

## **King Hall 31**

Chapter 31: Crushing, Schadenfreude, Quit While You're Ahead?

Everyone focused their gaze.

Suddenly, when Mu Jinyu lifted the cover of the dice cup, what was revealed were no intact dice at all.

They were all broken pieces, fragments of the dice with numbered faces!

And yet, they were all laid out completely intact.

Because the bottom cover of the dice cup was too small, it was impossible to lay out all the fragments of the numbered dice flat, but Mu Jinyu still managed to prioritize the fragments with six and five points, revealing them without being covered by smaller numbered fragments.

As a result, at a glance, people saw a mix of red and white, and without looking carefully, it was impossible to discern they were actually pieces of dice.

"Hiss!"

After everyone saw clearly, they collectively couldn't help but gasp in astonishment.

They felt that Mu Jinyu's technique was even more transcendent than that of Li Heshan, the Gambling King; it was truly befitting to call him the contemporary Gambling God.

Subsequently, their gaze toward Li Heshan, whose face was turning ugly, became one of sympathy and sadness.

The points that Li Heshan rolled were six sixes, thirty-six, plus one point, totaling thirty-seven points.

If it were under normal circumstances, he would have definitely won.

But faced with the freak that was Mu Jinyu, who could roll dice with his bare hands but make the dice split as if cut by a knife, extracting all six faces of a dice with their numbers intact.

How could he still be a match?!

Li Heshan saw the strange looks in people's eyes when they looked at him, and his pale face turned even whiter in an instant.

The bad premonition in his heart had proven to be correct. But at this moment, he wished it were wrong.

It was all over.

He had lost.

1.1 billion... growing wings, about to fly away... THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY novelFire.net

How should he explain this to Brother Biao?

No, that's not right...

The originally ashen-faced Li Heshan had a flash of inspiration at this thought and suddenly his eyes lit up as he realized...

Wasn't it Brother Biao who asked him to delay Mu Jinyu as much as possible?

Even though he had lost to Mu Jinyu, this guy might not live to take away the 1.1 billion!

Then he could still make his accounting!

Li Heshan suddenly felt fortunate in his heart.

Mu Jinyu did not know the turn of thoughts in Li Heshan's mind, looking at his pale face and his expression changing unpredictably, thinking that he was considering going back on his word, he said:

"What's the matter? Uncle, won't you go count and see if my points are indeed greater than yours? Or are you saying that you can't afford to lose, intending to welsh on the bet?!"

Mu Jinyu stared at Li Heshan, his tone was calm but carried a hint of coldness.

On hearing this, Li Heshan's body shook, and he quickly came back to his senses. Although his face was still very ugly, he managed to squeeze out a faint smile.

While looking at Mu Jinyu, though he couldn't help but feel a certain schadenfreude for what was to come for him, he still put on a bitter expression and sighed:

"There's no need to count. Your six-point and five-point dice fragments are all neatly laid out; without counting, it's much more than my six sixes and one point..."

Yes, a single dice has a total of twenty-one points, six dice have one hundred and twenty-six points, Mu Jinyu managed to shake all six faces of the dice, revealing the numbered sides. Even without counting the points from the shattered pieces that were pressed underneath, it was more than enough to crush his opponent.

This is an indisputable fact that no one can deny with their eyes open.

"Time to pay up," Mu Jinyu said with a smile, extending his hand.

"Come with me," Li Heshan sighed, as if he had resigned himself to his fate.

Mu Jinyu collected all the chips receipts from the gambling table and then followed Li Heshan, leaving the gambling hall under the envious gaze of the many gamblers.

Everyone watched Mu Jinyu's retreating back, one person said enviously, "I envy him so much. In just half an hour, he actually won 1.1 billion. If I had his ability, that would really be amazing."

Hearing this sigh, a group of people echoed in agreement and sighed, but then someone threw cold water on their thoughts, "What's there to envy? That guy doesn't know when to quit while he's ahead. He scooped up nearly a month's profits from the casino. Do you really think the casino will let him take the money and leave?"

"This..."

Hearing what the wet blanket had said, those who were originally filled with envy and jealousy suddenly stiffened.

Indeed.

Previously, Li Heshan had offered Mu Jinyu a deal, to gamble against him and, even if he lost, he could still take 1 billion and leave. It was probably a hint for Mu Jinyu to quit while he was ahead...

But Mu Jinyu, young and full of vigor, didn't take the hint and won 1.1 billion from the casino in one fell swoop. Could the casino really let him leave?

Although this underground casino usually opts to pay off highly skilled gamblers to avoid trouble, it has been said that these few days were when the casino had to settle accounts with their superiors.

With a shortfall of over ten billion all of a sudden, would Li Heshan choose to pay off the trouble caused by Mu Jinyu, or...

...directly deal with the source of the trouble?!

Thinking about this, the faces of those who had envied and resented Mu Jinyu began to show a hint of schadenfreude.

...

Mu Jinyu followed Li Heshan to his office.

After Mu Jinyu entered the office, Li Heshan closed the door and then looked at Mu Jinyu, who was sizing up the office's decor, and sighed, "Actually, you should have quit while you were ahead."

"Huh?!" Mu Jinyu immediately understood that he was preparing to default on the payment.

No wonder he had asked him to come to the office; that way, if he took care of him and reneged on the bet, even if the gamblers outside speculated something, there would be no evidence to prove that their casino really defaulted.

Unfortunately for him, the person he aimed to deceive was Mu Jinyu himself, and that meant the debt could not be simply shrugged off!

Mu Jinyu shook his head slightly and scoffed, "Quit while I'm ahead? Have you ever done that? When you were shamelessly bullying a lonely girl, why didn't you know when to stop?"

Mu Jinyu didn't plan to lay a hand on Li Heshan immediately. He wasn't here to gamble for money, but to thoroughly put an end to the persistent harassment Wen Rou faced from those thugs.

So, he was prepared to be polite first and forceful later, otherwise, he would have simply smashed up the gambling hall from the start.

Why wait until now to take action?

"Huh? What do you mean?!"

Li Heshan, recognizing Mu Jinyu's exceptional gambling talent, had hoped to convince him not to dwell on the money and to leave quickly to save his life.

But hearing Mu Jinyu's words, he suddenly felt that Mu Jinyu's reason for starting trouble might not be for the money but to stand up for someone and demand justice?!

Mu Jinyu looked directly at Li Heshan, and seeing the confusion in his eyes, which didn't seem feigned, he realized that the high-interest rates and protection fees the thugs demanded from Wen Rou weren't orchestrated by Li Heshan, but rather the thugs' own initiative.

"Heh..." Mu Jinyu sneered coldly and then informed Li Heshan of the thugs' treatment of Wen Rou.

Chapter 32 Blond Thug Strikes, Begs for Mercy, Brother Biao Save Me!

Mu Jinyu finished speaking, then lifted his eyes to stare at Li Heshan, eager to see if he would take action to clean up his ranks now that he knew there was such a miscreant sabotaging the reputation of his subordinates.

And if Li Heshan still didn't take the hint after Mu Jinyu had spoken plainly, and if reason failed to convince, then courtesy would be set aside and force would follow!

Time to use his fists to explain the facts of life!

After listening, Li Heshan's expression turned stormy and uncertain.

Being in charge of this underground gambling den, he naturally often mingled in the gray areas.

But he had always despised and spit upon those who bullied orphans, widows, and the disabled!

If it were his ordinary subordinates, he would have summoned someone to break their limbs and then banish them from River City.

Yet, the thugs that Mu Jinyu mentioned, from their described clothing and appearance, he immediately guessed the identities of those who had troubled Mu Jinyu.

The blond thug who had caused trouble for Wen Rou, his cousin, was Brother Biao's girlfriend, after all.

Although the relationship wasn't too close, he was Brother Biao's uncle by marriage, otherwise, he wouldn't have been tossed to his side to pass the days.

Seeing Li Heshan's expression, Mu Jinyu knew he wouldn't take action to clean up the ranks. The rightful source is novel•fire.net

Although he felt disappointed in his heart, he also found it quite normal and was about to ask for a clear statement, then use his fists to gently explain things to Li Heshan—

"Bang!!"

The door of Li Heshan's office was suddenly kicked open.

Mu Jinyu turned at the sound and saw the person entering was actually the same blond thug who had looked for trouble with Wen Rou yesterday.

"Heh..."

Mu Jinyu couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"Ah-Shan, Brother Biao mentioned that someone came to stir up trouble in our gambling den? He sent me to take care of it..."

The blond thug swaggered in after kicking open the door, not even bothering to glance at the people inside as he began talking to himself.

But halfway through, when he thought of how to torment the bastard who had come for trouble, excitement sparkled in his eyes. Then, waving his bandaged hand in the air, his gaze settled on Mu Jinyu who was watching him with an amused, yet not smiling, expression.

The words he had yet to finish about how to torment someone were immediately swallowed back down in fear upon seeing Mu Jinyu's face.

Seeing the devil's face that caused him a sleepless night just a blink away, the blond thug couldn't help but show a look of fear, and the hand wrapped in bandages seemed to start hurting again as he unconsciously took several steps backward.

But soon, the blond thug snapped back to reality.

This was his home turf, what was there to be afraid of?

"What are you doing here?!"

The blond thug mustered his courage, glaring fiercely at Mu Jinyu, and demanded.

Mu Jinyu said with a smile, "I came to make some extra cash, and incidentally, to deal with you!"

"You?!"

On hearing Mu Jinyu's words, the blond thug was truly infuriated.

Thinking how his hand had been injured by him and he hadn't yet settled the score, this guy actually dared to come looking for trouble again—the anger in his heart sizzled and steamed.

"Ah-Shan, this guy's tough, hurry and call some more people to subdue him, I want to take care of him myself later!"

The blond thug instructed Li Heshan.

He wasn't very respectful towards Li Heshan since he always felt he was Brother Biao's man, and Li Heshan was just another one of Brother Biao's subordinates, so they were on the same level.

Li Heshan saw the Blond Thug appear and the conflict that arose with Mu Jinyu, and he knew that the idea of convincing Mu Jinyu to leave before Brother Biao's arrival was impossible now.

He was also greatly annoyed by the Blond Thug's extremely disrespectful manner of address and the tone in which he gave orders. Under normal circumstances, he would have scolded him right away.

But knowing that Brother Biao would be coming soon, he thought it over and decided to swallow his anger.

"Thud thud thud!!"

Li Heshan didn't shout for the thugs waiting outside to come in and deal with Mu Jinyu, but they rushed in anyway, thinking that Mu Jinyu was going to harm Li Heshan, swarming into the room at once.

Right after, without waiting for Li Heshan to say anything, this group of muscular and ferocious strong men, armed with Swing Sticks and Electric Batons, launched an attack on Mu Jinyu.

Seeing this, Li Heshan couldn't say anything more.

He just silently lamented over the wasted gambling talent of Mu Jinyu.

But he decided that after Mu Jinyu's death, he would definitely not allow that Blond Thug to continue harassing the girl Mu Jinyu had wanted to protect.

The Blond Thug had already fled to the entrance, fearing that Mu Jinyu, unable to swallow his pride after being beaten up, would choose death over letting go and would risk injury to strike back at him, even while being hit.

Standing at the entrance, he saw Mu Jinyu surrounded by the strong men and let out a breath of relief, then his eyes revealed a malicious glee.

"The path to heaven lies before you, yet you refuse; there is no door to hell, yet you enter! Hahaha..."

After finishing his words, the Blond Thug couldn't help but burst out into a wild laugh, as if he could already see Mu Jinyu wailing miserably under the fists of his henchmen.

However, before his laughter lasted even a few seconds, the next scene made his smile freeze on his lips.

"Bang bang bang!!"

In front of the astonished and incredulous gazes of the Blond Thug and Li Heshan, they saw the group of strong men, upon rushing forward, being knocked out one by one by the punches and kicks of Mu Jinyu.

Then, like plasters on the wall, they stuck there firmly until, after ten seconds, they fell down like pictures blown off a wall by the wind.

"Looking at your unrepentant face, it seems you are still coveting Wen Rou! It appears I did not come here in vain to deal with this matter today!"

Mu Jinyu dusted off his hands, shaking away the grime, and said indifferently while looking at the Blond Thug, who was sweating profusely.

The Blond Thug swallowed hard and then quickly knelt on the ground, begging for mercy with his head bowing nonstop:

"Big Brother spare my life, I will never dare again, I will never have any improper thoughts toward Sister-in-law again, please spare my life!"

Li Heshan, upon witnessing this scene, had a complex look in his eyes and took a long time to collect himself.

In his heart, he secretly feared how close he had come to danger; fortunately, he had only tried to stabilize Mu Jinyu and, mindful of his remarkable gambling talent, still wanted him to leave to avoid falling victim to Brother Biao.

Otherwise, if he had been the kind of man greedy for credit and had tried to subdue Mu Jinyu before Brother Biao arrived, chances are he would be lying down as well by now!

As Mu Jinyu listened to the Blond Thug's knocking and begging, a cold smile on his lips, he was about to go over and give him a Bone Shattering Hand he would not forget, to ensure that he would never dare to harass Wen Rou again—

Outside the door, suddenly there came a series of steady and forceful footsteps.

Then, a crowd of burly men dressed in suits and wearing sunglasses appeared, escorting a plainly dressed but swaggeringly walking hulking man chomping on a cigar. It was none other than the hulking man, Ah-Biao, who Mu Jinyu had encountered during the car accident the other day and with whom he had obtained a Thousand-year Ginseng.

"Damn, what's with all this noise, someone kowtowing? Is it that troublemaking Card Shark from before?!"

Ah-Biao entered without looking closely, not seeing Mu Jinyu nor noticing that the person bowing incessantly with his back towards him was his own uncle; he offhandedly teased.

Upon hearing Ah-Biao's words, the Blond Thug felt like he had encountered a savior and immediately turned to shout:

"Brother Biao, save me!"

Chapter 33: Slap, Confinement, Taking on Gambling Debts!

When the Blond Thug raised his head after kowtowing, he naturally noticed the cold glint in Mu Jinyu's eyes and knew that he wouldn't be let off easily.

But just moments ago, since he had no way to escape, he could only continue kowtowing helplessly, pinning his hopes on the chance that the other might mercifully let him go.

And now, seeing his cousin-in-law coming over, the sheer joy in his heart was indescribable.

He hurriedly shouted, "Brother Biao, save me," as he got up and ran behind Ah-Biao. Then, he glared maliciously at Mu Jinyu and, pointing at him, complained:

"Brother Biao, that guy there is the card shark who cheated at our gambling den. I was just about to deal with him before you arrived, but who knew he'd be so fierce? He didn't take you seriously at all, overturned all our men, and was even about to lay hands on me..."

As the Blond Thug pointed at Mu Jinyu, he racked his brain to list all of Mu Jinyu's alleged crimes, completely oblivious to the expression and gaze of Ah-Biao, whom he saw as his savior.

When Ah-Biao saw the Blond Thug pointing at Mu Jinyu, informing him that this was the card shark who had cheated at the gambling den, he recognized Mu Jinyu amidst the mockingly amused expression as the Divine Doctor who had saved Big Sister the day before.

After listening to all the lies the Blond Thug concocted, Ah-Biao felt both embarrassed and amused.

Finally, unable to stand Mu Jinyu's expression any longer, he became a bit enraged and, with a sudden flick of his hand...

...slapped the Blond Thug across the face.

"Smack!!"

The slap sounded crisp and loud.

"Shut up!"

Ah-Biao bellowed.

The Blond Thug immediately closed his mouth, then covered his stinging right cheek, looking up at Ah-Biao in disbelief, unable to believe he would actually hit him.

But what he found even more unbelievable was that after Ah-Biao had hit him, he actually hurried over to Mu Jinyu's side with a bootlicking, ingratiating smile and apologetically said, "Doctor Mu, so sorry, so sorry, I had no idea you were coming to play. I've been negligent in my control, making you suffer inconvenience." The source of this content is novel—fire.net

When he said this, not only was the Blond Thug in disbelief, but so were Li Heshan and the group of subordinates that Ah-Biao had brought along. They all found it unimaginable that the formidable Brother Biao would actually kneel before Mu Jinyu, a young man.

Ah-Biao, too, was suffering inside; he didn't want to fawn over Mu Jinyu like a slavish dog.

But after Mu Jinyu left yesterday, his Big Sister Mei Yinxue had informed their core members that if they ever encountered Mu Jinyu again, they should treat him with the same respect as her because she owed him her life.

Ah-Biao didn't dare to disobey Mei Yinxue's instructions. He feared that if he acted contrary to them and Big Sister found out later, he would be in deep trouble, so he had to swallow his pride.

"So it turns out this underground gambling den is yours, huh?!"

Upon hearing Ah-Biao's apology, Mu Jinyu also noticed his insincere tone but didn't mind. He just found it funny how small the world was, running into the same bunch of people he had met just yesterday. He couldn't help but feel amazed.

"Yes, I didn't expect you to come and play here. I heard some nonsense from my subordinates a moment ago and thought that the card shark was making trouble again, hahaha... So I hurried over!"

Ah-Biao explained with a rather awkward tone.

At this moment, the Blond Thug finally regained his composure but still couldn't believe what he was seeing. He couldn't help but say, "Brother Biao, but he's the card shark. He hit me, crippled one of my hands, how can you be so polite to him?"

"Shut up!"

Ah-Biao saw the Blond Thug still failing to recognize the facts before him and furiously turned to glare at him, bellowing out a scolding.

"Doctor Mu crippled your hand. Surely it was because you did something wrong that he had to discipline you. He did this for your own good, to teach you a lesson, so that you won't end up dead at someone else's hands..."

"And you say he's a Card Shark? Stop joking, will you?! The man is a Divine Doctor, someone whose income reaches billions in minutes. Does he need to swindle some cash at my gambling den?"

Ah-Biao laughed uncontrollably, completely forgetting that the reason he had come here was precisely because he assumed Mu Jinyu was a Card Shark sent by other powers to cause trouble, and he was ready to bag him up and sink him in the river.

After finishing his piece, Ah-Biao, also worried that his foolish brother-in-law might continue to stay here and provoke Mu Jinyu, ordered his men:

"Take him out, lock him up in solitary confinement. He is not to leave the house for a month!"

"Yes!"

The Blond Thug was dragged away, his face ashen as if he were already dead.

Mu Jinyu watched the scene with an indifferent gaze, making no move to stop it.

Since Ah-Biao was indeed the owner of this underground gambling den, there was no need for Mu Jinyu to reason with them using his fists anymore.

He believed that after Ah-Biao heard about the harassment Wen Rou faced, he would give him a satisfactory resolution.

Sure enough, when Ah-Biao heard the purpose of Mu Jinyu's visit, his face immediately changed, becoming both frightened and angry as he exclaimed, "What, there's more to it? This brat, I'll break his damn legs!"

Having said this, he turned as if to go and deal with the Blond Thug.

"Hold on a moment," Mu Jinyu called out to stop him.

Upon hearing this, Ah-Biao halted in his tracks and looked back at Mu Jinyu, his face showing a bitter smile.

Hold on a moment? Does he really want me to break that dog's legs?

Mu Jinyu said, "I'm not interested in meddling with your internal affairs. Whether you want to discipline him or not, decide that after I leave. I've come here to settle the gambling debt owed by that girl's father to you people, once and for all."

Ah-Biao hurriedly waved his hand, speaking in a nonchalant tone, "Ah come on, what's there to settle? Since she has a connection with you, Doctor Mu, the gambling debt her father owes, of course, we can just write it off."

Mu Jinyu shook his head, his expression unchanging. "There's no need for that. It's only right to pay back a debt. However, I won't accept the exorbitant interest you charge through compound interest, nor any protection fees. Let's settle it at the standard rate. Calculate how much it is. I'll pay it off for her first."

He wasn't someone who liked to resolve issues with his fists. Unless absolutely necessary, he normally preferred to discuss matters calmly and rationally with people.

"Alright, alright, Doctor Mu, please wait a moment. I'll have someone calculate it right away." Although Ah-Biao felt there was no need for such formality, seeing Mu Jinyu's serious expression, he agreed and called someone over to check the remaining amount of Wen Rou's father's gambling debt.

Soon, Ah-Biao's men found out how much Wen Rou's father originally owed for his gambling debts and how much Wen Rou had repaid over the years.

Wen Rou's father, who was a hopeless gambler with little money and no house to mortgage, was unlikely to have been lent much by the gambling den; in fact, they had only lent him fifty thousand yuan.

Over the years, Wen Rou had already paid back forty thousand yuan to the gambling den, leaving only the last ten thousand yuan.

Then, Ah-Biao's men explained that their gambling den had never intended to charge Wen Rou the kind of unreasonable compound interest that would result in hundreds of thousands of yuan in interest. It was all lies made up by the Blond Thug to force Wen Rou into submission and to get her for himself.

Chapter 34 Two Clears, 1,100,000,000 Chips, King of the Building!

Mu Jinyu nodded slightly after listening to Ah-Biao's subordinate's account.

Wen Rou indeed hadn't lied to him.

The debt her father had incurred was indeed not much, and if it weren't for that Blond Thug targeting her, raising the interest to an extortionate level, and also demanding a protection fee, she would have been able to pay it off very quickly.

Since she hadn't lied to him, and it was just about ten thousand yuan...

Mu Jinyu looked down at the large bag of casino chips he was holding.

If it weren't for Wen Rou, he might not have found this gambling house, and since he won 1.1 billion, helping her repay ten thousand yuan was just a drop in the ocean.

Thinking this way, Mu Jinyu took out a casino chip worth ten thousand yuan, tossed it to Ah-Biao's waiting subordinate, and said indifferently, "We're even."

"Yes," Ah-Biao's subordinate nervously accepted the chip, glanced at Ah-Biao, saw him nod, and then pocketed it.

He then took out the IOU signed by Wen Rou's father and handed it to Mu Jinyu.

Mu Jinyu couldn't be bothered to take it, and said indifferently, "Just tear it up, remember the debt is paid, and don't go harassing my friend anymore."

Ah-Biao snatched the IOU, tore it up in front of Mu Jinyu, while assuring, "Doctor Mu, rest assured, no one will bother your friend again in the future."

Having smoothly resolved the issue at hand, and ensuring no one would bother Wen Rou again, Mu Jinyu had no desire to stay any longer and was ready to leave.

However...

Mu Jinyu looked down at the pile of casino chips he was cradling, then looked up at Ah-Biao with a smile that was not quite a smile and asked, "Brother Biao, my friend's gambling debt has been repaid, can I now take away the money I won alive?"

"You can..." Upon hearing this, Ah-Biao nearly cried, his heart bleeding, yet he had to pretend not to care and said, "Of course you can, we who run gambling houses always value honesty. Doctor Mu, since you had the ability to win so much money, how could we possibly dare to renege?"

Earlier when his subordinate went to check on the gambling debt owed by Wen Rou's father, Ah-Biao had already learned from Li Heshan that Mu Jinyu had won 1.1 billion in the gambling house!

He was so angry he almost spat blood!

Now that Mu Jinyu brought up the topic again, he couldn't deny the debt. After agreeing, the more he thought about it, the angrier he became inside.

Damn it, if it weren't for his cousin meddling with Mu Jinyu's friend for no good reason, Mu Jinyu wouldn't have come here, causing him to lose 1.1 billion.

That's the equivalent of two Thousand-year Ginsengs!

This guy, there's no way to let him off without breaking his dog legs.

Even his sister coming to persuade him was useless!

Ah-Biao's face wore a casual smile, but inside he was frantically cursing!

"If that's the case, then I'll go settle the accounts at the front desk."

Mu Jinyu didn't mind Ah-Biao's ugly expression, stood up after speaking, and patted his butt, heading for the door.

"I'll accompany you!" Ah-Biao suppressed the frustration in his heart and quickly said.

"Up to you." Mu Jinyu didn't stop him.

He knew that since he had won so much money, if he didn't have a gambling house big shot accompanying him, the tea house cashiers at the front desk above might not dare to convert it into cash.

Li Heshan followed them with a distressed look on his face.

Mu Jinyu walked down the stone steps back to the tea house. Surrounded by Ah-Biao and Li Heshan, he slowly made his way to the front desk.

The waiters, who had previously been indolent and hadn't taken a proper look at Mu Jinyu, became frightened upon seeing Ah-Biao and Li Heshan, and greeted them apprehensively, "Brother Biao, Brother Shan..."

Ah-Biao waved them off, signaling them to go about their business and not to disturb them.

After the waiters took their leave, their eyes shone with a peculiar light upon seeing Mu Jinyu surrounded by the two high-ranking men at the center.

They were very curious about Mu Jinyu's identity and also deeply regretted having been cold to Mu Jinyu earlier.

If they had been a little nicer to him earlier and caught the eye of Mu Jinyu, wouldn't they have transformed from mountain chickens to phoenixes by now?

Alas, they couldn't recognize Gold Inlaid with Jade, and there's no pill in the world for regret.

Mu Jinyu was unaware of the thoughts of these waitstaff; even if he had known, he would have only found it amusing and ridiculous, not taking it seriously at all.

Approaching the front desk, Mu Jinyu looked at the cashier, who was nervously unsettled, and tossed the stack of invoices he was holding onto the counter, saying, "Exchange for prizes."

This underground casino, in order to avoid cash gambling, from beginning to end, except for the step of buying tea that required money, the rest of the processes did not involve cash at all.

When gamblers inside the casino won money and didn't want to play anymore, they could come to the front desk and ask the cashier to exchange for prizes. READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [novelxfire.net](http://novelxfire.net)

The cashier wouldn't exchange the invoice amounts directly for equivalent cash to the gamblers. Instead, under the guise of 'the more you buy, the more gifts you get, returning the kindness to loyal customers', the cashier would offer the gamblers a variety of large gifts for buying more tea leaves.

For example, if you brought out invoices worth one million yuan, the cashier would give you gold bars totaling one million yuan in value, or luxury car redemption vouchers for you to pick up from a 4S shop, or even a house that could be transferred to you.

In short, under the pretext of 'buying more to receive more, a big return for appreciation', the cashier gave out gifts equivalent to the value of the betting chips.

And because the casino hadn't involved cash gambling from beginning to end, even if the police came to make arrests, they wouldn't be able to do anything since no cash gambling took place; it was all just entertainment with invoices.

Moreover, with the powerful backing of the casino, no one ever came to check, and everything remained peaceful and undisturbed.

"Oh... okay!"

Seeing Mu Jinyu come to exchange gifts with invoices, the cashier glanced at Ah-Biao and Li Heshan and then hurriedly began to fumble through and tally the total value of his invoices.

One hundred yuan here, a few three thousand yuan ones, some tens of thousands, and several worth millions...

Shortly after, the cashier had figured out the total and was greatly shocked.

1.1 billion and one hundred yuan!

My god, could this be any more exaggerated?!

She had some recollection of Mu Jinyu; after all, there weren't many gamblers who just drank tea worth one hundred yuan. She remembered that Mu Jinyu didn't seem to have been in the casino for very long, right?

How could he have won 1.1 billion so quickly?

Or is it possible...

...that he had stolen someone else's invoices?!

"The invoices are fine, exchange them for him!" said Ah-Biao when he saw the cashier was significantly startled.

"Oh oh, sure, it's just..." the cashier nervously complied, then with a troubled look, said, "It's just that I can't really make change for 1.1 billion yuan!"

Ah-Biao said, "No problem, just find a gift worth one hundred million yuan to exchange, I'll handle the rest of the billion."

"Okay," the cashier agreed.

At that moment.

One of the subordinates Ah-Biao had sent out earlier rushed into the teahouse, panting heavily.

"Brother Biao, I've brought you the keys and the property deed for the King of the Building in Seaview Garden," he said.

The few waitstaff pretending to clean couldn't help but prick up their ears, curious to know how much Mu Jinyu had won to merit such actions from Brother Biao.

Brother Biao took the items handed over by his subordinate, then passed them to Mu Jinyu, saying, "Doctor Mu, this is the King of the Building I bought in Seaview Garden a few years back. It cost me over six hundred million yuan at the time, but now it's worth one billion. Please, take it."

Upon hearing this, the waitstaff stood frozen, the mop in hand clattering to the ground with a loud snap.

In the utterly silent teahouse, the sound was particularly distinct.

Chapter 35 Five Luxury Houses, Brother Biao Guarantees, Worth It?

Seaview Garden is a high-class villa district in River City, nestling by mountains and the sea, where many officials, wealthy businessmen, and other high-society individuals reside.

Although it is not the most top-grade or the most luxurious villa residential area in River City, the King of the Building there is indeed valued at one billion.

Ah Biao would not dare deceive Mu Jinyu over such a matter.

Mu Jinyu took the property deed and the key for the King of the Building from Ah Biao, and while his expression remained calm, his eyes couldn't help but look a bit dazed.

Before he descended the mountain, he may have possessed unmatched medical skills, but life was still somewhat impoverished and bleak.

After coming down the mountain, he had earned a total of twenty million yuan from the Xu Family, and as for the Thousand-year Ginseng worth five hundred million from Mei Yinxue which was eaten, let's not even mention it.

He had also earned one hundred thousand yuan by pretending to be Gu Xiyan's boyfriend, and now, after half an hour spent in a gambling den, he had surprisingly won a lavish villa worth one billion.

This was ascending the peak of life within minutes!

Indeed, a small mountain village has no prospects; only a grand city offers opportunities to make a name for oneself.

No wonder his junior brother seldom returned to Yinlong Mountain after leaving it.

Originally, Mu Jinyu had thought to play around River City for a few days and then return to Yinlong Mountain, but now he suddenly no longer felt like going back to that small hill to live in that broken bamboo house.

While Mu Jinyu was lost in thought for a moment.

The cashier had already prepared the "buy more, get more" gift package for him.

She picked out a duplex suite worth fifty million and a small villa worth thirty million for him. With the remaining twenty million, she allowed Mu Jinyu to choose either another set of property valued at twenty million, or a luxury car worth ten million and a set of property also worth ten million.

Of course, if Mu Jinyu didn't want to keep the properties to appreciate in value slowly, he could take the property deeds and keys to the unmarked little shop opposite, and directly sell them for cash.

However, usually only gamblers in dire need of money would make such a choice.

Mu Jinyu was pretty satisfied with the two properties worth eighty million, then looking at the remaining twenty million options, he had no need for a luxury car; after all, he didn't know how to drive.

A twenty-million property was what he had planned to choose...

But then he thought that now that he suddenly owned four mansions, and was also planning to stay in River City, he would certainly live in one of them.

Since both the King of the Building in Seaview Garden and the fifty-million duplex suite were very spacious, there was no need for him to live alone in such large spaces; cleaning them would be a hassle, and hiring a maid would be a significant expense...

And the three-million and two-million mansions would not be much smaller in size, the difference being only in location, decoration, and furniture.

So...

After thinking for a while, Mu Jinyu said, "With the remaining twenty million, find me a property worth about eighteen million, and another ordinary property worth about one hundred thousand."

The cashier did not quite understand Mu Jinyu's line of thinking, but she obediently complied.

Soon, she found for Mu Jinyu a top-quality suite valued at eighteen million and the type of ordinary suite that he requested, the kind with two bedrooms, one living room, one kitchen, and one bathroom.

Mu Jinyu was very content as he took the keys for the five properties.

They had backing; once Mu Jinyu made his selection, Brother Biao instructed his subordinates to transfer the properties into Mu Jinyu's name, which could be completed in just half an hour.

While waiting, Mu Jinyu was drinking the top-grade West Lake Longjing they had steeped, his expression one of utter contentment.

"This tea is really good," Mu Jinyu said after taking a sip, exhaling slightly.

"If you like it, we can give you several pounds," Ah-Biao said with a smile.

In comparison to the 1.1 billion Mu Jinyu had raked in, a few pounds of tea leaves, costing several thousand yuan per liang, was truly nothing.

"No need," Mu Jinyu declined.

Mu Jinyu put down the teacup and waved his hand.

As a connoisseur of tea, he naturally knew that this tea wasn't cheap, and of course, he had no intention of taking advantage of Ah-Biao.

Moreover, compared to the top-quality West Lake Longjing worth several thousand yuan a tin, Mu Jinyu currently preferred the first cup he had, which cost merely one hundred yuan, although it tasted terrible.

After all, that flavorless bad tea had brought him five properties and 1.1 billion.

Seeing that Mu Jinyu was refusing, Ah-Biao forced a smile and didn't say anything more.

Soon, Ah-Biao's subordinates completed the real estate transfer procedures for Mu Jinyu and handed him the new property certificates.

Mu Jinyu stood up, ready to take his leave, but Ah-Biao rose, looking a bit awkward, and rubbing his hands together, he said with some embarrassment, "Doctor Mu, this... our gambling den operates on a small scale and can't withstand too much disruption. If you're short on cash in the future, you can call me; perhaps you could refrain from visiting the den again?"

"Don't worry," Mu Jinyu paused in his steps, turned back to look at Ah-Biao, and with an enigmatic smile, he said significantly, "As long as you refrain from bullying people at will, I won't feel the itch to come over and play a few rounds."

Ah-Biao's expression turned serious, and he quickly assured, "Please rest assured, Doctor Mu. I will definitely keep my subordinates in line and make sure that what happened to your friend doesn't happen again."

"That will do," Mu Jinyu said, then proceeded to leave.

"Eh, Doctor Mu, please wait," Ah-Biao called out again.

"What is it now?" Mu Jinyu turned back, his expression showing a trace of impatience.

"This..." rubbing his hands together, Ah-Biao said awkwardly, "Could you leave a phone number, so we can stay in touch? Yesterday, because we were rushing Big Sister to the hospital for a checkup, I forgot to ask for your number. We've met today, so could you leave it just in case?"

Mu Jinyu looked puzzled, then slowly shook his head.

"Ah? You can't?" Seeing this, Ah-Biao appeared quite disappointed. Follow current NOVELS on novel·fire·net

Mu Jinyu started to explain, "I don't have a mobile phone, nor do I have a phone number. I was just about to go buy one."

"Is that so?" Upon hearing this, Ah-Biao reacted quickly and said eagerly, "Then I'll go buy a mobile phone for you and get a number set up. That way, Big Sister can contact you promptly after she's done with her busy period and invite you to eat as a way to thank you for your righteous intervention yesterday."

Mu Jinyu shook his head and said, "I'll handle the mobile phone and phone number myself, and the number can be given to you. As for inviting me to eat, let's forget it. That Thousand-year Ginseng from yesterday is more than enough to cover my intervention fee."

"Okay then," Ah-Biao replied eagerly.

Having Mu Jinyu's contact information made him feel relieved.

Now, he knew he had something to show for the 1.1 billion loss when reporting back to Big Sister.

After escorting Mu Jinyu out the door and helping him purchase a mobile phone and choose a phone number, Ah-Biao noted down Mu Jinyu's new number. Then, as Mu Jinyu sternly declined any further assistance, Ah-Biao stood still, watching his figure disappear from view.

"Is it really worth it?!"

After Mu Jinyu left, Brother Biao's trusted aide couldn't help but speak out in a low voice.

He felt that Brother Biao had no need to treat Mu Jinyu this way. Even though he had indeed saved Big Sister's life yesterday, didn't she give him a Thousand-year Ginseng? That should have already squared away their debt of gratitude.

And why send him five properties worth 1.1 billion today after Mu Jinyu came to smash their place? They had been lenient enough to spare him!

He just couldn't understand it.

Upon hearing this, Ah-Biao glanced at his trusted subordinate, sighed, and explained, "If he were just an ordinary person, of course, there would be no need to curry favor with him, but he's different. He is a Divine Doctor who can bring people back from the brink of death!"

The subordinate shuddered, then quickly grasped the deeper intention behind Brother Biao's actions.

For martial artists like them, living on the edge every day, if they could befriend a Divine Doctor, then maybe one day, when they were gravely injured and at death's door, that Divine Doctor might just save their lives.

Chapter 36 Yu Linglong, Trotsky, Wang Huanhuan

Face of Jade Group Headquarters.

As Gu Xiyan was organizing documents, she recalled the events of the previous day, and her silver teeth clenched tightly, her heart full of shame and annoyance.

She still couldn't let go of being toyed with by Mu Jinyu last night.

But what irritated her the most was that she had been taken advantage of, and she didn't even know the person's name.

As Gu Xiyan's silver teeth were almost grinding to bits, on the couch beside her, a beauty whose figure and appearance were no less stunning than hers, crossed her perfect jade legs, tightly wrapped in silk stockings, and chuckled:

"Hey, Xiao Yan, did you really just pick someone up off the street to pretend to be your boyfriend yesterday? And it actually intimidated your family?"

Gu Xiyan turned her head and glared at Yu Linglong, speaking bitterly, "I'll say it again, I didn't just find anyone; he was dressed like the War King Lin Feng you described, so I thought he was that War King you recommended, and I just pulled him away! This is all your fault!"

Yu Linglong quickly apologized, "All right, all right, it's my fault, my fault. I blame myself for not sending you Lin Feng's photo in time, causing you to be taken advantage of."

Gu Xiyan rolled her eyes and didn't bother to explain any further to her best friend.

Yesterday, after receiving a call from Yu Linglong and sensing something was off, she had still let Mu Jinyu slip away. She originally intended to bury this embarrassing incident deep within herself, not telling anyone.

But Yu Linglong, crafty as she was, knowing that she couldn't get any information directly from her, started inquiring from the side with members of the Gu Family, eventually learning about what happened during the birthday banquet...

Then, combining the snub she received from War King Lin Feng, she deduced some truths.

When they arrived at the company early today, she immediately started teasing her relentlessly, laughing about how even finding a fake boyfriend went wrong. Then, she comforted her, saying that although she lost out to that nameless man by quite a bit, the result was not bad—after all, the Gu Family and Zhang Qiu Huai would no longer dare to be so aggressive towards her.

As for Gu Xiyao, she could only somewhat comfort herself with those thoughts, but her heart still couldn't let go.

Seeing that Gu Xiyao remained silent, Yu Linglong didn't want to tease her best friend any further. Glancing at the time on her watch, she let down her crossed legs and said leisurely:

"Okay, it's not early anymore, that 'Trotsky' master should be about to arrive at the café we agreed on. Let's head out."

"Mhm," Gu Xiyao responded, having nearly finished preparing the documents on Master Trotsky and his company.

Having secured the documents, the two instructed their secretaries and assistants with a few words before leaving the company.

Half an hour later.

The two women arrived at the elegantly decorated café they had agreed upon and began to wait for the fashion icon from abroad, Trotsky.

As the appointed time nearly approached, yet there was no sign of Master Trotsky, Gu Xiyao and Yu Linglong's pretty faces showed a hint of displeasure. Yet, they didn't just storm off.

Because their Face of Jade Group needed to collaborate with the international luxury brand behind Master Trotsky due to difficulties in its current development, they felt they had to endure even though he was late.

Operating independently of the Gu Family's networks and resources had indeed won Gu Xiyuan her freedom, ensuring she couldn't be easily pressured by them, but at the same time, she lost the opportunity for rapid development, leaving Face of Jade Group still a moderately sized fashion company.

But Gu Xiyuan had no regrets about her decision.

Nearly ten more minutes passed.

Gu Xiyuan and Yu Linglong were growing very impatient, realizing that the international fashion icon must have stood them up. Even though they were angry, there was nothing they could do but return and find another way.

Just then,

Master Trotsky, who was over ten minutes late, finally arrived with his entourage, fashionably late.

"Sorry, sorry, traffic jam on the road..."

Master Trotsky was a middle-aged man nearing fifty, his once golden hair and handsome face now showing quite a few white hairs and wrinkles under the ravages of time.

But though he was older, his heart wasn't, and his attire was still very trendy, flamboyant and ornate, which made him look very artistic.

Gu Xiyuan and Yu Linglong had already carefully studied Trotsky's preferences and personality on their way there; now, hearing his words and seeing his expression, they knew that he was merely humoring them. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY Novel(F)ire.net

Their dissatisfaction grew, but since they were the ones in need, Gu Xiyuan had to force a smile on her pretty face and said hypocritically in English, "Not at all, not at all, we haven't been here long, Master Trotsky. Now that you are here, let's go into the café to discuss this collaboration."

"Good, good, good..." Trotsky nodded to them perfunctorily, but he didn't move.

He looked around as if he were searching for someone, and then, he spotted a woman with a bold outfit and a snake spirit face hurrying towards them. A smile broke out on his face, and he quickly waved his hand to signal, "Over here, over here, Miss Wang, we were just waiting for you..."

Seeing this, Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong exchanged glances, and their hearts sank.

Wasn't Trotsky supposed to be discussing a collaboration just with them?

Why had another person suddenly appeared?

Could it be... that Trotsky never took them seriously at all, and had simultaneously arranged to meet representatives from other companies as well?

They were extremely angry, but given the current predicament of their company, they couldn't afford to walk out in a huff.

Once the flamboyantly dressed snake-faced woman approached, Gu Xiyan also recognized her identity.

Wang Huanhuan, President of Huanyue Company, whose business, like their Face of Jade Group, focused on luxury goods including apparel, accessories, perfumes, watches, and home decor...

The two companies were in the same line of business and could be considered arch-rivals.

However, her company had recently secured the agency for a luxury brand, and its development in River City was now rapidly outpacing their Face of Jade Group.

With Wang Huanhuan's appearance, Yu Linglong had little hope for the collaboration.

Just as she thought about storming off, Gu Xiyan held onto her, shaking her head slightly to signal her to wait and see.

Yu Linglong could only suppress her anger, standing aside like an idiot, waiting for Trotsky and Wang Huanhuan to finish talking.

Trotsky wasn't overly arrogant and didn't completely ignore Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong; after leaving them hanging for a bit, he came back to his senses, wrapped up the small talk with Wang Huanhuan, and said with a smile, "Now that everyone is here, let's go inside and talk."

"Of course, please," Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong said through gritted teeth, yet with smiling faces.

Trotsky nodded at them and led his people inside first.

Wang Huanhuan gave Gu Xiyan a glance, her surgically altered snake face revealing a strange and unsettling smile as she said, "General Gu, President Yu, what a coincidence, I'll go in first."

Chapter 37 Hang it out first, show sincerity, hint

Wang Huanhuan strutted in with her assistant. Discover more novels at [novel\(F\)ire.net](http://novel(F)ire.net)

Yu Linglong couldn't help but lower her voice and curse, "Damn, I just can't help wanting to tear that Snake Spirit Face of hers to shreds!"

Gu Xiyan's delicate brows furrowed slightly, her visage tinged with a thread of worry, she sighed, "Forget it, let's not stoop to her level. Let's go in and take a look ourselves."

"Sigh, I feel like we've already lost the game; there's really no need to go in," Yu Linglong complained.

"Until the final outcome, who can say for certain that we've lost?" Gu Xiyan, pulling Yu Linglong along, spoke earnestly, "Don't lose heart so easily. We can talk like that when we're truly out of options."

The two women entered the café.

Trotsky had already taken a seat with Wang Huanhuan, and they seemed to be enjoying their conversation.

Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong also took their seats, both composed and elegant. They casually ordered a cup of coffee from the server. Although Trotsky continued his dialogue with Wang Huanhuan, deliberately sidelining them, he couldn't help but sneak glances at them now and then.

To be fair, Wang Huanhuan had a good foundation, and she was originally quite attractive with six or seven points of beauty. After plastic surgery, to the men who favor her type of Snake Spirit Face, she could even compare to Gu Xiyan and wouldn't be out of place referred to as a goddess.

But who was Trotsky? A national master and a famous fashion guru, a creative director for internationally renowned luxury brands; he had his pick of countless women. How could a woman with the looks of Wang Huanhuan catch his eye?!

To him, only absolute beauties like Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong, scoring close to a perfect ten, could pique his interest, leading him to endure nauseating conversations with mediocre and vulgar women like Wang Huanhuan, to invoke the feelings of urgency and panic in their hearts, so as to achieve his true purpose.

If not for this reason, why would he, someone constantly flying around to attend various fashion weeks, have the time to visit their modest company in River City for a collaboration?!

Seeing the displeased expressions and suppressed anger on the faces of Gu Xiyan and her companion, Trotsky knew that half of his plan was already complete.

What remained was to see whether they were willing to pay the price and how much sincerity they could offer.

Trotsky sneered inwardly, feeling an increasing heat at his lower abdomen.

After Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong ordered their coffee and saw that Trotsky was still conversing with Wang Huanhuan, showing no signs of readiness to discuss a collaboration with them, Yu Linglong could no longer hold back her anger and asked, restraining her emotions:

"Mr. Trotsky, we agreed to meet here at eight-thirty for discussions. Your tardiness was already quite impolite. Now you've inexplicably brought Miss Wang, the CEO of Huanyue Company, and are ignoring us, what exactly do you mean by this? If you have no intention of collaborating with us, just say so. We won't cling on unnecessarily."

Yu Linglong's tone was aggressive, dropping the facade of polite courtesy. She was infuriated by Trotsky's arrogant attitude and no longer cared about the possibility of collaboration as she spoke.

Observing this, Gu Xiyan also sighed softly, holding back from saying anything more.

She, too, was dissatisfied with Trotsky's attitude. Judging by his demeanor, he seemed to have no intention of collaborating with them. So it was better to be straightforward. If there really was no chance for collaboration, they could just leave and stop wasting time.

Thinking this, Gu Xiyan sat in her place, her hands grabbing her purse and a black plastic bag, which contained the new season's clothing samples from Face of Jade Company.

Indeed, she still harbored hopes for a collaboration with the luxury brand company behind Trotsky.

Seeing the vehemence in Yu Linglong's voice, Trotsky did not get upset but smiled faintly, timely ending his conversation with Wang Huanhuan.

He turned his head toward Yu Linglong and said with casual indifference, "I apologize for being late, but I didn't plan to leave the two ladies hanging. I was just enjoying my conversation with Ms. Wang and forgot to attend to you, for which I apologize again. As for why our discussion has included Ms. Wang, it's simply because I'm aware of the strength her company possesses in River City, hence my indecision about the collaboration here in River City led me to think..."

Trotsky's words were to the point, but also quite clear.

He simply wanted to see which company's cooperation proposal was better, whose price was higher, and whose sincerity was greater—he would then choose to collaborate with that party.

Hearing Trotsky clarify, although there was still a hint of mockery, the expressions of Yu Linglong and Gu Xiyan softened somewhat.

Situations like this were all too common in cooperation talks and, as the weaker party, there was no choice but to hold one's tongue and continue the negotiations if they wished to proceed.

Trotsky was a master of pace. Seeing that his words had given Gu Xiyan and the other woman a glimmer of hope, triggering their fantasies and compelling them to swallow their pride, the heat and amusement in his eyes grew even more intense.

Shifting his tone, he laughed again, "Last night, right after I landed in River City, it was Ms. Wang who personally came to pick me up and I had a rather lengthy interaction with her. I have already been made aware of her cooperation proposal. She has a grand vision and also allowed me to see the thoughtful sincerity she brought."

As Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong listened to Trotsky, they felt that something was off, sensing as if he was hinting at something.

Last night, cooperation proposal, grand vision, thoughtful sincerity... The more they thought about these keywords, the more uneasy they felt.

But without evidence, they couldn't say anything.

And although they had no proof, they weren't fools. Upon understanding Trotsky's insinuation, bitterness inevitably welled up in their hearts.

No wonder, for small companies like theirs, hoping to discuss a cooperation with an international luxury brand's creative director like Trotsky, he surprisingly agreed readily.

They had fancied that he had agreed not with ulterior motives, but maybe because he liked the clothing they designed.

But now, it seemed their delusions had ultimately been shattered...

Feeling disheartened, they forgot to throw a fit on the spot and storm off.

Trotsky saw that after hearing his words, both women's cheeks flushed with redness, their eyes flashing with shame, anger, and grievance.

He understood that they got the message.

When he saw that they comprehended his hint yet didn't leave, he mistakenly believed that they were ready to present their cooperation proposal and demonstrate their grand vision in a plea to work with him.

Feeling proud, Trotsky spoke up again, "So, I suppose, as the ones who approached me about collaboration first, your proposal must be even more thoroughly prepared, and your sincerity couldn't be any less, right?"

Wang Huanhuan sat aside, coolly observing Trotsky control the flow of the conversation, guiding the emotional ups and downs of Gu Xiyan and company. Her expression was indifferent, but inside she was extremely displeased.

She knew she had been used by Trotsky and understood that Gu Xiyan and the other woman were in fact Trotsky's prey, with herself nothing more than a pawn used for his pursuit of pleasure.

However, she was not worried that Gu Xiyan and her partner would sell themselves out for the sake of cooperating with Trotsky.

Because she knew that proud women like them would never offer the kind of thoughtful sincerity she had given the previous night to Trotsky...

Therefore, the collaboration was bound to be hers alone.

Chapter 38: A Pair of Underpants Steals the Show!

Yu Linglong saw Trotsky expose his ugly true face, the veins in her hands bulging, almost grabbing the steaming coffee on the table, ready to splash it toward Trotsky, telling the pig-headed man to scram.

As Yu Linglong's bestie, Gu Xiyan was naturally very familiar with her temperament and, sensing her intentions in advance, quickly pressed her hand under the table and then shook her head slightly at her.

Because at this time, there wasn't enough evidence to indicate that Trotsky was indeed sexually harassing them.

And if they were to throw hot coffee at him, it could bring a lot of trouble.

Therefore, Gu Xiyan could only suppress her anger and stop Yu Linglong's impulse.

"Sorry, the cooperation proposal drafted by our company is not sufficient, and it may not satisfy you. We'll take our leave now and wish you and Miss Wang a pleasant collaboration."

After saying that, Gu Xiyan readied to pull Yu Linglong away.

Seeing them about to leave, Trotsky was suddenly a bit dumbfounded.

What the hell?

Their just now coy demeanor, those seemingly reluctant yet inviting eyes, weren't those a sign of agreement, followed by a trip to a hotel to show their sincerity?

Why were they suddenly leaving?

Trotsky couldn't quite understand it, but he certainly didn't want to let these two desirable women slip away just like that.

Wouldn't that mean he came to River City for nothing?

He must stall them first, then see how things go step by step...

Trotsky thought to himself with a sigh. For original chapters go to [Novel Fire.net](http://NovelFire.net)

With this in mind, Trotsky swiftly stood up, his tone mixing confusion with slight anger: "Ladies, what's going on? When your company negotiates a cooperation, you don't even prepare a sufficient proposal? Didn't you bring the fashion samples for the new season either?"

With Trotsky's somewhat dissatisfied and contemptuous words, Gu Xiyan's steps, while pulling Yu Linglong, came to an involuntary halt.

"Huh?!"

Gu Xiyan stopped and turned around, her eyes full of surprise and uncertainty as she looked towards Trotsky, who feigned innocence.

Reflecting on his previous accusations, doubt began to creep into her mind.

Could it be... that the disgusting freak wasn't implying what they thought, and it was just their own misconception?

Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong exchanged glances, each seeing the other's thoughts in their eyes.

That is, to give him another chance.

If they did indeed misunderstand Trotsky, they could still sit down and talk.

After all, the cooperation proposal they prepared for the potential partnership with the luxury company behind Trotsky was very generous.

If Trotsky was genuinely interested in a partnership and saw it, he would absolutely have no reason to refuse their proposal.

Thus, the anger on Gu Xiyan's pretty face quickly dissipated, and she put on a somewhat fake smile, explaining: "Sorry, Mr. Trotsky, I might have misunderstood your meaning just now. Although our proposal isn't fully prepared, our sincerity is absolute..."

As she spoke, she signaled Yu Linglong to fetch the cooperation proposal they had prepared, while she herself reached into the black plastic bag to take out the new clothing samples her company had just designed for the season.

However...

When Gu Xiyan reached into the black plastic bag and pulled out a yellowing white tank top, a pair of black shorts, and some boxer briefs, she was instantly dumbfounded.

Damn it, how is it Mu Jinyu's change of clothes?!

How could she have taken the wrong clothes?

This is bad, this is really bad...

Gu Xiyan was dumbstruck, and Yu Linglong, who had just taken out the prepared cooperation proposal from her bag, was equally dumbfounded.

What the hell, why are you taking out a pair of men's underwear?

She really felt like cursing Gu Xiyan. What the hell was she doing?!

Trotsky had just been relieved to have successfully stabilized them and was feeling a sigh of relief, thinking that if he handled them again later, he would definitely be able to take them down.

But then he saw Gu Xiyan pull out this set of obviously worn, seemingly unwashed dirty clothes, and he was immediately dumbfounded, then stared deathly at the pair of boxer shorts in Gu Xiyan's hands.

Wang Huanhuan, who was watching coldly from the sidelines, couldn't help but snort with laughter when she saw this scene. She glanced at Trotsky, whose eyes were turning red, and mocked,

"General Gu is really creative, huh? The new season's clothing samples from your company turned out to be a worn set of vest and shorts, oh... Maybe the highest realm of fashion is to return to the basics, haha..."

"You?!"

Gu Xiyan, hearing Miss Wang's mockery, was so angry she could barely stand it. She wanted to retort, but couldn't, because what she was holding was indeed the clothes that Mu Jinyu had changed out of, and the actual clothing samples she had prepared were left in the car, unable to be presented.

Gu Xiyan felt absolutely hopeless, feeling she had completely messed up this cooperation. She didn't want to explain anymore, just wanted to quickly pack up Mu Jinyu's clothes and throw them away, and then leave with Yu Linglong as quickly as possible to avoid further embarrassment.

But as she frantically tried to stuff Mu Jinyu's dirty clothes back into the black plastic bag,

She suddenly heard Trotsky shout loudly, "Don't, don't put them away, let me see!"

Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong, upon hearing this, were shocked and looked up at Trotsky.

They saw that his eyes were bloodshot, looking almost like he had rabies, as he stared fixedly at Mu Jinyu's boxer shorts, eyes shaking with excitement, his body trembling.

Then, unable to contain his excitement and under the incredulous gazes of the three, Trotsky got up and snatched Mu Jinyu's boxer shorts directly from Gu Xiyan's hands.

Next, under even more incredulous stares, Trotsky took Mu Jinyu's boxer shorts and started to caress them gently, as if fondling a rare treasure, treasuring it, so eagerly...

Gu Xiyan watched with a chill down her spine.

Exchanging glances with Yu Linglong, they both felt their skin crawl, realizing that Trotsky was truly perverse!

However, this was just the beginning.

Trotsky's actions, which shocked and disgusted them even more, followed.

After feeling the fabric, Trotsky put it to his nose and began to sniff greedily.

The sensation was as if he was smelling the most intoxicating fragrance in the world.

"Yes, that's it, this scent is so intoxicating..."

Trotsky, with an ecstatic expression, sniffed greedily while muttering to himself.

"Ugh!"

Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong almost threw up.

Damn, how disgusting.

You see, if Trotsky was holding a woman's thing and sniffing it like that, they might find him repulsive but could somewhat understand the peculiarity of such people.

But damn, he was holding a man's boxer shorts!

Gu Xiyan felt the scene was too offensive for the eyes, making it hard for her to watch.

But the most disgusted weren't the two women, Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong.

It was Wang Huanhuan, who had just last night shown Trotsky her exceptional bosom and tender sincerity.

She really couldn't help but feel like vomiting.

Thinking that Trotsky might be gay, the experience from last night made it impossible for her to let go.

She felt like she might be nauseated for life!

Ugh!

Chapter 39 Its Origin, Boundless

Gu Xiyan and her two companions watched Trotsky gripping the boxer shorts with a fascinated expression, all feeling an extreme burning sensation in their eyes.

Other customers in the café also noticed this scene, exhibiting looks of disgust, and began to whisper and point at them.

Realizing the situation, Gu Xiyan was so embarrassed that she wished she could find a hole to crawl into.

And just as Trotsky was about to engage in even more outrageous behavior...

Gu Xiyan couldn't stand it any longer, snatched Mu Jinyu's boxer shorts back from Trotsky's hands, swiftly folding them into a bunch, then clutching them tightly in her hand, ready to discard them later.

Then, she looked at Trotsky with a cold gaze, and said icily, "Mr. Trotsky, I need you to give me an explanation."

"It's just this smell, it's too intoxicating..." Trotsky did not offer an explanation, just kept muttering this phrase to himself.

Although he was disappointed that the fabric was taken from him, he was still lost in the scent, unable to extricate himself.

Seeing this, Gu Xiyan said nothing more. Feeling the judgmental stares from everyone around her, she could no longer bear to stay, and, pulling Yu Linglong with her, she walked out with her head down and her face grim.

Once Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong left, Trotsky gradually snapped out of the obsession with the scent that had enthralled him.

He was aware of his own improper behavior, and the scorn he had received from those around him, but he felt only a bit embarrassed in his heart and did not regret his actions. In fact, he felt honored and proud.

Wang Huanhuan didn't leave. Although she really didn't want to sit with Trotsky, feeling as if a foul odor was creeping toward her every second, she had to swallow her pride for the sake of the partnership.

"Mr. Trotsky, what was that all about just now? They've left, so what about our partnership..." When Wang Huanhuan spoke, she too was on guard, extremely cautious.

Trotsky ignored Wang Huanhuan, only truly waking up when she mentioned that Gu Xiyan had left. His face changed, and he quickly got up from his seat, not bothering to pack his things and dashed outside.

Wang Huanhuan was baffled, not understanding what he was up to!

But since Trotsky had left, naturally, she had to follow him.

Gu Xiyan, dragging Yu Linglong with her, hurried out of the café that had made her feel so utterly embarrassed. Because of anger and shame, she had forgotten for a moment that she was still tightly holding onto the piece of fabric in her hand. This text is hosted at [novel\\_fire.net](http://novel_fire.net)

"Ugh, how disgusting, just thinking about that scene makes me want to vomit. Damn it, how can there be such perverted people in this world?"

Yu Linglong, holding Gu Xiyan's hand, shuddered with disgust when she remembered Trotsky's expression and actions.

Gu Xiyan also shivered, goosebumps forming on her skin as she whispered, "Perhaps artists just don't care about the gaze of others, daring to do such disgusting things in broad daylight. We should avoid dealing with such people in the future."

Yu Linglong nodded vigorously, "Yes, I feel the same. I'd rather the company go bankrupt than have any more contact with such a pervert."

As they talked, Gu Xiyan suddenly realized she was still holding onto the piece of fabric, and reflexively wanted to throw it away.

However, considering Trotsky's peculiar behavior towards the underwear just moments ago, a lightbulb went off in her head.

Maybe, there was something strange about Mu Jinyu's boxer shorts?!

Gu Xiyan speculated.

Meanwhile, Trotsky had chased after them, looking around. When he spotted the two women, he immediately started running towards them. His team could not hold him back.

Soon, Trotsky caught up to the two women, who were walking slowly, and stood in front of them, panting and saying, "Ladies, please wait, huff... May I ask if those men's boxer shorts, huff... can be sold to me?! No price is an issue, and our partnership... I can sign the contract with you right away!"

Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong looked repulsed as Trotsky ran out to stop them. However, after they heard what he had to say, they couldn't help but be shocked.

My God?

I didn't hear that wrong, did I?

Selling these boxer shorts to him, money is no object?

And the contract can be signed on the spot?!

Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong exchanged a look, wondering if there was something wrong with their ears.

Or rather, was there something wrong with Trotsky's head?

Right, Trotsky's head should indeed have some issues. He probably didn't even know who the owner of the boxer shorts was, did he? And he wants to buy them for his collection?!

Wrong, it must be the boxer shorts that had the problem.

Even if Trotsky was an eccentric with odd tastes, he wouldn't just spend a lot of money to buy any random pair of men's boxer shorts.

The root of the problem still lies with Mu Jinyu's boxer shorts.

These boxer shorts, they absolutely have a problem.

Wang Huanhuan, who had just caught up, heard Trotsky's last sentence and was also stunned, feeling it was unbelievable and forgot to speak for a moment.

Gu Xiyan's mind was working quickly, and shortly after Trotsky finished speaking, she replied, "Mr. Trotsky, I'm sorry, these boxer shorts aren't mine...they're my friend's, he left them here and forgot to take them back."

Trotsky immediately asked eagerly, "Then can you give me your friend's contact information? I really want to buy this piece of cloth..."

"This..." Gu Xiyan was suddenly embarrassed.

She wasn't pretending or trying to tease Trotsky; it was because she couldn't find Mu Jinyu either!

However, Trotsky thought that Gu Xiyan was hinting at him, and immediately said, "Contract, bring out the most lenient one you have prepared. I'll sign it right now, as long as you can lead me to the owner of this cloth."

Usually, when two parties discuss cooperation, they naturally don't prepare just one contract but two or three different ones, or even more.

As for which contract will be signed in the end, it depends on the situation.

Originally, Gu Xiyan was prepared to sign the contract that conceded the most to Trotsky, which meant they wouldn't make much profit, merely to increase their influence.

But now, because of Mu Jinyu's boxer shorts, even Trotsky, who had previously been hinting at them in various ways, chose the contract with the most lenient terms?

Gu Xiyan felt more and more that there was a problem with Mu Jinyu's boxer shorts.

And Wang Huanhuan, standing to the side and listening, felt as if the sky were falling.

Damn, what the hell is this?

For a pair of boxer shorts, is it worth it?!

She couldn't help but say on the spot, "Mr. Trotsky, it's just a pair of boxer shorts, is it really necessary? If you want this style of underwear, I can prepare dozens, hundreds for you anytime..."

"You don't know shit!"

Trotsky, upon hearing Wang Huanhuan's words, seemed to feel his faith had been insulted. He immediately turned back and glared at her fiercely, cursed at her, then began to laugh at Wang Huanhuan's inability to recognize Gold Inlaid with Jade:

"What do you know? Do you think these boxer shorts can be found just anywhere? Their origin is great and boundless, beyond your imagination..."

Chapter 40 The Great Artist

"Is it really that exaggerated? A dirty, tattered pair of boxer shorts, and it has some incredibly grand story behind it?!"

Wang Huanhuan, upon hearing Trotsky's sneers, was momentarily stunned, then couldn't help but retort.

"Heh, what do you know?!"

Trotsky looked disdainfully at Wang Huanhuan and then turned back, his gaze fervently fixated on the cloth that Gu Xiyan was clutching tightly in her hand, murmuring with an intoxicated expression:

"This pair of boxer shorts is crafted from the silk of the Golden Silkworm, Jade Silkworm, Phoenix Silkworm, Dragon Silkworm, and Heavenly Silkworm, five types of super silkworms, rare in this world. Wearing it, one would feel warm in winter and cool in summer, immune to all poisons and diseases, it might even regulate your health condition, making you feel younger and younger..."

After Trotsky had lavishly praised the boxer shorts, he glanced at Wang Huanhuan who appeared bewildered and revealed a smug smile before continuing:

"But those five Divine Silkworms are extremely rare. It is said that apart from the Golden Silkworm, Jade Silkworm, and Heavenly Silkworm, the remaining Phoenix and Dragon Silkworms have long been extinct. Therefore, there's no clothing made from the silk of all five Divine Silkworms in the world."

"If they are extinct and there are none in the world, how can you be so sure that these are made from the silk of those five Divine Silkworms?!"

Wang Huanhuan, finding Trotsky's claims more and more preposterous, couldn't help but retort again.

Meanwhile, Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong were already shocked still, exchanging glances both filled with incredulity.

The shock in Gu Xiyan's heart was the greatest. She had never imagined that a man she casually took hold of yesterday could have such amazing clothing.

Thinking back to yesterday, when the two of them left her grandfather's birthday feast and Mu Jinyu wanted to take his clothing back, she didn't give it a second thought and was even prepared to casually throw it into the nearest trash can.

Later, upon learning that Mu Jinyu was not Soldier King Lin Feng, she was furious. She didn't manage to catch the man, and in the end, she went home and completely forgot to throw it away, accidentally bringing it to her company as a sample for the new season's collection.

Unexpectedly, it was this piece of cloth that ended up giving her the opportunity to collaborate with the luxury brand behind Trotsky.

Gu Xiyan suddenly felt extremely fortunate.

While she was speculating about Mu Jinyu's real identity,

Trotsky began to explain to Wang Huanhuan why he could confirm that Mu Jinyu's boxer shorts were made from the silk of those five Divine Silkworms.

"You ask me how I can be so sure?"

Trotsky, as if he had heard a joke, scoffed a few times and with a superior look that a city dweller might give to a countrywoman in the city, leisurely said:

"Because once, under the invitation of the British Royal Family, my master and countless tailor masters worked together on a silk handkerchief made from the silk of three of the Divine Silkworms—the Golden, Jade, and Heavenly Silkworms—I had the fortune to observe at the side and even personally touch the texture of the silk made from those silkworms."

"And that silk handkerchief, made from the three types of Divine Silkworms, is still kept by the British Royal Family. Any leader from another country who wishes to see even a glimpse can't manage to do so..."

"Since then, I have been furiously researching the information on silks made from the five types of Divine Silkworms, focusing on the feel to the touch, the scent..."

"Therefore, at first, I wasn't entirely sure, but after I personally touched it and smelled it, I knew that what Lady Gu held in her hands, that seemingly ordinary pair of boxer shorts, is in fact a super work of art coveted by leaders of various countries, worth more than its weight in gold."

After Trotsky finished speaking, he scornfully looked at Wang Huanhuan, who was still looking dumbfounded and confused, and concluded decisively, "Your so-called 'Golden-threaded Jade Clothes' from Huaxia can't even compare to these boxer shorts!"

Trotsky's words also left Gu Xiyan utterly baffled.

She subconsciously began to gently caress the fabric of Mu Jinyu's boxer shorts.

The fabric was smooth and finely textured, very compliant to the touch. She hadn't paid much attention when she first grasped it, but now, after hearing Trotsky's words, Gu Xiyan felt that indeed, not even the world's finest silk could compare to the fabric of these boxer shorts.

And if what Trotsky just claimed about the shorts being immune to all poisons and diseases, even able to regulate one's health, was true...

So, the object of the world leaders' dreams wasn't just talk.

It indeed possessed a madness-inducing magic.

It's just...

Where on earth did that man get the fabric for these boxer shorts?

Trotsky just said that the Dragon Silkworm and the Phoenix Silkworm had long since gone extinct, and that the silk handkerchief owned by the British Royal Family was made from only three types of Divine Silkworm Silk.

That guy, why are his boxer shorts made from the silk of five kinds of Divine Silkworms?

Who on earth is he?!

Gu Xiyao really couldn't figure it out.

After Trotsky finished lecturing Wang Huanhuan, he stopped paying attention to her and turned back, his eyes burning with fervor as he gazed at the piece of cloth in Gu Xiyao's hands, exclaiming, "This is returning to the original simplicity, this is the true essence of art, oh, this is wonderful, these boxer shorts are just perfect."

Having said that, he took his gaze off the boxer shorts.

He looked up at Gu Xiyao, saw her odd expression, her face full of enjoyment as she gently stroked the fabric, yet occasionally frowning.

He thought she might not quite believe him and quickly said, "Lady Gu, how about it, the feel of this fabric is great, right? Take another sniff, even though it looks a bit dirty, there's absolutely no bad smell; instead, it has a fragrance like orchids or musk, rich and intoxicating, like a fine wine that's been decanted after years of sediment, irresistibly seductive."

Upon hearing this, Gu Xiyan subconsciously raised the piece of fabric in her hand to her nose to take a whiff.

However, finally, under Yu Linglong's unusual gaze, she came to her senses, her face flushed bright red, and she hurriedly stuffed the boxer shorts back into the black plastic bag.

To think she was about to smell these dirty boxer shorts, this pervert...

Gu Xiyan was fuming but also felt somewhat guilty.

Wow, why did I just have the impulse to try it? [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT NOVELFire.net](http://NOVELFire.net)

Could it be that I am also a pervert?!

While Gu Xiyan rambled on in her thoughts.

Seeing the boxer shorts being put away by her, Trotsky immediately retracted his gaze with regret, then eagerly said, "What do you say, Lady Gu, I am very sincere, right? Quickly bring out the most lenient contract you have prepared, I'll sign it right away, I only have one request, just let me meet the fashion designer who designed these boxer shorts."

Originally, he was thinking of buying these boxer shorts, no matter the cost.

But now, he wanted to meet the owner of these boxer shorts.

As for his initial plan, during the cooperation, to manipulate Gu Xiyao and the other lady, and eventually dominate them, he had long since thrown that idea to Java Island.

Trotsky's voice carried a hint of pleading, and his eyes looked pitifully hopeful as he implored, "I just want to meet this great artist."

"A great artist?!" Gu Xiyao couldn't help but echo Trotsky's words.

In her mind, the image of her first meeting with Mu Jinyu surfaced, along with his attire.

He, an artist?!