

Medical 151

Chapter 151 Yan Xiaobao's Trick

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What's going on?

Where am I?

Have I been kidnapped...

A series of panicked question marks popped up in succession. Gao Jing's heart was filled with extreme fear.

She remembered her brother, Gao Ming, had brought a young man referred to as "Divine Doctor Yan" to see her. The last thing she remembered was "Divine Doctor Yan" reaching out to tap the space between her eyebrows...

Could it be that this "Divine Doctor Yan" did something to her and kidnapped her?

That can't be right. Gao Ming was there at the time; how could he let someone take her away?

Besides, that "Divine Doctor Yan" looked young, brilliant, and harmless, not at all like some vicious kidnapper...

But if this isn't a kidnapping, then why are her hands and feet tied, her eyes blindfolded, and her mouth gagged?

Could something else have happened? What exactly went down?

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Gao Jing wasn't wrong. Upstairs, in the restaurant above the basement, Tiantian was like a delicious delicacy, being enjoyed at leisure by Yan Xiaobao as if served on a silver platter...

In the chaos of her terror, Gao Jing had not noticed that the sorrow and grief over the past, which had been tormenting her, seemed to have been momentarily forgotten...

Just as Gao Jing took a breath of relief, she suddenly heard the sound of a door opening, followed by approaching footsteps.

"Who are you...? What are you going to do...? Don't come any closer..." Gao Jing shrank back like a frightened fawn, struggling to move away.

The person approaching didn't answer. They walked up to Gao Jing, removed the blindfold from her eyes, and gently peeled off the tape from her mouth.

Gao Jing stared at the grinning Yan Xiaobao and asked in panic, "It's you... You're Divine Doctor Yan?"

"That's right." Yan Xiaobao nodded. "My name is Yan Xiaobao."

"You... why am I here? What do you want with me? Where's my brother? What have you done to him?" Gao Jing stammered, a torrent of questions spilling out.

Yan Xiaobao answered succinctly, "Your brother lost a bet, so as agreed, he gave you to me as my wife. I plan to cure your illness first and then officially make you my wife."

"Wha... what?" Gao Jing was completely bewildered. "This is impossible! There's no way my brother would use me as a wager! Besides, who I marry isn't up to him!"

"I'm not lying to you. Your brother was convinced I couldn't cure Liao Qihua's heart failure, so he wagered you as collateral for my Rourou. In the end, he lost, so now you're my wife." Yan Xiaobao said with a playful smile. "Whether your brother has the final say or not doesn't matter. What I say is what counts."

"You... you're insane..." Gao Jing struggled violently. "This is kidnapping! You're breaking the law! Let me go, or I'll scream!"

"Go ahead and scream if you like." Yan Xiaobao casually placed a heated takeout meal in front of Gao Jing. "Or, you could eat first, fill your stomach, and scream louder afterward."

Gao Jing didn't call for help. She was too familiar with the trope of "scream all you want, no one will hear you" from countless TV shows and movies. She didn't want to waste her energy, nor did she want to show fear and helplessness in front of this "kidnapper."

Yan Xiaobao proceeded to untie the ropes around Gao Jing's hands and feet. "Eat up while it's still warm."

Gao Jing hesitated, staring at Yan Xiaobao without moving. Although she was indeed a bit hungry, in such a situation, how could she dare to eat food offered by her "kidnapper" so casually?

"I'm above putting drugs in the food, and there's no need for it," Yan Xiaobao said. "Don't worry; I won't force you to do anything you don't want to do. I'll make sure you willingly become my wife."

"In your dreams!" Gao Jing gritted her teeth.

After being trapped in despair and pain for so long, she felt she wasn't even afraid of death. There was no way she'd let someone like Yan Xiaobao, a wolf in sheep's clothing, succeed.

"I mean it. Within a month, you'll see for yourself." Yan Xiaobao got up and headed for the door. "I'll leave you to eat and rest. Starting tomorrow, I'll begin treating your illness."

"You're the one who's sick!" Gao Jing glared angrily at Yan Xiaobao. Watching him leave and close the door, she collapsed onto the ground, as if all the strength had drained out of her body.

It seemed... she really had been kidnapped...

Gao Jing wandered around the basement but quickly gave up on the idea of finding a way to escape. As a frail woman, there was no way she could pull off a real-life prison break.

"Grumble... grumble..." Her stomach protested loudly in hunger.

After thinking it over, Gao Jing finally sat down and began wolfing down the food.

She didn't know what Yan Xiaobao would do to her tomorrow, but she needed to be full to have the energy to resist. Besides, Yan Xiaobao probably wouldn't drug her food. If he wanted to force anything, she didn't have the strength to resist anyway.

After finishing her meal, Gao Jing sat numbly on the mattress, her mind a mess, filled with fear, confusion, and disbelief.

How did she go from sitting safely at home to being inexplicably kidnapped?

What era was this? How could absurd things like betting wives and sisters still happen?

And even if Gao Ming had lost his senses and gambled her away as a "wife," there was no way Grandpa would allow him to go through with it...

What on earth was going on here?

Wait!

Suddenly, a light bulb went off in Gao Jing's mind. She remembered Gao Ming introducing Yan Xiaobao as the senior apprentice of Medical God Hua Mingyuan! If that were true, then...

This could very well be a setup planned by Grandpa, Gao Ming, and Yan Xiaobao—a highly unconventional method to help her work through her emotional scars.

Yes! That has to be it!

Having pieced everything together, Gao Jing finally relaxed completely.

Now that she understood the truth behind this "kidnapping," she didn't feel scared at all. She lay down to conserve her energy, ready to expose Yan Xiaobao's little charade the next day.

Chapter 152 Tuning Mode Activated

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Early the next morning, Yan Xiaobao entered the room carrying a tray with a cup of milk, two fried eggs, and three slices of whole wheat bread. He looked at Gao Jing and smiled, "Jingjing, my wife, I didn't expect you to be so obedient, not calling out or making a fuss all night."

Gao Jing sneered coolly, "Why should I call out or fuss? It's obvious you conspired with my grandfather and brother to set up this trap to scare me. Do you think I'm that easily fooled?"

"So that's how you see it..." Yan Xiaobao placed the breakfast in front of Gao Jing. "Well, eat your breakfast first, and then we'll start."

"Do you think I'm afraid of you? I'd like to see what tricks you have up your sleeve!" Gao Jing said, then began eating her breakfast in large bites, seemingly preparing herself for a head-on confrontation with Yan Xiaobao.

Though Gao Jing appeared to be eating furiously and stubbornly, to Yan Xiaobao, she looked utterly adorable.

He watched her finish the lavish breakfast with a smile, then stretched out a finger in front of her. "I'm about to begin. Are you ready?"

"What are you going to do?" Gao Jing was taken aback. She thought Yan Xiaobao might try to make her pass out again like the last time and quickly dodged backward.

But Gao Jing's speed was nowhere near enough to evade Yan Xiaobao. His finger precisely pressed against the area of her Dantian.

Gao Jing felt as though a warm current had been injected into her lower abdomen, akin to having a heated patch stuck there—cozy and comforting.

"You... what are you doing..." Gao Jing was bewildered but also found it somewhat miraculous. How could Yan Xiaobao's touch send a warm sensation into her body?

"Just letting you experience a little of the joy of being my wife." Yan Xiaobao grinned. "Soon, you'll grow to love this feeling."

As soon as Yan Xiaobao finished speaking, Gao Jing felt the warmth in her lower abdomen intensify. A continuous stream of soothing warmth began spreading from her Dantian throughout her meridians and across her entire body...

From her lower abdomen to her waist and hips, up to her chest, then along her neck to her head... her arms... her palms... her thighs... her calves... the soles of her feet... even her toes...

It felt like a pair of warm, strong hands brushing over her body. Gao Jing experienced an unprecedented comfort that made her unintentionally let out a soft moan.

Realizing her lapse, Gao Jing's cheeks flushed red, and she hurriedly admonished, "You... what did you do to me? Stop... stop it now..."

Yan Xiaobao crossed his arms, leisurely observing the now blush-filled Gao Jing, and teased, "Jingjing, my wife, you look so beautiful and cute like this. How could I stop now when it's just beginning?"

"No... I don't want this..." Gao Jing felt as though her entire bloodstream was ready to boil. The endless waves of warmth and pleasure had pushed her to her limit.

She clenched her teeth tightly, desperately trying to resist the indescribable yet irresistible waves of bliss, unwilling to show even a hint of pleasure in front of Yan Xiaobao.

"I'm here, but Jingjing, my wife, seems to be holding back a bit. Perhaps I should leave first." Yan Xiaobao chuckled as he stood up and headed for the door. "You still have an hour left, Jingjing, my wife. Take your time to enjoy it."

An hour left?

Gao Jing's heart raced in shock. She was already struggling to endure it now, with the flames inside her burning wildly and leaving her entire being tingling...

After Yan Xiaobao left, Gao Jing's inner defenses and resistance gradually weakened, while the physical sensations of pleasure continued to intensify.

The heat coursing through her body surged like tidal waves, making seven or eight cycles before gradually consolidating, gathering at the top of her head, her inner ears, neck, collarbone, underarms, chest, lower abdomen, thighs... and even that particular sensitive spot...

These areas were a woman's most sensitive. The heated currents generated intense stimulation, causing Gao Jing to shiver slightly and her breathing to grow increasingly rapid. Yet she clenched her teeth harder, forcibly restraining the sensual pleasure consuming her...

This hour might have been the longest hour of Gao Jing's life.

It was an hour of extraordinary physical enjoyment and pleasure, yet one filled with psychological turmoil and embarrassment as Gao Jing struggled with all her might to repel the blend of massage-like comfort and tantalizing sensations at Yan Xiaobao's hands.

The heat in her body was like fire, her mind as cold as ice—the conflicting feelings were indescribable.

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Yan Xiaobao glanced at the time. Gao Jing's first "stimulating treatment" should have just about ended. As he prepared to check on her, Tang Wenjun's call came through.

"Brother Bao, I got wind of some news. That punk Ma Boyao is out of the hospital—seems he's sneaking around plotting something shady, probably to get back at Brother Bao."

"Get back at me?" Yan Xiaobao dismissed it nonchalantly. "With his pathetic skills, he'll never beat me in his lifetime."

"That kid's incredibly devious; he wouldn't challenge you openly and fairly." Tang Wenjun paused to think, then suggested, "I suspect he might resort to dirty tricks against your wives."

"Sneaky tricks?" Yan Xiaobao suddenly remembered the photos he saw yesterday at Xia Rou's place. "No wonder Rourou had pictures of me and Wife Tiantian—it must be Ma Boyao behind this!"

"Pictures?" After understanding the situation, Tang Wenjun also agreed with Yan Xiaobao's hunch.

Ma Boyao had been infatuated with Su Xiaowan, but she ended up becoming Yan Xiaobao's wife. Enraged by this, Ma Boyao harbored resentment and likely chose such underhanded means to create rifts in Yan Xiaobao's relationships.

"That kid is such a nuisance." Yan Xiaobao was annoyed. "Do you know where he is? I might as well go deal with him once and for all."

Tang Wenjun answered, "I just passed by Jiuzhou Fitness Club and saw Ma Boyao's car parked outside..."

"I'm heading there now." Yan Xiaobao hung up the phone and immediately got up.

"Honey, where are you going?" Tiantian asked.

Yan Xiaobao replied, "I'm heading to Jiuzhou Fitness Club to finish off a bothersome guy."

"I'll drive you there." Tiantian, worried Yan Xiaobao might actually do something extreme, offered to accompany him.

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Outside the parking lot of Jiuzhou Fitness Club, Tang Wenjun was already waiting. Feeling apprehensive about Yan Xiaobao possibly causing major trouble, he had come to "spectate."

While Tang Wenjun was all for teaching Ma Boyao a harsh lesson, he couldn't let Yan Xiaobao take matters too far.

Tang Wenjun led Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian out of the parking lot and toward the entrance of Jiuzhou Club. Suddenly, a delighted female voice called from behind, "Honey!"

Turning around, they saw none other than Yan Xiaobao's "Reserve Concubine," Ye Shanshan, who had been striving hard to earn a promotion to official status.

Chapter 153 Beat You Until You Understand

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"Why are you here?" Yan Xiaobao asked.

"I've been working out and practicing yoga here all the time. Honey, look, haven't I gotten pretty good at it?" Ye Shanshan said while pulling down the zipper of her sports jacket, unabashedly revealing the sports bra underneath. "I've even developed abs!"

Ye Shanshan's lower abdomen was smooth and toned, with no trace of excess fat, and there were indeed faintly visible ab lines—quite athletic. Moreover, her chest seemed to have grown a size bigger.

"Hmm, not bad," Yan Xiaobao nodded in approval.

"Does that mean I can officially be promoted now?" Ye Shanshan asked with anticipation in her voice.

"Soon, soon. Keep working hard," he replied.

Yan Xiaobao had been deeply involved with Tiantian recently and had also started Gao Jing's "training program," so he wasn't in a hurry to make Ye Shanshan his official wife.

"Still not official yet..." Ye Shanshan looked slightly disappointed and then noticed Tiantian beside Yan Xiaobao. "Are you my husband's wife too? What rank are you?"

Tang Wenjun: "..."

"I..." Tiantian replied softly, a little embarrassed, "Third..."

"Third Sister!" Ye Shanshan immediately grew familiar, hooking her arm around Tiantian's, and enthusiastically introduced herself: "My name is Ye Shanshan, I'm Xiao Liu. In the future, I'll count on Third Sister's guidance!"

Tiantian: "You... Hello..."

"We should probably go inside..." Tang Wenjun led the peculiar group into Jiuzhou Club.

Through the glass wall of the karate hall, Yan Xiaobao immediately spotted Ma Boyao chatting with several karate practitioners inside. Without another word, he charged in and shouted at Ma Boyao, "Hey! You annoying punk, last time's lesson wasn't enough for you, huh? You still dare to mess with me? I'll take you down today!"

When Ma Boyao saw Yan Xiaobao, his fury rose to the surface. With a cold sneer, he retorted, "You damn brat, coming here is your death wish! No matter how good you are at fighting, do you think you can beat my entire karate hall?"

Ma Boyao was one of Jiuzhou Club's co-owners and had been sponsoring the karate hall for years. As a result, the karate practitioners there were basically his hired muscle.

"Young Master Ma, is he the enemy you spoke of?" The karate hall's owner asked. After Ma Boyao nodded, the owner immediately waved a hand, preparing to make his mark and avenge Ma Boyao.

"Wait, Owner!" Coach Niu hurriedly grabbed the owner, looked at Yan Xiaobao with fear, and whispered, "He's the guy who came to challenge us last time..."

"What?" The owner was taken aback. "He's the Inheritor you mentioned, the one who single-handedly injured over twenty of you?"

"That's him," Coach Niu nodded with lingering fear. Last time's lesson had left a trauma he'd never forget in his lifetime.

"Uh..." The owner hesitated.

If Coach Niu plus over twenty people couldn't match Yan Xiaobao, going up alone was practically asking for trouble. While he was slightly better than Coach Niu, if it was him against Coach Niu and twenty others combined, he'd be beaten even worse.

Ma Boyao was equally shocked. He knew Yan Xiaobao could fight, but he hadn't realized he was that good. Taking down over twenty karate practitioners—was this guy even human?

"Hey! Have you decided? Are you getting rid of yourself, or should I do it for you?" Yan Xiaobao approached menacingly.

Ma Boyao immediately shouted, "Everyone, attack! Whoever beats Yan Xiaobao gets a prize of one million! If injured by him, you'll each get a hundred thousand!"

The owner, hearing this, wasted no time. He waved his hand and yelled, "Troops, it's time to get to work, charge!"

Over thirty karate practitioners around the venue immediately stood up with zeal, "Snap!" "Snap!" "Snap!" charging into the area.

Coach Niu had no choice but to follow, toughening up his resolve.

Actually, this group knew full well they weren't a match for Yan Xiaobao, but with such a lucrative reward, courage overcame caution. Even if they couldn't defeat him, getting injured by him meant a hundred thousand yuan—why hesitate? Taking a beating for that kind of money was worth it!

Ma Boyao didn't expect them to defeat Yan Xiaobao either; his plan was to use them to stall him, buying time to escape.

Seeing over thirty brawny karate practitioners rushing forward to encircle Yan Xiaobao, Tiantian couldn't help but exclaim, "Honey, be careful!"

"Third Sister, don't worry. Honey is super strong. These guys can't beat him," Ye Shanshan said while casually crossing her arms, watching the scene unfold as if it were entertainment.

She had full confidence in Yan Xiaobao. Last time, at this very karate hall, witnessing his godlike fighting prowess had caused Ye Shanshan's perspective to transform entirely. She willingly became Yan Xiaobao's "Reserve Concubine."

Yan Xiaobao wasted no words. He immediately turned the situation into a live-action martial arts movie for Tiantian.

The owner rushed in first, but before he could grasp what was happening, he found himself airborne. Even mid-air, he stupidly watched as the other thirty-plus karate practitioners followed—one by one—flying in all directions...

Ye Shanshan still couldn't clearly see how Yan Xiaobao made his moves. All she could perceive was a sudden flash before her eyes, with thirty-plus figures in white uniforms hurled away like paper dolls swept up by a tornado. The whole process took merely the blink of an eye.

"Ah—thud!"

"Thud! Thud! Thud! Ah! Ah! Ah..."

The chorus of thirty-plus people hitting the ground echoed repeatedly behind them, each scream of anguish reverberating in the room. Ma Boyao's face turned pale with fear. He had only managed three steps away before Yan Xiaobao grabbed him by the neck, lifting him like a chick.

"Yan Xiaobao, you want to kill me?" Ma Boyao feigned bravado. "Don't you know murder is illegal?"

"Smack!"

A loud slap was Yan Xiaobao's answer, leaving five bright red fingerprints on Ma Boyao's cheek.

"Stop... Stop hitting me!" Ma Boyao immediately surrendered and pleaded for mercy. Spoiled since childhood, his tender skin was no match for Yan Xiaobao's forceful blows.

"Smack!" Another sharp slap landed, matching the first with a red imprint on his other cheek.

Yan Xiaobao asked, "Was it you who secretly took photos of me and Wife Tiantian, then intentionally used them to provoke my Wife Rourou?"

"N-no! It wasn't..." Ma Boyao denied nervously.

"Smack!" Another slap.

Yan Xiaobao pressed further, "Then who did it?"

"I don't know..."

"Smack!" Another slap.

Yan Xiaobao said, "You don't know? Then I'll keep hitting you until you do!"

"I know, I know..." Ma Boyao dared not resist anymore and confessed, "It was me, I was blind and foolish... I swear I'll never mess with you again..."

Chapter 154 Prepare for the End Quickly

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Watching Yan Xiaobao holding Ma Boyao, one of the "Jiangnan Ten Tigers" like a son, slapping him, Tang Wenjun felt secretly delighted and admired his own cleverness.

The first time he saw Yan Xiaobao, he noticed his extraordinary nature. After several interactions, they were now on pretty good terms. If he had sided with Ma Boyao back then, he might have ended up the same way.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao hitting someone, Ye Shanshan was both excited and thrilled, blushing as she repeatedly told Tiantian, "Third Sister, see? Didn't I tell you our husband is the best? I wasn't lying."

"Hmm hmm..." Tiantian was at a loss for words.

This girl named Ye Shanshan was truly eccentric, getting excited as if Yan Xiaobao was doing something to her...

"Smack!" Ma Boyao received another heavy slap.

At this moment, Ma Boyao was in a more miserable state than last time; his face was swollen like a fat pig's head, and his glasses were long gone. His mouth was missing several teeth, scattered all over the ground...

Yan Xiaobao: "Next time? There won't be a next time. Today, I'm finished with you!"

"Wait!"

"Stop!"

A man's and a woman's voices rang out simultaneously.

The one shouting "wait" was Tang Wenjun. His main purpose for coming here was to stop Yan Xiaobao at such a moment, to prevent him from really finishing off Ma Boyao and causing big trouble.

The one shouting "stop" was a female arrest officer who had just arrived, full of heroic spirit, none other than Han Ruobing!

It turns out, Tang Wenjun feared he couldn't stop Yan Xiaobao himself, so he called Han Ruobing in advance to have her hold the fort as double insurance.

When Yan Xiaobao saw Han Ruobing, he immediately dropped Ma Boyao and went up to her excitedly, "Bingbing wife, why are you here? Did you miss me?"

"Miss your big head!" Han Ruobing put on a stern face, glanced around, and saw the scattered karate people on the ground and Ma Boyao beaten like a pig's head. She frowned and said, "Are you so full with nothing to do that you came out to beat people again?"

Yan Xiaobao innocently defended himself: "They picked a fight with me first."

"Han... Chief Han, I'm reporting... Yan Xiaobao... he wants to kill me!" Seeing his savior, Ma Boyao immediately pleaded incoherently, "You heard it just now, he said he wants to finish me today, it's outright attempted murder!"

Han Ruobing frowned even tighter and asked Yan Xiaobao displeased, "Why did you hit him again?"

"He secretly took photos of me and Wife Tiantian, ran to Rourou to tattle, and made Rourou very angry. Of course, I had to give him a good beating, teach him a lesson. If he dares to mess with me again, I'll finish him!" Yan Xiaobao righteously accused Ma Boyao of his "crimes".

When Han Ruobing heard this, she was speechless at yet another case of jealousy and petty nonsense.

"Chief Han, you heard it, he threatened to finish me again!" Ma Boyao continued to protest his injustice to no end.

"It's just talk, how's that a threat?" Tang Wenjun cheerfully chimed in: "Young Master Ma, you know full well, even if you accuse Brother Bao of murder or whatever, at most it will just stir up Su Xiaowan. In the end, this matter will not blow up, so why bother holding grudges and insisting on fighting Brother Bao to the end?"

"Tang Wenjun, stop pretending to be the good guy!" Ma Boyao, harboring hatred for both Tang Wenjun and Yan Xiaobao, said, "You can bow and scrape to please this little bastard, but I, Ma Boyao, cannot swallow this indignation!"

"Swallow this indignation? Then I'll let you swallow your breath instead." Yan Xiaobao flicked his index finger, sending an invisible stream of Qi into Ma Boyao's body, "You won't survive tomorrow, better hurry home and prepare for your last rites."

Han Ruobing felt something was definitely wrong.

Though Yan Xiaobao seemed to speak incoherently and unreliable, what he said never failed to manifest. Did he really do something to kill Ma Boyao?

However, Ma Boyao didn't seem to feel anything wrong with his body, he gritted his teeth and growled, "Yan Xiaobao, just you wait, I'm not done with you!"

"You're about to be done, how are you not done with me?" Yan Xiaobao rolled his eyes at Ma Boyao as if looking at a dead man and then ignored him, moving closer to Han Ruobing with a playful face, "Bingbing wife, let's go eat."

"No!" Han Ruobing refused immediately. She certainly couldn't go eat with Yan Xiaobao and his "Wife Tiantian" and "Reserve Concubine", otherwise, what would she become to Yan Xiaobao?

Ye Shanshan tried to help Yan Xiaobao persuade a little, but Han Ruobing not only didn't relent, she even gave her a lecture.

Finally, Han Ruobing arranged for Ma Boyao and over thirty karate people to be sent to the hospital, while Ye Shanshan happily went home with Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian for dinner.

"Wow! Third Sister, your car is so beautiful!" Ye Shanshan praised Tiantian's Porsche 918-Spyder endlessly, "It must be a gift from your husband!"

Tiantian nodded, and Ye Shanshan was more excitedly coquettish to Yan Xiaobao, "Husband, when I'm regularized, can you also gift me a sports car? I prefer Maserati!"

...

Late at night, a sudden panicked female voice broke the silence in Fu'er Hospital's inpatient department: "Oh no! Young Master Ma is critically ill!"

The on-duty doctor immediately came to check the condition. freewebnovel.com

At this moment, Ma Boyao was already unconscious, with various vital signs continuously declining, on the brink of death.

"Quick, send him to the emergency room, notify the expert team!"

One of the "Top Ten Outstanding Youth of Jiangnan", Ma Boyao was in a coma and dying, causing chaos in the hospital.

The director Zhang Hongde was awakened by a phone call, quickly got up, and rushed to the hospital.

Seven or eight specially-appointed experts were also pulled out of their beds by phone calls to rush for consultation and emergency care.

Lord Prefect Ma Jinjue, who was originally in Shanghai attending a meeting, upon learning his son Ma Boyao was in critical condition, also rushed back to Binhai overnight.

Chief Constable of Baofeng District Zhang Zhixue and Han Ruobing also came upon hearing the news.

That night, many people were disturbed...

"I think we should get Yan Xiaobao here quickly." Han Ruobing suggested. For some reason, she didn't mention Yan Xiaobao's earlier words about Ma Boyao not surviving till tomorrow.

"Right!" Zhang Hongde nodded in agreement, "The situation is urgent, it's safest to get Divine Doctor Yan here."

Zhang Zhixue immediately called Yan Xiaobao, asking him to come to Fu'er Hospital quickly.

"Ma Boyao is dying? Then let him die, I'm not going to save him." Yan Xiaobao certainly wouldn't come to treat Ma Boyao, he was sleeping soundly, holding Wife Tiantian in his arms.

Chapter 155 The Master Makes His Move

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"Yan Xiaobao, it's me, Han Ruobing." Han Ruobing answered Zhang Zhixue's call and said coldly, "Come here immediately!"

"Bingbing, what do you need me for?" Yan Xiaobao bargained, "If you're asking me to go save Ma Boyao, then I'm not going. Unless you ask me to sleep with you, then I'll go."

"Come over first, and we'll talk." Han Ruobing didn't dare to lay down her words too firmly, fearing Yan Xiaobao might really not come.

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After Yan Xiaobao arrived, Han Ruobing pulled him aside to question him privately: "Yan Xiaobao, what did you do to Ma Boyao?"

"Nothing much, just slapped him a few times. Didn't you see it happen, Bingbing?" Yan Xiaobao spread his hands, signaling innocence.

Han Ruobing pressed on, "Then why did you say Ma Boyao wouldn't make it till tomorrow?"

Yan Xiaobao replied casually, "Because I can read fates. That guy Ma Boyao is surrounded by dark clouds—looks exactly like someone who's about to die."

Han Ruobing stared seriously at Yan Xiaobao and asked, "Didn't you swear before that you wouldn't lie to me or hide things from me? Tell me the truth, what exactly did you do to Ma Boyao?"

Yan Xiaobao thought about it for a moment, then nodded, "Alright, since you insist on knowing, I won't hide it. I injected True Qi into Ma Boyao's death point—there's no way he'll live past 24 hours."

"You..." Han Ruobing was both anxious and furious. "Just for such trivial matters, you're going to kill him?"

"How is that trivial? Anything involving my wife is a big deal!" Yan Xiaobao said righteously, "If I don't take him out this time, who knows what other schemes he might come up with against my wife in the future."

Anyone who poses a threat to his wife and family must be dealt with mercilessly and prevented in advance.

These were the words of Yan Xiaobao's fourth martial brother, the God of Death, Ye Tian. Yan Xiaobao found them to be very reasonable, which is why he decided to apply them to that punk Ma Boyao.

"What you're doing is wrong." Han Ruobing tried to reason with Yan Xiaobao patiently. "You injured Ma Boyao today; the evidence is clear. If he mysteriously dies tomorrow, you'll be suspected of intentional homicide."

"And so what?" Yan Xiaobao said indifferently, "I was the one who injured him, that's true. But when he was sent to the hospital, wasn't he still alive and kicking? If he dies at the hospital tomorrow, what's that got to do with me? Blame it on those useless doctors in the hospital for their incompetence."

"If Ma Boyao dies in the hospital, Dean Zhang will be in big trouble. Plus, your... your Rourou also works in the hospital, doesn't she?" Han Ruobing continued to persuade him.

"You need to understand, Ma Boyao's father is the Binhai Prefect, in charge of Binhai's criminal cases. He's Chief Zhang's direct boss... and also my boss's boss. If you kill his son, both Chief Zhang and I will be in serious trouble."

"Oh..." Yan Xiaobao hesitated for a moment.

The Zhang Hongde and Zhang Zhixue father-son duo didn't concern him much. But if killing Ma Boyao ended up making things difficult for his "Rourou" and "Bingbing," then it seemed less worthwhile.

"How about this..." Yan Xiaobao grinned mischievously, scanning Han Ruobing up and down with his gaze. "Bingbing, if you agree to be my wife, I'll go save Ma Boyao. Deal?"

"You... scoundrel!" Han Ruobing was so enraged her face turned pale. She spun around and stormed off. "Do whatever you want; I'm done dealing with you!"

"Bingbing, don't leave—at least give me a kiss first!"

Just as Yan Xiaobao was chasing after Han Ruobing, three people approached them head-on.

Zhang Hongde and Zhang Zhixue flanked a tall middle-aged man with a solemn face and a commanding aura, someone who clearly occupied a position of authority.

"Lord Prefect." When Han Ruobing saw the tall man, she straightened up and saluted him.

The tall man gave a slight nod as acknowledgment.

"Divine Doctor Yan," Zhang Zhixue introduced Yan Xiaobao, "this is the Binhai criminal law official, Assistant Judge Ma Jinjue, Lord Ma. He would like to speak with you privately."

"So you're Ma Boyao's dad, huh?" Yan Xiaobao didn't bother to show much respect. "Your son's dying, and instead of looking for a doctor, you're coming to me for a chat? What's the point?"

Ma Jinjue maintained a steady expression as he said, "I won't take up much of your time. Shall we?"

After stepping into a private office, Ma Jinjue's sharp eyes were locked onto Yan Xiaobao, his presence exuding an unspoken authority. If it were an ordinary person sitting across from him, they'd probably have been intimidated by his rank.

Unfortunately for him, the one sitting opposite was Yan Xiaobao. Having grown up on a mysterious island, authority, officials, and hierarchy meant nothing to him. Moreover, his martial brothers always boasted about being fearless of heaven and earth, and Yan Xiaobao firmly believed he was even better than them, making him even less inclined to fear anyone.

Seeing that Yan Xiaobao showed no trace of fear, Ma Jinjue cut straight to the chase:

"I know you possess divine medical skills, and I also know my son Ma Boyao offended you. I'm not here to discuss who's right or wrong. For now, I'm not speaking to you as the Binhai Prefect but as a father, to negotiate something with you."

"Hold on, your son tried to steal Xiao Wan from me, then secretly took pictures of me to anger Rourou—what do you mean by 'not discussing who's right or wrong'?" Yan Xiaobao interrupted, clearly dissatisfied.

"Fine, let's say Ma Boyao made the first mistake. But to take his life over something so trivial—isn't that going too far?" Ma Jinjue's voice grew a bit harsher.

"Trivial?" Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened. "The heavens and the earth, but wives reign supreme! My wives are under my divine protection, and your son dared to repeatedly provoke them. Of course, the heavens will deal with him!"

Yan Xiaobao's attitude infuriated Ma Jinjue. Although he was merely the Binhai Prefect, whose rank placed him in the second tier of authority within Binhai City, the capital of Jiangnan Province still afforded him significant influence. Many high-ranking provincial officers treated him with great respect due to his formidable connections in Beijing.

Yet this young man, without any official rank or status, dared to display such disrespect!

But as he thought about his critically injured and comatose son, combined with the utter helplessness of the nation's top medical experts, Ma Jinjue forced himself to swallow his pride. His mastery of patience and composure from years in office allowed him to suppress his anger, keeping it undetectable.

Chapter 156 One Who Does Evil Cannot Live Well

...

"Let's not beat around the bush and speak plainly here." Ma Jinjue stopped exchanging pleasantries with Yan Xiaobao and got straight to the point:

"I don't know exactly how you did it, but we both know the truth. Boyao's current predicament is entirely your doing. If you cure Boyao, I can guarantee that the grievances between you two will be written off and forgotten."

"Your son's condition today is not my doing." Yan Xiaobao shook his head. "Heaven may spare those who suffer natural disasters, but self-inflicted mistakes are unforgivable. Your son's fate is sealed—it's the will of heaven and cannot be changed."

Ma Jinjue didn't believe in fate or destiny. He stared coldly at Yan Xiaobao, his words laced with threats. "Do you really want Boyao dead?"

"Why can't you understand simple words?" Yan Xiaobao rolled his eyes at Ma Jinjue. "Didn't I just say? It's not me who wants him dead—heaven does."

"Young man, you really shouldn't go too far." Ma Jinjue, barely suppressing his rising fury, warned, "Leave some room for reconciliation so we can meet again on amicable terms in the future. Otherwise..."

"You're not some beauty—why would I want to meet you again in the future?" Yan Xiaobao sneered dismissively.

"Fine! Excellent..." A murderous glint flashed in Ma Jinjue's eyes as he shot Yan Xiaobao a deadly glare and stormed out.

The conversation between Ma Jinjue and Yan Xiaobao ended on an unpleasant note. Yet, contrary to Zhang Zhixue and Zhang Hongde's expectations, Ma Boyao did not instruct the Patrol Office to arrest Yan Xiaobao. Instead, surprisingly, he allowed Yan Xiaobao to leave freely, as if nothing had happened.

...

Meanwhile, in the Su family mansion, the eldest young master, Su Jingming, was having a conversation with the youngest sister, Su Xiaowan.

Su Jingming asked in confusion, "Xiaowan, are you really unaware that Young Master Ma was severely beaten by Yan Xiaobao and is now critically injured in the hospital?"

Su Xiaowan gave a faint smile and replied, "Although I don't go out often, I am, of course, aware of such a significant event."

"Then why haven't you reacted at all?" Su Jingming's confusion deepened. "I heard Ma Jinjue himself is stepping in. Aren't you worried that he might take aggressive action against Yan Xiaobao?"

"Because I knew you would come to me, dear brother." Su Xiaowan grinned slyly. "You're worried, aren't you—that if Ma Jinjue dares to act against Yan Xiaobao, I won't sit idly by? And then our Su family and the Ma family would inevitably be at odds, right?"

Su Jingming nodded. "If things escalate to that point, it will bring harm to both the Ma family and the Su family. So I think it's best if you go and persuade Yan Xiaobao to de-escalate the matter."

"If I were to go to Xiao Bao, he would indeed listen to me. But he'd also feel quite displeased in his heart." Su Xiaowan spoke leisurely. "Why would I deliberately make him unhappy?"

"This..." Su Jingming froze. "Are you saying that his momentary displeasure is more important than the trouble it could bring to the entire Su family?"

"The Su family, of course, is important. But the one who should bear ultimate responsibility for the family's future and fate is not me." Su Xiaowan's words clearly carried an underlying message.

"Xiaowan, you..." Su Jingming sighed. "Do you really need our uncle to bow his head to you?"

"Or you could ask Ma Jinjue to come beg me—that works too."

Su Xiaowan gazed out into the night beyond the window and added, "Oh, by the way, you should immediately inform Ma Jinjue: if he's planning to go after my husband, he'd better stop right now. Otherwise, his son is as good as dead—not even an immortal could save him."

...

Leaving the hospital, Yan Xiaobao returned to Jiale Garden as if nothing had happened.

The pressure from Ma Jinjue, coupled with the killing intent in his final glare, didn't bother Yan Xiaobao in the slightest. If Ma dared to resort to any overt or covert attacks, Yan Xiaobao wouldn't hesitate to take him down as well.

Upon hearing the entire story from Yan Xiaobao, Tiantian, filled with worry, tried to persuade him. "Husband, as the saying goes, 'Common folk shouldn't fight with government officials.' That Ma Jinjue is a high-ranking criminal officer in Binhai! If you really kill his son, he'll definitely come for revenge..."

"And so what?" Yan Xiaobao replied carelessly. "Worst case, I'll just take him out right now and see how he plans to get revenge."

"..." Tiantian was speechless.

A high-ranking official overseeing a provincial capital—wasn't someone you could just kill on a whim...

"Revenge only begets more revenge. Although Ma Boyao is despicable, you've already given him enough punishment. Why must you insist on killing him?" Tiantian continued to plead.

"It's not that I enjoy killing people—on the contrary. But the people in this world are just too wicked. If you spare them once, they won't show gratitude; they'll just escalate their behavior."

Though Yan Xiaobao hadn't been off the island for long, he had already encountered the ruthless and sinister nature of people like Luo Jianbi, Ximen Hao, Brother Biao, and Liu Zhen.

"That's why I've decided: if you cut weeds, you must uproot them completely. If you fight someone, beat them to death—never give bad people the chance to make a comeback."

"That may be true in principle, but..." Tiantian remained deeply worried. "I'm just really afraid something will happen to you, husband..."

"Don't worry." Yan Xiaobao grinned, wrapping his arms around Tiantian's slender waist. "Your husband is the most formidable man in the world—nothing is going to happen to me. My darling Tiantian, stop worrying and just cuddle up with me to sleep."

"Mhm..." Seeing how insistent Yan Xiaobao was, Tiantian didn't say any more and obediently nestled into his arms, curling up like a quiet little kitten falling asleep.

...

Holding Tiantian in his arms, Yan Xiaobao slept soundly.

However, that night, many others couldn't find peace enough to rest.

Not long after Su Jingming left, his father—Su Xiaowan’s elder uncle, Su Jian’an—knocked on the door of Su Xiaowan’s study.

As one of the top ten families in Jiangnan, the Su family’s wealth was beyond description. But for a prominent family of this scale, wealth alone would merely make them an enticing target for predators. Therefore, the Su family was not only rich but also heavily influential in politics.

The Su family’s key figure in politics was Su Jian’an. Binhai City was the capital city of Jiangnan Province, and Su Jian’an held the prominent position of Vice Governor (similar to a provincial deputy governor).

Of course, Su Jian’an wasn’t the only politically active member of the Su family, but there was no doubt he held the highest office. Moreover, at under fifty years of age, he still had significant room for advancement.

Two and a half years ago, after the passing of Old Master Qiao, Su Jian’an assumed the role of Family Head. The Su family now followed his directives—except in the case of Su Xiaowan.

The reason? Su Xiaowan’s unparalleled talent in finance and business made her irreplaceable. As a result, the Su family’s economic reins were almost entirely in her hands.

Chapter 157 You Actually Want Me to Beg You?

...

Su Jian’an oversees the family, while Xiao Wan manages the finances. The uncle and niece duo have always worked in harmony, dividing their responsibilities effectively.

Unfortunately, Yan Xiaobao’s sudden appearance placed Xiao Wan almost entirely at odds with the entire Su Family.

Previously, apart from Su Jingming, who remained neutral, every member of the Su Family opposed Xiao Wan’s "unauthorized" decision to marry Yan Xiaobao, refusing to acknowledge the marriage. After Yan Xiaobao beat Su Jinpeng and Ma Boyao in front of Su Jingming, even Jingming began leaning toward the opposition, harboring strong disdain for Xiaobao.

As the patriarch of the Su Family, Su Jian'an prioritized the family's interests and future above all else, making him Xiaobao's staunchest adversary.

Who was Xiao Wan? She was Jiangnan's first beauty, a financial prodigy, and the Su Family's cherished gem.

With her family background, looks, and talent, even the eldest son of Beijing's most prestigious household would have been a suitable match. Marrying Yan Xiaobao—an impulsive young man from who-knows-where—was nothing short of squandering resources and a travesty!

"Xiao Wan, we can discuss matters between you and Yan Xiaobao later. For now, could we have him cure Ma Boyao's injuries first?" Su Jian'an softened his tone, trying to sound as amicable as he usually did when speaking with Xiao Wan.

"My husband isn't someone who can be dismissed with a few casual words, you know." Xiao Wan emphasized the word "husband," adding pointedly, "He generally doesn't kill easily, but once he decides to, there's almost no saving the person. So you might want to inform Ma Jinjue that he should start making preparations for his son's funeral."

"Xiao Wan, you know this is something that could be resolved with just one word from you. If Ma Boyao really dies, it's bad for you, for Yan Xiaobao, and for both the Su and Ma families. Why must you go to such extremes?" Su Jian'an kept trying to reason with her.

"My husband has never cared about benefits when he does things." Xiao Wan smiled faintly, her tone easing, "If Ma Jinjue doesn't want to see his son die, he should come and plead with me."

"Xiao Wan!" Anger briefly flickered in Su Jian'an's eyes before he composed himself again. "Ma Jinjue has already made it clear: as long as nothing happens to Ma Boyao, he won't hold a grudge and won't trouble Yan Xiaobao anymore. But is it really necessary to ask the dignified Binhai Prefect to beg you personally? Isn't that going too far?"

"It is quite excessive." Xiao Wan sneered playfully, "Since you're here personally pleading on Ma Jinjue's behalf, you might as well do it for him instead."

"Xiao Wan, I'm your uncle, and you're asking me to plead with you?" At this point, even Su Jian'an's patience started wearing thin.

Su Jian'an sought out Xiao Wan because he didn't want the Su Family to be dragged down by Xiao Wan and Yan Xiaobao, severing ties with the Ma family. However, him begging? As the Vice Governor of Jiangnan, that was simply unthinkable.

"Uncle, you're a smart man who watched me grow up, so you know I'm not someone ungrateful or rebellious." Xiao Wan flashed a charming smile. "My intention isn't genuinely for Uncle to humble himself to me."

Su Jian'an understood Xiao Wan's goal: to use this incident to force the Su Family to accept Yan Xiaobao. However, from his perspective, allowing Xiao Wan to marry Xiaobao posed a much greater loss than cutting ties with the Ma family.

If Xiao Wan were willing to follow his arrangements for an alliance marriage, Su Jian'an was confident he could pick a strong candidate from one of Beijing's top families to establish a robust connection. With that, the Ma family's background in Beijing would be trivial.

"Like I said, your matter with Yan Xiaobao could be discussed at another time, in a closed-door meeting among family members. Right now, the priority is saving Ma Boyao. Dragging this out further will lead to irreparable consequences!" Su Jian'an deployed a stalling tactic, deflecting the issue.

"It's just the Ma family. What's there to be afraid of? Even if the entire sky were to collapse over this, at worst, it'd result in mutual destruction." Xiao Wan resisted Su Jian'an's stall strategy. She was in a commanding position, so she was determined to push Su Jian'an to concede and recognize Xiaobao as the "Su Family's son-in-law."

"Xiao Wan, don't forget—you are also part of the Su Family. If the Su Family suffers or falls, what good will it do you? What you're doing—is this fair to Grandpa, who loved you most?"

Su Jian'an stood up impatiently. "If the Ma family comes after the Su Family, you'll be the first target!"

"If Grandpa were still alive... he'd definitely support me and accept Xiaobao too." Xiao Wan's eyes sparkled with nostalgia. Then, she smiled with renewed confidence, "If the Ma family targets me, my husband will protect me. Actually, if the Su Family accepts Xiaobao, he could protect all of us here as well."

Seeing Xiao Wan steadfastly clinging to Yan Xiaobao like she was under a spell, Su Jian'an had no alternative but to compromise. "Alright, I alone can't make decisions about whether the Su Family accepts Yan Xiaobao. What I can promise you now is: I won't publicly lead any opposition against this anymore. Is that enough for you now?"

"Fine." Xiao Wan knew this was Su Jian'an's bottom line. Achieving this result was already within her expectations. "Uncle, you can now inform Ma Jinjue that as long as he behaves himself, his son's life can be spared."

...

"Ding dong!"

For the first time, the doorbell rang outside Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian's love nest.

"Who's there?" Xiaobao's tone was filled with irritation, thinking it was Zhang Zhixue or Zhang Hongde coming to plead for Ma Boyao again.

But when he opened the door and saw who it was, his annoyed expression instantly turned into pure joy.

"Wife Xiao Wan!" Xiaobao's face lit up as he spun the soft and delicate Xiao Wan around multiple times before carrying her into the house. "What brings you here?"

"I heard my husband was hiding away a beauty here, so I came by to check things out." Xiao Wan replied sweetly, smiling gently. "Am I interrupting? Not welcome?"

"Wife Xiao Wan, if you say something like that, do you want me to spank you?" Xiaobao teased, playfully patting Xiao Wan's soft, bouncy bottom, enjoying the sensation immensely.

"Husband..." Xiao Wan blushed instantly, pouting as she broke away from his embrace, "I came by especially to visit you and Tiantian. Don't act like this... People will think something improper!"

"We're all family here, what does it matter?" Xiaobao chuckled, pulling Xiao Wan back into his arms and planting a heavy kiss on her rosy lips. He then shouted upstairs, "Wife Tiantian, come down quickly! Rourou is here—let me introduce you two!"

Chapter 158 The Mistress Meets the Second Mistress

...

Tiantian heard Yan Xiaobao's shout from the master bedroom upstairs and was startled.

Su Xiaowan has come to the door?

She had already secretly inquired with Tang Wenjun about Yan Xiaobao's other wives and knew that Su Xiaowan, ranked second in the Yan Xiaobao household, was an extraordinary beauty.

She was a financial prodigy, the beloved daughter of the Su Family, and widely recognized as Jiangnan's first beauty.

Faced with "Second Sister" Su Xiaowan, Tiantian couldn't help but feel a bit nervous, a little self-conscious, and even a touch inferior.

Under Yan Xiaobao's repeated urging, Tiantian hurriedly tidied herself up and went downstairs.

Indeed, she lived up to the title of Jiangnan's first beauty!

Upon seeing Su Xiaowan beside Yan Xiaobao, Tiantian couldn't help but silently praise her.

Su Xiaowan had made no effort to dress up for her evening outing. Her smooth black hair was casually tied into a ponytail that hung behind her, and a few strands of bangs brushed against her flawless forehead. Her arched brows were faintly visible, adding a hint of mystery. Her eyes, deep as the starry sky, seemed to draw people in at first glance, drowning them in their depth. Her delicate lips glistened like ripe cherries, enticingly alluring.

Even though she simply stood casually beside Yan Xiaobao, there was an innate grace and unity between them, as if they were a pair of perfectly matched lovers.

To Su Xiaowan's eyes, Tiantian was equally stunning. Her clear, bright eyes, crescent-shaped brows, and long lashes trembled slightly, betraying her nervousness. Her fair and flawless skin had a faint rosy tint, and her moist, soft lips resembled tender rose petals. Two adorable dimples accentuated her exceedingly sweet demeanor.

"Sister Xiaowan, hello..." Tiantian, like a new concubine paying respects to the head mistress, greeted her cautiously.

"Alright, alright." Su Xiaowan took the initiative to grab Tiantian's hand, leading her to Yan Xiaobao's side. She complimented with a laugh, "Husband, your judgment is as sharp as ever. Tiantian truly lives up to her name; she's very sweet."

"Sister Xiaowan, you're too kind. How could I possibly compare to you..." In front of Su Xiaowan, Tiantian's already soft demeanor became even gentler.

"We're family now, why be so formal?" Su Xiaowan laughed as she pulled out a diamond brooch and handed it to Tiantian. "I came here in a hurry today and didn't prepare much. Here's a little gift for you, consider it a meeting present."

"Sister Xiaowan, you're too generous... Thank you, Sister Xiaowan..." Tiantian accepted the diamond brooch with both hands, her heart gradually easing.

Though the gift was small, its significance was immense. The brooch symbolized Su Xiaowan's acknowledgment of her.

Of course, there was no chance that Su Xiaowan, coming from a prominent family, would give anything ordinary. Even the centerpiece diamond of this brooch weighed at least three carats, making it extremely valuable.

After chatting with Tiantian for a while, Su Xiaowan shifted the topic to more serious matters, "Husband, I need your help to save someone."

"Alright." At Su Xiaowan's request, Yan Xiaobao naturally had no hesitations.

"Husband, you don't even know who I want to save, yet you agreed so quickly." Su Xiaowan covered her mouth as she laughed lightly.

Yan Xiaobao: "It doesn't matter who. If Xiaowan-wife wants to save them, then I'll save them."

"Really?" Su Xiaowan replied slyly. "What if the person is Ma Boyao? Would you still be willing?"

"Save him?" Yan Xiaobao froze for a moment. "Xiaowan-wife, why would you want to save him?"

"Husband, if Ma Boyao dies now, it will cause a lot of trouble," Su Xiaowan softly persuaded. "Keeping him alive will be more beneficial to us."

"Oh, Bingbing-wife also mentioned this could cause problems..." Yan Xiaobao hesitated, "But I already said he wouldn't live past tomorrow. If he survives, wouldn't people start doubting the reliability of my words?"

"No, I'll spread rumors letting everyone know that Ma Boyao's father begged you on his knees, and you magnanimously spared Ma Boyao's life," Su Xiaowan explained. "That way, people won't think your words lack credibility; instead, they'll believe your words carry even greater impact."

"I see..." Yan Xiaobao wavered.

Still, he felt that letting Ma Boyao die now would be best, but he didn't want Su Xiaowan to be unhappy. Since Su Xiaowan believed keeping Ma Boyao alive was better, he'd let him live a little longer. In any case, if Yan Xiaobao desired, he could have Ma Boyao eliminated at any time.

Su Xiaowan finally offered a deal Yan Xiaobao couldn't resist, "If you agree to rescue Ma Boyao tomorrow morning, I'll stay with you tonight, alright?"

"Alright!" Yan Xiaobao agreed decisively and without hesitation.

In truth, if Su Xiaowan had said this from the start, he would've agreed right away.

Although Su Xiaowan had long been his woman, every time they shared intimacy, it brought Yan Xiaobao unparalleled joy and happiness.

"I... I'll sleep downstairs..." Tiantian readily offered the master bedroom to Su Xiaowan.

Su Xiaowan didn't bother to be modest or feel as though she was overstepping bounds. With Yan Xiaobao's growing roster of wives, such situations were bound to occur frequently in the future. The less she made a fuss, the smoother things would be, minimizing the chance of disputes.

"Xiaowan-wife, I missed you so much!" The moment they entered the bedroom, Yan Xiaobao couldn't wait to lift Su Xiaowan into his arms and leap onto the bed.

"Smooth talker!" Su Xiaowan pretended to scold, "Every day you're glued to Wife Tiantian in sweetness; how would you possibly find time to miss me?"

"How could I not?" Yan Xiaobao grinned cheekily as he pushed Su Xiaowan onto the bed, gazing at her stunningly beautiful face. "Xiaowan-wife is the most beautiful! Of course, I miss you the most."

Su Xiaowan was happy inwardly but kept a straight face, "The most beautiful one is clearly your Heavenly Sister. Stop trying to sweet-talk me."

"Heavenly Sister is the most beautiful, and Xiaowan-wife is also the most beautiful," Yan Xiaobao shamelessly continued to flatter her. "Plus, Heavenly Sister is injured and can't sleep with me."

Su Xiaowan knew about this. Apparently, Heavenly Sister had suffered severe injuries, making her unable to engage in the most pleasurable and intimate act with Yan Xiaobao. Yan Xiaobao's departure from the island was primarily to find opportunities to enhance his abilities, breakthrough barriers, and ultimately heal Heavenly Sister.

"I see..." Su Xiaowan's voice softened into a velvety tone, suddenly exuding incredible charm. "Husband, I missed you very, very much too..."

"Boom!"

Su Xiaowan's utterly seductive words immediately ignited Yan Xiaobao, more potent than any aphrodisiac or stimulant.

...

This lakeside villa's construction quality was excellent; it was made with premium materials, ensuring sufficient soundproofing between the floors. Tiantian, sleeping downstairs, heard not a trace of any intimacy, but her mind couldn't help but wander.

Such a gorgeous Su Xiaowan, such a capable Yan Xiaobao... Having been apart for some time, tonight the two surely wouldn't rest, would they...

Chapter 159 A Loving Family

...

However, curiously enough, Tiantian didn't feel even the slightest bit of jealousy.

Perhaps Su Xiaowan was just too beautiful, making Tiantian incapable of resenting her for stealing Yan Xiaobao's affection. Instead, she felt somewhat grateful that Su Xiaowan hadn't excluded her, a "latecomer," from sharing the man that originally belonged to her.

Moreover, Su Xiaowan didn't insist on taking Yan Xiaobao out with her. Instead, she was completely composed and exceptionally gracious, choosing to do the most intimate thing with Yan Xiaobao in their love nest—on the very bed where Tiantian and Yan Xiaobao had slept before.

This was an extremely important signal: Su Xiaowan truly did not see Tiantian as an outsider.

Once her mindset relaxed, Tiantian quickly fell asleep peacefully.

...

The next morning, when Yan Xiaobao and Su Xiaowan came downstairs, Su Xiaowan seemed even prettier than before. Her already flawless, fair skin now glowed with a faint, radiant sheen, and she showed absolutely no signs of exhaustion from a night of "intense activity."

"Hubby, Sister Xiaowan, let's eat breakfast," Tiantian walked out of the kitchen with a sumptuous spread already prepared.

"Thank you." Su Xiaowan replied politely, linking her arm with Yan Xiaobao's as they walked toward the dining table. "Hubby, eat up quickly so we can go save Ma Boyao. I doubt he can hold out much longer."

"No rush, Wife Xiaowan. He won't die before sunset." Yan Xiaobao said leisurely, "I don't want to save Ma Boyao early anyway. Let Ma Jinjue stew in his worry for half the day first."

"That's fine too." Su Xiaowan took a sip of milk. "I've got some free time today. How about we go shopping and buy a few outfits for you and Tiantian? You're not the type to proactively buy clothes for the women in your life."

"How could that be? I've already bought Tiantian several sets of pajamas." Yan Xiaobao countered confidently.

At the side, Tiantian's face immediately turned red.

Yan Xiaobao's pajamas... were truly the kind of pajamas that could only be worn on the bed. Even when there were no guests at home, she still felt too embarrassed to wear them in the living room or dining room...

...

After finishing breakfast, Yan Xiaobao grabbed a glass of milk, two fried eggs, and three slices of bread before heading to the basement. "I'm going to treat Wife Jingjing first."

"Wife Jingjing?" Su Xiaowan asked curiously, "Why is she in the basement?"

Yan Xiaobao candidly told Su Xiaowan all about how he won a bet against Gao Ming, then brought his sister Gao Jing home for "isolated treatment."

Su Xiaowan didn't show any signs of shock or jealousy. Instead, she even seemed somewhat encouraging. "Hubby, you're really racking up creative ways to win wives now. Do you want me to help persuade her for you?"

"No need for now. Let me adjust her temperament for a while first." Yan Xiaobao said as he opened the basement door and stepped inside.

Standing nearby, Tiantian couldn't help but silently marvel: No wonder Yan Xiaobao adores Su Xiaowan so much and respects her deeply—they truly are in sync. It seems that in the future, Tiantian should try to learn from Su Xiaowan...

...

Having endured an hour of blissful yet tormenting "treatment" yesterday and locked in the basement for a whole day and night, Gao Jing immediately perked up upon seeing Yan Xiaobao. "How much longer are you going to keep me locked up here?" she demanded.

"It'll all be over once you officially become my wife." Yan Xiaobao chuckled, placing breakfast before her. "Wife Jingjing, don't worry—it won't take more than a month."

Gao Jing glared at Yan Xiaobao, gritting her teeth. "Fine! I'll agree to be your wife. Now let me go!"

"Wife Jingjing, you're obviously trying to trick me." Yan Xiaobao's gaze swept lower, his tone teasing. "But trying to deceive your husband comes with consequences—you'll be punished according to the family rules."

"You—" Gao Jing began.

"Don't argue, Wife Jingjing, eat your breakfast so we can start today's treatment." Yan Xiaobao retorted, stretching out a finger.

"I won't eat!" Gao Jing made one last feeble attempt at resistance.

"Oh, well then, we'll do the treatment first, and you can eat afterward." Yan Xiaobao said, poking gently at Gao Jing's lower Dantian.

Immediately, Gao Jing felt the same sensation as yesterday: warmth seemed to be injected into her abdomen, growing increasingly hotter and spreading continuously from her Dantian to her entire body along her meridians...

Standing at the doorway, Yan Xiaobao turned back and asked, "Wife Jingjing, you take your time with the treatment. I'm heading out with Wife Xiaowan and Wife Tiantian to do some shopping. Want me to bring anything back for you?"

Gao Jing managed to squeeze out a venomous "Get lost" through clenched teeth, struggling against that indescribable, shameful sensation consuming her once more.

...

Taking Su Xiaowan and Tiantian out for shopping felt absolutely exhilarating.

Su Xiaowan and Tiantian walked arm in arm like close sisters, chatting and laughing as they strolled down the street. Their presence complemented each other perfectly. freewebnovel.com

Su Xiaowan, crowned Jiangnan's first beauty, naturally attracted attention everywhere she went. Her return rate was easily 200 percent—plenty of people felt the need to do a double take.

Tiantian, whose looks ranked just slightly below Su Xiaowan's, was irresistibly sweet and adorable. Her return rate was an impressive 180 percent.

Feeling somewhat annoyed at being overlooked by passersby, Yan Xiaobao squeezed between Su Xiaowan and Tiantian, making them cinch his arms instead.

And just like that...

Yan Xiaobao's return rate instantly exploded to at least 250 percent!

If looks could kill, he would have been "slaughtered" over two hundred times within two minutes.

...

Born into a wealthy family, Su Xiaowan's taste and judgment were impeccable. Having controlled the Su family's finances for years, she was far better at spending money than Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian combined.

In just over two hours, Su Xiaowan managed to buy enough clothing for Tiantian and Yan Xiaobao to completely fill the wardrobes of their new home.

There were also various accessories, jewelry, and cosmetics. Tiantian began to feel like Su Xiaowan was her long-lost wealthy sister.

Yan Xiaobao's favorite stores, however, were naturally places like "Victoria's Secret." He didn't just buy plenty of "pretty clothes" for Su Xiaowan and Tiantian, but also made sure to pick out several sets for Gao Jing as well.

...

After a morning of shopping and lunch, Yan Xiaobao directed Tiantian to pack some food and bring it back to Gao Jing before climbing into Su Xiaowan's car and heading to Fu'er Hospital.

"Divine Doctor Yan, you're finally here..." Zhang Hongde muttered in relief after waiting for half the day, dripping with sweat as he ushered Yan Xiaobao and Su Xiaowan into Ma Boyao's VIP hospital room.

A crowd had already gathered outside the VIP ward. Among them were a group of doctors in white coats, pretty nurses in pink uniforms, Zhang Zhixue, who appeared visibly anxious, and an ominously menacing Ma Jinjue.

Standing nearby were Han Ruobing and Xia Rou, two of Yan Xiaobao's "would-be wives."

Chapter 160 Let You Live for Half a Year First

...

"So, you're Yan Xiaobao?" Accompanied by a gloomy voice, Yan Xiaobao felt a sharp killing intent rushing toward him. He quickly took a step forward, shielding Su Xiaowan, and immediately locked onto the source of the killing intent.

A few meters away, in the corner outside the crowd, stood a tall, wiry middle-aged man with dark skin and piercing eyes. The killing intent was emanating from him.

"Hey! Black Bamboo Pole, you're scaring my wife Xiao Wan!" Yan Xiaobao glared at the tall, wiry man and threatened, "Back off with your killing intent, or I'll end you right here!"

"Kid, you're quite arrogant, huh?" The tall, wiry man's eyes flashed with intensity. Instead of retracting his aura, he unleashed an even stronger oppressive force.

"Black Bamboo Pole, you've got a death wish, huh?" Yan Xiaobao was furious, his figure blurred as he charged straight at the man, his right hand firing off like lightning.

"Your speed is passable at best," the tall, wiry man said disdainfully in the face of Yan Xiaobao's assault. Then he threw a punch to meet Yan Xiaobao's fist.

"Bang!" A dull thud echoed.

Fists collided directly, the tall, wiry man's body swayed and he staggered half a step back.

Yan Xiaobao retreated a full step, glancing at the man with some surprise. "Hmm? Not bad. Since I left the island, you're the first to withstand even a tenth of my power."

"Bragging without a plan, huh?" Having gained the upper hand by half a step in the first exchange, the tall, wiry man sneered coldly. "If you only used a tenth of your strength, then I only used half of that tenth."

"Oh? Then let's see if you can take two-tenths of my power." Yan Xiaobao stepped forward again, throwing another punch that looked identical to the first one.

The tall, wiry man once again threw a punch head-on.

Just like before, their fists collided directly without any fancy moves.

"Bang!" Another dull thud sounded.

"Ugh!" The tall, wiry man groaned, stumbling backward several steps and slamming into the wall before coming to a stop, his gaunt face flashing a hint of redness.

"Still too weak." Yan Xiaobao turned away in disappointment, ignoring the man.

"Kid, do you think brute strength alone can beat me? Let me show you my ultimate skill—Heavenly Broken Leg!" the tall, wiry man roared furiously, leaping into the air and delivering a flurry of kicks toward Yan Xiaobao.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!" The man's rapid footwork was extraordinary, his strikes fierce enough to produce a whistling sound as they cut through the air.

"Not interested in playing with you." Yan Xiaobao casually extended his index finger and pointed mid-air.

A blast of invisible Qi shot straight into the man's forehead.

"Thud!" The tall, wiry man fell headfirst to the ground, crashing onto the floor and passing out instantly.

The surrounding crowd stood staring with mouths agape. Ma Jinjue's expression shifted, his brow furrowing tightly.

No one had ever witnessed a martial arts battle as fantastical as this, and none could have predicted Yan Xiaobao's immense power. Could that finger just now have been the legendary Six Meridian Divine Sword?

"Where's that Ma Boyao brat?" Yan Xiaobao swaggered nonchalantly, demanding, "Take me to him quickly; I don't have time for your nonsense."

"Young Master Ma is in the hospital room." Zhang Hongde hastily led Yan Xiaobao toward the room.

Yan Xiaobao entered the room and casually jabbed Ma Boyao's body with two fingers. "Done."

"Done? Why isn't my son waking up yet?" Ma Jinjue accused, thinking Yan Xiaobao was merely going through the motions and bluffing.

"He should wake up very soon." Zhang Hongde pointed to the vitals monitor, trying to smooth things over. "Young Master Ma's life signs are already stabilizing. Once they return to normal levels, he'll be

fine. Divine Doctor Yan's medical skills are impeccable; I can personally vouch for him. Rest assured, Mr. Ma."

As Yan Xiaobao left the room, he seemed to suddenly recall something. He turned back and addressed Ma Jinjue, "Oh, by the way—Black Bamboo Pole scared my wife Xiao Wan just now, and that really pissed me off. So, I don't want Ma Boyao to live too happily. I've only extended his life by six months for now."

"What? You..." Ma Jinjue roared in anger, "You're breaking your promise!"

"Who told you to let Black Bamboo Pole scare my wife Xiao Wan?" Yan Xiaobao shouted back, even angrier and louder than Ma Jinjue. "Is everyone in your Ma family naturally stupid? Don't you know that anyone who upsets my wife is walking toward their death? If I wanted to break my promise, I would've killed your son outright just now!"

Ma Jinjue opened his mouth but was utterly speechless under Yan Xiaobao's tirade. He had only wanted to test Yan Xiaobao's limits, yet Su Xiaowan had come along and was "startled," further inciting Yan Xiaobao's wrath.

The nearby Zhang Hongde father and son, alongside a group of doctors and nurses, dared not utter a single breath.

Ma Jinjue was a dignified Assistant Judge, the highest authority overseeing criminal cases in the entire Binhai Region... Yet Yan Xiaobao gave him no respect whatsoever, lambasting him mercilessly... This was truly... truly too brazen...

Yan Xiaobao turned, instantly putting on an innocent and friendly face as he greeted three stunning beauties. "My lovely wives—Xiao Wan, Bingbing, and Rourou—let's go."

Han Ruobing and Xia Rou remained silent; in this situation, responding or not responding both felt awkward.

Su Xiaowan grinned playfully, watching Han Ruobing and Xia Rou's embarrassment, seemingly enjoying the sight of Yan Xiaobao shamelessly teasing the beauties.

Just then, Tiantian called, panic-stricken, saying her mother had fainted and was rushed to Fu'er Hospital's emergency room by neighbors.

Upon hearing Tiantian sounding like she was about to cry, Yan Xiaobao had no choice but to temporarily let Han Ruobing and Xia Rou off the hook, and headed to the hospital entrance with Su Xiaowan to meet up with Tiantian.

After Yan Xiaobao and Su Xiaowan left, Ma Jinjue walked alone to the staircase, took out his phone, dialed a number, and his tone immediately turned reverent: "First Young Master, it's me."

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"Honey..." The moment Tiantian saw Yan Xiaobao, tears started falling uncontrollably.

"Don't worry, Wife Tiantian. With me here, your mom will be fine." Yan Xiaobao comforted her while holding her close as they walked into the emergency room.

Mrs. Tian was lying in the hospital bed, looking frail and sickly. The doctor had completed the preliminary diagnosis and told Tiantian:

"The patient has no major issues for now but has been overworked and emotionally stressed for years, leading to severe physical weakness. She needs plenty of rest, a cheerful mindset, improved nutrition, and good overall care. If possible, it's best for her to go on a vacation to relax."

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