Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 5. We need to pay extra!

"Boy, are you a member of the Black Tiger Hall!" Mrs. Xue's eyes were sharp with murderous intent as she pointed at Lin Fan and shouted.

The young woman being supported clenched her teeth, her beautiful face covered with an icy chill. This guy is young and shows no hint of being extraordinary. How could he possibly be a so-called peerless, divine doctor? Furthermore, he's far too indifferent to the intrusion of two strangers. It just doesn't make sense.

"If you don't go to a hospital to stop the bleeding, you will bleed to death within ten minutes," Lin Fan said, tossing down the last stack of joss paper and finally rising from the brazier. He glanced casually at the young woman, his face expressionless. "I don't treat gunshot wounds. I don't want to invite trouble."

Anyone who could use a firearm in the city was certainly no ordinary person. He didn't want to meddle in others' affairs, nor did he want anyone to disturb his mother's memorial hall.

"Hmph, I think you just have a guilty conscience. Have you already been bought off by the Black Tiger Hall?" Mrs. Xue clenched her fists, and a fierce expression crossed her stunning face.

"We... we're leaving..." The injured young woman looked deeply at Lin Fan, trying to find any flaw in his expression. After three seconds, she gave up and whispered to Mrs. Xue through clenched teeth. The man is simply too composed. Even I can't grasp what he's thinking.

"I'll let you off this time. But if you dare reveal our whereabouts, you won't be able to withstand the wrath of the Yuan family!" Mrs. Xue glared at Lin Fan resentfully, then supported the young woman and hurried toward the clinic's entrance.

In the next moment, they both stumbled backward, their faces going pale with despair. A large group of burly men in black suits was streaming in from outside the entrance, each wearing a sinister smile. Many of them tightly gripped black handguns.

"You sons of bitches from the Black Tiger Hall, do you really dare to annihilate me, Yuan Youwei?!" the young woman, who now identified herself as Yuan Youwei, demanded furiously, her face a mask of defiance.

"Tsk, tsk, Miss Yuan, your reputation precedes you. Which one of us brothers wouldn't want to have some fun with you, to get a taste of the 'Flower of Haicheng'?" a man with a scarred face sneered. He stepped forward, lecherously ogling Yuan Youwei's chest. The other men in black suits licked their lips, their smiles turning perverted.

Seeing this, Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue exchanged a glance, both tightly pursing their lips. The situation was even worse than they had imagined. It seems that tonight, we will not only die here but also suffer the humiliation of being violated in turn by dozens of men!

"Kid, help us contact the Yuan family! Afterward, we'll guarantee you a lifetime of wealth and honor!" Mrs. Xue shouted, unwilling to give up as she turned back to Lin Fan. She and Yuan Youwei had been betrayed by their driver and brought here. They had just managed to escape the siege of the Black Tiger Hall assassins after a desperate struggle. But in their rush to abandon the car, they had left their phones and everything else behind. They had hoped to find a small clinic in a secluded alley to bandage Yuan Youwei's gunshot wound. Who would have thought they'd run into such a heartless bastard!

"Sorry, my phone's out of battery." Lin Fan pulled out his phone with its cracked screen, glanced at it, shook his head, and walked over to a corner to charge it.

"..."

At this, Mrs. Xue trembled with so much anger she nearly spat out blood. Yuan Youwei's lips twitched, and she barely restrained herself from cursing.

Even the Black Tiger Hall assassins were a bit dumbfounded. From start to finish, the young man in the memorial hall hadn't given them a single glance. What the hell, is he blind? Is he treating us like we're just air?

"Brother Dao, that kid saw us. We can't let him live!" a subordinate whispered to the scar-faced man, making a throat-slitting gesture.

"Go get some gasoline. When we're done, we'll burn this place to the ground," the man known as Brother Dao ordered, his face darkening as he waved his hand without hesitation.

Seeing Lin Fan slowly find the charging cable, plug in his phone, and place it on the table, Mrs. Xue could no longer bear it. "Hey, did you hear that?" she said through gritted teeth. "They're going to kill you too, and they're going to burn down your home!"

"They can’t," Lin Fan replied. He walked over, frowning at the crowd outside, and pointed toward the alley entrance. "Go fight on the street. It’s more spacious out there. Don’t cause trouble here."

A snicker rippled through the men in black suits, who were all amused by Lin Fan. Meanwhile, Mrs. Xue and Yuan Youwei were utterly flustered. At a time like this, does he really think he can walk away unscathed?

You have to understand, the Black Tiger Hall is the largest underground force in Haicheng. For years they have engaged in murder and arson, and no one has dared to challenge them. Their hall master, Chen Heihu, one of Haicheng’s four great tycoons, is known as the underground emperor. He boasts of having thirty thousand followers, each a ruthless thug who wouldn’t blink at murder.

"Kid, are you brain-dead? Have you never heard of our Black Tiger Hall?" Brother Dao squinted at Lin Fan with the mocking expression of a cat toying with a mouse.

"...Is your vice hall master named Chen Biao? Was he celebrating a dog’s birthday last night?" Hearing this, Lin Fan seemed to recall something, and his gaze turned cold.

"Heh, not so stupid after all. You even know the name of our Mr. Chen Biao." Brother Dao’s lips curled into a smirk, and he and his companions burst out laughing.

Chen Biao is Lord Hu’s only son, known as the Black Crown Prince of Haicheng, his infamy widespread. Even a birthday party for his dog could shake the entire city, drawing countless high-society figures to fawn over him.

"Fine. I’ve changed my mind," Lin Fan said with a nod, no longer paying Brother Dao any mind. He turned to Yuan Youwei, whose expression was grim. "I’ll treat your wound and get rid of these guys, but... you’ll have to pay extra."

As soon as he spoke, the room fell abruptly silent. Then, a roar of laughter erupted from the crowd. Brother Dao and his men were laughing so hard they were clutching their stomachs, tears welling in their eyes. Mrs. Xue, however, turned her head away with an expression of utter disgust, as if she were looking at an idiot.

"Wh-why?" Yuan Youwei was stunned, a flicker of confusion and hope in her beautiful eyes. After calming down, she also sensed something was off. Why has this man been able to remain so composed? It seems... he holds neither my beauty nor the menacing killers outside in any regard!

"Because that so-called Young Master Chen really pissed me off."

BANG!

Before his words had faded, Brother Dao, who was still roaring with laughter, abruptly pulled the trigger, aiming at Lin Fan.

Almost simultaneously, without even a glance, Lin Fan flicked his fingers.

"Hahaha, you little shit, I'll cripple one of your legs first—AH! AHH!"

His arrogant words died in his throat. Brother Dao's savage smile froze on his face. He clutched his mangled hand, screaming like a slaughtered pig. The silver needle that Lin Fan had casually flicked had not only deflected the bullet's trajectory but continued with undiminished force to detonate in the palm holding the gun, obliterating Brother Dao's entire hand.

The sudden turn of events plunged the room into an eerie silence, broken only by Brother Dao's piercing screams as he stumbled backward. His men stood frozen, trembling, while Mrs. Xue stood there, mouth agape. Only Yuan Youwei's eyes shone brightly, her heart pounding fiercely in her chest.

As expected, my guess was right! Lin Fan's fearlessness wasn't without basis; he was no ordinary person, but a deeply hidden martial arts expert!