Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 6. Won’t even give two hundred yuan?

"Charge! Beat this bastard to a pulp!" Brother Dao took cover among the crowd and let out a hysterical roar at Lin Fan. Ever since starting his career, he had never suffered such a huge loss. If he didn’t kill Lin Fan, his years in Haicheng would have been a waste!

"Fire, all of you motherfuckers, open fire! Avenge Brother Dao!"

"Fuck, this is absolute anarchy! How dare you touch someone from our Black Tiger Hall?"

"Kid, I’m gonna wipe out your whole family tonight!"

At their command, the men in black suits snapped to their senses, enraged. Even though they didn’t know how Lin Fan did it, they had dozens of guns. What was there to fear from one man?

The sound of triggers being pulled clicked in unison, a continuous rattle that made one’s scalp tingle. Mrs. Xue’s face drained of color. Yuan Youwei’s breath caught in her throat. The strings of her heart, which had just begun to slacken, instantly tensed up again.

In the next moment, a series of hissing sounds echoed through the air. Lin Fan’s gaze had darkened. Somehow, several long, glinting silver needles were already held between his fingers.

No one saw him move. They only saw streaks of silver light slice through the night sky, piercing the throats of the black-suited thugs one after another.

THUD! THUD!

One burly figure after another collapsed, their faces etched with disbelief. Each man’s throat was a bloody mess, their eyes wide open in death.

Only Brother Dao remained standing, trembling amidst the pile of corpses as if he'd seen a ghost. A dark patch gradually soaked through the front of his pants.

In an instant, dozens of the Black Tiger Hall's elite disciples were dead. What kind of terrifying power is this? Not even Lord Hu, the hall master himself, could do something like that!

THUD.

Brother Dao's knees hit the ground, and he began kowtowing frantically to Lin Fan. "I was wrong! I was wrong! Spare me, please spare my life!"

He was terrified, utterly scared out of his wits. Not a single trace of courage remained to defy the living King of Hell before him.

"Go back and tell Chen Biao not to celebrate birthdays for his dog when he has nothing better to do," Lin Fan said coldly, frowning at Brother Dao. "Otherwise, I don't mind letting his beloved pet attend his funeral."

The calm words were like a thunderclap from a clear sky, exploding right beside Brother Dao's ears. He nodded frantically, scrambled to his feet, and stumbled away in a blind panic.

Watching the pathetic figure disappear into the night at the end of the alley, Lin Fan said nonchalantly, "Come inside. I'll treat your wound." He walked over to the examination table in the mourning hall and pulled out clean gauze and other supplies.

Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue turned stiffly, their faces still etched with a shock that refused to fade. Who on earth is this guy? When did a powerhouse like him appear in Haicheng?

Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue exchanged a look before suppressing the strange emotions in their hearts and approaching Lin Fan. "Sir, we haven't had the honor of learning your name."

"Lin Fan."

Lin Fan placed his hand on Yuan Youwei's shoulder, and a pulse of energy flowed from his fingertips.

Before she could react, POP! The bullet, buried deep in her bone, was forcibly ejected from her body and clattered to the floor.

"Thank you for your patronage. Fifty yuan." After quickly stopping the bleeding, applying medicine, and bandaging the wound, Lin Fan packed his things and glanced outside. "You can get someone to handle those, right? No problem?"

"N-No..." Mrs. Xue was completely stunned. As she came back to her senses, her face began to burn with embarrassment. She had to admit, her voice had been a bit too loud when she'd spoken to Lin Fan earlier...

"Five hundred thousand, right? Mr. Lin, rest assured, I will transfer the money to you immediately." Feeling a cool sensation spread from her shoulder, significantly easing the pain, Yuan Youwei's beautiful eyes lit up, and she nodded with a bright smile.

She subconsciously reached for her phone, but her hand froze mid-air. She couldn't help but exchange an awkward glance with Mrs. Xue.

"Fifty. Not fifty thousand," Lin Fan shook his head. "Plus a service fee... let's make it two hundred yuan."

His gaze drifted to the memorial portrait, and his heart grew heavy. When his mother was alive, her fees had been scandalously low. A few yuan was often enough to cure a neighbor's headache or fever. If she met a patient in genuine difficulty, she would even cover the cost of their medicine. He didn't want to tarnish the reputation the Suxin Clinic had built over seven years. Even though the two women before him had an extraordinary air and wore expensive clothes, Lin Fan charged them as he would any ordinary patient.

One second, two seconds, three seconds... A full ten seconds passed. Seeing Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue just standing there, Lin Fan frowned. "You can't even come up with two hundred yuan? Forget it. Just light a stick of incense for my mom. We'll call it a condolence visit."

Lin Fan pulled out a crumpled pack of cigarettes, lit one, and shook his head.

"We don't have any money on us... but we will definitely pay the medical fee," Yuan Youwei said, her face flushing crimson as she gave an embarrassed smile.

Mrs. Xue had lost all of her earlier fire. She nearly buried her head in her chest, wishing she could find a crack in the floor to disappear into.

The two women lit incense for the portrait and then borrowed Lin Fan's phone to make a call, but they didn't leave right away.

"What, is there something else?" After finishing his cigarette, Lin Fan tossed the empty pack aside and glanced at the two women, who were busy exchanging looks. "Staying the night costs extra."

"You! Why do you always have to talk about money? Don't you have a shred of a healer's compassion?" Even though this man had saved her, Mrs. Xue's defenses crumbled. The front of her black qipao rose and fell sharply with her agitated breaths, her cool, beautiful face flushed with shame and anger.

"If I don’t talk about money, are you going to provide for me?" Lin Fan replied, speechless, and shook his head.

After his divorce, he’d been left with nothing. After paying for his mother’s funeral, he was flat broke. For years, his mother had been suppressing the poison of the Seven-Core Deadly Lotus in his body. Though she had secretly treated many influential people, the money she earned flowed away as quickly as it came. She had practically fed him all sorts of precious medicinal herbs as daily meals. Now, his only asset was this small clinic, and its lease was about to expire.

"If Mr. Lin is short on money, our Yuan family can offer our full support." Yuan Youwei’s eyes lit up, and she gave Lin Fan a deep, sincere bow. The full curves of her chest strained against her blouse, nearly popping the buttons.

"You must have heard of Yuandao Capital. To be frank, I am Yuan Youwei, the vice president of Yuandao Capital. My grandfather is Yuan Tianguang, and he’s currently on his deathbed..."

"I’m not interested," Lin Fan said, waving a hand to cut her off. "If you want my help, pay me the two hundred yuan first."

Yuandao Capital was the largest investment bank in the Southwest provinces, with a market value in the hundreds of billions. Its founder, Yuan Tianguang, was the foremost of Haicheng’s four titans. He hadn’t made a public appearance in six months, however. So he’s critically ill?

Lin Fan’s brow twitched as he fell into a thoughtful silence.

"My lady is inviting you to treat the old master, and you’re still playing hard to get?" Seeing his hesitation, Mrs. Xue seethed with annoyance and rolled her eyes at him. "Do you have any idea how many famous doctors in Haicheng are beating a path to the Yuan family’s door?"

"If they were so useful, would Miss Yuan be asking me?" Lin Fan shook his head and glanced toward the entrance.

The screech of tires echoed from the alley, shattering the night’s silence. A group of panicked men and women came running. They rushed toward the clinic’s entrance but stopped short at a look from Yuan Youwei.

Without a word, the group began cleaning up the scene. In moments, everything was spotless, as if nothing had ever happened.