

## Medical 131

### Chapter 131 Fengshui Artifacts

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"..." Dong Yuqing was speechless.

This Yan Xiaobao was good at everything, except for pestering her all day about wanting her to be his wife. That part was a bit unbearable.

"Sister Qing, I think Brother Yan's pretty great..." Dong Ming said from the back seat, his face full of admiration as he looked at Yan Xiaobao.

After witnessing Yan Xiaobao's off-the-charts combat power and miraculous medical skills, Dong Ming had completely made him his idol. Moreover, if not for Yan Xiaobao today, he and Dong Yuqing's fate would have been unthinkable.

So, Yan Xiaobao was not only his idol but also his lifesaver. If Yan Xiaobao really became his cousin-in-law, that would undoubtedly be a fantastic thing.

"Shut up!" Dong Yuqing scolded Dong Ming, "He's no better than scum."

"What's wrong with me?" Yan Xiaobao looked aggrieved and then started boasting again, "I'm great at fighting, great at medicine. If you marry me, you'll never get bullied by anyone, and you'll never have to worry about getting sick. How is that not good?"

"Hmph!" Dong Yuqing focused on the road ahead, driving seriously without glancing at Yan Xiaobao.

"Yes, yes, yes, you're amazing at everything—especially at womanizing!"

"I never womanize!" Yan Xiaobao argued earnestly.

"Oh, right, you don't womanize; you just like collecting a whole pile of wives!" Dong Yuqing said with irritation.

"I don't have a huge pile, just seven or eight. Not even ten yet." Yan Xiaobao still wore a serious expression.

Dong Ming sat with his jaw dropped, completely speechless.

Seven or eight wives?

Is this guy the reincarnation of Wei Xiaobao? Is the name "Xiaobao" some kind of magnet for romantic escapades? Maybe I should change my name to Dong Xiaobao...

Dong Yuqing turned her head and gave Yan Xiaobao a look that was hard to describe. "How many wives are you planning to marry? Are you aiming for something like a 'hundred-person conquest' before you're satisfied?"

"I haven't thought about it that far." Yan Xiaobao shook his head. "Heavenly Sister said, the greater the ability, the greater the responsibility. So, I must do my utmost to protect as many people as possible who deserve protection."

Dong Yuqing: "Do you think all the men in the world are dead, and only you are worthy of all the beautiful women?"

"How can other men compare to me?" Yan Xiaobao widened his eyes and said with a very serious tone, "I am the most powerful, sincere, kindhearted, and handsome man in the world."

Dong Yuqing: "..."

Dong Ming: "..."

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When they returned to Heavenly Water Pavilion, a man in his fifties was anxiously knocking on the door while peeking into the shop.

This was none other than Chen Jianguo, the construction materials businessman whom Yan Xiaobao had first met when Dong Yuqing and Tang Wenjun went to seek Master Xuanzhen's help.

"Miss Dong!" The moment Chen Jianguo saw Dong Yuqing, he hurriedly ran over. "That Magic Artifact from Master Xuanzhen's last time—is it still here? You haven't sold it, have you?"

As Dong Yuqing opened the door, she replied, "It's still in the shop."

"Oh, that's wonderful!" Chen Jianguo let out a long sigh of relief and then pleaded, "Miss Dong, could you sell that artifact to me?"

"Weren't you the one who accused me of fraud for selling bronze as gold?" Dong Yuqing's mood wasn't great, and recalling Chen Jianguo's aggressive son, Chen Shaohua, her tone turned colder.

"Miss Dong, I'm truly sorry. Shaohua was immature, and I was also foolish..." Chen Jianguo quickly apologized and then looked at Yan Xiaobao, saying, "This young brother said..."

"Who are you calling a young brother?" Yan Xiaobao glared at Chen Jianguo, displeased. "I've got no brothers as old as you."

"No, no, no, I mean this young Master here said that my family was about to face disaster, and sure enough..." Chen Jianguo wiped the sweat off his forehead repeatedly with regret. "This morning, my son got into a car accident and was seriously injured..."

"Miss Dong, I beg you, please sell me that Magic Artifact." Following Dong Yuqing into the shop, Chen Jianguo pleaded over and over.

Dong Yuqing didn't make it difficult for Chen Jianguo, nor did she take advantage of the situation. She sold the bronze Bixi artifact to him for a low price of 300,000 yuan.

Back then, Daoist Xuanzhen had sold it for only 300,000 yuan as a favor to an old friend, giving Chen Jianguo the lowest "friendship price." Selling it now for the same amount was already quite reasonable.

Chen Jianguo understood this and thanked her repeatedly. He clutched the palm-sized bronze Bixi shaped like a turtle and prepared to hurry home and make offerings to it.

"Wait a moment," Yan Xiaobao stopped Chen Jianguo, giving him a careful once-over before asking, "Where did you go yesterday?"

"Huh?" Chen Jianguo was taken aback before answering, "I didn't go anywhere special yesterday, just went to purchase some stone materials."

"Where specifically?" Yan Xiaobao continued to inquire.

"Hequ Town in Xinpu County, Xiamen City. There's an old stone material factory there. Their stone is really excellent. The boss's last name is Fang." As Chen Jianguo spoke, he handed a business card to Yan Xiaobao.

"Got it," Yan Xiaobao took the card. "You can go now."

"Um... Master, if I make offerings to this Bixi artifact at home, will it ward off disasters, or do I need to do something else?" Chen Jianguo still seemed uneasy.

"Just make the offerings first. If it doesn't work, come back and find my wife, Qingqing." Yan Xiaobao had no interest in helping Chen Jianguo with feng shui.

"Alright, then I'll take my leave." Not daring to delay, Chen Jianguo rushed out of Heavenly Water Pavilion to go home and make offerings to the artifact.

Yan Xiaobao then wandered around the shop, picked out a Yellow Jade Treasure Bowl artifact, and called Tang Wenjun. "The Magic Artifact Qian Jiale wanted has been selected. Tell him to come and buy it."

"Okay, okay, okay, I'll call him right away." Tang Wenjun agreed enthusiastically.

It was Tang Wenjun's idea to ask Yan Xiaobao to help Qian Jiale with feng shui, and he even persuaded Qian Jiale to fork out over 14 million yuan for a luxury sports car for Tiantian. He was terrified that Yan Xiaobao might find a "mere 14 million" too little and not put much effort in. Now that Yan Xiaobao had quickly secured the Fengshui Artifact, he was finally relieved.

Soon enough, Tang Wenjun and Qian Jiale both showed up.

After thanking Yan Xiaobao, Qian Jiale spent 500,000 yuan to buy the Yellow Jade Treasure Bowl artifact from Dong Yuqing.

"Remember, this treasure bowl should be placed at the center of your shop and must face the main entrance directly," instructed Yan Xiaobao.

"Got it, got it. I'll immediately inform the renovation company and handle it carefully. Later, I'll invite Brother Bao and Mr. Dong to a gathering at Golden Tide Restaurant." Qian Jiale left joyfully.

Tang Wenjun then asked, "Brother Bao, do you have any plans for today?"

Chapter 132 Just Choose the Most Expensive One

Yan Xiaobao thought for a moment and asked, "Xiamen City, Xinqu County, Hequ Town—do you know where that is?"

Tang Wenjun recalled for a moment and replied, "Xiamen City is in Fujian Province, about 800 to 900 kilometers from Binhai. Driving would take six to seven hours, give or take. Why, Brother Bao, are you heading to Xiamen?"

Yan Xiaobao: "The stone materials needed to set up the Fengshui Formation for your house are there."

"How do you know?" Dong Yuqing was utterly shocked. "Could it be that Chen Jianguo just now..."

"Exactly," Yan Xiaobao nodded and said, "He carries both Yin and Yang Fengshui Qi on him, and he mentioned he went to Xiamen yesterday to purchase stones. So, I deduced that they must have the materials I need."

Not just Dong Yuqing and Tang Wenjun, even Dong Ming, who didn't understand Fengshui, was stunned.

Someone purchases stones 800 to 900 kilometers away yesterday, carries so-called Fengshui Qi, and Yan Xiaobao can still sense it today?

Is this some kind of Nima fairy tale...

Tang Wenjun, hearing Yan Xiaobao had found another material, eagerly asked, "Then when should we head out?"

Yan Xiaobao: "Now."

"You guys go ahead, I'm a bit tired." Dong Yuqing, having just gone through a life-and-death ordeal, was truly exhausted and not keen on a long trip.

"Wife Qingqing, you've just been startled. Don't stay alone in case you overthink and have nightmares," Yan Xiaobao coaxed. "Come with me, and just treat it as a little getaway."

Tang Wenjun, although clueless about what had just happened, wisely joined in persuading Dong Yuqing: "Yeah, I'll drive slowly, and we'll enjoy the scenery along the way. I promise you won't feel tired."

"Exactly, Sister Qing, going out for a change of scenery is better than moping at home." Dong Ming chimed in, "I'll come too."

Dong Yuqing looked at Dong Ming, puzzled: "Why are you coming?"

"I got traumatized too. I need to decompress!" Dong Ming, who almost had his "little buddy" chopped off by Liu Zhen to feed the dogs, was indeed terrified enough.

Under the persuasion of the three, Dong Yuqing finally nodded and joined them in Tang Wenjun's Mercedes GLE-Class as they headed toward Xiamen in Fujian Province.

Tang Wenjun and Dong Ming took turns driving, while Yan Xiaobao kept Dong Yuqing company in the back seat.

The car played soft music, and Tang Wenjun drove steadily. Gradually relaxing, Dong Yuqing began to feel drowsy, leaning onto the seat as if about to fall asleep.

Seizing the moment, Yan Xiaobao reached out and gently massaged her temples, lulling her into deep sleep. Then, he scooped her up and placed her on his lap.

Holding Dong Yuqing's beautiful, captivating body close for the first time, Yan Xiaobao was in excellent spirits.

Although Dong Ming noticed this "improper behavior" from the rearview mirror, he didn't dare comment—Yan Xiaobao's combat prowess was simply too intimidating.

Tang Wenjun secretly chuckled and thought to himself: Another wife is about to be won...

But no one could argue, because a man like Yan Xiaobao, for whom even five billion yuan wouldn't sway in the face of his wife's words, was truly one of a kind in Tang Wenjun's mind.

By noon, Dong Yuqing gradually woke up to find herself cradled in Yan Xiaobao's arms. She instantly broke free, glaring fiercely: "What are you doing?"

"Holding you while you sleep," Yan Xiaobao replied with an innocent expression.

"Who gave you permission to hold me?!" It was the first time Dong Yuqing had been held by a man like this, and she was both mortified and enraged.

"You didn't say I couldn't hold you," Yan Xiaobao said, feigning innocence.

Dong Ming turned back to mediate: "Sister Qing, it's just a hug; what's the big deal? If Brother Bao hadn't saved us earlier, who knows how miserable we'd be by now."

Up front, Tang Wenjun, having secretly asked Dong Ming about what happened in the morning, chimed in to support: "Miss Dong, the road ahead was under construction, and the car was bumping quite a bit. Brother Bao didn't want you to sleep poorly, so he just lent you his shoulder."

"Enough!"

Faced with the solidarity of three men, Dong Yuqing decided not to argue further. Blushing, she turned her head to look out the window.

"Now that Miss Dong is awake, let's find a place for a quick lunch," Tang Wenjun tried to change the subject, easing the awkwardness. "Once we reach Xiamen tonight, we'll have a proper feast and rest overnight. Tomorrow, we'll head to Hequ to look at the materials."

With few dining options along the highway, the four of them settled for a quick meal at a service station before continuing their journey to Xiamen.

All afternoon, Dong Yuqing made sure not to close her eyes again, lest she doze off and let Yan Xiaobao take advantage of her. In truth, though she'd slept soundly in his arms for an hour or two and felt fully recharged, she simply didn't want to risk giving him another opportunity.

As for Tang Wenjun, he had stayed up late partying the night before and soon lacked the energy to continue driving, leaving Dong Ming to take over as the driver.

Fortunately, Dong Ming had obtained his license just over a year ago. Although still a university student without his own car, he was itching for a chance to drive—especially a luxury car like the Mercedes GLE-Class, which he'd rarely get to enjoy. Taking the wheel was a dream come true for him.

By around six in the evening, just in time for dinner, the group arrived in Xiamen City.

Among the four, only Tang Wenjun had been to Xiamen once before, and even he wasn't familiar with the area. None of them had any idea where to go for dinner, but that didn't faze Tang Wenjun in the slightest.

He firmly believed in one principle: In any city, if an expensive restaurant manages to stay open, there must be a reason for it.

So, when choosing a dining spot, just pick the priciest place—there's little chance of going wrong.

Imperial Emperor Seafood Restaurant—just the name exuded luxury, grandeur, and expense!

Alaskan king crab, Canadian sea urchin, Indonesian bird's nest, wild matsutake mushrooms, Australian lobster, Japanese giant scallops, New Zealand crayfish, premium snowflake beef, Chinese giant salamander, Californian elephant clams, and Canadian peony shrimp...

Although there were only four of them, Tang Wenjun knew how much Yan Xiaobao loved lobster and crab, so he ordered every shrimp and crab dish on the menu. He figured they'd keep whatever Xiaobao liked and discard the rest.

Gradually accustomed to Tang Wenjun's attentive hospitality, Yan Xiaobao's impression of him improved noticeably, completely forgetting that he had once been "in cahoots" with Ma Boyao.

Dong Ming, already aware that Tang Wenjun was one of the "Top Ten Outstanding Youth of Jiangnan," couldn't help thinking: If Yan Xiaobao really became his cousin-in-law, it wouldn't be too shabby...

Women, as expected, love seafood—Dong Yuqing was no exception. Having only eaten a small piece of cake at lunch, she was actually quite hungry. While she kept a calm exterior, she was secretly enjoying herself.

The elegantly dressed beauty in a simple cheongsam, delicately savoring seafood, was truly a stunning sight.

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Chapter 133 It's Not Like We Haven't Seen It Before

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Yan Xiaobao ate while laughing, smiling so wide his mouth couldn't close, and even rarely volunteered to share a few drinks with Tang Wenjun.

After happily finishing a sumptuous seafood feast, Tang Wenjun went to settle the bill—six thousand six hundred.

An amount like this wasn't even worth mentioning to Tang Wenjun and Yan Xiaobao, but Dong Ming secretly clicked his tongue in amazement. Just one meal had nearly burned through his entire semester's living expenses...

"It's still early. Let's take a stroll down the street," Tang Wenjun suggested. "Tomorrow, we'll be heading to the countryside to procure stone materials, where the roads could be bad. Mr. Dong wearing a qipao might not be convenient."

"Yes! You're absolutely right!" Yan Xiaobao praised Tang Wenjun's attentiveness.

Dong Yuqing didn't object either. A qipao and high heels indeed weren't practical.

When she came out of the fitting room, both Yan Xiaobao and Tang Wenjun were instantly captivated.

Dong Yuqing had changed into a simple sporty casual outfit, which perfectly highlighted her balanced and graceful figure. Her long hair flowed like a waterfall, cascading naturally without any adornments, swaying to the rhythm of her delicate steps, shining with ebony-black radiant gloss.

Sleek black hair—an exclusive beauty of Eastern women—was a favorite among many men. Of course, it also depended on the face...

There was no doubt that Dong Yuqing's stunning looks paired with her soft, lustrous long hair made her a bona fide "heartthrob." Her skin was spotless and as smooth as jade, her eyes sparkled with light, exuding an ethereal charm and a serene aura...

When someone is beautiful, they look good in anything.

This saying truly holds wisdom. Even Yan Xiaobao hadn't expected that after swapping her qipao for such a seemingly ordinary sporty casual outfit, Dong Yuqing's unique air of elegance remained as elusive as ever.

After traveling a grueling eight to nine hundred kilometers across a province today, everyone but Yan Xiaobao felt a bit worn out. After buying clothes, Tang Wenjun drove everyone back to the hotel for some rest.

A five-star hotel, four people, and four rooms—it was undeniably lavish.

After a satisfying meal, a relaxing hot bath, what could beat curling up on the luxurious, plush bed in a five-star hotel for a wonderfully restful sleep?

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"Ah!"

A startled scream rang out as Dong Yuqing suddenly sat up, breathing heavily, her delicate body trembling uncontrollably, her beautiful eyes filled with fear.

"Bang!"

In less than a second, Yan Xiaobao kicked open the door and rushed in, urgently asking, "What's wrong?"

Seeing Yan Xiaobao, Dong Yuqing instantly felt a wave of relief. Taking two deep breaths, she cradled her wildly beating heart and said in a shaky voice, "It's fine, I just had a nightmare..."

In the dream just now, Dong Yuqing had been trapped in a dark, eerie dungeon. In the oppressive blackness, pairs of green, glowing eyes stared menacingly. Liu Zhen, stark naked, came at her with a sinister grin...

Yan Xiaobao walked to the bedside and said, "Daytime thoughts become nighttime dreams. Wife Qingqing, you were frightened earlier this morning; it's natural to have nightmares tonight."

"But..." Dong Yuqing asked in confusion, "I didn't have any dreams when I napped during the day."

"That's because I was holding you, Wife Qingqing, while you slept," Yan Xiaobao quipped with a cheeky grin. "Wife Qingqing, let me hold you while you sleep—guarantee you won't have nightmares again."

"No way!" Dong Yuqing immediately and firmly refused.

She was now curled under the covers in just her undergarments—how could she let Yan Xiaobao climb onto the bed to hold her?

Besides, a man and a woman alone in a hotel room... If nothing happened, that'd be a miracle...

Dong Yuqing hugged her arms tightly and curled up under the blanket, her silky hair draping over her smooth shoulders, evoking an air of delicate fragility—like a pure white lotus flower that no one would dare desecrate.

Not wanting to rush things, Yan Xiaobao didn't push. He shifted tactics, saying, "Alright then, I'll sit on the sofa and keep Wife Qingqing company so you won't feel scared, okay?"

"You..." Dong Yuqing hesitated.

"A gentleman doesn't act improperly in private. Are you afraid I'd do something to you?" Yan Xiaobao pounded his chest confidently and declared, "I'd never bully my wife!"

On this point, Dong Yuqing felt she could trust Yan Xiaobao. "That's not what I meant. I just thought... sitting on the sofa all night might be very tiring for you."

"It's not." Yan Xiaobao cross-legged on the sofa, grinning as he said, "Your husband isn't an ordinary guy. Staying motionless for hours, even meditating for ten days straight, is totally fine."

Watching Yan Xiaobao sit like a meditating monk, Dong Yuqing didn't say anything more and lay back down.

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"Ah!"

The next morning, as soon as Dong Yuqing opened her eyes, she let out another scream. She found herself lying snugly in Yan Xiaobao's arms...

"You... You scoundrel!" Dong Yuqing shouted furiously, both embarrassed and angry. "You said you'd only sit on the sofa! Why did you... How could you do this?"

"I...", Yan Xiaobao began to explain, "You were sleeping fitfully last night, looking scared. So I got onto the bed to hold you, so you wouldn't have nightmares."

"Ridiculous!" Dong Yuqing angrily pushed Yan Xiaobao away. "Get away from me!"

Yan Xiaobao awkwardly jumped off the bed. Dong Yuqing glanced down at herself. Her undergarments were intact, and it seemed she hadn't been violated. Only then did she relax a little.

"Wife Qingqing, holding you while sleeping really prevents nightmares—and it's very comforting too. I wasn't lying," Yan Xiaobao said smugly when he observed her softened expression.

"Get out!" Dong Yuqing snapped irritably. "I need to change my clothes."

"Wife Qingqing, if you want to change, just go ahead," Yan Xiaobao grumbled under his breath, "It's not like I didn't see anything last night anyway."

"Scoundrel! Get out! I don't want to see you!"

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At eight in the morning, the four of them freshened up, had breakfast, and got into the car, heading straight for Xinpu.

As a county under the jurisdiction of Xiamen City, Xinpu's economy was fairly developed. Its stone carving artistry was especially famous, with products sold both domestically and internationally—indeed, it was a major pillar of the local economy.

Xinpu wasn't far from Xiamen, about an hour's drive away. After exiting the highway, Tang Wenjun turned toward Hequ. Hequ Town was close to Xinpu County, only about twenty minutes away.

The old, family-run stone factory that Boss Chen had mentioned was easy to find. As soon as Tang Wenjun drove up to the factory gates, a man in his forties came out to greet them. "You must be from Binhai, right?"

"Yes," Tang Wenjun replied, surprised. "How did you know?"

"Yesterday, Boss Chen from Binhai gave me a call and mentioned that some clients might visit my factory today. I noticed your Jiang A plates and guessed you might be the people he mentioned."

The middle-aged man shook hands with Tang Wenjun and introduced himself, "My name's Fang. I'm the general manager here."

Chapter 134 Price is Not an Issue

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"Perfect." Tang Wenjun said joyfully, "Take us inside to have a look."

"Alright, alright. Please follow me." Manager Fang walked ahead enthusiastically to lead the way.

When you're in business, who doesn't have some sharp judgment? Just by looking at the car Tang Wenjun drove, it was clear he was a wealthy individual. Would someone drive all the way here for a deal worth less than several million?

This old stone factory, built at the foot of the mountain, occupied a sizable area. Piles of stones extracted from the mountain lay scattered around its base. While the noise from the stone-cutting machines was somewhat disruptive, the environment was still rather pleasant.

Dong Yuqing glanced around at the surroundings, her heart faintly stirring—this stone factory's location seemed rather deliberate...

The factory was built against the mountain, surrounded by lush hills that subtly formed a circular basin. A small river meandered from north to south in an S shape...

A place that cradles Yin and holds Yang?

Remarkable...

Dong Yuqing quietly cast a sidelong glance at Yan Xiaobao.

This guy... just by sensing a trace of Qi from Chen Jianguo, he could conclude there was something he needed here... His depth in Fengshui Technique was simply unimaginable...

Manager Fang led Tang Wenjun and the group of four to the warehouse of the stone factory.

Three warehouses were laid out in a triangular arrangement, each spanning over a thousand square meters. Inside their vast spaces, a variety of cut stones were neatly stacked, primarily granite and marble.

Marble is a common high-end building material. As it originates mainly from Yunnan and boasts rich, ever-changing textures that are extraordinarily beautiful, it is also known as Yun Stone.

In the past, marble was difficult to mine and costly to transport, keeping its price high. Ordinary households couldn't afford it.

Now, with advances in technology and convenient transportation, costs of extraction and shipping have dropped significantly, making marble much more accessible. Marble tiles, coffee tables, washbasins, and countertop surfaces are all highly favored by the public.

Of course, the price of marble varies widely, depending primarily on its quality. The cheapest option is, naturally, artificial marble.

Pointing at the dazzling array of marble, Manager Fang introduced, "This is Dandong Green, this is Snowy White, this is Tieling Red, this is Black Gold Sand, this is Songxiang Yellow, and this is Ai Yeqing..."

These marbles had only undergone initial cutting and hadn't yet been polished or processed, leaving their surfaces quite rough. Still, the stones were hard and cool to the touch and of excellent quality. It was no wonder Chen Jianguo had traveled such a long way to procure materials here.

"None of these will do," Yan Xiaobao remarked flatly. "I only want pure black and pure white. The colors must be clean with no impurities."

"Just black and white?" Manager Fang was slightly startled but quickly tried to persuade, "Plain-colored marble doesn't have those beautiful textures and offers much less decorative appeal."

What Manager Fang said was indeed reasonable. Marble's popularity wasn't solely due to its durability but also the stunning natural patterns on its surface, which are a marvelous gift from nature—a feast for the senses. However, monochromatic marble loses that aesthetic charm and, except for materials like White Jade Marble, is considered lower-tier.

"Just tell me if you have it or not," Yan Xiaobao said dismissively, unwilling to explain further.

"Yes, yes, we do. Come with me then." freewebnovel.com

Manager Fang led Yan Xiaobao and the others out of the warehouse toward warehouse number three, feeling a bit deflated. Low-grade stones naturally don't fetch high prices, a far cry from the multimillion-dollar deal he had envisioned.

In the spacious corner of warehouse number three, there were piles of the pure-colored marble—black, white, red, and others. As expected, these looked far less impressive than the previous marbles.

"Boss, do these pure-colored marbles meet your requirements?" Manager Fang had already adjusted his mindset by now. If Yan Xiaobao ended up buying these unpopular, low-tier stones and helped clear his inventory, that wouldn't be a bad outcome.

Yan Xiaobao only glanced briefly before shaking his head. "These marbles may have pure colors, but their quality is too poor. Show me the highest-quality pure-colored stone you have—I don't want to waste time."

"Alright!" Manager Fang nodded. "But high-quality marble that boasts clean colors is extremely rare, so its price is even higher than most premium marbles."

Tang Wenjun immediately responded, "As long as the product meets the requirements, price isn't an issue."

"That's what I like to hear."

Manager Fang's eyes regained their sparkle. "In that case, please follow me up the mountain directly to select the raw stones. I promise you won't be disappointed."

Leaving the warehouse, they followed a winding path up a rounded hill. From here, the surrounding terrain and scenery unfolded in full view, further shocking Dong Yuqing.

Her previous judgment had been correct. Not only was this a place cradling Yin and holding Yang, but it was also a naturally formed Yin Yang Formation.

The circle-shaped basin formed by the hills and the S-shaped river dividing it from north to south resembled an intricate Tai Chi Diagram of opposing Yin and Yang.

The wonders of nature were boundless. In this unremarkable forested mountain area, such a majestic Fengshui Array had naturally taken shape—it was truly astonishing.

This stone factory was anything but simple, and whoever had chosen this site for the factory was even more extraordinary!

After all, a man-made Fengshui Array, no matter how intricate, is ultimately just a secondary modification. It could never compare to a naturally occurring Yin Yang Formation.

The hilltop had been leveled into a flat space of roughly five to six acres, with a small courtyard and three single-story houses built on it. Under the shade of a tree by the courtyard entrance sat an elderly man with a ruddy complexion and a head full of white hair, leisurely sipping tea.

"This is my father, the founder of the stone factory," Manager Fang introduced.

Neither Tang Wenjun nor Dong Ming paid much attention, but Dong Yuqing politely gave a slight bow and greeted, "Hello, Mr. Fang."

Since he was the factory founder, the man who had chosen the site for the factory, it was evident he must be an exceptional Fengshui master.

"What a pretty young lady." Smiling broadly, Mr. Fang looked at Dong Yuqing and asked, "There aren't many bosses who personally come up the mountain to select stones. Young lady, you're not here for ordinary materials, are you?"

Seeing that Yan Xiaobao had no interest in chatting with the old man, Dong Yuqing replied, "To be honest, Mr. Fang, we're here to obtain stones for setting up a Fengshui Formation."

Chapter 135 Too Naive

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"Setting up a Fengshui Formation... truly, outstanding talent emerges in every generation, and the young surpass the old..." Mr. Fang said with a meaningful smile, looking at Dong Yuqing, "Alright, whatever catches your eye here, just go ahead and buy it."

"As long as the price is reasonable," Manager Fang added.

"Really?" At that moment, three more people walked up along the mountain path. The leader, a young man, said with a bright smile from a distance, "With Mr. Fang's word, I am completely relieved."

Everyone turned to look. The young man was dressed in a clean and casual sports outfit. He was tall, handsome, and had a radiant smile, leaving a very good first impression. Behind him were a man and a woman, seemingly his driver and assistant.

"Zhou Heming?"

Unexpectedly, Dong Yuqing recognized the young man.

"Dong Yuqing!" The young man laughed heartily. "What a great day today is—not only do I get to witness this naturally formed Yin Yang Formation, but I also get to meet the beautiful Miss Dong. My luck is incredible!"

Zhou Heming enthusiastically walked up to shake hands with Dong Yuqing and said excitedly, "It's been, what, over three months since we last met? Seeing you again, Yuqing, it's truly indescribable how happy I am! You've traveled such a long way here; I suppose you're also here to purchase materials for setting up a Fengshui Formation?"

"Hmm." Dong Yuqing nodded slightly.

Zhou Heming clapped his hands and laughed, "What a coincidence! I'm also here looking for Yin Yang raw stones."

Dong Yuqing hadn't known what exactly Yan Xiaobao was here to find, but now she understood after hearing Zhou Heming's words.

Yan Xiaobao, who had already been unhappy hearing Zhou Heming call her "Yuqing," became even more displeased seeing him endlessly chatting with Dong Yuqing.

"Hey! Who is this guy?" Yan Xiaobao asked Dong Yuqing in an irritated tone.

Dong Yuqing replied, "Just a friend. He once bought something from my shop."

"And who might you be?" Zhou Heming glanced curiously at Yan Xiaobao. How could this guy talk to such a beautiful woman so rudely?

"I'm her husband!" Yan Xiaobao jumped in to answer.

"No, you're not!" Dong Yuqing instantly denied it.

Yan Xiaobao declared, "Soon, I will be!"

Dong Yuqing retorted, "That's never going to happen!"

Tang Wenjun and Dong Ming listened to the two bickering and remained speechless.

Zhou Heming smiled secretly to himself: A foolish guy like this thinking he can win over Dong Yuqing? That would indeed be impossible.

"Yuqing, what's your opinion on the terrain around here?" Zhou Heming smiled slightly, intending to change the subject and steer away from the "foolish guy" Yan Xiaobao.

"Hey!" Yan Xiaobao interrupted angrily, "If you call her 'Yuqing' one more time, I'll beat you up!"

"Try it!" Zhou Heming also became angry.

What kind of person is this? No manners at all, resorting to violence at the slightest provocation. Besides, Zhou Heming had never been afraid of anyone.

Tang Wenjun secretly laughed to himself, amused: Anyone daring to challenge Yan Xiaobao with phrases like "Try it!" or "Come at me!" is essentially asking for trouble.

"What are you doing? Are you planning to hit even my friends now?" Dong Yuqing stepped forward to pull at Yan Xiaobao. She had witnessed his fighting skills before; if he really started throwing punches, Zhou Heming might very well end up needing to be carried down the mountain.

"He's the one calling you 'Yuqing'..." Yan Xiaobao argued confidently, "If he spoke nicely, why would I hit him?"

Even though Dong Yuqing had only met Zhou Heming once before, she didn't particularly like the overly familiar way he called her "Yuqing." She addressed him, "You'd better call me Dong Yuqing instead."

Zhou Heming smiled faintly and didn't take offense, continuing with his topic. "You must have noticed by now; this place is a complete natural Yin Yang Formation, capable of nurturing natural Yin Yang raw stones. Miss Dong, I greatly admire your expertise in Fengshui Technique. Why don't we have a little contest today to see who can find a Yin Yang raw stone first?"

Everyone could see that Zhou Heming was clearly trying to show off his Fengshui skills in front of Dong Yuqing, presumably to impress her.

Tang Wenjun thought Yan Xiaobao would step up and take Dong Yuqing's place in the challenge to put Zhou Heming in his place. Surprisingly, Yan Xiaobao showed no reaction at all, seemingly lost in his own thoughts.

Having grown up in a Feng Shui Master family and deeply immersed in the Fengshui circle since childhood, Dong Yuqing was genuinely interested in the Fengshui Array and Yin Yang raw stones. She agreed to Zhou Heming's proposal.

At the bottom of the small mountain, piles of square stone blocks were scattered along the riverbanks. At first glance, they appeared to be roughly hewn square stones piled casually on the open ground.

But Dong Yuqing knew it wasn't as simple as it looked. These piles of stones were likely intentionally arranged according to certain rules, using the natural Yin Yang Formation's energy accumulated over years to refine them into valuable Fengshui materials.

"Buy all these stones," Yan Xiaobao suddenly spoke up, addressing Tang Wenjun.

Without hesitation, Tang Wenjun turned to Manager Fang and asked, "I want all the stones at the bottom of the mountain. Name your price."

"All of them?" Manager Fang was momentarily stunned, then beamed with delight. "You're clearly experts and know these stones are not ordinary materials. They're treasures my family's old man has collected for years. To speak plainly, I won't overprice them. How about one cubic meter for ten thousand? What do you think?"

"Deal," Tang Wenjun agreed without bargaining.

Manager Fang immediately took out his phone and started calculating while pointing at the stone piles below the mountain. "This pile is 80 cubic meters, that one is 60 cubic meters... 80 plus 60 plus 90... altogether 620 cubic meters. Let's call it six million."

"Done." Tang Wenjun promptly pulled out his checkbook and filled out a check.

"Spending big, I see. Haha. Do you really think buying up all these stones means all the Yin Yang raw stones will belong to you? If Fengshui Technique were that simple, would it still be called a mystical art? How naive."

Zhou Heming sneered disdainfully and extended another challenge to Dong Yuqing, "Miss Dong, why don't we each go and search for Yin Yang raw stones ourselves?"

After saying so, Zhou Heming accepted an antique-looking compass from one of his attendants, holding it as he descended the mountain while silently calculating.

Seeing that Yan Xiaobao had no intention of looking for Yin Yang raw stones himself, Dong Yuqing decided to go down the mountain on her own to search.

Tang Wenjun glanced at Yan Xiaobao in confusion.

Zhou Heming had claimed that the Yin Yang raw stones were not among the 620 cubic meters of stone Yan Xiaobao had purchased. Did that mean he'd wasted six million on those stones?

Moreover, wasn't the whole point of this trip to find Yin Yang raw stones? Zhou Heming, with his compass in hand, certainly looked both professional and impressive. If he found the stones first, wouldn't this trip have been for nothing?

Although full of doubt, Tang Wenjun refrained from asking Yan Xiaobao, fearing it might make him feel mistrusted. Annoying this little "ancestor" would be no trivial matter...

Chapter 136 Yin Yang Raw Stone

...

Standing at the mountaintop, you could see the entire landscape below, clear and unobstructed. But once you descended, threading your way through piles of stones, all you could see were densely packed rocks stretching endlessly, leaving you dizzy and disoriented, as if trapped within the formation, unable

to see the larger picture. It resembled the legendary Eight Trigrams Formation set up by Zhuge Liang, capable of bewildering anyone caught within.

Moreover, Yin Yang Origin Stones lacked any obvious distinguishing characteristics. On the surface, they appeared no different from regular stones, making it no simple task to locate them among hundreds or even thousands of rocks.

Zhou Heming held his compass, moving slowly, without sparing a glance at the surrounding piles of stones.

"That young man does possess some skill." Mr. Fang stroked his beard with a smile and remarked, "He's employing the Locating Method, not bothering to study the stones, and instead focusing solely on pinpointing the convergence point of Yin Yang Qi Veins. Once he finds the source of the Qi Veins, naturally, he'll uncover the Yin Yang Origin Stones."

Hearing this, Tang Wenjun and Dong Ming grew increasingly anxious, while only Yan Xiaobao maintained a playful expression on his face, seemingly unconcerned about the matter.

Dong Yuqing, who had descended the mountain a step later than Zhou Heming, did not rush to inspect the stone piles either. Instead, she concentrated deeply, studying the terrain. Her first priority was to discern the mountain's flow and subsequently locate the Qi Veins' convergence site.

This was the essence of the Fengshui Technique's "Dragon Searching and Acupoint Pinpointing." Any qualified Feng Shui Master knew the saying: "Three years to search for the dragon, ten years to pinpoint the acupoint."

The "three years" and "ten years" were mere approximations, not literal constraints. In reality, those who lacked natural talent might study their whole lives and still fail to master the art.

The method of claiming a mountain is based on its force, with its shape next, followed by its structure... Dong Yuqing relied on her accumulated knowledge, carefully analyzing the terrain, then headed directly toward the bottom of the valley.

Meanwhile, Zhou Heming's movements grew slower, as though his search radius was gradually narrowing.

The Fengshui Techniques practiced by Dong Yuqing and Zhou Heming belonged to different schools. One relied on the compass, the other observed the terrain—distinct methods that nonetheless shared a sense of convergent purpose.

"Who would've thought? This young lady's mastery runs surprisingly deep," Mr. Fang praised again.

Tang Wenjun and Dong Ming, hearing this, breathed a slight sigh of relief, while Yan Xiaobao continued to watch the two below perform, indifferent.

A quarter of an hour later, Dong Yuqing and Zhou Heming had each enlisted the help of several workers from the stone yard to transport two round stones back to the small courtyard at the mountaintop.

The two stones were rather large, barely able to be hugged fully by two arms encircling them.

Tang Wenjun carefully examined them. The stone surfaces were somewhat rough, bearing traces of damp moss, suggesting that they had remained untouched for decades under the elements' exposure to wind and rain.

Zhou Heming wore a slightly smug expression and, treating the stone like a precious treasure, ran his hand across its rough surface, brushing away the moss and dirt to reveal underlying textures resembling scales, which faintly emitted specks of shimmering light.

Tang Wenjun widened his eyes slightly and exclaimed, "Certainly no ordinary material."

Dong Yuqing inspected her own chosen stone, her gaze showing some satisfaction. "With these stones nurtured in such a Feng Shui treasure land, they're no longer mundane objects. To the eyes of a Feng Shui Master, they're far more valuable than gold or silver."

Zhou Heming shared a knowing laugh, then turned to Mr. Fang and said, "As you mentioned earlier, we can purchase whatever we deem valuable. Please set a price."

"Who'd have thought the younger generation would have such talent?" Mr. Fang, after a pause, reluctantly extended his palm. "This pair of Yin Yang Origin Stones will cost you five million."

"That price is quite fair. However, the Yin Yang Origin Stones only function effectively as a pair..." Zhou Heming smiled and turned to Dong Yuqing. "Miss Dong, do you want to let me have the Pure Yin Origin Stone to complete the pair, or shall I let you have the Pure Yang Origin Stone?"

Tang Wenjun quickly jumped in. "I'll offer three million for your Pure Yang Origin Stone!"

Zhou Heming chuckled. "I'll offer four million for your Pure Yin Origin Stone."

Up for a bidding war? Tang Wenjun wasn't one to back down. He immediately raised his bid, "I'll go to five million!"

Zhou Heming waved his hand with a smile. "Young Master Tang, don't misunderstand—I'm not here to flaunt wealth. My sole reason for traveling all this way was for this pair of Yin Yang Origin Stones. No amount of money will make me let go... But..."

Pivoting his tone, Zhou Heming looked at Dong Yuqing with a hint of tenderness. "If Miss Dong truly needs this Pure Yang Origin Stone, I could gladly surrender it to her."

Dong Yuqing hesitated.

Though she could acquire an item worth millions simply for the asking, doing so would place her in debt to Zhou Heming. His intentions were as plain as day, "The heart of Sima Zhao, known to all."

Tang Wenjun also felt troubled. He wanted Dong Yuqing to make a move and secure the Pure Yang Origin Stone, but he also feared upsetting Yan Xiaobao.

"Brother Bao, what do you think..." Tang Wenjun cautiously sought Yan Xiaobao's opinion.

"What's there to look at?" Yan Xiaobao snorted. "These two lousy rocks? Whoever wants them can have them."

"Oh?" Zhou Heming glanced at Yan Xiaobao. "So, you're saying you're willing to let me purchase the Pure Yin Origin Stone?"

"Buy it or don't—I couldn't care less."

Yan Xiaobao acted as if he were sulking, prompting Tang Wenjun to sigh inwardly.

They'd come such a long way for this pair of Yin Yang Origin Stones. Had it not been for Zhou Heming's meddling, this trip would have been perfect. Alas...

Yan Xiaobao's stubborn refusal to let Dong Yuqing owe any favors to Zhou Heming led to the Yin Yang Origin Stones slipping away from them. Yan Xiaobao was the type to put his wife above all else—any suggestion that he should let Dong Yuqing appeal to his rival Zhou Heming was out of the question.

Oh well, in the end, it all rested on Yan Xiaobao's decisions regarding the Fengshui Formation anyway. Without him, they wouldn't have even known about these treasures lying a thousand miles away. Missing the mark this time only meant waiting for another opportunity.

Understanding this, Tang Wenjun felt somewhat consoled, his regret lightened.

"Miss Dong, are you really going to pass up on this pair of Yin Yang Origin Stones?" Zhou Heming reluctantly asked Dong Yuqing.

"Hey! What's with all this nagging?" Yan Xiaobao impatiently interrupted. "If you're not buying them, then we will."

Sensing that Dong Yuqing largely deferred to Yan Xiaobao's words, Zhou Heming couldn't help but feel a hint of frustration. "Fine then. If you're not purchasing them, I will!"

Chapter 137 The True Expert

...

Signing a five-million check, Zhou Heming purchased the pair of Yin Yang raw stones from Mr. Fang. He then turned to Dong Yuqing and invited her, "Miss Dong, chance encounters are often better than planned ones. Since we've had the fortune to meet again today, how about allowing me to treat you..."

"Hey!" Yan Xiaobao glared at Zhou Heming unhappily, "Stop interrupting me and Wife Qingqing while we shop for treasures."

"Shopping for treasures?" Zhou Heming chuckled teasingly, "Now I'm really curious to see what treasure you're planning to buy."

With that, Zhou Heming took a few steps back, adopting the stance of an observer.

Tang Wenjun and Dong Yuqing brightened up upon hearing this. Could it be... Yan Xiaobao wasn't here for the Yin Yang raw stones, but for something even better?

"The Yin Yang raw stones have already been bought by you guys. What treasures could possibly be left here?" Mr. Fang tried his best to conceal a touch of unease in his expression.

"If I say there is, then naturally there is." Yan Xiaobao spun around and walked directly into the small courtyard.

The rest of the crowd scrambled to follow him eagerly into the yard.

The courtyard ground wasn't made of tamped earth or concrete, but was paved with blue stone slabs. Yan Xiaobao walked forward with an odd gait—three steps ahead, three steps left, one step back, and then forward again...

Eventually, he stopped on a blue stone slab about two feet square, turning around to say to Mr. Fang, "I'll take what's under here. Name your price."

"Oh dear, I really am getting old and useless... These two youngsters' Fengshui Technique expertise is already so advanced, yet I've still misjudged. Turns out the real expert is you..."

Mr. Fang let out a long sigh, looking at Yan Xiaobao with equal parts amazement and admiration, asking, "Kid, how are your eyes so sharp... Decades have passed, and nobody's ever been able to see even the slightest clue. How did you figure it out?"

With that, Mr. Fang's words confirmed that indeed, there was something hidden beneath the stone slab Yan Xiaobao had stepped on—something even more valuable than the Yin Yang raw stones. Tang Wenjun was overjoyed in an instant, while Dong Yuqing was left stunned but couldn't help admiring him.

Once again, Yan Xiaobao had decisively proven in front of her: when it came to Fengshui Technique, she, Dong Yuqing, couldn't hold a candle to him.

Zhou Heming narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing Yan Xiaobao intently. Not only had Mr. Fang misjudged him, but Zhou himself had completely underestimated the supposedly "intellectually deficient" Yan Xiaobao. He hadn't expected someone this skilled, able to discern secrets hidden from both him and Dong Yuqing.

"You set up a Six Harmonies and Nine Palaces Formation here—isn't that outright advertising there's treasure hidden here?" Yan Xiaobao looked at Mr. Fang like he was a fool.

"But..." Mr. Fang mumbled, "I used the Three Talents Formation with three adjacent houses as camouflage. Ordinary people wouldn't be able to see through it at all..."

Dong Yuqing and Zhou Heming nodded quietly. They had noticed the Three Talents Formation formed by three houses at first glance but hadn't detected the Six Harmonies and Nine Palaces Formation hidden beneath it.

"You're really dumb!" Yan Xiaobao thought this old Mr. Fang wasn't just lacking insight—he was downright dull. "Do you think a mere Three Talents Formation made with three humble houses could generate such a strong Qi field?"

"But this place lies within a natural Yin Yang Formation. The Qi field here is inherently powerful..." Dong Yuqing couldn't help speaking up. "Even if this Three Talents Formation's Qi field seemed slightly stronger than usual, that's not so surprising, is it?"

"Want to know the secret?" Yan Xiaobao grinned mischievously. "Once you officially become my wife, I'll teach you everything."

Dong Yuqing: "..."

"If my guess is correct, there should be a pair of Yin Yang Origin Beads resting beneath this." Yan Xiaobao pressed urgently, "Hurry up—name your price. I'll buy it."

"Yin Yang Origin Beads!" Zhou Heming was once again shocked.

Yin Yang raw stones and Yin Yang Origin Beads—though only a single word set them apart, the difference in value was worlds apart. One was mere stone, the other jade—the distinction couldn't be more obvious.

Zhou Heming felt a pang of dissatisfaction, realizing he'd been careless, overlooking key details of this site and letting Yan Xiaobao win the upper hand.

This left Zhou Heming feeling a bit bitter.

He wasn't willing to admit that his level of Fengshui Technique was inferior to Yan Xiaobao's. He thought the only reason he missed it was because he'd been distracted by meeting Dong Yuqing, which had thrilled him. Otherwise, he'd have detected the clues.

"This time, you win. Next time, I won't lose to you." After throwing this line, Zhou Heming bid farewell to Dong Yuqing and decisively turned to leave.

As a defeated competitor, he knew better than to persist. Having lost face to Yan Xiaobao today, continuing to vie for Dong Yuqing would be inappropriate—his straightforward departure revealed his forthright character.

In the end, Tang Wenjun purchased the pair of Yin Yang Origin Beads for ten million, driving back to Binhai with a satisfied expression.

"Once you're back, tear down the front yard of the villa entirely. Rebuild it into a circular courtyard using black-and-white pure stone materials, arranged in a chessboard pattern for the foundation," Yan Xiaobao instructed Tang Wenjun.

Hearing this, Tang Wenjun asked excitedly, "Brother Bao, can we start setting up the Fengshui Formation now?"

"Not yet." Yan Xiaobao thought for a moment, then said, "The preparation phase is only about halfway done."

"What? Only halfway?" Tang Wenjun couldn't help but gasp in surprise.

Yan Xiaobao: "If you don't feel like waiting, we can start right away. Honestly, I wouldn't mind being spared some effort."

"No, no, no! That's not what I meant." Tang Wenjun quickly waved his hands. "I was just marveling at how complex and high-level these Fengshui Formations are. Spending five hundred million on this is absolutely worth it!"

Sitting in the passenger seat, Dong Ming silently gaped in astonishment, forming an "O" shape with his mouth.

He had heard his cousin Dong Yuqing recount various odd tales from the Fengshui circle before, but five hundred million... that was truly unheard of—utterly excessive.

If Dong Yuqing truly married Yan Xiaobao, whatever else—at least she'd never have to worry about money for the rest of her life...

"Fengshui Formations aren't everlasting. Even the Qi of an imperial dragon vein can only sustain two to three hundred years,"

Dong Yuqing explained to Tang Wenjun, "I suspect the Fengshui Formation Yan Xiaobao is planning for your family will be massive in scale. If it's only supported by a single Fengshui Artifact, it might last no more than a decade or so. Young Master Tang, you'll need to be patient."

"Of course I'll be patient—very patient!" Tang Wenjun laughed heartily. "Even if I have to wait three or five years, no problem."

"You might have patience, but I don't have that much free time," Yan Xiaobao muttered. Then, with a mischievous grin, he turned to Dong Yuqing, "Wife Qingqing, can you stop calling me by my name? If you don't want to call me husband, at least call me Xiao Bao."

Dong Yuqing immediately turned her head away, gazing out the window.

Chapter 138 The Poor Ghost Taking the Bus

...

At this moment, Tiantian called: "Honey, where are you?"

"I'm with Wife Qingqing in Xiamen shopping for treasures, on the way back now," Yan Xiaobao replied. "Wife Tiantian, is there something urgent you need me for?"

Dong Yuqing: "..."

Dong Ming: "..."

Tiantian now willingly accepts her role as Yan Xiaobao's "mistress." Hearing him say "shopping with Wife Qingqing" made her feel a bit uneasy, but she quickly adjusted her mindset. Tiantian said, "It's nothing urgent, just that choosing a house is so troublesome. I wanted to ask you to come with me to take a look."

"What's so troublesome about buying a house?" Yan Xiaobao asked, puzzled. "If you like it, just pay for it and buy it. Isn't that simple?"

"It's not that simple," Tiantian said. She had done her homework before house hunting and began educating Yan Xiaobao:

"First, you have to choose the location. Downtown is too expensive, but the suburbs are too far—so picking the most cost-effective area with convenient transportation and growth potential is key. Then, the surrounding facilities matter too. Restaurants, supermarkets, convenience stores, and markets—you need those, right? It would also be best to live closer to a hospital, and you need to factor in things like kindergartens, elementary schools, and middle schools."

"Apart from that, the community environment, greenery, security, and property management are crucial too. And lastly, the most important thing is the layout of the house itself. Regardless of how good the external surroundings are, the interior structure where you'll live every day is the core consideration. For the house layout, you should look for good lighting and ventilation. Generally speaking, the home should have at least three hours of sunlight daily and at least five hours of ventilation. Both the kitchen and bathroom should ideally have windows facing outside to prevent polluted air from entering the living spaces. Also, each functional area should be relatively independent and have clear divisions to avoid disturbances while living..."

Tiantian rambled on for ages, leaving Yan Xiaobao bewildered. "Uh... Let's talk more when I'm back..."

Tang Wenjun noticed Yan Xiaobao had something urgent to attend to and sped up the car. For a journey of eight or nine hundred kilometers, they finished in under six hours.

Back in Binhai, Dong Yuqing immediately parted ways with Yan Xiaobao. Staying with this guy made Dong Yuqing feel like danger was always lurking.

If Yan Xiaobao didn't bring up "Wife Qingqing" or some other wife, Dong Yuqing would occasionally find herself admiring his Fengshui Technique and unknowingly drawn to him. But spending prolonged time with him might lead to who-knows-what under his relentless sweet-talking...

Tang Wenjun dropped Yan Xiaobao off to meet up with Tiantian, then asked enthusiastically, "Brother Bao, should I come along to help you guys check out houses?"

"Why would you come while I'm checking houses with Wife Tiantian?" Yan Xiaobao hugged Tiantian's slender waist and walked toward the bus stop. "Wife Tiantian, let's take the bus."

"..." Tang Wenjun gave a bitter smile and shook his head.

He knew Yan Xiaobao wasn't adept at handling matters like house buying. He had intended to offer some helpful advice, but instead, Yan Xiaobao treated him like a third wheel...

This guy really loses all sense of loyalty the moment a woman is involved...

...

Jiale Garden community, located by the riverside in the southern part of the city, has a prime location and elegant environment. It is considered a high-end property development. Despite not being particularly cheap, it's selling like hotcakes. The first phase of completed units is nearly sold out, and the second phase is now being pre-sold.

Inside the sales office of Jiale Garden, a professional-looking salesgirl in a business suit with a sharp, angular face was waiting to greet incoming customers. Through the glass window, she noticed Tiantian and Yan Xiaobao walking toward the office and rolled her eyes in disdain.

People who take the bus to view houses are the most troublesome—they love asking endless questions, agonizing over choices for days, and still may not make a purchase. Even if they do buy, it's definitely the cheapest, smallest unit.

"Li Yufen, I'm heading to the restroom. Could you cover for me?" The angular-faced salesgirl shouted to another salesgirl nearby and headed straight for the restroom. She wasn't about to waste time and energy dealing with customers who arrived by bus.

"Sure." Li Yufen responded and stepped up to cover her.

Being called to handle difficult customers by Wu Lihua wasn't new to Li Yufen.

Wu Lihua, relying on her connection as her manager's niece, cherry-picked premium clients to boost her sales performance. She was almost always the monthly sales champion, earning the most commissions.

The other salesgirls in the office were quite unhappy about this, but Li Yufen, who had come to the city from the countryside, was an honest and content worker, satisfied with her current salary. That's why Wu Lihua loved assigning her to "take the fall."

"Good afternoon, Sir and Ma'am," Li Yufen greeted Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian with a smile as they stepped indoors. "You're here to look at houses, I assume?"

"Yes," Tiantian nodded.

Li Yufen continued with the introduction, "Our Jiale Garden community is the best in this area. Situated in a prime location with comprehensive facilities and significant growth potential. May I ask what type of unit you plan to purchase?"

Yan Xiaobao replied, "Let's take a look first."

"Alright, let me introduce you to some options," Li Yufen said as she led them to the model within the sales hall. "Let's start with this economical two-bedroom layout..."

Li Yufen patiently explained everything while Tiantian attentively listened, occasionally asking questions, which Li Yufen answered thoughtfully.

Just then, Yan Xiaobao's phone rang. He went over to the sofa nearby to answer the call.

"Hello, Divine Doctor Yan. This is Liao Qihua..."

"Do I know you?" Yan Xiaobao interrupted. He didn't recall knowing anyone named Liao Qihua.

"Divine Doctor Yan, your esteemed self must be forgetful! You treated my heart failure just a few days ago," Liao Qihua said cheerfully. "I had a full check-up today, and the doctors have already discharged me. To express my gratitude for your life-saving help, I'd like to treat you to a meal and thank you personally..."

"No time." Yan Xiaobao interrupted again. "I need to accompany Wife Tiantian to look at houses."

"Looking at houses?" Liao Qihua's interest was piqued, and he quickly asked, "Where are you house hunting?"

Yan Xiaobao glanced at the large characters on the wall of the sales hall. "This place is called Jiale Garden, I think."

"Wonderful!" Liao Qihua exclaimed joyfully, "Jiale Garden happens to be a development of my company. I'll head over right away!"

Yan Xiaobao had no objections. Knowing this community was developed by Liao Qihua's company, asking him to introduce the property to Tiantian would undoubtedly be quicker and more efficient.

...

The three of them discussed the layouts and answered questions, oblivious to the passing of over half an hour.

Nearby, Wu Lihua, having sent off her own client, noticed Li Yufen still enthusiastically showcasing the property and secretly sneered: A silly country bumpkin, unable to distinguish between potential customers and problematic ones. So earnest in her efforts—how utterly laughable!

Chapter 139 Twenty Million, Expensive?

...

After Li Yufen patiently finished introducing all the layouts, she smiled at Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian and asked, "You two have seen so many layouts now. What do you think? Any favorites?"

Tiantian said, "I think the three-bedroom in Building 16 is not bad. What do you think, honey?"

Yan Xiaobao smirked and said, "I think it's pretty average."

"Tch!" Wu Lihua, who was standing nearby, immediately let out a mocking laugh upon hearing this and muttered under her breath, "Stuffing a scallion up your nose to pretend you're an elephant! You know you can't afford it but act like you're unimpressed. These face-saving broke losers are so annoying!"

Although Wu Lihua's voice wasn't loud, the three people on this side heard it crystal clear.

Li Yufen felt awkward but didn't know what to say.

Tiantian's face darkened, "Who are you calling a broke loser?"

Wu Lihua rolled her eyes, "Anyone who looks but doesn't buy is a broke loser—did I say anything wrong?"

"Who said I'm not buying?" Tiantian retorted angrily, "This house is just five or six million at most—I'm buying it, and I'm paying in cash!"

"Paying in cash?" Wu Lihua and Li Yufen were stunned at the same time.

Buying a home is a nationwide significant social issue. Mortgage slaves are also a perennial topic of public concern. In modern society, buying a home in a provincial capital city like Binhai is the dream of millions of young people.

Most people, for the sake of this dream, choose to take out loans to buy a home and willingly submit themselves to the plight of being mortgage slaves. And those who can pay the full price for a three-bedroom home are as rare as phoenix feathers—even professional real estate agents don't see people like that every day.

Li Yufen hadn't expected that the two "garbage clients" pushed onto her by Wu Lihua would turn out to be the kind of wealthy people who make buying a house as trivial as grocery shopping.

Wu Lihua was even more surprised—these two young people who had obviously arrived by bus and appeared like broke losers went and casually decided to pay cash for a house. Meanwhile, the client she had just attended to, who was decked out in gold and jewels and looked wealthy, only asked a bunch of questions and didn't show any real intention to buy.

After Tiantian impulsively claimed she would pay cash for a house, she started to feel it might have been inappropriate and turned nervously to Yan Xiaobao, "Honey, was I being too rash? What do you think...?"

"I don't mind. If you like it, then buy it," Yan Xiaobao said indifferently. Then he turned to Li Yufen and asked, "When can we move in?"

Li Yufen replied, "The second-phase project is nearing completion, and with the time needed for interior finishing, you could move in by the end of the year."

"The end of the year? Half a year away!" Yan Xiaobao widened his eyes in displeasure. "I don't want to wait that long. Find me one that I can move into right now."

"Uh..." Li Yufen froze for a moment before explaining apologetically, "Mr. Yan, these are second-phase pre-sale units; there are no immediately available homes at the moment."

Tiantian chimed in, "It's normal for homebuyers to rarely find a move-in-ready property. Half a year wait is relatively short."

"I don't care," said Yan Xiaobao, clearly lacking patience to wait for half a year over a mere house. "If there's nothing available to move into now, I'll just buy elsewhere."

Customers this impatient are incredibly rare, and Li Yufen didn't know how to persuade him.

Wu Lihua scrutinized Yan Xiaobao carefully and snickered inwardly: Ha! Almost fooled by you. All this talk about paying cash and needing immediately available homes—it's just a facade to save face. I don't believe for a second you actually have money to pay cash for a house!

"You want something you can move into right now? Simple." Wu Lihua gestured toward the neighborhood model and said mockingly, "Phase one has one remaining unsold move-in-ready unit. If you're so rich, just buy it."

Yan Xiaobao looked at the spot Wu Lihua was pointing to and revealed a satisfied expression, "This house looks good. Stand-alone unit near the lake. Alright, I'll buy this one."

"Uh..." Li Yufen hesitated before saying, "That's the most expensive villa in Phase One by the lakeside, with over four hundred square meters of living space. The total price is... over twenty million..."

"Twenty million... Honey, this house is way too expensive..." Tiantian faltered.

Although she currently had a fifty-million net worth, her consumption habits hadn't caught up to her newfound wealth yet. She was already thrilled to buy a three-bedroom in a mid-upper-class neighborhood. A luxurious villa was something she hadn't even considered—it completely exceeded her expectations.

"Only twenty million—is that expensive?" Yan Xiaobao said matter-of-factly. "This is the only house I can even remotely be satisfied with. If we don't buy this, there's no point looking at others."

"Well—"

Even for a twenty-million property, Tiantian wasn't bold enough to make a decision lightly. "Let's take a look inside first. What if you still find something to dislike after viewing it?"

Act! Keep acting!

Wu Lihua watched silently and skeptically. That lakeside villa remained unsold because of its high price and lack of discounts.

Although Jiale Garden was an upscale community, it hadn't reached the level of being a top-tier luxury neighborhood in Binhai. Its main buyers were middle-class consumers who found a five-to-six-million home comfortable but deemed a twenty-million villa excessively out of reach.

Meanwhile, billionaires wouldn't even bother considering Jiale Garden. That's why its flagship villa remained as its "king property" and had stayed unsold.

Yan Xiaobao's attitude and behavior were indistinguishable from those of men worth billions. However, Wu Lihua believed all the more that he was bluffing. She didn't think for a second that Yan Xiaobao genuinely had enough money to pay cash for the lakeside villa.

Li Yufen, whose thoughts were more straightforward, didn't overthink it. Excitedly, she grabbed the keys and led Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian to view the house. Having worked at Jiale Garden for over three months, she was finally handling a major transaction, and it would be a lie to say she wasn't thrilled.

By the lake, the elegant environment and fresh air had even managed to sway Tiantian.

If she could live in such a place, her mom would definitely be overjoyed.

The lakeside villa, being the flagship sample home, had been decorated meticulously. Everything from furniture to appliances was top-notch, and the overall arrangement carried an air of luxury. It was move-in ready any time.

The villa had two main floors, not including the converted attic or the spacious rooftop terrace. The usable space spanned nearly four hundred square meters, more than enough room for a multi-generational family to live comfortably.

The living room directly faced the azure lake, with an entire wall of floor-to-ceiling windows letting in plenty of natural light. Standing by the window, the view extended to the lake and sky, offering a picturesque and serene environment. It was truly soul-soothing.

Glancing around nonchalantly, Yan Xiaobao nodded and said, "It's alright. Wife Tiantian, let's buy this one."

## Chapter 140 The Ultimate Good Man

...

"Wow... it's so beautiful..." Tiantian looked around, feeling as if she were in a dream. No, even in her dreams, she never imagined herself one day living in such a luxurious and stunning house.

"Miss Tian, congratulations," Li Yufen sincerely praised. "This house is truly lucky to have such a beautiful owner like you."

"Owner..." Tiantian felt a little dazed, a little dizzy. Happiness had come too fast and too overwhelmingly, leaving her unable to adapt.

"Wife Tiantian, hurry up and buy it so we can move in," Yan Xiaobao urged.

"Mmm..." Tiantian, full of joy, threw herself into Yan Xiaobao's arms, kissed him on the cheek, and said, "Husband, thank you..."

...

The three of them returned to the sales office to complete the purchase procedures.

"Mr. Yan, will you be paying by installments or in full?" Li Yufen confirmed again. "If it's in full, I can offer you a five percent discount."

"Of course, in full." Yan Xiaobao scoffed at the idea of owing money to the bank.

"All right." Li Yufen thought to herself: So rich... No wonder he could marry such a beautiful wife...

"Whose name should we register the property under?"

Li Yufen's question was often the most critical one for typical buyers, since it affects property ownership. Many disputes over registration had even led to divorces.

But for Yan Xiaobao, this question wasn't a problem at all.

"Register it under my wife's name," Yan Xiaobao replied without hesitation, directly gifting the property to Tiantian. He didn't care for his name being written on any types of documents, even ones worth over 20 million.

Unexpectedly, Tiantian immediately objected, "No, that's not right! Husband, you're the one paying for the house. It can't be registered under my name!"

Yan Xiaobao shook his head and said, "I'm temporarily out of money; let's use the money I gave you last time to buy this house."

Tiantian chuckled, "But... the 50 million last time was also given by you..."

"..." Li Yufen couldn't help but take another careful look at Yan Xiaobao.

This man was so hard to understand—claiming he's temporarily out of money, yet casually giving his wife 50 million... If he actually had money, what kind of concept would that even be...

"What's yours is mine, and what's mine is yours—doesn't it all work out the same?" Yan Xiaobao said indifferently.

At this point, Li Yufen was completely stunned.

As someone working in the sales office, she had seen plenty of wealthy people. But the richer they were, the tighter they often held onto their money, keeping clear accounts even with siblings or spouses.

But someone like Yan Xiaobao, who was so carefree and generous, treating all his wealth as belonging to his wife...

This kind of extraordinarily good man was truly a rare breed—hard to find even across the entire world.

"Then let's write both our names on it, okay?" Tiantian leaned closer, intimately pressing against Yan Xiaobao's ear, whispering softly, "I know I'm just your mistress. In this lifetime, I probably... will never get to go with you to the marriage registration office. But let's write both our names on the property certificate, as if... as if it were our marriage certificate. Okay?"

Although Yan Xiaobao didn't take "going to the marriage registration office" seriously—it made no difference to him who he wanted as his wife—since Tiantian said so, he didn't mind, "Alright, as long as you're happy."

At this point, word had spread throughout the sales office that Li Yufen, the rookie with the worst sales record, had just sold Jiale Garden's most expensive lake-view villa.

The other sales clerks, full of envy, were watching from afar. Even Manager Hee hurried over upon hearing the news, respectfully leading Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian into the VIP room.

As for Wu Lihua, who had initially dismissed Yan Xiaobao as a "trash customer" and handed him over to Li Yufen, she was completely dumbfounded seeing this.

He... actually bought the lake-view villa with full payment! I... I must have been blind! I can't believe... I handed over a deal worth over 20 million just like that!

Twenty million!

The commission rates at Jiale Garden's sales office vary by property type; larger, more expensive units yield higher commissions. Compact units only offer a 0.1% commission—a million-dollar sale would only provide a thousand-dollar commission. But for the lake-view villa, the commission rate was as high as 0.2%, meaning over forty thousand in commission for twenty million!

Plus, the twenty-million-dollar sale would count toward this month's performance. Li Yufen might even become the top salesperson for the month, earning thousands more in performance bonuses!

No! I won't accept this!

With this overwhelming sense of loss clouding her judgment, Wu Lihua stormed into the VIP room and directly addressed Manager Hee:

"Mr. Hee, Mr. Yan and Miss Tian are my clients. Initially, I was handling them. I just got busy wrapping up some other work, so I asked Li Yufen to assist temporarily. Therefore, this deal should belong to me, with perhaps a small portion shared with Li Yufen."

"Oh, then Xiao Wu, you handle the remaining procedures for our VIPs," Manager Hee said lightly but intentionally, showing no signs of partiality.

Wu Lihua wasn't just his niece-in-law, but also secretly romantically involved with him, so naturally, he leaned toward her in claiming Jiale Garden's biggest deal.

"Well... I'll head out first then..."

Having been lucky enough to encounter this wealthy young couple who took little effort to finalize the deal, Li Yufen was dismayed to see it end up in vain.

Li Yufen stood up and lowered her head to cover her disappointment.

"Hold on! When did you ever serve me?" Tiantian angrily pointed at Wu Lihua, saying, "Wasn't it you who said I was pretending to disdain something I couldn't afford, calling me a prideful penniless nobody? If you were really the one serving us, we wouldn't have bought a house from you!"

Tiantian had endured hardships working as a waitress in a restaurant, where supervisors and team leaders often gave her a hard time. She despised people who bullied the vulnerable while sucking up to the strong. Seeing Wu Lihua blatantly attempting to steal Li Yufen's achievement, she immediately stood up for Li Yufen.

"Miss Tian, please don't get upset. I think perhaps there was a misunderstanding earlier," Manager Hee said diplomatically, trying to mediate. "Actually, it doesn't make any difference to you who handles the paperwork—it's all the same."

"No!" Tiantian's stance was firm as she pointed at Li Yufen and declared, "I want her to handle the paperwork. Otherwise, I won't buy the house!"