

## Medical 101

### Chapter 101 The Great Waves Sift Sand to Reveal Gold

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Cheng Fengxian's heart suddenly skipped a beat, and he hurriedly said, "Last year, through an acquaintance, I got to know Mr. Fujino from Japan. We were preparing to collaborate on a project. Negotiations for the project went from last year to this year, but we have yet to reach an agreement. I've already made major concessions, but he's still pondering. Today, he went to the 28th floor. He must be meeting my competitor to discuss collaboration, aiming for better benefits. Those Japanese are really cunning!"

"That guy carries a strong aura of financial loss. Clearly, his fate is one of wealth hard to gather and a life destined for poverty. Are you trying to lose money by working with him?" Yan Xiaobao sneered and turned his head to observe Cheng Fengxian's office.

It was a casual remark that struck a chord with the listener.

Though it was the first time Cheng Fengxian met Yan Xiaobao, and their acquaintance was less than an hour, after witnessing Yan Xiaobao's uncanny abilities several times, Cheng Fengxian immediately took his words to heart.

"Liya, quickly investigate Mr. Fujino's background again. Have someone re-examine all the materials we've gathered on him. Also, send someone to check out the situation on the 28th floor right away."

After issuing his instructions to Liya, Cheng Fengxian took out his prized purple clay tea set and pre-rain Longjing tea, personally making tea to host Yan Xiaobao and the others.

"Mr. Yan, what do you think of the Fengshui Array here?" Cheng Fengxian asked.

Tang Wenjun and Dong Yuqing also began looking around. They noticed that the office, over a hundred square meters and quite spacious, was entirely blue-themed. The ceiling, carpet, curtains, furniture, and even the telephone on the desk were all in shades of blue. freewebnovel.com

"This is a 'Golden Rewards After Troubled Waters' array. Adequate for maintaining stability but lacking for advancement. It's just so-so," Yan Xiaobao said, taking a sip of tea, looking rather uninterested.

"To be frank, beneath this floor lies a consecrated golden brick, which indeed confirms the 'Golden Rewards After Troubled Waters' array," Cheng Fengxian further affirmed Yan Xiaobao's mastery of Fengshui Techniques and asked again, "Mr. Yan, why do you say it's adequate for stability but lacks for advancement?"

"Isn't that obvious?" Yan Xiaobao replied. "'Golden Rewards After Troubled Waters' means you only get to pick up some gold dust after the waves and tides settle. In other words, you can only passively take leftovers, naturally lacking in advancement."

"Exactly! That makes so much sense..." Cheng Fengxian nodded in strong agreement.

For instance, when he visited the Ancient Moon Pavilion today, he finally came across a painting, \*School of Fish Playing with Water Plants\*, but Tang Wenjun managed to snatch it for a mere 39,000 yuan before he could—despite his offer of 3 million yuan. He couldn't even get it.

Reflecting on the circumstances since moving into this office, his luck indeed seemed mediocre, exactly as Yan Xiaobao described: adequate for stability, but lacking for advancement.

Cheng Fengxian humbly sought guidance, "Mr. Yan, what can be done to improve this Fengshui Array?"

Tang Wenjun secretly chuckled. \*I spent 500 million, and even then, Yan Xiaobao wouldn't lift a finger. Do you think he'd simply provide you guidance just because you ask? Fat chance.\*

Unexpectedly, Yan Xiaobao spoke, catching Tang Wenjun entirely off guard, "It's very simple: pick an auspicious day. At the hour of Chen, when sunlight reflects off the river outside the window, place a mirror to reflect the golden glow of the water into the room. This will create a complete Fengshui Array: 'Golden Rewards After Troubled Waters; The Clouds Clear and the Sun Emerges.'"

"So that's how it works... The clouds clear and the sun emerges... Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant!" Cheng Fengxian marveled repeatedly, expressing his gratitude profusely.

Tang Wenjun was left feeling frustrated and puzzled. He asked, "Brother Bao, you've only just met Master Cheng today. Yet you're so... generous in advising his Fengshui Array. How come I... spent so much money, and you're constantly reluctant... Do you look down on me, Brother Bao?"

Yan Xiaobao glared at Tang Wenjun. "Master Cheng's situation is merely a passing comment. The Fengshui Formation at your place, on the other hand, is something that'll keep me tied up for ages. Can you really compare?"

Tang Wenjun finally understood, bursting into laughter and offering profuse compliments, "Then I'll trouble Brother Bao, haha..."

At that moment, the office phone rang.

Cheng Fengxian's stunning assistant, Liya, answered the call and then reported to him, "Mr. Cheng, the boss on the 28th floor has gone out of town and isn't in Binhai. The source of this information is highly credible."

"Hmph! That Fujimoto kid is clearly just putting on a show. I almost fell for his tricks!"

Cheng Fengxian now had complete faith in Yan Xiaobao's words, thanking him once more before proactively saying, "Mr. Yan, you came here because you want to exchange \*School of Fish Playing with Water Plants\* for Fengshui Artifacts, correct?"

Yan Xiaobao nodded in confirmation.

"I wonder which treasure caught Mr. Yan's eye?" Cheng Fengxian stood and spread his arms to gesture. "Feel free to browse my collection. Whatever you fancy, no argument from me."

"That one," Yan Xiaobao unhesitatingly pointed toward an antique display cabinet behind Cheng Fengxian's desk.

Cheng Fengxian signaled Liya to retrieve the antique from the display cabinet.

"This doesn't seem to be a Fengshui Artifact..." Dong Yuqing said hesitantly. "If I'm not mistaken, this might be a kind of official seal used by ancient bureaucrats."

"Mr. Dong from Heavenly Water Pavilion is indeed well-informed," Cheng Fengxian said with a smile. "This is a Fish Token, carried by officials during the Tang Dynasty."

Cheng Fengxian then provided a detailed explanation:

The Fish Token, similar to the Tiger Token or Turtle Token, was not only a credential for mobilizing troops but also a symbol of an official's identity when entering or exiting palace gates. During the Tang Dynasty, officials ranked fifth grade and above carried Fish Tokens and Fish Pouches to signify their status—distinguishing nobles from commoners and responding to summons. Fish Tokens were made of different materials: gold for princes, copper for ordinary officials, with their rank and name inscribed. Fish pouches were also decorated differently: gold for third grade and above, silver for fifth grade and above.

Fish Tokens consisted of two halves. The seam bore the characters "He Tong" (meaning "Together as One"). When separated, each half would display only half the character. Only when joined together would the full characters be visible, hence these tokens were also called "He Tong." In later times, contracts mirrored this concept: two identical copies stamped along the seam, held separately by both parties as evidence. This type of credential became collectively known as "contract," derived from the term "He Tong."

Tang Wenjun admired the delicate antique inside a rosewood box and remarked, "This pair of Fish Tokens is adorned with gold and surely very valuable."

"This is the most expensive item in my collection," Cheng Fengxian laughed, pride obvious in his expression, as he described further. "These Fish Tokens are well-preserved artifacts belonging to a notable Tang Dynasty official, making them extraordinarily rare."

"A Tang Dynasty official?"

With Cheng Fengxian's permission, Tang Wenjun carefully picked up the Fish Tokens to inspect them closely. The pair was made of copper inlaid with gold. The patina was dense and smooth, exuding a jade-like texture and featuring exquisite craftsmanship. On them was inscribed a small line of characters:

"Duke Ju, Heavenly Strategy Admiral Mansion Chief, Tang!"

Chapter 102 Let's Form a Good Karma

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"Good heavens! This is extraordinary!" Tang Wenjun exclaimed, "Even though I don't know much about antiques, I do know that any artifact used by a Tang Dynasty Duke would be invaluable beyond measure! These Fish Tokens are certainly worth far more than any Tang Sancai pottery!"

"Not just that," Cheng Fengxian said with a smile, "Young Master Tang might not know who this Duke Ju really was."

"Who was he?" Tang Wenjun eagerly asked.

"After Li Shimin defeated Liu Wuzhou, he appointed him as Minister of Rites, granted him the position of Chief of the Heavenly Strategy Admiral Mansion, and conferred upon him the title of Duke Ju, with a special one-time pardon from death. He passed away in the first year of Xianqing at the age of seventy-eight. He was posthumously promoted to Senior Grand Councilor with Personal Administration and Governor of Bingzhou, and was given the honorary title of 'Xiang,' and interred at Zhao Ling."

Cheng Fengxian declared proudly, "This man was Duke Ju Tang Jian, one of the Twenty-Four Meritorious Officials of Lingyan Pavilion!"

"Good heavens!" Tang Wenjun sucked in a breath of cold air.

Even those who know little about history have encountered the legendary tales of the Twenty-Four Meritorious Officials of Lingyan Pavilion under Emperor Taizong of Tang in countless novels, TV shows, and films.

The fact that these Fish Tokens symbolize the identity and status of Tang Jian, one of the Twenty-Four Meritorious Officials of Lingyan Pavilion, means their auction price would certainly be astronomical!

The "School of Fish Playing with Water Plants" painting by Yun Nantian, while undoubtedly valuable, pales in comparison to these Fish Tokens left behind by Tang Jian. The difference is not even close.

"Mr. Yan," Cheng Fengxian said solemnly, looking directly at Yan Xiaobao, "Are you certain... the Fengshui Artifact you're looking for is indeed these Fish Tokens?"

"Of course, why else would I come here with you?" Yan Xiaobao replied, seemingly indifferent to such priceless antiques.

"These Fish Tokens are, without question, my family's treasure. No matter how high a price others offer, I won't part with them." Cheng Fengxian gently stroked the pair of Fish Tokens in his hand, his eyes filled with appreciation and deep attachment.

"A gentleman doesn't covet another's cherished possessions. If that's the case..."

Cheng Fengxian waved his hand, interrupting Tang Wenjun, and said seriously, "Even though I've just met Mr. Yan today, he not only helped me complete the Fengshui Array but also exposed Fujino's true nature, saving me from a considerable financial disaster. It's truly my great fortune in three lifetimes to have met Mr. Yan. Since Mr. Yan has taken a liking to them, then I shall gift these Fish Tokens to him as a gesture of goodwill."

"..."

Tang Wenjun was dumbfounded.

Dong Yuqing was also stunned.

These Fish Tokens, the treasured relics of Tang Jian — one of the Twenty-Four Meritorious Officials of Lingyan Pavilion under Emperor Taizong of Tang — were of incalculable value.

Cheng Fengxian himself had just said that he wouldn't sell them no matter the offered price.

Yet now, he's giving them away to Yan Xiaobao directly?

Moreover, Cheng Fengxian and Yan Xiaobao had only met earlier today, for no more than an hour. It's completely unrealistic...

"Young Master Tang," Cheng Fengxian turned to Tang Wenjun, "There's a good chance that Duke Ju Tang Jian is from your family lineage. Mr. Yan intends to use these Fish Tokens to set up a Fengshui Formation for your Tang family's estate. Perhaps this is fate working in mysterious ways."

"This... But how can I accept that..." Tang Wenjun mumbled, "Maybe Master Cheng can name a price instead, and I'll..."

"Talking about money cheapens it." Cheng Fengxian interrupted Tang Wenjun with mock displeasure. "Though I've only just met Mr. Yan, he's already helped me with two major matters. If we really talk about money, I might even have gained. Take these Fish Tokens with you, and leave the 'School of Fish Playing with Water Plants' painting behind. That settles it!"

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After bidding farewell to Cheng Fengxian and leaving his office, Tang Wenjun was still sighing and marveling, "Truly, the ways of great minds and experts differ from common folk. We mere mortals can hardly comprehend them..."

Even Dong Yuqing, as she looked at Yan Xiaobao, had a complex expression in her eyes, filled with mixed emotions.

Having successfully obtained the Fish Tokens, an essential Fengshui Artifact, Tang Wenjun brought Yan Xiaobao and Dong Yuqing back to Antique Street to continue treasure hunting.

Unfortunately, even after browsing until three or four in the afternoon, they didn't find anything worthwhile again.

Gradually, Dong Yuqing's steps grew heavier. Although her high heels weren't overly tall nor sharply pointed, walking all day had left her feeling worn out.

"Wife Qingqing, your feet must be hurting." Yan Xiaobao offered eagerly, "Let me massage them for you. I guarantee instant relief; you'll feel no pain at all."

"No, thank you." Dong Yuqing refused outright.

A girl's feet aren't something to be casually touched, especially by someone like Yan Xiaobao — such a shameless cad...

Though anxious to help Yan Xiaobao gather the various treasures he needed, Tang Wenjun decided to stop treasure hunting for the sake of Dong Yuqing. He led them into a teahouse for some tea and rest.

After sipping just half a cup of tea, Daoist Xuanzhen called Dong Yuqing and informed her of a Fengshui Artifact auction happening that evening. They could try their luck there; perhaps they'd find suitable artifacts up for sale.

Tang Wenjun immediately perked up, exclaiming how perfectly timed the coincidence was. Even better, the Fengshui Artifact auction was being held at the Han Tang Pavilion Hotel — his family's property, no less.

Inspired by this serendipity, they drove straight to Han Tang Pavilion Hotel after finishing their tea and resting briefly.

The Han Tang Pavilion Hotel was one of Binhai's most prestigious high-end hotels, offering comprehensive amenities like dining, accommodation, entertainment, and leisure — everything under one roof.

"The auction opens at eight tonight, and we still have some time," Tang Wenjun explained as he led Yan Xiaobao and Dong Yuqing into a private room on the hotel's second floor, adding with a smile, "Mr. Dong must be worn out today. Let's eat, get a massage, and soak our feet for relaxation first. Then we can attend the auction refreshed."

Dong Yuqing, indeed exhausted, didn't refuse the suggestion. A professional foot massage could effectively alleviate physical fatigue.

"I'll head to the restroom," Dong Yuqing said, placing her handbag down before stepping out.

"Wait for me — I need to go too," Yan Xiaobao called out, quickly following her.

Tang Wenjun: "..."

Dong Yuqing quickened her pace, muttering to herself: If you're so bold, follow me into the ladies' restroom!

Of course, Yan Xiaobao didn't follow her into the ladies' restroom. Instead, he suddenly caught the sound of a familiar voice. Turning toward the source, he rounded a corner and arrived at the door of another private room.

"What... What do you want?" A panicked female voice came from within the room.

The room's soundproofing was excellent; if not for Yan Xiaobao's extraordinary hearing, anyone passing by outside wouldn't have heard a thing.

Then, a male voice with a mischievous edge chuckled as he said, "I don't want anything. I'm asking you to have a drink with me, but you're playing hard to get. Are you trying to eat the punishment instead of the toast?"

Nearby, a few rowdy voices echoed in agreement: "Exactly! Not giving even this tiny shred of face — isn't that making our Young Master Ximen look bad?"

Chapter 103 Let Me Use Your Wife

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"Isn't that right? Our Young Master Ximen is one of the famous 'Top Ten Outstanding Youth of Jiangnan'! For him to fancy you, a mere waitress, that's a blessing you've accumulated over eight lifetimes!"

"Young Master Ximen, since this chick doesn't appreciate your kindness, why bother talking nonsense? Just deal with her already and let us brothers have some fun too."

"What's the rush?" Young Master Ximen chuckled sinisterly. "Waitresses this beautiful are hard to find, and look how shy she is... Tsk tsk tsk, premium goods like this are best enjoyed slowly."

"Please, I beg you, let me go. I really can't drink alcohol..." The girl kept pleading, her voice trembling as if she was about to cry.

"Beautiful, I'm not forcing you or anything. What's all the crying about? I never compel beautiful women. Just finish this drink, and if you still don't want to come with me, I'll let it go."

"Really? Then... then it's settled, just this one drink..."

Young Master Ximen's eyes gleamed as he watched the beautiful waitress painfully finish the glass of alcohol. Then he threw his head back and exploded into wild laughter.

This waitress was clearly inexperienced. Did she think she could casually drink alcohol around here?

How many innocent young women had ruined their lives because of just one drink...

While Young Master Ximen was quietly celebrating his scheme's success, the private room's door suddenly swung open. Yan Xiaobao strolled in with a cheeky grin, saying, "What drink is so good? Let me have a taste too."

Young Master Ximen was startled. "How did you get in here?"

The private room door had clearly been locked from the inside earlier!

"Are you blind? Or just stupid?" Yan Xiaobao looked at Young Master Ximen as if he were an idiot. "I walked in, obviously."

"Who are you?" Young Master Ximen asked in a low voice.

Yan Xiaobao's sudden appearance threw him off balance.

"I'm her husband." Yan Xiaobao pointed at the flushed, dazed waitress who had just downed her drink.

One glass of spiked liquor had left the waitress groggy and unable to recognize Yan Xiaobao. But how could Yan Xiaobao forget this "wife" he'd met upon leaving the island?

The beautiful waitress was none other than Tiantian, the flight attendant Yan Xiaobao had met aboard flight MH737, who he jokingly called "Wife Tiantian."

How had a flight attendant fallen to working as a restaurant waitress?

Now wasn't the time to ask that question.

Hearing this, Young Master Ximen immediately felt at ease.

What kind of background could a mere waitress's husband possibly have?

"If you're smart, get lost! Your wife is mine for one night, and I'll return her to you tomorrow," Young Master Ximen said, waving dismissively like shooing away a fly. "If not, I don't mind giving you a live demonstration of 'crime in progress.'"

"Crime in progress? That's my favorite!"

"Count me in too, Young Master Ximen. Let me play a supporting role."

"Me too, me too. Let me have some fun too!"

The four thugs by Young Master Ximen chuckled maliciously as they closed in on Yan Xiaobao, planning to subdue him and force him to watch as they humiliated him.

"Boom!"

A muffled sound rang out, and a figure flew across the room.

The thug at the front was sent sailing out of the private room, landing in a heap in the hallway.

"Boom!" "Boom!" "Boom!"

The other three thugs hadn't even reacted before they were launched one after another, landing in a pile on the floor, motionless.

Young Master Ximen was shocked. He had never expected this clean-cut, harmless-looking young man to be so formidable. But as one of the "Jiangnan Ten Tigers," he wasn't someone to be trifled with either.

"Hmph! Didn't expect you to have some skills. But let me tell you, I, Ximen Hao, have never feared anyone in Binhai! So what if you can fight? Can you take on a hundred men? Can you fend off a gun?"

Declaring his "prestige," Ximen Hao continued, "Leave now, and I won't hold you accountable for injuring my men. Besides, your wife is already drunk; she won't know you were even here. Head home tomorrow, and your life will go on as usual. Women are all the same anyway—it's not like it's her first time. What's the big deal?"

Yan Xiaobao regarded Ximen Hao with interest, as if observing a rare creature. He had never seen someone so absurd before.

Seeing that Yan Xiaobao wasn't making a move, Ximen Hao quickly pulled out his wallet, took out 3,000 yuan, and slapped it onto the dining table.

"Let me tell you the truth. Any woman I, Ximen Hao, set my sights on has never escaped my grasp! There's no need for you to ruin your home over a woman. Take this money and enjoy yourself for a night on me."

Seeing Yan Xiaobao remain unresponsive after all that, Ximen Hao grew unsure of his intentions and asked, "Is it not enough? Say something, would you!"

"You done talking?" Yan Xiaobao asked in return.

"Yeah, I'm done," Ximen Hao replied, confused.

"That's it? That's all you've got? I've never heard such a hilarious joke in my life..." Yan Xiaobao stretched leisurely. "Since you're finished, I guess it's my turn to start beating you up."

"What?" Ximen Hao froze in shock and tried to back away, but how could he escape Yan Xiaobao's attack? Before he could take a single step, his vision blurred, and he found himself lifted off the ground.

"Let... let me go! If you dare to hit me, I'll make sure you have no grave to rest in..."

"Then I'll cut you into eight pieces first and see how you manage that!" Yan Xiaobao replied, slamming Ximen Hao onto the dining table with a "Bam!" before looking around.

Luckily for Ximen Hao, today's meal was Chinese cuisine—no knives on the table.

"Help! Murder! Someone save me!" Ximen Hao wailed like a dying pig as he lay on the table, feeling like his body was falling apart.

Yan Xiaobao, failing to find a knife, grabbed both of Ximen Hao's legs. "Well, no knife? Guess I'll have to tear you apart with my hands."

"Ahh!" Ximen Hao was so scared his soul nearly left his body, writhing violently like a dying lobster.

Nima! Did this guy think he was filming a TV show? Hand-tearing his enemy like he's some warrior...

"Stop!"

Just as Young Master Ximen was about to be turned into shreds, the hotel's security captain burst into the room with four guards, shouting at Yan Xiaobao, "Let go of Young Master Ximen right now!"

"Why should I listen to you?" Yan Xiaobao replied impatiently, glaring at the security captain. "This is none of your business. Get lost before I tear you apart too!"

"What are you waiting for? Save me!" Ximen Hao hollered desperately at his rescuers. "Break this lunatic! Beat him to death! If anything happens, I'll take responsibility!"

Chapter 104 So Hot and Uncomfortable

"Yes! Young Master Ximen, don't worry, leave it to me." The security captain's eyes widened as he drew his baton and swung it forcefully, charging forward, "Go! Beat him hard for me!"

Yan Xiaobao didn't say a word, and directly launched a kick.

"Ahh!" The security captain let out a tragic scream, flew backward, and crashed into another security guard behind him.

"Captain, are you okay?" The two security guards on either side quickly helped the security captain up.

Gripping his stomach, the security captain took a deep breath and then roared at Yan Xiaobao, "Don't worry about me, everyone attack together! Cripple that kid for me!"

"Yes!" Several security guards immediately swung their batons and charged at Yan Xiaobao.

"Stop!"

A stern shout suddenly came from the private room door.

After Dong Yuqing returned to the private room and didn't see Yan Xiaobao coming back for a while, Tang Wenjun went out to look for him and happened to witness this scene.

The security captain glanced back and immediately nodded submissively, running over to Tang Wenjun, "Young Master Tang, you..."

"Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!"

Tang Wenjun landed four resounding slaps across the security captain's face, causing him to wobble left and right like a pitiful sapling swaying in a storm.

"You worthless fool!" Tang Wenjun's face turned dark with anger, abandoning all pretense of calmness as he cursed, "Brother Bao is my esteemed guest. Hitting him is the same as slapping me in the face!"

"Young... Young Master Tang..." The security captain's now-swollen face turned pale with despair. He had originally intended to curry favor with Ximen Hao by helping teach Yan Xiaobao a lesson, but instead, he offended the eldest son of his own boss's family. His bad luck couldn't get any worse.

"Young Master Tang, I... I didn't know he was your friend. Otherwise, even with the courage of a bear or leopard, I wouldn't have dared to touch him... Young Master, please be merciful and spare me this once..."

Tang Wenjun ignored him, impatiently waving his hand, "Get lost! Go to accounting, collect your pay, and leave immediately! Don't let me see you again, or I'll break your damn legs!"

Tang Wenjun wasn't just trying to appease Yan Xiaobao's anger; he was also weeding out a bad apple from his family's hotel.

The security captain's actions clearly amounted to dereliction of duty. The job of security was to maintain the hotel's safety and harmony. Showing favoritism could easily lead to major conflicts and losses. How could anyone allow such a person to hit guests?

Even if the target of the security captain's aggression that day wasn't Yan Xiaobao, Tang Wenjun would never tolerate such a menace in his hotel.

Knowing he had committed a grave mistake and that further pleading would be fruitless, the security captain resigned himself to his bad luck and shamefully slunk away.

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"Well, look who it is — Young Master Ximen!" Tang Wenjun looked at Ximen Hao with a teasing expression, "What's the matter? Is the dining table here more comfortable than the bed at your place? Can't seem to leave?"

Although both were among the Top Ten Outstanding Youth of Jiangnan, Tang Wenjun and Ximen Hao had always butted heads, frequently clashing in their daily lives.

"I'll lie wherever the hell I like, what's it to you?" Despite being in intense pain, Ximen Hao refused to lose face in front of Tang Wenjun. Struggling to get up, he pointed at Yan Xiaobao and said, "Tang Wenjun, your friend injured my men. Are you not going to give me an explanation?"

In front of Tang Wenjun, Ximen Hao didn't mention how he himself had been slammed by Yan Xiaobao, instead referring to how Yan Xiaobao had beaten up his subordinates. After all, it was still about saving face.

"Why did my friend have to resort to violence? Don't you already know?" Tang Wenjun sneered and glanced at the somewhat disoriented Tiantian, "Ximen Hao, let me warn you: the waitstaff at my hotel are not for sale! If you want to play those dirty tricks, take them back to your own territory and don't bring them into my place!"

Knowing there was no way to gain the upper hand today in front of Tang Wenjun, Ximen Hao nodded grimly, "Fine! I won't stoop to your level today. You'd better watch out!"

"Why wait? I haven't even started beating you yet!" Yan Xiaobao said, stepping forward as if ready to take Ximen Hao down again.

Ximen Hao, startled, recoiled like a frightened shrimp, leaping back and bracing himself defensively.

"Brother Bao..." Tang Wenjun originally wanted to ask Yan Xiaobao not to fight Ximen Hao in his family's hotel. But fearing Yan Xiaobao might refuse to give him face, he turned instead to Dong Yuqing with a pleading look.

Under Tang Wenjun's gaze, Dong Yuqing reluctantly stepped forward to persuade him, "Mr. Yan, this is Young Master Tang's hotel. Let's give him a little face and not make trouble here."

Yan Xiaobao immediately grinned at Dong Yuqing, "Since Wife Qingqing has spoken, I'll let him off for the day."

Seeing this, Ximen Hao endured his pain, straightened up, and left stiffly, not even sparing a glance at the four subordinates piled on the ground.

"Let's go back and eat," Tang Wenjun said.

Just then, Tiantian, sitting on a chair, suddenly felt the world spinning around her. With a faint cry, she collapsed onto the ground.

Yan Xiaobao moved quickly, stepping forward to catch her in his arms. "Get me a room," he instructed.

"Brother Bao, I think she's been drugged by that shameless bastard Ximen Hao. How about I send someone to take her to the hospital?" Tang Wenjun suggested.

"Why go to a hospital?" Yan Xiaobao snapped impatiently. "This is my Wife Tiantian. I can take care of her myself."

"Uh..." Tang Wenjun froze. How had the restaurant's waitress suddenly become Yan Xiaobao's wife?

Dong Yuqing shot Yan Xiaobao a disgusted glare. "How can you be like this? She's been drugged and has lost consciousness, and you still want to take advantage of her?"

"When did I take advantage of her?" Yan Xiaobao defended himself bitterly. "She really is my Wife Tiantian! If you don't believe me, ask my Wife Rourou!"

"..." Dong Yuqing turned away, refusing to engage with Yan Xiaobao any further.

Could Yan Xiaobao actually know this waitress?

Though still puzzled, Tang Wenjun didn't delay any longer and quickly arranged a guestroom.

Yan Xiaobao carried Tiantian into the room. By now, the effects of the drug in her system had fully taken hold. She felt unbearably hot and uncomfortable, as if pulling off all her clothes was the only way to find relief.

"So hot... so uncomfortable..."

As soon as Yan Xiaobao placed Tiantian on the bed, she immediately began tugging at her clothes desperately.

"Riiiiip—"

The neckline of her uniform tore open, exposing large expanses of snowy white skin to Yan Xiaobao's gaze.

"Wife Tiantian's skin is so fair and beautiful, pretty much just like Wife Bingbing's," Yan Xiaobao chuckled cheekily, standing by the bed admiring the view.

Though delayed treatment for this kind of drug could cause harm, the potency of the drug here was of little consequence to Yan Xiaobao. He still had plenty of time to enjoy the sight.

Disoriented, Tiantian heard a man calling her "wife" nearby and instinctively sought him out. Sitting up, she threw herself into Yan Xiaobao's arms, murmuring indistinctly, "Husband... uh... husband... I... I want..."

Chapter 105 Destiny Blesses My Wife

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The uniform had already been taken off by Tiantian herself, leaving only her white, delicate body clad in close-fitting undergarments. Holding her in his arms was indescribably satisfying.

Moreover, ever since Yan Xiaobao left the island and came to Binhai, he hadn't been "close to women" for a long time. Now faced with Tiantian's "passionate offering," he could hardly restrain himself...

But Yan Xiaobao was a man of principles. Although he loved sleeping with his wife, he didn't like doing such things while his wife wasn't in her right mind.

"Wife Tiantian, let me help you dispel the effects of the drug first." Yan Xiaobao spoke softly, leaning down to meet Tiantian's approaching lips for a kiss.

In the fiery, passionate kiss, the drug slowly left Tiantian's body, and her consciousness gradually returned to clarity.

"Ah!"

Tiantian suddenly let out a sharp scream, pushing Yan Xiaobao away with all her strength, then quickly burrowing into the covers. Terrified, she pleaded, "Please, don't do this. I beg you, let me go..."

"Wife Tiantian, don't be afraid—it's me, your husband, Yan Xiaobao." Yan Xiaobao sat on the edge of the bed, softly calling out to her.

Tiantian listened to Yan Xiaobao's voice, which sounded a little familiar, cautiously peeking out a pair of pitiable, deer-like eyes from beneath the blanket.

"It... it's you?" Tiantian recognized Yan Xiaobao, relaxing slightly. "Why are you here? Where... where is Young Master Ximen?"

"When Wife Tiantian is being mistreated, of course I have to come to protect you." Yan Xiaobao replied with a playful smile. "That bastard has already been chased away by me—Wife Tiantian, you never have to be scared again."

"Re-really?" Tiantian asked, both surprised and delighted, yet deeply aggrieved, and suddenly broke into loud sobs.

"Wife Tiantian, don't cry anymore. Rest assured, as long as I'm here, no one can bully you." Yan Xiaobao reached out, pulling Tiantian into his arms.

Tiantian didn't resist and continued to cry uncontrollably, as if venting all the grievances inside her through tears. During this period, her life had undergone earth-shattering changes, as if she had fallen straight from the clouds into the depths of an abyss.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao again, Tiantian had long forgotten the displeasure and resentment caused by his "wandering heart" last time. She only felt an immense sense of familiarity and safety.

"It's all right now, don't cry anymore. Just stay here and rest well for a while—I'll handle something and come back to accompany you." Yan Xiaobao said as he gently stroked Tiantian's silky hair, using the same method he would to lull Han Ruobing to sleep, calming Tiantian down until she fell asleep peacefully.

...

In the private room of the restaurant, Tang Wenjun was constantly checking his watch, both anxious and embarrassed.

A table full of food was already served—he couldn't just not wait for Yan Xiaobao.

But if he waited, he had no idea how long Yan Xiaobao would be holed up in the room with the drugged beautiful girl. Sitting here with Dong Yuqing, doing nothing, was awkward as well.

Dong Yuqing sat silently with a gloomy expression, resembling someone holding back anger. Tang Wenjun tried to bring up a few topics to ease the awkward atmosphere, but she showed no interest in talking.

Luckily, Yan Xiaobao returned less than ten minutes later, pushing open the door and entering.

Tang Wenjun breathed a sigh of relief, immediately standing up and smiling to greet him, "Brother Bao, perfect timing—the dishes were just served. Mr. Dong, come on, let's dig in."

Dong Yuqing sneered at Yan Xiaobao, sarcastically saying, "That was quick."

"Of course." Yan Xiaobao grinned as if oblivious to Dong Yuqing's mockery and boasted, "I'm the Divine Doctor, after all. How could a little drug give me trouble? I resolved it in minutes."

"Um... Brother Bao, why didn't you bring Sister-in-law Tiantian along to eat with us?" Tang Wenjun asked politely.

"Her mood isn't great right now, so I let her sleep for a bit. I'll go check on her later tonight." Yan Xiaobao replied as he started eating.

Tang Wenjun tried to give Yan Xiaobao an opening to explain himself to Dong Yuqing and asked again, "Brother Bao, how long have you known Sister-in-law Tiantian? Why is she working as a waitress at my family's hotel? If I'd known earlier, I would never have let Sister-in-law Tiantian endure such grievances."

"Wife Tiantian was the first person I met after leaving the island," Yan Xiaobao answered. "She used to be a flight attendant on airplanes. I don't know why she's working as a waitress here. I'll ask her once she's feeling better. And if anyone dared bully her, I'd..."

"Hmph!" Dong Yuqing interrupted coldly, her disdainful tone cutting in, "You keep talking about how much you love your wife, yet you didn't even know how she went from being a flight attendant to a waitress. If not for a coincidental encounter today, your so-called Wife Tiantian would have been ruined by that scumbag Young Master. And yet you're still bragging here!"

Yan Xiaobao remained unbothered, smiling cheekily as he replied, "It's just because Wife Tiantian didn't want to be my wife before, which is why she got bullied. But you can bet my wives—no matter what—can't ever truly be bullied by anyone. Heavenly Sister said my wives are all protected by my destiny. Even if accidents happen, it'll always turn out all right in the end."

"Tch!" Dong Yuqing scoffed with disdain.

Yan Xiaobao remained calm-faced and even teased, "Wife Qingqing, I suggest you just give in to me sooner rather than later. Otherwise, beware of being bullied by others."

Now completely out of sync with Yan Xiaobao's wavelength, Dong Yuqing didn't bother responding further, focusing only on eating without paying him any attention.

...

Originally, Tang Wenjun's plan was to take Dong Yuqing and Yan Xiaobao for a relaxing foot massage after dinner. However, Young Master Ximen's incident of bullying Tiantian had thrown the schedule off.

After eating, the three headed straight to the 19th-floor conference center for the auction. By this time, the event was about to start.

This auction wasn't exclusively for Magic Artifacts but mixed with antiques, relics, and Fengshui Artifacts. After all, in the modern "technology-driven life" society, Fengshui Artifacts as a niche attraction only appealed to a small demographic.

Upon stepping into the conference center, it was already crowded and lively. Two to three hundred guests were seated at around fifty to sixty tables, each with a numbered placard displayed.

Being one of the "Top Ten Outstanding Youth of Jiangnan," Tang Wenjun's table was assigned No. 9, positioned prominently near the front.

Yan Xiaobao scanned the crowd casually and recognized three people:

One was Jiangnan's antique appraisal expert—Cheng Fengxian.

Another was Jiangnan's renowned Fengshui Artifact craftsman—Master Xuanzhen.

The third was none other than the recently pummeled Young Master Ximen, Ximen Hao. Despite being slapped onto the restaurant table by Yan Xiaobao earlier, Ximen Hao surprisingly managed to show up at the auction—his resilience was remarkable.

Chapter 106 Acting Tough When You're This Poor?

...

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you all for attending tonight's event!" The auctioneer's full and vibrant voice opened the curtain on this auction.

"Before officially starting the auction tonight, I would like to present a little appetizer to whet everyone's appetite as a token of gratitude to our esteemed guests."

"As we all know, among the renowned wine regions in France, Bordeaux is the most famous, represented by top-tier vineyards like Petrus Vineyard and Chateau Lafite Rothschild."

As the auctioneer gestured towards the array of wine bottles on the stage, he continued, "But when it comes to Burgundy's La Romanee Conti vineyard, even the owners of these top Bordeaux vineyards would show nothing but the highest respect. At a previous Honggang auction, six bottles of 1990 DRC fetched a sky-high price of 150,000 USD!"

"Wow..." The audience erupted into a chorus of astonishment.

The auctioneer, satisfied, waved his hand to quiet the commotion, then said, "Today, the organizers of this auction have brought forth a batch of 1999 DRC wines. However, instead of auctioning them, they are offering them at a special price of 19,999 per pair solely to our guests here tonight—limited to one pair per guest. Anyone interested, please raise your paddle!"

This auction had an interesting twist: kicking off the event with a universally appealing promotion to set the vibe. It managed to heat up the atmosphere while keeping everything cordial and pleasant—a thoughtful move indeed.

All fifty to sixty tables at the venue raised their paddles without hesitation. Everyone was eager to graciously purchase a pair of the 1999 DRC wines, helping the auction start off with flying colors.

Next, the auctioneer capitalized on the momentum and brought out a renowned masterpiece by Tang Dynasty artist Zhou Fang—"Floral Hairpin Lady Painting"—pushing the excitement to its peak. This exceptional piece eventually sold for a high price of 35 million yuan.

Following that, a series of porcelain pieces, calligraphy works, and jewelry were successfully auctioned one after another without a single item being passed over. Cheng Fengxian even acquired a painting, "Taoyuan Fairyland Map," for an impressive 12 million yuan.

Midway through the auction, it entered a transitional phase. After rounds of fierce bidding, many wealthy attendees took the chance to sit back, sip tea, and prepare for the anticipated showstoppers waiting at the end. As a result, the next few items were auctioned at relatively low prices, with some even failing to sell.

The auctioneer, keeping the rhythm of the event in his control, started bidding for a final ordinary piece, "This is a Han Dynasty Jade Pendant. The jade quality and craftsmanship are top-notch; unfortunately, there's a lack of definitive historical documentation to confirm its true value."

After a pause, the auctioneer raised his tone, "However! If we can uncover its origins and significance, its value could increase tenfold! The starting price of this Han Dynasty Jade Pendant is one million yuan, with each bid adding no less than fifty thousand yuan. Let's begin!"

The auctioneer's follow-up didn't seem to spark much interest. Why are the rich willing to spend lavish amounts? Because they favor famous antiques tied to esteemed figures, with the likes of Emperor Kangxi's goblet or Fragrant Concubine's wash basin—such items provide bragging rights. But an unidentified jade pendant, even if it's from the Han Dynasty—what value does it truly hold?

After some waiting, when the auctioneer saw no bids, he was about to announce the piece as unsold when Yan Xiaobao suddenly raised his paddle from the table.

"Alright! Guest number 9 has bid one million." The auctioneer scanned the room, "Is there anyone willing to bid higher?"

"One million once!"

"One million twice!"

Just as the auctioneer was about to drop the final hammer, "I'll bid one-point-five million!" A chilling voice broke the silence.

Who would suddenly raise the bid by fifty percent? All eyes turned toward the voice's direction.

"He didn't want it earlier, yet now, right before we settle it, he jumps in—clearly he's trying to make trouble for us." Tang Wenjun cast a cold glare toward the neighboring table at Ximen Hao.

Ximen Hao met Tang Wenjun's stare without any intention of backing down, his message crystal clear: I'm here to pick a fight today. Got a problem? Bring it!

"Guest number 10 bids one-point-five million. Anyone willing to go higher?" The auctioneer's eyes shifted directly to Yan Xiaobao's table.

"Brother Bao, relax. There's no way I'm losing to Ximen Hao." Tang Wenjun raised his paddle, "Two million!"

"Three million!"

Before the auctioneer had time to ask, Ximen Hao immediately placed another high bid, his expression filled with vengeance.

Most of the guests recognized Tang Wenjun and Ximen Hao, two renowned heirs of Jiangnan's elite families. Seeing them clash like this ignited whispers throughout the venue.

"Whoa! Ximen Family's eldest young Master and the Tang Family's eldest young Master are at it—what's the story here?"

"Those two families have been at odds for years. Sitting at neighboring tables tonight? A showdown was inevitable."

"No wonder they'd pick such an unclaimed Han Dynasty Jade Pendant—it's perfect for their duel without dragging anyone else in."

"Heh, this is going to be entertaining. First-row seating comes with snacks, folding chairs, and mineral water for sale!"

Amidst the chatter, Tang Wenjun and Ximen Hao had already raised the bidding war to 13 million!

In the realm of antiques, Han Dynasty jade artifacts and bronzes are especially renowned. Han Dynasty jade pieces aren't particularly rare in the market, varying from tens of thousands to several million—even exceeding tens of millions for exceptional ones.

This Han Dynasty Jade Pendant, though quite intact and with decent texture and appearance, suffered from being of unverifiable origin, making its value significantly discounted. Selling for over a million was already quite high—Tang Wenjun bidding up to 13 million seemed outrageous.

Ximen Hao hesitated. He wasn't ignorant and understood that the jade pendant's market value couldn't possibly reach this amount. Paying this much for it wasn't rational.

"Broke loser pretending to be rich?"

Tang Wenjun's casual jab immediately detonated the tension.

"Eighteen million!" Ximen Hao suddenly stood up and roared. In today's face-off, he simply couldn't back down. Doing so would mean eternal disgrace under Tang Wenjun.

Tang Wenjun frowned, surprised that his slight taunt had driven Ximen Hao to the brink of madness, escalating the bid by another five million.

Nevertheless, this unidentified jade pendant was something Yan Xiaobao had eyed. No matter the cost, Tang Wenjun couldn't let him down. At this stage, tossing in another one to two million seemed insignificant compared to the five hundred million he had spent overall.

Just as Tang Wenjun prepared to raise his paddle, Yan Xiaobao stopped him abruptly.

"Brother Bao, weren't you interested in this jade pendant? Why suddenly back off now?" Tang Wenjun asked puzzled.

"Who said I was interested?" Yan Xiaobao replied nonchalantly, looking at Tang Wenjun. "I was just bored, casually waving my paddle for fun."

Tang Wenjun: "..."

Dong Yuqing: "..."

The auctioneer: "..."

Chapter 107 It's All About Fate

...

Ximen Hao, sitting at the table next door, almost spat out a mouthful of blood...

Randomly raising a paddle just for fun? Dammit! This is too cruel...

"Eighteen million! First call! Second call! Third call!" The auctioneer decisively struck his gavel. "Sold! Congratulations to Young Master Ximen for purchasing this extremely rare Han Dynasty Jade Pendant for eighteen million!"

Spending 18 million to buy an unknown jade pendant, Ximen Hao felt as though he'd swallowed a fly. His face turned pig-liver purple, furious to the point that he looked like he was about to bleed.

After that, a series of rare antiques came up, pushing the auction to its climactic stage. However, Yan Xiaobao decided not to "play with the paddle" again.

When the auction concluded, Tang Wenjun had only purchased that pair of famous wines at the very beginning. Other than that, he was completely empty-handed, not having spent a single cent. This left him rather disappointed; he hadn't expected such a highly-rated auction to not include even a single magic artifact.

Dong Yuqing thoughtfully comforted him, "Fengshui artifacts rely on fate. You can't force it, nor should you rush it."

Yan Xiaobao immediately chimed in agreement, "Exactly, exactly. Looking for Fengshui artifacts is just like finding a wife. Fengshui artifacts rely on fate. You can't force it, and there's no need to rush. Wife Qingqing, don't worry, I won't force it, nor will I rush. Besides, you'll become my wife sooner or later."

Dong Yuqing turned sideways, choosing silence and direct indifference, treating Yan Xiaobao like he was air.

After the auction ended, the guests didn't disperse right away. More than half stayed behind, forming small groups to mingle and network.

The liveliest group was centered around Cheng Fengxian and Daoist Xuanzhen, attracting twenty or thirty people and creating a bustling atmosphere.

A woman in her thirties, wearing a purple evening gown, held a gilded Buddha statue as she stepped forward to ask Cheng Fengxian for an appraisal.

Small individual gilded Buddha statues and stone-carved Buddha figures are highly prized by collectors due to their historical age, exquisite craftsmanship, and significant artistic value. Particularly, Ming and Qing palace golden bronze Buddha statues can fetch millions, with the priciest ones reaching billions.

"Gilded Buddha statues crafted during the Yongle Period are regarded as the pinnacle of Buddhist art, celebrated worldwide for their seamless casting techniques and exceptional gilding craftsmanship."

After carefully examining the statue, Cheng Fengxian spoke gently, "This Buddha statue is one of the Yongle gilded bronze Buddhas marked with the Yongle reign. If it's authentic, its value could exceed a billion."

The middle-aged woman's face fell instantly. Cheng Fengxian's words clearly implied it was a forgery.

Still clinging to a sliver of hope, the woman tested further, "But surely... surely this Buddha statue is worth \*something\*, right?"

Cheng Fengxian smiled and said, "Although this imitation Yongle gilded bronze Buddha is a fake, its craftsmanship is impressive, and it does hold some artistic value. It could easily sell for three to five hundred thousand."

"Three to five hundred thousand..." The middle-aged woman remained visibly disappointed.

Given that all the attendees were wealthy, three to five hundred thousand was little more than pocket change. Clearly, this woman had lost a lot of money buying this forgery from somewhere.

"Fifty thousand! Anyone want it?" The middle-aged woman immediately tried selling it on the spot. "I've already lost everything; might as well toss it aside for some peace of mind!"

But no one responded.

Knowing it was a fake, who would want to buy it?

The guests were all affluent and distinguished individuals—none of them would buy a forgery to set up as décor, especially when everyone present was aware of its nature. That would simply be too humiliating.

"Thirty thousand!" The middle-aged woman gritted her teeth and resorted to a fire sale. "If no one buys it, I'll smash it!"

At this moment, Dong Yuqing stepped forward to greet Daoist Xuanzhen, followed by Tang Wenjun and Yan Xiaobao. They arrived just in time to see the middle-aged woman lifting the forged bronze Buddha, ready to smash it on the spot.

"I'll buy it."

Hearing someone offer to buy it, the middle-aged woman lowered the bronze Buddha.

Even a lesser amount of money was still money—thirty thousand could buy a few bags or pairs of shoes after all.

Tang Wenjun didn't say a word, wrote out a check, and acquired the forged bronze Buddha.

He had fully surrendered to Yan Xiaobao's enigmatic ways. No matter how bizarre Yan Xiaobao's actions seemed, he refrained from questioning them. After all, Yan Xiaobao always had his reasons.

While those around them were puzzled as to why Young Master Tang had bought such a fake antique, courtesy prevented them from voicing any wild speculations.

Only Ximen Hao, simmering with resentment, sauntered over and seized the opportunity to mock: "So, Young Master Tang isn't competing with me for that Han Dynasty jade anymore. Turns out... heh-heh-heh! What's the matter? Is Young Master Tang feeling short on cash? If you're strapped, just say the

word—I wouldn't mind tossing you eighteen million. Why else would Young Master Tang buy a fake to decorate his home and embarrass himself?"

Tang Wenjun, struck by Ximen Hao's verbal jab, felt awkward and couldn't retort, his expression turning somewhat uneasy.

Yan Xiaobao didn't bother acknowledging Ximen Hao. Instead, he took the bronze Buddha from the middle-aged woman's hands and promptly slapped it hard.

"Bang! Crack!"

The bronze Buddha shattered instantly, shocking everyone and leaving them bewildered.

This imitation Yongle gilded bronze Buddha might have been counterfeit, but it cost thirty thousand real dollars. And now, barely a minute after its purchase, it was destroyed—was this some kind of frivolous waste of money?

Moreover, although the Buddha statue wasn't genuine, it was solidly made of bronze. Yet this clean-cut young man shattered it with a single slap. The sheer force was terrifying...

Ximen Hao, who had been preparing to continue mocking Tang Wenjun, was also stunned into silence.

What if Yan Xiaobao decided to slap him instead? That wouldn't just be humiliating—it'd be utterly catastrophic...

Under the crowd's perplexed gazes, Yan Xiaobao peeled away the fragments of the bronze Buddha, revealing a brilliant golden light in his hands.

Was there treasure hidden inside this fake Buddha?

The onlookers were amazed once more and stared intently.

The objects glittering in Yan Xiaobao's hands turned out to be a pile of shiny, newly-minted copper coins.

"Hah! I thought it'd be something valuable, but it's just some copper coins." Ximen Hao sneered sarcastically, "That bronze Buddha was worth at least tens of thousands, but these coins look fresh out of the mint. Would they even fetch a few bucks? Smashing the Buddha to retrieve copper coins—what a classic case of losing a watermelon to pick up a sesame seed."

The expressions of curiosity on the faces of the onlookers quickly faded and they returned to normal.

Among archaeological finds, copper coins are some of the most commonly unearthed items. Many ancient tombs contain piles of them as burial offerings.

Thus, in the world of antiques, copper coins tend to be among the least valuable. Truly valuable copper coins are exceedingly rare and would never appear in such large quantities.

Yan Xiaobao's handful of copper coins numbered around sixty or seventy pieces. Their shiny new appearance made it clear they weren't valuable antiques. Combined, they were even less valuable than the fake bronze Buddha they came from.

Chapter 108 A Beautiful Misunderstanding

...

"Is this an Eight Trigram Coin? Mr. Yan, can you let me see this copper coin?" Master Xuanzhen suddenly spoke, once again attracting everyone's attention.

Eight Trigram Coin?

Most of the people present had never heard of such a valuable antique known as the Eight Trigram Coin.

After carefully appraising the copper coin handed over by Yan Xiaobao, Master Xuanzhen's eyes lit up as he praised, "Sure enough, this is an Eight Trigram Coin. This is truly a rare treasure!"

Hearing Master Xuanzhen say this, those around him became even more curious, and many began to ask questions.

"Eight Trigram Coin, as the name implies, the coin's surface features the Eight Trigrams and the names Qian, Kun, Zhen, Xun, Kan, Li, Gen, Dui. The back usually has twenty-two characters in Celestial Stems and Earthly Branches. In ancient times, it was believed to ward off evil and bring safety, mainly used for household protection, ensuring safety, warding off illness and evil, and witchcraft divination."

After a brief explanation, Master Xuanzhen smiled and said, "If I'm not mistaken, this type of Eight Trigram Coin should be from the Daoguang Period of the Qing Dynasty, used during the construction of halls, placed on beams to ward off evil spirits and pray for blessings. In the antique collection world, this type of Eight Trigram Coin may not be very valuable, but in the Fengshui world, that's a different story."

"Mr. Yan, if I'm not mistaken, you should have sixty-four of these Eight Trigram Coins in total."

After Yan Xiaobao nodded, Master Xuanzhen sighed again, "Eight Trigram Coins from the Daoguang Period, a complete set of sixty-four coins, are nearly extinct. A complete set of sixty-four Eight Trigram Coins cannot be obtained without millions or tens of millions."

"Wow!"

Hearing this, everyone immediately exclaimed in astonishment.

Who would have thought that a set of Eight Trigram Coins worth millions would be hidden inside a fake copper Buddha statue?

"I'm going to faint..."

The middle-aged woman who had just sold the copper Buddha for three hundred thousand regretted it deeply. If she hadn't sold the copper Buddha to Yan Xiaobao and had smashed it instead, the Eight Trigram Coins worth millions would have been hers.

It truly can be said... Fate is neither early nor late, just perfectly on time...

"Brother Bao, you are amazing!" Tang Wenjun was overjoyed and looked mockingly at the pale-faced Ximen Hao, saying, "You bought a priceless treasure for only three hundred thousand. I wonder if some of the stuff someone spent eighteen million on is even worth three hundred thousand?"

Ximen Hao's face turned even darker, like coal just out of the mine.

Tang Wenjun didn't let him off easily and continued to mock, "I say, Young Master Ximen, why don't you smash that Han Dynasty Jade Pendant and see if it hides something valuable too?"

Ximen Hao's face turned red and then black. Knowing he had lost to Tang Wenjun today, he turned and left, leaving behind a harsh remark, "Tang Wenjun, you're ruthless! Just wait, this isn't over between us!"

"I'm always ready." Tang Wenjun responded to Ximen Hao's retreating figure without fear.

...

After chatting with Daoist Xuanzhen and Cheng Fengxian for a while, Dong Yuqing, who had been wandering all day and was tired, said goodbye and left. Yan Xiaobao offered to escort her, but after being declined several times, he did not insist and asked Tang Wenjun to drive her back, as he was going to see Tiantian.

Tiantian was sleeping soundly in her room. She hadn't had a good night's sleep in a long time, and after Yan Xiaobao helped her fall asleep, she didn't even want to wake up.

Yan Xiaobao didn't wake her, holding her just like he held Han Ruobing, and slept soundly through the night.

Tiantian's figure was as hot as Han Ruobing's, and as soft as Xia Rou's; Yan Xiaobao held her with great joy.

The next day, Tiantian, who had slept well, opened her eyes and saw Yan Xiaobao grinning at her. She was instantly startled and tensed up.

Had her first time finally been ruthlessly taken away?

Then, resigned, Tiantian sighed and relaxed.

You can avoid the first day but not the fifteenth. This world is full of beasts on two legs, and a weak woman like her would eventually end up in this situation.

This Yan Xiaobao before her had at least had a brief acquaintance with her. Losing it to him was better than losing it to scum like Ximen Hao.

"Do you still want to continue?" Tiantian held back her tears and coldly said, "If not, let go of me and let me get dressed."

"Wife Tiantian, would you like to?" Yan Xiaobao was overjoyed, "Great, great, let's do the happiest thing in the world then!"

Tiantian closed her eyes, turned her head away, and looked pitiful, ready to be at his mercy.

Yan Xiaobao got on top and started kissing.

Tiantian clenched her teeth, very uncooperative.

Yan Xiaobao did not force her and continued downward...

Tiantian had never had experience with men in this regard, so she didn't notice an essential detail: she was still wearing her undergarments that Yan Xiaobao only now began to remove.

Normally, if a man had done something to a woman at night, he would not help her put her clothes back on.

So when Yan Xiaobao removed the last of her clothing, she merely frowned, ultimately giving up resistance.

Life is like being raped; if you can't resist, you might as well endure it silently.

"Ah!"

Tiantian screamed, feeling a tearing pain, and involuntarily clung to Yan Xiaobao.

"Wife Tiantian, does it hurt?" Yan Xiaobao coaxed gently, "The first time is a bit painful. Don't worry, I won't move, it'll get better in a moment..."

"What are you saying!" Tiantian suddenly woke up, "First time? You... you didn't do anything to me last night?"

"You were sleeping so soundly last night, Wife Tiantian, how could I bear to wake you?"

Yan Xiaobao's gentle words were like a sudden thunderstorm to Tiantian, and her tears immediately burst forth...

This... this... Tiantian felt as if a thousand grass mud horses were galloping in her heart...

So Yan Xiaobao didn't do anything to her last night, and she didn't lose the most precious thing she had cherished for twenty-three years. But somehow, she had inexplicably given it away herself, leaving her feeling utterly embarrassed...

"Don't cry, Wife Tiantian." Yan Xiaobao gently wiped away Tiantian's tears, "Rest assured, you are officially my wife now. I will treat you well and make you happy."

With all hope gone, Tiantian opened her eyes and scrutinized the man who had taken her virginity, feeling indescribably complex emotions...

Maybe this is fate...

After a long time, Tiantian accepted her fate once more, sighing lightly, "It doesn't hurt anymore, go ahead."

...

Though young, Yan Xiaobao was experienced, skillful, and very capable. So, Tiantian's first time, though not without pain, was accompanied by quite a bit of pleasure.

Chapter 109 Finally Became A Mistress?

Here is the translated text:

...

Ever since leaving the island, Yan Xiaobao had met quite a few beautiful "wives" and had slept alongside Han Ruobing and Xia Rou several times, but none of these encounters had led to a "home run." He'd been holding in a lot of frustration for a while now.

Now, the first "wife" he got to know, Wife Tiantian, finally became his official "wife." Yan Xiaobao was overjoyed, thrilled, and made sure Tiantian had her fill.

Still unsatisfied, Yan Xiaobao lay on Tiantian's chest, grinning as he said, "Tiantian, how're you feeling?"

Tiantian's face was flushed, her heart seemed to soar beyond the clouds, and she involuntarily nodded in agreement.

"Then let's do it again," Yan Xiaobao said before moving into action again.

"You... aren't you tired?" Tiantian asked in astonishment.

Although she was inexperienced before, as a twenty-three-year-old woman, she understood the basics. Yan Xiaobao had just finished once and was already eager to go again—did he lack the "Sage" moment?

"I'm not tired. Even if we keep at it for a day and night, I wouldn't be worn out," Yan Xiaobao boasted confidently, chest puffed out. "Your husband is the most amazing man in the world!"

...

This continuous frenzy lasted from morning until noon. Yan Xiaobao worked hard while discreetly "healing" Tiantian, who had just endured her fragile, newly "awakened" body and barely managed to hold out.

"Wife Tiantian, you're so beautiful. I just like you so much!" Yan Xiaobao finally vented all his pent-up frustration and, feeling completely satisfied, glanced at the time and said, "Huh? It's noon already. Let's go eat."

"I don't want to move..." Tiantian's body felt limp, devoid of any strength.

"Then I'll call for delivery and feed you myself." Yan Xiaobao jumped off the bed and called to order food.

Luxurious dishes and fine drinks were wheeled in several carts. Yan Xiaobao sat by the bedside, eating while feeding Tiantian.

After eating and resting a while, Tiantian finally regained a bit of strength. She got up, took a shower, dressed herself, and said, "I have to go. I have work this afternoon."

"Work? Why?"

"The restaurant here. This week I'm working afternoon shifts, two to ten," Tiantian explained. Last night, after Ximen Hao gave her drugged liquor, her mind was blurry, and she didn't know of Yan Xiaobao and Tang Wenjun's relationship at all.

"You're my wife now; how can you still work as a waitress here?" Yan Xiaobao pulled Tiantian back into his arms. "From now on, you'll only serve your husband—me."

Tiantian lowered her head shyly and whispered, "If I don't work, where will I get money? I... I still have debts to pay..."

"Debts? What debts?" Yan Xiaobao asked. "By the way, I haven't had the chance to ask—weren't you a flight attendant on a plane? How'd you end up working here as a waitress?"

"Sigh..." Tiantian's face clouded with sorrow as she started recounting her misfortunes to Yan Xiaobao.

It turned out Tiantian had been doing well as a flight attendant, but her incompetent scoundrel of a father had caused her downfall.

Her father had become idle ever since being laid off from a factory in the late 1990s. Later, he developed a gambling addiction, leaving Tiantian's childhood years bleak and difficult.

She had finally managed to become a flight attendant, believing her hardships were over, and that her life would improve. Who could have thought...

Her father, owing gambling debts, came to hide with her. Yet while she wasn't home, he stole her roommates' phones, watches, branded handbags, and sold them to repay debts. Eventually, surveillance cameras captured everything crystal-clear. freewebnove[.com

Her father was arrested for theft, and Tiantian was implicated, getting directly fired by her airline company.

That wasn't all. Her father might be caught, but his creditors weren't willing to let it go. They frequently came to demand repayment from Tiantian and her mother.

Desperate, Tiantian had no choice but to quickly find a job—to support herself and gradually pay off her father's debts.

Unfortunately, a beautiful girl like Tiantian working as a waitress in a restaurant? The consequences were predictable.

From her very first day at the restaurant, Tiantian had faced endless harassment. Yesterday was only her third day there, and she had almost been assaulted by Ximen Hao.

After hearing her account, Yan Xiaobao waved dismissively, "This is nothing! Tiantian, don't worry—with me here, no one can bully you moving forward."

"Will you pay off my debts?" Tiantian hesitantly asked. "My dad owes a lot of money..."

"A lot of money?" Yan Xiaobao asked. "How much?"

Tiantian lowered her head and murmured softly, "Thirty... thirty-four thousand..."

"What? Thirty-four... thousand? That little bit—is that even considered real money?" Yan Xiaobao lifted Tiantian's chin with his finger, making her look at him. "Wife Tiantian, you're officially my wife now. Please don't say things like this again—they'll make me a laughingstock among my junior brothers."

"A little bit? Are you... are you rich?" Tiantian couldn't help but ask.

"Me?" Yan Xiaobao thought for a moment and answered seriously, "I don't have much money now, but don't worry—I'll have plenty very soon."

"Oh..." Listening to this, Tiantian didn't take him too seriously, as she didn't know that in Yan Xiaobao and his junior brothers' worldview, only money measured in billions counted as wealth.

"After the hijacking incident, what have you been up to this whole time?" Tiantian asked, wanting to learn more about the man who was now hers.

"Hmm, nothing much..." Yan Xiaobao glanced at the ceiling, "Just helping Rourou treat patients and catching bad guys for Bingbing."

"..." Tiantian's face paled. She couldn't help but recall Yan Xiaobao's flirtation with her and that beautiful doctor during the flight, a pang of sadness filling her heart. "You... you're still so fickle, with so many wives... Who am I even to you?"

"Hmm..." Yan Xiaobao counted on his fingers, one by one, "Originally, you might've been fifth in line, but now you're officially my wife... Hmm... Heavenly Sister is the first wife, Xiao Wan is second, so Tiantian, you'll be the third!"

Tiantian gave a bitter smile. She hadn't expected to end up downgraded to a mistress.

Yet, after all the misfortunes, Tiantian had a more nuanced understanding of this cruel society. She felt resigned, with a drifting, "go-with-the-flow" mentality. Though her heart was bitter, her resistance wasn't as intense as before.

"Tiantian, let's go buy some clothes first." Although Yan Xiaobao wasn't too concerned about appearances, he still thought Tiantian's waitress uniform was inappropriate.

Chapter 110 The Trouble-Prone Security Guards

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"No need, I have my own clothes in the employee break room, I'll just go change." Tiantian was still thinking about saving money and paying off her debts.

As she arrived at the entrance to the dining department's employee break room, she bumped into her supervisor just as she was about to change clothes.

"Why are you only coming now?" The supervisor scolded her with a stern face, "You just started working for a few days and you're already late. How are you going to manage in the future?"

"Supervisor, I..." Tiantian wanted to resign, but hesitated to speak. In her heart, she still didn't fully see Yan Xiaobao as a man she could depend on.

"What do you mean 'I'? Get to work already!" The supervisor had disliked Tiantian from the first time she saw her.

In no way a pretty young girl like Tiantian could be a restaurant waitress's colleague. Compared to her, all the other waitresses might as well be wilted lettuce, not even green leaves.

"Hey!" Yan Xiaobao stepped forward, angrily saying, "If you talk to my wife like that again, you'd better watch out or I'll smack your mouth!"

"He's your husband?" The supervisor glanced at Yan Xiaobao, not taking the young and plainly dressed man seriously, continuing to taunt Tiantian, "Your employment records say you're unmarried, how did a husband suddenly appear? Did you hook up just last night?"

"Must be!" A sharp-faced, narrow-eyed waitress behind the supervisor fawned over her and said, "I just saw her coming down from the guest rooms by the elevator, she must have been so busy last night that she's about to puke!"

"I told you all, she's just a flashy little tramp, can't do real work, just seduces men all day long!" The supervisor rolled her eyes at Tiantian, whose face was slightly red.

"Are you finished?" Yan Xiaobao asked.

"So what if I'm done or not?"

Yan Xiaobao: "If you're done, then I'm going to start hitting you."

"You..." The supervisor stepped back, "You even hit women, have you no decency?"

"I don't hit women, but someone like you, in my eyes, isn't human." Yan Xiaobao stepped forward and, "Slap!" "Slap!" landed a left and a right slap, causing the waitress and supervisor to bleed from their mouths.

"You... you actually dared to hit someone in our hotel!" The supervisor covered her mouth, not expecting Yan Xiaobao to actually hit her.

"Anyone who insults my wife, I'll beat them! Anyone who touches my wife, I'll take them out!" Yan Xiaobao gently patted Tiantian's back, sending her into the break room, "Go change your clothes, and then we'll leave."

"Think you can just leave after hitting someone? Wait and see!" The supervisor picked up the walkie-talkie and babbled away.

Soon after, a security supervisor hurried over with two subordinates, angrily shouting at Yan Xiaobao, "Where's this young man from, daring to hit my woman? Ate a bear's heart or leopard's guts?"

This security supervisor had heard about their captain being fired by Tang Wenjun yesterday and thus didn't dare to be the first to hit anyone.

But hearing from the waitress supervisor that a waitress's husband had slapped her, he didn't take Yan Xiaobao seriously. How could a wealthy and powerful man let his wife be a waitress?

"Your woman dared to insult my wife, of course, I'd beat her. If you shout at me again, beware, or I might beat you too!"

Yan Xiaobao certainly didn't regard these security guards, not even someone like Zhang Zhixue, the chief constable, who dared to insult his wife would be spared from a beating.

"Oh ho! So you're quite arrogant, huh? I'm standing right here, face in front of you, dare to hit me?" The security supervisor said as he actually stretched out his neck and leaned his face forward.

"Slap!"

Yan Xiaobao swung his hand, landing a slap that knocked the security supervisor to the ground.

At this moment, Tiantian, having changed her clothes, came out just in time to see the scene.

"Folks outside are really funny, always saying: 'Dare to hit me and try?' Such silly words..." Yan Xiaobao looked genuinely perplexed.

"You motherfucker! You hit me first." The security supervisor, having learned from his captain's lesson yesterday, gave himself a "self-defense" excuse.

"Get him! Beat that young man until even his mom wouldn't recognize him!" The security supervisor pulled out a baton and charged at Yan Xiaobao with his two subordinates.

"No!" Tiantian was just about to rush up to mediate.

"Stop!"

A loud shout came from afar.

"Young Master Tang..." The security supervisor saw Tang Wenjun briskly approaching from the corridor, and the previous aggressive demeanor vanished without a trace.

Last night Yan Xiaobao stayed at the Han Tang Pavilion Hotel, and Tang Wenjun hadn't left either. As soon as he heard from the room service that Yan Xiaobao had left his room, he hurried over to meet him. For Tang Wenjun, the feng shui problem at home was now a top priority, and he couldn't rest easy until it was resolved.

Tiantian and the two women who were slapped by Yan Xiaobao all secretly gazed at Tang Wenjun with sparkling eyes.

Tang Wenjun, young, handsome, was the heir of one of Jiangnan's top ten noble families, worth billions, and he had a good reputation, unlike the disreputable playboy types like Ximen Hao and Ma Boyao.

Such a rich, graceful young man was naturally the ideal boyfriend young women dreamed of. Seeing him, they couldn't help but daydream of a Cinderella story.

The elegant Young Master Tang now had a stern face, furrowing his brows as he berated, "What do you think you're doing!"

"Young Master Tang, this guy made trouble here, he hit those two, and when I tried to intervene, he even hit me!" The security supervisor complained, "I was just about to detain him and hand him over to the security team for handling."

"Nonsense!"

Tang Wenjun slapped the security supervisor harshly four times, leaving him dumbfounded.

This group of security guards had utterly infuriated Tang Wenjun. Yesterday, the security captain provoked Yan Xiaobao and got fired, and now there's another blind one today?

"Brother Bao is my esteemed guest. If you hadn't offended his wife, would he even bother with you?" Tang Wenjun had already understood Yan Xiaobao's character well, without needing to ask, he could guess that it was this group of people who troubled Tiantian and angered Yan Xiaobao, leading him to hit people.

When they heard Tang Wenjun personally say Yan Xiaobao was his esteemed guest, the supervisor and the sharp-faced waitress were shocked speechless, and Tiantian was also left dumbfounded, unable to believe it.

The security supervisor was a shrewd person; upon hearing this, he knew he had provoked someone he shouldn't have. He didn't even try to defend himself but immediately admitted his mistake and sought forgiveness, "Young Master Tang, I'm sorry! I didn't know he was your friend, this is entirely our fault, please punish us..."

"No other skills, just know how to cause trouble for me!" Tang Wenjun waved dismissively, "I don't want to see you again, go settle your pay with finance and get lost immediately!"