

## Medical 121

### Chapter 121 Playing the Fool with Me?

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"Besides, when I said I'd live-stream chopping 'my weapon,' did I say I was chopping my own weapon?" Brother Biao glanced mockingly at Yan Xiaobao and ordered his men, "Go, buy a dog and chop off a dog tail to give Brother Bao some 'supplements'."

"You..." Zhao Erhu pointed angrily at Brother Biao. "This is outright shameless!"

"Am I being shameless?" Brother Biao grinned slyly, his eyes flickering with malice. "Even if I am, what can you do about it?"

Brother Biao's sheer number advantage and his home turf meant he could call upon hundreds of men in moments. Zhao Erhu, wary of Brother Biao's power, was incensed but didn't dare escalate further. He flushed red with pent-up anger.

"You think you can mess around with me and walk away?" Yan Xiaobao grabbed a stack of chips, fixing his glare on Brother Biao. "If you don't settle up, I'll make you eat every chip on this table!"

"Hahaha!" Brother Biao laughed loudly instead of getting angry, visibly delighted. He was itching for Yan Xiaobao to make a move—this would give him a reason not just to cheat openly but also steal the fifty-million check and take Tiantian.

Brother Biao ruled through ruthlessness. Money and women lost at the gambling table? Take them by force!

"I've been in the game for eighteen years, and no one has ever dared threaten me like this!" Brother Biao waved sharply, commanding, "Brothers, beat them up! Kill them—ten thousand reward for each one! As for that little girl, grab her, and tonight everyone gets a turn!"

The forty to fifty men behind Brother Biao roared in frenzy, rushing forward like maniacs.

"Damn it! Fight till the end!" With things spiraling so far, Zhao Erhu didn't hesitate anymore. He rallied his twenty-something men to go all-in against Biao's gang.

"You think losing at cards means you could beat me in a fight?" Yan Xiaobao scoffed indifferently. He swung his hand suddenly, tossing chips in a technique resembling scattered rain, as if they were deadly projectiles.

"Thud!" "Bang!" "Ouch!" "Ahhh!" "Ahhh..."

The dozen gang members in the front instantly fell to the ground as if machine-gunned. Chipped teeth flew out of mouths, blood gushed everywhere, and agonized screams filled the room.

"Hiss—"

Both groups gasped collectively, utterly stunned.

This... this was absurdly skilled—like a legendary martial arts master...

"What the hell are you scared of? Rush him together! Who kills him gets one million!" Brother Biao screamed madly, driving his men to attack Yan Xiaobao.

The allure of a million proved irresistible for such gangsters—it was worth risking their lives.

"Charge!" one daring thug yelled, leading the way. Spurred on, forty-something others followed, with even the fallen dozen clambering back to their feet to vie for the prize.

"This is getting fun." Yan Xiaobao chuckled, his hands swirling into motion, creating a blur.

The chips from the gambling table shot out like hailstones, enveloping all forty to fifty gangsters.

"Thud! Thud! Thud!" "Bang! Bang! Bang!" "Ouch! Ouch!" "Ahhh!" "Ahhhhh!"

In the blink of an eye, all forty or fifty thugs were on the floor, their cries of pain echoing as injuries littered the room: heads bleeding, noses broken, mouths split open, and enough teeth on the ground to fill a bucket.

"Wow!" Chen Long stood slack-jawed, exclaiming, "Brother Bao is incredible... It's like watching a movie!" frëewebnovel.com

"Today's truly opened my eyes... Brother Bao is immense!"

"No kidding! Brother Bao is undefeatable, absolutely awesome—he's my idol!"

"Thank god we're with Brother Bao. Otherwise, if we followed Brother Biao, we'd be doomed..."

The previously agitated Zhao Erhu relaxed completely, stepping forward to glare at Brother Biao. "Got anything to say? Hand over the money—or don't blame me if I take harsh measures!"

"Want my money? Let's see if you've got what it takes!" Cornered, Brother Biao suddenly pulled a pistol from his waist and pointed it at Yan Xiaobao. "Fancy martial arts can't beat a butcher's knife; all your skills mean nothing against one bullet! Think you're tough? Not tougher than a gun!"

Zhao Erhu's face turned pale. He instinctively took a step back.

In the Yanhuang Empire, firearms were strictly forbidden, and even being tangentially linked to guns meant serious criminal charges. Despite years in underground circles, this was the first time Zhao Erhu had faced one—he hadn't imagined Brother Biao would carry a gun openly.

Chen Long and others froze in terror, not daring to move.

Tiantian's face turned ashen, clutching at Yan Xiaobao's arm in trembling fright. Though Yan Xiaobao had swiftly taken down four armed hijackers on a flight before, her mind now only focused on him—it was hard not to worry deeply.

Yan Xiaobao looked at Brother Biao as though he were an idiot. "Playing with a gun in front of me? You clearly don't know the meaning of the word 'death.' Go on, shoot me, if you've got the guts."

"You think I won't pull the trigger?" Brother Biao's eyes burned with desperation, like a trapped beast. "Leave the check and get lost! Otherwise, I'll kill you both, you pathetic couple!"

"Still insulting my wife with death knocking on your door?" Yan Xiaobao's eyes narrowed, readying to act. Suddenly, a sharp voice rang from the entrance: "Drop the gun! Hands up!"

Upon hearing the voice, Yan Xiaobao broke into a grin and turned, seeing Han Ruobing entering with a group of officers. He chuckled, "Bingbing, how'd you know I was here?"

Seeing Yan Xiaobao, Han Ruobing sighed with frustration.

She hadn't known he'd be here—she'd come to raid Brother Biao's underground casino. She'd had this place under investigation for a long time but was deterred by its fortified metal door and tight security. Without deploying anti-terror squads, a swift breach was impossible.

Yet such high-level units wouldn't normally be mobilized for a casino bust. Through meticulous spying, Han Ruobing learned that the casino closed for inventory on certain afternoons—a quiet time prime for surprise actions.

Thus, today she brought officers armed with hydraulic door-breach tools for a raid. But upon arrival, she found the thick steel door had already collapsed.

What was going on? How had the sturdy door fallen apart? Who had just saved her a great deal of trouble?

Still puzzled, Han Ruobing rushed in to find Brother Biao holding a gun on Yan Xiaobao.

Ignoring Yan Xiaobao's comment, Han Ruobing aimed her gun with both hands and warned Brother Biao, "Drop the weapon and surrender immediately! Resistance is pointless!"

## Chapter 122 The Best Car in the World

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Without hesitating for long, Brother Biao surrendered and abandoned his weapon. He knew the game was over; if he shot Yan Xiaobao to death, it might satisfy his grudge, but he'd definitely face a death sentence himself. Surrendering his weapon would at worst mean a few years in prison, and he could make a comeback as a big shot afterward.

The patrol officers took away Brother Biao, Dongzi, and the four or five dozen men under him, while the suitcase on the table containing a million in cash was confiscated as evidence.

Yan Xiaobao won the battle for free, not earning a single penny, yet he didn't mind at all. Seeing Han Ruobing made him happier than winning fifty million.

Zhao Erhu, on the other hand, was over the moon. With Brother Biao arrested, he'd likely face a sentence of ten to eight years, leaving behind an empty spot—an excellent opportunity for him.

He believed that with Brother Bao behind him, he'd surely be able to take over Brother Biao's territory and people. With this, Zhao Erhu would replace Brother Biao and become one of the strongest bosses in Baofeng District.

Han Ruobing ordered the patrol officers to record statements from Chen Long, Zhao Erhu, and others right on the spot, while she herself took Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian to the casino office.

"What are you doing here? Don't you know gathering for gambling crimes is illegal?" Han Ruobing frowned and asked.

"I wasn't gambling..." Yan Xiaobao then explained the matter of Tiantian's father owing gambling debts, and Brother Biao using the debt as an excuse for his misdeeds.

In the end, Yan Xiaobao didn't win a single penny. Playing cards without wagering money doesn't count as gambling, nor does it constitute a crime.

Han Ruobing let out a sigh of relief but still felt uncomfortable inside.

Aside from Wife Rourou and Wife Xiao Wan, now Tiantian had shown up—this guy was totally outrageous!

"Bingbing, you're here just in time," Yan Xiaobao grinned cheekily and moved closer. "Your scars haven't healed yet. Let me treat them for you."

Thinking about Yan Xiaobao's "close contact" treatments, Han Ruobing's face flushed slightly. She put on a cold expression and said sternly, "I bought scar removal cream myself; I don't need your treatment."

"How can store-bought cream compare to me? Let me take care of you," Yan Xiaobao said with a mischievous grin, following Han Ruobing out of the office.

"I said no, and that's final! Stop following me!" Han Ruobing waved a hand and said, "Pack up and head out!"

"Bingbing, how about we go for dinner then?" Yan Xiaobao continued, "It's about time for dinner anyway."

"Can't you see I'm busy arresting so many criminals right now?"

Han Ruobing knew that unless she said a couple of token kind words, Yan Xiaobao wouldn't give up easily. Worse, he might even get Zhang Zhixue to put her on "vacation" again. She added reluctantly, "Next time."

"Alright, then..." Yan Xiaobao reluctantly let Han Ruobing go off to organize the squad returning to interrogate the criminals.

"Is... is she your wife too?" Tiantian stood beside Yan Xiaobao, gazing at Han Ruobing's beautiful silhouette. "She's really gorgeous and absolutely charming..."

"Bingbing isn't officially my wife yet," Yan Xiaobao chuckled. "But very soon, she'll be just like you—officially one of my wives."

"Just like me?" Tiantian felt somewhat inferior standing next to Han Ruobing.

Although she was almost equally beautiful as Han Ruobing, the latter's aura, presence, and the innate pride and confidence she exuded were truly unmatched by average women.

"That's right." Yan Xiaobao nodded firmly. "I really like Bingbing, and I also really like Wife Tiantian. You two are the same—you're both my beloved wives."

Hearing Yan Xiaobao equating her with Han Ruobing in his affections, Tiantian's heart felt a burst of comfort. Being the "mistress" didn't seem so bad after all...

At this moment, Zhao Erhu and Chen Long walked over together. "Brother Bao, today's battle was glorious! We should organize some banquet tables to celebrate properly."

"I'm skipping it; I want to go home early for some sleep today," Yan Xiaobao wasn't remotely interested in dining with Chen Long and Zhao Erhu's gang of men.

Knowing Yan Xiaobao's temperament, neither Chen Long nor Zhao Erhu dared push further. "Then Brother Bao and Sister-in-law Tiantian, please rest well; we'll leave you be."

After Chen Long and Zhao Erhu left with their men, Tiantian blushed slightly and asked, "Hubby, where are we going?"

"Dinner first, then sleep," Yan Xiaobao said as he brought Tiantian to the bus stop to wait for the bus.

At that moment, Tang Wenjun called, "Brother Bao, where are you? Qian Jiale and I would like to invite you to dinner. Do you have time?"

Yan Xiaobao asked, "Just you and Qian Jiale? Where's Wife Qingqing?"

"Uh..." Tang Wenjun groaned inwardly, "Mr. Dong has some business dealings today and can't make it..."

"Then I'm not going either." Upon hearing Dong Yuqing wouldn't be there, Yan Xiaobao lost all interest in dining with Tang Wenjun and Qian Jiale.

"Brother Bao, here's the thing..." Tang Wenjun quickly added, "Qian Jiale heard that Brother Bao and Sister-in-law Tiantian had a brief reunion, so he specifically prepared a small gift for Sister-in-law Tiantian. He's really hoping Brother Bao could grace us with your presence."

"Oh? Well, alright then." If Qian Jiale were sending a gift to Yan Xiaobao himself, he might not accept it; but sending a gift to Tiantian piqued his interest.

"That's great!" Tang Wenjun exclaimed. "Qian Jiale has already reserved a private room at the Golden Tide Seafood Restaurant. Should I drive over to pick you up?"

"No need; I'll take the bus myself." Yan Xiaobao asked, "I'm at the Hong Kong Island Nightclub area—what bus line should I take to reach this Golden Tide Seafood Restaurant?"

"..." Tang Wenjun replied awkwardly, "To be honest, I really don't know..."

Not just Tang Wenjun—likely no one in the "Jiangnan Ten Tigers" had ever taken a bus in their lives.

Tang Wenjun couldn't wrap his head around it; with Yan Xiaobao's wealth and skills, he could drive any luxury car he desired, yet he insisted on taking the bus... What kind of peculiar habit was this?

Fortunately, Tiantian, who grew up under humble circumstances, was very familiar with the bus routes. She guided Yan Xiaobao onto the right bus and nestled her exceptionally lovely figure into Yan Xiaobao's arms.

Though Tiantian was already Yan Xiaobao's woman and could enjoy private, intimate times whenever she wanted, Yan Xiaobao still found joy in the simple pleasure of riding the bus.

Tightly embracing the delicate warmth in his arms, he swayed and bumped with the rhythm of the bus, as though dancing together.

Inhaling her subtle fragrance, gazing downward at the elegant snowy cleavage, gently stroking the smooth, supple curve of her waist, he desired even more sensations but held back, mindful of the onlookers' stares in the bus...

The repressed allure of such forbidden intimacy heightened his inner desires, while the envious, even resentful stares of those men in the cabin further ignited a sense of satisfaction and pride.

Buses, truly the finest form of transport in the world!

Yan Xiaobao mused in appreciation, thoroughly relishing the ride to his destination: Golden Tide Seafood Restaurant.

Chapter 123 Jade and Gold Fill the Hall

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Binhai City, as the name suggests, is a coastal city, naturally abundant in seafood, with seafood restaurants scattered throughout the streets and alleys of Binhai City.

The Golden Tide Seafood Restaurant is one of the most renowned and high-end seafood restaurants in Binhai City, currently with seven branches in the entire city center.

The one that Qian Jiale booked is the flagship store of the Golden Tide Seafood Restaurant, the first and oldest founding store, and the chef's culinary skills are the best.

To enjoy a sumptuous seafood feast in the best private room at the flagship store of the Golden Tide Seafood Restaurant is no easy task for ordinary people; it's almost impossible to book a private room.

But for wealthy young heirs like Qian Jiale, it's naturally not a problem. Even though he is not among the "Top Ten Outstanding Youth of Jiangnan," he is not far from it.

Curiously, Qian Jiale and Tang Wenjun weren't waiting for Yan Xiaobao in the private room but were at the entrance of the Golden Tide Seafood Restaurant.

As soon as they saw Yan Xiaobao holding Tiantian's hand appear in sight, Qian Jiale immediately went up to them with Tang Wenjun, smiling widely and said, "Congratulations to Brother Bao and Sister-in-law Tiantian on your reunion, I specially prepared a small gift for Sister-in-law Tiantian, hoping that she will like it."

Saying this, Qian Jiale took the lead, walked into the parking lot beside the entrance of the Golden Tide Seafood Restaurant, and handed a gift box to Tiantian, "Sister-in-law Tiantian, see if you like it."

"Young Master Qian, you're too kind..." Tiantian slightly embarrassed, hesitated to take the gift box.

Yan Xiaobao, however, casually took the gift box and opened it to find a car key inside.

"Porsche..." Tiantian was shocked.

Although she didn't know much about cars, she knew that Porsche is one of the world's top luxury car brands; any Porsche costs at least millions.

Even with fifty million in her hand, Tiantian had not yet gotten used to seeing herself as "rich." It was truly overwhelming that Qian Jiale gave her a Porsche the first time they met.

Yan Xiaobao, unfazed, pressed the remote key, and a pure white Porsche supercar nearby immediately lit up.

Qian Jiale wasn't one to boast, so Tang Wenjun smilingly helped introduce it: "This is a Porsche 918-Spyder, limited to 918 cars worldwide, starting at 13.888 million; it's one of the top ten supercars of last year. Does Sister-in-law Tiantian like it?"

Who wouldn't like a super luxury car sparkling like a white gemstone under the sunset?

Of course, Tiantian liked it, but such a valuable gift, she didn't dare to accept it recklessly, and repeatedly waved her hand, saying, "This... no... it's too valuable, I can't accept it..."

"Just a car for commuting, nothing too valuable," Qian Jiale said gallantly with a wave of his hand, "As long as Sister-in-law Tiantian doesn't mind, I'm satisfied."

Yan Xiaobao turned to ask Tiantian, "Do you know how to drive?"

Tiantian lowered her head and said, "Yes..."

"Then take it to drive." Yan Xiaobao handed the key to Tiantian without even thanking Qian Jiale, and even said, "This car is too small; I still prefer buses."

Tiantian: "..."

Qian Jiale: "..."

Tang Wenjun: "..."

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They went upstairs and into the private room, where the table was already full of fresh seafood, including Yan Xiaobao's favorite lobsters; this meal really suited Yan Xiaobao's taste.

After having a few dishes and toasting several glasses of wine, seeing that Yan Xiaobao was eating happily, Tang Wenjun took the opportunity to say, "Today, Qian Jiale invited Brother Bao here mainly to celebrate with you and Sister-in-law. And by the way, we'd like to ask Brother Bao a favor to give us some advice."

"What is it? Tell me." Yan Xiaobao was in a good mood and quite accommodating at this moment.

"Brother Bao, please take a look." Qian Jiale pointed to a shop across the street outside the window, "The owner of that shop is planning to sell it; I want to take it over, can Brother Bao take a look if it's suitable?"

"Why are you asking me about such things?" Yan Xiaobao asked a bit puzzled, "I don't know how to do business."

"It's not about business." Tang Wenjun helped explain, "That shop has a very large area, two to three hundred square meters, and the transfer price is less than twenty million, fairly cheap, but it's said that the business has always been bad before. So, Qian Jiale is worried if it's a problem with the location and feng shui of that shop."

Turns out, Qian Jiale heard from Tang Wenjun about Yan Xiaobao's impressive feng shui technique, and wanted to invite Yan Xiaobao to take a look. However, Yan Xiaobao's rule of "thirty million for site selection and house settlement, three times more for feng shui arrangement" was rather intimidating. Qian Jiale didn't have the solid background like Tang Wenjun, couldn't spend that much money so ruthlessly.

Tang Wenjun then gave him an idea, taking the route involving Tiantian. Since Yan Xiaobao had a reunion with Tiantian at the Han Tang Pavilion Hotel, it provided a good excuse to impress Tiantian. As long as Yan Xiaobao was happy, the matter would be easy to handle.

Tiantian came from a humble background, unlike Su Xiaowan who was born in a wealthy family, her standards shouldn't be that high. After discussing, they spent over 14 million to buy a Porsche 918-Spyder to gift Tiantian, confident that it would win her "heart."

As it turned out, Tang Wenjun's suggestion was indeed the right approach. Spending over 14 million to target Yan Xiaobao would be like throwing a stone into the ocean, unable to even stir up a splash, but targeting Tiantian, it achieved quite an effective result.

After listening, Yan Xiaobao turned to glance at the shop opposite, and replied, "The direction of vehicles entering in front of that shop is from the left side of the shop's front, turning in and then out from the right, plus there is golden sunlight shining; it's a golden belt layout, very good."

Qian Jiale was overjoyed upon hearing this and immediately asked, "Then why was the business so bad before?"

Yan Xiaobao said, "Didn't you see the shop's sign saying: Golden Scissors Hair Salon?"

"I saw it, and?" Qian Jiale puzzledly asked.

"How silly of you!" Yan Xiaobao glared at Qian Jiale, "Such a good golden belt layout, and you have golden scissors, afraid of not being able to cut or what?"

"I see..." Qian Jiale realized suddenly but was still a bit uneasy and asked one last question, "Then if I plan to take over and do gold jewelry business, there's no problem, right?"

"The golden belt layout for gold and jewelry business, they indeed complement each other, definitely a sure profit." Tang Wenjun eagerly chimed in, then asked for confirmation from Yan Xiaobao, "Brother Bao, am I right?"

"Yes." Yan Xiaobao nodded, "If you want it even better, consider buying a jade feng shui art piece to complete the 'jade full of gold' layout."

"That's easy, Mr. Dong's shop surely has jade feng shui artifacts." Tang Wenjun invited, "How about we invite Brother Bao to Mr. Dong's Heavenly Water Pavilion tomorrow for a look?"

Chapter 124 Rourou and Tiantian

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"Tomorrow, I'm going to help Rourou with her patient's treatment." Yan Xiaobao thought for a moment and said, "Let's talk about it when I have time."

"Sure, it's not urgent." Qian Jiale nodded cheerfully and said, "Anyway, I've just taken over the store, and renovations will take some time. We can discuss it whenever Brother Bao is free."

After finishing their business, the four of them had a great time enjoying their feast. Qian Jiale suggested going to a nightclub to party, but Yan Xiaobao refused. He wanted to go to bed early to recharge his Qi for tomorrow's treatment.

"Where are we going?" Tiantian asked excitedly as she sat in the driver's seat of the Porsche 918 Spyder, her first time driving such an expensive car.

"Home," Yan Xiaobao said, giving her Xia Rou's address.

Tiantian drove the Porsche 918 Spyder cautiously towards Hanlin Garden, afraid of scratching it in traffic. Ironically, other drivers were far more afraid of scratching her. Even the slightest damage to the car's paint wouldn't be settled with just a little money...

As soon as they went upstairs and opened the door, Xia Rou was there. Yan Xiaobao enthusiastically introduced her, "Rourou, this is Wife Tiantian—the one you met on the plane."

Although rather awkward, Xia Rou still welcomed Tiantian. Regardless of the situation, a guest is still a guest, and she couldn't very well throw Tiantian out.

While Yan Xiaobao was in the shower, Tiantian briefly recounted her story and relationship with him.

After listening, Xia Rou immediately said, "This is your choice, as long as you're happy with it. Don't worry about me, I'm not his wife."

This remark was overheard by Yan Xiaobao as he came out of the shower, towel-drying his dripping wet hair. He rushed to Xia Rou and said, "Rourou, you've agreed several times to be my wife. How can you say you're not my wife now?"

"Let's deal with that later." Xia Rou escaped into her bedroom, unwilling to continue the argument.

"Wife Tiantian, let's go to bed and help me recharge my Qi so I can treat patients tomorrow." Yan Xiaobao said while pulling Tiantian toward the bedroom.

Sleeping in the room next to Xia Rou, Tiantian felt uneasy.

Xia Rou smothered her ears with a pillow, feeling simultaneously ashamed, annoyed, and deeply conflicted, mixed with a faint hint of aggrieved helplessness...

That shameless man was utterly outrageous, bringing a woman home to flaunt like this!

As anger made her teeth grind, Xia Rou also felt a gnawing frustration. She couldn't help but fantasize—what if she were the woman in the room next door instead...

Fortunately, Yan Xiaobao was still focused on treating President Liao tomorrow. The commotion next door lasted only for an hour or so before quieting down.

But Xia Rou's heart remained restless, tossing and turning all night with no peace.

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The following morning, Tiantian ran into Xia Rou in the bathroom, her face blushing. Seeing Tiantian glowing with freshness and energy, Xia Rou glanced at her own reflection—marred with dark circles—and felt even worse.

Meanwhile, Yan Xiaobao, oblivious as ever, called out, "Rourou, let's go to the hospital to treat patients. Wife Tiantian, I'll ask Chen Long to drive you to look at houses."

"No need," Tiantian replied. "I'm not going to see houses today—I want to visit my mom."

Hearing talk of house hunting, Xia Rou's heart stirred with indescribable emotions.

Were those two buying a house because they were planning to get married...

With an incredibly conflicted mood, Xia Rou entered her room and retrieved from the drawer the ring Yan Xiaobao had bought for her—a ring worth \$188,000—and silently put it on her finger.

Watching Tiantian sit in the ultra-luxurious Porsche 918 Spyder, smiling sweetly as she waved goodbye to Yan Xiaobao, Xia Rou's heart sank to its lowest ebb.

She wasn't materialistic or greedy for luxury cars or mansions, but... this feeling, it was as if something meant to belong to her was effortlessly taken by another woman.

"Rourou, do you like that car too?" Yan Xiaobao carefully observed Xia Rou's expression. "If you like it, I'll ask Qian Jiale to send over another one for you."

"I don't like it at all!" Xia Rou huffed and stomped off.

"Me neither. Rourou, let's take the bus instead."

Xia Rou: "..."

During the morning rush, the bus was packed to the point where one could feel like being squeezed into jerky.

But nestled in Yan Xiaobao's embrace, Xia Rou hardly felt the crush of the crowd at all—instead, she noticed his pleasant scent and a reassuring sense of safety.

Although still sulking, Xia Rou found herself, inexplicably, not pushing Yan Xiaobao away. Instead, like before, she let him greedily pull her into his arms, taking full advantage.

Yan Xiaobao held Xia Rou's soft and delicate body in the bustling bus, relishing the moment while slyly admiring her neckline. He secretly thought: Taking the bus is so much fun. Once I have more wives, I'll invest in buying a bus just to take them on joy rides around the city.

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At the VIP single-patient room in Fu'er Hospital, Mrs. Liao, Zhang Hongde, Gao Ming, Professor Huang, and Professor Wang with his ruddy face had already gathered.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao arrive beaming with Xia Rou by his side, Gao Ming's eyes flashed with jealousy as he sneered, "Had enough sleep? Hopefully, you don't have any excuses to delay today."

"Why would I need to delay?" Yan Xiaobao asked, looking at Gao Ming as if he were an idiot. "By the way, has your sister arrived yet?"

This bastard hugged Xia Rou yet still had his eye on my sister—what a scoundrel!

Cursing Yan Xiaobao inwardly, Gao Ming said coldly, "Why rush? If you can cure President Liao and win the bet, I'll naturally introduce you to my sister. Just remember: if you lose, you'll have to cut ties with Doctor Xia."

"How could I possibly lose?" Yan Xiaobao glanced at Gao Ming with a look of disdain. "Hurry up and call your sister—tell her to get ready. I'll cure President Liao and meet her right away."

Gao Ming scoffed coldly, turning away, unwilling to entertain Yan Xiaobao's lunacy any further.

President Liao's heart failure was extremely severe, a condition both he and Professor Wang, an authority in the field, had already deemed incurable. Yet Yan Xiaobao claimed he would cure him immediately—it was nothing short of a fool's delusion!

Chapter 125 This Isn't Scientific

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No matter whether others believe or not, Mrs. Liao believed wholeheartedly and hurriedly pleaded with Yan Xiaobao, "Doctor Yan, please, treat my husband as quickly as possible."

Professor Huang enthusiastically said, "The operating room has already been prepared..."

"What do we need an operating room for?" Yan Xiaobao glanced inexplicably at Professor Huang, "This is something I can resolve in minutes; there's no need for an operating room."

"Ridiculous!" Gao Ming couldn't hold back anymore, sarcastically saying, "Resolve it in minutes? I think you mean you'll give up in minutes."

"You're really an annoying person." Yan Xiaobao frowned and glared at Gao Ming, "If it weren't for the fact that you're my brother-in-law, I would've hit you already."

"I..." Gao Ming was practically speechless from anger.

"Sigh!" The red-faced Professor Huang sighed, glancing reproachfully at Zhang Hongde, "Letting this greenhorn treat patients is sheer nonsense!"

"Alright, saving lives is like fighting fires; time is of the essence. Please, Divine Doctor Yan, begin the treatment immediately." Zhang Hongde finished speaking and stopped the others, letting only Yan Xiaobao and Xia Rou enter the special care room.

"Dean Zhang..." Seeing Yan Xiaobao entering with only Xia Rou, and without any equipment, medications, or tools, Mrs. Liao asked suspiciously, "Is Doctor Yan really going in to treat my husband?"

"Mrs. Liao, don't worry, the result should come shortly." Zhang Hongde smiled reassuringly. He knew that although the young Yan Xiaobao often acted and spoke absurdly, he never lied and never let people down.

"Mrs. Liao, I think you better come to your senses and stop clinging to unrealistic hopes," Gao Ming said with a look of pity, shaking his head solemnly, "Although the facts are harsh, facts are facts..."

The red-faced Professor Huang continued, "You're well aware of your husband's condition. Even if you transferred him to the best hospital abroad and sought out the most authoritative experts, there would still... essentially be no hope. Do you really think this greenhorn can cure your husband in minutes?"

At that moment, the door of the special care room was pushed open, and Yan Xiaobao came out nonchalantly with Xia Rou.

"What's this? Giving up already?" Gao Ming looked at Yan Xiaobao mockingly and said smugly, "You weren't lying; it really was a matter of minutes, after all." freewebnovel.com

"This is complete nonsense!" The red-faced Professor Huang glared at Zhang Hongde angrily, "Dean Zhang, this pointless waste of a day's treatment is entirely your responsibility!"

Zhang Hongde smiled silently, having already seen the answer he wanted in Yan Xiaobao's expression.

"Sigh... Doctor Yan, you..." Mrs. Liao looked at Yan Xiaobao and sighed, "Forget it..."

All the experts had declared her husband beyond saving. She had been clinging to only the barest hope, hoping for a miracle where failure seemed certain. Although Yan Xiaobao's seemingly childish antics stalled her for a day, she wasn't even inclined to scold him now.

At that moment, a voice suddenly came from the hospital room, "I'm starving! Get me something to eat!"

Those unremarkable words struck everyone like thunder, leaving Mrs. Liao, Gao Ming, and the red-faced Professor Huang in utter astonishment.

Yan Xiaobao and Xia Rou had already exited. Aside from the terminally ill President Liao, whose death seemed imminent, who else could have said those words?

President Liao had been so weak that speaking was a struggle, and he couldn't eat at all. Now, that loud shout, demanding food—how could it have come from him?

"Husband!" Mrs. Liao immediately recognized it as her husband's voice. With a face full of shocked disbelief, she practically stormed into the hospital room.

Gao Ming and the red-faced Professor Huang exchanged a stunned glance before rushing into the room, equally incredulous.

Having anticipated this result, Zhang Hongde smiled warmly and expressed his gratitude to Yan Xiaobao and Xia Rou, "Divine Doctor Yan, Doctor Xia, you've worked hard—thank you, thank you!"

"Don't thank me; I wasn't helping you." Yan Xiaobao, as always, didn't mince words. His reason for treating President Liao wasn't rooted in helping Zhang Hongde or even due to Xia Rou's influence but rather... ahem...

"I didn't do anything..." Xia Rou had merely followed Yan Xiaobao inside and watched in wonder as he miraculously pressed a single finger against President Liao's chest.

"Still, we need to thank Doctor Xia for marrying such an incredible husband." Zhang Hongde laughed heartily, his old face radiant.

Xia Rou's mouth twitched slightly, her smile strained.

Yan Xiaobao had just brought Tiantian home yesterday, putting on quite a show almost right in front of her, and today, he was eyeing Gao Ming's stunning sister—what kind of "good husband" was this...

"Husband! Your... your illness is really... really cured?"

Mrs. Liao stood frozen in place for a moment after storming into the room, then finally snapped out of her daze. She stared at a sitting President Liao, overwhelmed with joy and sobbing tears of happiness.

The previously ashen-faced, critically ill President Liao was now sitting comfortably on the hospital bed. Though he still appeared somewhat weak, his face had gained a tinge of redness, his spirit seemed bright, and he clearly showed signs of recovering from a severe illness.

"I don't know if my illness is cured; what I do know is I'm starving!" President Liao smiled at his wife and said, "Quick, get me something to eat. I want braised pork!"

"Alright, alright, I'll call someone to fetch it right away!" Mrs. Liao wiped away her tears, hurriedly called her driver, and ordered him to fetch braised pork as quickly as possible.

"How... how is this... even possible..." Witnessing such a bizarre scene, Gao Ming couldn't believe his eyes. Shocked and confused, he turned to the red-faced Professor Huang, "Is this recovery? Or just a last-minute burst of vitality?"

The red-faced Professor Huang, almost talking to himself, stared at the vital signs monitor in the room and muttered, "Heart rate: 63. Body temperature: 37.1. Blood pressure: 82—109... This... this is really... really cured?"

"No... no way..." Gao Ming's logical thinking seemed to break down completely, his mind grinding to a halt.

The nation's foremost cardiovascular expert, Professor Wang, had concluded there was no hope. Even if brought to the world's best hospital and treated by the world's best doctors, the outcome wouldn't have changed.

And yet, somehow, the illness was cured... And on top of that, it was cured exactly as Yan Xiaobao described—within minutes?

What was going on here? Even "medical miracle" seemed inadequate to describe this bewildering situation; it defied all logic...

"Divine Doctor... truly, a Divine Doctor!"

Having finished her call, Mrs. Liao couldn't contain herself anymore. She rushed to Yan Xiaobao, clasping his hand tightly, "Divine Doctor Yan, you are absolutely miraculous! You're our savior—thank you, thank you!"

Chapter 126 I Am Originally a Divine Doctor

...

"I'm a Divine Doctor by nature." Yan Xiaobao didn't want to say too much to Mrs. Liao. He walked straight to Gao Ming, patted him on the shoulder, and said, "Hey! Wake up, quickly take me to find your sister."

Gao Ming turned his head, looked at Yan Xiaobao blankly, his eyes devoid of emotion, still in a daze.

"Uh... may I ask, Divine Doctor... Divine Doctor Yan..." Professor Wang, initially arrogant but now humbled, politely asked like a student seeking knowledge, "Such severe cardiac failure, by modern medical standards, is nearly impossible to cure. How did you... how did you fix it so quickly?"

"You're a doctor, I'm a Divine Doctor. Your concepts and mine aren't on the same path. Even if I explained, you wouldn't understand."

Yan Xiaobao didn't offer a proper explanation. Professor Wang couldn't let it go. Zhang Hongde walked over and whispered five words in his ear: "Medical God Hua Mingyuan."

"What!" Professor Wang's eyes widened instantly, and his already red face seemed to glow, "Medical God Hua Mingyuan! He... is he actually the disciple of Medical God Hua Mingyuan?"

Zhang Hongde shook his head with a smile and gently said, "Divine Doctor Yan is Medical God Hua Mingyuan's senior brother."

"Kaza!"

As if struck by ball lightning, the red-faced Professor Wang instantly turned into a statue.

"So that's it... so that's it..." Upon hearing Zhang Hongde's words, Gao Ming suddenly came to his senses and murmured repeatedly to himself, "I actually went head-to-head in medical skills against Medical God Hua Mingyuan's senior brother... I truly miscalculated miserably..."

"How about it? Are you convinced now?" Yan Xiaobao pressed further, "Since you admit defeat, hurry up and take me to meet your sister."

Completely convinced and thoroughly humbled, Gao Ming made a 180-degree change in attitude towards Yan Xiaobao, speaking with utmost respect, "Divine Doctor Yan, I apologize. I didn't expect to lose... So, today might not be convenient... But don't worry! I'll make arrangements as soon as possible."

"How soon is 'soon'?" Yan Xiaobao frowned at Gao Ming, warning him, "If you dare to deceive me, even if you're my future brother-in-law, I'll still give you no chance!"

"No, no, definitely not!" Gao Ming hurriedly promised, "Divine Doctor Yan, rest assured, once I explain things to my old man, I can take you to meet my sister."

"Meeting your sister has anything to do with your old man?" Yan Xiaobao was still unhappy, "Would he dare block me from meeting her?"

"He wouldn't, absolutely wouldn't. If my old man knew that Divine Doctor Yan was Medical God Hua Mingyuan's senior brother, he'd definitely agree without hesitation."

Gao Ming thought for a moment and then gave Yan Xiaobao a definite time frame, "Within three days at the latest, I'll definitely take Divine Doctor Yan to meet her. You can wait for my call."

"That's more like it." Yan Xiaobao finally relented, taking Xia Rou's delicate hand, "Rourou, I'm a bit tired, let's go home and sleep."

"Divine Doctor Yan, I'm sorry, but I still want to ask..." Mrs. Liao, still overwhelmed by the astonishing news, asked hesitantly, "My husband... is he completely cured now? Should we still stay in the hospital for further procedural treatment?"

"I've put in so much effort; of course, he's cured!" Yan Xiaobao felt Mrs. Liao's question was completely redundant and unnecessary.

Mrs. Liao: "..."

Gao Ming: "..."

Professor Wang: "..."

"Put in so much effort?"

This guy, from entering the ward to leaving it, barely said a few words. It only took a few minutes—how was that 'effort'?

"For safety's sake, Mrs. Liao, you should stay in the hospital for observation for a few more days." Zhang Hongde, understanding that most people couldn't immediately feel reassured, spoke to Mrs. Liao, "After a few days, have Divine Doctor Yan confirm again. If there's no problem, you can leave the hospital then."

"That sounds good." Mrs. Liao nodded in relief.

Yan Xiaobao didn't care whether they stayed in the hospital or not and left, holding Xia Rou's hand. Meanwhile, the petrified Professor Wang maintained his statue-like pose, still unresponsive...

...

The elevator descended to the fifth floor. Seeing Xia Rou preparing to leave, Yan Xiaobao quickly stopped her, "Rourou, where are you going?"

"To work."

"Don't go to work. Come home and sleep with me, I'm really so tired..." Yan Xiaobao grabbed Xia Rou, not letting her leave.

"Did treating President Liao just consume too much Qi, and now you need to sleep with a woman to replenish it?" Xia Rou asked.

"Yeah, yeah!" Yan Xiaobao nodded repeatedly, thinking Xia Rou finally understood and was ready to agree to keep him company. He was overjoyed at the thought.

"Then go find Wife Tiantian! Why come after me?" Xia Rou's face darkened. She broke free from Yan Xiaobao, stepped out of the elevator, leaving behind a single sentence, "I'm going to work; don't bother me."

"Rourou..." Yan Xiaobao looked dejectedly at the elevator doors closing in front of him.

It seemed today wasn't the right time. He'd have to wait until he cured Rourou's family member's illness before making another attempt.

The elevator reached the ground floor, and Yan Xiaobao had already regained his cheerful mood. He dialed Tiantian's number.

Tiantian had returned home to check on her mom and wouldn't be back until tomorrow.

Although Yan Xiaobao had met quite a few "wives" in Binhai, for now, only Tiantian and Su Xiaowan were available to keep him company. But both seemed busy, so Yan Xiaobao had no choice but to give up.

Luckily, although treating President Liao had drained some Qi, it hadn't affected him too greatly. What he said earlier was just to persuade Xia Rou to go back and sleep with him.

Since there wasn't a wife to share the bed with, he decided to deal with a few errands instead.

Yesterday, he'd promised Qian Jiale to help optimize the feng shui setup at his new shop. Yan Xiaobao quickly hailed a cab and headed straight to Antique Street. When he was alone, he could never be bothered to squeeze into public transportation.

...

Entering Heavenly Water Pavilion, the place was filled with people—at least thirty or more.

Yan Xiaobao waded through the crowd, heading straight to Dong Yuqing behind the counter. He remarked in admiration, "Wife Qingqing, you always look best in a cheongsam."

Dong Yuqing wore another embroidered cheongsam today, with a pure white background embroidered with pink lotus flowers. The design was pristine and elegant, exuding a natural, delicate charm.

Yet Dong Yuqing didn't seem pleased by his compliment; instead, her expression was grim.

Yan Xiaobao laughed awkwardly and changed the subject, "Business is so good today, but Wife Qingqing, you don't seem very happy. Why is that?"

"Do you think these people came here for business?" Dong Yuqing glared at Yan Xiaobao with visible frustration.

Chapter 127 Caught Eloping

...

"Huh? Not here to do business, so why rush into the store?" Yan Xiaobao glanced around at the group of people.

The group consisted entirely of young men in their early twenties, each with hostile expressions. They clearly didn't look like customers, more like they came to stir up trouble. [freewebnovel.com](http://freewebnovel.com)

"Looks like they're here to collect a debt. Wife Qingqing, do you owe them money?" Yan Xiaobao said casually, "No worries, I'll pay them back for you."

At that moment, a Scarface stepped out from the crowd and shouted at Yan Xiaobao, "Hey! Who the hell are you?"

"Is something wrong with your ears?" Yan Xiaobao shot him a glance, "I call her Wife Qingqing, so obviously I'm her husband."

"Hey! How dare you say Brother Scar's ears have problems? Believe it or not, I'll rip yours off!" The group of men surrounded him aggressively.

"What are you guys doing? We're not here to cause trouble today." Scarface raised his hand to stop his men and smiled, "My ears are fine, I just hadn't heard that Antique Street's number one beauty Dong Yuqing got married, so I wanted to confirm that first."

"Oh, now you've confirmed it. You can get lost." Yan Xiaobao said impatiently, "You're ruining Wife Qingqing's mood. If you don't leave soon, I'll beat the crap out of you."

"Hahaha! This is fresh, really fresh. I haven't even mentioned fighting yet, and now this kid is more eager than me." Scarface teased Yan Xiaobao, "I'll stand right here without moving. Think you dare to make the first move?"

Yan Xiaobao frowned. What's with encountering another moron saying "Come at me if you've got the guts"?

"Don't fight inside my store!" Dong Yuqing stopped Yan Xiaobao.

"Oh." Yan Xiaobao glanced around at the Fengshui Artifacts stacked everywhere and said, "Don't worry, Wife Qingqing, I promise I won't damage your store's stuff."

"It's not just about breaking things," Dong Yuqing said seriously, "I don't want any violence happening in my shop."

"Oh, fine then, I won't make a move." Yan Xiaobao nodded again, "I'll call Wife Bingbing instead, and have her arrest all these troublemakers."

"Arrest us?" Scarface sneered. "You think having connections at the Patrol Office means you can randomly arrest people? We haven't hit anyone or smashed anything here—what grounds do you have to arrest us?"

"Then what are you doing here?" Yan Xiaobao was genuinely puzzled. "You're not here for business, nor to cause trouble. What's the point in lounging around here; are you bored out of your minds?"

"We're looking for her brother," Scarface grinned darkly, "If she doesn't hand him over, we'll come here every day to 'reason' with you people."

"If you're looking for her brother, then go find him! Why are you coming here?" Yan Xiaobao asked, at a loss. "Did her brother owe you money?"

"Ask her." Scarface pointed his finger at Dong Yuqing.

"Wife Qingqing, what's going on?" Yan Xiaobao turned to Dong Yuqing and said, "Tell me. No matter what it is, I can settle it for you."

Dong Yuqing, already disturbed to the limit by these "reasonable" thugs, told Yan Xiaobao everything.

Dong Yuqing had a younger male cousin named Dong Ming, who was studying at a university in Binhai. Not long ago, he met a beautiful woman online. Soon, they met up in person and ended up in bed.

But the woman wasn't as simple as she appeared. She was actually Liu Zhen's mistress—the very leader of this gang of thugs. A few days ago, Dong Ming's affair with her was exposed, enraging Liu Zhen, who swore to kill Dong Ming.

Fortunately, the woman did feel some genuine affection for Dong Ming and secretly called him, advising him to run away immediately.

Thus, Dong Ming began his days of dodging and hiding. Terrified and unable to eat or sleep well, he had several close calls where he was nearly caught. On the verge of a mental breakdown, he finally thought of his cousin Dong Yuqing and sought her help.

As his cousin, Dong Yuqing couldn't just stand by, so she allowed Dong Ming to hide at her home.

Dong Yuqing was financially stable and lived in a high-end residential area with good security. Liu Zhen couldn't cause a commotion at her home openly, so he sent people to blockade her shop—the Fengshui Pavilion—to cut off its business and force her to hand over Dong Ming.

With twenty or so thugs hanging around the shop, no customers dared to come in. Dong Yuqing was left helpless, and situations like this weren't something the Patrol Office could easily deal with, since the gang wasn't engaging in violence or damage—just lingering around.

Even when officers managed to scare off one group, another would show up later. The Patrol Office couldn't maintain a constant presence to guard the store.

This is exactly why ordinary people avoid provoking thugs—once entangled with them, their persistence often becomes unbearable.

After hearing everything, Yan Xiaobao scoffed in disdain, "That's it? Can't keep your own mistress under control, and then still have the audacity to cause trouble? Look at me—I've got so many wives, and none of them have ever run off!"

"I'm done wasting my breath on you." Scarface decided Yan Xiaobao was simply odd and chose not to argue further. "In short, if you don't hand over Dong Ming, we'll wait here and see who lasts longer—us or you!"

"Hey!" Yan Xiaobao lost patience. "If you guys don't scam, then I'll throw you all out myself."

The twenty-something thugs behind Scarface immediately began clamoring, ready to teach the arrogant Yan Xiaobao a lesson. But just then, Scarface's phone rang. He raised his hand to silence his men and answered the call.

"Hello, Brother Zhen... What? You caught him... Okay, I'm heading over right now!"

Scarface hung up the phone and waved, "Let's go!"

With a loud commotion, the group of thugs rushed out of the Heavenly Water Pavilion.

Dong Yuqing's expression changed drastically. She quickly dialed Dong Ming's number.

"Sister Qing! Please come save me!" Over the phone, Dong Ming's voice was shaky and tearful as he begged, "They're saying... saying they're going to cut off my... my manhood and feed it to the dogs..."

"Why didn't you stay home to hide? Why did you run out?" Dong Yuqing was equal parts anxious and furious.

"This morning, Xiao Xue called me, saying she wanted us to run away together, so I went out to see her... Who knew it was a setup... Sister Qing, you have to find a way to save me! I don't want to become a eunuch!"

Before Dong Ming could finish, the phone was suddenly taken over by a chilling male voice:

"Miss Dong, if you don't want your Dong Family to end with him, come to Room 338 at the Railway Hotel near the train station. You have half an hour. If you don't show up, prepare to collect your brother's little 'package.' And if you dare inform the police, well... you know the consequences. Beep-beep-beep-beep..."

Chapter 128 Rather Die than Comply

...

The other party hung up the phone, and Dong Yuqing hurriedly tidied herself up, got in the car, and rushed off to rescue Dong Ming.

On the way, Dong Yuqing was anxious and uneasy, her beautiful face losing all color. Yan Xiaobao, however, acted as if nothing had happened and comforted her, "Wife Qingqing, don't be scared. With me here, it'll be fine."

Dong Yuqing hesitated for a moment, biting her lip as she said, "Mr. Yan, this is trouble caused by my cousin. You don't need to take the risk with me. You can get out at the next intersection."

"Wife Qingqing's concerns are my concerns. Of course, I need to help you settle this," Yan Xiaobao said with a carefree laugh. "Wife Qingqing, don't worry. Such a tiny issue—what's there to risk? Those thugs won't stand a chance against me."

Dong Yuqing assumed Yan Xiaobao was just boasting to comfort her, but having a man beside her did bring her a bit of peace. She chose not to say more and drove straight to the Railway Hotel.

There were over a dozen small-time gangsters guarding the lobby of the Railway Hotel. Clearly, this hotel was Liu Zhen's lair.

Two burly gangsters escorted Dong Yuqing and Yan Xiaobao upstairs to the third floor, leading them into Room 338.

The moment Dong Ming, who was kneeling on the ground trembling, saw Dong Yuqing, he straightened and shouted, "Sister Qing, run! They're trying to harm you!"

"Run? It's too late!" A burly man with a buzz cut and a cruel face sneered as he walked in from outside. Behind him followed a crowd of men who blocked the door completely.

"What are you trying to do?!" Dong Yuqing demanded, her voice sharp but retreating half a step instinctively. She had never faced such a situation before and couldn't help but feel scared.

"What am I trying to do? Hahaha!" The burly man burst into laughter. "Dong Yuqing, I've admired you for a long time. What I want—don't you already know?"

"You know me?" Dong Yuqing scrutinized the man doubtfully. His tone sounded as if he had been one of her old admirers, but she couldn't recall encountering someone like him.

"Dong Yuqing, you've always been arrogant to the point of blindness, haven't you? You don't even recognize me?" The burly man sneered fiercely. "Bin Hai High School, 12th grade, class four, Liu Zhen. Does that ring a bell?"

"So it's you..." Dong Yuqing immediately remembered. She hadn't forgotten the events of long ago. But time, that cruel blade, had turned Liu Zhen into a greasy, pig-headed middle-aged man, so it was no surprise she hadn't recognized him.

Back then, Dong Yuqing was only fifteen years old, in her sophomore year of middle school, already blossoming into a stunning beauty. She had been voted the most beautiful schoolgirl at Binhai High School.

The most beautiful schoolgirl was naturally the dream girl of the entire male student body. Her admirers could fill up a whole basketball court.

Though Liu Zhen was three years above Dong Yuqing, he had been the most shameless and obsessive of all her admirers.

After fervently chasing Dong Yuqing for a month, his confession was rejected, his love letters torn up, and his gifts returned. Completely hopeless, Liu Zhen decided to take a desperate gamble and force himself on her!

One dark and stormy night, Liu Zhen assaulted Dong Yuqing on her way home from evening study sessions, attempting to commit rape. Fortunately, a passer-by noticed and called the police, saving Dong Yuqing.

Dong Yuqing escaped unharmed, while Liu Zhen was arrested for attempted rape and sentenced to three years in prison.

After his release, Liu Zhen showed no remorse and instead took the path of a thug. In just seven or eight years, through thick-faced scheming and despicable tactics, he managed to seize a middling gangster status.

Throughout this time, Liu Zhen's obsession and hatred towards Dong Yuqing festered in his heart. Upon learning that Dong Yuqing had taken over the Heavenly Water Pavilion as its female manager, he began carefully plotting a trap for her.

"Dong Yuqing, to get you, I even gave up my favorite mistress," Liu Zhen said, his wolf-like eyes devouring Dong Yuqing's enchanting curves outlined by her qipao. "Tell me, how should you repay me?"

"You..." Faced with Liu Zhen's scheming, obscene, and despicable manner, Dong Yuqing was at a loss for words.

"Sister Qing... I'm sorry... It's all my fault..." Dong Ming, still kneeling, crawled over to cling to Dong Yuqing's feet, sobbing. "I didn't mean to do this... I really didn't know Xiao Xue was bait to trap you... I was blinded by lust... it's all my fault... I'm sorry!"

"You're not to blame. Stand up," Dong Yuqing reached out to help Dong Ming up.

Dong Ming was just a twenty-something college student, in the throes of youthful desire. Faced with the allure of beauty, how could he possibly resist? Moreover, he was naive to the dangers of society and had no clue it was all part of a carefully concocted conspiracy.

Dong Yuqing didn't blame Dong Ming. If blame were to be assigned, it would be solely to Liu Zhen—so insidious and despicable.

"I've explained everything clearly," Liu Zhen sneered with tilted lips. "Dong Yuqing, it should be obvious how sincere I am towards you. Just give in to me."

"Keep dreaming!" Dong Yuqing spat, gritting her teeth. "A despicable man like you will never succeed!"

"Success or failure isn't up to you," Liu Zhen said wickedly. "Since you're my former schoolmate, I'll advise you one last time—give in obediently, serve me well, and I promise you'll live a life of luxury. Resist, and I'll first castrate your cousin, then..."

Liu Zhen vividly narrated a horrifying scenario to Dong Yuqing. "I'll create a personal dungeon for you where daylight will never reach. No one will ever find you. For the rest of your life, you'll never escape my grasp, reduced to my x slave—where I'll x you a hundred times a day. Every single day!"

"You..." Dong Yuqing trembled uncontrollably, a mixture of shame, anger, and terror.

Liu Zhen's cruelty and maliciousness knew no bounds. If she truly fell into his hands and became his x slave, it would be a fate a hundred times worse than death!

"Of course, I've deeply loved you since ten years ago. If it's not absolutely necessary, I wouldn't want it to come to this," Liu Zhen softened his tone as if feigning affection. "So just surrender, and I promise to treat you tenderly."

"Shut up!" Dong Yuqing snapped angrily. "You beast! I'd rather die than fall into your hands!"

Saying that, Dong Yuqing suddenly lunged toward the wall, intending to end her life to preserve her honor.

Chapter 129 Humanoid Toy

...

"Quick, grab her!" Liu Zhen suddenly shouted in alarm and rushed to stop Dong Yuqing.

Without Liu Zhen's shout, Dong Yuqing had just leaned out halfway when a pair of big hands caught her around the waist and pulled her into an embrace.

It was Yan Xiaobao's first time hugging Dong Yuqing. He indulged in the softness and delicate sensation, smelling a faint fragrance reminiscent of a gentle orchid, looking utterly enchanted and quite enjoying the moment.

"Let go of me!" Dong Yuqing struggled fiercely like an alarmed deer, "Are you... are you with them?"

Dong Yuqing, consumed by fear and despair, was almost losing her sanity. How could Yan Xiaobao, whom even Tang Wenjun and Young Master Tang had to show respect to, possibly collude with the likes of Liu Zhen, a worthless thug?

"With them? Wife Qingqing, you're really insulting me..." Yan Xiaobao pressed one hand on Tiantian's back, channeling Qi to calm her, "Wife Qingqing, don't be afraid; I'll get rid of this vile, despicable, beastly creature right away."

"Get rid of me?" Liu Zhen pointed at his own nose with a face full of surprise.

He hadn't taken that young man beside Dong Yuqing seriously from the beginning, planning only to make him "disappear" from this world later. Hearing Yan Xiaobao now declare he would eliminate him was simply unbelievable.

"You know the despicable and beastly creature I'm talking about is you, right?" Yan Xiaobao said cheerfully, "Since you're so self-aware, I'll be merciful and let you do it yourself."

"Calling Dong Yuqing 'wife,' it seems you're her man, eh? Very well!" Liu Zhen nodded with amusement, "Letting me do it myself—do you want me to play with your wife in front of you? Since you enjoy watching others play with your wife, I won't kill you. I'll lock you and Dong Yuqing up in the dungeon, and let you watch me play with your wife for a lifetime!"

"Though you have some self-awareness, you still seek death. Let me fulfill that for you." Yan Xiaobao said, releasing Dong Yuqing's slender waist, suddenly appearing before Liu Zhen, grabbing him by the throat, lifting him high, and twisting his arm.

"Aow!" Liu Zhen let out a miserable howl as his right arm was snapped by Yan Xiaobao.

"Quick, save Brother Zhen!" cried Liu Zhen's underlings, rushing forward.

"Scram!" Yan Xiaobao shouted, delivering a powerful kick.

The thug in the lead felt as if he were hit head-on by a high-speed train at 280 km/h, hurling backward like a cannonball and knocking down a whole crowd of thugs behind him.

Dong Yuqing and Dong Ming stared wide-eyed, seeing over a dozen thugs toppled flat by one kick from Yan Xiaobao—none able to stand...

Is this still human?

This must be Superman...

"Alright, now that no one's causing trouble, let's play slowly." Yan Xiaobao said as he moved to break something else.

"Ooew—" Liu Zhen howled like a wounded wolf, as his left arm was snapped again by Yan Xiaobao.

"Hey! Didn't have breakfast this morning? That little noise is not fun at all." Yan Xiaobao criticized Liu Zhen displeasably, twisting down two more times.

"Ah! Ah ah! Ah—" Liu Zhen unleashed a series of thunderous cries. His two legs were broken.

Usually, when the pain nerves of a human are subjected to such extreme stimuli, they cause the brain to faint protectively. But Yan Xiaobao pinched Liu Zhen's throat, invading his brain with Qi, making it impossible for him to faint, forcing him to endure unbearable pain.

"Hmm, now that sound is more like that of a beast." Yan Xiaobao said somewhat satisfied, tossing Liu Zhen onto the room's bed.

Liu Zhen continued his screams, sweating profusely from the pain, with teeth nearly ground to dust.

Unfortunately, everyone in the hotel had been notified beforehand: no matter the commotion, ignore it, act like nothing's happening.

His original intent was to make Dong Yuqing cry out with no one coming to save her. Now, it was applied to himself. Even if all his underlings rushed to save him, it would be useless against Yan Xiaobao.

"Tut tut tut, with hands and feet broken, it must hurt, right?" Yan Xiaobao said benevolently with a friendly smile, "Let me heal your hands and feet back; that way, it won't hurt anymore."

Not only Dong Yuqing and Dong Ming but even "victim" Liu Zhen was bewildered. Beating someone up and then healing them—what kind of routine is this?

While others couldn't fathom it, Yan Xiaobao truly displayed his super healing skills, fixing Liu Zhen's dislocated joints in mere minutes.

"It doesn't hurt anymore, right?" Yan Xiaobao gently asked, "Come on, get out of bed and try walking?"

Liu Zhen, baffled, moved his arms slightly—it seemed indeed healed... Then he stepped off the bed, walked a few paces, confirming he was fully healed.

Dong Yuqing and Dong Ming, the sister-brother duo, were too shocked to speak.

What kind of medical skill is this? Fixing dislocated joints barehanded in minutes...

This isn't medicine; it's demon art...

"Tha... thank you..." Liu Zhen involuntarily shivered and thanked Yan Xiaobao.

Though he didn't know why Yan Xiaobao healed him, he was at least no longer in pain.

"No need to thank me." Yan Xiaobao chuckled, suddenly gripping Liu Zhen's throat again, lifting him, "I have to heal you first, so we can continue playing."

"No, please don't!" Liu Zhen shook violently like a sieve with fear, "Boss, I was wrong, please spare me!"

"Who's your boss? I would never take a scum like you as a little brother!" Yan Xiaobao said, twisting again.

"Aow—" Liu Zhen yelled miserably as his right arm was snapped once more by Yan Xiaobao.

"Mas... Master... Grandfather... please spare me a path! I'll never dare again..."

"Who's your grandfather? I would never have a rotten descendant like you!" Yan Xiaobao said, twisting again.

"Ooew—" Liu Zhen cried, with tears and sweat flowing together, as his left arm was snapped again by Yan Xiaobao.

"Help!" Realizing pleading with Yan Xiaobao was futile, Liu Zhen shouted aloud for help, "Help! Someone's killing me! Call the police..."

"Your voice is quite loud, go ahead and shout!" Yan Xiaobao said, throwing Liu Zhen onto the bed, using both arms to twist hard.

"Help... ah! Ah ah! Ah... kill me, please kill me..." Liu Zhen's legs were broken again, completely in pain, wanting to die.

"Kill you? Wishful thinking!" Yan Xiaobao said with an innocuous smile, "I'm not done playing yet, come, let me heal you first, then we continue."

Chapter 130 Let the Law Punish Me

...

"Don't do it—" Liu Zhen, upon hearing Yan Xiaobao's intention to "play" one more round, was so terrified that he lost control of all bodily functions, leaving the bedsheet filthy and the room reeking.

"Damn! You've made such a mess; how am I supposed to play?" Yan Xiaobao was instantly annoyed, completely losing interest in continuing, saying, "Forget it. Let's just end you instead."

"Wait... don't kill him..." Dong Yuqing pinched her nose and urged, "Killing someone is illegal. It's better to call the police."

"Fine, then, I'll call my Bingbing wife to arrest him." Ever since meeting Han Ruobing, Yan Xiaobao had grown increasingly fond of helping her catch bad guys. After all, every time he helped her nab a criminal, he got the chance to cuddle her while sleeping.

"Bingbing wife!" Yan Xiaobao dialed her number and proudly said, "I caught another scumbag for you. Hurry over!"

"I'm busy. Have Chief Zhang send someone instead," Han Ruobing replied icily.

In truth, she wasn't really busy; it was just that, within a short time, Yan Xiaobao had helped her catch several criminals, propelling her case-solving rate far ahead of other arrest officers in Binhai City.

This led to some gossip at the Patrol Office, with people whispering that Han Ruobing's case-solving success was all thanks to her boyfriend's aid.

Though Han Ruobing didn't bother to explain herself, she felt indignant inside. Before knowing Yan Xiaobao, hadn't her case-solving rate already been the best in Binhai?

That's why she no longer wanted to accept criminals handed over by Yan Xiaobao for free.

"Oh, if Bingbing wife doesn't have time to arrest him, then I might as well kill him," Yan Xiaobao said, uninterested in involving Zhang Zhixue to catch the bad guy.

"Hey!" Han Ruobing knew Yan Xiaobao might actually kill the criminal, so she quickly stopped him. "Don't hurt him. Fine, fine, I'll make time and come over. Where are you?"

Yan Xiaobao gave her the address and waited happily for Han Ruobing to arrive. Suddenly, he recalled something. "This scumbag just said he wanted to castrate my Qingqing wife's brother and then lock up my Qingqing wife in a dungeon to humiliate her. Hmm, I think I should castrate him."

"No... no, don't..." Though Liu Zhen's limbs were rendered useless, leaving him paralyzed, hearing Yan Xiaobao's words nearly made him sit upright in terror.

"Yes!" Dong Ming, who hated Liu Zhen to the core, immediately agreed, "Castrating him would be satisfying!"

"No!" Dong Yuqing tried to dissuade again. "He's already incapacitated. If you do that... it'll constitute intentional harm."

"Yes, yes, Sister Dong is right..." Liu Zhen looked gratefully at Dong Yuqing, pleading, "For the sake of us being alumni, please plead with your husband to spare me. Just let the law handle me..."

"Having someone like you as a fellow alum is a disgrace to all of us!" Dong Yuqing spitefully turned her head away.

"No way. If I don't castrate you, it feels like something's missing," Yan Xiaobao declared, completely unconcerned with the notion of intentional harm.

"But man, you've made such a mess that I really can't bring myself to do it..." He grimaced at the filth around Liu Zhen, frowning. Not only was it inconvenient to act, but even stepping near disgusted him.

"Yes, yes, just let me go. Don't dirty your hands, sir!" Liu Zhen nodded like a chicken pecking at grains.

"I'll do it!" Dong Ming stepped up, jumped, and delivered a ruthless stomp to Liu Zhen's crotch, grinding his foot twice for good measure.

"..." Liu Zhen's body arched; his eyes widened, his mouth gaped, but he was in too much pain to produce a sound.

"Hmm, not bad." Yan Xiaobao shot Dong Ming a brief look of appreciation before threatening Liu Zhen, "Later, when my Bingbing wife arrives, you better tell her you did that yourself. Otherwise, even if you go to prison, I'll visit every day to loosen up your bones."

...

Han Ruobing arrived at Railway Hotel with the Patrol Third Team. As soon as she entered Room 338, her nose wrinkled at the unbearable mix of stench from waste and blood.

"Bingbing wife!" Yan Xiaobao greeted her with sheer delight, saying, "This scumbag set a trap to harm my Qingqing wife. Hurry and have him taken away."

When Dong Yuqing and Han Ruobing met, both were momentarily stunned by each other's beauty, and an awkward silence followed. After all, with two gorgeous women being called "wife" by Yan Xiaobao, how could it not be awkward?

Dong Ming glanced left at his cousin Dong Yuqing and right at the stunning arrest officer, then looked at Yan Xiaobao, dumbfounded. It all seemed so unreal...

"I'm not his wife." Dong Yuqing and Han Ruobing both spoke simultaneously.

Yan Xiaobao walked right between them, grinning as he quipped, "You'll both be my wives soon, really!"

"No time for your nonsense!" Han Ruobing turned her attention to Liu Zhen, who was immobilized on the bed, sighed, and directed her team to clean up the scene before questioning Dong Yuqing and Dong Ming about the events.

The case wasn't complicated, and Han Ruobing quickly pieced together the whole story.

Ten years ago, Liu Zhen failed in pursuing Dong Yuqing and attempted to assault her. His crime was exposed, leading to a three-year prison sentence. After his release, instead of repenting, he plotted revenge. First, he sent his girlfriend to seduce Dong Ming, then set a trap aimed at illegally imprisoning and assaulting Dong Yuqing, only to be thwarted by Yan Xiaobao.

"This piece of scum will never see daylight again in this lifetime." With a strong sense of justice, coupled with being a woman herself, Han Ruobing deeply despised someone like Liu Zhen, to the point of utter disgust for his suffering at Yan Xiaobao's hands.

"Pack it up!" Han Ruobing swiftly wrapped up the case and then led her team away.

For once, Yan Xiaobao didn't chase after Han Ruobing. Dong Yuqing had endured immense trauma today, almost taking her own life, and she clearly needed comforting.

During the drive back to Heavenly Water Pavilion, both Dong Yuqing and Dong Ming remained mostly silent.

The earlier nightmarish experience seemed to have left them struggling to adjust to normal life again.

Or perhaps, they were still wondering—was what just happened real? Or was it merely an illusion?

"Qingqing wife," Yan Xiaobao broke the silence, teasingly addressing Dong Yuqing while she drove. "Now you've seen it for yourself, huh? This world has way too many beasts with two legs and lustful wolves with three."

"Mm..." Dong Yuqing gratefully replied, "Thank you for saving me and Dong Ming today."

The trap set by Liu Zhen had indeed left her terrified. If Yan Xiaobao hadn't been with her today, the consequences would've been unthinkable...

"This was nothing. Qingqing wife, rest assured, as long as I'm here, no one in this world will ever bully you." Yan Xiaobao grinned mischievously and continued, "So, wouldn't you agree to being my wife already?"