

Medical 141

Chapter 141 Do My Words Count?

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"Brother-in-law..." Wu Lihua called out in a coquettish tone. Although Manager Hee's face was still wearing a smile, his voice became noticeably colder, "Miss Tian, it's our honor that you've come to Jiale Garden to buy a house. However, when it comes to matters of internal company management... I think this doesn't concern you much, does it?"

For Manager Hee, it was better to let go of this 20-million deal than to offend his sister-in-law cum mistress. Anyway, sales at Jiale Garden were thriving, and his position as manager was as stable as Tai Mountain.

That lakeside villa, if not sold today, would be sold eventually. But if Wu Lihua turned against him, his down-below happiness would be at risk.

You..." Tiantian glanced at Manager Hee and Wu Lihua, immediately understanding the affair between the two. She got so furious that she stood up and said, "In that case, I won't buy the house! Honey, let's go!"

"You're welcome to come again next time." Manager Hee also stood up, signaling with a posture of "no need for a farewell."

"Go? Why go?" Yan Xiaobao showed no intention of leaving, "The house my wife Tiantian wants to buy — you will sell it whether you want to or not!"

"Honey..." Tiantian looked at Yan Xiaobao, a wave of sweetness and emotion surging in her heart.

Manager Hee froze in shock. In his years in real estate sales, it was his first time meeting someone insisting on buying a house in such a bizarre way...

"Love isn't something you can buy, not whenever you want to buy it..." Manager Hee mockingly sang a line from a popular song before continuing, "This house — if you want to buy it, it's possible. How about I personally assist you with the purchase procedures?"

Seeing Yan Xiaobao's "sincere" determination to buy, Manager Hee didn't outright refuse him. After all, if he handled the procedures himself, he could easily transfer the sale to Wu Lihua's name to boost her performance figures.

"With a face like yours, I definitely don't want you helping me with the procedures." Yan Xiaobao pointed at Li Yufen instead, "I want her to handle it."

Li Yufen waved her hands to decline, "Mr. Yan, Miss Tian, thank you for your kindness, I truly appreciate it. Please let Manager Hee assist you with the procedures."

Although Li Yufen was simple, she wasn't foolish. She knew better than to offend Manager Hee and Wu Lihua over a deal worth 20 million, otherwise she'd definitely face suppression and exclusion in the workplace. At worst, she might even lose the job she had worked so hard to secure.

"You're quite perceptive!" Wu Lihua struck a victorious pose, casting a contemptuous glance at Li Yufen, "Whether or not you can keep this job is entirely up to my brother-in-law. In Jiale Garden's sales office, he's the one who calls all the shots!"

"Is that so? Do I have a say in the matter or not?"

Accompanied by a cold and authoritative voice, the VIP room door swung open as Liao Qihua and his wife Sun Hongyu stepped inside.

"President Liao! You've arrived..." Manager Hee was startled and immediately rushed forward to greet him with a handshake.

Liao Qihua was the chairman of Donghua Real Estate Group, and Jiale Garden was merely one of the group's properties. For a mere sales manager at a development office, meeting the group chairman was akin to a grandchild meeting their grandfather.

"Everyone, leave the room." Liao Qihua paid Manager Hee no mind, walking directly to Yan Xiaobao with a warm and respectful smile, shaking his right hand with both of his own, "It's an honor to have Divine Doctor Yan here. My apologies for being late."

Seeing Liao Qihua's attitude, both Manager Hee and Wu Lihua were left dumbfounded.

What was happening here?

The chairman of Donghua Real Estate Group was treating this young man with such reverence — this... this was beyond reason!

If this guy's background was so significant as to warrant Liao Qihua's personal attention, then buying a house would be as simple as giving Liao Qihua a quick heads-up, wouldn't it?

Why come across like a regular customer, and even... even take the bus like some pauper?

Though Manager Hee and Wu Lihua had no clue about Yan Xiaobao's background or why he came to view houses in such an unassuming way, they could already foresee the miserable outcomes awaiting them.

"Brother-in-law..." Wu Lihua anxiously and plaintively looked at Manager Hee.

"What's left to say now?" Manager Hee sighed heavily, "Go home, pack your things, and await instructions..."

Meanwhile, inside the VIP room, after hearing Li Yufen's account of the situation, Liao Qihua immediately called the general manager of the Jiale Garden project, "That Manager Hee of yours — tell him to take his sister-in-law and get out. I don't want to see him again!"

With just that one sentence, Manager Hee and Wu Lihua's fate was sealed.

Next, Liao Qihua apologized to Yan Xiaobao, "This is all due to my failure in management, allowing a few foolish individuals to provoke Divine Doctor Yan and your wife. Consider this lakeside villa as my offering of apology — please graciously accept it."

Previously confirmed as "hopeless" by the medical expert team, Liao Qihua had miraculously been rescued by Yan Xiaobao, and his heart and overall health were in the best condition they had ever been.

After hearing the full story from his wife, Liao Qihua was in awe, just like Li Desheng of Desheng Group, who treated Yan Xiaobao as "an essential lifeline."

Experiencing the brink of death often makes people cherish life more profoundly. To someone as wealthy as Liao Qihua, the realization was all the more poignant: money pales in comparison to health and life.

Thus, Li Desheng didn't hesitate to hand over the most prestigious Golden Diamond VIP Card at Desheng Group. Similarly, Liao Qihua wouldn't bat an eye about gifting a lakeside villa.

On his part, Yan Xiaobao wouldn't reject such a gesture, whether from Li Desheng or Liao Qihua. A "small villa" as compensation? He accepted it without reservation.

Had it not been for the bet with Gao Ming over his beautiful sister, by Yan Xiaobao's usual rules, "One million for treatment, a fifty-fifty split for saving lives." Rescuing Liao Qihua alone would have meant claiming half his fortune. A mere two-million-dollar villa? That was nothing.

"Xiao Li, please finish the transfer procedures for Divine Doctor Yan as soon as possible. All related commissions and performance calculations — make sure they are tallied without cutting a penny."

Liao Qihua gave a warm smile to Li Yufen, extending his generosity to the end. "Additionally, the vacancy from Manager Hee's departure — I'm appointing you to fill that position."

"Huh?" Li Yufen quickly waved her hands in refusal, "No... This... This isn't right. I've only been here three months. I lack experience and seniority. How can I be the manager..."

"Oh, that's no problem at all! Experience and seniority are the easiest things to accumulate. What matters most is your integrity and professional ethics, which have gained Divine Doctor Yan's trust — that's enough." Liao Qihua waved his hand decisively, "It's settled then. If necessary, I'll arrange for an experienced deputy to assist you later."

Chapter 142 Yin Yang Imbalance

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Li Yufen was at a loss, feeling a bit dumbfounded. She, like Manager Hee and Wu Lihua, couldn't wrap her head around who this Mr. Yan really was. It was just... too unbelievable...

Not just her, even Yan Xiaobao's "mistress" Tiantian couldn't figure it out.

Weren't they just here to buy a house? How did it escalate to the chairman of the real estate group being alerted? And what's more, such a luxurious and beautiful lakeside villa worth twenty million—given for free?

As compensation? Just for such a trivial matter, and not only did they fire the sales manager with a single sentence, but they had to offer a twenty-million villa as an apology?

Not to mention earlier, Qian Jiale inexplicably gifted her a Porsche 918-Spyder worth over ten million... Unfortunately, Yan Xiaobao prefers taking the bus. That Porsche has only been out on the road a handful of times.

But Yan Xiaobao... who exactly is he? And how much influence does he really hold...

"Divine Doctor Yan, it's said that an invitation is better than a chance encounter. Since it's about time for dinner anyway, how about I host and we share a few drinks together?" Liao Qihua extended a cordial invitation.

Yan Xiaobao had zero interest in dining with Liao Qihua, but Tiantian felt that after accepting a lakeside villa worth twenty million, they absolutely couldn't "turn their backs" and refuse to show some cordiality.

Ultimately, under the persuasion of his wife, Yan Xiaobao grudgingly accepted Liao Qihua's invitation and agreed to join the dinner.

Liao Qihua's banquet wasn't held at renowned restaurants like Desheng Restaurant or Golden Tide Restaurant but was instead a home-cooked affair at his villa to host Yan Xiaobao.

To those wealthy with status and power, hosting guests at their home for a meal is the ultimate form of hospitality. If the relationship isn't extremely close or the guests aren't supremely esteemed, they wouldn't opt for a home banquet.

Compared to home banquets, even the fanciest restaurants and the priciest dishes are mere acts of socializing. It's akin to saying that a national banquet at a state guesthouse can't compare to the familial meal of the nation's top leaders.

As the chairman of a listed real estate enterprise, describing the size and luxury of Liao Qihua's villa seems unnecessary. In any case, it was Tiantian's first time setting foot in such an extravagant billionaire's mansion. Still, she didn't have too much to marvel at—the cozy, beautiful lakeside villa she owned already made her content.

The chef at Liao Qihua's home was skilled, easily rivaling the master chef of Desheng Restaurant. Additionally, Liao Qihua's wife, Sun Hongyu, personally cooked two exquisite dishes to serve Yan Xiaobao.

It could be said that Liao Qihua's respect for Yan Xiaobao reached the highest level. Tiantian was a little overwhelmed by the attention, but Yan Xiaobao remained entirely indifferent.

Three rounds of drinks later, dishes had exchanged hands several times over. Liao Qihua looked at his wife, Sun Hongyu, with some concern and asked, "What's wrong? No appetite again?"

"It's nothing, you all eat—I'll just keep you company." Sun Hongyu apologized slightly to Yan Xiaobao: "Divine Doctor Yan, I'm sorry, I haven't been feeling well lately. Hopefully, this doesn't ruin your mood."

Upon hearing this, Tiantian immediately spoke to Yan Xiaobao, "Honey, Madam Liao isn't feeling well. Help her take a look, okay?"

Yan Xiaobao glanced at Sun Hongyu and said, "My rules are simple: treating a disease costs one million, saving a life is a fifty-fifty split."

Tiantian: "..."

"Huh?" Both Liao Qihua and Sun Hongyu were dumbstruck.

Sun Hongyu exclaimed in shock: "According to Divine Doctor Yan's rules, you cured my husband's heart failure the last time, saving his life, so... so we should have given you half of our assets?"

"By the rules, yes," Yan Xiaobao replied. "But the reason I intervened last time was because I made a bet with Gao Ming to make his sister my wife. So you don't need to split your assets with me."

Sun Hongyu: "..."

Liao Qihua: "..."

Tiantian: "..."

"Truly, Divine Doctor Yan is an extraordinary character..." Liao Qihua chuckled awkwardly. "Fine, one million it is. Please, Divine Doctor Yan, take a look at my wife."

Yan Xiaobao shook his head and said, "Since Wife Tiantian asked me to take a look at your wife, the one million fee is waived."

"Then let me thank Divine Doctor Yan once again." Liao Qihua seemed to understand Yan Xiaobao's ways and recognized that a mere one million was not even worth mentioning to him, so he refrained from excessive pleasantries.

Sun Hongyu promptly began explaining her symptoms: "I always feel jittery and low on energy, no appetite, can't sleep well, and sometimes feel inexplicably restless, completely uninterested in anything."

"It's nothing serious; your health is fine, just a case of Yin-Yang imbalance," Yan Xiaobao said casually. "Your husband is fully recovered now, so tonight the two of you can share a bed and harmonize your Yin and Yang."

Despite being nearly fifty, Sun Hongyu's cheeks flushed crimson at these words, and she immediately lowered her head, wishing she could disappear into thin air.

To put it politely, it's a Yin-Yang imbalance; to put it bluntly... isn't it just a lack of intimacy...

Liao Qihua had an innate heart condition, which worsened into heart failure with severe pathological obesity as he aged. With such physical constraints, marital intimacy with his wife was out of question. Over the years, Sun Hongyu essentially became a "spiritual widow," naturally feeling unfulfilled and quite "parched."

"We're all adults, nothing to worry about. Divine Doctor Yan, come, let's drink—cheers," Liao Qihua swiftly changed the subject with a toast to dissipate his wife's embarrassment, though deep inside, he was already eager.

It had been years since Sun Hongyu had "been there," and the same applied to him. Though a fifty-something man whose health was on the brink of collapse, that spark inside his heart hadn't died...

After dinner, Yan Xiaobao grew impatient staying at Liao Qihua's home and got up to leave with Tiantian. The Liao couple arranged for their driver to escort them.

Before departure, Liao Qihua pulled Yan Xiaobao aside and asked quietly, "Divine Doctor Yan, is my current physical condition really capable of... doing that?"

"I've already cured you, so of course you can," Yan Xiaobao replied. "But you're old and fat, so keep it to a minimum—no more than twice per night."

"Twice in one night?" Liao Qihua was ecstatic. For someone who hadn't indulged in years, being able to go for a second round in one night felt like sheer bliss!

After they bid farewell to Yan Xiaobao, Liao Qihua turned and swept Sun Hongyu up into his arms wedding-style, far from resembling a couple married for nearly thirty years. Instead, they looked like honeymooners, rushing eagerly into their "bridal suite."

Half an hour later, Liao Qihua lay back in complete satisfaction, sighing, "It's been ages since I've felt this good... Divine Doctor Yan truly is an immortal in human form... Even giving up half my assets would've been worth it!"

Chapter 143 Another Set

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Beside him, Sunx Hongyu, her cheeks flushed and breathing heavily, took a long while to recover her composure. Her heart was no longer panicked, her spirits were high, her impatience gone, and her interest reignited—it felt as though spring had descended upon her once more...

"Honey, I feel like I've become 30 years younger, back to the time we had just gotten married!" Liao Qihua said tenderly, wrapping his arms around his wife of many years.

"Darling... Me too..." Sunx Hongyu responded shyly, like a new bride who had just stepped into her husband's house.

Time apart makes the heart grow fonder. For this old couple, it had been ten years since their last "distance." Rekindled passion truly burns fiercer than a wildfire...

Liao Qihua chuckled, "Let me take a short break, and then we'll go for round two."

"No!" Sunx Hongyu quickly stopped him, "Your health..."

"Don't worry, Divine Doctor Yan said it's fine as long as there are no more than two rounds in one night," Liao Qihua replied before leaning in to kiss her deeply.

Sunx Hongyu: "Mmm..."

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On the other side, Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian had returned to the lake-view villa that they had just moved into today—no, correction, the villa Liao Qihua had gifted them.

The villa was fully equipped with furniture and appliances, except for bedding and daily necessities, which they had yet to prepare. But since it was summer, not having bedsheets or a quilt cover wasn't really an issue for now.

"Honey, let's... let's take a bath together..." Tiantian turned on the water in the bathroom, flushed with embarrassment as she came out to invite him boldly.

Now living in her dream home, Tiantian's happiness had already reached its peak. She cast aside all doubts and focused solely on expressing her love with complete devotion.

Yan Xiaobao's face lit up with delight as he jumped off the sofa, scooped Tiantian into his arms, and rushed into the bathroom like a whirlwind.

The bathroom's décor was thoughtfully designed—rustic stone walls paired with large glass panels that not only enhanced the brightness of the space but also created a sense of spaciousness. Outdoors views seamlessly blended with the interior, merging forest scenery with stone-wall charm to create an ambiance of natural romance.

Tiantian threw herself wholeheartedly into showing Yan Xiaobao the best version of herself, while basking in his endless passion and adoration. In the dual bathtub, water splashed about as their love overflowed, their joyous voices reaching the heavens.

After the first round, Tiantian lay softly against Yan Xiaobao's chest, gently scooping water to pour over his shoulders, her gaze brimming with infinite affection. "Honey, I love you!"

"Wife Tiantian, I love you too!" Yan Xiaobao excitedly picked Tiantian up, droplets of water trickling down as he carried her upstairs.

"Let's go to the dining room..." Tiantian's voice was sweet as honey, "I want to leave beautiful memories in every room... Because later, when I bring my mother here to live, we'll lose the chance..."

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In the bathroom, dining room, living room, bedroom, study, terrace...

In the bathtub, on the dining table, the sofa, the desk, the carpet, the garage...

The passion of that night—it cannot be fully expressed...

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The next morning, though originally planning to pick up her mother, Tiantian couldn't even get out of bed...

By noontime, with Yan Xiaobao's "treatment," Tiantian regained her energy and changed her plan: first, she would shop for bedding and daily necessities to decorate the house; tomorrow, she would then pick up her mother.

Yan Xiaobao thought this over, then made a call to Liao Qihua: "The current house isn't enough. Find us another one."

Last night, "spring once again flourished," and "second blooms" were achieved; Liao Qihua agreed immediately. "Sure! No problem. Although there are no more lake-view villas available, one of them was actually bought by my brother-in-law. I'll make arrangements for him to move into another property as soon as possible."

Overhearing Yan Xiaobao on the call, Tiantian grew embarrassed and tried to stop him. "Why do you need another house? Getting President Liao to make his brother-in-law move out to let us live there—it's really not appropriate..."

"What's inappropriate?" Yan Xiaobao couldn't care less how Liao Qihua's brother-in-law felt. "If your mother moves in with us, then things won't be as fun as last night."

"..." Tiantian was speechless. Was this guy planning to be that wild every time...

Yesterday, he casually accepted a villa worth over 20 million yuan. Today, he directly called to request another house... These bizarre antics could only be pulled off by Yan Xiaobao...

Yet, unfortunately, Liao Qihua actually complied. No villa left? Fine—he'd rather evict his own brother-in-law to free up the property just to hand it over to Yan Xiaobao. Truly unbelievable...

Tiantian couldn't possibly understand: to a billionaire who had been teetering on the brink of death, newly-restored vitality was worth more than any amount of money.

Not to mention, Yan Xiaobao didn't just save Liao Qihua's life; he also restored to him the supreme pleasures and joys of a man's existence that he had lost for over a decade.

This... Forget 20 million; even if it were 200 million, Liao Qihua wouldn't so much as flinch.

Because for men... losing the pleasures of the lower half of their bodies—what man could still call himself a man? No—they'd be called eunuchs...

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After lunch, Tiantian smiled sweetly and asked, "Honey, do you have time to go shopping with me this afternoon for some household supplies?"

"Sure," Yan Xiaobao readily agreed—he'd enjoyed an entire night with Tiantian and had no desire to be apart from her.

"For shopping, walking around and waiting for buses is such a hassle. How about we drive ourselves there?" Tiantian hadn't touched her beloved Porsche in a long time and was eager to take it out.

"Absolutely," Yan Xiaobao obliged without hesitation.

Driving the Porsche 918 Spyder to the south side of the pedestrian street's home living plaza, Tiantian's mere step out of the car instantly attracted countless gazes from those around.

Each step deliberate, her charm unrivaled—Willow Leaf-shaped brows, cherry-red lips, large sparkling eyes dark and alluring, a flawless face glowing with faint blushes that carried subtle allure, every glance captivating. Her long hair cascaded to her waist, a few strands of bangs dancing in the breeze. Due to the summer heat, she wore a pink fitted T-shirt on her upper body, the smooth curves utterly enchanting. Her slender waist looked incredibly delicate, and below was a pair of ultra-short denim shorts showcasing her stunning legs—round, firm, and dazzlingly white.

Cars and beauties—undoubtedly one of the most eye-catching spectacles in the city.

The Porsche 918 Spyder, a top-tier luxury sports car, combined with Tiantian, a first-class beauty, had blossomed even further under Yan Xiaobao's indulgent care and love, radiating an unprecedented glamor that drew all eyes.

Similarly, Yan Xiaobao earned the attention of many young women in the vicinity. If their envious gazes could manifest as lasers, Yan Xiaobao's body surely would've been engraved with various labels:

"Young," "Rich," "Handsome," "Looking for a date," "Add me on WeChat!"...

Chapter 144 Childhood Sweethearts

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The newly planned home living plaza in Binhai is massive, featuring big brands like IKEA, Red Star Macalline, Juran Home, Mengjie, Duoxiai, and more. You can buy everything you need for your home in one sweep here.

Comforters, duvet covers, bed sheets, bed spreads, mattress protectors, pillowcases, pillow inserts, blankets...

Toothbrushes, toothpaste, washbasins, buckets, towels, bath towels, hangers, facial tissues, body wash, shampoo...

Pots, bowls, ladles, basins, kitchen knives, cutting boards, rice, flour, cooking oil, salt, seasonings...

To fill up a new home, there's really a ton of stuff to buy...

Tiantian had never bought this much stuff in a single day before, nor had she ever felt this kind of exhilarating "buy, buy, buy" spree, like water flowing out of her wallet.

After going around the entire plaza, she had just one thought: Being rich is so amazing!

Now, Tiantian was slowly beginning to understand the joy of being a "rich man's mistress." Shopping only meant picking what she liked; price was no longer a concern.

Value for money?

That's a phrase that only exists in the dictionary of the poor.

For the rich, there's just one rule: some things are priceless if they bring joy. If you like it, buy it!

After the shopping spree, swiping the card, leaving an address, and walking away in style—that feeling was just beyond satisfying!

"Phew—" Tiantian exhaled a contented sigh as she stepped out of the home plaza. She was preparing to drive home with Yan Xiaobao and wait for the deliveries to decorate her and Yan Xiaobao's love nest.

"Tiantian?" A well-dressed young man who looked the part approached.

"Deng Wenhai." Tiantian recognized him and greeted, "Long time no see."

"It really has been a long time." Deng Wenhai seemed a bit excited. "I haven't seen you since high school graduation. You've become even more beautiful." freewebnovel.com

"Thank you." Tiantian responded politely, then introduced him to Yan Xiaobao. "Deng Wenhai used to live in the same residential compound as I did when I was a kid. We were also classmates—basically childhood friends."

"Not just childhood friends, more like we grew up together." Deng Wenhai gazed at the charming and gorgeous Tiantian, his eyes practically shining.

As the saying goes, girls change dramatically at eighteen. Back in high school, Tiantian had undoubtedly been the campus beauty of their school, and she enviably landed a job as a flight attendant after graduation.

To Deng Wenhai's surprise, in just a few short years, Tiantian had become even more stunning. Compared to the so-called Miss Hong Kong, Miss Asia, or internet models, she was on a whole different level.

As for Yan Xiaobao standing beside Tiantian, Deng Wenhai automatically ignored his existence. He didn't even want to know what Yan Xiaobao's relationship with Tiantian was. And Yan Xiaobao, of course, couldn't have cared less who Deng Wenhai was—if he dared to compete for his wife, he'd crush him. If not, then whatever.

"A few days ago, I went back to the old neighborhood and ran into your mom. I asked about you..." Deng Wenhai spoke with a tone of pity, addressing Tiantian. "I heard your dad got you involved in his troubles, and you lost your job as a flight attendant and started working at the Han Tang Pavilion Hotel.

When I heard about it, I felt really bad. Why don't you come work for my company? I promise to give you the best treatment."

Years ago, Deng Wenhai had made a fortune by running online game cheats and farming studios, eventually setting up a so-called internet company and amassing a personal wealth of several million. So, facing Tiantian, who had lost her flight attendant job and became a hotel waitress, he couldn't help feeling a sense of superiority. At the same time, he wanted to use the excuse of offering her a job to bring her closer to him.

"No need." Tiantian politely declined. "I've already quit my hotel job and haven't thought about working for the time being."

What a joke—living in a mansion worth over 20 million, driving a car worth over 10 million, and holding 50 million in savings, would she even need a regular job?

"Well, just let me know whenever you need it." Deng Wenhai continued his invitation. "Tiantian, it's been so many years since we last met, and this reunion feels like fate. How about we grab a meal together and catch up?"

Tiantian glanced at Yan Xiaobao, knowing he had zero interest in dining with Deng Wenhai, so she declined. "Sorry, I just bought a lot of stuff and need to go back to set up the new home. Maybe next time."

"Setting up a new home?" Deng Wenhai's eyelid twitched slightly, and a wave of jealousy surged in his heart. Could it be that Tiantian and that guy beside her were already living together?

But so what if they were living together? No matter how perfect a flower may look, a persistent gardener can still find a way in. Persistence and effort can always dig out the corner of any wall!

Deng Wenhai firmly believed he had an absolute advantage over Yan Xiaobao. He owned a company, was worth millions, had a car, and a house. As for Yan Xiaobao... if he were truly rich and powerful, how could he have let Tiantian work as a waitress before?

Deng Wenhai thought Tiantian was merely fooled by Yan Xiaobao's sweet words and his fresh-faced, young-man appeal. This kind of infatuation surely couldn't withstand his "monetary offensive."

"If today's inconvenient, it's fine." Deng Wenhai chuckled, trying to appear generous. "How about I drive you home, then? I can also stop by and check out the place to keep in touch in the future."

Tiantian, unaware of all his schemes and thinking he was simply being nostalgic, didn't reject his proposal to "check out the place."

"Alright, you can follow me in your car. Come over to my home for a visit," Tiantian said with ease, naturally linking her arm with Yan Xiaobao's as they headed toward the parking lot.

"Tiantian, why not take my car instead? He can drive ahead and show us the way." Deng Wenhai proudly pointed to his "luxury car"—a Porsche Cayenne. "I just picked up this new car a few days ago. Want to give it a try?"

Deng Wenhai believed only a million-yuan-level luxury SUV like the Porsche Cayenne could match Tiantian. Once she experienced the luxury and comfort of his car, she'd subconsciously start to question her current situation.

"Oh? You drive a Porsche too? Looks like you're doing pretty well." Tiantian smiled, glancing sweetly at Yan Xiaobao. "He doesn't like driving. I'll drive my car and take him instead."

"But..." Deng Wenhai was about to insist when he suddenly saw Tiantian and Yan Xiaobao walking toward a white sports car. Staring at it for a moment, he realized it was a Porsche 918 Spyder!

The Porsche 918 Spyder—one of last year's top ten supercars globally, limited to only 918 units worldwide. Starting price: 13.888 million. Realistically, you wouldn't get it for less than 14 or 15 million!

Was this Tiantian's car? How... how was this possible...

Deng Wenhai's face turned pale as he stared in disbelief at Tiantian and Yan Xiaobao getting into the 14-15 million yuan luxury sports car.

Although both were Porsches, the Cayenne was just an entry-level, low-end model. Compared to the Porsche 918 Spyder, it couldn't even begin to compete.

Deng Wenhai felt like someone had smashed a brick into his face—it burned with humiliation...

Chapter 145 Kept as a Mistress?

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This is way too extravagant!

Tiantian just quit her job as a restaurant waitress recently, didn't she? ... How on earth is she driving such a top-tier sports car?

Could it be... Could it be that Tiantian met that young man at the hotel, and then... and then got herself a sugar daddy?

Deng Wenhai didn't believe in modern-day Cinderella fairy tales. Those wealthy heirs and young masters always end up marrying high-society ladies who are their equals. Girls like Tiantian, born into humble circumstances, no matter how beautiful, are nothing more than playthings.

So, Deng Wenhai immediately concluded: Tiantian was being kept. His assumption wasn't entirely off. Tiantian was indeed "kept" by Yan Xiaobao now.

However, unlike the conventional idea of being financially kept, Yan Xiaobao "kept" Tiantian not only with money but also his sincere emotions.

Tiantian reversed the car out of the parking spot, and seeing Deng Wenhai still standing there dumbfounded, she rolled down the window and called out, "Didn't you say you wanted to swing by my place? Why aren't you getting in your car yet?"

Deng Wenhai snapped back to reality, eyed Tiantian and her Porsche 918 Spyder, and said with a dark expression, "Tiantian, I always saw you as a good girl who values integrity. I didn't expect you to stoop so low and become someone's mistress. You... You've really disappointed me!"

Upon hearing this, Tiantian's expression instantly fell. Although she now felt being Yan Xiaobao's "mistress" wasn't too bad, hearing these words from someone else still made her uncomfortable.

"What are you to me? What gives you the right to be disappointed in me? Whether or not I'm a mistress, what does it have to do with you? If you look down on me like this, then just pretend you don't know me anymore. Goodbye!"

With that, Tiantian angrily slammed the accelerator, and the Porsche 918 Spyder roared loudly, speeding off into the distance.

"Wife Tiantian, did that guy make you angry? Want me to go beat him up?" Yan Xiaobao offered enthusiastically.

"No need, I won't stoop to his level." Tiantian turned her head towards Yan Xiaobao and smiled sweetly. "Honey, let's hurry and go home to finish setting up our new place."

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From furniture to bedding, from kitchen utensils to tableware, one item after another was carefully arranged. The luxurious and beautiful little villa was gradually infused with a warm, homey atmosphere.

Tiantian, sweaty from all the work, wore a satisfied and blissful smile on her face. There's nothing more wonderful than setting up a love nest, bit by bit, with the person she loved most.

After a full afternoon and evening of work — even dinner had been a rushed delivery — their new home was finally almost done by midnight. Any remaining details could be adjusted slowly later.

"Phew—" Tiantian placed one hand on her hip and wiped her forehead with the other, smiling contentedly. "Honey, what do you think?"

"It's great, absolutely great." Yan Xiaobao wasn't really paying much attention to the details, but seeing Tiantian so thrilled and smiling so beautifully, he couldn't help but feel happy as well.

Yan Xiaobao grinned as he wrapped his arm around Tiantian's slender waist, "Wifey, you must be exhausted. Let's take a bath and head to bed."

"A bath sounds good..." Tiantian lowered her head shyly, "But let's not do... that... I'm really tired after today..."

"No problem." Yan Xiaobao replied and scooped Tiantian up, heading straight for the bathroom.

"Wife Tiantian, I'll give you a massage first." Yan Xiaobao said while filling the tub with hot water, carrying Tiantian to sit on the edge.

Yan Xiaobao's massage wasn't like typical techniques. He gently pressed his hand against Tiantian's back, and she instantly felt waves of warmth flowing into her body — a sensation so soothing it was indescribable.

This was one of Yan Xiaobao's unique tricks: True Qi Acupoint Massage.

He didn't use physical pressure to massage the acupoints but instead used his own True Qi to permeate Tiantian's meridians through the acupoints, stimulating them from within. This internal acupoint stimulation was far superior to Thai massages or blind massages.

By the time the hot water was ready, Tiantian was already completely relaxed, with no trace of exhaustion left.

"I feel totally refreshed. Honey, you're amazing!" Tiantian exclaimed in astonishment. "Honey, your massage techniques feel incredible..."

"There's something even better!" Yan Xiaobao grinned mischievously, picking Tiantian up and plunging both of them, fully clothed, into the tub.

And so, despite her earlier protests of "no, no," Tiantian spent another half a night being thoroughly pampered by Yan Xiaobao in the bathtub until she was utterly satisfied and peacefully fell asleep.

...

The next day, Tiantian got up early, sitting up in bed and excitedly calling out to Yan Xiaobao, "Honey, do you have anything planned today? If not, come with me to pick up my mom."

Yan Xiaobao had initially planned to visit Fu'er Hospital to check on Wife Rourou and prod Gao Ming, who had lost their bet, to take him to see his sister.

But the anticipation clearly radiating from Tiantian's eyes made Yan Xiaobao put everything else aside for the moment. "Alright, I'll go with you."

"Thank you, Honey!" Tiantian happily leaned over to plant a morning kiss on him before hopping off the bed to doll herself up.

...

On the road, Tiantian drove faster than usual, eager to surprise her mom.

If Mom sees me driving a luxury car now, living in a villa, and leading such a good life, she'll definitely be over the moon! After all her hard work and sacrifices over the years, Mom can finally enjoy life!

With excitement and joy surging through her, Tiantian arrived at her family's old home with Yan Xiaobao in tow.

Her family lived in the now-defunct government worker dormitories, a drab, three-story apartment building typical of old factory housing.

The building was at least 30 or 40 years old, dilapidated and worn. Its white walls had turned a dingy gray-black. Cobwebs in the corners were thick with dust. The metal railings were rusted, peeling their once-bright paint.

"Mom, I'm home!" Tiantian called out excitedly as she opened the door.

Yan Xiaobao followed her inside, glancing around the room.

A wine-red velvet loveseat, a square coffee table doubling as a dining table, an old-fashioned boxy 21-inch color TV... The outdated furniture and appliances spoke clearly of the household's financial struggles.

Tiantian's mother was not yet fifty, but her hair was streaked with white, her face etched with signs of overwork. She sat on the worn loveseat and, seeing Tiantian and Yan Xiaobao enter, didn't react as Tiantian expected. She didn't seem happy or, as she usually did, get up to greet her daughter.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Tiantian hurried over, concerned. "Are you feeling unwell?"

"It's not my body that's unwell... it's my heart..." Mrs. Tian said, her eyes red and teary. "I heard you found a wealthy man and are driving a luxury car worth millions—is that true?"

Chapter 146 You Are the Fourth Party

...

"Yeah, I came here today to take Mom to live in the new house." Tiantian said as she pulled Yan Xiaobao's hand and introduced him to her mom, "His name is Yan Xiaobao, he's... he's my boyfriend."

"Boyfriend?" Mrs. Tian looked coldly at Yan Xiaobao, "What boyfriend? He's more likely the boss keeping you as his mistress!"

"Mom... you..." Tiantian was shocked and quickly asked, "Did Deng Wenhai come to you and start gossiping?"

"He was telling the truth, how is that gossip?" Mrs. Tian looked at her daughter with an expression of "sorrow for her misfortune, anger for her failure," and said, "Be honest with Mom. Are you... are you really being kept by someone as a mistress?"

"Kept as a mistress?" Tiantian thought about it, then nodded and said, "The car, house, and money were all given to me by Xiaobao. If you have to say it's like being kept, then I guess it kind of is."

"You!" Mrs. Tian stomped her foot heavily and lamented, "Tiantian, how can you be so foolish... Our family may be poor, but we are poor with dignity. How could you do such a thing?" freewebnovel.com

"What did I do?" Tiantian defended herself, "Even though Xiaobao gave me a car, a house, and money that add up to nearly a billion, I'm not with him for the money. He truly treats me very, very well."

As she spoke, Tiantian happily held onto Yan Xiaobao's arm, showing off their love in front of her mom while trying to persuade her:

"Mom, don't listen to outsiders gossip. I'm living really well right now, very happy. I came back today to bring you to live with me in the new house. You know, Xiaobao even specifically prepared a villa for you to stay in. You've worked hard for so many years; it's time for you to rest and enjoy life."

Mrs. Tian shook her head, unmoved by either the money or the villa. "Mom just wants to ask you one question. What exactly is your relationship with him?"

Your relationship?

Tiantian hesitated.

The relationship between her and Yan Xiaobao was truly hard to define. By societal standards, she should be considered a "kept mistress." But deep down, she was increasingly convinced that Yan Xiaobao didn't see her as a plaything he was keeping, but rather genuinely liked and spoiled her.

However, on the other hand, even though Yan Xiaobao treated her extremely well, their relationship was nothing like an ordinary normal couple's, where they dated with the intention of getting married.

Right now, Tiantian wasn't even sure if Yan Xiaobao was married, nor did she know which of the "Xiao Wan Wife," "Rourou Wife," or "Bingbing Wife" he mentioned was his actual wife.

Seeing Tiantian's hesitation, Mrs. Tian was already certain in her heart that her daughter truly was being kept as a mistress. She let out a long sigh, tears glistening in her eyes, and choked up as she said:

"Tiantian, Mom won't scold you... Mom isn't even qualified to scold you. From childhood to now, I've seen all the hardships you've endured and all the grievances you've suffered... But you can't let poverty lead you to sink so low... Mom doesn't expect you to become rich and powerful, just to stay self-respecting and self-loving, and live honestly. But now..."

"Mom..." Tiantian sat down, holding her mom's hand and softly persuading her: "Xiaobao and I aren't what you think we are. He truly treats me very well, and I really, really am so happy now. If you don't believe me, come live with us for a while, and you'll understand."

Mrs. Tian shook her head again and again, "I don't care for his money, nor will I live in his villa. Unless you bring me a marriage certificate to prove you're officially husband and wife, I won't move in with you."

"Mom..." Tiantian continued to persuade her for a while, but Mrs. Tian remained unmoved and refused to leave the old house.

Tiantian, seeing Yan Xiaobao remain silent the whole time, thought he was upset. She took his hand, said farewell to her mom, and walked out of the house.

"Honey, I'm sorry, I didn't expect it to turn out this way..." Tiantian hugged Yan Xiaobao's arm and said.

"I'm fine, I just don't understand what you all are fussing about." Yan Xiaobao said indifferently. "That guy yesterday was too annoying. Where does he live? I'll go give him a beating."

"Forget it." Tiantian said dispiritedly, "Even if he doesn't talk, others will. Killing him won't stop the rumors. Those narrow-minded, gossipy people don't understand anything except stirring up trouble. Forget it, Mom's side—I'll slowly persuade her. You don't have to take it to heart."

Hearing her, Yan Xiaobao let the matter drop. Guys like Deng Wenhai wouldn't bring much satisfaction even if beaten up.

"Honey..." Tiantian finally couldn't help but ask the question she was most curious about, "Have you... have you ever been married?"

Yan Xiaobao nodded, "Yes, I have."

"Oh..." Although she had already guessed the answer, Tiantian nonetheless felt a pang of disappointment.

"Then... who is your wife?" Tiantian asked again.

"My wives..." Yan Xiaobao thought for a moment, then replied, "Right now, my official wives are: Heavenly Sister, Xiao Wan Wife, and you—three. Soon-to-be official wives include: Rourou Wife, Bingbing Wife, Wife Qingqing. Ye Shanshan is my Reserve Concubine, and as for Chen Cheng and Gao Jing, I've only seen photos of them."

"..."

Tiantian was rendered speechless, "What I meant was, who is the one you've officially registered with through a marriage certificate?"

"Marriage certificate?" Yan Xiaobao looked puzzled and said, "Why would I need any certificate to get married to my wives?"

"A marriage certificate..." Tiantian explained, "It's the legal proof required to make couples officially recognized as husband and wife under the law."

Yan Xiaobao sneered, "My wives are protected by me. Why do I need legal protection?"

"..." Tiantian stared at him wide-eyed, "Are you saying you've never registered at the Civil Affairs Bureau to get a marriage certificate?"

"Of course not, and I never will in the future either." Yan Xiaobao said, "Why should I register my marriage with someone else?"

"So it turns out... this is what it means..." Tiantian finally figured out the kind of "wife" concept Yan Xiaobao was referring to, but at the same time, she found it completely baffling. "In that case, am I not really a mistress in the traditional sense?"

"Mistress?" Yan Xiaobao looked seriously at Tiantian and said, "You're definitely not a mistress. You're the fourth. Heavenly Sister is first, Xiao Wan Wife is second, you're the third."

Finally, Tiantian fully understood that as his "mistress," she wasn't the "third party," but rather the "third wife."

"So in that case..." Tiantian, feeling somewhat like a newly admitted "concubine," lacked confidence. "Does Heavenly Sister come first in your heart, Xiao Wan Wife second, and me third?"

"No." Yan Xiaobao corrected her, "Every wife is equally important in my heart. Only the Reserve Concubine is slightly less, but once Ye Shanshan becomes prettier and officially my wife, she'll be just as important."

Chapter 147 Mission and Responsibility

...

"So..." Tiantian wanted to clear up all her doubts at once and continued asking, "If Heavenly Sister bullies me, will you help me?"

"Nonsense! Heavenly Sister is so gentle, so kind, and so wonderful. How could she possibly bully you?" Yan Xiaobao widened his eyes, "My wife is only allowed to bully others, never her own family. Otherwise, I'll use the family discipline to spank her!"

Tiantian and Yan Xiaobao chatted while walking toward the Porsche 918-Spyder, then got into the car together.

"Honey, how many wives do you need before you're satisfied?" Tiantian asked as she started the engine.

Although she'd already come to terms with being "the fourth wheel," she still didn't want Yan Xiaobao to have too many wives, which would dilute his affection for her.

"I haven't thought about it." Yan Xiaobao said earnestly, "Heavenly Sister says: the greater the ability, the greater the responsibility. Beautiful girls are Heaven's most precious gifts to the world, but under the skies, I'm the only good man around. So, I must strive to protect more precious treasures from being corrupted by bad men. That's my mission and responsibility."

"..." Tiantian couldn't help but retort, "Such lofty words for being a flirt... There are so many pretty girls in the world—actresses, young models, influencers—they're everywhere. Are you planning to make all of them your wives?"

"To be my wife, it's not enough to just look beautiful; her character must be good too." Yan Xiaobao replied, "Those women who are as beautiful as Xi Shi but whose hearts are venomous—I wouldn't take them as wives."

"When we first met on the flight, the first thing you said to me was: 'Miss, you're so beautiful, will you be my wife?'" Tiantian teased with a mischievous smile, "Could you tell just by looking at me that I had good character?"

"Of course I could." Yan Xiaobao answered seriously, "One's character influences their complexion, so it's pretty easy to discern."

"Really..." Tiantian was half-convinced, then asked suggestively, "If you have so many wives... can you handle it? If every night is as wild as these past few nights, you might die young..."

Yan Xiaobao burst out laughing, "Heavenly Sister taught me a divine skill: the 'Qiankun Extreme Joy Treasure Book.' The more wives I have, the stronger I'll become. If you don't believe me, let's go home now and have a three-day, three-night battle!"

"Hmph! Shameless..." Tiantian scolded playfully, "I want to go check on my dad. He's been locked up so long; I don't know how he's doing..."

Previously, Tiantian resented her father for his poor conduct, which caused her to lose her hard-earned flight attendant job. She refused to visit him in prison. Now, with her fortuitous reunion with Yan Xiaobao, she'd stumbled into a lavish and happy life as a "mistress," so her resentment toward her father had gradually faded.

Blood ties are ultimately irreplaceable. Now that Tiantian's life had improved, she started worrying about her father again.

"No need for you to come along, honey." Tiantian volunteered to give Yan Xiaobao the day off.

Her visit with her mom earlier hadn't gone smoothly, and if she dragged Yan Xiaobao to meet her dad next, who knew what chaos might ensue? Tiantian's father was the polar opposite of her mother—if he knew Tiantian had "hooked up with a rich man," he'd definitely scheme something. Tiantian didn't want her dad ruining her blissful life again.

"Alright." Yan Xiaobao agreed cheerfully, "Then drop me off at Fu'er Hospital. I'll visit Rourou and ask Gao Ming why he hasn't brought his sister over for me to meet yet."

"..." Tiantian pouted, putting on a look of grievance, "I know I don't have the right to object to you finding more wives, but... but could you at least not be so blunt about it next time? I'd rather you come up with a story and lie to me, even if it's just to coax me."

"But I never lie to my wives." Yan Xiaobao replied sincerely.

"Then just say you're meeting up with friends." Tiantian suggested her own excuse.

While discussing these "world-changing" topics, Tiantian parked the car in Fu'er Hospital's underground garage, kissed Yan Xiaobao goodbye, and took a taxi to visit her father in prison.

Driving a Porsche 918-Spyder to visit prison would be far too conspicuous; Tiantian didn't want her father catching wind of it.

Yan Xiaobao arrived at the specialist office and, sure enough, Xia Rou was there. She was leaning over the desk, seemingly studying medical images.

At the moment, the office was just Xia Rou alone. Yan Xiaobao grinned happily, dashed over, and hugged her from behind, cheerfully calling out, "Rourou!"

Xia Rou's delicate body trembled. She quickly covered the photos on the desk with her hand and turned around to snap, "What are you doing? Let go of me!"

"Rourou, what's wrong?" Yan Xiaobao froze.

Xia Rou's face was filled with anger, her eyes reddened—as if she were simultaneously furious and hurt.

"What's wrong with me has nothing to do with you!" Xia Rou replied coldly, forcefully breaking free from Yan Xiaobao's grip.

What was happening?

Yan Xiaobao was completely puzzled. Things had been fine just a few days ago—why was Xia Rou suddenly so upset today?

"Here, take it!" Xia Rou removed the ring worth 188,000 yuan from her finger and handed it back to Yan Xiaobao. "I'm not your wife. We have nothing to do with each other. Don't bother me anymore!"

"What's going on..."

Yan Xiaobao suddenly noticed the photos on the desk, showing him and Tiantian.

"Huh? Why are there pictures of me?" Yan Xiaobao picked up the photos and looked through them one by one. Xia Rou didn't stop him—her face clearly saying, "Look at what you've done!"

There were more than ten photos, including shots of Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian laughing together next to the Porsche 918-Spyder, mingling at the front of a furniture mall, and receiving deliveries at the door of their new home...

All the photos showed Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian in sweet, loving moments like a blissful newlywed couple.

"The pictures turned out pretty good." Yan Xiaobao said cheerfully as he viewed them.

Sometimes candid shots by others look more natural and attractive than staged ones.

"You..." Xia Rou, boiling with rage, shoved him hard. "Get out! I don't want to see you anymore!"

"Rourou, are you mad about these?" Yan Xiaobao held the diamond ring, finally starting to suspect that Xia Rou might be jealous...

"I'm not mad! Why would I be mad? What are you to me? Why should I be mad because of you?" Xia Rou grew more emotional as she lashed out.

Yan Xiaobao glanced up at the ceiling, then smirked and cheekily grabbed Xia Rou's hands. "My fourth junior brother says: The more a woman loses her temper with you, the more she likes you. Rourou, are you falling for me even more?"

Chapter 148 The Injured Angel

...

"I don't like you one bit!" Xia Rou struggled hard, but couldn't break free from Yan Xiaobao's hands. "Go find someone who likes you, stop bothering me!"

"I know Rourou likes me, so that's why I came to find Rourou. Hehe!" Yan Xiaobao clung to Xia Rou shamelessly. "Rourou, are you mad at me for being biased, giving Wife Tiantian a car and a house but not buying anything for you?"

"I don't want it!" Xia Rou continued her stubbornness. "Even if you gave me something, I wouldn't take it! Tiantian is your wife, I'm not. Why would I want your stuff?"

"Rourou, you are obviously my wife, and soon you'll officially become my wife."

Yan Xiaobao said seriously to Xia Rou, then made a call: "Tang Wenjun, that fifty million advance is spent. Bring me another fifty million."

Tang Wenjun knew Yan Xiaobao rarely made requests, but when he did, there was absolutely no room for negotiation.

Even though it had only been a few days and now he had to prepare another fifty million in cash, it was a bit stressful for him. But he quickly reassured: "No problem, I'll make sure to deliver the money within today."

"I don't want your money, don't..."

Before Xia Rou could finish her sentence, Yan Xiaobao made another call: "Liao Qihua, get me another house like the last one."

Liao Qihua had already gifted Yan Xiaobao a lakeside villa. The next day, Yan Xiaobao asked for another. He even kicked out his own brother-in-law to give the house to Yan Xiaobao. And now, on the third day, Yan Xiaobao was asking again...

Anyone else would surely think Yan Xiaobao was an insatiable black hole. A house per day? Even the world's richest person couldn't keep up with this pace...

But Liao Qihua didn't think that way. He believed someone like Yan Xiaobao was more of an "immortal being." While his actions and words seemed unconventional—defying common logic—he definitely wasn't someone who craved money and wealth.

Otherwise, when he was gravely ill and near death, that would have been the best time for Yan Xiaobao to "extort" money—there was no need to wait until now to ask for houses.

"There's a small problem..." Liao Qihua said hesitantly. "There are no more lakeside villas available in Jiale Garden. I can ask my brother-in-law to move out, but I can't expect other residents to relocate... How about I find a similarly high-quality villa in another development?"

"Sure." Yan Xiaobao didn't make things unnecessarily difficult for Liao Qihua. After all, he wasn't completely unreasonable.

Yan Xiaobao then prepared to call Qian Jiale to get him to deliver another Porsche. Xia Rou grabbed his arm and stopped him, "Yan Xiaobao! Do you think I'm some gold-digging materialistic girl? Let me tell you, no matter how much money you offer, no matter how expensive the house, I won't accept it!"

"I don't think you're a gold digger." Yan Xiaobao responded. "It's perfectly normal for a husband to give his wife gifts, isn't it?"

Xia Rou: "I'm not your wife!"

Yan Xiaobao: "You will be very soon."

"I don't have time for you!" Xia Rou didn't want to argue further with Yan Xiaobao. She grabbed a stack of files and said, "I need to go to a meeting. Stop causing trouble!"

Yan Xiaobao watched Xia Rou's silhouette fade into the distance and didn't follow her. He quietly plotted to himself: Looks like I need to find a way to visit Rourou's home and heal that patient of theirs. Once I've fixed everything, Rourou will have no choice but to officially agree to be my wife.

While Xia Rou went to the meeting, Yan Xiaobao found Gao Ming in the neighboring office. "Hey! Why haven't you taken me to see your sister yet? Are you trying to back out? Better watch it, or I'll teach you a lesson!"

Gao Ming immediately waved his hands in surrender and replied, "I haven't backed out! My old man has already given his approval. It's just... My sister's not feeling well lately and doesn't want to see outsiders..."

"Not feeling well?" Yan Xiaobao interrupted. "Your sister's sick? Great, take me to her. No matter what the illness is, I'll cure her in no time."

"Um... it's not exactly like that..." Gao Ming hesitated and said. "She's not physically ill... It's more like she's emotionally down..."

"That's no problem either," Yan Xiaobao said casually. "Take me to her. Once she sees you've found such a handsome and capable husband for her, her mood will naturally improve."

Gao Ming: "..."

Finally, under Yan Xiaobao's relentless persuasion, Gao Ming had no choice but to take leave from work and bring Yan Xiaobao to the Gao Family's ancestral home.

The Gao Family's ancestral home was a traditional courtyard with a history spanning over a century. Designed with three entrances and exits, it covered nearly three acres and was situated right in the middle of the city.

As Binhai City underwent continuous expansion, now encompassing over 500 square kilometers, countless properties were demolished and rebuilt. Yet, the Gao Family's ancestral home stood firm, proving the family's strong influence in Binhai City.

Gao Ming led Yan Xiaobao into their ancestral home and first went to see the Gao Family patriarch, Gao Yutang.

Gao Yutang had already heard from Gao Ming that Yan Xiaobao was the senior to Medical God Hua Mingyuan. Therefore, when meeting Yan Xiaobao, he didn't dare to act superior. Instead, he greeted him respectfully, "Divine Doctor Yan, your esteemed visit brings great honor to our humble home! Please, have a seat. Do you prefer Dragon Well tea or Pu'er tea?"

"No tea for me." Yan Xiaobao waved dismissively. Without beating around the bush, he pointed at Gao Ming and said, "I'm here for his sister."

Gao Yutang was already aware of Yan Xiaobao's intent and fully supported it. If his granddaughter could marry Yan Xiaobao, the Gao Family's ties with Hua Mingyuan would be strengthened, which would be a tremendous boon for the family, renowned as a Jiangnan traditional medicine dynasty.

"I completely understand Divine Doctor Yan's wishes. If Xiao Jing can form a lifelong union with you, it would be a wonderful blessing. Our family wholeheartedly approves." Gao Yutang spoke, though his expression grew troubled. "However, as for Xiao Jing right now... sigh..."

Yan Xiaobao grew impatient and asked, "Why are you beating around the bush? What's the matter?"

"Here's the thing..." Gao Yutang explained. "Last year when Xiao Jing went abroad for further studies, she got involved with a boyfriend. Later, the guy cheated on her—hooking up with her best friend. Xiao Jing caught them in bed together. They broke up after that, but Xiao Jing suffered a deep emotional trauma and hasn't been able to recover from it. She's still stuck in the shadow of that event..."

Gao Ming, seeing that his grandfather was candidly exposing the matter, opted not to hide anything either. He added, "Right now, my sister is like a completely closed-off door, cutting herself off entirely from the world. Besides Grandpa and me, she won't let anyone come near her. Her mental state is worsening by the day and is on the verge of collapse. If things continue like this, she may completely fall apart..."

Chapter 149 I've Taken Your Sister Away

...

"From a medical perspective, Xiao Jing's condition falls under emotional trauma-induced depression," Gao Yutang sighed and said. "At first, I thought Xiao Jing, as a psychologist herself, might have the ability to self-heal. But unexpectedly... she has loved too deeply and can't let go of the past, unable to move forward."

"Precisely because my sister is a psychologist..." Gao Ming continued, "we also invited experts in the field to help her. But my sister is very familiar with psychological treatments and strongly resists them. The psychologists we brought in were all helpless; they couldn't treat her at all."

"That's simple," Yan Xiaobao said nonchalantly. "Just leave her to me."

"This..." Gao Yutang and Gao Ming exchanged a look. Gao Yutang hesitated and said, "This might be a bit troublesome..."

"Why?" Yan Xiaobao asked, displeased. "You don't believe I can cure her?"

"No, no, that's not what I meant," Gao Yutang explained hurriedly. "It's just that Xiao Jing is currently refusing to meet outsiders. I'm afraid her emotions might flare up and she could offend the Divine Doctor."

"No need to worry," Yan Xiaobao said. "Your granddaughter's psychological illness is grave; we need strong medicine to cure it. I'm planning to use a rather intense method to treat her."

"Strong medicine?" Gao Yutang was startled and asked worriedly, "What intense method does the Divine Doctor plan to use for treating Xiao Jing?"

"This isn't convenient to disclose for now," Yan Xiaobao said. He wasn't trying to be secretive but realized that if he revealed his "intense method," the Gao family pair would certainly refuse to entrust Xiao Jing to him.

"Just leave her to me, and I guarantee I'll cure her."

"Divine Doctor, you intend to take Xiao Jing away?" Despite Gao Yutang's deep trust in Yan Xiaobao's extraordinary medical skills, handing over his beautiful granddaughter to a young man to take away still made him uneasy.

"That's right. Xiao Jing's condition is severe and unique, so I must take her away for closed treatment," Yan Xiaobao pressed on. "There's no time to waste. Quickly hand her over to me."

"But..." Gao Ming hesitated and said, "My sister is an adult. It's not like we can simply decide to entrust her to the Divine Doctor, and she'd willingly follow you..."

"Just take me to meet her. I'll make sure to bring her with me," Yan Xiaobao said as he thought for a moment and then took out his phone to call Tiantian. He asked, "Wife Tiantian, where are you?"

At this time, Tiantian had just finished visiting the detention center. "I'm on my way back to the city. Planning to go to Fu'er Hospital to pick up my car. Why, hubby, you miss me already?"

"Of course. Hurry up and come pick me up," Yan Xiaobao said, sharing the Gao family estate's address and asking her to drive over.

...

In the end, after some deliberation, the Gao family grandfather and grandson agreed to let Yan Xiaobao take Xiao Jing for "closed treatment."

Seeing Xiao Jing in her current state—if she didn't end up dead, she would almost surely go mad—they really had no other option.

"Follow me," Gao Ming said, leading Yan Xiaobao through the mansion and toward a small wooden house in the backyard garden. He stopped and knocked on the door, his face full of sorrow.

"Is it my brother? Come in," a cool and somber female voice floated from inside the wooden house.

Gao Ming pushed the door open and led Yan Xiaobao inside. Despite the bright sunlight outside, thick maroon curtains darkened the room considerably. NovelBin.Côm-cơ

In the dimly lit room, a beautifully curved woman sat at a dressing table with her back to the door, quietly lamenting her reflection. She exuded an aura reminiscent of Daiyu reborn.

"Sister, this is Divine Doctor Yan, the senior of Medical God Hua Mingyuan," Gao Ming introduced, deliberately mentioning "Medical God Hua Mingyuan" to ease Xiao Jing's resistance to treatment.

Xiao Jing turned her head upon hearing this.

Yan Xiaobao then saw her picturesque beauty.

Her translucent complexion resembled sculpted jade and carved ice; snowy-white skin glowed like frost; her delicate curves rose and fell softly, her skin supple and refined; her silky black hair was smooth and shiny, emitting a faint fragrance. Her dreamlike, enchanting face appeared radiant and chaste, her cherry lips vibrant and alluring, her rosy cheeks soft, her swanlike neck slightly curved, her rounded shoulders slender and graceful, her snow-white jade-like arms tender and gentle, her ten slender fingers long and delicate, seeming almost transparent like crystal in close view.

But what stood out most wasn't Xiao Jing's striking beauty—it was her eyes. Her eyes were starkly cold, void of expression, utterly hollow, as if no person or thing could penetrate her gaze.

She cast Yan Xiaobao a pale glance before speaking to Gao Ming without emotion, "Brother, why bother? A cure for my illness won't save my life..."

Gao Ming sighed, walked to Xiao Jing's side, and held her icy cold hands gently, persuading her softly, "Sister, your life is still long ahead. Your fate certainly isn't supposed to be like this. If you face treatment bravely, everything will get better."

"I know, I can recover." A painful smile suddenly tugged at Xiao Jing's lips. "But I don't want to recover..."

"Sister, you..." Gao Ming sighed heavily. "For someone like that, ruining yourself—is it worth it? No matter how much pain you feel, how much suffering you endure, he won't know. Even if he did, what then? Will it make him come back to you? Even if he comes back, will you really accept him again..."

"Enough!" Xiao Jing abruptly broke free from Gao Ming's grip, clutching her ears and screaming hoarsely, "It's none of your business! Leave! All of you, leave me alone!"

"Alright, alright. I'll leave immediately. Don't get upset..." Gao Ming quickly stepped back.

At that moment, Yan Xiaobao suddenly stepped forward, extending his index finger and lightly pressing it between Xiao Jing's brows.

Xiao Jing immediately shut her eyes and collapsed. Yan Xiaobao caught her by the waist and, turning to Gao Ming, said, "I'm taking your sister."

"Uh..." Gao Ming finally understood what Yan Xiaobao meant when he'd said, "Just take me to meet her, and I'll make sure to bring her with me."

"Rest assured. Within a month, I'll cure her and bring her back home happily to see you all," Yan Xiaobao assured them.

His promise eased the worries of Gao Yutang and Gao Ming. Yan Xiaobao was, after all, a senior to Medical God Hua Mingyuan. If he claimed he could cure her within a month, there was certainly no doubt.

Not long after, Tiantian arrived in her Porsche 918 Spyder to pick up Yan Xiaobao.

Seeing Tiantian, whose beauty rivaled Xia Rou's and Xiao Jing's, Gao Ming couldn't help feeling envious. But considering Yan Xiaobao's flamboyant reputation as "Medical God Hua Mingyuan's senior," Gao Ming sighed and silently admitted defeat with a big "服" in his heart.

Chapter 150 Are You Kidnapping Me?

...

Tiantian happily came to pick up Yan Xiaobao, only to find him holding a beautiful woman in his arms, making her feel a pang of sourness in her heart.

Didn't he just promise earlier today not to mention any other "wife" in front of her?

And now, as soon as her back was turned, he went ahead and carried a beautiful woman right in front of her...

Was this not outright bullying?

"This car only has two seats!" Tiantian pouted, her face full of displeasure.

"No problem, I'll just hold her." Yan Xiaobao, with Gao Jing in his arms, got into the front passenger seat.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao hugging another woman right in front of her without even trying to calm her down, Tiantian grew more upset. She shoved the car keys into Yan Xiaobao's hand. "Then drive yourself back. I'm going to my mom's place!"

"She's sick and has already passed out. How could she sit in the car on her own?" Yan Xiaobao handed the keys back to Tiantian. "Wife Tiantian, hurry up and drive."

Only then did Tiantian notice Gao Jing's closed eyes, her pale face resembling a frail Lin Daiyu.

Tiantian's stormy mood shifted to partly cloudy. She got into the driver's seat, started the car, and hesitated before asking, "She's your patient, not your wife, right?"

"She's my patient, but she'll soon become my wife too," Yan Xiaobao said matter-of-factly.

"Ugh! I hate you!" Tiantian glared at Yan Xiaobao and slammed on the gas. "Why don't you just put her in the trunk instead?"

...

When they arrived at Jiale Garden, Yan Xiaobao carried Gao Jing out of the car and walked toward the lakeside villa.

Following behind, Tiantian grumbled unhappily, "Husband, are you seriously bringing another woman into our home? Is that really okay?"

Yan Xiaobao turned around and asked in return, "We're all one family. What's the problem?"

"You... You're not seriously planning to, you know, double that-that, are you?" Tiantian's face turned shy and embarrassed.

"Huh? That 'double that-that' you're talking about sounds kind of fun..." Yan Xiaobao tilted his head, seemingly daydreaming about something naughty.

"You scoundrel! I'm not talking to you anymore!" Tiantian sulked, spun around, and got back into the Porsche 918 Spyder before speeding off.

"Come back soon and bring us something to eat..." Yan Xiaobao's voice echoed faintly behind her.

"Scoundrel!" Tiantian ground her teeth in frustration.

This guy, so insensitive to others' feelings. It's bad enough he collects so many "wives." Can't he sneak around to indulge himself? At least that way, out of sight, out of mind. But no, he had to bring another woman here and ruin their two-person world.

That scumbag, he's definitely up to no good! He probably sees himself as the Emperor, with three palaces, six courtyards, seventy-two concubines, all joyfully living in harmony?

Unbelievable!

Tiantian made a decision: She couldn't keep giving in endlessly. Becoming the "mistress" was already the limit of a woman's tolerance. She absolutely couldn't let Yan Xiaobao push further, or life would become unbearable in the future...

So, Tiantian didn't go far. After driving a loop, she brought back some takeout for dinner and returned to Jiale Garden shortly after.

Walking into the house, she only saw Yan Xiaobao and not the beautiful woman. Tiantian asked, "Where is she?"

Yan Xiaobao replied, "In the basement."

This lakeside villa was an American-style wooden house. The basement level was entirely hollowed out for moisture resistance, doubling as a space for storing tools and miscellaneous items.

"Why did you put her in the basement?" Tiantian was utterly shocked.

Didn't he say that beautiful woman was his patient and would soon become his wife?

Whether as a patient or soon-to-be wife, shouldn't she be placed on a bed in the bedroom? What was the point of tossing her into the basement?

Curious, Tiantian walked toward the basement to see for herself.

"Just take a quick look, but don't wake her up," Yan Xiaobao said from behind.

With a head full of questions, Tiantian went down to the basement. At first glance, she was so terrified that she turned and bolted back upstairs, asking Yan Xiaobao in panic, "You... Why did you tie her up? Is this... Is this a kidnapping?"

In the basement, Gao Jing lay on a mattress without a bed frame. Her hands and feet were tied up, her eyes were covered with a blindfold, and her mouth was sealed with tape. She looked entirely the part of a kidnap victim.

"I brought her here with her family's consent," Yan Xiaobao explained. "But I need her to think she's been kidnapped."

"Why?" Tiantian was slightly relieved but even more bewildered. "Her family agreed to let you tie her up like this?"

"I only told her family I was taking her for closed-off treatment," Yan Xiaobao smiled.

"This kind of closed-off treatment... You've really outdone yourself..." Tiantian rolled her eyes at Yan Xiaobao. "What on earth is wrong with her for you to pretend to kidnap her?"

"Emotional trauma," Yan Xiaobao briefly explained Gao Jing's situation.

"Huh?" Tiantian exclaimed. "She's already so miserable, and now you tie her up... Isn't that just making things worse?"

"She has severe masochistic tendencies and Stockholm Syndrome. The worse her ex-boyfriend treated her, the more obsessed she became, unable to break free. I'm using poison as medicine to give her a strong dose of reality."

Yan Xiaobao confidently said, "Don't worry. I'll cure her quickly and make her forget her past, so she'll willingly become my wife."

Stockholm Syndrome refers to a psychological phenomenon wherein victims of a crime develop feelings of affection, dependence, or even support for their captors. This emotional connection causes victims to sympathize with and, in some cases, assist their captors.

"You..." Tiantian regarded Yan Xiaobao like one would a weasel. "You're not planning to... assault her, are you?"

"Of course not. How could I do something like that?" Yan Xiaobao chuckled. "I'll make her beg me, crying and screaming, to marry her."

"You..." Tiantian could only shake her head in speechlessness. "What exactly are you planning?"

"You'll find out soon enough." Yan Xiaobao cheerfully started unpacking the takeout. "Wife Tiantian, let's eat first."

"Here, you eat this. These are all your favorite dishes." Tiantian opened another takeout box and swapped it with Yan Xiaobao's. "Leave that one for her."

"No need." Yan Xiaobao pulled both takeout boxes toward himself. "I'll let her go hungry for one night first."

Tiantian: "..."

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That night, Gao Jing woke up from unconsciousness, horrified to find her hands and feet bound, her eyes blindfolded in darkness. She tried to cry out for help but could only make faint "mm—mm—" sounds through the tape over her mouth...