Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 81, please old man, go to die!

"Hahaha! Lin Fan, oh Lin Fan! No matter how formidable you are, your time has come!"

Chen Heihu looked toward the source of the voice, his confidence surging. He broke into wild, unstoppable laughter. The surrounding Black Tiger Hall elites revealed ecstatic expressions and hurriedly gathered at the door to meet Master Feng.

As another turn of events unfolded, the cowering Yuan family members couldn't help but pale, their gazes unanimously turning to Lin Fan.

Yuan Youwei took a few steps closer to him and bit her red lip, her beautiful eyes firming with resolve. "If you can't beat them, you should just leave. Don't worry about whether we live or die!"

"You have so little faith in me?" Lin Fan's mouth twitched, leaving him somewhat speechless. "If I didn't care whether you lived or died, I wouldn't have fought my way here in the middle of the night."

"Well... if it comes to that, we'll die together!" Yuan Youwei's heart trembled, feeling a bittersweet mixture of sweetness and sorrow.

"No! If you want to die, go ahead, but why drag us into it!"

The next moment, Yuan Ruoshan, whose face was pale with fright, suddenly let out a resentful shout from the crowd. He pushed his way to the front, stood before Lin Fan, and pointed a finger at him, cursing, "You could have protected the Yuan family! You could have saved our lives! Why did you have to refuse Mr. Iguchi's kindness? I bet you were just being chased here by that so-called Master Feng! How could you be so cruel as to drag us all down with you?"

His words were like a wake-up call for many of the Yuan family members. The way they looked at Lin Fan began to change subtly.

"That's right, what did we do to deserve being dragged into this?"

"Mr. Yuan Sr., all they wanted was power as the Haicheng Chamber of Commerce Chairman! Why are you clinging to it so desperately?"

"Are you really going to watch so many innocent people be buried with you, you old fool?!"

Some howled in grief and anger. Others interrogated Mr. Yuan Sr., spittle flying from their mouths. Even more sided with Yuan Ruoshan, forming a clear divide from Mrs. Xue and the others who stood behind Mr. Yuan Sr.

"The Second Master is here too! That's great, we're saved!"

A sharp-eyed individual had already spotted Yuan Ruohai following the man in the black robe approaching the door. In an instant, Yuan Ruoshan's eyes lit up with wild joy, and he became cocky and triumphant.

"We request that Mr. Yuan Sr. go to his death! Allow Second Brother Yuan Ruohai to succeed and preserve the Yuan family's foundation!"

"We request that Mr. Yuan Sr. go to his death!"

"We request that Mr. Yuan Sr. go to his death and ensure our safety!"

After he shouted, the Yuan family members behind him looked at one another and then roared in unison. Their powerful voices were like thunder, exploding throughout the hall.

"Have you all gone mad? You actually want Mr. Yuan Sr. to die just to save your own wretched lives!" Mrs. Xue demanded, her eyes twitching fiercely in shock and outrage.

"It was all for nothing that my grandfather treated you so well, bringing you from the countryside to Haicheng to make your fortunes and live comfortable lives," Yuan Youwei said, her beautiful face turning utterly grim as a deep chill filled her eyes. "Ask yourselves, with what you're doing, do you think you're worthy of his kindness?!"

"Youwei, stop talking... It's only human nature to seek advantages and avoid harm, heh heh." Mr. Yuan Sr. chuckled and shook his head, a wave of sorrow flickering in his clouded old eyes. He stepped forward, took Yuan Youwei's fair wrist, and comforted her softly. "If this old life of mine can save you all, then it would be worth it."

The old man turned his gaze to Lin Fan, his expression complicated. Honestly, I did harbor many ulterior motives toward Lin Fan before. But now, as the Yuan family faces a life-or-death crisis, he's the only outsider willing to stand up and turn the tide! Guilt, regret, sorrow... Mr. Yuan Sr. said nothing more, merely turning away with a long, pensive sigh.

"See? Mr. Yuan Sr. is willing to go to his death. You can't blame us!" Yuan Ruoshan sneered coldly, adjusting his gold-rimmed glasses.

He was inwardly ecstatic. Second Brother Yuan Ruohai really is something else! To think he's already connected with an international powerhouse like the Iguchi Pharmaceutical

Group! When I invested those few million, I didn’t have much hope, but it looks like it was the perfect help at the perfect time!

"Mr. Yuan Sr., you can rest easy. With the Second Master leading the Yuan family, it will never collapse!"

"We had no choice! We’ll be sure to burn plenty of paper money for you during the holidays!"

"Lin Fan! Yuan Youwei! The good days for you shameless pair are over! Aren’t you going to hurry over, kneel, and apologize?"

Some wiped away crocodile tears. Others muttered feeble explanations. Still others coldly berated Lin Fan and Yuan Youwei, acting as if victory was already in their grasp.

"What the hell are you all squawking about?"

A moment later, a strange glint appeared in Lin Fan’s eyes, and he let out a chuckle. "If I told you that the people who just arrived are on our side, would you believe me?" He scanned their smug faces, unable to suppress his smile.

"Believe you? I believe you’re full of shit!" Yuan Ruoshan’s mouth twitched as if he were looking at an idiot. He couldn’t be bothered to say more, instead leading the group of gleeful Yuan family members toward the entrance to greet the newcomers.

"Lin Fan, Youwei, you and Xiao Xue get out of here now!" Seeing this, Mr. Yuan Sr. looked away from the crowd and turned to give Lin Fan and Yuan Youwei a stern command. "Behind the bookshelf in my bedroom, there’s a secret passage leading to the deep mountains outside the estate. If you go now, you can still make it!"

"Grandpa, I’m not going! I won’t abandon you!" Yuan Youwei’s eyes reddened as she clenched her jaw and shook her head resolutely.

"Mr. Yuan Sr., you took me in and raised me. The Yuan family is my home. It’s time for me to repay your kindness," Mrs. Xue said, her eyes brimming with tears as she, too, bit her lip and shook her head fiercely.

"Don’t look at me. I already told you, they’re on our side. What’s with all the crying?" Lin Fan’s face darkened with exasperation as all three of them stared at him.

"Lin Fan! Is this really the time for jokes?" Mrs. Xue angrily wiped away a tear and pointed toward the door. "Can’t you see? Yuan Ruohai is here too, and Iguchi Watanabe and the others couldn’t be happier!"

"Lin Fan, don’t make a pointless sacrifice! A true man knows when to yield. Hurry and take Youwei and the others away! I, Yuan Tianguang, will be eternally grateful!" Mr. Yuan

Sr.’s face darkened, his patience wearing thin. What time is it for this boy to still be boasting so shamelessly? What’s more important, his pride or his life?!

"Mr. Yuan Sr., you should know something about the origin of this, right?" Seeing that none of them believed him, Lin Fan fell silent for a moment before holding up his hand to display the Vermilion Bird Ring.

"You... How do you...?!" Mr. Yuan Sr. froze. Then, his entire body shuddered as his pupils contracted violently. This is the deepest secret buried in my heart, yet somehow Lin Fan knows about it!

"How could the assets of my Human Tower of the Vermilion Bird Tower be touched by outsiders?" Lin Fan said. He simply nodded, saying no more.

BOOM!

Mr. Yuan Sr.’s expression changed dramatically. His legs went weak, and he nearly collapsed.

It’s here. The day has finally come! No wonder Lin Fan risked his life to fight his way back to the Yuan family. He came to seize the family assets! And to think I was almost moved just now, believing this guy was a man of deep loyalty and righteousness!

"I don’t want to live... Youwei, Grandpa doesn’t want to live anymore..." Mr. Yuan Sr. wailed, a look of utter hopelessness on his face. As Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue stared on in utter confusion, he broke down and cried inconsolably.

Chapter 82: How did you become his person?

"Ah... Grandpa, you..."

Seeing Mr. Yuan Sr. suddenly burst into tears as if he had lost all hope, Mrs. Xue was completely stunned. Yuan Youwei bit her red lip, seemingly understanding something. She couldn’t help but gaze pleadingly at Lin Fan, her beautiful, sorrowful eyes now holding a trace of resentment and helplessness.

"Ahem. We can talk about this later," Lin Fan said, clearing his throat and turning toward the door. "First, let’s deal with the trouble at hand."

He could see that Old Man Yuan was deliberately putting on a miserable show! He was clearly trying to use Yuan Youwei to make him feel too awkward to take back the Human Tower property.

"Master Feng is mighty! The moment you arrive, Lin Fan will be nothing before you, sir!" Chen Heihu and his men fawned over Master Feng, treating him like a celebrity.

"Second Brother, your timing couldn't be better! Once the old man dies, we'll immediately support you as the new head!" Yuan Ruoshan and his supporters said, excitedly surrounding Yuan Ruohai.

Yuan Ruohai's expression was complicated. His lips twitched, but he remained silent. This made Yuan Ruoshan's smile stiffen slightly as he sensed that something was amiss.

"Master Feng, please proceed. Get rid of this nuisance, Lin Fan," Iguchi Watanabe said with the utmost sincerity as he stepped forward and bowed deeply. He then turned his head, casting a distant, provocative sneer in Lin Fan's direction.

"Don't worry," the expressionless Master Feng finally said slowly. "It's already been taken care of completely."

As soon as he spoke, the hall fell silent.

W-What? Lin Fan is still standing right there!

Chen Heihu looked utterly bewildered. He and Iguchi Watanabe, whose smirk had frozen on his face, exchanged confused glances. Their hearts sank as an inexplicable sense of foreboding washed over them.

"M-Master Feng, what do you mean? Lin Fan is still alive and well!" one of Yuan Ruoshan's men questioned after a moment's hesitation, mustering his courage.

SLAP!

"Who the hell do you think you are, daring to yap in front of me?" Master Feng's eyes turned cold as he sent Yuan Ruoshan flying with a fierce slap.

THUD! Yuan Ruoshan flew out of the door and crashed hard onto the ground, spitting out a mouthful of blood and broken teeth. Shocked and enraged, he opened his mouth to speak, but a glance out of the corner of his eye made him freeze.

There were dead bodies everywhere! Corpses of Sakura Country Warriors in tight black uniforms were lying all around!

BOOM! Yuan Ruoshan's face changed drastically, his pupils contracting violently as his mind went completely blank.

So when Master Feng said everything had been "taken care of completely," he meant he'd killed all the Sakura Country Warriors in the manor? But... but why? Could it really be as Lin Fan said? That the people who came were his own? A ridiculous yet terrifying thought

surged through his mind. It’s over. It’s all over. If that’s the case, doesn’t that make me nothing more than a buffoon?!

His face turned deathly pale, and he began to tremble.

"Master Feng, you must avenge my son, Chen Biao!" At that moment, Chen Heihu shuddered and came to his senses. Doubt and uncertainty flickered in his eyes, but he gritted his teeth, stepped forward, and clasped his hands in a plea to Master Feng. "As long as you kill Lin Fan, I’ll agree to any price!"

"You want him to kill me?" an indifferent voice sounded from behind him.

Locking eyes, Chen Heihu saw the deep mockery in Lin Fan’s gaze.

"Lin Fan! You dare to be arrogant even at death’s door!" Chen Heihu roared furiously, but the ominous premonition in his heart grew even stronger.

"What’s your son’s name?" the expressionless Master Feng asked coldly.

THUD!

"His name is Chen Biao! My only son, and he was tragically killed by Lin Fan!" Chen Heihu knelt, clasping his hands and pleading once more.

"Chen Biao, is it? Where is he buried?" Master Feng asked again.

"J-Just in the northern suburbs of Haicheng, in my Chen family’s ancestral graveyard!" Chen Heihu replied, stunned for a moment before his eyes lit up with wild joy.

Clearly, he intends to personally pay his respects after this is over!

"Very well," Master Feng said with a sinister smile, his gaze turning fierce. "Your son dared to offend my Human Tower Master. He deserved to die, and a fine death it was! Not only do I want you to die, but I’ll have your son’s bones crushed to dust, leaving him with no place to be buried!"

A collective gasp echoed through the hall. As soon as he spoke, the hall fell deathly silent. Everyone was stunned, exchanging bewildered glances. Iguchi Watanabe’s eyes widened in disbelief. Chen Heihu shuddered, his mouth hanging open in stunned silence.

Damn. No wonder this bastard kept asking where Chen Biao was buried. He wanted to dig up the coffin and desecrate the body!

"Mr. Iguchi! Lord Hu! We’re in big trouble! The Sakura Country Warriors you brought... they’re all... all dead outside!" Yuan Ruoshan screamed hoarsely, stumbling back into the hall while clutching the red handprint on his face.

SLAP!

Iguchi Watanabe’s chubby face darkened as he struck Yuan Ruoshan across his other cheek. "Idiot! How dare you curse my Sakura Country Warriors!"

"He’s not wrong," Master Feng said coldly to Iguchi Watanabe, seeing Yuan Ruoshan standing there in shocked fear, not daring to make another sound. "I already told you, I’ve taken care of everything."

He then turned, strode toward Lin Fan, and knelt on one knee.

"Please give the order, Moderator. How should we deal with these people?"

BOOM! BOOM!

This sudden turn of events left everyone in the hall staring at each other in horror, completely petrified. Mr. Yuan Sr.’s jaw dropped. Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue exchanged shocked looks, their faces filled with elation.

So Lin Fan wasn’t bluffing. These really are his own people!

"Master Feng, what are you doing? Are you betraying the Holy Poison Sect?" Chen Heihu demanded, completely dumbfounded.

Iguchi Watanabe’s chubby face flushed with uncontrollable rage.

He’d thought meeting up with Master Feng in Haicheng would make the mission foolproof. Who would have thought the man himself would become the biggest obstacle! An entire hundred elite Sakura Country Warriors! All of them slaughtered by this turncoat? How was he supposed to explain this to his family? How could he possibly report back to the Holy Poison Sect?

"Chen Heihu, I advise you to atone for your crimes with your life," the previously silent Yuan Ruohai shouted harshly, taking a few steps forward. "Otherwise, you won’t even leave a whole corpse behind!"

THUD!

Then, he turned and also knelt on one knee before Lin Fan. "Brother-in-law, as you instructed, all the Yuan family’s bodyguards and security personnel outside have been awakened with the medicine!"

Before anyone could react, Xiao Jie and Stubborn Su Gang strode excitedly into the hall. Each held a vial of Divine Dragon Detox Powder as they came to a stop at Lin Fan’s side.

This is madness! They've all gone mad! How did they all become Lin Fan's people in the blink of an eye?!

Clutching his swollen cheeks, Yuan Ruoshan was petrified on the spot, utterly dumbfounded. The other Yuan family members who had planned to follow Yuan Ruohai looked at each other awkwardly, their faces burning with embarrassment.

Only Yuan Youwei, Mrs. Xue, and their allies were overjoyed, rushing to gather around Mr. Yuan Sr. In an instant, the tables had turned completely. Instead, it was the once-aggressive Iguchi Watanabe and Chen Heihu who now found themselves surrounded and trapped in a hopeless situation.

Seeing Iguchi Watanabe and Chen Heihu backing away step-by-step with the few dozen remaining Black Tiger Hall elites, it was clear they were looking for a chance to escape. Lin Fan's gaze darkened as he gave the merciless order.

"Kill them. Leave no one alive!"

Chapter 83, I'll kill whoever comes!

"No! You can't kill me! I am the Vice President of the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group, a member of the Iguchi family!"

Following Lin Fan's order, Master Feng and Yuan Ruohai rose to their feet, their gazes fixed on Iguchi Watanabe and his men. Their icy stares were already filled with boundless killing intent!

"Lin Fan, President Yuan! Setting aside our grievances, I am a foreign guest!" Iguchi Watanabe's throat tightened, his bloated face a deathly pallor. "If you kill me, it will trigger a severe diplomatic incident between our two countries!"

He violently shoved Chen Heihu forward. "Aren't you looking to vent your anger? Kill him! I couldn't care less!"

What the hell! You really think I'm a dog you can just throw away!

Hearing this, Chen Heihu's entire body shook, his lungs nearly bursting with rage.

"Lin Fan, Master Feng! I'm willing to turn on him! I'm willing to cut all ties with this man from Sakura Country, starting right now!" Chen Heihu roared, turning to glare venomously at Iguchi Watanabe.

THUD!

He dropped straight to his knees, loudly pledging his loyalty to Lin Fan.

"For seven years, you, Chen Heihu, have climbed step by step to where you are today with the support of the Iguchi Pharmaceutical Group," Lin Fan said, his expression flat, his brow slightly furrowed. "For your own selfish gain, you ignored the well-being of Haicheng's pharmaceutical industry and even schemed to help an outsider take complete control of the city's medicinal herb export business."

He shook his head, his gaze turning completely cold.

"If you had even a shred of conscience as a Daxia person, you would never have sided with the people of Sakura Country! I, Lin Fan, am not a garbage can. I don't accept any and all trash! You, and your Black Tiger Hall, will vanish from Haicheng tonight!"

BOOM!

His words, filled with murderous intent, echoed through the hall.

Chen Heihu's expression changed drastically, his eyes filled with despair and madness. The dozens of Black Tiger Hall elites surrounding him all shuddered, their faces overcome with panic.

"Kill them! At worst, we'll fight to the death!"

After a furious roar, the veins on Chen Heihu's forehead bulged. He shot to his feet and drew the gun tucked in the back of his waistband. As if waking from a dream, the dozens of Black Tiger Hall elites all leveled their guns at Lin Fan.

"Hmph, with me here, how dare you act so brazenly before the Moderator!"

WHOOSH!

With a sinister smile, Master Feng's figure flickered like a ghost and vanished from his spot.

THUD! THUD!

In the blink of an eye, dozens of men, including Chen Heihu, had blood gushing from deep holes in their foreheads. Without a single struggle or scream, their bodies collapsed to the floor, their eyes wide with unwillingness as they died on the spot.

"Now it's your turn, you fatso from Sakura Country," Master Feng said, clearly satisfied with his efficiency. He flicked the blood beads from the dark spike on the back of his hand and turned his gaze to the trembling Iguchi Watanabe.

He had been unable to withstand even two moves from Lin Fan, and his heart burned with shame and indignation. This was the perfect opportunity to vent his murderous urges and prove his strength to Lin Fan.

"Don't kill me! I'm still useful! Spare my miserable life, and I can have the Iguchi family pay a massive ransom for me!"

THUD!

Iguchi Watanabe's courage completely shattered. His legs gave out, and he collapsed to his knees before Lin Fan, kowtowing repeatedly and crying his eyes out, no longer daring to act tough.

"Your life is indeed valuable, and your status quite prestigious."

At these words, Master Feng stopped his advance and looked toward Lin Fan. Mr. Yuan Sr., Yuan Youwei, and Mrs. Xue all turned to look at him as well.

Unlike an underworld figure like Chen Heihu, Iguchi Watanabe's identity was extraordinary. To kill him casually would set off a catastrophic chain reaction.

"Yes, yes, my life is very valuable! There's no benefit to killing me!"

Seeing Lin Fan frown and seem to hesitate, Iguchi Watanabe was secretly overjoyed and breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

Hmph, that's just how people from Xia Country are. A pittance is enough to make a man like Chen Heihu one of our dogs! As for those keyboard warriors online, it only takes a bit of "dog food money" to get them fed, obedient, and desperately whitewashing things for Sakura Country! I thought you were someone special, Lin Fan. Turns out you're nothing much after all!

"Mr. Lin Fan! As long as you let me leave, I can pretend tonight's incident never happened!" Iguchi Watanabe scrambled to his feet, a hint of smugness and disdain flickering in the depths of his eyes. He seemed to regain some confidence, lifting his plump chin to stare directly at Lin Fan. "Furthermore, why don't you reconsider becoming a friend of the Iguchi family and sharing in our wealth and glory!"

As his words fell, the hall plunged into deathly silence. No one else made a sound; all eyes were fixed on Lin Fan.

"This man must not be killed," Mr. Yuan Sr. said, stepping forward and shaking his head gravely at Lin Fan. "Keeping him alive is far more valuable than killing him."

Lin Fan said nothing, turning instead to Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue.

"I... I don't know what to do. You have to decide for yourself," Yuan Youwei whispered, biting her red lip, her beautiful eyes filled with a

complex mix of emotions. Honestly, she also felt the impulse to kill Iguchi Watanabe, but reason told her that killing him would inevitably lead to even greater trouble.

"And all of you? Are you also willing to let this little devil from Sakura Country go?" Lin Fan fell silent for a moment, then his gaze swept slowly across the hall. Wherever his eyes landed, no one dared to meet his gaze, and everyone lowered their heads.

"Mr. Lin Fan, don't be impulsive! Your own people have already given you the answer." Seeing this, Iguchi Watanabe's smile grew even more brazen. He had completely reverted to his previous composed demeanor.

"Oh, is that so?" Lin Fan smiled. He retracted his gaze, letting it settle on Iguchi Watanabe's plump face. "You're a fool. If I kill everyone here, who would ever know I killed you?"

The indifferent voice was not loud, but it exploded like a thunderclap in Iguchi Watanabe's ears.

"No, please don't, Mr. Lin Fan!" Iguchi Watanabe's smile froze solid. His expression changed drastically, his legs trembling like leaves in the wind.

A madman. Lin Fan is a complete and utter madman! I miscalculated. I was completely and utterly wrong. He doesn't weigh gains and losses. He just eradicates the problem at its root, leaving no loose ends!

"Your Iguchi family's friendship? I find it filthy."

Amidst a sea of shocked and disbelieving eyes, Lin Fan's gaze turned icy. He took several steps forward, closing the distance until he was almost touching Iguchi Watanabe.

CRACK!

His palm sliced through the air like a blade, swinging forward with terrible force.

"No, don’t kill me! Please, don’t, kill—"

The transparent Qi Force solidified, turning Lin Fan’s hand into a razor-sharp weapon. In an instant, a plump head soared into the air as a fountain of blood erupted from the severed neck. The desperate, terrified plea was cut short. Iguchi Watanabe’s headless body slammed to the ground, drawing gasps of alarm from everyone in the hall.

"This is the fate of those from Sakura Country who dare to offend our Xia Country." Lin Fan pulled out a tissue, wiping the blood from the edge of his hand with a frown before casually tossing the wadded-up paper aside. "I’ll kill every single one that comes! Whoever doesn’t submit, I’ll keep killing until they do!"

Silence. Utter, deathly silence.

All eyes stared in horror at the towering figure who looked like the God of Killing himself. No one dared to stop him. Not that they could have.

THUD! THUD!

"Mr. Yuan Sr., we were wrong! We deserve to die! We should never have been disloyal!" Yuan Ruoshan’s legs trembled incessantly, a dark patch instantly soaking his trousers. He dropped stiffly to the ground and began to kowtow frantically.

The other members of the Yuan family behind him exchanged glances. Then, with faces just as pale, they too dropped to their knees and desperately begged for their lives. If Lin Fan would kill someone like Iguchi Watanabe without a second thought, what about them—the turncoats who had tried to side with the enemy? They were surely doomed.

Chapter 84, The gambling continues!

"Ruoshan, if you knew it would come to this, why did you ever start? Sigh..." Seeing the scene unfold, Mr. Yuan Sr. wore a bitter expression as he shook his head. Behind him, the other members of the Yuan family were secretly relieved, their eyes showing lingering

fear. They were thankful they hadn’t made the wrong choice just moments ago. Otherwise, they would have been the ones kneeling and begging for mercy right now.

"A moment ago, weren’t you all saying that Lin Fan was just bluffing and that he’d get you killed?" Yuan Youwei asked with a cold, mocking smile.

"That’s right. You even had the gall to ask Mr. Yuan Sr. to face death to ensure your own safety. How do you have the face to plead for mercy now?" Mrs. Xue’s cold eyes were sharp, her words filled with vindictive satisfaction.

"No, that’s not it! I was just panicking! It was a moment of impulse!" Yuan Ruoshan’s face flushed crimson. Behind his gold-rimmed glasses, his gaze was fraught with anxiety.

"We only listened to his damned lies!" a kneeling Yuan family member suddenly shouted, pointing a finger at Yuan Ruoshan with a mix of fear and anger. "Lin Fan, Mr. Yuan Sr., if you must punish someone, just punish Yuan Ruoshan! It has nothing to do with us!"

"If he hadn’t duped us so completely, how could we possibly have betrayed the Yuan family?"

"Exactly! It’s all Yuan Ruoshan’s fault! He deserves to die! He’s a heartless beast!" Seeing their chance, the others also began shouting, desperately shifting the blame.

"You... you...!" Yuan Ruoshan trembled all over, his knuckles cracking as he clenched his fists.

Beasts. They’re all beasts! Just a moment ago, they were eagerly following me like dogs to become traitors, and now they’ve sold me out in the blink of an eye? Damn it, they change their tune faster than you can flip a page!

"Second Brother! Second Brother, save me! Everything I did was for you!" Yuan Ruoshan yelled, crawling on his knees through the strange stares of the crowd. He reached Yuan Ruohai and desperately clung to his pant leg.

"You’re full of shit! Let go of me now!" Yuan Ruohai’s face turned green. He tried to kick his leg free as if avoiding the plague itself.

"Second Brother, how can you do this to me? I’ve worked so hard to protect Yuandao Pharmaceuticals for you, just waiting for you to return and take charge!" Yuan Ruoshan pleaded persistently, his face a mask of indignation as his voice choked with emotion. "Second Brother, for your sake, I made a four-billion-dollar bet with Lin Fan!" His eyes were bloodshot as he screamed hysterically, "I’ve practically bet my entire fortune!"

"Hmph. Don’t think I don’t know your little schemes," Yuan Ruohai snorted, his expression turning even uglier. "Your bet with Lin Fan was just a ploy to replace me and take my position for yourself!"

"No, it’s not like that... I... I just wanted to temporarily hold down the fort for you, Second Brother!" Yuan Ruoshan’s face was beet red as he shook his head frantically. However, Yuan Ruohai couldn’t be bothered to listen anymore and nonchalantly moved to stand behind Lin Fan.

"Mr. Yuan Sr., this is a Yuan family matter, so it’s not my place to intervene. Please, handle it yourselves," Lin Fan said with a slight frown, turning to the old man, whose face was a canvas of complex emotions.

Small fry like Yuan Ruoshan meant nothing to him. Their life or death hinged on a single thought. It wasn’t worth his effort to care.

After a moment of silence, Mr. Yuan Sr. spoke slowly and deliberately. "He is to be removed from all corporate positions, his family dividend shares confiscated, and he will be expelled from the manor. Henceforth, he may no longer claim to be a member of the Yuan family." The old man then looked at the other kneeling family members, shaking his head. "As for the rest of you, if you wish to follow Yuan Ruoshan, then go with him."

The hall fell into a dead silence, followed by a sudden, violent uproar. Some wailed loudly while others desperately kowtowed, begging for mercy. Still others stared blankly, their eyes filled with despair, before abruptly surging toward Yuan Ruoshan, punching, kicking, and screaming curses at him.

"I don’t accept this! I won’t accept this!" Yuan Ruoshan struggled to his feet, his face bruised and swollen. He tremblingly adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses. "For years, I, Yuan Ruoshan, have been loyal to the Yuan family and made countless contributions! On what grounds are you stripping me of everything?!" Then, he turned his furious gaze to Lin Fan. "Lin Fan! Don’t forget, our wager isn’t over yet!"

"What qualifications do you possibly have to continue that bet with me?" Lin Fan asked, finding the situation incredibly absurd.

This man has already been cast out like a stray dog, yet he’s still unwilling to give up control of Yuandao Pharmaceuticals?

"I still have the hundreds of millions I’ve accumulated over the years! I want to continue the bet! If I win, I must be the one in charge of Yuandao Pharmaceuticals!" Yuan Ruoshan’s eyes were crazed as he laughed viciously. "Do you dare? You’re guaranteed to lose!"

"Lin Fan, don’t pay any attention to him. He’s deliberately provoking you," Yuan Youwei said softly, walking over to Lin Fan’s side after shooting Yuan Ruoshan a cold glance.

"That’s right, we don’t accept this either! We want to bet against Lin Fan, too!" the other banished family members chimed in, gathering around with reddened eyes.

"Fine. If you're all so eager to hand me your money, I can't say no," Lin Fan replied, giving Yuan Youwei a reassuring look. He turned back to the crowd, his expression calm as he raised a single finger and wagged it. "I have about 1.4 billion in cash right now. If I lose, you can divide it all amongst yourselves. But if I win, you and Yuan Ruoshan will hand over every last bit of your fortunes to me!"

BOOM!

His resounding words landed like a thunderclap, and everyone's expression changed instantly.

1.4 billion in cash! Damn it, it's only been a few days! Where did this bastard get so much money?

Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue exchanged dumbfounded looks. Mr. Yuan Sr. seemed slightly moved. Only Stubborn Su Gang and Yuan Ruohai flushed with embarrassment, looking at each other without a word.

"Fine! I'll take that bet! Let's sign the contract right now!" Yuan Ruoshan shouted immediately, his voice a mixture of jealousy and elation.

"We'll sign too! Whoever backs out is a son of a bitch!" the others roared, their eyes gleaming with greed as they nodded feverishly.

In their minds, there was no way Lin Fan could secure four billion in orders at the upcoming pharmaceutical conference. He was just bluffing to scare them. A 1.4 billion cash bet! Even if they only got a small piece of the pie, they'd be set for the rest of their lives! Oh, Lin Fan, so what if you're powerful? The nine major pharmaceutical companies in Haicheng just jointly announced the success of their new drugs today, all to make a splash at the conference! You still dare to talk tough? When the time comes, not only will you suffer a humiliating defeat, you'll also be our personal cash cow!

"Yuan Ruoshan, if you want to bet, I won't stop you," Mr. Yuan Sr. said indifferently, motioning for the managers to handle the scene without turning his head. "Considering our family ties, I've left you a way out. If you lose this bet, don't come crying to me."

"Hmph! A real man keeps his word!" Yuan Ruoshan retorted. He snatched the hastily drafted agreement and signed his name with a flourish. The others followed his example, signing without a moment's hesitation.

"Lin Fan, you remember this! Your 1.4 billion, plus control of Yuandao Pharmaceuticals—I, Yuan Ruoshan, will have them!" Tossing the pen aside, Yuan Ruoshan strutted away in high spirits, leading his new group of followers.

Childish. Insisting on ruining themselves completely. Lin Fan shook his head, his gaze shifting back to Mr. Yuan Sr.

"Mr. Yuan Sr., it’s time we had a talk."

"...Alright. To my study." Mr. Yuan Sr., who had been pretending to direct the staff, couldn’t help but shudder. His expression shifted, but he turned back with a forced smile and nodded, his palms already dripping with cold sweat.

Will the Yuan family’s name be changed overnight, falling into the hands of an outsider? Right now, everything depends entirely on Lin Fan’s mood.

Chapter 85. We must get Lin Fan!

"Xiao Xue, stay outside and do not allow anyone to approach."

A moment later, the group followed Mr. Yuan Sr. into the study. The old man solemnly instructed Mrs. Xue and personally shut the door.

THUD!

"Your humble servant greets the Young Master!" Turning around, Mr. Yuan Sr. knelt straight before Lin Fan, bowing deeply.

Yuan Youwei and Yuan Ruohai exchanged glances and knelt as well.

"Stand up and speak." Lin Fan nodded, signaling the three to rise and take their seats.

"Mr. Yuan Sr., since you already know the Moderator’s identity, you should willingly offer up the ninety percent of profits you’ve made over the years," Master Feng stood haughtily behind Lin Fan, like a loyal minion. "Dare to hide anything, and without needing the Moderator’s orders, I will annihilate your entire Yuan family!"

His voice, full of deadly seriousness, echoed through the room.

Yuan Ruohai’s forehead twitched as he glanced anxiously at Yuan Youwei. Mr. Yuan Sr. desperately signaled with his eyes, his face paling completely.

"Lin Fan, do you really intend to take ninety percent of our Yuan family’s estate?" Yuan Youwei’s eyes were filled with a complex mix of emotions as she bit her lip and asked.

Mr. Yuan Sr. and Yuan Ruohai also looked anxiously toward Lin Fan.

"That’s a given! I gave the Moderator every cent of the over five hundred million I got from the Su Family!"

Before Lin Fan could speak, it was Stubborn Su Gang who rolled his eyes and cut in smugly. At that moment, he had it all figured out.

What’s a measly five hundred million? Hasn’t he seen that Lin Fan is about to support Xiao Jie’s return to seize power? As long as I flatter these two, why would I worry about making big money in the future?

"Who said I was going to seize the Yuan family’s assets?" Lin Fan asked, shaking his head and frowning at Stubborn Su Gang.

Wha—what? You’re not taking it? How could you not take it?! The Yuan family has likely accumulated a fortune of a hundred billion!

Instantly, Stubborn Su Gang was gobsmacked, his face turning alternately pale and flushed.

Master Feng looked slightly taken aback and remained silent.

Yuan Youwei and the other two, meanwhile, both shocked and elated, quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

"Your Highness, look at him!" Unable to hold back, Stubborn Su Gang turned his head to tattle on him to Xiao Jie. "He’s clearly taken a liking to Miss Yuan and is getting ready to betray your sister!"

"Oh, that’s nothing. It’s a tradition in Sha Country for a man to marry several wives. My sister won’t mind," Xiao Jie shrugged, his face nonchalant.

Holy hell, that’s an option?!

Stubborn Su Gang was so stunned he nearly coughed up blood. The whole situation was driving him mad.

Damn it all, Lin Fan, you have a serious double standard, don’t you?! Not a single hair from my five hundred million-plus was spared. But when you turn around to face the Yuan family, you’re so magnanimous and incredibly generous?

"Lin Fan! Technically, I’m still your father-in-law!" His mind clouded by rage, Stubborn Su Gang yelled at Lin Fan. "If you’re going to let the Yuan family’s fortune go, then you should give me back my five hundred million-plus!"

"That was in the past. I’ve already signed a divorce agreement with Su Mengqing." Lin Fan’s brow furrowed slightly. "I don’t want the Yuan family’s estate because they provided my mother with a sensational and dignified funeral in Haicheng!"

His gaze flashed with anger, his voice turning icy cold. "What has your Su family ever done for my mother? That Su Mengqing never once visited her in the hospital, not even in the moment she drew her last breath!"

HISS...!

So that's why Lin Fan was so ruthless to the Su family. It was all because of what Su Mengqing had done! Stubborn Su Gang froze on the spot, sucking in a sharp breath of cold air. In his heart, he now hated Su Mengqing to death.

Stupid, so utterly and incurably stupid! If our family hadn't completely severed ties with Lin Fan, what an unimaginably wonderful position we would be in now? The master behind Haicheng's top family, the Yuans. The beloved of the Eldest Princess of the Sha Country Royal Family. Not to mention, Lin Fan has unparalleled experts like Master Feng under his command!

At that moment, Mr. Yuan Sr. took the initiative to stand up. He bowed with clasped hands to thank Lin Fan. "Thank you for your immense kindness and virtue, Young Master! The Yuan family is endlessly grateful!"

Yuan Youwei and Yuan Ruohai also hurriedly stood up, following their elder in paying their respects.

"I have said it before. I, Lin Fan, will repay any kindness ten-thousandfold, and I will see that any enmity is also repaid ten-thousandfold."

Lin Fan walked over and helped the three of them to their feet.

He actually didn't want to get too entangled with the Yuan family. After all, in the future, he wouldn't just be facing the behemoth that was the Ying family of the Imperial Capital. There was also the mysterious and unpredictable Holy Poison Sect! Even though the Yuan family was a hegemon in Haicheng, they were still insignificant before those two.

"However, my previous condition remains unchanged," Lin Fan said solemnly. "After securing the four-billion-dollar contract, I want full control of Yuandao Pharmaceuticals."

"Of course, of course! As long as the Young Master is willing, this old servant can hand over Yuandao Pharmaceuticals right away!" Mr. Yuan Sr.'s smile was so wide it was almost crooked, and he was secretly overcome with relief.

He couldn't help but cast a quick glance at Yuan Youwei.

It's all thanks to this wonderful granddaughter! If she hadn't stood firm under pressure to organize a grand funeral for Lin Fan's late mother, making Lin Fan owe them a heavenly debt of gratitude, the Yuan family would have already been seized by him!

"No need. I can take it back myself." Lin Fan shook his head, then turned and left with Master Feng and the others. "Remember, from now on, the Yuan family has no further ties with the Human Tower, but everything must remain confidential."

"Yes, yes, this old servant understands! Respectfully seeing you off, Young Master!" Mr. Yuan Sr. scurried to the door, opened it for Lin Fan, and bowed deeply once more as they departed.

After a moment, the footsteps outside gradually faded away. Yuan Youwei finally relaxed and exchanged a look with Yuan Ruohai. "Grandpa, have we just escaped a great disaster?"

It had to be said, Lin Fan's aura just now was incredibly powerful, as if he'd become a completely different person. She had been so cautious, not even daring to breathe too loudly. She didn't even have the courage to step forward and try to sweet-talk or flatter him! Still, on the surface, he claimed it was to repay the kindness for his mother's funeral. But in reality... hmph, hmph, wasn't it really on my, Yuan Youwei's, account?

As a wave of relief washed over her, the young woman's heart filled with a sweet feeling, and her alluring red lips curled up slightly.

"It's more than escaping a great disaster; our Yuan family is going to make a fortune!" Mr. Yuan Sr. lifted his sleeve to wipe the cold sweat from his forehead, looking delightedly at Yuan Ruohai. "Ruohai, that young man from Sha Country, he must be the real Prince of Sha Country, Abdullah Bulger, right?"

"He truly is the real Prince of Sha Country," Yuan Ruohai's expression was complex as he nodded. "I previously thought he was an imposter, just someone who looked a lot like the real prince... but Master Feng came here to hunt him down, so there's no mistake."

Recalling how he'd talked himself hoarse trying to swindle money from the family to run away, Yuan Ruohai's face burned with shame, and he turned to avoid the gazes of Mr. Yuan Sr. and Yuan Youwei.

"Good. Then continue to stay by His Highness the Prince's side. You must stay there, even if you have to be shameless about it!" Mr. Yuan Sr.'s eyes gleamed with a brilliant light, practically insane with joy. "As long as you can build a good relationship with the Sha Country Royal Family and forge that connection, you, Yuan Ruohai, will be the greatest contributor to the Yuan family. I can forgive you for what you've done before."

Meeting the old man's encouraging gaze, Yuan Ruohai's nose tingled, and he felt a mix of touched emotion and shame. "Father, I'll work hard! I definitely won't disappoint your expectations!"

He nodded emphatically and immediately took his leave, eager to catch up with Lin Fan's group.

"Youwei, compared to your second uncle, you are the key... Forget everything else, just hurry up and win over Lin Fan!" Mr. Yuan Sr.'s smile vanished, replaced by an expression

of extreme anxiety. "Forget about a girl's modesty! The best thing to do is sleep with Lin Fan right away and have a plump baby!"

"Grandpa, you... how can you say something like that... I'm still young, I don't understand what you're talking about!" Yuan Youwei's pretty face flushed red. Amidst her joy, she felt a pang of shyness.

"Hmph! If you don't make a move now, how are you going to compete with that Princess of Sha Country later?" Mr. Yuan Sr. huffed in frustration. "Didn't you see His Highness the Prince calling Lin Fan 'brother-in-law' directly? I don't care what it takes, you must win him over!"

"Tomorrow, you will resign as Vice President of the group and focus all your energy on helping Lin Fan manage Yuandao Pharmaceuticals."

The old fellow's eyes narrowed slightly, a hint of battle spirit shimmering within them.

As the saying goes, the pavilion closest to the water gets the first look at the moon. Even if that Princess of Sha Country has a prestigious status, she's a world away for now. My own granddaughter has the looks and the figure. As long as she's with Lin Fan day in and day out... Heh heh, how could dry kindling fail to ignite a roaring fire?

Chapter 86, Must Remarry!

Not long after, Lin Fan and his retinue returned to the small alley in Southern City. Upon entering the clinic, Master Feng looked around and urged, "Young Master, this place is too shabby. Shall we find another place to stay?"

Lin Fan shook his head. "This was left to me by my mom, and it's my property now. If you think the conditions here are too poor, feel free to find somewhere else to stay."

"This... Since the Young Master is here, your subordinate will naturally accompany you." Master Feng's imposing frame shuddered, and he quickly smiled sheepishly while shaking his head.

"I'll go buy some bedding to make a pallet for Master Feng on the floor." Yuan Ruohai's eyes lit up, and he immediately turned and left.

Since I've already decided to pledge my loyalty to Lin Fan, I must curry favor with the second-in-command of the Human Tower. With Master Feng looking out for me in the future, it'll be like having an extra protective amulet!

"Lin Fan... ah, no, no, Young Master, I'd like to go back to the Su Family to pack some things, hehe," Stubborn Su Gang requested awkwardly, rubbing his hands together.

"I’m not stopping you. Go if you want, just don’t leak anything about what happened tonight," Lin Fan glanced at him and nodded.

This degenerate gambler has poor character and isn’t really suitable for my service. I’m only reluctantly keeping him around for Xiao Jie’s sake.

"Good, good! I’ll hurry back. I definitely won’t let anything slip, hehe." Overjoyed, Stubborn Su Gang nodded frantically as he scurried out the door.

He took out his phone and dialed Su Mengqing’s number. After learning where everyone was, Stubborn Su Gang hailed a taxi and headed straight for the Su Family’s villa in the eastern part of the city.

Over five hundred million, gone. My status as Lin Fan’s father-in-law, gone too! It’s all because of Su Mengqing’s stupidity! The more Stubborn Su Gang thought about it, the angrier and more indignant he became. Why should I let a golden goose like Lin Fan go? If we just latch onto such a powerful figure, can’t we live a life of luxury forever? Remarry! He must get Su Mengqing and Lin Fan to remarry! Even if she can’t compete with the Princess of Sha Country or Yuan Youwei, being Lin Fan’s lesser wife would be acceptable!

After a while, the taxi stopped in front of the Su Family villa. Stubborn Su Gang slammed the door and got out.

"Hey! You haven’t paid yet!" the driver yelled.

"Just wait! I’ll have someone bring the money out!" Stubborn Su Gang retorted without looking back.

"Uncle, why are you back?" a young man called out in surprise from inside the doorway, rubbing his eyes.

"Ah, it’s Su Hua. You’ve grown so much," Stubborn Su Gang said with a nod to his nephew. "Go and pay the taxi fare for your uncle. I only have large bills on me and haven’t set up mobile payments, so I’m afraid the driver won’t have change."

"Oh, okay! I’ll go right away." Su Hua was momentarily stunned, then quickly scurried toward the taxi.

Stubborn Su Gang looked away and pushed open the door to the living room. Inside, the lights were blazing, and the room was packed with the Su family’s relatives and friends. A buffet of cold cuts and cooked dishes was laid out on tables. The air was filled with joyous laughter and conversation; it was incredibly lively.

As Stubborn Su Gang entered, the atmosphere in the living room reached a fever pitch. Everyone surged forward, surrounding him like stars around the moon, all chattering excitedly.

"Old Su is back!"

"Dad, weren't you with the Prince at the hotel?"

"You're back just in time, Old Su! Tell us more about the Prince!"

"Mm, mm, just hold on a minute." His stomach was already growling with hunger, and he couldn't care less about anyone else. He stood before the buffet table and began wolfing down food, stuffing his mouth full.

Seeing this, Su Mengqing's smile stiffened slightly as she exchanged glances with Zhang Meili and the others. Those table manners are hardly what you'd expect from someone staying in a presidential suite.

"How touching! Uncle Su must have been running himself ragged for the Prince to be this exhausted!" Yang Tingting's eyes darted about as she immediately clasped her hands to her heart, praising him with exaggerated sincerity.

"Right, right, Old Su has worked so hard. He's lost so much weight!"

"Indeed. He used to be so fair-skinned. Now he's as thin as a monkey."

"Old Su is really impressive, quietly building connections with the Sha Country Royal Family... Mengqing, that divorce of yours was a good move!"

Some shook their heads with emotion, while others looked on with concern. A few even gave Su Mengqing a big thumbs-up.

"Lin Fan is nothing! So what if he latched onto the Yuan family's thick thighs?"

"Once your father gets familiar with the Sha Country Royal Family, have him introduce you to a prince for a husband!"

At these words, the eyes of Zhang Meili and Su Gang lit up, their smiles so wide they were nearly crooked. Yang Tingting's eyes, meanwhile, burned with envy and fervor.

"Third Aunt, please don't joke with me. How could I be worthy of a member of the Sha Country Royal Family?" Su Mengqing's cheeks flushed as she demurely shook her head. However, anyone with sharp eyes could see the faint glimmer of hope and joy deep within her own eyes.

"Who says you're not worthy? You're the new pharmaceutical queen of Haicheng! In just four years, you turned the nearly bankrupt Su Pharmaceutical into a powerhouse!" the plump woman known as Third Aunt said, her eyes bulging in feigned anger. "In my opinion, you're more than a match for any of those regular princes from Sha Country!"

"Isn’t that the truth! Even Chen Biao, before Lin Fan killed him, was still pining for Mengqing!" Zhang Meili chimed in, overjoyed and nodding vigorously. "He was the notorious underworld prince of Haicheng! As he was dying, he struggled to write the name ’Su Mengqing’! It’s a tragedy the poor boy didn’t have the strength to finish, alas!"

"...I can attest to that!" After a momentary daze, Su Gang came to his senses and declared loudly, pounding his chest. "I saw with my own eyes how Mr. Chen Biao desperately protected my sister, refusing to let Lin Fan touch a single hair on her head!"

"I can also vouch for it! That night at the birthday party for Mr. Chen Biao’s beloved dog, Director Su was the center of attention. His eyes never left her for a moment!" Yang Tingting declared with immense pride, lifting her pointed chin and scanning the room.

The three of them used the deceased Chen Biao as a stepping stone to lavish praise upon Su Mengqing, leaving the crowd stunned and murmuring in admiration.

Su Mengqing’s cheeks burned, but she managed to maintain a reserved smile. "Mom, please stop. It’s all in the past... Anyway, I have nothing to do with Lin Fan anymore. Even if he came begging me to remarry him, I would never yield!"

After all, Chen Biao is dead. Who could possibly expose these lies? Besides, their words were truly pleasing to hear. She had already secretly raised her standards for her next husband to a member of the Sha Country Royal Family.

"As for my future personal affairs, I haven’t quite decided yet."

Suppressing the bashfulness in her heart, Su Mengqing stood tall and proud, basking in the crowd’s admiration and attention.

The next moment, having eaten and drunk his fill, Stubborn Su Gang let out a satisfied belch and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He turned, his expression growing solemn. In a tone that allowed no argument, he commanded, "Mengqing, you can’t stay divorced from Lin Fan! You must go and beg him to remarry you!"

The noisy hall fell into a dead silence. Everyone was stunned, looking at each other in bewilderment. What was going on? Had Stubborn Su Gang gone mad, telling Su Mengqing to go beg Lin Fan to remarry her?

"Old Su, what nonsense are you spouting? Given Mengqing’s current status, why would she ever need to remarry him?" Zhang Meili’s smile froze. She bit back her anger and asked in a low voice.

"Dad, how is someone like Lin Fan worthy of my sister’s hand? Don’t you want to be the father-in-law of a member of the Sha Country Royal Family?" Su Gang grew anxious and shouted. He had his own little scheme; if his sister married into the royal family, wouldn’t that mean he could be worthy of a princess or someone similar?

"I think you’re the ones talking nonsense and lost in your delusions!" Stubborn Su Gang stared blankly for a moment, his face turning green. Good grief, they still dare to have ideas about the Sha Country Royal Family? Even if I wanted to, would I have the damn ability to make it happen? And with you lot? You bunch of good-for-nothings who chased away a man like Lin Fan? You’re completely blind! All you do is daydream about impossible things!

RUSTLE!

"Su Mengqing, if you can’t remarry Lin Fan, then don’t you dare call me your father!" Stubborn Su Gang pulled out a red plastic bag, shook it open, and began packing food from the buffet. This was a special move he had learned while wandering abroad, always targeting the leftovers at restaurants. If he was lucky, one full bag could last several meals!

"Remember, you must remarry him. Otherwise, you’ll regret it for the rest of your life."

Under the dumbfounded gazes of the entire room, Stubborn Su Gang lifted the brimming red plastic bag and walked away without a single glance back.

"If all else fails, go beg Lin Fan to take you as his lesser wife!"

Chapter 87, they’re all weirdos

The footsteps outside had already faded away, but inside the living room, it was still dead silent. All eyes were focused intently on Su Mengqing’s face.

"Mengqing, don’t listen to your dad! He must be out of his mind!" Zhang Meili’s chubby face turned livid, no longer showing any trace of happiness.

"Sister, could it be that Lin Fan secretly beat up Dad and then threatened him to say that?" Su Gang’s face was grim as he guessed through clenched teeth.

"I’m sure that’s the case! That bastard Lin Fan just doesn’t want Director Su to have a better life, to become someone he can’t even hope to reach!" Yang Tingting nodded vigorously, speaking with certainty. "He’s truly malicious, a despicable piece of work!"

"Haha, my future? Su Mengqing’s future? How could it possibly be controlled by a mere Lin Fan?" Su Mengqing’s face looked as if she had swallowed a dead fly. She took a deep breath, and her rage gave way to a cold laugh.

Lin Fan, are you really that fragile? Are you that afraid I, Su Mengqing, will rise again and trample you underfoot?

"Everyone, don’t take it to heart. Let’s eat and drink," she announced, scanning the room. "I will personally find Lin Fan tomorrow and make him give up this delusion." With that, Su Mengqing picked up her glass of red wine and gulped it down in one go.

"Exactly, exactly! I think Old Su is just temporarily confused. What father in their right mind would ask his daughter to be a mistress?"

"He must have been threatened by Lin Fan! I heard that bastard is surprisingly skilled in a fight!"

"Forget about Lin Fan! Once we get rich, who will give a damn about a kept man and a loser like him?"

The crowd laughed, smoothing things over. They returned to merrily eating and drinking, their conversation becoming lively again. They completely missed Su Hua, who had just walked in, his expression a mixture of alarm and disbelief. He had just paid the taxi fare for the "Prince" and had casually asked the driver where he’d picked him up, wanting to see where this "Prince" was staying.

Goddammit, it turned out to be a godforsaken dump on the outskirts of some alley in Southern City!

「The night deepened, and the heavy rain had stopped.」

Lights were still on in the clinic, illuminating four sleeping mats spread out on the floor. In a small partitioned room, Lin Fan lay on the only bed. He stared at the ceiling, his thoughts a tangled mess.

Stubborn Su Gang had returned, carrying a large bag of late-night snacks. He had proudly called over Master Feng and the other two to enjoy them. The four of them were now gathered together, shouting and yelling as they played a rowdy game of cards, making so much noise that Lin Fan couldn’t sleep, tossing and turning in his bed.

I just can’t figure it out. How could my mother, who was always so gentle and refined, be connected to a notorious organization of assassins? And not just connected—she might have been the former Human Tower Master!

The thought of his grandmaster, whom he had never met, the renowned Medical Sage Lin Aochang, only confused Lin Fan further.

If Mom wasn’t lying, and this Vermilion Bird Ring was a gift from my grandmaster... then he must also have deep connections with the Human Tower! Mom, Grandmaster... what else are you hiding from me?

Lin Fan gave a silent, wry smile.

Then there’s the missing Adele. And the Ying family in the Imperial Capital, not to mention the Holy Poison Sect lurking in the shadows like a predator.

"Forget it. I’ll take it one step at a time," he murmured to himself.

Shaking his head, Lin Fan exhaled a heavy breath, then sat up cross-legged and began to meditate, circulating his Qi through the Great Heavenly Cycle.

「The next day dawned bright.」

A sharp knocking on the door startled Lin Fan awake. He got out of bed to open it, finding Master Feng already awake and alert, who gave him a wary nod. Yuan Ruohai and the other two were still spread-eagled on their sleeping mats, snoring their heads off.

"Excuse me, is this the Suxin Clinic? I’m looking for Lin Fan."

Lin Fan lifted the rolling metal shutter. Standing outside was a stunning young woman with shoulder-length hair who exuded a cold elegance. A tight-fitting black leather jacket and pants accentuated her tall, devilish figure, while her purple eyeshadow and fiery red lipstick made her all the more alluring.

"I am Lin Fan," he said, frowning slightly as he glanced at Master Feng, who was now approaching. He already had a good idea of who this woman was.

"Ahem, Young Master, this is the Left Protector of our Human Tower, Wu Miaomiao. Her codename is ’Zi Ying’," Master Feng explained with an embarrassed expression, shooting an irritable glare at the woman. "Didn’t I tell you to drop the flashy getup? Hurry up and wash your face before you pay your respects to the Moderator!"

"Him? Old Crow, are you insane? You’re actually calling him the Moderator?" The woman, Wu Miaomiao, sneered. "If you want my loyalty, you’ll have to show me you’ve got the goods!"

As she spoke, the corner of her mouth twitched, and she made an unexpected grab for Lin Fan’s lower body.

"Stop messing around! The Young Master is incredibly powerful, you—" Master Feng’s face turned green as he bellowed, but it was too late.

SLAP!

Lin Fan’s eyes darkened as he whipped his hand around and seized Wu Miaomiao’s wrist. He squeezed, and an invisible Qi Force pulsed from his grip, causing her expression to change instantly.

"You’re fast with your hands," she remarked, clearly not ready to give up. "Must have been single for a long time, huh?"

She swung her left hand forward. Five long, black-painted fingernails flashed with a cold light, reflecting a chilling, deadly gleam.

"Try that again, and believe me, I’ll shove your head in a mop bucket," Lin Fan said, his face darkening as he yanked her forcefully toward him.

Wu Miaomiao lost her balance and stumbled forward, crashing into him.

THUMP!

For a moment, they were so close they could feel each other’s breath, their posture undeniably intimate.

"You rogue! Taking advantage of me the moment we meet!" Wu Miaomiao’s face flushed a deep crimson. Facing Lin Fan’s indifferent gaze, her heart pounded like a drum. The scent of this unfamiliar man made her body feel soft and hot. Mortified and annoyed, she turned her head away, chewing furiously on her gum.

"Forget it. If you don’t want to pledge your loyalty, I won’t force you," Lin Fan said, his face still grim as he let go of her. He tilted his head toward the alley entrance. "There’s not much Serenity Powder to go around anyway. It’s better to save it. You can go. Let’s just pretend we never met."

"Wait! You... you have Serenity Powder?!" Wu Miaomiao’s eyes went wide. A look of shock and immense joy washed over her face, and she immediately dropped to one knee before Lin Fan. "Subordinate Zi Ying, Wu Miaomiao, pays respects to the Young Master!"

"Don’t. I’d rather not have people calling me a rogue," Lin Fan said, nearly laughing in exasperation as he sidestepped her.

So these old members of the Human Tower would call anyone with milk ’mother’. It seems the power of this Serenity Powder is far greater than I ever imagined.

"No, no, no! As a subordinate, isn’t it perfectly right and proper for the Young Master to take some liberties?" Wu Miaomiao said, quickly getting to her feet. She spoke with a newfound earnestness, pushing her chest out to accentuate the full curves beneath her leather jacket. "If the Young Master is still angry, why not... feel for yourself?"

"...Alright, you win." Lin Fan shuddered, the shamelessness of the offer catching him completely off guard. His mouth twitched. He twisted the compartment on his ring open, used a silver needle to pick out a tiny speck of Serenity Powder, and held it out to her.

"What are you standing there for? Hurry and thank the Young Master for his gift of medicine!" Master Feng, who had been left thunderstruck by the exchange, hissed, his mouth hanging open. Seeing Lin Fan offer the powder, he frantically signaled to Wu Miaomiao with his eyes.

"Thank you, Young Master! I pledge my loyalty to you! I'll do anything you want!" Wu Miaomiao's eyes lit up as she nodded ecstatically, her voice shifting into a saccharine, coquettish coo. She eagerly took the silver needle and carefully placed the tip between her red lips. As if savoring a lollipop, she closed her eyes and let out a soft, blissful hum.

"...Are there any normal people left in the Human Tower?" Lin Fan asked Master Feng, utterly speechless.

"Who says there aren't? I, Shi Potian, am perfectly normal!"

Before the thoroughly abashed Master Feng could respond, a loud voice boomed from the alley entrance. A short, slender middle-aged man in a suit and tie, carrying a leather shoulder bag, strode in. His hair was combed immaculately. He pulled a brochure from his bag and smoothly presented it to Lin Fan. "Young Master, this is our company's new real estate development, Lishui Garden. Would you be interested in learning more?"

Then, he handed a brochure to Master Feng and Wu Miaomiao as well.

"A... a real estate agent?" Lin Fan muttered, holding the glossy paper, momentarily stunned. He turned to look at Wu Miaomiao.

"I'm just disguised as a nightclub DJ," she explained with a bashful smile. "But deep down, I'm still a ruthless, cold-hearted assassin!"

"...Maybe the Human Tower should just disband."

Lin Fan fell silent. After a long moment, he shook his head, having made a difficult decision.

Chapter 88. Remarry? Wishful thinking!

"Young Master, please don't!"

Upon hearing this, Master Feng's expression changed dramatically. He, along with Wu Miaomiao and Shi Potian, hurriedly dropped to one knee.

"Your humble servants have waited anxiously for this day, Young Master. Our loyalty is beyond question!" he declared, raising his head with a pleading look in his eyes.

"Young Master, please don’t be alarmed," Shi Potian quickly added. "It’s just an occupational hazard—I see someone, and I just have to hand them a flyer... Being a real estate agent is just my cover!" He froze for a second before quickly explaining, "I am the Right Protector of the Human Tower, codename Bald Vulture. I formally greet you, Young Master!"

"...But don’t you have a full head of hair?" Lin Fan asked, eyeing Shi Potian’s head skeptically.

"The truth is, I went bald at a young age. To avoid tarnishing the reputation of the Human Tower, I’ve always worn this wig!" Gritting his teeth, Shi Potian snatched off the wig, revealing a head as smooth as a peeled egg.

"Alright, all of you, get up," Lin Fan said, speechless once again.

After a moment’s hesitation, he still used a silver needle to pick out a tiny amount of Serenity Powder and handed it to Shi Potian.

"Young Master," Master Feng said, visibly relieved and smiling broadly, "the two Protectors were able to arrive so quickly because they remained in Xia Country, as they were unwilling to submit to the discipline of the Holy Poison Sect. As for our other brothers in the tower, apart from those we’ve lost contact with, almost all of them are in Sha Country!"

"Alright, tell them they don’t need to come. The three of you will escort Xiao Jie back to his country immediately and help him stabilize the situation," Lin Fan instructed, nodding toward Xiao Jie and the others, who were now awake. He then turned to the other two. "Old Su, Old Yuan, returning to Sha Country this time is very risky. If you don’t want to go, I won’t force you."

"No, no, I’m willing! A hundred times willing!" Yuan Ruohai exclaimed, both shocked and overjoyed.

THUMP!

He knelt straight before Lin Fan and knocked his head heavily on the ground.

"Thank you for your trust, Young Master! From this day forward, I, Yuan Ruohai, will go through fire and water for you!" Yuan Ruohai declared as he looked up, his eyes burning with fervor.

With Master Feng and these other experts as escorts, there would be no risk to my life even if we fail. If we succeed, I could forge a new path for myself and live a completely different life!

"I... I'm willing too!" Old Su hesitated for a moment before nodding emphatically. Such a great opportunity lay before him; only a fool would refuse. He just wondered if Su Mengqing could be persuaded to quickly mend her relationship with Lin Fan.

"Brother-in-law! If you can save my dad, I'll make sure everyone is well rewarded!" Xiao Jie promised excitedly, his face flushed.

"...Just listen to Old Feng. With their help, it shouldn't be a problem." Lin Fan no longer bothered to correct the form of address, patting Xiao Jie's shoulder comfortingly.

"Young Master, time is of the essence. Shall we depart immediately?" Master Feng asked carefully, a look of delight on his face.

"Go on. Be careful on the way." Lin Fan glanced at Wu Miaomiao and Shi Potian, the corner of his mouth twitching as he turned away. He was afraid he wouldn't be able to resist the sudden impulse to disband the Human Tower...

"Take care, Young Master! We will not fail you!"

With that, the group bowed their goodbyes to Lin Fan. They piled into the cars Wu Miaomiao and Shi Potian had driven, and the engines roared as they sped away.

"I hope they succeed..." Lin Fan murmured to himself after a long while, finally pulling his gaze from the alley entrance and shaking his head.

After finishing breakfast and some morning stretches, Lin Fan took out his phone. He planned to contact Yuan Youwei and visit the Yuandao Pharmaceuticals office building.

"Lin Fan! What did you say to my dad yesterday? You're truly shameless!"

Just then, the screech of tires echoed from the end of the alley. Immediately after, four familiar figures with hostile expressions appeared. It was, surprisingly, Su Mengqing's family of three, along with Yang Tingting.

"What are you all doing here?" Lin Fan put down his phone, his gaze turning cold. "Trying to steal something again in broad daylight?"

"Bullshit! When did we ever steal from you!" Su Gang, sitting in his wheelchair, turned red with rage and began cursing.

"Lin Fan, cut the crap!" Zhang Meili shouted, stepping forward and pointing a finger at Lin Fan's nose, her plump face twisted in anger. "I'm asking you, did you threaten Mengqing's father last night to make her remarry you? Your skin is as thick as a fortress wall! Are you just green with envy now that our Mengqing is about to marry into the Sha Country Royal Family?"

"Lin Fan, take a look in the mirror. Do you really think you're worthy of remarrying our Director Su?" Yang Tingting added, stepping up with her chin tilted high, sneering nonstop. "You weren't worthy before, and you're even less worthy now!"

"Lin Fan, you truly disappoint me. You're disgusting." Su Mengqing crossed her arms, holding her head high. Her beautiful, cold face was filled with utter arrogance and revulsion. "Did you think using such despicable tactics would shame me for life?" Her red lips curled into a contemptuous sneer. "Sorry, but you're going to be disappointed. Yuan Youwei must have been blind to fall for you, but I, Su Mengqing, am not!"

"...Are you people sick in the head?" Lin Fan's brow furrowed deeply, as if he were looking at a group of idiots. "When did I tell your father to ask you to remarry me?"

He shook his head, almost choking with laughter at the absurdity. "Su Mengqing, let me be perfectly clear. Even if you stood before me completely naked, I'd still think you were filthy."

His words struck them like a thunderclap, leaving Zhang Meili and the others stunned. Su Mengqing trembled with rage, her pretty face darkening with fury.

How shameless! What a despicable dog! It was obviously you, Lin Fan, who deliberately had Old Su pass on the message. And now you're flatly denying it? This just proves the old saying: a shameless person is invincible!

"Lin Fan, a real man stands by his actions!" Su Gang bellowed, slamming his hands on the armrests of his wheelchair until they banged.

"You have the nerve to talk about standing by your actions?" Lin Fan found this utterly laughable and pointed back toward the counter inside his clinic. "That night, you stole the White Dragon Grass from under the counter. Why don't you admit it?"

"I... I was just checking to see if you had secretly taken anything valuable from our house! That wasn't stealing, that was an inspection!" Su Gang's face flushed crimson, so angry he could have spat blood. He shouted frantically, nearly lurching out of his wheelchair.

"What right do you have to inspect my clinic?" Lin Fan shook his head and turned his gaze to Su Mengqing. "I don't know what Old Su told you when he went home last night, but I can tell you this much... you want to remarry me?"

He laughed, his gaze turning to ice. "In your wildest dreams!"

BOOM!

The heartless words and icy gaze pierced her like an arrow. Su Mengqing staggered, her entire body shaking with rage.

So shameless, so despicable. When he was desperately pursuing me before, how did I never notice this shameless side of him?

"Fine! Just fine! Lin Fan, if you're any kind of man, you'll remember what you said today!" Su Mengqing took a deep breath, a laugh of pure fury escaping her lips. "If I, Su Mengqing, ever come looking for you again, then I'm the one who's pathetic!"

After a shrill cry of rage, she clenched her fists and spun around to leave. Just looking at a man like him for one second longer was sickening.

"Mr. Lin, please forgive the intrusion."

Just then, two impeccably dressed figures emerged from the alley, calling out a polite greeting from a distance with a chuckle.

Su Mengqing froze, stopping in her tracks. Zhang Meili and the others also paused, exchanging bewildered glances.

It was President Luo Da of Haicheng Commercial Bank, walking briskly with a beautiful female subordinate. He didn't even spare Su Mengqing's group a glance, scurrying over to Lin Fan with an eager expression.

"Mr. Lin, your account balance increased by more than five hundred million last night. You have now met the standard for our bank's Supreme VIP status, which requires a deposit of one billion!"

Under the incredulous, stunned gazes of Su Mengqing and her companions, President Luo gave a signal with his eyes. The beautiful female subordinate immediately produced a black-and-gold card and presented it to Lin Fan with a radiant smile.

"Hello, Mr. Lin. My name is Zheng Xiuxiu, and I will be your personal account manager from now on." The woman's eyes sparkled as she bowed deeply to Lin Fan, completely disregarding the generous view revealed down the front of her low-cut white blouse. "This is your replacement personal Supreme Black Card. If you need anything at all, feel free to contact me anytime."

She gave a flirtatious wink, paying no mind to Su Mengqing and her companions, who stood completely petrified on the spot.

Just as Lin Fan calmly accepted the black-and-gold card, Su Mengqing could no longer contain herself. She stormed forward, screaming in a mixture of shock and rage, "Lin Fan! Where in the world did you get one billion?!"

Chapter 89, The Su family has suffered a big loss again!

"Whether I have a billion or not is none of your business," Lin Fan retorted indifferently, stuffing the Black Gold Card into his pants pocket.

"You! How can you be so rude!" Su Mengqing's face flushed red with indignation as she yelled. "Don't you forget, you left with nothing! All your money should have stayed with the Su Family!"

"That's right! Lin Fan, you're a real hypocrite! You acted like you were fine with divorcing Mengqing, but you were secretly hoarding this much money!" Zhang Meili pointed and shrieked at Lin Fan, her small eyes blazing with a mixture of greed and fury.

That damn bastard! How did he get so rich? It was obvious. Aside from the one hundred million from Yuan Youwei, the rest must have been secretly left to him by that bitch, Lin Suxin! What a colossal loss! An absolutely enormous loss! When I snuck into the clinic before, I thought I'd hit the jackpot with the White Dragon Grass. Now it seems I threw away a watermelon to pick up a sesame seed!

"Lin Fan, that over five hundred million that came into your account last night... you didn't steal it from my dad, did you?" Su Gang's eyes widened from his wheelchair, and he began to tremble with rage. "That's right! You saw me transfer that money to my dad with your own eyes! You must have stolen it from him!"

At his words, Su Mengqing's expression changed dramatically as understanding dawned on her. Zhang Meili and Yang Tingting, after a moment of stunned silence, also erupted in fury, glaring daggers at Lin Fan.

No wonder Su Guang had said such bizarre things. He really had been coerced by Lin Fan! What was worse, even the huge investment for the Prince had been swallowed by Lin Fan!

"Yes, that's right. I stole it," Lin Fan said after a brief silence, a sudden, cold sneer spreading across his face as he met their furious gazes. "I also stole over nine hundred million from the Yuan family. Why don't you go help them get it back, too?" he asked, deliberately mocking the four of them.

"You bastard! So you admit it! You finally admit it!" Su Gang slapped the armrest of his wheelchair, instinctively trying to stand, only to flop back down again. "If my legs weren't so useless, I'd beat you to a pulp today!" he yelled, pointing a trembling finger at Lin Fan, his voice a mix of bravado and fear.

"Hmph! And you had the nerve to say we stole from you. You, Lin Fan, are the real thief, the real robber!" Zhang Meili's plump face twisted in a vicious snarl, her lungs nearly

bursting with rage. She thrust her hand out and commanded, "Give the money back right now, or you can rot in jail!"

"Fine. Go ahead and report me. I'll be waiting," Lin Fan replied with another dismissive laugh, tilting his head toward the alley's entrance.

"Lin Fan! Don't you think you can act so lawlessly just because Yuan Youwei is protecting you!" Zhang Meili gasped, so enraged she could barely speak as she pointed at him.

Su Mengqing clenched her jaw and said furiously, "Don't forget, my dad is now a favorite of His Royal Highness, the Prince! When they return to the country, you'll get what's coming to you!"

"Why don't you ask where your dad has disappeared to?" Lin Fan shook his head with an exaggerated sigh. "I'm afraid someone has once again absconded with the money, just like four years ago..."

BOOM!

His words struck the four of them like a lightning bolt.

"You... you're full of it! My dad is with the Prince! His whereabouts are obviously being kept secret!" Su Gang stammered, but a flicker of anxiety appeared in his eyes.

"Director Su, I... I can't get through to your dad's phone!" Yang Tingting cried out, her voice trembling as she fumbled with her phone.

"Impossible! The Prince is the real deal! My dad has no reason to run off with the money!" Su Mengqing, both shocked and furious, snatched the phone from Yang Tingting and quickly redialed.

One second, two seconds, three seconds... after a full ten seconds, the call remained unanswered.

Su Mengqing's eyes widened, her entire body shaking uncontrollably.

"That goddamned Su Guang! Is he trying to get our whole family killed?!" Zhang Meili's face went deathly pale, and she collapsed to the ground, wailing as if at a funeral.

"No, it can't be... My dad has turned over a new leaf. He said he would help me rebuild Su Pharmaceutical..." Su Mengqing stared at the phone screen, shaking her head and muttering in disbelief.

"Ahem. Director Su, as far as I know, most of Mr. Lin's money was condolence money collected on his behalf by the Yuan family." At that moment, President Luo, who had been

exchanging uncertain glances with his female subordinate, cleared his throat and captured everyone’s attention.

"Th-that’s impossible!" Su Gang blurted out, shaking his head vehemently in denial.

Zhang Meili stopped her wailing and exchanged a look with the miserable-faced Yang Tingting.

"President Luo, are you joking? What kind of condolence money adds up to hundreds of millions!" Su Mengqing yelled, lowering her phone. Her eyes were red, and her voice was filled with utter disbelief.

"Believe it or not, I heard that every dignitary who went to pay respects to Mrs. Lin that afternoon gave ten million in condolence money," President Luo said, his gaze toward Lin Fan now filled with profound awe. "And for an event that shook all of Haicheng, even drawing in major figures like Director Shen of Yuncheng, the ’Medicine King,’ to personally pay their respects... why would hundreds of millions in condolence money be impossible?"

HISS...!

So the money really did come from his mother’s funeral? If that’s the case, didn’t the Su Family suffer a monumental loss?

Hearing this, Zhang Meili and the others were completely stunned, then gasped collectively. Su Mengqing bit her lip so hard it nearly bled, her mind reeling in turmoil.

One wrong step leads to so many more. If only I hadn’t signed the divorce papers. If only I’d put on a show and helped Lin Fan with his mother’s funeral arrangements... that enormous fortune might have ended up in our pockets!

Regret, resentment, jealousy... A bitter taste filled Su Mengqing’s mouth, a bitterness that seemed to seep deep into her soul.

"Director Su, about your company’s loan for this quarter... isn’t it about time for repayment?" Just then, President Luo smiled, a speculative glint in his eyes.

He knew the Su family was in dire straits. The company’s stock had plummeted, its market value had tanked, and it faced a mountain of breach-of-contract fees from cancellations. Distributors were showing up daily demanding refunds. The whole affair was the talk of the town, known by almost everyone. Plus, he’d just heard Su Mengqing’s father had apparently absconded with over five hundred million... President Luo broke into a cold sweat at the thought. He was genuinely worried they wouldn’t be able to repay their bank loan.

At his words, the faces of Zhang Meili and the others turned pale. Su Mengqing's own face cycled through shades of red and white with indignation as she retorted, "President Luo, our company has been one of your biggest clients! Do you really have to pressure us for repayment at a time like this?!"

It's true what they say, people will kick you when you're down. But what if her father really had run off with the money, just as Lin Fan had said...

"Aha! So you're all here! It seems that old bastard Su Guang really did trick us again!"

Suddenly, the sound of many hurried footsteps came from the alley entrance. A moment later, a furious Su Hua stormed in, leading a large group of Su family relatives and friends.

"Su Mengqing! Your father is a real piece of work!"

Before the four of them could react, Su Hua strode forward and struck Su Mengqing hard across the face.

SLAP!

"I paid your dad's taxi fare last night and made a point of being suspicious. I just asked the driver, and sure enough, that old bastard is really staying here!" Su Hua was livid. He glanced inside the clinic and his rage intensified, pointing at the four sleeping mats in the corner. "You didn't believe me before! See for yourselves! Those are the bedrolls Su Guang bought from the little market outside!"

Chapter 90, they really ran away for good!

"What? Su Guang slept here on the floor last night?"

The crowd buzzed with disbelief. "Didn't he keep bragging that he was staying in the presidential suite with some prince? Good heavens, so these four sleeping mats are the so-called presidential suite!"

As Su Hua's words sank in, the scene fell into a dead silence, which was promptly shattered by a chaotic uproar.

"Su Mengqing! Give us our money back! Your dad scammed all of us, and you said you'd take responsibility!"

"That son of a bitch! He really preys on his own relatives!"

"He scammed us once four years ago, and now, four years later, a leopard can't change its spots!"

All of the Su family's friends and relatives were enraged. They surged forward, surrounding Su Mengqing and her family, their voices a cacophony of angry shouts.

"Su Hua! How dare you hit my sister? You must have a death wish!" Su Gang blustered from his wheelchair, though he instinctively flinched back.

"Heh, so what if I hit your sister? She's a damn con artist, doesn't she deserve it?" Su Hua laughed with rage and swung his hand.

SLAP!

The crisp sound of the slap echoed through the alley.

Stunned, Su Gang dumbly covered the bright red handprint on his face. This man was just his cousin, someone who used to bow and scrape before his family, fawning over them obsequiously. Who would have thought he'd now dare to resort to violence?

"Su Hua! Are you trying to start a rebellion?!" Zhang Meili's chubby face contorted with shock and fury as she clawed at Su Hua's eyes.

"I put all my wedding savings into this!" Su Hua's eyes were bloodshot, practically spitting fire.

SLAP!

He slapped Zhang Meili across the face, but that still wasn't enough to quell his anger. He followed it up with a vicious kick that sent her sprawling to the ground.

"Rebellion! This is absolute rebellion! You bastard, you dare hit me!" Zhang Meili wailed from the ground, clutching her abdomen and screaming shrilly.

"Su Hua, do you have any idea what that slap will cost you?"

Just then, Su Mengqing, who had been dazed for a long moment, finally snapped back to reality. She glared at Su Hua, her eyes a web of fine red veins. "You brought all our relatives here to stir up trouble with ulterior motives. I just hope you can afford the consequences when your scheme is exposed!"

"Consequences? What consequences? I'm completely ruined! I've got nothing left to lose, so why the hell would I be afraid of you?" A crazed look entered Su Hua's eyes as he shouted to the crowd, "Last night, the more I thought about it, the more something felt wrong. I came over here before dawn and started asking around. I went to that little supermarket, and they told me Su Guang bought two bedrolls last night! And just a little while ago, I personally saw Su Guang and that so-called Prince of Sha Country get into a second-hand minivan and take off!"

He pulled out his phone, holding it high above his head like a banner. "If you don’t believe me, I have a video! You can see for yourselves!"

BOOM!

His hysterical roar shook the entire area. The crowd surged forward, craning their necks to stare at Su Hua’s phone screen.

One second, two seconds, three seconds... after a full ten seconds passed, they slowly turned their heads to look at Su Mengqing’s family as if they were looking at corpses.

THUMP!

Su Mengqing’s face went deathly pale, and she collapsed to the ground, her eyes filled with despair.

"Mengqing, your dad... no, that old bastard Su Guang... I think he’s really run away again!" Zhang Meili scrambled over to Su Mengqing, her face a mask of terror as she began to cry.

"No, that’s impossible... My dad would never scam us a second time..." Su Gang gripped the armrests of his wheelchair, his forehead slick with sweat.

Off to the side, a look of apprehension crossed Yang Tingting’s face. She quietly backed into the crowd, then turned and walked away.

The Su family is finished, completely and utterly doomed! Without that five hundred million, they can’t even repay the bank loans, let alone the debts to all these relatives! With the whole enterprise collapsing, I have to find a way out for myself!

"Mengqing, Su Gang, don’t blame me," she muttered to herself as she reached the mouth of the alley. Yang Tingting took out her car keys and started Su Mengqing’s white BMW, her expression hardening. "I’ve served your family like a dog for four years. This is what I’ve earned!"

With that, she slammed her foot on the accelerator and roared away.

"Su Mengqing, pay us back!"

"Pay us back, and compensate us for the losses from our stock prices dropping!"

Back in the alley outside the clinic, the relatives and friends had all dropped their friendly facades, hounding Su Mengqing’s family of three. Some had even rolled up their sleeves, looking ready for a fight.

"Hmph, why should my family pay you back?" Zhang Meili viciously wiped her tears and shrieked, her eyes red and swollen. "You all invested your money willingly! If you got scammed, you have only yourselves to blame!"

SLAP!

Su Hua's face twisted in rage. Without another word, he slapped her again, hard. "If you spout any more of that nonsense, I swear I'll beat the shit out of you today!"

"Go on, hit me! Hit me! If you've got the guts, then beat the three of us to death!" Zhang Meili's fat face twitched grotesquely as she jutted out her neck, ready to throw a tantrum.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Unfortunately for her, the people around were no saints. Now that they knew they had lost everything, they were in no mood for reason. The crowd swarmed her, punching and kicking her face. In moments, she was a bloody, disheveled mess, screaming pitifully.

"AH! Stop hitting me, please stop! I was wrong, I was wrong, isn't that enough? Boo hoo... Boo hoo..." Zhang Meili lay on the ground, her clothes covered in shoe prints. She finally broke, no longer daring to be defiant, and began wailing and begging for mercy.

"Why are you hitting my mom? If you're going to hit someone, you should be hitting Lin Fan!" Su Gang shouted, trembling. He didn't dare try to stop the mob, so he could only redirect their anger, shifting the blame to Lin Fan, who had been watching coldly from the side.

"Yes! It's all his fault! Everything is Lin Fan's fault!" Su Mengqing, who had been slumped on the ground, suddenly realized. She slowly pushed herself up and stared at Lin Fan, her eyes burning with venomous hatred. "Lin Fan! You must have been working with my dad! You did this deliberately to scam our money and watch the Su family be destroyed!"

Her words made Su Hua and the others pause. Then, all their furious gazes turned toward Lin Fan.

"Su Hua, if my dad was sleeping on the floor here, it means his relationship with Lin Fan is unusual! He's definitely an accomplice!" Su Gang yelled, pointing at Lin Fan with reddened eyes. "You scammed a billion! You should use it to compensate everyone, or you won't be walking out of here alive!"

What? Lin Fan scammed a billion? That goddamned bastard must be filthy rich!

"Lin Fan, you can't escape responsibility either! Hand over the money now!" Su Hua's face was ashen as he stormed over and roared at Lin Fan.

"That’s right! How could you have a billion? You must have scammed it! You have to use it to compensate us!"

"He’s just an odd-job worker at a pharmaceutical factory! How else could he get his hands on a billion yuan except by swindling and cheating?"

"Hmph, the Su Mengqing family deserves to die, but you, Lin Fan, are no better!"

In an instant, the crowd moved forward, surrounding Lin Fan as well.

"There’s something seriously wrong with all of you."

The next moment, Lin Fan, who had been silent for so long, finally spoke. He scanned their furious, twisted faces and found the situation utterly ridiculous.

"Last night in that private room, didn’t I warn you all that investments carry risk? But what did you say? You told me to mind my own business. You acted like I was standing in the way of your fortune. Now you’ve found out you’ve been scammed? That’s what you deserve! If you have a problem, go get your money back from Su Mengqing. What the hell does that have to do with me?"

His forceful words echoed in the alley, and the chaotic noise gradually died down.

Su Hua and the others looked at each other, their faces flushed with shame. It was true. Last night at the Hilton Hotel, Lin Fan had indeed warned them multiple times. But they had been completely blinded by the Su family’s get-rich-quick scheme. They hadn’t paid his warnings any mind at all. Now that Lin Fan brought it up, his words felt like a series of invisible slaps across their faces. It was a stinging, burning pain.

"No, that’s not it! Don’t listen to him!" Seeing the crowd silenced, Su Gang grew desperate and shouted, "If Lin Fan wasn’t in cahoots with my dad, why would he be sleeping in the same room?!"

"He insisted on squeezing in, sleeping on the floor, and he even overpaid his rent. Why would I kick him out?" Lin Fan’s voice was tinged with mockery. A cold smile touched his lips as his gaze swept over them. "You claim I was working with Old Su? Fine. Where’s your proof? Go on, show me some evidence!"