Divorce Only Makes a Son-in-Law Stronger

Chapter 9. The old man is also very busy!

"Mom, I'm sorry, but for the sake of the White Dragon Grass, I have to disobey you one more time."

Night had fallen. The alley outside was enveloped in a silent, dark stillness, the clinic's light being the only exception.

Lin Fan stood in the memorial hall, puffing on one cigarette after another in front of his mother's portrait. Even though he had been up for a day and two nights, his eyes were bloodshot, yet he felt no hint of sleepiness. After seven years, he had finally revealed his Medical Skill to outsiders again.

I wonder if Mom's spirit in heaven can see this. Will she blame me for being too impulsive?

A car screeched to an abrupt halt in the alley. "Why are you two back again?"

Immediately, two familiar and alluring figures hurried toward the clinic. Lin Fan, a cigarette dangling from his lips, turned to face the urgent-looking Yuan Youwei and her companion, a slight frown creasing his brow.

"Let's get one thing straight. There's only one bed in the clinic. If you want to stay the night, you'll have to sleep on the floor."

He glanced at Yuan Youwei's blood-stained white shirt but didn't ask any questions, merely nodding toward a corner of the memorial hall.

They came straight back without even changing. They must have been blocked on their way out. But it doesn't matter. Tonight, I wiped out dozens of assassins from the Black Tiger Hall, venting years of pent-up resentment. That alone has already made them my mortal enemies. Taking in Yuan Youwei and her companion again is a trivial matter.

"Mr. Lin, I've come specifically to ask you to save my grandfather's life!" Yuan Youwei said, ignoring Lin Fan's teasing. She stepped forward with a long wooden box and bowed

deeply. "This is the White Dragon Grass you wanted. I've brought it. Please accept it, Mr. Lin!"

"I told you, I'm keeping vigil for my mom. I can't leave."

Lin Fan took the wooden box, opened it for a glance, and felt the corner of his eye twitch. Inside was a black medicinal herb shaped like a wheat sheaf, but at its tip was a cluster of white fruit spikes coiled like a tiny dragon.

The White Dragon Grass! It really is one of the three miraculous herbs I desperately need!

Mrs. Xue glared at Lin Fan and snapped, "Don't worry, the Old Master is on his way. He should be here in about ten minutes. Are you satisfied now?"

She and Yuan Youwei had driven at breakneck speed to get here first. The car carrying the Old Master couldn't drive so recklessly for fear of jostling him.

"Hmm? Didn't you say your Old Master couldn't deign to lower himself?" Lin Fan asked deliberately as he stuffed the wooden box into a hidden compartment under the consultation desk.

"You! Can't you show a little conscience? This is a critical time, and you're still making sarcastic remarks!" Mrs. Xue's face flushed with anger, and her chest heaved with indignation.

"Earlier... we were too hesitant. We hope you can forgive us, Mr. Lin," Yuan Youwei said, her own face flushing red as she bowed in apology once more. "In addition, we have prepared a generous consultation fee, which will be delivered shortly..."

She trailed off, her attention suddenly drawn to a group of people storming in through the door. It was one man and four women, each wearing a malicious expression and radiating an air of arrogance. As their eyes met Yuan Youwei's party, they sized each other up, and the atmosphere in the room grew tense and still.

"What are you doing here?" Lin Fan tossed away his cigarette butt and stared coldly at Su Mengqing's group. Behind her stood Yang Tingting and an unfamiliar, skinny-faced woman.

If they dare cause trouble in Mom's memorial hall, I won't hesitate to teach every single one of them a harsh lesson!

"Lin Fan, why the hell didn't you answer my calls?!" Su Mengqing demanded, her gaze shifting from Yuan Youwei and her companion to fix on Lin Fan with an ugly expression. On the way over, she had called him more than a dozen times and sent countless voice messages, but it was like dropping stones into the ocean—not a single response.

"We’re divorced. Why would I have to answer your calls?" Lin Fan replied indifferently, unplugging his charging phone and waking the screen.

Instantly, a series of voice messages began to play automatically, bombarding the room.

"Lin Fan, hand over the reagent recipe, or you’ll regret it!"

"Return the recipe and apologize to our family, and I might consider letting you work at the pharmaceutical factory again!"

"Lin Fan, don’t push your luck. My patience has its limits!"

"I’ll give you an extra hundred thousand. In addition to the reagent recipe, give me the ancient Bixia Pill recipe!"

"Five hundred thousand and a promotion to warehouse manager at the pharmaceutical factory. Are you satisfied now?!"

"Lin Fan, don’t take advantage of my kindness. Believe me, I can have you thrown in jail..."

The overbearing voice gradually grew desperate, and by the end, it was downright hysterical.

Lin Fan found it all rather laughable and couldn’t listen anymore. Right under Su Mengqing’s furious glare, he blocked all contact information for the entire Su Family.

"You... you madman, what are you doing?!" Su Mengqing’s pupils shook violently. She had never expected Lin Fan to be so heartless.

"What else? I’m blocking you so you won’t bother me again," Lin Fan said, putting his phone away, his face cold. "If you have something to say, say it fast! I’m a busy man. Don’t come bothering me with such trivial nonsense in the future!"

What? A matter concerning the very survival of our Su Family... is just trivial nonsense in his eyes? And he dares to call it an unreasonable disturbance?!

Darkness flashed before Su Mengqing’s eyes, and she nearly exploded with rage. Lin Fan had thrown her own words from last night right back in her face. Instantly, her cheeks burned with humiliation.

"Fine! Fine! Let’s not talk about the reagent. Lin Fan, I demand to know, what gave you the right to burn the ancient Bixia Pill recipe that Mom left for me!"

A wave of rage washed over her. Su Mengqing strode forward, pointed a finger at Lin Suxin’s portrait, and shrieked her question.

SLAP!

His only response was a swift, unhesitating slap across her face.

Stunned, she clutched her stinging cheek, which already bore the bright red imprint of his hand. She stared at Lin Fan in utter disbelief.

You've always been so weak... You've always groveled before me, so utterly gentle... How dare you hit me? Me, Su Mengqing! And in front of those two beautiful, unfamiliar women, no less!

"Su Mengqing! You still have the gall to call her 'Mom'? You don't fucking deserve to!" Lin Fan's eyes rapidly turned bloodshot and his breathing grew heavy. A volcanic fury raged in his heart, threatening to tear his chest apart. "You must have learned from Old Song that the Su Family's Injury Ointment and reagents were all my mother's life's work! Even in her final moments, she was still thinking about the future of Su Pharmaceutical, specially leaving behind priceless ancient recipes like the Bixia Pill for you!"

He pointed a trembling finger at the shaking Su Mengqing and roared, "But what about you? What has your Su Family ever done for her? You benefited from my mother's grace, yet you show her no respect! Instead, you come here in the middle of the night to cause a scene in her memorial hall! If you dare try it again, I'll burn all those ancient recipes to ashes, and I won't leave you so much as a speck of dust!"

His heart-wrenching roars were like claps of thunder, exploding again and again in Su Mengqing's ears. Her head buzzed, her body swaying unsteadily. She felt a terrible tightness in her chest, so intense it was suffocating.

So, Lin Suxin didn't just leave me the ancient Bixia Pill recipe? Lin Fan, you deserve a thousand deaths! You madman! Do you have any idea what a glorious future you've just destroyed for me, for Su Mengqing?!

Regret, fury, despair, indignation, and a crushing sense of humiliation... a torrent of emotions churned violently in her heart.

SPURT!

Finally unable to bear the overwhelming turmoil, Su Mengqing's mouth flew open, and she sprayed a mouthful of blood.

"Sis!"

"Mengqing!"

"Director Su!"

Seeing this, Su Gang and the others, who had been stunned by Lin Fan's aura, snapped back to their senses. They rushed forward to support Su Mengqing as she was about to collapse.

"Lin Fan, you damned bastard! Not only did you dare to steal our Su Family's reagent recipe, you also dared to hit my sister?" Su Gang turned and glared fiercely at Lin Fan, pulling out his phone with a menacing look. "You forced my hand! Don't blame our Su Family for being ruthless!"

He spoke loudly on purpose, repeatedly glancing at Yuan Youwei and her companion. To his disappointment, the two women didn't seem shaken in the slightest. They merely exchanged looks with complex expressions. Disappointed, Su Gang clenched his teeth and dialed a video call. He wanted to show off his powerful connections, not only to scare Lin Fan into begging for mercy but also to thoroughly impress the two stunningly beautiful women across from him.

"Brother Dao, it's me, Su Gang..." His voice caught in a hiss. "You... why are you in the hospital?"

About ten seconds later, the call was answered. The image that appeared on the screen made the smug Su Gang freeze in shock. The notorious Brother Dao, the number one enforcer of the Black Tiger Hall, was lying in a hospital bed. Worse, his right hand—a hand that had likely claimed many lives—appeared to have been severed at the wrist, and the stump was wrapped in thick, white gauze.

Chapter 10. Kneel down to Lin Fan quickly!

"Spit it out already. Did you get the money? Are you ready to pay off your gambling debts?"

On the phone's screen, Brother Dao looked furious, staring fiercely at Su Gang.

"Brother Dao, I've been bullied! You have to back me up!" Su Gang pleaded, his expression shifting as he quickly plastered on a servile, flattering smile.

"...Fine. Since you're not completely useless, go on. Tell me which bastard dares to mess with my brother," Brother Dao said, his eyes widening as he nodded reluctantly.

"It's him! The ungrateful wolf the Su Family raised for four whole years! Not only did he steal the pharmaceutical factory's recipe, but he also dared to hit my sister!" Su Gang grinned from ear to ear, his face filled with pride. "Lin Fan! Open your damn eyes and take a good look! This is Brother Dao of Black Tiger Hall, a top figure in Haicheng's underworld!"

"Kneel down now! Apologize to my sister and to us! If we're not satisfied, don't even think about seeing tomorrow!" he shouted, turning the screen toward Lin Fan. He spoke as loudly as he could, as if afraid the bystanders wouldn't hear him.

Sure enough, as his voice trailed off, the two unfamiliar beauties' expressions changed, and they exchanged another glance. Even the stoic Lin Fan seemed a bit shaken.

"Hmph, scared now, are you? All it takes is one word from Brother Dao, and you, Lin Fan, will have to grovel!" Seeing this, Su Gang was inwardly thrilled, his lips curling into a smug smile. He completely failed to notice that on the screen, Brother Dao's eyes were widening in horror, his face a mask of someone who had just seen a ghost.

"Alright, then kneel," Lin Fan said, nodding. His gaze, however, was fixed on Brother Dao on the phone's screen.

A violent shiver ran through Brother Dao. The intense fear of having wet his pants at Lin Fan's hands instantly engulfed him once more. Without a word, he rolled off the bed, dropped to his knees, and began slamming his head on the floor, leaving the other patients and medical staff in the hospital room staring in bewilderment.

"Hey, why aren't you kneeling yet? My patience is limited!"

Seeing Lin Fan remain indifferent and hearing no sound from the phone, Su Gang grew annoyed. He turned the screen back toward himself, intending to get Brother Dao to say something more intimidating. The next moment, he froze, completely stupefied.

What am I seeing? The usually formidable Brother Dao... is actually kneeling before the phone on the nightstand, frantically kowtowing!

Around him stood a crowd of people, pointing and whispering as if they were looking at a lunatic.

"Brother Dao, what... what are you doing..." Su Gang's throat went dry, a terrible premonition slowly creeping into his heart.

"Stop fucking standing there! Are you trying to get me killed? Hurry up and kneel! Beg him for mercy!" Hearing Su Gang's voice, Brother Dao raised his swollen forehead and threatened him fiercely. "If you miss a single kowtow and he isn't satisfied, believe me, I'll send people to wipe out your entire family!"

Su Gang sucked in a sharp breath.

What the hell is going on? Am I insane, or has the whole world gone mad?! You're the number one enforcer of Black Tiger Hall, a man who can kill without batting an eye. How can the mere sight of Lin Fan scare you into acting like a kicked dog?

Su Gang's face was a mask of disbelief. Zhang Meili and the others, who had been waiting to enjoy the show, also looked at each other in dismay. Didn't Su Gang say that getting Brother Dao involved would make Lin Fan piss his pants in fear and obediently admit defeat? So why was it the other way around, with Brother Dao the one scared witless and about to crack his own skull open?

"Su Gang! Su Gang, did you fucking hear me? Kneel down now!"

"Kowtow! Hurry up and kowtow! If you don't obey, I'll send men to kill your whole family right now!"

The harsh words, coming through the phone, grew increasingly desperate, his voice now laced with an unmistakable undertone of panic.

THUMP!

Cold sweat beaded on Su Gang's forehead, and his face turned beet red. Although he had no idea what was happening, he didn't dare disobey Brother Dao's command. The man was more than capable of carrying out his threats. With no other choice, Su Gang reluctantly dropped to his knees before Lin Fan. Bracing himself, he began knocking his head against the ground.

For a moment, the mourning hall fell into a dead silence, broken only by the sound of kowtowing echoing both from the phone and within the room.

"Enough. Get lost. You're an eyesore," Lin Fan finally said after a long while, waving his hand dismissively at Su Gang on the ground. His expression was like that of someone swatting away a noisy fly.

Hearing this, Brother Dao felt as if he'd received a pardon. "Thank you, thank you for your generosity..." he stammered from the hospital, hastily nodding his thanks before quickly hanging up.

Back in the mourning hall, Su Gang scrambled to his feet, thoroughly humiliated. He hid behind a baffled-looking Zhang Meili, so ashamed he wanted to bury his head in his pants.

"Su Gang, what the hell happened? The guy you called is totally unreliable!" Zhang Meili jabbed Su Gang's forehead forcefully with her finger, her expression one of utter disappointment.

"I... I don't know either... Maybe Brother Dao mistook him for someone else?" Su Gang mumbled, too ashamed to lift his head.

I wanted to use Brother Dao to threaten him, but I ended up getting threatened by Brother Dao instead... Dammit, the mere thought of it is infuriating!

"You’re such a good-for-nothing. I shouldn’t have counted on you!" Zhang Meili’s chubby face darkened as she signaled to Yang Tingting.

Luckily, we have a backup plan. Otherwise, we really would have lost all face in front of Lin Fan!

"Lin Fan, open your damn eyes and look! Do you know who she is?" Zhang Meili snapped.

Yang Tingting understood the cue. She gracefully clutched the arm of a thin-faced woman, and they both stepped forward together. Both women lifted their sharp chins, their faces exuding a sense of superiority.

"This is my good friend, Liu Fang. She’s currently a senior manager at Yuandao Properties," Yang Tingting announced. "Never mind your little clinic; she manages the properties on most of this entire block!"

"...What are you trying to do?" Lin Fan’s heart sank, his jaw tightening.

"Lin Fan, the rent your mother, Lin Suxin, paid for this shop is about to expire," the thin-faced woman, Liu Fang, said with a nod, her smile not quite reaching her eyes. "I’m here to inform you that if you don’t sign the lease renewal tonight, I’ll have someone clean out the shop and evict you tomorrow."

"Furthermore, market rates in this area have risen. The rent will increase by half, and you must prepay for three years in one lump sum!"

This was blatant, intentional harassment. Yuan Youwei and Mrs. Xue exchanged looks, their expressions changing. Zhang Meili and her group, meanwhile, all wore cold smiles. Even Su Gang straightened his back, feeling emboldened once more.

They were certain Lin Fan couldn’t produce the money. If he didn’t beg them for help, he and his mother’s ashes would be out on the street.

"Lin Fan, don’t blame me for being heartless. You brought this on yourself!" Su Mengqing wheezed, managing to steady herself, her eyes brimming with pure resentment. "Hand over the recipe and all the other valuables your mother left behind. Then, I might let you keep this little clinic."

"...I never imagined you could be this vicious."

Facing pairs of mocking eyes, Lin Fan fell silent for a moment, then laughed out of pure rage. "You’re right, I can’t cough up the rent right now... You want the recipe? Fine! I’ll give it to you!"

Pulling out his phone, a flash of anger crossed his eyes as he began tapping furiously at the screen.

I had originally intended to spare the Su Family out of respect for Mr. Su Sr.’s past kindness. Now it seems... I was far too soft-hearted!