

King Hall 21

Chapter 21: Can't Sleep, Over-applied Cool Medicinal Paste

Fantasy is wonderful.

Reality is cruel.

When Wen Rou came back from her bath wearing a very thick set of pajamas, revealing not a sliver of healthy skin, Mu Jinyu's beautiful fantasies were instantly shattered.

"Wen Rou, aren't you hot wearing all that?" Mu Jinyu couldn't help but ask.

Wen Rou's cheeks were somewhat flushed, and her glance was evasive as she replied, "It's okay, I guess. It's getting late; let's go to sleep."

After saying this, Wen Rou returned to her bed, pulled up the thin blanket, and then turned off the lights.

The room suddenly became dim, only the faint glow of a street lamp filtering through the thin curtains.

Wen Rou lay on the bed, her eyes wide open, feeling nervous and overheated.

After all, having a young man suddenly in the room, even though she felt he wouldn't do anything to her, the nervousness was nevertheless inescapable.

Unable to fall asleep due to the stuffiness of the room, only one window for ventilation, and the ineffectively whirring electric fan sending hot air, she covered herself with a thin blanket, feeling unbearably hot.

Soon, she began to toss and turn restlessly.

Just as Mu Jinyu, who was trying to fall asleep with his eyes closed, heard this, he opened his eyes and asked, "Wen Rou, can't you sleep?"

"Mm." Wen Rou was startled by Mu Jinyu's sudden voice, but after hearing his question, she felt slightly reassured, although any hint of sleepiness she had managed to gather had completely dissipated.

"It's okay, you go ahead and sleep; I'm somewhat insomniac," Wen Rou casually said.

She was, in fact, somewhat insomniac, partly because she didn't completely trust Mu Jinyu, and partly because of the heat.

Previously, when she was alone, she would wear very light summer pajamas, the kind that are slightly sheer, which allowed her to sleep well even without air conditioning.

But with Mu Jinyu staying temporarily, she obviously couldn't wear those kinds of pajamas.

Therefore, wearing more substantial winter pajamas and covering herself with a thin blanket to conceal her body, in the stuffy room, it didn't take long for Wen Rou to feel unbearably hot, feeling even the air from the electric fan was hot.

Mu Jinyu could vaguely guess Wen Rou's thoughts, so he sat up from his place on the floor and said, "Wen Rou, do you feel too hot?"

At his words, Wen Rou was immediately frightened, even thinking that he might have improper thoughts about her.

But then Mu Jinyu added, "I brought some Cooling Ointment with me. If you feel too hot, you can apply some and it shouldn't feel hot anymore."

Upon hearing this, Wen Rou's heart that had been hanging fell slightly back into place, but in the darkness, Mu Jinyu couldn't see that.

Afterward, Wen Rou also noticed that since the electric fan in the room was set to oscillate, it was meant to blow on both, but now it was only blowing steadily on her side and not oscillating towards Mu Jinyu at all. Otherwise, she thought she might indeed die of heat.

And Mu Jinyu hadn't complained about being hot at all, which made it seem like that Cooling Ointment was indeed very effective.

"Snap!"

At that time.

Mu Jinyu, not hearing Wen Rou's reply, got up and went to the door, flicked the light switch, and instantly the room lit up again.

Turning around to see Wen Rou's cheeks flushed from the overheating, Mu Jinyu gave a wry smile and said, "Ah, sorry for troubling you, take this Cooling Ointment and use it."

Mu Jinyu knew that when Wen Rou was alone, she definitely wouldn't dress so heavily, understanding it was because of him that she was too hot to sleep.

Therefore, after speaking, he went over to her, took out a small medicine box that resembled a balm, and then handed it to Wen Rou.

Wen Rou took it in a daze.

Mu Jinyu explained, "This is a medicated paste I made using Snow Lotus, Ice Toad Oil, Ice Spirit Fruit, among other medicinal herbs. Apply a bit on your arms and lower back, and you should feel cool and refreshing all over, but remember not to apply too much."

"Oh, okay," Wen Rou replied, then she opened the lid of the box, and inside was a snow-white paste, looking pretty much like solidified lard."

Dipping her fingertip in it, Wen Rou first spread it on her forearm.

Instantly, she felt a very cool and refreshing sensation emanating from where she applied it, making her whole arm feel chilly.

"Wow, it's magical," Wen Rou couldn't help exclaiming.

Only then did she understand why Mu Jinyu wasn't complaining or making any noise even without a fan.

It turned out to be such a divine artifact to stave off the heat!

Then, she applied it to her other arm.

After Wen Rou had finished applying it to both arms, Mu Jinyu turned back, lay down again on the floor, and warned, "Remember not to apply too much."

If it had been convenient, Mu Jinyu would have liked to help Wen Rou apply it.

Because if it were applied too liberally, a normal person couldn't handle it, and if too much were applied, one could potentially freeze to death.

"Mm."

"Mm," Wen Rou responded, and seeing that Mu Jinyu wasn't peeking at her, she quietly lifted the hem of her nightgown and dabbed some medicinal paste on her lower back.

After applying it, Wen Rou felt so cool, as if she were in a room with air conditioning, and even the stuffy wind from the fan now felt somewhat chilly.

Wen Rou quickly turned off the fan.

"Alright, let's sleep, after applying it, you should be able to sleep well through the night," Mu Jinyu said with a slight smile as he lay on the floor and turned to look at Wen Rou.

"Mm."

"Mm," Wen Rou responded and then turned off the light again.

In the darkness, neither of them spoke again.

Mu Jinyu, who was used to sleeping and waking early, had a super beautiful woman by his side now, but after feeling drowsy, he didn't think much and soon drifted off to sleep.

And Wen Rou, although she no longer felt that stifling heat, still couldn't fall asleep quickly with a man in the room.

But listening to Mu Jinyu's steady breathing, she smiled slightly and began to feel sleepy too, not knowing when she also fell asleep.

"Mm?! So hot!"

In the middle of the night.

All of a sudden, Wen Rou felt very stuffy and heat woke her up; she sleepily opened her eyes and checked the time on her phone, realizing it was only one o'clock in the morning.

She thought to herself, perhaps the effects of the Cooling Ointment had worn off? Maybe she should apply some more.

Half asleep, Wen Rou opened the box of medicinal paste again and smeared a large amount, beginning to apply it evenly over her body.

In that moment, she had forgotten the reminder from Mu Jinyu and used a bit too much.

After finishing, she once again felt this long-absent coldness and, feeling satisfied, smiled and fell back into a deep sleep.

But half an hour later.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

All of a sudden, Wen Rou was jolted awake from her sleep, feeling cold as if she had plunged into an ice cellar, shivering all over, her teeth chattering and making a cracking sound.

Only then did she realize that she had applied too much Cooling Ointment.

Wen Rou felt like she was about to freeze to death and started regretting not taking Mu Jinyu's warning seriously.

Chapter 22 - Drive Out the Cold, Embrace Each Other, Rely Upon

'Am I really going to freeze to death like this?'

Wen Rou curled up in the corner of the bed, shivering all over, yet unable to speak and remind Mu Jinyu to call for emergency services. She thought somewhat despairingly.

"Chatter chatter chatter..."

"Hm?!"

In his slumber, Mu Jinyu heard the sound of Wen Rou's teeth chattering incessantly. Half-awake, he didn't pay it much attention at first, thinking it was a rat scavenging for food.

But then, he suddenly remembered that he was not in the bamboo house on Yinlong Mountain, but at Wen Rou's residence. He jolted fully awake immediately.

Sitting up, Mu Jinyu activated his Profound Skill and focused it in his eyes, making the dark room instantly bright before his eyes.

There was no rat to be seen.

Mu Jinyu saw Wen Rou huddled into a ball in the corner of the bed, quivering with a pale, deathly white face—it was the picture of someone who, after falling into an icy lake in winter and being rescued, still couldn't shake off the penetrating cold.

She urgently needed warmth to drive away the chill.

"Damn it, didn't I remind her not to apply too much?"

Seeing this, Mu Jinyu raised a hand to his forehead, dumbfounded.

But saving her was a priority. Without further ado, for any further delay could lead to Wen Rou being frozen alive.

Mu Jinyu got up from where he lay on the floor, leapt onto the bed, and pulled Wen Rou, whose face was already turning a bit purplish from the cold, into his arms.

Then, he began to operate his Profound Skill, causing his body to heat up and help drive away Wen Rou's cold.

With her consciousness already in a haze, Wen Rou, pulled into Mu Jinyu's arms, suddenly felt he was like a furnace—so warm, so comforting.

It made the icy chill in her body dissipate considerably, and she instinctively tightened her grip, unwilling to let go afterward.

While holding Wen Rou tightly with one hand, Mu Jinyu rapidly pressed acupoints on her body with his other hand to dispel the excess chill that had accumulated inside her.

Wen Rou had applied too much Cooling Ointment, and it took a good while before her condition somewhat improved.

Mu Jinyu silently rejoiced. It was a stroke of luck that he had gobbled down a piece of Thousand-year Ginseng that evening. Although it hadn't filled his stomach, the potency it provided was robust, allowing him to continuously emit medicinal power, transforming it into True Qi, to help rid Wen Rou of the cold.

About fifteen minutes passed.

Wen Rou's body, previously frozen stiff, gradually returned to a normal temperature, and she had long since fallen asleep leaning on Mu Jinyu's shoulder, clinging to him like a sloth to a tree.

Exhausted, Mu Jinyu intends to extricate himself from Wen Rou's hold and return to sleep on the floor, but she held on tightly, making it difficult to pull away. Overcome by sleepiness, he too fell into a deep sleep, still holding Wen Rou in his arms.

...

The next day.

Feeling slightly warm, Wen Rou murmured and opened her eyes.

As soon as she opened them, she realized that Mu Jinyu's handsome face was astonishingly close.

Wen Rou nearly screamed in fright.

But seeing Mu Jinyu deep in sleep, his brows furrowed with fatigue, she suddenly recalled some vague memories. She quickly covered her mouth with her hand to keep herself from screaming and waking him.

Wen Rou quietly lay in Mu Jinyu's arms, reflecting on the events of the previous night.

She had carelessly applied too much Cooling Ointment, almost resulting in her being frozen alive in the middle of the night.

Then, as her consciousness blurred, she felt vaguely as if she had been embraced by something like a huge furnace that drove away her cold, allowing her gradually to catch her breath again.

Seeing the scene this morning, Wen Rou didn't need to guess to know that yesterday, Jinyu must have realized something was wrong with her, then held her in his arms, using his body heat to warm her up and chase away her cold.

Jinyu, who held her, likely wasn't free from the chill either, but still, he didn't dare to let go, fearing that she might be harmed by the cold, which is why he was so exhausted.

As Wen Rou speculated, her eyes, watching Jinyu's clean and handsome face, unconsciously began to soften.

At that moment, Wen Rou suddenly felt as if she had found a support; her entire being became relaxed, and it seemed as if all her worries could be cast aside.

She also wanted to just quietly watch him like this, waiting for him to wake up...

But Jinyu was somewhat restless in his sleep, his hand moving slightly in response to his mumbles.

Wen Rou felt a bit uncomfortable, her face blushing as she hastily pushed Jinyu, who was still deep in his exhausted sleep, and whispered, "Little Mu, Little Mu, wake up now..."

"Hmm..."

Jinyu opened his eyes groggily, and the first thing he saw was Wen Rou's face, radiant like the twilight sky, and after being stunned for a moment, he murmured softly, "Wen Rou, what's up? Let me sleep a bit more, I'm so tired..."

"Little Mu, can you let go of me first?" Wen Rou's voice was soft and sweet as she held his arm, her words carrying a hint of pleading.

"Huh?!" Upon hearing this, Jinyu finally woke up fully, his eyes widening as he looked at the blushing cheeks before him.

He immediately released Wen Rou and jumped off the bed, saying repeatedly, "I'm sorry, Wen Rou. Last night you used too much medicinal paste and nearly froze to death. After I helped you dispel the cold, I didn't have much strength left and was too sleepy, so that happened..."

"It's okay." Wen Rou, pulling a thin blanket over her body, bowed her head slightly and shook it a bit, then said, "You go out and wash up first, and I'll change my clothes."

"Oh, alright."

Jinyu, pursing his lips and not daring to look at Wen Rou, immediately took the toothpaste, toothbrush, and cup she had bought for him yesterday and ran out.

After Jinyu finished washing up, he walked to the door and knocked gently, saying, "Wen Rou, have you changed yet?"

"Almost done," Wen Rou called out from inside the room.

At this time, several aunties living in the other rooms were also getting up to wash up, and seeing Jinyu standing in front of Wen Rou's door, they were first taken aback, then smiled and asked, "Is that Xiaorou's boyfriend?"

"Ah?!" Jinyu turned around to look at them, at a loss for words.

However, he was somewhat relieved inside, fortunate that they hadn't seen him come out earlier, or they might have caused some trouble for Wen Rou.

Seeing Jinyu's reaction, the aunties took it as his affirmation and were quite happy.

After all, Wen Rou had indeed led a very difficult life over the years, burdened with debts, and even though she was attractive, not many men dared to approach her, fearing they'd be dragged down.

Now that she finally had someone to rely on, they were naturally happy for her and cheerfully said, "Xiaorou finally has someone to rely on. You have to treat her well in the future, or the aunties won't let you off easily!"

"Err, I understand..." Jinyu replied helplessly.

"Clang!"

At that moment, Wen Rou also opened the door, and seeing Jinyu chatting with the aunties, her pretty face couldn't help but blush again. However, for some reason, she did not refute them and instead greeted them before going to wash up.

The aunties weren't that idle either and soon scattered, going off to work.

After Wen Rou finished washing up and returned to the room, she said to Jinyu, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, "Let's go; we'll eat breakfast."

"Mm," Jinyu looked up at Wen Rou and answered softly.

Wen Rou was wearing a loose white short-sleeve shirt today, a pair of washed-out jeans, and a slightly worn pair of canvas shoes.

She still didn't wear any makeup, her natural beauty showing, enchanting even without adornment. Her figure, hidden beneath the loose shirt, seemed unremarkable and ordinary.

But Jinyu knew, what lay beneath those simple clothes, was a treasure far beyond imagination.

Chapter 23 -Separation, Xu Family members came and were refused

Mu Jinyu responded with a nod, slipped on a white tank top, picked up the bag containing his suit, and followed Wen Rou out of the house.

He still preferred to wear such clothes, cool and convenient. As for the suit and leather shoes Gu Xiyan had spent 150,000 yuan on yesterday, he was thinking of trying to return them.

Even though Zhang Qiu huai had spotted the tag last night and everyone had laughed at him, he hadn't torn it off, just so he could try to return it to the suit store today if he had time.

150,000 yuan was not a small sum after all.

Of course, he wasn't sure if he could return the suit after wearing it once, but it was worth a try; he had nothing to lose either way.

Wen Rou saw that Mu Jinyu did not wear the suit from last night and had packed it into a plastic bag to take with him, thinking he was going to return it to a friend, so she didn't say much about it.

She led him out of the rented room, carefully locked the door, and walked towards the nearby breakfast stand.

Mu Jinyu quickly finished his breakfast and went up to pay, covering the cost of Wen Rou's meal as well, considering it as repayment for her hospitality last night.

After paying the bill, Mu Jinyu walked back to Wen Rou, who was still eating her breakfast, with a slightly pained expression.

Even though yesterday Wen Rou had taken him to the supermarket to buy a toothbrush, toothpaste, a cup, change of clothes, and slippers, making him accustomed to spending money, he still felt the pinch deep down.

"I've paid for your breakfast too, to repay you for last night's lodging," he told her as he sat down, his expression already adjusted.

"Ah?! How can that be..." Wen Rou was surprised by his words and immediately exclaimed with a flattered tone.

Although she had only known Mu Jinyu for one day, she had come to understand his character through their interactions.

In Wen Rou's view, Mu Jinyu was a young man accustomed to poverty and hardship, poor but proud, with strong self-respect.

Just like how he refused her money for the meal yesterday and later at the supermarket when buying toiletries.

And when she picked up some other items at the supermarket, he didn't behave like other falsely generous men who, despite being broke, still insist on paying for everything.

From this, Wen Rou knew he was the kind of person who didn't want to owe others, nor did he want others to owe him.

But now, Mu Jinyu had actually paid for her breakfast. Although he said it was to offset the cost of last night's lodging, Wen Rou still found it somewhat incredible.

"Eat slowly, I have something to take care of," Mu Jinyu said, and not waiting for Wen Rou to finish her breakfast and leave together, he stood up, ready to go to the headquarters of the gang that had bullied Wen Rou last night, to resolve her troubles once and for all.

Upon hearing this, Wen Rou realized that Mu Jinyu paid for her breakfast probably thinking that their meeting was a one-time encounter and that once he helped resolve her worries, they wouldn't meet again. Thus, he chose to be generous before departing.

Wen Rou felt an inexplicable sense of loss in her heart, and she was also worried that he might encounter danger on his way, but knowing he would not heed advice, she cautioned, "Then... be careful."

"Hmm," Mu Jinyu replied, without turning his head, he strode towards the gang's headquarters.

Wen Rou sat in the chair, watching Mu Jinyu's retreating figure, feeling lost in the thought that they might part ways from here and never meet again. Recalling their embrace in sleep the night before, her heart felt more distressed.

It turned out that, without realizing it, this man she'd known for just one day had quietly taken up a place in her heart.

After all, besides her grandmother who had raised her since childhood, no one else had been as kind to her as Mu Jinyu.

Not even her parents.

...

Mu Jinyu was unaware that, inadvertently, he had pried open the heart chamber of a young girl that had been sealed for many years.

He was encountering a small trouble at this moment.

A young man dressed in Armani sportswear blocked his way, panting heavily, his eyes alight with excitement, he said, "Divine Doctor, Divine Doctor, I've finally found you, let's go, let's go, let's go, Grandpa has already agreed to your fee, come back with me right away, help my grandpa..."

While Xu Huaguang spoke, he reached out to pull at Mu Jinyu towards the Maserati parked nearby.

Mu Jinyu's body swayed, deftly avoiding his greasy hands.

Xu Huaguang failed to grab him, his expression stalled, and turning back to Mu Jinyu, he asked in confusion, "Divine Doctor, what's wrong, hurry up and come with me."

At this moment, his heart was thrilled to the core, having finally found the Divine Doctor who could save his grandfather's life. Upon his return, he would undoubtedly receive a reward from his grandfather.

Thus, he paid no attention to the dissatisfaction seeping through Mu Jinyu's indifferent expression.

Mu Jinyu heard his words, and the corners of his mouth curled into a sneer, he said, "Go? Your grandfather wants me to save a life, yet he maintains his dignity and doesn't come to me personally? Ha, go back and tell your grandpa to come beg me himself!"

How could Mu Jinyu let this guy just tug at him and comply? Wouldn't that be too undignified?

He clearly remembered, amongst those who mocked and jeered at him yesterday in the Xu Family Villa, this man had had his share.

And now he has neither bowed his head in apology, nor paid a compensatory fee on the spot, yet he expects me to go back with him?

What a beautiful thought!

Xu Huaguang, upon hearing Mu Jinyu's words, his face, originally lit up with joy from finding Mu Jinyu ahead of others, suddenly froze.

His eyes gradually began to reveal a hint of dissatisfaction.

He had originally thought that once he spoke of Grandpa agreeing to his terms, offering to pay 99,999,999 after he intervened, Mu Jinyu, this money-grubber, would be overjoyed and immediately agree to come back with him.

But he hadn't expected that not only would this guy not agree on the spot, he even had the audacity to demand Huaguang go back and tell Elder Master Xu to come and beg him personally if he wanted to be saved!

How outrageous!

How dared he utter such words, demanding that the very head of the Xu family personally come beg him?!

Xu Huaguang felt that Mu Jinyu had completely lost his mind.

Not satiated with a consultation fee of one hundred million, he even had to make such statements, inviting trouble for himself?!

"Do you know what you're saying?" Xu Huaguang, with the typical arrogance of a family heir, was completely unaware that he should apologize for the mockery from the day before, his expression darkened as he looked at Mu Jinyu, pronouncing each word with deliberate emphasis, "Do you realize the consequences of taking your words back to my family?"

"I don't know," Mu Jinyu shook his head and spoke dispassionately, "nor do I want to know."

Seeing this, Xu Huaguang frowned slightly, then shook his head lightly and said, "Forget it, I won't hold your earlier words against you, just hurry up and come with me."

"I refuse!" Mu Jinyu declined once again.

Even though Mu Jinyu knew that by agreeing to go back with Xu Huaguang, and administering a single injection, he could receive a hundred million consultation fee.

But he simply didn't feel like going with this man.

A buddha fights for a stick of incense, a person lives for a breath. You can't buy happiness with thousands of gold. They didn't believe in me that day, ridiculed me, and now after seeing my ability, they think they can persuade me with just a few words? Dream on!

Chapter 24: Take Action, Rules, News!

"Step aside, I have business to attend to,"

After shaking his head in refusal, Mu Jinyu spoke to Xu Huaguang.

He no longer wished to engage in pointless chatter; he had said all that needed to be said. If Xu Tianzheng wanted to live, then it was up to him to plead with Mu Jinyu!

Having said this, Mu Jinyu proceeded to walk around Xu Huaguang, aiming for the stronghold of the gang.

Xu Huaguang, unable to persuade Mu Jinyu and seeing his determination, suddenly looked quite displeased.

But Xu Huaguang had not so easily tracked down Mu Jinyu only to let him walk away.

"Stop right there!"

Xu Huaguang took a deep breath and suddenly shouted at Mu Jinyu.

"Brother Chen, help me take him down!"

Xu Huaguang respectfully addressed a burly, dark-skinned man standing nearby, motionless as a mountain, resembling a wooden post.

If kindness didn't work on Mu Jinyu, then he couldn't blame Xu for using force.

"Yes!"

Upon hearing the command, Brother Chen's eyes flashed, and after responding, his huge frame abruptly propelled forward. His steps were as swift as the wind, as rapid as lightning, and his gigantic, fan-like hands reached straight for Mu Jinyu's shoulders!

Xu Huaguang watched this unfold with excitement in his eyes, mixed with a sense of triumph and disdain.

He thought Mu Jinyu was truly courting humiliation by refusing a toast only to be forced to drink a forfeit!

Although Mu Jinyu was fairly skilled, having knocked down several Xu Family security guards in one day,

Brother Chen, however, was a bodyguard Xu had hired for a great price, a Martial Arts Expert who had cultivated Inner Strength.

Although he had only reached a Minor Achievement in Mingjin, he was far superior to the ordinary special forces at the Xu Family Villa, who were effortlessly defeated by Mu Jinyu.

Brother Chen alone could take on ten of those retired special force soldiers.

So, in Xu Huaguang's view, capturing Mu Jinyu would be a piece of cake for Brother Chen.

However, the scene that unfolded next caused Xu Huaguang to widen his eyes in disbelief and gasp in shock.

Just as Brother Chen was about to seize Mu Jinyu's slender arm, Mu Jinyu, as if he had foreseen the move, abruptly turned around, his eyes flashing with electricity, radiating an awe-inspiring authority that could not be challenged. With that, he delivered a kick, but it was not only quick to follow but also accurate, landing firmly on Brother Chen's stomach just as his hand was about to grasp him!

Suddenly, Brother Chen, whom Xu Huaguang had pinned his hopes on, let out a miserable cry before flying backward like a kite with its string cut, blood spraying from his mouth without restraint, scattering all over the ground.

Xu Huaguang was dumbstruck, and as he saw Mu Jinyu's icy gaze turn towards him, he felt a chill run from his backbone up through his Heavenly Spirit Cover!

His knees weakened, and he nearly failed to resist the urge to kneel down.

Mu Jinyu's cold eyes stayed fixed on Xu Huaguang, and the anger in his heart gradually mounted.

Originally, he had only planned to have Xu Tianzheng personally come to ask for his help, and then he would have treated the elderly Xu's condition.

But now, with Xu Huaguang attempting to forcefully abduct him, matters weren't going to be as simple anymore.

Mu Jinyu's gaze remained icy as he took step by step towards the weak-kneed Xu Huaguang.

Listening to the sound of Mu Jinyu's slippers scraping against the floor, Xu Huaguang felt an immense pressure. As Mu Jinyu drew closer, Xu's legs finally gave way and he fell to the ground with a thump.

"I was wrong... I'm sorry..."

Xu Huaguang hurriedly apologized, feeling that if he did not concede and admit his mistake, his fate would be quite dire!

Mu Jinyu approached, listening to his pleading filled with sobs, and crouched down gently and softly spoke, "Do you know? The rules of my medical practice are not fixed."

"Huh?" Xu Huaguang looked up at Mu Jinyu in confusion, not understanding what he was saying.

Mu Jinyu did not respond to him and continued speaking, "To someone I admire, if they want me to treat their illness or save their life, it can be free of charge; for strangers whom I neither like nor dislike, my fee is a million for treatment, ten million to save a life."

"But..."

Mu Jinyu paused, then his tone suddenly intensified, speaking with a chilling edge, "If it's someone I dislike, then I'm sorry, if you think money can buy my assistance, you can start by slapping yourself. A hundred slaps to treat an illness, a thousand to save a life. Slap yourself a thousand times, and then I'll go back with you."

"Ah?!"

Xu Huaguang, seeing Mu Jinyu's icy gaze, nearly wet himself, thinking Jinyu was about to beat him up. But after he fully grasped what Jinyu had said, he was on the verge of tears.

Damn, who comes up with these demands?

To slap oneself a thousand times, wouldn't his face be swollen beyond recognition?!

"Go back, tell your grandfather that if he wants to live, he should come and beg me himself. As for those who mocked me yesterday, in addition to your thousand slaps, everyone else must slap themselves a hundred times," Jinyu commanded.

"Otherwise, I won't lift a finger!"

Having said that, Mu Jinyu didn't bother to deal with Xu Huaguang but simply turned and left.

He wasn't someone who took losses lightly. Although he was fond of money, sometimes what he desired more was respect.

He hadn't wanted to fuss over the group at the Xu Family who mocked him yesterday. He had planned to wait for Xu Tianzheng to come begging, let out a bit of spite, and leave it at that.

But due to Xu Huaguang's behavior, he realized that none of them was likely to be decent. So, it was clear that all of them needed to be dealt with accordingly!

And Mu Jinyu wasn't worried that they wouldn't slap themselves.

He was well aware that as long as Xu Tianzheng wanted to continue living, the task of self-slapping was inescapable!

Not dealing with Xu Huaguang now, when Xu Tianzheng came to him, he could directly witness the spectacle of Huaguang's self-slapping performance.

...

Xu Family Villa.

With an expression of agitated restlessness, Xu Tianzheng had set aside all other matters, only waiting for the news of Mu Jinyu's whereabouts from his subordinates.

He could feel that as half the day passed, his body, which was previously showing signs of improvement, was gradually becoming stiff again.

Seven days.

He had only seven days.

Once those seven days were over, if he hadn't found the Divine Doctor Mu Jinyu, he would revert back to being a cripple.

Having experienced the improvement in his condition, how could he willingly give up his healthy body and return to lying in a sickbed?

No matter what, he had to find Mu Jinyu and have him save his life.

No matter the cost.

Even if it meant giving away half the Xu Family estate.

"Is there still no news of the Divine Doctor?! What a bunch of useless fools!"

After waiting another half hour and having not slept all night, with no appetite for breakfast, Xu Tianzheng exploded in a burst of irritability, throwing objects around as the news of Mu Jinyu's whereabouts still hadn't arrived.

"Master, there's news. Young Master Huaguang has located the Divine Doctor," said the butler, entering and addressing Xu Tianzheng.

"Really?" Xu Tianzheng asked, his voice filled with surprise.

In his heart, he thought that young Huaguang was indeed capable of getting things done.

"Yes, but..." the butler hesitated, then said, "His demands are a bit... excessive..."

"Excessive?" Xu Tianzheng's brow furrowed, thinking Mu Jinyu was being ridiculously greedy, but he didn't care too much, quickly asking, "What are his demands? As long as he's not asking for the entire Xu Family fortune, I can consider it."

"It's not that..." The butler hesitated, ultimately deciding to inform Xu Tianzheng of the message brought by Xu Huaguang.

Chapter 25: Anger, Notification, Teahouse

After hearing it, Xu Tianzheng's already grim expression suddenly darkened.

His eyes gleamed with cold light as he recalled the words the old butler had just said.

To personally go and beg him...

That the person who had been disrespectful to him yesterday, apart from Xu Huaguang needing to slap himself a thousand times, everyone else should slap themselves a hundred times before he would take action.

These words, though arrogant-sounding, did not seem that arrogant to Xu Tianzheng after he had witnessed Mu Jinyu's capabilities.

He was just wondering why Xu Huaguang, the one who had found the Divine Doctor's whereabouts, specifically needed to slap himself a thousand times?!

Xu Tianzheng immediately sensed something was amiss.

Could it be that Xu Huaguang had been disrespectful to the Divine Doctor and angered Mu Jinyu, leading him to make such a demand?

Xu Tianzheng wasn't quite sure and instructed the old butler, "Bring Huaguang in! I have something to ask him!"

"Yes."

The old butler respectfully affirmed and went out to find Xu Huaguang.

Xu Huaguang, upon receiving the notification, quickly came in, visibly uneasy.

"Grandfather, you wanted to see me?"

His face showed unease and with a nervous demeanor, he called out to Xu Tianzheng.

Xu Tianzheng sat upright in his chair, staring directly at Xu Huaguang. His cloudy old eyes suddenly sparked with clarity, becoming as sharp as a hawk's, and he said in a deep voice, "Tell me honestly about your encounter with the Divine Doctor. Don't hide anything, and don't exaggerate. Otherwise, you won't like the consequences."

"Yes." Xu Huaguang, seeing his grandfather's stern demeanor, shuddered, and then dared not hide anything further. He hurriedly recounted his invitation to Mu Jinyu to come back and provide treatment, how he was rejected, got angered, ordered his bodyguard to forcibly take him away, but the bodyguard was sent flying with a kick, and finally he conveyed all the messages he was told to deliver.

"Well, you!" Xu Tianzheng, after listening, was enraged. He slammed the table hard and shouted, "Who allowed you to be so reckless with the Divine Doctor? Since he asked you to convey a message asking me to plead with him, why didn't you just come back and relay the message? Why did you have to intervene? Are you trying to prevent me from getting cured?!"

"I didn't, grandfather, I truly just wanted the Divine Doctor to treat you sooner, I was just a bit too anxious..." Xu Huaguang hurriedly retorted with a cry in his voice.

"I think you're trying to kill me with anger!!"

Xu Tianzheng was furious. Although it indeed irked him that Mu Jinyu had asked him to personally come and plead, he would have agreed to it eventually.

But this fool, Xu Huaguang, had decided on his own to try and kidnap the doctor. By causing such a mess, what if Mu Jinyu refused the one hundred yuan and decided not to treat him? What was he supposed to do then?

Just wait to die?!

Fortunately, Mu Jinyu didn't lower himself to argue with fool Xu Huaguang and merely issued an ultimatum for him to personally come and plead, while Xu Huaguang had to slap himself a thousand times.

Xu Tianzheng suppressed his anger, slammed the table again, and staring at Xu Huaguang, said coldly, "Once I find the Divine Doctor, prepare to honestly slap yourself a thousand times."

Then, he took out his phone, made a call, and instructed the other party to remove Xu Huaguang's managerial position at Xu Group and to take back his shares...

Xu Huaguang, upon hearing these series of instructions, immediately looked ashen.

He felt a chilling regret inside him.

Originally, he thought that if he could bring Mu Jinyu back by force, given the Xu family's influence, Mu Jinyu would have no choice but to obediently treat his grandfather. By then, he would have earned his grandfather's regard and become a core member of the Xu family.

Instead, his cunning plot ended up making him lose both his position and his shares.

By the time they found Mu Jinyu again, he would have no choice but to face him and slap himself a thousand times!

Xu Tianzheng hung up the phone and coldly glanced at Xu Huaguang, who was pallid, too weary even to speak further to him. He then bowed his head to compose a message, instructing the search team to treat Mu Jinyu with due respect. He demanded they notify him immediately once they located the Divine Doctor, as he intended to personally visit and seek medical help!

The Family members of the Xu family, upon receiving this message, were so shocked that they nearly bit their tongues off, feeling it was incredible.

They thought Xu Tianzheng's attitude was extremely sincere. Could it be an overreaction?

But what they didn't understand was Xu Tianzheng's mindset. He was truly desperate, as Mu Jinyu was the only one who could save him. Even if it meant physically going to seek medical help himself, it would be no humiliation at all.

—As long as he wanted to keep living.

Otherwise, facing this Divine Doctor who held power over his life and death, he truly had no other choice.

...

While Mu Jinyu was unaware of the commotion in the Xu family, he could guess the eventual outcome unless Xu Tianzheng didn't care to survive; he would certainly come seeking his help.

However, at this moment, he was too busy to speculate about the stirrings within the Xu family, as he had arrived at the front of a teahouse.

The teahouse was named First Grade Xuan, elegantly extravagant in decor, quite imposing. Ordinary folks, upon seeing it, dared not enter to drink tea.

Mu Jinyu, however, walked in with a calm demeanor, hands behind his back.

The servers, lazily resting in their chairs, barely glanced at Mu Jinyu as he entered. Though his attire hardly seemed suitable for such a place, one of them listlessly stood up and asked, "How much for the tea?"

Any casual customer happening to walk in and witness this scene would be greatly surprised; it was hard to imagine that such a large teahouse would have such indifferent staff who couldn't even bother to properly greet the customers.

Little wonder that there were no customers in the teahouse.

But Mu Jinyu had insight from Wen Rou and knew the teahouse was actually a front for a gambling den, so he found nothing odd.

The teahouse was merely a facade, a cover for prying eyes. Thus, there was no need for the staff to warmly welcome any patrons.

And regarding gambling, naturally, not too many people dressed formally, so the staff was used to such attire and found nothing odd.

Mu Jinyu, with a tranquil expression, reluctantly took out one hundred yuan, casually saying, "Start with one hundred."

"Alright, please wait." The server who stood up to serve Mu Jinyu glimpsed a trace of contempt but spoke without a change in tone. Taking the one hundred yuan handed to her, she went to prepare the tea.

It took less than three minutes.

The server soon brought over a cup of tea.

She then carelessly placed the teacup on an empty table and pulled a receipt from her pocket, tossing it to Mu Jinyu, "Here's your tea and your receipt."

Having said that, she returned to her original spot and picked up her cell phone to continue chatting with friends.

Mu Jinyu caught the receipt and mentally criticized their terrible service attitude!

Afterward, he looked at the teacup on the empty table. It was a very strong tea, yellowish and murky, with leaves still idly floating on the surface.

It seemed as if the server had randomly grabbed a handful of tea leaves, thrown them into the cup, and then just poured hot water over them before bringing it straight over.

This appearance was definitely not worth one hundred yuan.

Chapter 26: Underground Gambling Den, Hundred Turns into Millions, Looking for the Person in Charge

However, Mu Jinyu reminded himself that the main reason for buying the tea was for the invoice, not to drink the tea, and this thought alleviated some of his irritation.

Maintaining his principle of not wasting, Mu Jinyu still picked up the teacup and took a light sip.

"Wow, this is truly awful."

Mu Jinyu took one sip and didn't want to drink any more, the tea was simply the kind of trashy leaves that cost fifty cents for 50 grams, not even comparable to the ones he grew himself.

A few waiters playing with their phones and chatting aside looked over and sneered as they saw Mu Jinyu actually trying the tea, the disdain in their eyes growing even thicker.

Mu Jinyu didn't care how they viewed him; he set the teacup back on the table and walked straight toward the back of the tea house with the invoice in hand.

The waiters did not try to stop him.

Walking further inside the tea house, Mu Jinyu followed the corridor to the very last door, opened it, and revealed a staircase leading downwards.

He stepped inside, closed the iron door behind him, and followed the stairs down into the bustling, noisy underground gambling den.

Mu Jinyu casually glanced around; the underground gambling den was massive, covering several thousand square meters with over sixty tables and all kinds of gambling games, crowded with three to four hundred gamblers.

This place was the main base of those scruffy hoodlums who had gone to find trouble with Wen Rou the night before.

Wen Rou's father used to gamble here, eventually racking up a mountain of debt, which is why Wen Rou was so familiar with the process of entering this den.

However, Mu Jinyu didn't spot those hoodlums in the crowd after scanning the room a few times.

He guessed maybe they had partied too hard the night before and hadn't gotten up yet?

Well, whatever, let's start making trouble first.

Of course, it was not a good idea to start fighting directly. Since it was a gambling den, the strategy was to sweep through it.

Then, he would alarm the person in charge of the gambling den and have a proper "discussion" with them!

In the gambling den, there was no procedure for using cash to exchange for chips with a waiter; the invoice in Mu Jinyu's hand was the chip.

Mu Jinyu, holding the invoice, made his way to the crowded gambling floor.

The gamblers, eyes bloodshot from betting, paid him no mind and kept shouting and focusing on their games.

Mu Jinyu didn't know what they were betting on, and he was not too familiar with these things.

Games like Showhand, Fried Golden Flower, and the like, he didn't know how to play...

At that thought, Mu Jinyu realized that sweeping the entire gambling den with his gambling skills might be a bit difficult...

Mu Jinyu hesitated, wondering if he should learn how to play?

With his intelligence, he would surely be able to pick up these games quickly.

But... that might mean losing a lot of money first...

On second thought, better to forget it.

"Forget it, let's go play the dice game, betting big or small. That's simple enough."

Mu Jinyu resolved and bypassed the card tables, heading directly for the dice area.

"Big big big!"

"Small small small!"

"Triple, all lose!"

"..."

As he neared the dice area, Mu Jinyu could hear a group of gamblers, each surrounding a betting table, shouting excitedly.

After giving them a quick glance, Mu Jinyu walked toward a table with fewer people.

Standing in front of the betting table, the croupier just placed the shaken dice cup down, then had the gamblers begin placing bets on big or small.

"Place your bets on big or small, last chance to bet."

Hearing this, the gamblers studied the situation before starting to place their invoice chips, shouting out their bets on big, small, or triples.

Mu Jinyu, having arrived a bit late, couldn't catch much of what was going on and only had a vague idea, not quite sure, so he decided to watch this round as an observer.

When the croupier lifted the dice cup, revealing three dice showing "one," "five," and "six," a host of gamblers who had bet on small or triples turned ashen-faced.

In the dice game, betting on big or small, totals from four to ten constituted small, and eleven to seventeen was big. With one, five, and six adding up to twelve points, it was naturally big.

Seeing this, Mu Jinyu's eyebrows slightly creased.

Indeed, not listening to the dice from the beginning made it very difficult to determine the exact points.

The croupier collected the chips, covered the dice cup, and immediately started shaking it vigorously with dazzling hand movements.

Meanwhile, Mu Jinyu gently closed his eyes, and as the dice inside the cup kept shaking, a vision of tumbling dice seemed to emerge in his mind.

"Snap!"

The croupier finished shaking and slapped the dice cup heavily on the gambling table.

"Place your bets on high or low, final bets, hands off."

The gamblers immediately started to place their bets.

When Mu Jinyu opened his eyes, he was very clear about the points of the dice inside the cup.

However, since he only had one chip, he still didn't dare to bet right now, deciding instead to watch another round.

Yes, he would bet after he was completely sure.

After the gamblers had placed their bets, the croupier lifted the cup, and when the revealed points were identical to what Mu Jinyu had predicted, he immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

He knew that today, he could make them lose to bankruptcy!

As the next round of betting started, after Mu Jinyu listened to the shaking of the dice, and after the croupier slammed the dice cup on the table and called out the slogan, he unhesitatingly placed his bet on high!

When revealed, the points added up to fourteen, and Mu Jinyu's chip immediately turned into two.

"Hmm, this is good."

Mu Jinyu chuckled softly, a satisfied smile appearing on his face.

After that, Mu Jinyu was no longer content with simply betting on high or low but began to bet on specific points, which had much higher odds.

Consequently, within a mere ten minutes, Mu Jinyu's paper chip bets grew from one hundred to one million yuan.

That was a ten-thousand-fold increase!

The surrounding gamblers, after witnessing Mu Jinyu win thrice in a row, also took notice of this Gambling God's arrival, and whenever he bet on something, they would all swarm to follow his bet.

The croupier's forehead was covered in cold sweat, his hands trembling as the crowd cheered him on, yet finally, he gritted his teeth and lifted the dice cup.

And the revealed points were indeed just as Mu Jinyu had bet.

"Oh yeah, long live the Gambling God!"

"Hahaha, that's so exhilarating, I've never felt this good gambling before."

"..."

Those who followed Mu Jinyu's bets on the specific points immediately cheered in unison, while those who were too slow to bet on the specific points and only bet on high or low silently regretted not being faster, resolved to act immediately in the next round.

Mu Jinyu's chips grew to ten million yuan.

The other gamblers who had followed the trend also made a good sum.

Wiping the sweat from his brow, the croupier could not dare to continue, knowing very well that Mu Jinyu was either there to disrupt the venue or as an expert trying to score big.

Current circumstances were completely out of his control; he needed to consult with the manager immediately.

"Sorry, I have to go to the bathroom."

The croupier forced a smile at everyone, spoke, and then immediately squeezed through the crowd, heading for the backstage.

"Hey, why are you running? Can't handle it?!"

"Exactly, if you're going to the bathroom, at least call another croupier over!"

The croupier's departure was met with a chorus of boos from the crowd.

Mu Jinyu knew the croupier was going to look for a manager, he watched with cool detachment, an indifferent expression on his face.

But inside, he was overjoyed.

So thrilling, to turn one hundred yuan into ten million, no wonder so many people love gambling.

The taste of becoming rich overnight was indeed irresistible.

Chapter 27 Li Heshan, Surveillance, Tampering

The croupier hurried to the back end of the gambling house.

He opened the door, panting, and said to the man lounging on the sofa and playing with his phone, "Supervisor, something terrible has happened, terrible..."

Upon hearing the commotion, Li Heshan put away his phone, his expression dissatisfied as he glanced sidelong with annoyance, "What's all this panic about? What happened?"

After catching his breath, the croupier hastily explained, "In the dice area, at table eighteen, a skilled gambler appeared. It's unclear whether he's here to smash the place up or make a sweep of money, but in just over ten minutes, he's gone from one hundred yuan to ten million yuan."

"What?!"

Li Heshan's gaze sharpened upon hearing the croupier's words, and he sat upright from his lazy sprawl on the sofa, the frivolous expression that seemed to care about nothing turning serious.

He spoke again, asking more earnestly, "From ten minutes, he went from one hundred yuan to ten million yuan? Are you certain you're not mistaken?"

"I'm not mistaken, I've seen with my own eyes how he's hauling in money," said the croupier, almost in tears.

Li Heshan's complexion changed rapidly upon hearing this.

After a moment, he said, "Go back, I'll check the surveillance room."

"Yes," replied the croupier with an answer, hastily leaving the room.

Li Heshan then stood up, left his office, and headed towards the adjacent surveillance room.

Inside the surveillance room, a group of monitor staff stared at their respective screens, occasionally murmuring into their headsets, coordinating covert manipulations with the croupiers in their area.

"Supervisor!"

Those who saw Li Heshan enter who didn't need to coordinate with the croupiers immediately greeted him.

Those who were too busy gave Li Heshan an apologetic look and nodded in acknowledgment.

"Carry on with your work," he said.

Li Heshan waved to them, signaling that they need not be tense and to focus on their work.

After that, he walked over to the monitor station covering the dice area.

In front of these operators, screens displayed the entire dice area and the dice points inside the cups on each gambling table.

Whenever gamblers hit numbers with high odds, they would coordinate with the croupier of that table, pressing a button in front of them, and immediately, the still-covered dice cup would shake again, tossing the dice to change the outcome.

But now, they all watched one screen with grave concern, as if facing a great enemy.

The screen showed the scene at table nineteen.

At table nineteen, a crowd of gamblers had gathered, nearly every player from the dice games had run over there, leaving the other tables almost deserted.

The reason for this situation was none other than the youngster in a vest, shorts, and flip-flops, who appeared to be seventeen or eighteen, having moved from table eighteen to this one.

This person was Mu Jinyu.

Mu Jinyu, of course, wouldn't just stand at the original table waiting for the fleeing croupier to return.

Who knew if he would come back at all?

Thus, after waiting for a minute, he shifted his stance to the neighboring table, number nineteen.

And the croupier responsible for table nineteen, upon Mu Jinyu's arrival, immediately turned deathly pale, sweat pouring down his face, shaking the dice cup in his hand for nearly a minute now, yet he hadn't dared to place it on the gambling table.

"Dealer Number Nineteen, you can stop now; we'll try to coordinate with you to manipulate the dice rolls in a minute."

The surveillance personnel, seeing the discontent growing among the gamblers gathered at Table Nineteen, hurriedly grabbed the headset and whispered instructions.

Previously, Mu Jinyu's betting had been insignificant, involving merely several hundred yuan, several thousand yuan, several tens of thousands yuan... naturally, it didn't attract their attention.

After all, bets of several tens of thousands yuan or over a hundred thousand yuan were trivial; their casino was large and couldn't possibly resort to tampering just because they were losing a few hundred thousand. If the gamblers couldn't see any potential for profit, why would they come back?

They preferred to let them win over a hundred thousand first, then lose it all later. After losing, they'd still leave them dreaming of getting rich overnight.

But as Mu Jinyu hit big, going from one million yuan to ten million yuan, and the other gamblers who followed suit also won big, they started to take notice of him.

Initially, they wanted to remind Dealer Number Eighteen that they would be coordinating with him in the next game to cheat.

But who would have guessed that the croupier would be so frightened he fled, telling them he was going to find a manager, and urging them not to act rashly, as a player of such caliber would definitely notice any foul play.

Now, seeing that Dealer Number Nineteen was barely holding on and the surrounding gamblers were growing discontented, they couldn't just tell the dealer to continue dealing; it seemed they had no choice but to try tampering themselves.

Thus, when Li Heshan arrived, the ones on high alert didn't even notice him.

"How's it going?"

As Li Heshan approached, he inquired.

"Ah?"

The surveillance staff jumped at the sound of Li Heshan's voice, startled that he'd taken an interest. While one kept watch, the others began to explain the situation to him.

They reported that after Mu Jinyu increased his bet to ten million yuan, the dealer at Table Nineteen didn't dare to start the game willy-nilly anymore. They couldn't delay any longer, and just now, they had notified the dealer to continue while they prepared to tamper with the game.

"Are we going to cheat this round?"

With their pillar of strength present, the few surveillance staff members relaxed and passed the question on to Li Heshan.

"Let's try it."

Li Heshan said expressionlessly.

Their casino had been operating in River City for many years, and what storms hadn't he weathered? They had dealt with gambling experts coming to stir up trouble before—either by sending highly skilled gamblers to drive them out or by paying them off to back down.

Therefore, although Li Heshan had been initially surprised, he soon calmed down.

Now, he was curious to see if Mu Jinyu was skilled enough to make him willingly offer money to get him to leave.

Of course, if Mu Jinyu were too greedy, demanding too much money, even if he managed to walk away with the cash, he would end up eliminated by the Snow-hidden Commerce Chamber behind their casino!

With these thoughts, Li Heshan maintained his focus on the screen, where Mu Jinyu, after the croupier placed the dice cup down, was seen pushing his chips onto a number on the table.

The gamblers who had been watching Mu Jinyu's every move immediately rushed forward to place their bets alongside him.

Those who couldn't bet on that exact number had no choice but to settle for betting on big or small, odd or even...

The surveillance staffer responsible for Table Nineteen, seeing the number inside the dice cup on the screen, identical to the one Mu Jinyu had bet on, broke out in cold sweat.

"This guy really has sharp ears for the dice!"

Recalling Li Heshan's words, he gritted his teeth, signaled the dealer to wait a moment before lifting the dice cup, then pressed a mechanism. Suddenly, the dice inside the cup quietly shifted.

In an instant, the numbers changed dramatically.

Chapter 28: Godly Maneuver, Meeting in Person, Brother Biao's Phone Call

The dice inside the dice cup quietly shifted, the noise was extremely soft, almost unheard amidst the noisy casino.

However, just because others couldn't hear it, didn't mean Mu Jinyu, who was focused on the dice, couldn't hear either.

When the numbers on the dice inside the dice cup all changed, Mu Jinyu's expression slightly shifted.

He knew the staff at the casino had begun to tamper with the game.

The dice cup had been rigged, something that was almost a certainty at this establishment.

In the past, the button to control the dice cup's mechanism was under the croupier's foot. If something felt off, a slight step by the foot could immediately reset the dice's numbers.

However, later, because these tamperings were discovered by a gambling expert skilled in "listening" to dice, the scandal had created a huge uproar.

Afterward, the casinos concealed these control buttons backstage. They even installed surveillance cameras inside the dice cups, making it even more perfectly controlled.

Even after such exposures, gamblers, fully aware that things were not entirely fair and still quite shady, continued to come in droves.

After all, people always harbor a stroke of luck, especially gamblers. Even knowing that they always lose in gambling, they still feel they definitely won't be the ones losing money.

With these thoughts swirling in his mind, Mu Jinyu watched the excited eyes and flushed faces of the surrounding gamblers, silently laughing at their ignorance, played by others in the palm of someone's hand.

Then, he looked at the croupier who was about to lift the dice cup, a faint cold smile lifting the corners of his mouth.

"Originally, I wanted to gamble with you fairly, but since you started cheating first, don't blame me for playing tricks too,"

With a silent sneer in his heart, Mu Jinyu stood with his arms behind his back, his right foot seemingly inadvertently stamping the ground.

Afterward, a surge of inner strength, imperceptible to others, suddenly transferred from underneath Mu Jinyu's foot to the ground. It spread all the way to the gambling table, then climbed up the table leg, and finally burst into the dice cup...

When the croupier suddenly lifted the dice cup, the numbers displayed inside matched exactly those Mu Jinyu had bet on!

The croupier, staring at the numbers, widened his eyes in disbelief.

"Oh yeah, long live the Gambling God!"

"Hahaha, we're rich, we're rich..."

Seeing this, the gamblers who had followed Mu Jinyu's bet immediately began cheering loudly again.

They were unaware of the undercurrents beneath this game, which almost led to their ruin; they were only praising Mu Jinyu's brilliant calculations.

Mu Jinyu couldn't help but reflect, sometimes, ignorance indeed is bliss.

And as Mu Jinyu's chips increased from ten million yuan to a billion, and he smiled faintly while gathering his chips.

"How is this possible?!"

Backstage, in the surveillance room.

The surveillance personnel and Li Heshan all widened their eyes, unable to believe the scene before them.

They had just adjusted the numbers to something else, so why did they change back when the dice cup was opened?

They were stunned, puzzled by what had transpired.

"Adjust the surveillance, rewind, and watch the moment the dice cup was uncovered again, slow down the speed,"

Li Heshan ordered sternly, "Also, inform the croupier at table nineteen to hold off starting the next game. I'll go out and meet him later!"

"Okay!"

The staff started adjusting the surveillance footage, rewinding to the moment the dice cup was uncovered and slowing down the speed for Li Heshan to study.

The slow-motion footage revealed that just before the croupier opened the dice cup, the dice inside were suddenly struck by some inexplicable force, quickly flipped a few times, and then reverted to their original numbers.

"How... how is this possible?!"

"How did he do that?!"

"What kind of sorcery is this?"

"Why didn't he even touch the gambling table, yet when the dice cup was lifted, the numbers had changed back again?!"

Upon witnessing this scene, the many staff members widened their eyes and then started rubbing them, thinking they had seen wrong.

But the scene that repeatedly played in front of them, even after they rubbed their eyes, stayed the same and they suddenly realized they were dealing with a true master.

"A master, this is a master..."

Li Heshan saw this scene, his eyes flickering with brilliance, and he murmured softly.

Originally, Li Heshan had planned to make Mu Jinyu realize during the dice shaking that listening to the dice was futile, hoping he would give up and switch to playing poker instead.

Then, it would be time for his gambling skill expert to spar with him, to see who had the superior cheating techniques.

Of course, even if his gambling expert's cheating techniques were inferior to Mu Jinyu's, with the help of surveillance for cheating, as long as Mu Jinyu wasn't at the Gambling God's level, suppressing him would generally pose no problem.

And if his gambling expert still couldn't beat Mu Jinyu with the aid of surveillance,

then they had no choice but to concede, pay him off, and ask Mu Jinyu to leave.

But now it seemed, this guy's cheating techniques were worthy of making him voluntarily pay to resolve the issue.

However, all these would still have to wait until he met Mu Jinyu personally.

Li Heshan himself was a gambling expert and had once been called "Gambling King."

Late, for some reason, he had retired from Jianghu, moved to River City, and took charge of this underground casino.

Seeing Mu Jinyu's tactics now, whether it was an itch in his hands or his duty, he had to go out and meet Mu Jinyu.

"You guys keep watching here; I'll go out and meet him!"

Li Heshan instructed, then prepared to go out and confront Mu Jinyu's mysterious cheating techniques.

Just then.

His phone suddenly rang.

Li Heshan paused in his steps, took out his phone to check the caller ID, and immediately, his eyes narrowed and he straightened up, answering the call.

"Hello, Brother Biao? What's up?" Li Heshan asked tentatively.

From the other side of the phone, a hoarse voice spoke voluminously, "Hey, Li, how's the business in your casino? We're a bit tight on cash recently, so you need to pay this month's due today, earlier than usual."

On hearing this, Li Heshan's heart tightened, and he inquired hastily, "Brother Biao, what happened that you need me to pay earlier than scheduled?!"

He knew that under normal circumstances, Brother Biao wouldn't ask him to pay earlier. It must be a significant crisis, the Xueyin Commerce Chamber urgently needing money, to call their underlings to pay in advance.

But now, he had just lost a hundred million yuan to Mu Jinyu, and with other gamblers following suit, he had already lost four to five hundred million yuan.

How could he afford to pay early?

Therefore, he couldn't help but feel anxious.

Brother Biao sighed on hearing this and explained, "Yesterday, Big Sister was tricked by enemies, involved in a car accident, nearly lost her life, though luckily someone influential helped in time, averting danger, but we also lost a Thousand-year Ginseng worth over five hundred million yuan... "

Pausing for a moment, Brother Biao said with some pain, "Now we need to prepare for a fight with our rivals, and we're short on cash, so I had to call you guys to pay up early."

Chapter 29: Brother Biao is Coming, One Game to Determine the Winner, Just a Bit More.

"What?!"

Li Heshan was greatly shocked upon hearing the news.

He truly hadn't expected that Big Sister nearly lost her life the day before.

When such a big incident had occurred and a clash between both sides was imminent, it was no wonder that they wanted to settle accounts early, he instantly understood.

But...

Thinking about the situation on his side.

Li Heshan forced a wry smile and responded, "Brother Biao, this... it's not that I'm trying to brush you off, but my casino just had someone come in to disrupt the place, and I've already incurred a loss of nearly five hundred million. As soon as I deal with this trouble, I'll settle the account immediately."

"What, that's happened too?!"

Upon hearing this, Brother Biao was also startled.

He knew that Li Heshan definitely wouldn't dare to stall, it seemed his situation wasn't too good either.

Then Brother Biao suddenly thought, Big Sister had just been calculated into a car accident yesterday, today they urgently needed to raise money for war, and now the most profitable casino down below was being disrupted...

It was hard to believe that it wasn't the same group of people behind these deeds!

"How many people are causing the disruption at your place?" Brother Biao asked gravely.

"Just one person," Li Heshan responded with a wry smile.

"Alright then, you hold him off for now, wait for me to come over and clean him up! Damn it, do they really think we're that easy to bully?"

After cursing, Brother Biao directly hung up the phone.

Li Heshan put his phone away, shaking his head slightly, feeling sympathy for the impending misfortune about to befall Mu Jinyu.

He then adjusted his feelings and walked out of the control room, towards the underground casino.

...

Underground casino.

Dice area.

Table number nineteen.

"Hurry up and start the next game, will you? What's with all the dawdling?!"

"Come on! Can't handle it? If you can't play, just say so; we can go to another casino!"

"..."

The crowd was agitated, and the croupier, sweating profusely, kept his head down, not daring to utter a word.

Because he had been notified to stall Mu Jinyu until Li Heshan could meet with him, he deliberately hadn't started the next game after Mu Jinyu's chips exceeded ten million yuan.

But this move was naturally going to incite public outrage, causing the gamblers around to start cursing.

A group of people shouted for the croupier to hurry up with the next game while telling Mu Jinyu to move to another table.

At that moment, Mu Jinyu didn't move to another table.

He knew that once his chips had gone from ten million yuan to one hundred million yuan, they would not let him gamble freely anymore.

After all, if he won another game, that would turn into one billion yuan.

Put simply, they just couldn't afford to lose anymore.

A large group of gamblers were following the bets. If he won one billion yuan, the casino wouldn't just lose one billion; with the trends, they'd likely lose another five or six hundred million yuan.

And when they discovered that even the mechanisms inside the dice cup still had no effect on him.

Next, it was time for the casino manager to step forward and negotiate with him.

Mu Jinyu stayed very calm; he didn't become agitated or lose control even though he had turned one hundred yuan into one billion in just half an hour.

He quietly waited for the casino manager to come out.

Soon.

As Li Heshan appeared, the gamblers who were making an uproar immediately started quieting down.

They were all seasoned gamblers and naturally all knew the person in charge of this underground casino, Li Heshan.

They also knew he was a gambling expert. Whenever the casino encountered someone trying to wreck the place or a card shark looking to score some quick cash, he would step in. With his seemingly magical gambling skills, he made people lose so badly that they left with their tails between their legs.

Seeing Li Heshan step forward, everyone's hearts were filled with both anticipation and disappointment.

The anticipation was because they were about to witness a match of unparalleled gambling skills.

The disappointment, however, was because they could no longer ride the wave and make a quick buck.

That was because no matter whether Mu Jinyu won or lost, the casino would ask him to leave.

If he lost, of course, he would slink away with his face in tatters, but if he won, the casino would present him with a satisfying sum with both hands and ask him to leave.

Apart from a few insatiable gambling addicts who were muttering under their breath, the other gamblers, though disappointed, all appeared quite calm.

They didn't bother cursing, after all, they had just followed the trend; while Mu Jinyu feasted, they too had sipped plenty of broth.

It was time to quit while they were ahead.

"Young man, our casino is too small to withstand your kind of turmoil. How about we gamble on one game to decide it all? Win, and I'll give you all the profits from the casino this month; lose, and that one billion is still yours—as long as you leave afterward!"

As Li Heshan approached, the crowded masses automatically parted to create a path for him to walk over to Mu Jinyu.

Mu Jinyu's eyes flickered upon hearing Li Heshan's words, and then looking at him with a half-smile, he asked, "How much is your casino's monthly profit?"

Li Heshan stretched out and crossed his index fingers on both hands, saying, "Ten billion."

Actually, it was more than ten billion.

Though this underground casino could not compare to Haojiang Casino, its monthly profits definitely exceeded ten billion. However, he couldn't outright tell Mu Jinyu the exact amount.

Nor could he say it in front of all the other gamblers.

Mu Jinyu thought that the figure was about right.

Of course, if the croupier had continued the game at that moment, his bet would also have been around that number; but now, with stakes so high, they no longer wanted to play with him, preferring instead to resolve things in a single decisive round.

So he agreed.

Mu Jinyu nodded and said, "Alright, let's do it!"

"How shall we play?" he asked after agreeing.

Li Heshan replied, "You're an expert at listening to dice, guessing high or low won't make sense. Let's see who can roll the larger number."

Hearing Li Heshan's proposition, the surrounding gamblers felt somewhat confused, wondering what he was up to.

They were both gambling experts, yet they were going to compete to see who could roll the larger number.

The maximum number on a single dice is six, so no matter how many dice there were, with their expertise, surely they could all roll sixes, which would only result in a tie, right?

And seeing Li Heshan's confident and fearless expression, could it be that he had a way to roll an extra point?

They were perplexed.

Mu Jinyu did not think too much and straightforwardly agreed, "Alright, let's start. You go first!"

He couldn't grasp Li Heshan's strategy, so he simply let Li Heshan go first.

"Okay." Li Heshan nodded upon hearing that, indifferent to the order of turns.

Then, Li Heshan had the croupier at table nineteen leave, picked up the dice cup, and took three new dice from the drawer and put them in, reminding again, "Six dice, the one with the larger number wins, alright?"

"No problem." Mu Jinyu said.

As soon as Mu Jinyu responded, Li Heshan immediately covered the dice cup, and then with extremely complicated maneuvers, started shaking it, producing a dizzying array of afterimages, while inside the dice cup, the dice and the cup collided violently, sounding like hail pelting a window.

"Tatatata!!"

Everyone present listened to this sound, none speaking, their eyes fervently fixed on Li Heshan.

With a confident and easy smile on his face, after shaking for nearly three minutes, Li Heshan's gaze suddenly sharpened, and then he slammed the dice cup hard on the table before swiftly lifting it!

"Hiss!"

Upon seeing the six dice revealed under the bottom of the cup and their corresponding numbers, everyone present simultaneously inhaled a breath of cold air.

They saw that all six dice showed six points, and beyond that, there seemed to be an extra "one" point...

Chapter 30: Contentment, Within the Rules, I Can't Guess!

The extra "one" point, strictly speaking, couldn't actually be considered a real point.

Because it had been forcibly shaken off from one of the dice.

Each die has six sides, and while Li Heshan hadn't only shaken the six dice to the side with six points, he had also, through inscrutable means, forcibly shaken off the side with one point from one of the dice without damaging the whole die.

This made it lay flat in the bottom of the dice cup with the other six dice, creating an extra "one" point out of thin air.

This forced everyone to marvel at his technique.

No wonder he took three minutes to shake, at first, everyone thought he was just putting on an act.

It turned out that he was holding back a major move.

Seeing the astonished looks and the sounds of sharp intakes of breath from everyone, Li Heshan felt extremely proud, his lips unconsciously curling into a smile.

He actually wanted to shake off more points from several other dice, but it was too difficult, if he didn't control his strength well, the whole die would be destroyed.

Shaking off one face of a die to create an extra point was already his limit, and if he tried to force more, he feared that the whole die would break apart.

And if even one die broke, then he would definitely lose.

He dared not gamble, so he had to settle for this.

At any rate, he was certain to win.

Li Heshan believed, after many years in this field, that Mu Jinyu, this young man, could not possibly be stronger than him and shake out an additional point.

He probably hadn't even considered that possibility before, had he?

He must be very confused right now.

Li Heshan, looking at Mu Jinyu's thoughtful gaze, silently lamented that he was too young and naïve, not knowing there are always others stronger out there.

Shaking his head slightly, Li Heshan thought that this young man was now having his eyes opened by him and knew that if he didn't learn from him, he'd undoubtedly lose.

But he had never tried this before, so shaking the dice apart must be very difficult for him, right?

Li Heshan felt proud internally, but he did not completely underestimate Mu Jinyu.

After all, Mu Jinyu's ability to seemingly effortlessly reset the dice numbers inside the dice cup while standing still was still something that Li Heshan found quite daunting.

If not for that, he wouldn't have immediately uncovered the dice cup as soon as he was done shaking.

He was afraid that Mu Jinyu would do something similar while he was playing up to the crowd and stewing in his own emotions, secretly changing the numbers.

Then he wouldn't be able to shake the dice cup again right?

Therefore, Li Heshan's impression of this young man, Mu Jinyu, was a mix of wariness, admiration, and a bit of pity.

He thought that if Mu Jinyu had some time to slowly practice, he estimated he could shake out two or even three points from the dice.

But now, because Brother Biao was coming over to handle him, after this loss, he feared that he would no longer have a chance to practice slowly.

Mu Jinyu was unaware of just how much Li Heshan was playacting in his mind; he looked at the cracked dice and the coin-like "one" point lying in the bottom of the dice cup, his eyes full of contemplation.

"So it can be done like this too?" Mu Jinyu murmured softly.

After a moment.

Mu Jinyu snapped back to reality, listening to the surprised discussions of the people around him, and looked up at Li Heshan, asking, "Is this technique within the rules?"

"Of course!" Thinking Mu Jinyu was scared and trying to say this move didn't count, Li Heshan immediately nodded vigorously.

At the same time, his glance signaled his cronies to echo his statement loudly.

"Of course it's within the rules, haven't you seen? There are still only six dice," one chimed in.

"This is a Gambling King tactic, what do you know? If you could do the same, turning one die to show six sides, we'll acknowledge you as the Gambling God!" another added.

"Exactly, can't handle losing? If you can't take a loss, you better just leave!"

"..."

At first, it was just Li Heshan's cronies echoing and mocking, but soon, the uninformed gamblers who also thought Li Heshan's method was clever and reasonable began to chime in.

Seeing everyone on his side, Li Heshan's eyes gleamed with victorious delight, and he said, "Young man, if you can't do it, and can only shake out six sixes, I think you should just give up, keep some dignity for yourself, and leave!"

Mu Jinyu ignored the crowd's ridicule, and upon hearing Li Heshan's advice, his usually calm face suddenly broke into a happy smile.

"Since it's within the rules, then I..." Mu Jinyu spoke softly, looking at Li Heshan, and indifferently said, "Alright!"

At that moment, he felt both amused and annoyed. The fellow appeared fearful that he would declare the play invalid, adopting a stance as if everything was set in stone, which was quite comical.

He did not realize that he was merely playing the lute to a cow.

In front of a martial arts expert, playing such petty tricks, did he really think he couldn't handle it?

Could he not move the numbers inside the dice cup from a distance with his inner strength, or possibly not even dice chips?

Hah...

Since this fellow insisted on humiliating himself, Mu Jinyu decided he might as well oblige him.

Li Heshan, upon hearing Mu Jinyu's words, was slightly startled, suddenly feeling a bad premonition rising inside.

Then, he quickly comforted himself, thinking that Mu Jinyu was just putting on an act to scare him, trying to make him opt for another type of gambling game.

Yes... It must be so.

After Mu Jinyu finished speaking, he ignored Li Heshan, picked up the dice cup, discarded the dice that were under the lid, and then picked up six intact dice from the gambling table, placed them inside the cup, and closed it.

He then started to gently shake it.

"Clatter, clatter, clatter..."

Mu Jinyu's action of shaking the dice cup was very gentle, unlike Li Heshan's, which was like a sudden downpour, relying on brute force and skill to crack a face of the dice.

Li Heshan closed his eyes, listening to Mu Jinyu shaking the dice cup.

He, too, was an expert at discerning dice sounds.

At first, his expression was calm, even somewhat disdainful, but gradually, his face turned solemn.

Because initially, he was able to hear clearly the six dice gently shaking inside the dice cup in Mu Jinyu's hands.

But soon, it seemed as if another piece was mingling lightly with the six dice.

After that, the items shaking inside the dice cup seemed to increase...

So much so that he could no longer discern the clear sound of whole dice shaking.

Li Heshan's face grew pale, his heart suddenly clenched.

A bad premonition rose within him.

Could it be?

It can't be, can it?

Surely not?

He shouldn't be this perverse, should he?!

As Li Heshan gradually began to doubt everything,

"Clang!"

Mu Jinyu stopped shaking the dice cup and sharply slammed it down onto the gambling table.

Li Heshan's tightly closed eyes also opened at the same moment.

His gaze, skeptical and horrified, fixed on Mu Jinyu.

Mu Jinyu looked back at him, with a smile that was not quite a smile, and said, "Uncle, guess how many points I shook."

Li Heshan's followers, who originally wanted to mock loudly and incite the crowd, seeing Li Heshan's ugly expression, dared not speak recklessly.

Li Heshan felt very uneasy, the bad premonition intensifying. He looked at Mu Jinyu, and from his gaze, he saw full confidence.

This made him even more unsettled.

Swallowing hard, Li Heshan shook his head and said, "I can't guess..."

Upon hearing this, everyone also held their breath, their anticipation rising again for what they thought was a one-sided gambling match.

Upon hearing Li Heshan's words, Mu Jinyu smiled faintly, his hand moved, and he suddenly lifted the dice cup.