool. He had nearly killed Old Man Yuan himself, and he had secretly gone to suck up to Chen Biao. If the Yuan family decided to hold him accountable, Lin Fan was likely the only one who could save his neck.

"Even if Master doesn't acknowledge me as his disciple, I am willing to serve you with all the respect due to a master!" Doctor Jiang declared, gritting his teeth. Without hesitation, he kowtowed deeply to Lin Fan, his forehead striking the floor with three loud thuds.

"Do whatever you like. Just don't go around using my name to swindle people," Lin Fan said, completely exasperated. He turned his head, not wanting to deal with the man any longer.

"Hehe, rest assured, Master! Your disciple will never bring shame upon you!" Doctor Jiang's old eyes lit up. He quickly patted himself off and scrambled to his feet, letting out a long, visible sigh of relief.

"As for this eight hundred million, I am undeserving. Please, Mr. Yuan Sr., take it back." Seeing Mr. Yuan Sr. still holding out the bank card, Lin Fan hesitated for a moment before shaking his head and firmly refusing. They were offering him a job and a massive sum of money. He suspected they had other motives. Until he understood their true intentions, Lin Fan wouldn't agree so easily.

"No, no, no! This is just a small token of our respect for Mrs. Lin, Mr. Lin. You mustn't refuse."

Just then, Yuan Youwei snatched the bank card and stuffed it into Lin Fan's hand.

Their eyes met. The girl's eyes curved as she smiled, a sweet curl to her lips. "Besides, Mr. Lin, your medical skill is simply divine. If you could stay and help Yuandao Pharmaceuticals, the entire Yuan family would be eternally grateful!" Her face flushed slightly as she leaned closer to Lin Fan, so close he could feel her breath.

"Please... stay and help me? Won't you...?" Yuan Youwei cooed, clinging to Lin Fan's arm and rocking it back and forth. Her beautiful eyes were fixed on him, blinking imploringly.

The Yuan family members were stunned, their faces frozen in expressions of pure disbelief, as if they had just seen a ghost. Yuan Tao and Mrs. Xue stared wide-eyed, so shocked they nearly bit their own tongues!

Is this really the same fiery Second Miss of the Yuan family? When has she ever been so gentle and sweet to a man? It's like she's transformed from a fierce tigress into a sweet, docile kitten in an instant!

"Sis, are you... are you okay? You were never like this before!" Yuan Tao couldn't help but blurt out.

"Shut up! It's none of your business!" Yuan Youwei's body stiffened, the tips of her ears turning crimson. She snapped at him fiercely, then immediately turned back to Lin Fan, her face instantly blossoming into a sweet, gentle smile.

Whew, that scared me for a second. I really thought she'd turned into a different person... Yuan Tao shrank back, and he and Mrs. Xue both breathed a silent sigh of relief.

Mr. Yuan Sr. chuckled and shook his head in amusement.

"...Alright. Consider it me repaying the favor of you handling my mother's funeral." Facing those watery, pleading eyes, Lin Fan felt a bit overwhelmed. After a moment's thought, he nodded.

I have decided to take revenge on the Ying family in the Imperial Capital, and for that, I need to accumulate sufficient power. Alright, then. I'll start by building my own enterprise with Yuandao Pharmaceuticals!

"Mr. Yuan Sr., we can let the matter of the eight hundred million in condolence money go. But for someone as young as Lin Fan to take charge of Yuandao Pharmaceuticals... it's inappropriate, and he won't have the respect of the staff!"

The next moment, several middle-aged men and women exchanged a look and stepped forward in unison. Though they were from branch families, they held powerful positions as heads of various divisions within the Yuandao Group.

Now that Yuan Ruohai has fallen, one of us family members should be the one to move up. Why should we let an outsider get such a sweet deal?

"Oh? And what is it you wish to say?" Mr. Yuan Sr. asked cheerfully, his old eyes narrowing slightly.

"We have nothing against promoting the younger generation," a tall, thin middle-aged man said, his face a mask of discontent. He adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses and spoke through gritted teeth. "But for him to take charge of the entire pharmaceutical division without a single accomplishment and be our equal? We can't swallow that insult!"

His name was Yuan Ruoshan, the vice president of Yuandao Pharmaceuticals and the only son of Seventh Uncle. By generation, Yuan Youwei had to address him as Third Uncle.

"Not unless Lin Fan can deliver a monumental achievement at the Pharmaceutical Procurement Conference a week from now!" Yuan Ruoshan declared, pointing a finger at Lin Fan. "Two billion in orders! If Lin Fan can't pull that off, he can forget about earning my respect!"

His words sent a shockwave through the room, followed immediately by a deafening uproar.

Chapter 48, Double the bet!

"Yuan Ruoshan! You're deliberately setting an impossible task for Lin Fan!"

Yuan Youwei, who had been staring in shock, finally came to her senses, her expression changing abruptly.

The Medical Procurement Conference was a major trade event for the medical markets of northern and southern Xia Country. Even though it was held only once every three years, its total market size was merely around ten billion. The best result Yuandao Pharmaceuticals had ever achieved was barely over one hundred million. Even the Wang family's Tianchuan Pharmaceuticals, ranked number one in Haicheng, wouldn't dare boast about securing two billion!

"Ruoshan, your terms are a bit excessive," Mr. Yuan Sr. said lightly, his smile fading.

The other Yuan family members also wore complicated expressions and began to whisper among themselves. Only Seventh Uncle and the few others who had been kneeling on the ground slowly climbed to their feet, a hint of malicious glee in their eyes.

"Mr. Yuan Sr., if Lin Fan can't do it, he should just admit his own incompetence now!"

Amid a sea of strange looks, Yuan Ruoshan folded his arms and sneered arrogantly. "My cousin Ruohai and I have worked hard for so many years to barely squeeze our Yuandao Pharmaceuticals into Haicheng's top ten. On what grounds does he, Lin Fan, think he can just waltz in and reap the rewards of our labor? If he doesn't have some extraordinary skills, how can I expect my loyal subordinates to keep dedicating their lives to the conglomerate!"

This argument did have some merit. Everyone fell silent. Yuan Youwei's brow furrowed, a flicker of worry in her beautiful eyes.

Mr. Yuan Sr. chuckled and turned to look at Lin Fan. Although he feared the man's background, he was also somewhat unwilling to hand the entire Yuan family over to this

guy. It wouldn’t be a bad idea to use this as an opportunity to test the waters, to see if this kid really has a powerful backer... or if he just stumbled upon that Vermilion Bird Ring by sheer luck.

"That’s right! Lin Fan is so young, how can he possibly handle this on his own?"

"We aren’t convinced either, not unless he can prove he’s more outstanding than us, the true descendants of the Yuan family!"

"Lin Fan, do you dare to accept? If you don’t, then just say so honestly! Don’t hold back the growth of Yuandao Pharmaceuticals!"

Seeing their chance, the other members of the Yuan family’s younger generation grew bold. Men and women alike stood up, loudly challenging Lin Fan.

After a long silence, Lin Fan finally shook his head and spoke slowly. "A two-billion order is indeed intimidating."

"Hmph! I knew you didn’t have what it takes! How could Yuandao Pharmaceuticals be handed over to you?" Seventh Uncle couldn’t resist snorting. He absolutely despised Lin Fan. If this bastard hadn’t shown up out of nowhere like a shit-stirrer and completely ruined everything, would I have been disgraced and forced to crawl back to my old village? My son is truly brilliant! He put Lin Fan directly on the spot. Now even Yuan Youwei and Yuan Tianguang can’t possibly defend him!

"Lin Fan, don’t blame me, your elder, for being ruthless. If you want a meteoric rise, you have to show some real ability!" Yuan Ruoshan exchanged a tacit glance with his father. Turning back to Lin Fan, he shook his head with an expression of deep disappointment. "I’ve given you a chance. If you’re not up to it, then—"

"Who says I’m not up to it?" Lin Fan cut him off, raising a finger and wagging it. "Two billion is no challenge at all. I’m not interested. If we’re going to make a bet, let’s double the stakes!"

As his words fell, the hall was plunged into a dead silence.

Then, as if cold water had been dropped into hot oil, the room exploded.

He took the bait! This reckless fool really couldn’t take a little provocation and jumped straight into the pit!

The Yuan family members exchanged stunned glances before looking at Lin Fan as if he were a complete idiot!

Yuan Tao and Mrs. Xue were speechless, both shaking their heads privately. Yuan Youwei’s lovely face tightened, and she frantically tried to signal Lin Fan with her eyes.

Only Mr. Yuan Sr.’s smile remained unchanged, but deep in his old eyes, a flicker of disdain appeared. Hmph, it seems I really was overthinking things. This fellow’s medical skills may be extraordinary and his fighting prowess impressive, but in the end, he’s never faced any real storms. He probably has no idea what the true origin of the Vermilion Bird Ring even is! The old man’s lips tightened, and his face darkened slightly. He couldn’t help but feel a pang of regret for the 800 million he had just given away.

"Hahaha! Lin Fan, oh, Lin Fan, do you have any idea what you’re saying? Double the stakes? You think this is some kind of game currency?!" Yuan Ruoshan was stunned for a moment before bursting into wild laughter. He laughed so hard he bent over, tears streaming from his eyes, as if he had just heard the most absurd joke in the world.

"Just tell me if you dare to bet or not."

The laughter began to spread, filling the entire dining hall with roars of derision.

Lin Fan’s expression remained unchanged. He continued to waggle his finger. "Four billion in orders. If I, Lin Fan, can achieve it, I want full control of Yuandao Pharmaceuticals, with complete personal ownership."

What? Complete personal ownership? Doesn’t that mean you’d rename Yuandao Pharmaceuticals and swallow it whole? Good heavens, you really have some nerve! Why don’t you just say you want to take the entire Yuan family while you’re at it!

The piercing laughter gradually died down. Enraged, the Yuan family members glared at Lin Fan.

Mr. Yuan Sr. shot Lin Fan a look, a chill rising in his eyes. I have to say, this guy’s ambition is so naked he doesn’t even bother to hide it. Lin Fan, where in the world do you get this confidence?

"Grandpa, Third Uncle, Lin Fan is just being impulsive! Don’t... don’t hold it against him..." Yuan Youwei, startled, hurried forward to plead with Mr. Yuan Sr.

"It’s a good thing for a young man to be ambitious..." Mr. Yuan Sr. chuckled, ignoring Yuan Youwei and looking directly at Yuan Ruoshan. "Ruoshan, what do you say?"

"A bet it is! Everyone here heard it with their own ears. I didn’t force Lin Fan to say it!" Yuan Ruoshan’s lips curled into a smile, and he nodded eagerly, as if terrified Lin Fan would back out if he waited a second longer. "If Lin Fan succeeds, I, Yuan Ruoshan, will gladly take my loyal brothers and get the hell out of Yuandao Pharmaceuticals to make way for the younger generation!" He scanned the room, his gaze finally landing on Lin Fan, his eyes cold and sharp behind his glasses. "But if you fail..."

"These eight hundred million, along with the one-hundred-million consultation fee and those properties in the south worth tens of millions, will all be returned," Lin Fan finished, raising the bank card in his hand and nodding calmly.

"Excellent! Very straightforward! But talk is cheap. Do you dare to sign a gambling agreement right now?" Yuan Ruoshan's eyes lit up, his smile ecstatic.

He snapped his fingers. A subordinate immediately entered from outside, holding a tablet computer.

An electronic agreement was drafted in moments. Yuan Ruoshan, without hesitation, signed his name on the screen.

"I just hope you all don't regret this later." Lin Fan gave the anxious Yuan Youwei a reassuring look. He then took the tablet and, with a few swift strokes, signed his name.

"Thank you for the meal. I'm full. Please, help yourselves."

Ignoring everyone's strange looks, Lin Fan calmly returned to the mourning hall to continue burning joss paper.

"You! Are you an idiot? Yuan Ruoshan was deliberately provoking you! Forget four billion in orders, he couldn't even secure two billion himself!"

A moment later, an indignant, exasperated cry came from behind him.

Lin Fan dropped the joss paper he was holding and turned to face Yuan Youwei's annoyed, pretty face. Beside her, Mrs. Xue and Doctor Jiang wore complicated expressions, remaining silent. It was clear they also didn't believe Lin Fan could possibly pull it off.

Chapter 49. Offer Medicine

"I know what I'm doing."

Lin Fan fell silent for a moment, then turned and nodded at Doctor Jiang. "Help me keep an eye out for the Green Phoenix Vine and the Red Qilin Fungus. If you find any leads, I can accept you as a registered disciple."

"Yes, yes! Thank you for your benevolence, Master! I will do everything in my power to help with the search!" Doctor Jiang wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, grinning from ear to ear. Since he's been entrusted with a task, it means I'm considered one of his own! He nodded eagerly, like a chicken pecking at rice, and joyfully left the Yuan family's estate.

"Lin Fan, you're far too impulsive and self-righteous! Because of this, you'll end up hurting our Young Miss's reputation within the Yuan family!" Mrs. Xue could no longer hold back and stepped forward to glare at Lin Fan.

"If I succeed, won't that also bring honor to your Young Miss?" Lin Fan pulled up a chair to the right of the memorial portrait and closed his eyes to rest.

"Young Miss, look at him! Just look at him! This is infuriating!" Mrs. Xue's face darkened as she turned to complain to Yuan Youwei.

"...I will do everything I can to help." Yuan Youwei clenched her teeth, her voice low.

She didn't disturb Lin Fan any further, instead pulling the indignant Mrs. Xue out of the memorial hall.

Over the next two days, word spread, and influential figures from all over Haicheng came to the Yuan family's estate to pay their respects. Besides President Luo of the Haicheng Commercial Bank, there were countless unfamiliar faces. Ultimately, the affair caused a sensation throughout Haicheng and even in the surrounding provinces and cities. It attracted swarms of media reporters, all rushing to cover the story.

On the morning of the funeral, a procession of luxury cars adorned with white flowers led the way. The sides of the road were lined with wreaths and other offerings sent by the elites of Haicheng, forming a trail that stretched nearly all the way to the summit of Haicheng Public Cemetery.

"Mom, just wait a little longer. I'll make those beasts from the Ying family come here to kneel and weep in repentance..."

Watching as his mother's urn was placed into the grave, Lin Fan's eyes grew red. He knelt before the headstone for the entire night, not moving until daybreak, when he was gently woken by Yuan Youwei's soft voice.

"Lin Fan, my Young Miss stayed in the car all night for you. Could you at least try to look a little more pleasant?"

The two walked down the hill together and got into the back of a black Bentley. Mrs. Xue, who was driving, had dark circles under her eyes and grumbled irritably at Lin Fan.

"Thank you. I'll remember this kindness," Lin Fan said after a moment's silence, nodding to the smiling but quiet Yuan Youwei.

"Don't worry, I've thought it all out. There are still four days until the Pharmaceutical Ordering Conference. There's enough time," Yuan Youwei said, the corners of her mouth lifting into a smile, though her beautiful eyes betrayed her exhaustion.

These past few days, she had been running around, trying to find a solution for Lin Fan. She had even swallowed her pride, humbled herself, and personally visited other major pharmaceutical companies in Haicheng. She hoped they might help Lin Fan out of respect for her, even offering to compensate them generously from her own pocket. But every single one had bluntly refused, leaving Yuan Youwei feeling both humiliated and helpless.

"Lin Fan, is a simple 'thank you' all you're going to say?" Mrs. Xue couldn't hold it in any longer, her gaze toward Yuan Youwei filled with heartache. "Do you have any idea how much grief and how many contemptuous looks my Young Miss has endured because of your mess these past two days?!"

She spun her head back around to glare at Lin Fan, threatening through clenched teeth, "If you ever dare to let her down, I'll be the first one to settle the score with you!"

"...You shouldn't have had to endure that for my sake." Meeting Yuan Youwei's concerned and gentle gaze, Lin Fan fell silent again, a sharp pang in his heart.

"I... I didn't do much..." Yuan Youwei's face flushed red, and her heart fluttered in a strange panic. "Mrs. Xue, don't you dare be so harsh with Lin Fan again. I did it willingly."

"Take me to Mr. Wang Sr. I have a way to make him help me," Lin Fan said, looking out the car window as memories flickered in his eyes. Seven years have passed. It's finally time to fully reveal the medical skills my mother taught me.

"Lin Fan, are you an idiot? You offended Mr. Wang Sr. horribly. Why would he possibly agree to see you? My Young Miss tried to visit him yesterday and the door was slammed in her face!" Mrs. Xue complained endlessly. Despite her complaints, she still started the car and headed towards the old Wang family residence in the city.

"Do you have a way to make Mr. Wang Sr. change his mind?" Yuan Youwei's eyes lit up as she stared eagerly at Lin Fan's profile. She couldn't help but recall the day all the big shots had gathered at her family's estate. Mr. Wang Sr. seemed furious with Lin Fan for burning some 'Bixia Pill' prescription, didn't he?

"He has no reason to refuse me," Lin Fan said, pulling his gaze from the window and nodding calmly. "After today, I'll have every major pharmaceutical company in Haicheng begging to cooperate with you, Yuan Youwei."

As soon as the words left his mouth, Yuan Youwei froze for a second, then broke into a joyous smile.

In the driver's seat, Mrs. Xue rolled her eyes dramatically, shooting Lin Fan a fierce glare in the rearview mirror.

VROOOM!

She said nothing more, instead channeling her anger into her foot and slamming it down on the accelerator. The black Bentley shot forward like a tiger unleashed, speeding towards North City and leaving a trail of dust in its wake.

「Meanwhile, in the outer courtyard of the Wang family's old residence in North City.」

"Sister, do you think Mr. Wang Sr. will be overjoyed when he sees that herb?"

In the reception hall, Su Mengqing, her parents, and Yang Tingting were all waiting anxiously. Su Gang set down his crutch, a smug look spreading across his half-bandaged face. "Good thing my eyes are so sharp. Otherwise, last night's trip would have been for nothing!"

"It should be fine. I don't recognize the herb, but the red sandalwood box it's in is valuable enough on its own," Su Mengqing nodded, though her expression was grim. Beneath her pencil skirt, her knees were still wrapped in thick bandages.

After more than two days of recuperation, she, Yang Tingting, and Su Gang were finally able to move around, albeit with difficulty. Seeing local news headlines about Lin Suxin's funeral on their phones only fueled their secret hatred. Fortunately, Lin Fan would also be occupied, forced to remain at the memorial hall set up by the Yuan family. The four of them had put their heads together, snuck out of the hospital late last night, and made their way to the Suxin Clinic in Southern City. They pried open the lock and searched the place thoroughly.

At first, they found nothing, and Su Mengqing's disappointment grew. Who would have thought that Su Gang, while rummaging under the consultation desk, would find a hidden compartment containing a real treasure?

"Mengqing, don't you feel any guilt over this. It's what Lin Fan and his mother owed our Su family!" Zhang Meili's plump face hardened as she spoke through clenched teeth. "That ungrateful wretch caused us so much harm. What's wrong with taking a little something as compensation?"

"Exactly, Director Su! Lin Fan deserves to die! People have been resigning from the company these past two days, and a bunch of shareholders have been protesting downstairs with banners!" Yang Tingting added with a sullen face.

"Lin Fan won't be smug for long." A cold smile touched Su Mengqing's lips as she recalled the insider news she'd heard, her eyes gleaming with resentment. "That arrogant fool actually made some sort of four billion yuan bet over a supply order with Yuan Ruoshan, the Vice President of Yuandao Pharmaceuticals. He has no idea how deep the waters run at the Pharmaceutical Ordering Conference. Even with Yuan Youwei doing her best to help him, he won't get anywhere!"

"Exactly! I heard Yuan Youwei was running all over the city trying to pull strings for Lin Fan, but she still had to come back with her tail between her legs!" Yang Tingting's face lit up at the mention of this, her tone filled with vindictive pleasure. "Hmph! She was blind to get involved with a jinx like Lin Fan. She deserves eight lifetimes of bad luck!"

"How am I inferior to Lin Fan? He's just a brainless brute!"

Zhang Meili and Su Gang chuckled, joining in the mockery. Their voices grew louder and louder as they continued to ridicule him.

"Everyone, the Old Master has agreed to see you. Please follow me to the inner courtyard."

Just as the four of them were getting increasingly cheerful, a steward of the Wang family approached them with a polite smile.

What? Mr. Wang Sr. actually agreed to meet them? It must be because of that strangely shaped, extraordinary herb! It must have moved him!

Hearing the news, Zhang Meili, Su Gang, and Yang Tingting were stunned for a moment before becoming ecstatic, their faces twisting with triumphant glee.

Su Mengqing's eyes shone brightly. She secretly clenched her fist, filled with a surge of confidence. As long as I get the approval of the Medical Association's president, Su Pharmaceutical will definitely get a ticket to the Pharmaceutical Ordering Conference, no matter how ruined our reputation is! Lin Fan, oh, Lin Fan, you never saw this coming, did you? In the end, I still had to step on you to ensure my own success!

"Thank you!" Su Mengqing said gratefully. Any lingering shame she felt about the theft vanished completely.

Her face beaming with delight, she stood up. Together with Zhang Meili and the others, she followed the steward, striding proudly toward the inner courtyard of the Wang family's old residence.

Chapter 50, coming after me?

At that moment, deep within the Wang family's old mansion, distinguished-looking men and women were gathered in the main hall of the inner courtyard, laughing and chatting animatedly.

"Hahaha! How satisfying! I never thought the day would come when Yuan Youwei would have to beg us for help!"

"Hmph. Keeping a gigolo isn't that simple, is it? To think she could help Lin Fan reach the heavens in a single step... what a foolish delusion!"

"A four-billion-yuan order? Does she really have the nerve to ask for that much? Does she think we're all pushovers?"

At the head of the hall, Mr. Wang Sr.'s face glowed with joy as he examined a purple sandalwood long box, unable to put it down. Inside was a peculiar herb shaped like a head of wheat.

White Dragon Grass. It really is White Dragon Grass! I've been searching for it for years, and I never expected the Su family to deliver it right to my door!

"Everyone here is a pillar of Haicheng's traditional medicine industry. Our nine families have gathered today to discuss the matters of the upcoming procurement conference." Suppressing the ecstasy in his heart, Mr. Wang Sr. set down the long box, grinning from ear to ear. He looked down at the crowd in the hall and declared, "The Yuan family wants to elevate Lin Fan? Not a chance!"

"That's right! That brat is impossibly arrogant, and Old Man Yuan seized the opportunity to extort ten million from each of our families as funeral gift money!"

"We used to leave Yuandao Pharmaceuticals an escape route out of respect for Yuan Ruohai, but this time, we'll wipe them out completely!"

"I heard Yuan Ruohai has already been kicked out and sent overseas to fend for himself. Old Man Yuan must have finally lost his mind, hahaha..."

The group grew more and more delighted with each passing comment. Mr. Wang Sr. nodded, satisfied, and waved his hand.

"Good! From now on, we won't give the Yuan family any more respect. We'll make sure Yuandao Pharmaceuticals is left with nothing!"

"I've also spoken with Yuan Ruoshan," someone said with a loud laugh, pushing the atmosphere in the hall to its peak. "He made it quite clear that he'd rather see the Yuan family embarrassed than miss the chance to make Lin Fan the laughingstock of the entire Haicheng medical world!"

"Old Master, Director Su and her companions have arrived," a steward reported, stepping into the hall to address Mr. Wang Sr.

The chatter and laughter died down instantly. All eyes snapped to the doorway, where Su Mengqing stood with three others.

"Greetings, Mr. Wang Sr. Greetings, seniors." Beaming, Su Mengqing walked in with Zhang Meili and the other two, greeting the crowd.

"Director Su, I am very satisfied with this White Dragon Grass. Both its quality and age are excellent. Where did you get it?" Mr. Wang Sr. asked with a radiant smile, picking up the purple sandalwood long box once more.

What? White Dragon Grass? That's a legendary treasure, rumored to have vanished from the world long ago! No wonder Mr. Wang Sr. set aside his past grievances to meet Director Su and her people!

"Director Su actually has something this valuable? How impressive!"

"I heard the Yuan family practically turned the country upside down trying to find White Dragon Grass to save Old Man Yuan, but they came up empty-handed."

"Congratulations, Mr. Wang Sr.! This is truly a day of double blessings for you!"

The people in the hall exchanged glances, their previously cold demeanor toward Su Mengqing's party instantly warming.

"This herb... is a legacy from our Su family ancestors," Su Mengqing explained. "I discovered it by chance and feared such a pearl would be left to gather dust, so I brought it specially to Mr. Wang Sr. as an apology for our past misunderstandings."

Under everyone's watchful eyes, Su Mengqing secretly rejoiced, clenching her fists to suppress her excitement. Judging by Mr. Wang Sr.'s reaction, the value of that herb probably far exceeds our family's expectations!

"That's right, it's a family heirloom. We don't really know much about it, so keeping it would be a waste, hehe." Su Gang and Zhang Meili chimed in, nodding desperately while nervously avoiding eye contact. "Only a National Medical Sage like Mr. Wang Sr. is worthy of using such a rare treasure!"

"Hmm, Director Su, your family is very thoughtful. In that case, we'll let bygones be bygones." Mr. Wang Sr. was immensely pleased by the flattery, his smile growing even wider.

THUMP!

"Mr. Wang Sr., please show mercy and save Su Pharmaceutical!" Seeing that the atmosphere was ripe, Yang Tingting immediately looked aggrieved and dropped to her knees, crying out loudly.

THUMP! THUMP!

"Mr. Wang Sr., that scoundrel Lin Fan has pushed our Su family to the brink of collapse! We can only beg you to save us!" Zhang Meili and Su Gang pleaded, kneeling alongside her. "Su Pharmaceutical can only be revived if we secure orders at the procurement conference!"

"Mr. Wang Sr., if you are willing to give our Su family a chance to survive, I will give Tianchuan Pharmaceuticals one-third of the net profit we make from this procurement conference!"

THUMP!

Su Mengqing knelt heavily, loudly swearing every word.

The hall fell silent. All eyes were once again on Mr. Wang Sr.

"Director Su, your sincerity is clear, and I did have a few encounters with your family's elder..." Mr. Wang Sr. hesitated for a moment before speaking slowly.

I don't mind giving Su Pharmaceutical an entry ticket. After all, I'm the one who divides up the shares at Haicheng's procurement conference every year. And the Injury Ointment from Su Pharmaceutical is indeed high-quality... even though I've already secretly obtained the formula that was leaked online. But as Haicheng's number one pharmaceutical company, Tianchuan Pharmaceuticals can't bring itself to stoop to imitation. Besides, why go through the effort of manufacturing it for profit when I can just get it for free?

"What do you all think?" he asked with a smile, looking around at both sides of the hall. He clutched the purple sandalwood long box, a flash of reluctance in his eyes.

"This..."

Everyone exchanged subtle glances, understanding the situation immediately. Old Man Wang has taken their gift, and now he's forcing us all to take a side!

"I see no problem with it. Director Su has worked painstakingly for four years to get where she is today. She shouldn't be ruined by Lin Fan!"

"Yes, yes, we are all colleagues in the Haicheng medical industry. It is only right that we lend a hand when we can."

"Mr. Wang Sr. is a man with a benevolent heart. I believe that even if Director Su hadn't come to offer this gift, he would have set aside past grievances and helped the Su family!"

At once, the heads of the various families nodded in agreement, their words impassioned and righteous.

"Thank you, thank you all..." Seeing this, Zhang Meili and the other two were both stunned and ecstatic, grinning from ear to ear.

Su Mengqing was so excited she was shaking all over. Do you see this, Lin Fan? I, Su Mengqing, can still get back on my feet without even breaking a sweat!

"Good! Since everyone wants to help the Su family, I hereby decide to allocate this conference's order share—originally belonging to Yuandao Pharmaceuticals—to Su Pharmaceutical!" Mr. Wang Sr. announced with a satisfied nod, gesturing for Su Mengqing and the others to rise.

BOOM!

Su Mengqing was utterly shaken.

Zhang Meili and the others exchanged surprised, ecstatic glances. We used Lin Fan's own possession to win Mr. Wang Sr.'s favor, and what's more, Su Pharmaceutical now gets to take over Yuandao Pharmaceuticals' order share for the conference! Isn't this the same as Lin Fan slapping his own face? This feels good! It feels way too good!

"Thank you, Mr. Wang Sr.! From now on, you are the Su family's savior!"

THUMP!

Su Mengqing was so moved she shed tears of joy. She immediately dropped to her knees again, sobbing loudly.

THUMP! THUMP!

Zhang Meili and the others followed suit, their faces alight with ecstasy.

The next moment, before Mr. Wang Sr. could speak, another steward rushed into the hall, reporting with a strange expression on his face, "Old Master, Lin Fan and Yuan Youwei have arrived. They say they want to see you."

"Lin Fan also said... that if you don't see him, you will... you will regret it for the rest of your life."

What? That bastard Lin Fan dares to threaten Mr. Wang Sr.? This is outrageous! He's completely lawless!

The hall burst into an uproar. The kneeling Su Mengqing and the other three felt their smiles freeze. They exchanged looks, their expressions changing in an instant.

Damn it! Did Lin Fan find out the White Dragon Grass was stolen and track us all the way to the Wang family's old mansion?

BANG!

"Heh, what boundless arrogance!" Mr. Wang Sr. laughed in fury, slamming his hand on the table as he stood. "I'd like to see how this wastrel who burned the ancient formula for the Bixia Pill is going to make me, Wang Tianchuan, regret this for the rest of my life!"

"Bring them here immediately!"

"Mr. Wang Sr.! We don't want to come face-to-face with that scoundrel Lin Fan. We hope you can understand our position!" Su Mengqing's heart sank. She forced a smile and pleaded humbly.

"Yes, yes! Just seeing Lin Fan makes us want to kill him! We're afraid we won't be able to control ourselves and will disturb the peace of the Wang family, heh heh..." Zhang Meili and the others agreed, extremely unnerved, their smiles uglier than if they were crying.

"Alright, then. You all go to the side hall. You can watch how I handle Lin Fan and Yuan Youwei and help the Su family vent its frustrations," Mr. Wang Sr. sneered, waving his hand.

"Alright... in that case, thank you, Mr. Wang Sr.," Su Mengqing stammered, pausing for a moment in a daze. Then, her eyes lit up, and she expressed her thanks again, both shocked and delighted. She and the other three immediately followed the steward, hurrying to the side hall just a wall away.