

## Medical 111

### Chapter 111 Fifty Million Pocket Money

...

The head of security turned pale as he heard this, beads of cold sweat rolling down his face. With a thud, he dropped to his knees and pleaded desperately, "Young Master Tang, you have a magnanimous heart. Please spare me this time... My family depends on me—an eighty-year-old mother at home, and a baby who isn't even a year old yet. We all survive on this job of mine..."

The security head at the Han Tang Pavilion Hotel enjoys decent benefits—food, lodging, a monthly salary of five to six thousand yuan, plus insurance and welfare, almost rivaling a civil servant's perks. Losing this job and trying to find another one would be very difficult.

Tang Wenjun wasn't an unfeeling boss. Hearing the security head plead like this, he hesitated and glanced toward Yan Xiaobao. "Brother Bao, what do you think..."

"He didn't insult my Wife Tiantian. It's up to you," Yan Xiaobao pointed at the two other women. "But they insulted my Wife Tiantian. You handle them as you see fit."

"Understood." Tang Wenjun immediately fired the head waitress and the sharp-tongued server on the spot, while docking the security head's bonus for three months.

The head waitress and the server tried pleading like the security head, but Tang Wenjun wasn't about to show the same kindness this time. He knew very well that Yan Xiaobao's wives were his reverse scale—they must not be crossed at any cost.

"You blind fools! Brother Bao's wife is my Saozi. And you dare to insult my Saozi? Have the audacity to plead with me?" Tang Wenjun chastised them harshly, "Get out of here, now!"

But to solve the root of the problem, the two women knew begging Tang Wenjun wouldn't work. They immediately groveled before Tiantian, tearfully apologizing and hoping she'd intercede.

Tiantian couldn't bear their pitiful apologies, her heart softened. She turned to Yan Xiaobao and said, "Um... let's just forget it. They only said a few nasty things, no need to ruin their livelihood..."

"Since Saozi is pleading on your behalf, you get to stay—for now. But I'm docking your bonuses for three months. Now get lost!"

Tang Wenjun drove them away and then personally apologized to Tiantian, "Saozi, I'm truly sorry for the grievances you suffered."

"Ah? Me? I-I'm fine, it's no big deal..."

Tiantian was utterly flabbergasted. Young Master Tang apologizing personally? She could barely process it, her words stumbling incoherently.

"Brother Bao, let's go eat," Tang Wenjun invited. "I've already prepared food and drinks, both to calm Sister-in-Law Tiantian and to formally get acquainted."

Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian had already eaten earlier, but since Tang Wenjun was so persistent, they reluctantly followed him to a private dining room for another round.

Watching Tiantian disappear down the hallway with Yan Xiaobao and Tang Wenjun, the recently punished group couldn't help but sigh collectively.

The security head murmured with a bitter expression, "Ugh! What a day, pissing off Young Master Tang. I might as well kiss any future promotions and pay raises goodbye..."

"At least you've still got your job..." The head waitress slumped like a deflated eggplant.

"Who would've thought Tiantian, that bitc—" The sharp-faced server suddenly clapped a hand to her mouth and corrected herself, "—Tiantian would soar like a Phoenix out of nowhere..."

"Look at her looks, figure, temperament. She was never destined to be just a server," the security head shot the server a displeased glance. "If you don't measure up, accept it. Stop digging yourself—and others—into trouble!"

...

Meanwhile, in the private dining room of the restaurant, Tang Wenjun was being exceedingly attentive to Tiantian. He kept offering wine, leaving her astonished and feeling like she was dreaming.

Once unattainable Young Master Tang, now calling her "Saozi" and treating her so obligingly... Such scenes? She'd never even dared imagine before...

Of course, Tiantian understood all of Tang Wenjun's humility and hospitality were entirely because of Yan Xiaobao. Without Yan Xiaobao, it wouldn't matter how beautiful she was—at most, Tang Wenjun might have tried getting her into bed for fun, not treated her with this level of respect.

Yan Xiaobao... who exactly is this man...

Tiantian glanced at Yan Xiaobao curiously while he maintained an utterly unreserved demeanor towards Tang Wenjun, as though Tang Wenjun truly were just his lackey.

"Brother Bao, after we finish eating, should we go browse around? Maybe hunt for treasure?" Tang Wenjun asked while pouring wine.

"Yesterday I got a pair of Fish Tokens and a set of Eight Trigrams Coins. Such opportunities don't come every day." Yan Xiaobao drank his wine and looked at Tiantian, grinning. "Besides, today I plan to spend quality time with Wife Tiantian."

Tang Wenjun nodded in agreement—true, treasures aren't everyday finds. Besides, he had plenty of business to attend to today.

"Alright then, Brother Bao, take your time with Saozi today. I won't tag along and be the third wheel." Tang Wenjun thought for a moment, took out his checkbook, signed a fifty-million-yuan check, and handed it to Yan Xiaobao. "Brother Bao, consider this as a deposit—please accept it."

"Oh." Yan Xiaobao nonchalantly took the check and handed it to Tiantian. "Wife Tiantian, you keep it for now. Let me know when it's spent."

"..." Tiantian, dumbstruck by the fifty-million-yuan "deposit," was completely floored.

If Yan Xiaobao handed her five thousand yuan—or even fifty thousand—saying "let me know when it's spent," she'd take it as normal. Keeping a mistress, handing out pocket money—that's reasonable, right?

But... fifty million? Seriously? Out of billions in the country, how many can claim to spend fifty million in their lifetime? Maybe one in ten thousand at best?

Didn't he say this morning, "I don't have much money right now"? And now his casual gesture involves fifty million? If this is "not much money," what exactly does "a lot" even mean?

Tiantian stared blankly at the check Yan Xiaobao handed her, the long string of zeros swimming before her eyes, dazed for half a minute without reacting.

Tang Wenjun, equally stunned, couldn't believe it either. As a privileged heir to a wealthy family, his lavish means were nothing short of extravagant when pursuing women. But someone casually giving away fifty million like Yan Xiaobao? He'd never even heard of it...

Brother Bao truly is a remarkable man...

The more time Tang Wenjun spent with Yan Xiaobao, the more his admiration soared to unimaginable heights.

Why is Jiangnan's first beauty Su Xiaowan so madly devoted to him, willing to serve even as a minor wife?

Why do the infamous "Jiangnan Ten Tigers" seem insignificant in Yan Xiaobao's eyes?

Although he still didn't fully understand who Yan Xiaobao is, Tang Wenjun knew he'd merely glimpsed a tiny fraction of his power.

...

When dinner was finished and they'd said goodbye to Tang Wenjun, Tiantian finally snapped out of her daze. Hastily, she tried handing the check back to Yan Xiaobao, stammering, "This... this is too much. I can't possibly keep it..."

Chapter 112 Tiantian's New Life

...

"Why can't we accept it?" Yan Xiaobao asked in confusion.

"Because there's just too much money..."

"Too much?" Yan Xiaobao was even more perplexed. Not even a hundred million—how could that be considered a lot?

"..." Tiantian suddenly looked at Yan Xiaobao and asked, "Aren't you afraid I'll take this much money and run away?"

Yan Xiaobao grinned, "Would you really do that?"

Tiantian: "..."

Walking out of the Han Tang Pavilion Hotel, Yan Xiaobao's eyes lit up with an idea. "Wife Tiantian, how about we take the bus to Century Square for some shopping? I'll get you some clothes and jewelry or something."

"Take the bus? Wh... why?" Tiantian was taken aback. This "big spender" who casually handed over fifty million to her, now wanted to take the bus? What kind of trick was this...

"Because I like taking the bus. Or the subway, that's okay too." Yan Xiaobao gave a mischievous smile. Although he had just fully "won" Tiantian earlier, it didn't stop him from indulging in his love for buses and subways.

"..." Tiantian thought for a moment and said, "How about we go shopping another day? I want to pay off my dad's gambling debts first, and then... and then can I..."

"Can you what?" Tiantian's hesitant tone made Yan Xiaobao a bit anxious. "You're officially my wife now. You can do whatever you want. There's nothing you can't do."

"Oh..." Tiantian stammered, "Can I use the money you gave me to... buy a house? The old one my dad lost to gambling, and for years now, my mom has been living in a low-rent apartment, enduring so much. I want to buy her a house so she can finally enjoy some comfort..."

As Tiantian spoke, her eyes turned red. Her pitiful expression tugged at Yan Xiaobao's heartstrings, and he immediately assured her, "The money I gave you is yours. Spend it however you like. If you want to buy a house, then buy one. If it's not enough, just tell me."

"It's... it's enough..." Thinking about how her hardworking mother could soon enjoy a better life, Tiantian felt a mix of joy and excitement as tears of happiness rolled down her cheeks.

"If it's enough, then why are you crying?"

"I... I'm just happy... Thank you! Hub... hubby..." Tiantian suddenly threw herself into Yan Xiaobao's arms, kissing him passionately.

At that moment, Tiantian suddenly felt that even being Yan Xiaobao's "mistress" didn't seem so bad.

After all, facing a top-tier spender who casually handed out fifty million for others to use as they wished, probably 99.9% of women in the world would be willing to be his mistress, right?

However, what Tiantian didn't fully understand yet was that the "mistress" in Yan Xiaobao's heart wasn't the kind of mistress defined by worldly views, but rather his "third official wife."

...

Originally, Yan Xiaobao had planned to accompany Tiantian to pay off the debt and look at houses. But he got a call from Li Desheng, asking when he'd be free to revisit his son for a follow-up treatment.

After thinking it over, Yan Xiaobao decided to go treat Li Desheng's precious son, Li Junkai, right away.

The main reason was that after absorbing Tiantian's precious "first essence of Yin" that morning, his power had surged so much that he didn't need to rest before resuming treatment for Li Junkai.

Heavenly Sister had taught Yan Xiaobao a Dual Cultivation Technique that allowed him to perfectly absorb a woman's "first essence of Yin" to enhance his cultivation.

Many people considered Dual Cultivation to be a heretical path, unsuitable for the virtuous. That was because many Dual Cultivators, in their greed for rapid advancement, tried to take shortcuts and ended up on the wrong track. Not only did they harm numerous innocent women but also planted seeds of their own destruction, ultimately ruining both others and themselves.

A woman's "first essence of Yin" is indeed highly nourishing and can significantly boost cultivation overnight. But indiscriminate absorption carries severe, irreparable risks.

Because everyone's constitution is different—what modern medicine describes as blood type and genetic makeup—forcing this essence into oneself makes it impossible to fully integrate.

Consuming too much from too many sources over time leads to a chaotic and impure vital body. Eventually, it utterly kills any chance of reaching the pinnacle of cultivation, forever trapping one below the bottleneck and condemning them to mediocrity.

Thus, a truly superior path of Dual Cultivation emphasizes mutual compatibility, complementing strengths, harmonizing Yin and Yang, resonating with one another, and progressing hand in hand.

The Qiankun Extreme Joy Treasure Book, taught to Yan Xiaobao by Heavenly Sister, is an advanced and righteous manual of Dual Cultivation. It advocates for harmony between partners, mutual solace, and no hidden dangers. Moreover, it brings tremendous benefits to both parties involved.

...

"Hubby, you go take care of your business. I can handle paying the debt and house hunting myself," Tiantian said sensibly.

"Alright then." Yan Xiaobao considered it and said, "I'll send someone to drive you."

Considering Tiantian's rather timid aura right now, Yan Xiaobao felt that her running around alone made her an easy target for bullying or taking advantage. So, he called his subordinate Chen Long to arrange someone to drive her.

As Yan Xiaobao rarely asked Chen Long for help, any request from him was bound to be important. Upon receiving the call, Chen Long didn't dare delay for even a moment and immediately drove over personally.

"Brother Bao! Sister-in-law!" Chen Long greeted with a bow upon seeing Tiantian, who was stunningly beautiful. Luckily, he wasn't wearing a black suit and sunglasses, or Tiantian might have thought Yan Xiaobao was some kind of mafia boss.

After giving a few instructions, Yan Xiaobao let Tiantian get into the car Chen Long was driving to handle her debt repayment and house hunting.

Sitting in the back seat, Tiantian couldn't help but feel a little dazed.

Yesterday at this time, she was squeezed into a hot and crowded subway car, rushing to her job as a waitress. She was ordered around by customers and harassed by people like Ximen Hao—working herself to the bone, enduring humiliation, earning a measly two or three thousand yuan salary.

But in just one night, she now held a fifty-million-yuan check in her hand, sat in a private car sent by Yan Xiaobao, and felt like a high-society lady heading out for a shopping spree...

The contrast was simply too overwhelming... But, to be honest, it felt pretty good...

...

Yan Xiaobao took a taxi to Fu'er Hospital's private VIP ward. On that floor, the nurses looked as if they were chosen from a beauty pageant. Each one had an angelic face, wore carefully tailored pink nurse uniforms that accentuated their slim but curvaceous figures, and carried sweet smiles on their lips.

Guided by a charming young nurse, Yan Xiaobao entered Li Junkai's hospital room, where Li Desheng was already waiting for him.

"Divine Doctor Yan, I'm so sorry to have troubled you to come out in this heat," Li Desheng apologized with great politeness. "But as parents, as long as our son hasn't recovered, we just can't find peace..."

Chapter 113 One Stroke Capsizes the Whole Crew

...

"I said I'll cure your son, so naturally, I will cure him." Yan Xiaobao casually waved his hand, kicking out all the "idle people," then extended his fingers and pressed three points successively: Li Junkai's forehead, chest, and lower abdomen Dantian.

For Yan Xiaobao's treatment that was completed in just a few seconds, Li Desheng was already accustomed to it. After expressing his gratitude repeatedly, he politely invited Yan Xiaobao for dinner.

Yan Xiaobao had no interest in dining with an old man like Li Desheng and rejected him on the spot.

After leaving the single VIP ward, Yan Xiaobao started thinking about how he hadn't seen his Rourou for a few days and missed her quite a bit, so he headed for the office of the Special Expert Group.

There were quite a few people in the office, seemingly in the middle of a meeting. The young female doctor in her white coat, sitting with her back to the door, was enticing enough by her silhouette alone.

"Rourou, my wife!" Yan Xiaobao saw Xia Rou and immediately shouted unabashedly, drawing the attention of the seven or eight doctors present.

Xia Rou's face turned red instantly. She quickly pulled Yan Xiaobao aside and whispered her complaint, "We're in the middle of a consultation, what are you yelling for!"

"I'm not yelling randomly. You are my wife after all," Yan Xiaobao grinned at Xia Rou, continuing to act as if the rest of the people were invisible.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing?" The young doctor making the report glared at Yan Xiaobao and said with displeasure, "We're having a meeting here. What's with all the shouting?"

"Who are you?" Yan Xiaobao glared back instantly, "I'm calling my wife. What's it to you?"

This young doctor had long heard that Xia Rou had a husband and always felt regretful. Now seeing "Xia Rou's husband" in the flesh made him even more upset, "If you want to call your wife, go home and call! Our expert group is having a consultation. Idle people, get out immediately, or I'll call security!"

"Say 'get out' one more time, and I'll make you show us how it's done." Yan Xiaobao's gaze turned dangerous.

The consultation today was still being managed by Zhang Hongde. Logically, he should have stepped in to mediate immediately, but he also wanted to use Yan Xiaobao's authority to temper this young doctor's arrogance, so he remained silent.

It wasn't until it looked like Yan Xiaobao was about to start throwing punches that he smiled and stepped forward to mediate, "Everyone here is one of us. Take it easy. Let me introduce: This gentleman

is Gao Ming, one of the young representatives of the Jiangnan Gao Family, known for its medical legacy. And this here is Divine Doctor Yan."

"Gao Ming?" Yan Xiaobao sneered at Gao Ming, "Looks more like a quack than an expert."

Gao Ming immediately retorted angrily, "Divine Doctor? More like divine clown!"

Xia Rou quickly grabbed Yan Xiaobao's arm, afraid he might beat Gao Ming up. Yet Yan Xiaobao didn't seem angry; he simply grinned and said, "I'm not a clown; I'm a Divine Doctor. My wife, Rourou, can vouch for that. If you claim you're not a quack, why don't you call your wife here to prove it?"

Gao Ming was stunned. What kind of logic was that? But he reflexively replied, "I'm not even married. How would I have a wife?"

"Oh." Yan Xiaobao nodded seriously as if he'd figured something out, "With your lousy medical skills, not having a wife seems fair enough."

"Ridiculous! I am a distinguished member of the Special Expert Group! Look around the country—no one has the qualifications to call me inept!" Gao Ming protested, "Besides, I'm not even thirty yet; it's perfectly normal for me not to be married!"

"You're almost thirty and still single?" Yan Xiaobao exclaimed, shaking his head in amazement, "Why don't you ask everyone here who isn't married?"

"..." Gao Ming was speechless.

The Special Expert Group mostly consisted of professors and experts. Aside from Gao Ming and Xia Rou, everyone else was older, with white hair and beards, and naturally married.

"And you claim your expert group's medical skills are top-notch?" Yan Xiaobao scanned them briefly and started roasting them, "Treating a patient takes this many people to discuss? From what I see, your so-called expert group's skills aren't all that great."

Initially, the debate between Yan Xiaobao and Gao Ming was just between the two younger members. The others maintained their decorum and enjoyed the show quietly.

But once Yan Xiaobao went into group-roast mode, the expressions of the others shifted too. His sweeping insult had managed to offend everyone at once.

An elderly professor with a fiery temper immediately stood up and roared at him, "Young man, you have no idea how high the heavens are or how thick the earth lies! How dare you spout such nonsense? If you say our skills aren't good enough, then tell us how you'd treat the patient!"

"Oh, so you know how high the heavens are and how thick the earth is?" Yan Xiaobao countered, "Then tell me—how high are the heavens, and how thick is the earth?"

"You..." The red-faced professor was rendered speechless and infuriated. "If you don't know how to treat a patient, then stop stirring up trouble!"

"Who says I don't know how to treat a patient?" Yan Xiaobao grinned, "But I'm not going to teach you how to treat one, because even if I did, you still wouldn't learn."

Of course, Yan Xiaobao knew how to treat patients, and his medical skills were nothing short of miraculous.

Xia Rou was fully aware of this, but she didn't feel comfortable publicly praising her "husband's" talents. Zhang Hongde also knew, but he deliberately remained silent.

The Special Expert Group consisted of dozens of experts who rarely conducted outpatient consultations at the hospital. Only when faced with particularly tricky cases would the hospital summon them for a group diagnosis, with attendance ranging from two to eight individuals. Among today's experts, only Professor Huang had previously witnessed Yan Xiaobao curing Li Junkai.

Professor Huang had been preparing to interject with an explanation when Zhang Hongde gave him a subtle signal. The "old sly fox" of a dean clearly intended to provoke Yan Xiaobao into showcasing his skills and curing the patient himself. Professor Huang quickly understood and remained silent.

The red-faced professor, unable to continue debating with Yan Xiaobao, turned to Zhang Hongde, "Dean Zhang, are we going to proceed with this consultation meeting or not?"

Finally, Zhang Hongde stepped in with a smile, "Doctor Xia, could you and Divine Doctor Yan sit down for now? Let's let everyone finish the case report first."

Xia Rou quickly pulled Yan Xiaobao into a corner, far from the group, and sat down. She deliberately started a casual conversation to distract him, "What have you been up to these past few days? Keep your voice down though—don't let others overhear."

Yan Xiaobao leaned in close to Xia Rou's ear as he caught the faint scent of her fragrance. He whispered to her about his recent activities.

"Dr. Gao, please continue." Zhang Hongde gestured to Gao Ming to resume his report on the case.

Momentarily setting aside his animosity with Yan Xiaobao, Gao Ming cleared his throat and proceeded with the case briefing, "President Liao has had congenital heart disease since birth. Now aged fifty-eight, his myocardial tissues have suffered significant damage, making the heart incapable of pumping sufficient blood to sustain the body's functions and metabolism. This gradual process has caused his heart to enlarge and lose its ability to function, which is a textbook example of heart failure."

...

Chapter 114 I Love Making Bets the Most

...

The red-faced elderly professor frowned and said, "Since it's heart failure, the most effective treatment option is heart transplant. Although heart transplant is not a routine treatment for heart disease, it is undoubtedly the most effective means to save the lives of end-stage heart disease patients and improve their quality of life."

"However, heart transplant is the most difficult among all organ transplants. Last year, there were only over a hundred heart transplant cases in the entire country."

Professor Huang also chimed in, "The biggest challenge lies in this: the transplant can only rely on hearts donated by brain-dead patients, and the still-beating organ needs to be preserved in a refrigerator and immediately delivered to the recipient for surgery."

"Exactly." Another doctor agreed, "Healthy hearts from brain-dead patients are already rare, and those willing to donate while alive are even fewer. Considering the issues of successful matching, the difficulty becomes even greater."

"Actually, even if there were a suitable donor, President Liao couldn't undergo a heart transplant." Gao Ming continued his report, "Aside from his congenital heart disease, he's been dealing with pathological obesity caused by long-term diabetes, making him unfit for heart transplant surgery."

"Why didn't you mention that earlier!" The hot-tempered red-faced professor shot Gao Ming an annoyed look, then made his verdict: "A fifty-eight-year-old patient, suffering heart failure due to congenital heart disease, compounded by pathological obesity from diabetes—this person's condition is beyond saving. Let the hospital handle it; no point in convening a consultation."

Just as the red-faced professor finished speaking, the office door was forcefully pushed open. A lavishly dressed lady rushed in, her face anxious and her voice trembling as she begged, "Doctors, I beg you! Please save my husband..."

"Mrs. Liao, you're surely aware of your husband's condition..." The red-faced professor, with a mournful expression, spoke solemnly to Mrs. Liao, "After our expert consultation, the conclusion... is that it is truly beyond recovery... If President Liao has any unfulfilled wishes, please make haste to fulfill them..."

"No..." Mrs. Liao looked utterly despairing, on the verge of collapse.

Xia Rou stepped forward and helped her sit down, offering comfort, "Mrs. Liao, birth, aging, sickness, and death are natural parts of life. Please accept it with grace..."

"Could it be..." Mrs. Liao clung to a shred of hope and muttered, "Could it really be that there isn't even the slightest chance?"

The seven or eight experts and professors present all silently shook their heads.

Just as Mrs. Liao was utterly broken and abandoned all hope, a burst of laughter suddenly rang out nearby, "Saying you're a bunch of incompetent physicians, you'd still deny it. The man could clearly live for another twenty or thirty years, yet you claim he's beyond saving. Truly laughable."

Everyone turned to stare at Yan Xiaobao, who wore a mocking expression.

Mrs. Liao, as though grasping at a life-saving straw in her desperation, hurried over to Yan Xiaobao, clutching his hands tightly, "What did you say? Are you saying... my husband... still has a chance?"

"Mrs. Liao, don't listen to this kid's nonsense. He's not even a member of our expert group." Gao Ming stepped forward and pointed toward the red-faced professor, saying, "Professor Wang is a renowned expert in cardiovascular diseases in the country, and even considered a national authority on the subject. If he says there's no cure, then no matter which hospital you go to, you'd get the same result."

The ray of hope that had just flickered in Mrs. Liao's heart was swiftly snuffed out by Gao Ming's blunt words.

Yan Xiaobao's tone was bold, but his young appearance made him seem anything but a doctor. Moreover, Gao Ming had pointed out that he wasn't part of the expert group. If even Professor Wang deemed it incurable, how could he possibly outshine Professor Wang?

"If I say there's a cure, then there's a cure. Don't believe it? Fine." Yan Xiaobao tossed out the words, grabbed Xia Rou's hand, and was ready to leave. "Rourou, let's go home and sleep."

Gao Ming's eyes flashed with a trace of jealousy as he suddenly spoke, "Alright then, since you're so confident, why not give it a try. But if you fail to cure President Liao, what will you do?"

Yan Xiaobao snorted, "Such a simple condition—I couldn't possibly fail to cure it."

"Talk is cheap. Do you dare make a wager with me?" Gao Ming took slow steps forward, leading Yan Xiaobao into his trap.

"A wager? Sure! How do you want to bet?" Yan Xiaobao readily agreed; he loved when others gambled against him, especially since he was sure to win.

Gao Ming's gaze quickly swept over Xia Rou before he revealed his true intentions, "If you lose, you must sever your relationship with Doctor Xia!"

"Oh?" Yan Xiaobao narrowed his eyes, clearly understanding Gao Ming's designs on Xia Rou, but he wasn't the least bit concerned. After all, losing was not an option.

"And if I win? What will you do?" Yan Xiaobao countered. freewebnovel.com

"If you win?" Gao Ming hadn't considered the possibility but after thinking it over, said, "If you win, I'll serve you tea and wine, apologize publicly, and even acknowledge you as my master!"

"Pfft!" Yan Xiaobao scoffed at Gao Ming, "You wish! I'd never take such a dull pupil!"

"You..." Gao Ming was instantly fuming.

He hailed from a prestigious family of physicians in Jiangnan, so how could he ever bow to someone else as a student? His suggestion had merely been a passing remark since he didn't believe there was any way Yan Xiaobao could cure President Liao.

"Then you tell me—what do you propose?" Gao Ming, desperate to lure Yan Xiaobao into the bet, placed himself on the chopping block.

Yan Xiaobao thought for a moment, then asked, "Do you have a beautiful older sister? Or younger sister?"

Xia Rou immediately rolled her eyes; she knew exactly what Yan Xiaobao was scheming.

"I have a younger sister..." Gao Ming warily stared at Yan Xiaobao, "What are you planning?"

"Is your sister pretty?" Yan Xiaobao pressed.

"Of course she's pretty!" Gao Ming's face was suddenly full of pride. He was fairly handsome himself, but his sister had been gifted with even greater beauty.

"Is she as pretty as my Rourou?"

Gao Ming took a closer look at Xia Rou, "Close enough."

"Got a photo? Let me see." Yan Xiaobao was the kind of person who wouldn't move without assurance, and he certainly wasn't going to take Gao Ming's word for it.

"Would I lie to you? My sister, Gao Jing, was even the campus belle of the Traditional Medicine Academy back in the day!" Gao Ming said, pulling up pictures on his phone to prove his sister's beauty.

The woman in the photo was indeed breathtaking, with delicate features capable of enchanting anyone. Her skin was white as snow, her eyebrows elegantly drawn, neither too tall nor too short, neither thin nor heavy. The only flaw was a trace of melancholy and apathy that showed on her face, yet her allure remained undeniable.

"Not bad, not bad. She's indeed as stunning as my Rourou." Yan Xiaobao grinned gleefully, "Alright, let's bet on this: If I can't cure the patient, I'll do as you say and sever my ties with Rourou. If you lose, then you'll give me your sister as my wife!"

Chapter 115 Let's Sleep on It First

...

Gao Ming: "..."

Mrs. Liao: "..."

Experts present: "..."

What the hell?

Using something as noble and sacred as saving lives to gamble on women?

Also, isn't this guy Xia Rou's husband? Why is he betting her against Gao Ming's sister?

Even if he wins, how would he even fulfill such a wager?

Xia Rou was both embarrassed and infuriated, secretly fuming to herself: Gamble, gamble, gamble! You damn scoundrel, using me to bet on another woman... Fine, if you lose, then we can just cut ties for good!

"So, how about it? Do you dare to bet?" Yan Xiaobao wore a confident smile, pressing Gao Ming.

Gao Ming gritted his teeth and said, "Why wouldn't I dare? It's a deal then!"

He believed that losing was utterly impossible. Mr. Liao's condition was crystal clear—he, Professor Wang, and the experts present all agreed there was absolutely no chance of recovery. What could this young man possibly pull off?

"Alright! Where's the patient? Take me to him now!" Yan Xiaobao was so excited he nearly jumped with joy, urging repeatedly, "And you, call your sister right now and have her come over—she's going to be my wife soon!"

"Crazy..." Gao Ming looked at Yan Xiaobao like he was a lunatic. "You should probably explain things to Doctor Xia first—settle whatever procedures and divide the assets properly. Better wrap things up early."

Congenital heart disease, heart failure, diabetes, pathological obesity... Based on his judgment, the patient had a maximum of one week left.

Even if Yan Xiaobao used every possible means, he might only be able to extend the patient's life by a few days. Completely cured? What a joke! Only if Yan Xiaobao were a Daluo Golden Immortal...

From start to finish, Zhang Hongde—who hadn't intervened—had a sly smile on the corner of his lips, unable to hide it.

Professor Huang shook his head as he watched. This Dean Zhang was completely enjoying the drama without any pressure.

A group of professionals followed Yan Xiaobao and the others into Mr. Liao's private VIP hospital room. Zhang Hongde asked the nurse in charge of specialized care, "How's the patient's condition?"

The nurse replied, "The patient's condition is continuing to worsen. His blood pressure is dropping, heart rate increasing, complexion pale, skin cold and clammy, limbs occasionally twitching, breathing intermittent, and his coughing produces copious amounts of pink frothy sputum."

"Honey, you must hold on!" Mrs. Liao tearfully called out in anguish, "I've brought the best doctor here to treat you—you must get better!"

Xia Rou's eyes reddened slightly, deeply moved. Life and death partings were a pain no one could bear.

From what she knew, Mrs. Liao wasn't Mr. Liao's first wife and was much younger than him. If Mr. Liao passed away, Mrs. Liao would inherit billions in wealth, enjoying endless luxury. However, Mrs. Liao showed no hint of happiness about this—she acted like they had been married for decades, wholeheartedly focused on him, which was truly admirable.

Perhaps sensing his wife's plea, the comatose Mr. Liao struggled to lift his eyelids, his eyes full of affection as he looked at Mrs. Liao and gave a slight nod.

"Doctor Yan, please take a look at my husband!" Mrs. Liao anxiously urged.

Yan Xiaobao lazily corrected her first, "I'm not a doctor; I'm a Divine Doctor. And can you drop the 'little' in 'Doctor'?"

"Alright, alright, Divine Doctor Yan, please treat my husband quickly." Mrs. Liao, seeing Yan Xiaobao as her only hope, would agree to whatever he said.

"No rush. I'm a bit tired today. I'll go home, sleep with my wife Rourou, and treat him tomorrow—it's not too late." As he spoke, Yan Xiaobao grabbed Xia Rou's delicate hand and started walking out of the room.

Mrs. Liao: "..."

Gao Ming: "..."

The group of doctors and nurses: "..."

"Saving lives is like fighting fires! Do you even have the slightest sense of medical ethics? The patient's condition is this bad, and you're still obsessed with sleeping with your wife?" Gao Ming seized the moral high ground, attacking Yan Xiaobao with all his might. "If you can't treat him, just say so—don't give empty hopes to the patient and his family, only to have it amount to nothing."

"I can't treat him; can you?" Yan Xiaobao glanced at Gao Ming, then pointed at the dying Mr. Liao on the bed. "He won't die today, nor will he die tomorrow—what's the rush?"

Yan Xiaobao had just treated Mr. Li Junkai earlier, which drained some of his energy, leaving him not in peak form, so he needed to recuperate.

Mrs. Liao wanted to persuade him further, but Zhang Hongde timely interjected, smoothing things over: "Divine Doctor Yan might need to carefully deliberate on the treatment plan and prepare accordingly. Since he said he'll treat him tomorrow, I'm sure he won't disappoint you, Mrs. Liao—no need to panic."

...

Under various surprised or disdainful gazes, Yan Xiaobao dragged Xia Rou out of the room in a leisurely manner, smiling cheekily: "Rourou, come home with me to sleep; I'm really tired and need proper rest to treat others tomorrow."

"Knock it off!" Xia Rou didn't believe him at all. It was only the afternoon—they hadn't even had dinner yet, so how could he be tired enough to need sleep?

Yan Xiaobao earnestly explained, "It's true. I just treated that Li guy earlier—it consumed a lot of Qi. If I don't replenish it, I'm afraid I won't be able to treat this dying patient tomorrow."

"Really?" Xia Rou was skeptical.

She had witnessed Yan Xiaobao's skills in saving lives—it looked like just a light tap, but as someone who inherited traditional Chinese medicine, she knew it definitely wasn't as simple as it seemed.

She didn't quite understand what Qi meant in this context, but guessed it was similar to concepts like "Inner Strength" or "True Qi."

"Of course it's true." Yan Xiaobao confidently declared, "Rourou, you know very well—I never lie to my wife."

"Can sleeping alone replenish Qi?" Xia Rou asked another question.

"If it's just regular sleep, the Qi replenishment is relatively slow." Yan Xiaobao grinned mischievously. "But if Rourou becomes my proper wife tonight, then I can restore a huge amount of Qi all at once."

"Get lost!" Xia Rou glared at him, then turned and headed for her office.

This guy—his mind was absolutely fixated on that sort of thing! She wasn't about to sacrifice herself just so he could win a gorgeous woman.

"Rourou..." Yan Xiaobao was about to chase after Xia Rou to coax her further, but his phone abruptly rang.

It was a call from Chen Long. Seeing the name made Yan Xiaobao even more irritated as he picked up the call, snapping, "What do you want, you pest?"

"Brother Bao... something bad happened!" Chen Long cried out for help. "Sister-in-law... she's been taken hostage..."

Chapter 116 Leave Your Saozi Behind

...

"What!" Yan Xiaobao exploded as soon as he heard, "I asked you to accompany my wife to pay off some debt and check out the property. How could she end up being detained? How can you screw up such a simple task? Where's Zhao Erhu? Where the hell did he go?"

"Zhao Erhu... he's with me..." Chen Long said, looking incredibly aggrieved. "Big Sis... she owes money to Brother Biao. Brother Biao's influence in Baofeng District is top-tier. We... we can't handle him..."

Yan Xiaobao fired back irritably, "I asked you guys to pay the debt, not to seize territory. How could you not handle it?"

"We did go to pay, but..." Chen Long explained, "Brother Biao insisted that debt incurred at the gambling table should be settled at the gambling table. He doesn't want our money but wants to gamble with us instead. We didn't dare to gamble, so we called you, Brother Bao..."

"Is he out of his mind? Owing money means repaying money. What kind of nonsense gambling is this?" Yan Xiaobao asked angrily. "Where are you guys? I'm coming over right now!"

Chen Long sighed in relief upon hearing this and quickly relayed the address to Yan Xiaobao.

...

"Hong Kong Island" nightclub—this is Brother Biao's lair. Beneath the nightclub, on the underground first floor, is not a parking lot but a heavily guarded underground casino with a pure steel door.

Yanhuang Empire has been cracking down hard on illegal gambling, and opening an underground casino in a provincial capital city signals just how powerful Brother Biao's backing is.

At this moment, inside the underground casino, two groups were in a tense standoff, ready to explode at any moment.

Chen Long and Zhao Erhu flanked Tiantian on either side, protecting her, standing stiffly with twenty or so underlings, staring nervously at the forty to fifty men opposite them.

In the middle of these forty to fifty fierce henchmen sat a brawny man with his bare chest inked with all sorts of Divine Beasts. He was smirking at Zhao Erhu's group mockingly. "Zhao Erhu, you've grown bold lately, huh? Daring to bring your crew to my territory and show off. You've got guts, kid!"

"Brother Biao, how could you say that..." Zhao Erhu forced a shaky smile, standing under immense pressure. "I'm here today specially to pay back what Big Sis owes you. Since when would I dare strut around in Brother Biao's domain..."

"Why are you paying back the Tian Family girl's debt? Is it because you've got something going on with her?" Brother Biao asked maliciously, his tone dripping with eerie Yang Energy.

"Brother Biao, you can't say things like that." Zhao Erhu frantically waved his hands. "She's Brother Bao's woman—I'm just here because he told me to accompany Saozi and help settle the debt."

"Brother Bao? Hahaha!" Brother Biao let out a loud laugh. "Word is that you've struck gold lately, Zhao Erhu, clung to a big shot's leg. Heard you guys even took my brother Luo Jianbi's turf. I've been itching to see how capable your Brother Bao really is. Lucky me—it seems today's the day."

Cold sweat dripped down Zhao Erhu's back. His crew was not even a tenth of Brother Biao's, and if things came to a head, there might be no walking out of this underground casino upright today.

NovelBin.Côm-cơ

Even though Chen Long was technically Zhao Erhu's "big brother," there was no room for him to speak in a scenario like this. This wasn't some movie—a wrong move here could end with bloody consequences...

"Brother Biao, there's been a misunderstanding. Brother Jianbi's turf was shut down by the authorities, not taken by us." Zhao Erhu cautiously explained, trying to smooth things over. "If Brother Biao's interested in meeting Brother Bao, that's easy—tomorrow, I'll arrange a feast with good food and drink, and we would be greatly honored to have Brother Biao attend. However, for tonight... could you do us a favor and let Saozi go back first?"

"Zhao Erhu, Zhao Erhu, I didn't expect you'd be so loyal. Even with the odds stacked against you, you're still trying to protect Big Sis. Not bad, not bad." Brother Biao clapped his hands twice, his greedy eyes fixed on the increasingly uneasy Tiantian.

"Since the cat's out of the bag, I won't hide my intentions anymore. That little beauty Tiantian—I've had my eye on her for a while now. Was just waiting for her dad to default on payments so I could use her as 'compensation.' Now you tell me—can I let her go? Heh heh heh! Hahaha!"

Tiantian's face turned pale with fright upon hearing this. If she ended up being taken by Brother Biao, then her brief stint as a "mistress" would most certainly result in being abandoned by Yan Xiaobao...

Zhao Erhu knew he'd reached the end of his rope. In Yan Xiaobao's eyes, nothing was more important than his wife. If something were to happen to Tiantian, how could Zhao Erhu face him?

Though his power wasn't nearly on par with Brother Biao's and fighting head-on was sheer folly—at a moment this critical, Zhao Erhu knew the only option left was laying down his life to ensure Tiantian's safety.

"Brother Biao, if this is how you're going to handle things, it doesn't seem very appropriate." Zhao Erhu straightened his back, his tone firm. "In this world, loyalty is everything. Brother Biao, if you insist on making things difficult for Saozi, then I have no choice but to stand against you!"

Upon hearing Zhao Erhu's words, Chen Long and the twenty-something men behind him immediately shifted into high alert. At this point, whether they hesitated or charged, there'd be blood—it was better to fight back than just stand still.

"Am I making it hard for you guys?" Brother Biao spread his hands theatrically, feigning confusion, then turned to his forty-to-fifty underlings. "Am I causing trouble for them?"

"Of course not! If Brother Biao really wanted to trouble them, they'd all be flattened by now! Hahaha!" The group burst into laughter in unison.

Brother Biao's expression suddenly grew cold. "In this world, we not only talk loyalty, we must also follow the rules! Your Saozi owes me money, and by my rules, gambling debt gets settled on the gambling table. You beat me, you owe nothing, and you can leave."

"And if we lose?" Chen Long asked nervously.

"If you lose..." Brother Biao leered again at Tiantian, his vile stare seemingly tearing through her clothes. "If you lose, there's no need to pay—the only cost is leaving your Brother Bao's woman behind!"

Before Zhao Erhu and Chen Long could react, the thick stainless-steel door suddenly fell forward with a loud "BAM!"

"Who dares touch my wife?" Yan Xiaobao charged in, radiating murderous energy.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao's intimidating presence, Brother Biao and his forty-to-fifty underlings couldn't help but feel a pang of fear.

Relieved, Zhao Erhu, Chen Long, and their men finally exhaled deeply and relaxed.

"Honey!" Tiantian cried with joy and rushed to Yan Xiaobao's arms.

Having just experienced terror, Tiantian was overwhelmed by the sense of security emanating from Yan Xiaobao. Her feelings towards him shifted dramatically, and unknowingly, she developed a newfound sense of belonging, genuinely starting to see herself as Yan Xiaobao's woman.

"So you're Brother Bao, huh? Tough guy." Brother Biao forced himself to maintain composure, asserting his dominance. "If you want to take her away, you'll first have to beat me on the gambling table!"

Chapter 117 Getting Something for Nothing

...

"How much money do you have?" Yan Xiaobao felt that this Brother Biao must have a screw loose to actually want to gamble with him.

One must know, his junior brother "Divine Mechanism Master" Duan Tiangang, in addition to being peerless at Fengshui Examination, had absolutely unfathomable gambling skills. However, ever since Yan Xiaobao had turned fifteen, Duan Tiangang had willingly bowed out, no longer daring to gamble with him.

Brother Biao made a gesture, and a subordinate walked over with a locked briefcase, placed it on the gambling table, opened it, and revealed a box full of cash.

Brother Biao stretched his hand out dramatically, "One million!"

Yan Xiaobao instantly lost interest. "Only this much? I can't even be bothered to play with you."

"Brat, you're small, but you've got a big mouth." Brother Biao sneered. "I'd like to see how much money you have to gamble with me."

"I don't have much on me right now." Yan Xiaobao had Tiantian take out the check Tang Wenjun had signed. "I'll just use my wife's pocket money to play with you—fifty million."

"Fi—fifty million?!" Brother Biao's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

Not just him—even Zhao Erhu and Chen Long were completely stunned. They never imagined Yan Xiaobao to be so loaded. And this was just his wife's "pocket money"? It was beyond ridiculous.

"Hey! You look like you're a big shot. Don't tell me you can't match fifty million?"

Yan Xiaobao's disdainful gaze made Brother Biao's face burn with embarrassment. But pulling out fifty million on the spot was simply impossible for him.

"A paltry fifty million? No problem at all!" Brother Biao waved his hand forcefully. "Bring out the chips!"

Of course, Brother Biao couldn't get fifty million in cash, so he came up with a scheme to use chips and gamble with nothing to lose.

Brother Biao was very confident in his gambling skills. He figured he had Yan Xiaobao, this cocky kid, completely in his pocket. And even if he lost, he had countless ways to make sure Yan Xiaobao wouldn't walk away with a dime.

Brother Biao's men brought over a large box of chips and handed both him and Yan Xiaobao chips worth fifty million each.

Seizing the opportunity, Zhao Erhu whispered to Yan Xiaobao, "Brother Biao is known for being pretty sharp at gambling, reputed to be the number one gambling king in Baofeng District. Brother Bao, isn't this wager a bit too steep?"

"Number one gambling king in Baofeng District?" Yan Xiaobao curled his lip in disdain. "Don't you know my gambling skills are number one in the world?"

Zhao Erhu: "..."

Chen Long: "..."

When Brother Biao heard Yan Xiaobao's words, he burst out laughing. "Who would've thought Brother Bao is the world's number one gambling god? I'm truly impressed! Since Brother Bao is this confident in his skills, how about we play 'Landlord'?"

"Why wouldn't I dare? Bet on anything you like." Yan Xiaobao's tone was casual and indifferent, as if Brother Biao didn't even matter to him.

Zhao Erhu frowned. "Landlord requires at least three players to play. Besides Brother Bao and Brother Biao, who else would join?"

"Dongzi." Brother Biao turned to call over a skinny, small-eyed guy, then goaded Yan Xiaobao. "Brother Bao, since you claim you're number one, surely you aren't afraid of me pulling tricks, right?"

"Of course not." Yan Xiaobao agreed without a second thought.

"What?!" Chen Long immediately tried to dissuade him. "This won't work! Landlord's a three-player game. If those two team up, Brother Bao, you'll be fighting one against two!"

"One against two, so what?" Yan Xiaobao said nonchalantly. "Even if it's one against twenty, I'm not afraid."

Landlord was a popular card game. In the game, three players participate, with one side being the landlord and the other two players teaming up against them. The side that finishes their cards first wins.

If Yan Xiaobao managed to become the landlord, then it would be fair enough since the landlord is inherently one versus two. But if either Brother Biao or Dongzi became the landlord, the other would definitely help the landlord defeat Yan Xiaobao.

Tiantian and Zhao Erhu understood this logic and immediately tried to stop him.

"Brother Bao, playing Landlord with the three of you is just too unfair."

"Yeah! No matter whether you manage to become the landlord or not, the two of them teaming up against you—it's impossible to win!"

"Exactly, Brother Bao. Pick a game that's at least a little fairer."

"It's unfair?" Yan Xiaobao asked. "How does this 'Landlord' work?"

Tiantian: "..."

Chen Long: "..."

Zhao Erhu and the others: "... freewebnovel.com

Even Brother Biao's crowd was left speechless. Did this guy forget to take his meds today? He didn't even know the rules of Landlord, and yet he's betting fifty million? If he wanted to burn money, this wasn't the way to do it...

"Hubby, maybe you shouldn't gamble this time?" Tiantian anxiously clung to Yan Xiaobao's arm, speaking with a worried expression. The fifty-million-dollar check had barely warmed her hands, and if they lost it, her heart would shatter...

"Don't worry, Wife Tiantian. Watch as your hubby wins back another fifty million for you to spend." Yan Xiaobao grinned effortlessly. "You just need to tell me how to play 'Landlord'."

Brother Biao studied Yan Xiaobao carefully. After hearing Tiantian painstakingly explain the rules of Landlord to him, he was convinced that Yan Xiaobao wasn't pretending—he truly had never played before.

"Brother Bao, you're not trying to chicken out of playing Landlord, are you?" Brother Biao continued to taunt him.

"Why would I be afraid to play Landlord with you? Cut the chatter and let's get started." Yan Xiaobao rubbed his hands in anticipation, looking eager. Ever since Duan Tiangang stopped playing cards with him, he hadn't touched any games for years, and now his hands were itching.

"Good! You've got guts!" Brother Biao was even more excited, as if he could already see an extra fifty million in his bank account.

"Just so you don't accuse us of bullying you, here's the deal: you'll have fifty million in chips by yourself, and the two of us will each have twenty-five million. Ten thousand per round, bombs double the stakes, no limits, until someone loses everything—deal?"

"Deal." Yan Xiaobao put his arm around Tiantian and sat down at the gambling table, ready to start.

Brother Biao greedily scanned Tiantian, who was nestled in Yan Xiaobao's arms, and suddenly added, "If you lose everything, she stays here with me."

"Although I don't like betting my wife, it doesn't matter since I'm definitely going to win," Yan Xiaobao replied lightly. "But if you lose, what then?"

"Me lose? Hahaha!" Brother Biao laughed heartily, slamming the table. "If I lose, I'll livestream myself—"

"Great, great!" Yan Xiaobao clapped and roared with laughter. "I've never seen that before—today's a good day to witness something new."

"Stick around and see something new, why don't you?" Brother Biao said with eyes gleaming a brazen light, glaring lustfully at Tiantian.

Chapter 118 Nine Consecutive Wins

...

Yan Xiaobao glared at Brother Biao and said, "Hey! I'm betting with my wife as collateral because I'm sure to win, so it doesn't matter. But if you dare make a move on my wife again, I'll give you a beating!"

"Hehe." Brother Biao chuckled without saying a word. He was solely focused on winning all of Yan Xiaobao's money and couldn't be bothered to argue, so he gestured to his men to bring a brand new deck of cards and threw it on the gambling table, "Do you know how to shuffle?"

Shuffling is the most basic yet crucial skill in gambling. How well you shuffle largely determines the outcome of the game.

Brother Biao had the advantage of two against one, so he pretended to be generous and let Yan Xiaobao shuffle first, wanting to test his gambling skills.

Unfortunately, there are many things in this world that should not be tried carelessly; once tried, there might be no turning back...

...

Yan Xiaobao's shuffling technique looked ordinary and wasn't particularly fast, seemingly without any peculiarities. But in reality, during each shuffle, Yan Xiaobao was adjusting the position of each card according to his plan.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao's shuffling technique, Brother Biao thought it looked nothing like that of a seasoned gambler with superb skills, making him even more confident in his victory, his joy barely concealed on his face.

Chen Long and Tiantian couldn't figure out anything, but Zhao Erhu frowned deeply; this game seemed quite ominous, and he quietly started preparing for the inevitable showdown.

"Alright, cut the cards then." Yan Xiaobao placed the neatly shuffled deck onto his hand, extending it toward Brother Biao.

Brother Biao casually cut the deck, and Yan Xiaobao, after carefully weighing it with his fingers, realized: 16 cards were cut, the first being the 6 of Clubs, which was a decent card.

Yan Xiaobao first dealt three cards to himself, then dealt three cards each to Brother Biao and Dongzi in sequence. As he dealt, Yan Xiaobao already knew all of his and his opponents' cards.

Leaving three bottom cards, the dealing was complete. Yan Xiaobao picked up his cards and spread them out, finding them exactly as he had calculated.

"According to the rules, the first round goes to the person with the 3 of Diamonds to call landlord, right?" Yan Xiaobao grinned as he waved the 3 of Diamonds in his hand and then reached out, revealing the three bottom cards.

This meant he directly doubled the stakes to seize the landlord. Earlier, the rule was set at a hundred thousand per game, so after doubling, the stakes would be at least two hundred thousand, directly doubling again if there were bomb cards, and so on.

The revealed bottom cards were a 9, a King, and a Joker, which were quite good.

"Can the landlord be seized so casually? I'd like to see how you're going to lose!" Brother Biao sneered with disdain. His hand was good, having three 2s and a Big Joker and barely any loose single cards. As long as he won the right to play first, he could immediately overthrow Yan Xiaobao, the landlord.

"You'd like to see how I'm going to lose?" Yan Xiaobao chuckled, "I'd like to see how you can beat this hand?"

Yan Xiaobao played his cards one by one: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, J, Q, K, Ace.

"Wow! A Dragon, the longest straight! Unless you have four 2s and a rocket, you can't beat this!" Chen Long exclaimed excitedly, "Since Brother Bao has doubled for the landlord, he can't have no 2s at all in his hand, and there's a Joker in the exposed bottom cards, which means the opponent can't have four 2s and a rocket, making this hand unbeatable."

Brother Biao and Dongzi tapped the table with their fingers, indicating pass since they couldn't beat this hand.

Brother Biao wasn't worried at all. From 3 to Ace had been played, and since he had the Big Joker and three 2s, it indicated Yan Xiaobao wouldn't have a bomb. He still had eight cards left; whether they were single cards, pairs, or triples, he could easily crush him. Once he won the play right, Yan Xiaobao could only watch him play his cards.

"Can't play, huh? Then I'll play again." Yan Xiaobao continued playing his cards one by one: 8, 9, 10, J, Q, K, Ace.

"Damn! Another invincible straight."

Without bombs, a straight to Ace is unsolvable.

"Sound the alarm!" Yan Xiaobao lightly waved his last card.

Everyone knew it was a meaningless small Joker; even if it were the smallest 3, Brother Biao could only look at his cards helplessly.

"Huh? Brother Bao didn't have any 2s..."

Tiantian, Chen Long, and Zhao Erhu all secretly clicked their tongues: No 2s, no Jokers, and yet dared to seize the landlord? If the bottom cards hadn't revealed a 9 and a King, it would have been impossible to form two invincible straights, with one's hand full of single cards, being a victim of anyone's play...

In the first game, neither Brother Biao nor Dongzi played a card, Yan Xiaobao won easily, winning forty thousand.

"Kid, your luck's not bad, let's go again." Brother Biao suppressed his resentment; his Big Joker and three 2s were completely useless. But it didn't matter; out of two and a half million chips, losing a mere forty thousand was nothing; the road was still long.

...

Second game, the winner shuffles.

Yan Xiaobao: "Three Ks with a pair of 3s."

Brother Biao: "Four 9s, bomb!"

Yan Xiaobao: "How dare you play a bomb as small as four 9s? Four Ks! Bomb!"

Brother Biao: "..."

Yan Xiaobao: "I won again; two bombs quadruple the stakes, eighty thousand each."

...

Yan Xiaobao: "Three Js, three Qs, three Ks, with pair 5s, pair 6s, pair 7s, pass huh?"

Brother Biao: "Who said I can't pass? Four Aces, I'll bomb you!"

Yan Xiaobao: "Rocket! Two bombs quadruple the stakes, eighty thousand each."

...

In less than half an hour, Yan Xiaobao seized nine landlords in a row and won nine consecutive games, leaving Brother Biao and Dongzi dumbfounded.

"Brother Bao is amazing! You really haven't played this game before?" Chen Long and Zhao Erhu were all dumbstruck.

Winning nine games in a row without giving Brother Biao any chance, is it really just luck, or is his gambling technique truly remarkable?

"Husband, you're incredible!" Tiantian gradually relaxed, her face showing a sweet smile. It seemed like her fifty million in 'pocket money' wouldn't be lost.

"These cards are too strange, let's get a new deck!" Dongzi, also an expert at cards, was continuously crushed by Yan Xiaobao without any chance to resist, feeling a burning anger inside.

"Your hand is quite peculiar too, let me shuffle." Brother Biao angrily stubbed out his cigarette, starting to regret letting Yan Xiaobao shuffle.

He never expected Yan Xiaobao to keep winning, not giving him a chance to shuffle at all, leaving his entire gambling skill unused.

Yan Xiaobao snorted, "The winner shuffles; that's the rule. Want to shuffle? Hmph! Win just one game against me first."

Chapter 119 The Wheel of Fortune Turns

...

After shuffling the cards, Dongzi cut the deck, and Yan Xiaobao was ready to deal.

Brother Biao stopped Yan Xiaobao, "I want to cut the deck too!"

According to the rules, this request was reasonable, so Yan Xiaobao stretched the deck over.

"I'll skin you alive!" Brother Biao pulled out the top card and slammed it hard on the table.

Typically, those who have lost heavily like to use this trick when cutting the deck, hoping to disrupt the winner's luck.

This move completely messed up the order of cards Yan Xiaobao had shuffled. If the cards were dealt in this order, there was an 80-90% chance he would lose this round.

If he lost this round, he would lose the privilege to shuffle the cards, and he would also lose the priority to claim the landlord position. The sunglasses brothers would never give the landlord position to Yan Xiaobao again.

Once Brother Biao and his team claimed the landlord position, it would be tremendously difficult for Yan Xiaobao to win solely through card skills. As such, Yan Xiaobao could not afford a single mistake—he could not lose even one round. He must not relinquish the shuffling privilege or the landlord position.

But Yan Xiaobao remained composed as he dealt the cards, "One, two, three."

On the surface, Yan Xiaobao's dealing showed no abnormalities. He dealt three cards to himself from the top of the deck. But in reality, the third card was not the third from the top; it was the card Brother Biao had moved to the bottom during the cut.

Yan Xiaobao's hands were like those of a magician, moving at incredible speed. The so-called "Best Gambler in Baofeng," Brother Biao, wouldn't catch it—nor would even the world's greatest poker masters.

Yan Xiaobao secretly rearranged the card order while dealing, ensuring he got the hand he anticipated.

Consequently, the result was predictable. Yan Xiaobao won the tenth round again, firmly holding onto the dealing privilege and the priority to claim the landlord spot. This guaranteed that Brother Biao had no chance to beat Yan Xiaobao.

Zhao Erhu: "Brother Bao dominating a two-on-one game? Unbelievable!"

Chen Long: "That's insane! I've never seen anyone win every single round in a game of Landlord—opponents can't even touch the landlord spot. Brother Bao is unstoppable!"

"Hubby, you're so handsome!" Tiantian's smile grew brighter and brighter.

"This is nuts! Did we stumble onto some supernatural nonsense today?" Dongzi angrily tossed his cards on the table. Despite years of gambling experience, he had never been as frustrated as he was today.

"Let's switch seats! I refuse to believe this nonsense!" Brother Biao stormed to his feet, glaring at Yan Xiaobao with fire in his eyes.

Angry gamblers often blame their losses on luck, seating positions, or other external factors. Demanding a seat switch was a common occurrence in casinos.

"Even if you play from the heavens, you still couldn't beat me," Yan Xiaobao remarked calmly. He embraced Tiantian as he willingly switched seats with Brother Biao. For him, winning depended on skill, not location.

"Damn it! This seat really is lucky; no wonder that brat's hand was so good!" Brother Biao's eyes widened as he stared at his cards.

This hand was absolutely unbelievable. Never in his years of playing Landlord had he seen anything remotely close to this.

Four 5s, four 10s, four Aces—a total of seventeen cards—and he had drawn three bombs! There were even three 2s... This hand was unstoppable. The comeback started right here!

Brother Biao shot a glance at Dongzi, signaling that his hand was incredible. Dongzi replied with a knowing look, indicating that he had a bomb too and could cooperate.

Brother Biao's confidence surged as he threw Yan Xiaobao an intense glare: You're dead this round! I'll blast your ass into oblivion!

"Pair of 6s, pair of 7s, pair of 8s, pair of 9s, double dragons soaring." Yan Xiaobao played four consecutive pairs.

"You brat, think your sequence is invincible?" Brother Biao slammed four cards onto the table. "Four 5s! Bomb!"

"Whoa! A bomb right off the bat! This round's going to be brutal!" The crowd tensed up.

"Definitely, his hand must have more bombs. This round might be tough... Could it really be Brother Biao's time to shine?" Chen Long's voice carried a hint of unease.

Tiantian stayed close to Yan Xiaobao, her heart pounding with anxiety.

Yan Xiaobao countered with four Kings, slamming them onto the table. "You think you're the only one with bombs? I've got one too!"

"Brother Bao's got a bomb too; there's still hope!" Chen Long's excitement returned.

"Four Kings? That's nothing," Brother Biao sneered. "Watch this, folks—four Aces! Another bomb!"

Silence overtook Zhao Erhu and the others. Brother Biao, deflated for so long, suddenly gained unstoppable momentum after switching seats. He clearly had an amazing hand. Had Brother Bao's luck really been stolen?

"Just four Aces? Don't get cocky. Didn't you know I have the ultimate trump card—King Bomb?" Yan Xiaobao casually played a pair of jokers, crushing the game.

King Bomb was the ultimate card in Landlord—invincible and unquestionable.

"Whoa! This round's totally explosive—earth-shattering chaos!"

"Four bombs already! Sixteen times multiplier—how much is this round worth, in the millions?!"

The intensity of a game worth millions made the crowd even more excited and tense.

"Ha! I knew you'd throw down King Bomb, but now that you've wasted it, let's see what moves you have left!" Brother Biao sneered confidently.

He had four Jacks and three 2s in his hand, while Yan Xiaobao had six cards remaining. After playing so many bombs, it was improbable for the latter to have a valid sequence or pairs; it was impossible for him to lay down six cards in a single turn. No matter what Yan Xiaobao played next, Brother Biao could detonate it with his own bomb—unless...

The Queens hadn't appeared yet, and Brother Biao didn't have them in his hand. Did someone else have them for a bomb?

Yan Xiaobao had already played King Bomb and a bomb with Kings; why would he save a Queen bomb and use the Kings first? That would defy logic.

It had to be in Dongzi's hand! A flash of realization struck Brother Biao—Dongzi had earlier signaled that he had a bomb, which hadn't been played yet.

Perfect! With one bomb each, between himself and Dongzi, Yan Xiaobao would be utterly defeated in this round!

Four bombs yielding a sixteen-times multiplier—six bombs would be sixty-four times! With the doubled stake for claiming landlord, at twenty thousand yuan per round, sixty-four times would mean each player owed one million two hundred eighty thousand yuan, for a total of two million five hundred sixty thousand yuan!

Haha! Not only could this round recoup the few million he had lost earlier, but he could also swipe half of Yan Xiaobao's chips—let's see how he plans to come back from that!

It looked like today was both a lucrative and romantic jackpot—fifty million yuan plus Tiantian, such a gorgeous beauty... sheer bliss beyond imagination...

Chapter 120 Win It All in One Go

...

Yan Xiaobao frowned deeply, his face showing an air of intense contemplation. It seemed the cards left in his hand weren't great, making it difficult to decide.

At this point, everyone knew that Yan Xiaobao couldn't possibly play all his cards in one go. Chen Long, Zhao Erhu, and others were so tense that they didn't dare breathe heavily, their hands tightly clenched and covered in cold sweat.

Tiantian, who had just relaxed a bit, felt her heart hovering again. Her big eyes stared at Yan Xiaobao without blinking, filled with worry.

Gambling really is a strange beast sometimes. You can dominate in the first half, winning with ease, only for the tides to suddenly turn, and everything starts going downhill—losing continuously no matter how you play. Not only might you give back all your winnings, but you could end up deep in the red as well. This is the so-called "wheel of fortune turning." Could it be that Yan Xiaobao's luck is starting to run out?

"Play your cards already! What are you dawdling for, planning to wait until tomorrow morning?"

Brother Biao looked at Yan Xiaobao's expression and grew increasingly excited, pressing him relentlessly and trying to disrupt his thinking, "Or maybe think it over slowly while I take your woman to bed for the night?"

"Hey! If you talk about sleeping with my wife again, I'll make you a eunuch right now!" Yan Xiaobao snapped in anger.

"Alright, alright, I won't say it for now. I'll wait until I've cleaned you out of your fifty million, then have my way after that." Brother Biao was in an exceedingly cheerful mood. His smug laughter echoed as he added, "But hurry up and play your cards!"

"Fine, I'll play, think I'm scared of you?" Yan Xiaobao pulled out two cards and tossed them on the table. "A pair of 3s."

"A pair of 3s? Could you get any smaller? Hahaha! Let's see how you die this round!" Brother Biao was ecstatic. Even though it was just one round, this might mark the turning point for the entire night's game, akin to Stalingrad during World War II.

"Hold on!" Just as Brother Biao was about to play four Jacks, Dongzi, seated next to him, let out a sneaky laugh. "You've played so many bombs already; let me join the fun. Four 4s—kaboom!"

Dongzi had been Brother Biao's long-time teammate in card games, working seamlessly together. In this instance, he played a bomb unnecessarily because he knew Brother Biao had an even bigger bomb up

his sleeve that could seal the victory. His interjection strategically expanded the battle stakes, doubling the potential winnings.

"Beautifully bombed, hahaha! My turn—four Jacks, kaboom!" Brother Biao sprang to his feet, holding his remaining five cards high, taunting Yan Xiaobao. "Four Jacks—can you take it? If not, I'm finishing up right now."

"He couldn't take a piece of crap!" Dongzi sneered at Yan Xiaobao. "Four Kings and the ultimate bomb have already been played. What cards could possibly beat four Jacks? He's doomed!"

"Ahahahaha..." Brother Biao threw his head back, laughing hysterically. "Winning over ten consecutive rounds earlier felt great, didn't it? This round, I'll make you cough up everything, principal and interest!"

"Hahaha!" Brother Biao's four or five lackeys behind him burst out laughing gleefully.

"Brother Biao is unstoppable! This round is perfection!"

"How satisfying! We might win over ten million in this one round—so damn satisfying!"

"Betting against Brother Biao? Might as well dig your grave! No amount of money is enough to lose!"

Behind Yan Xiaobao, Chen Long, Zhao Erhu, and the others all had sullen expressions. Brother Bao had been winning smoothly all night, only to falter miserably at the crucial moment. If Brother Biao claimed the "landlord" role next round, the situation would become even worse.

Tiantian felt like she was riding a roller coaster, her heart nearly giving out. To lose over ten million on a single hand—this was incomprehensibly terrifying...

"Sigh!" Yan Xiaobao shook his head lightly. "Playing cards with you is practically an insult to my intelligence. Has it never occurred to you that I have only four cards left?"

"What's the big deal about four cards? You couldn't possibly beat my four Jacks, could you..." Brother Biao suddenly froze, feeling an ominous chill. "Don't tell me..."

"Only realizing it now? You're honestly too dumb." Yan Xiaobao gently pinched his cards, slowly spreading them open and laying them on the table.

"Four Queens!" Chen Long screeched in shock.

"Four Queens?!" Zhao Erhu couldn't believe his eyes.

Chen Long stared at the cards on the table in disbelief. "Didn't Brother Bao already play four Kings earlier? How did he play the Kings first and leave the Queens for last? This..."

"This is Brother Bao's brilliance!" Zhao Erhu marveled. "Under typical logic, people tend to play smaller bombs first and reserve bigger ones. But for Brother Bao, four Kings and four Queens are essentially equal in his hands. Playing the Kings first was purely to mislead his opponents..."

"Brilliant, absolutely brilliant!" Chen Long exclaimed, coming to a sudden realization. "I get it! After playing the ultimate bomb, Brother Bao could've gone with four Queens first and finished with a pair of 5s, leaving the opponent utterly helpless. But instead, he played the pair of 5s first, enticing them to unleash their bombs, then flipping the game in one fell swoop! This is masterful, meticulous, ruthless..."

"Haha! Exactly! And on top of that, Brother Bao pretended to be conflicted about his next move, fooling even us. That performance deserves an Academy Award!"

"Totally! Brother Bao is simply divine!"

Brother Biao's legs buckled as he collapsed heavily into his chair, staring in disbelief at those four Queens, his mind utterly short-circuited. He had been blinded by his seemingly unbeatable hand, completely unaware that Yan Xiaobao's cards were even better...

Of course, this was all part of Yan Xiaobao's design. After playing for over ten rounds, Yan Xiaobao had grown tired of dealing with Brother Biao, so he orchestrated this setup to end things definitively.

"Everyone owes me twenty-five million six hundred thousand—pay up!" Yan Xiaobao spread open his hands toward Brother Biao and Dongzi.

"What? Twenty-five million six hundred thousand!" Brother Biao leapt out of his seat as if struck by lightning. "This... this can't be real!"

"Why not?" Zhao Erhu began calculating on his fingers:

"Landlord doubles the stakes—each round starts at twenty thousand. One bomb doubles it, two bombs quadruple it, three bombs eightfold, four bombs sixteenfold, five bombs thirty-twofold, six bombs sixty-fourfold, seven bombs a hundred and twenty-eightfold. Twenty thousand at a hundred and twenty-eightfold—what else could it be but twenty-five million six hundred thousand?"

"Seriously, can't even calculate this and dare to play cards with me?" Yan Xiaobao sneered at Brother Biao. "You lost, now hurry up and pay. Oh, and do a live broadcast cutting your little buddy off for me, too."

Brother Biao couldn't possibly cough up fifty million now. Even if he scrambled to patch it together, the damage would be irreversible—it would leave him crippled financially for life.

What's worse, he'd strategized to use the gambling debt as leverage against Tiantian, yet now Tiantian wasn't in his grasp and he might have to sacrifice his family jewels. What's the point of living after that?

Brother Biao squinted and sneered coldly. "Money? What money? I only said I'd bet fifty million. Did I ever specify it was fifty million in cash?"