Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 8. Launch a punitive expedition.

"You mean, Lin Fan’s mother?"

Upon hearing this, Yuan Youwei’s eyes widened, and her heart pounded violently.

That’s right. Back at the Suxin Clinic, when she was offering incense to Lin Fan’s deceased mother, she had noticed the name on the memorial tablet.

Mrs. Xue’s reminder brought it all flooding back.

"I just don’t know if it’s a case of having the same name... Besides, even if it is her, she’s... she’s already passed away." Mrs. Xue shook her head sorrowfully and said no more.

Yuan Youwei’s vision went black. She gritted her teeth, forcing herself to stay focused, and roared at the subordinates by the door, "Have you found Lin Fan’s file? Give it to me, now!"

She absolutely could not give up. Even if there was the slightest chance, she had to fight for the Old Master!

"Second Miss, I’ve found Mr. Lin Fan’s preliminary file. It’ll take more time to gather more detailed information." A subordinate hurried over and handed a tablet to Yuan Youwei.

"Taozi, look! Is this the Lin Suxin you were talking about?" The screen displayed Lin Fan’s basic personal information and his family members. Yuan Youwei immediately pointed to the portrait of Lin Fan’s mother and demanded of the baffled Yuan Tao.

"Hiss... It-it really is Doctor Lin!" Yuan Tao stared at the screen, his mouth agape in shock. "Second Sister, how did you find Doctor Lin? You’re incredible!"

The realization hit Yuan Youwei like a thunderclap.

So, Lin Fan is the son of the divine doctor? No wonder his medical skills are also extraordinary. It must be a family inheritance... Perhaps this is fate's design. Tonight, Lin Fan not only saved me, but he might just be able to save the Old Master too!

"Alright! Bring Grandfather and follow me!" Yuan Youwei shot to her feet, her eyes filled with determination.

At her words, the room fell silent for a moment before erupting into an uproar.

What kind of joke is this? The Old Master has been dead for some time; his body is almost completely cold. And she wants to take him out now? Even the Daluo Golden Immortal would be powerless to change this!

"Yuan Youwei, what are you doing?"

"Youwei, we understand you and the Old Master were close, but you can't be this reckless!"

"Miss, even if Lin Fan is the son of the divine doctor, he might not have his mother's abilities!"

The members of the Yuan family looked horrified as they all started talking at once. Even Mrs. Xue wore an anxious expression, desperately trying to catch Yuan Youwei's eye.

"What a monumental joke! I, Jiang Wanqiu, will make my stance clear right here and now! There is no one in this world who can bring a dead person back to life!" Doctor Jiang sneered, looking at Yuan Youwei as if she were an idiot.

"I, Yuan Youwei, will bear all the consequences alone," she declared, gritting her teeth and taking a deep breath as she faced the crowd's varied expressions. "If anything goes wrong, I will willingly leave the Yuan family and give up my status as the heir!"

As she finished speaking, the expression on everyone's face changed dramatically.

She's... she's gambling her own future on this!

"Miss, a man like Lin Fan isn't worth you taking such a huge risk!" Mrs. Xue stomped her foot in anxiety, trying desperately to persuade her. "That scoundrel only cares about money! He's even after the White Dragon Grass! He's not a good person!"

"Right, the money... Everyone, give me all the cash you have on you! I want it all!" Yuan Youwei snapped to attention and shouted another command.

Ignoring everyone's repeated attempts to stop her, she directed the others to carefully carry the Old Master into the car before rushing off toward the Suxin Clinic.

"Heh, I'd like to see for myself who possesses such heaven-defying medical skills that they can bring the Old Master back from the dead," Doctor Jiang sneered before getting into his own car to follow them.

「Meanwhile.」

In the brightly lit Su family villa in the city's east.

In the bedroom, Su Mengqing, who had fainted from anger, finally fluttered her eyes open.

"Lin Fan... has Lin Fan come back?" she asked in a hoarse, dry voice, looking at Su Gang and the others gathered around her bed.

"Sis, why are you still worried about him? We should be thinking about how to appease Mr. Wang Sr.'s anger first," Su Gang said with a grimace. "When he left, he gave us a dire warning. If he doesn't get to see the Bixia Pill recipe, he said he'll never let the matter rest with our Su family!"

"Mengqing, what on earth is going on? How did you get on the wrong side of Mr. Wang Sr.?" Zhang Meili's plump face was tense, her small eyes filled with terror.

"Director Su, I... I didn't do anything! Please, don't hit me again!" a nearby Yang Tingting pleaded, shrinking back with a timid look in her eyes.

"You... you still have the nerve to say you didn't do anything?" Looking at the pitifully aggrieved expression on Yang Tingting's face, Su Mengqing was so furious she could have spat blood. "Mom, Su Gang, do you have any idea what Lin Fan did last night?"

She scrambled out of bed and pointed a trembling finger at Yang Tingting. "This is all your doing, constantly telling me to give Lin Fan the cold shoulder. And because of that, that bastard burned the Bixia Pill recipe that Lin Suxin left for me! Our Su family has lost at least a hundred billion!"

The words struck them like lightning.

What? The ancient Bixia Pill recipe, the one that made Mr. Wang Sr. come in person, was originally meant for their family by Lin Suxin? But just because Su Mengqing didn't go to see Lin Suxin on her deathbed, Lin Fan held a grudge and burned it to ashes?!

Zhang Meili stood dumbstruck, her large frame trembling uncontrollably. Su Gang's eyes went wide, so horrified he nearly bit his own tongue.

No wonder Su Mengqing, who was always so calm and composed, was angry enough to pass out for half a day. A hundred billion! A treasure worth a full hundred billion! Who the hell could withstand a blow like that?!

"No, no, no, it wasn't me! I had no idea Lin Fan would do that! I was only thinking of you, Director Su, and what was best for the company..." Yang Tingting's face went pale as she gasped repeatedly in shock. She stumbled backward, step by step, driven by Su Mengqing's predatory gaze.

SLAP!

In the next moment, an enraged Zhang Meili strode forward and slapped Yang Tingting across the face. "You wretched slut! This is all your fault! Because of you, our Su family has suffered a devastating loss!"

Still fuming, she grabbed a handful of Yang Tingting's hair and slapped her face from both sides with her plump hands. SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

"Mrs. Zhang, I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Please stop, please stop hitting me! Ah... AHH!" Yang Tingting shrieked like a pig being slaughtered, her cheeks swelling up to resemble a pig's head.

Seeing her pleas were useless, Yang Tingting turned and screamed at the hesitant Su Gang. "Su Gang! Su Gang, you son of a bitch, if you don't help me, I'll tell them..."

Su Gang's face turned pale in alarm. "Mom, Sis, that's enough! You can't put all the blame on Tingting! Besides, whose fault is it that Lin Fan and his mother kept it a secret from our family all this time?" he said, rushing forward to desperately hold back the furious Zhang Meili.

"Yes, Director Su, what's done is done! Beating me to death won't solve anything! We should be thinking of a way to find Lin Fan!" Yang Tingting screamed bitterly through her sobs, her hair a mess and her face bruised and swollen.

"Why are you always defending her? Are you two hiding something from me?" Su Mengqing's anger hadn't subsided as she glared at Su Gang's forced, awkward smile.

"Sis, how would I dare? I just think Tingting is loyal to our family," Su Gang said, his eyelids twitching as his smile grew more strained. "It's not worth ruining our relationships over that worthless Lin Fan!"

"...Let's go. We'll find Lin Fan. He must be hiding in that shabby clinic," Su Mengqing said, gritting her teeth. She suppressed the urge to tell Yang Tingting to get lost on the spot.

When I think about it, it's true. If I hadn't started to despise Lin Fan, it wouldn't have mattered how much Yang Tingting instigated me. Blaming her is just a way for me to vent my own regret and anger.

"Production at the pharmaceutical factory can't stop. Tonight, we have to at least make that ungrateful wretch hand over the recipe!" She glanced at her phone and saw there was

still no word from Lin Fan, clenching her jaw so tightly it audibly clicked. She immediately left with Su Gang and the others, heading straight for the Suxin Clinic.