

Medical 161

Chapter 161 We are all concubines

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Hearing the doctor say this, Tiantian finally relaxed a bit. She held her mother's hand and comforted her, "Mom, the doctor said it's nothing serious. Don't worry, just rest for a few days. I'll take you out for a trip..."

Mrs. Tian glared at Yan Xiaobao with a hint of resentment and interrupted Tiantian, "Tiantian, Mom's body isn't sick. It's just this lingering heartache... sigh..."

Ever since Mrs. Tian found out that Tiantian was "kept" by Yan Xiaobao and became the most despised "mistress," she couldn't eat or sleep well. Her body wasn't strong to begin with, and in just a few days, depression took hold and she fell ill.

At this moment, Xiao Wan stepped forward and said, "Mrs. Tian, Tiantian is living a great life now. How could that become a heartache for you?"

"Su... Lady Su..." Mrs. Tian struggled to sit up as soon as she saw Xiao Wan. Tiantian hurriedly helped her lie back down and adjusted the hospital bed.

"Mrs. Tian, do you know me?" Xiao Wan asked curiously.

"Yes, yes!" Mrs. Tian explained excitedly, "I work at the Huilijia Supermarket under your Su Family."

"Oh my!" Xiao Wan was also surprised and immediately said, "If I had known earlier, you wouldn't have had to work so hard. Now we're all family, and you won't need to exhaust yourself anymore."

"Family?" Mrs. Tian looked at Xiao Wan in bewilderment. "You're Lady Su... our statuses... how could we even dare to associate with you?"

"Mrs. Tian, you're being too polite." Xiao Wan sat at the bedside, like a filial and obedient daughter, and held Mrs. Tian's hand. She whispered softly in her ear, "Tiantian is Xiaobao's wife, and I'm also Xiaobao's wife. Tiantian and I are like sisters, so of course we're family."

"..."

Mrs. Tian was completely stunned. She looked at Xiao Wan, then at Tiantian, and then at Yan Xiaobao. Her shock knew no bounds.

The number-one beauty in Jiangnan, Lady Su of the Su Family, was actually Yan Xiaobao's wife?

And her own daughter, Tiantian, was also Yan Xiaobao's wife?

Xiao Wan regarded Tiantian as her sister, and they were now family?

How... how could such a thing even be possible?

After being dazed for a while, Mrs. Tian suddenly held Xiao Wan's hand tightly and bowed in apology: "Lady Su, I'm really sorry. This is all my fault for not raising Tiantian properly. She's not hardworking and even became your husband's mistress, destroying your marriage... I'm deeply sorry. I apologize on Tiantian's behalf..."

"Mrs. Tian, you misunderstand." Xiao Wan gently smiled and helped Mrs. Tian lie back down. "Tiantian isn't a third party, nor has she destroyed my marriage. She and I are both Xiaobao's wives, equal wives. There's no one to blame."

"Ah? What... what does that mean? Are you saying... Tiantian is, uh, like a second wife?" Mrs. Tian couldn't comprehend and tried to understand through old-fashioned notions.

"That's one way to put it." Xiao Wan smiled. "Actually, Tiantian and I are just the same—we're both my husband's junior wives."

Mrs. Tian: "..."

Xiao Wan herself is actually Yan Xiaobao's... junior wife?

Mrs. Tian felt as though her mind had turned into complete mush. She couldn't tell whether she had gone mad or if the world had.

In her mind, Xiao Wan—this high and lofty "Heavenly Pride Girl"—and her own daughter together serving as wives to one man... It was more unbelievable than the sun rising from the north.

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Even by the time Tiantian had completed the discharge procedures, Mrs. Tian was still in a dazed state.

Leaving the hospital, Tiantian helped her mother into a car worth fourteen or fifteen million—a Porsche 918 Spyder. It was only then that Mrs. Tian began to recover a little.

"Mom, let's go take a look at my new home."

Faced with her daughter's invitation, Mrs. Tian hesitated for a moment but didn't refuse again.

The impact Xiao Wan had brought upon her today was simply too powerful, inadvertently overturning her deeply ingrained beliefs and worldview.

Her daughter Tiantian became sisters with Xiao Wan, a "Heavenly Pride Girl"—something she wouldn't have dreamt of even in her wildest imagination.

Although the idea of "two women sharing one husband" was utterly unconventional, scandalous, and embarrassing to speak of... Since even Xiao Wan, a noblewoman, didn't mind, how could someone from their humble background have the grounds to object?

Having been busy all night and all morning with matters regarding Yan Xiaobao, Xiao Wan still had numerous issues to address within her family and company. She decided to drive Yan Xiaobao to Jiale Garden, bid him farewell, and return to the Su Family.

Yan Xiaobao and Tiantian escorted Mrs. Tian through their cozy love nest before taking her to the second lakefront villa gifted to them by Liao Qihua.

This villa's location and furnishings were slightly less lavish, but to Mrs. Tian—who had endured a lifetime of hardship—it made no difference whatsoever.

"Mom, this is the house Xiaobao specially prepared for you. You can settle here and enjoy your later years comfortably." Tiantian lovingly clung to Yan Xiaobao, her face brimming with happiness.

With Xiao Wan's persuasion, her mother seemed to slowly accept her relationship with Yan Xiaobao, and Tiantian felt an immense sense of relief lifting from her chest.

Mrs. Tian never dared imagine living in such a grand and luxurious house during her lifetime. She repeatedly tried to decline, saying, "No, no... This house is far too big and expensive... I can't live here alone. Just find me a random room in your house—that'll be fine..."

"Mom..." Tiantian blushed, hesitating before speaking.

Glancing at Tiantian, who was snuggling up to Yan Xiaobao like a delicate bird, Mrs. Tian understood the reason why Xiaobao arranged a separate house for her. It was clearly so he and Tiantian could have their intimate couple's life undisturbed. She quickly changed her tone:

"Perhaps I should move back instead. Our old house may be outdated, but I'm already used to it. As long as Tiantian is happy here, that's all I need to feel at peace."

"That won't do. If I'm living a luxurious life here while you endure hardship, there's no way I'll feel at ease!" Tiantian pleaded and finally managed to persuade her mother to settle down in the new house.

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After lunch, Tiantian and her mother contacted a moving company and began relocating immediately.

Meanwhile, Yan Xiaobao was invited by Tang Wenjun to inspect the rebuilt front yard of his villa. Joining them were Dong Yuqing and Qian Jiale.

By this time, Tang Wenjun's entire villa estate had undergone a drastic transformation. The square layout had been reconstructed into a perfectly circular design. Pure black and white marble transported from Xiamen was laid across the ground—the black and white alternating like a massive circular chess board.

At the center of the yard, a circular water pool with a diameter of ten feet was crafted from marble, featuring one black and one white side representing yin and yang—forming the profound and intricate Tai Chi Pattern.

Chapter 162: Acupoint Targeting is Like Adding Pupils to a Painting

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"Brother Bao, what do you think?" Tang Wenjun asked nervously, "Is this okay? If not, I'll have someone tear it down and rebuild."

Yan Xiaobao looked at the black-and-white checkerboard floor and murmured, "Doesn't seem all that great, huh..."

"I also feel like the color contrast is too intense," Qian Jiale echoed beside Tang Wenjun.

Tang Wenjun felt similarly, but this was constructed according to Yan Xiaobao's instructions, so he didn't feel right about complaining.

Dong Yuqing interjected, "The black-and-white marble is meant to form the foundational energy field for the Fengshui Formation. It doesn't necessarily have to be shown. If you want it to look prettier, you could lay another layer of tiles on top of this floor."

"Is that okay?" Tang Wenjun immediately asked Yan Xiaobao.

"If Wife Qingqing says it's okay, then of course it's okay."

Yan Xiaobao threw Dong Yuqing a flirtatious smile, causing her to turn her head aside.

"Alright then, I'll hire a renovation company to redesign it," Tang Wenjun said happily. Having spent so much money constructing such a large estate, naturally, he wanted the most perfect outcome.

"Don't touch this pool," Yan Xiaobao instructed, then added, "Bring me the Yin Yang Origin Bead and Fish Token."

Tang Wenjun personally ran into the villa and came out holding a wooden box. Inside the box, two smooth, glossy stone beads were padded with silk and carefully separated.

Yan Xiaobao picked up one of the beads, twisting it with both hands in opposite directions. To everyone's astonishment, the once-solid stone bead separated cleanly down the middle, as if it had been split with a blade.

Their eyes widened in disbelief.

Nima, this was marble, a stone bead! Yet in Yan Xiaobao's hands, it seemed to behave more like tofu...

"Fish Token," Yan Xiaobao extended his hand toward Tang Wenjun, "And bring me a carving knife."

With the Fish Token and carving knife in hand, Yan Xiaobao measured them briefly before using the knife to carve two fish-shaped grooves at the center of the split bead. He then casually placed one of the Fish Tokens into the groove, which fit perfectly, without the slightest gap.

Next, he used the bio-adhesive prepared by Tang Wenjun to glue the two halves of the bead back together. This type of bio-adhesive had extremely strong bonding strength and contained no artificial chemicals, ensuring no corrosion of the stone.

The other bead and Fish Token were treated in the same fashion. The Fish Token was split, with the side without text representing yin and the side with text representing yang. Yin paired with yin, yang paired with yang, each fitted into the corresponding Yin Yang Origin Bead.

"What's next?" Qian Jiale asked curiously, "Do we identify two points within the Tai Chi Diagram on the pool, drill two holes, and then embed the beads inside?"

"Exactly," Yan Xiaobao nodded.

"That simple?" Qian Jiale wondered aloud, suddenly feeling like setting up a Fengshui Formation wasn't all that difficult after all.

"Simple?" Dong Yuqing responded solemnly, "Outsiders watch for fun; insiders know the intricacies. Finding the two points within the Tai Chi Diagram is akin to acupuncture in Fengshui Technique—it's the most critical aspect that determines the success or failure of the entire formation."

"Oh, so it's like adding the finishing touch to a dragon," Qian Jiale and Tang Wenjun nodded in understanding.

"Exactly. As you might know, in the Tai Chi Diagram, the black half contains a white dot, and the white half contains a black dot. These two points symbolize yin within yang and yang within yin, the mutual cycle of yin and yang, and the perpetuation of balance. They are as crucial as the eyes on a Divine Dragon," Dong Yuqing explained while closely examining the pool built on the Tai Chi Diagram. "At the very least, I wouldn't dare claim to pinpoint those original Tai Chi points accurately."

While the three spoke, Yan Xiaobao held a piece of chalk, walking leisurely around the pool with his hands behind his back. His relaxed demeanor gave the impression he was simply strolling in a garden.

Dong Yuqing continued in a soft voice, "The shape of a mountain mirrors the shape of a person; pinpointing an acupuncture spot is akin to applying makeup—it requires absolute precision. Even the slightest deviation can render all prior efforts futile. 'A miss by a millimeter can lead to an error of a thousand miles.' This idiom originates from Fengshui Acupoint Technique. To achieve pinpoint accuracy with no deviation, it all depends on the Fengshui Master's level of expertise."

"I see..." Tang Wenjun and Qian Jiale seemed to have learned a lot, watching Yan Xiaobao's movements intently.

Dong Yuqing also observed Yan Xiaobao closely, secretly in awe. Generally, when Fengshui Masters pinpoint locations, they do so with utmost caution, studying their Compasses from multiple angles with the seriousness of walking on thin ice. Yet Yan Xiaobao looked completely relaxed, as if he were playing a game rather than taking care of serious business.

"This is the spot." With that, Yan Xiaobao casually tossed aside his chalk, leaving a white mark on the black marble.

Dong Yuqing froze in slight disbelief. Most Fengshui Masters could spend half a day just pinpointing a single location, yet Yan Xiaobao... had finished in two or three minutes?

"So fast?" Qian Jiale exclaimed in surprise, "I thought it was supposed to be really difficult..."

"..." Dong Yuqing couldn't explain. She carefully studied the white mark Yan Xiaobao had left on the floor and, after a moment, revealed a bitter smile. With her expertise, she had to admit that Yan Xiaobao's placement was flawless, like the perfect finishing touch to a dragon's painting.

Ancient poets often described beauty with the phrase "Add one ounce and it's too plump; subtract one ounce and it's too slim." Similarly, the mark placed by Yan Xiaobao was exquisitely balanced, with no room for error—like it inherently belonged there. Any slight adjustment would've been wrong.

Deep down, Dong Yuqing asked herself honestly: if she were the one executing this task, could she achieve the same effortless precision as Yan Xiaobao?

The answer was definitely not...

Dong Yuqing gave an honest reply in her heart. If the task were reversed, even assuming she could find the same perfect spot, she might spend hours agonizing over it—and still wouldn't achieve Yan Xiaobao's ease and confidence.

Yan Xiaobao's mastery of Fengshui Technique left Dong Yuqing profoundly impressed once again.

"Call the workers over," Yan Xiaobao gestured, "Using this point as the center, cut a hole that precisely fits the Yin Yang Origin Bead and embed half of the Pure Yang Origin Bead inside."

Tang Wenjun snapped out of his awe and quickly arranged for several workers to follow Yan Xiaobao's instructions.

"Wait..." Dong Yuqing suddenly said, puzzled, "You've only marked the black side of pure yin within the Tai Chi Diagram—there's still pure yang on the white side. One black and one white, one yin and one yang, both must be pinpointed for full symmetry."

Chapter 163 Qi Rebound

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"No rush." Yan Xiaobao shook his head and said, "Step by step. Let's first embed the Pure Yang Origin Bead, then we'll talk."

"What!" Dong Yuqing's face changed dramatically. "Are you planning to reconstruct the Qi formation?"

"Reconstruct the Qi formation?" Tang Wenjun asked blankly. "What do you mean?"

Dong Yuqing took a deep breath and explained seriously, "Generally speaking, setting up a Yin Yang Feng Shui Formation requires working on both sides simultaneously to ensure the balance of Yin and Yang and minimize resistance. If you complete just one side first... For example, embedding the Pure Yang Origin Bead first, then once the Pure Yang Qi Formation is established, embedding the Pure Yin Origin Pearl afterward becomes extremely difficult."

Qian Jiale, upon hearing this, asked curiously, "Then why would Brother Bao choose the harder path and go looking for trouble?"

"A more challenging method naturally has its benefits," Dong Yuqing explained. "Ordinary Yin Yang Feng Shui Formations set up using the dual-sided approach result in Yin Yang Qi Formations that only achieve

about fifty percent fusion. However, in reconstructing the Qi formation, the fusion level of the Yin Yang Qi Formation can reach as high as ninety percent—its effectiveness is roughly doubled."

Yan Xiaobao grinned broadly. "I can achieve one hundred percent fusion."

"You..." Dong Yuqing was startled and immediately tried to persuade him. "But the risks are way too high, aren't they? There's a real chance the Qi formation could clash and fail to balance, leading to the Feng Shui Formation collapsing entirely—even damaging the Magic Artifacts involved in its construction."

"I'm doing this. No risk."

"... .." Dong Yuqing was rendered speechless by Yan Xiaobao's absolute confidence.

"Let's go with Brother Bao's plan. Get started."

Tang Wenjun immediately called upon the stonemasons without hesitation.

"Buzz buzz buzz..."

The stonemasons first used an electric drill on the spot marked by Yan Xiaobao, drilling a small hole. Then, using a caliper, they measured the diameter of the Pure Yang Origin Stone and cut a circular shape into the black marble...

The group of stonemasons was highly experienced, their movements skillful and precise. Within ten minutes, they had cut a round hole in the marble flooring. The surrounding marble remained intact without a single crack.

Finally, the Pure Yang Origin Stone was placed inside, secured firmly with biological adhesive. A white hemisphere protruded from the black marble, completing half of the Tai Chi Pattern. All that remained was to embed a black hemisphere into the white marble.

"This part should be pretty straightforward, right?" Qian Jiale stepped forward, gesturing as he spoke. "Yin and Yang opposing each other, left-right symmetry. You don't even need to understand Fengshui Skills, just basic plane geometry will do."

Dong Yuqing chuckled softly, "Then give it a try."

"Watch me!" Qian Jiale rolled up his sleeves, took a ruler, and began applying geometric techniques to draw marks on the white marble. After a while, he triumphantly declared, "Done!"

"No, that's completely asymmetrical," Tang Wenjun shook his head repeatedly, denying Qian Jiale's efforts.

"How can it be asymmetrical?" Qian Jiale stepped back a few paces to examine his work closely.

"Uh..." Qian Jiale froze in shock. Staring incredulously at the supposed symmetrical mark he had just measured and drawn with precision, it was plainly asymmetrical—obvious at a glance.

"What's going on?" Qian Jiale was bewildered, utterly puzzled.

"You're too involved; the Qi formation has blinded you," Dong Yuqing explained. "With the Pure Yang Origin Pearl embedded, the Qi formation here has already taken shape, unknowingly affecting your perception."

"Blinded my senses?" Qian Jiale was shocked, shaking his head vigorously and slapping his cheeks. "No way. I think I'm perfectly clear-headed..."

"When I say perception, how should I put this..." Dong Yuqing struggled to find the right words to explain to an outsider like Qian Jiale. After some thought, she used an example. "Let me put it this way. Imagine looking at a stone underwater from the shore—the position your eyes perceive isn't the stone's actual location. Does that make sense?"

"Oh..." Qian Jiale nodded as if he had gained some understanding. "Because of how water refracts light, it distorts the view..."

"Exactly," Dong Yuqing agreed. "Likewise, the Qi formation obscures sensory perception much like water refracts light. That's why regular people can never pinpoint the key point within a Qi formation."

"So mysterious..." Qian Jiale sighed in amazement.

For him and Tang Wenjun, the mystique and marvel of Fengshui Techniques were growing by the minute.

"So has Brother Bao's perception been blocked too?"

Tang Wenjun watched as Yan Xiaobao wiped away the mark Qian Jiale had drawn and began circling the pool anew.

"I don't know..." Dong Yuqing shook her head lightly.

Yan Xiaobao's Fengshui technique mastery was far beyond her ability to comprehend.

Others couldn't see anything remarkable, but in Yan Xiaobao's eyes, everything was crystal clear. The moment the Pure Yang Origin Pearl was embedded into the Tai Chi Pattern, he sensed its Qi formation swiftly integrating into the earth's veins, forming a Qi flow so heavy and overbearing it exuded a "supreme dominance," repelling other Qi forces.

This was precisely what Yan Xiaobao had anticipated—no surprise at all. After circling three times, he struck again. With chalk in hand, he breached the Qi formation's resistance, launching a streak of lightning toward the ground.

"Bang!" A crisp sound erupted.

The chalk shattered!

Everyone around stared in stunned silence.

Under ordinary circumstances, a broken piece of chalk wouldn't be cause for astonishment. But the chalk Yan Xiaobao had thrown hadn't shattered upon impact with the floor—it had never even touched the ground. Around an inch above the surface, it suddenly burst into powder out of nowhere.

"What's going on?"

Tang Wenjun and Qian Jiale were visibly shaken.

How could chalk shatter in mid-air? Could there be some hidden mysterious force in the air?

"Qi formation backlash..." Dong Yuqing muttered.

She had heard of "Qi formation backlash" before but had never seen it so clearly until now. Yan Xiaobao's Qi Formation techniques were astoundingly powerful, an unparalleled rarity.

"Did he fail?" Tang Wenjun grew anxious.

"How could I fail?" Yan Xiaobao turned his head with an air of pride.

"It worked!" Dong Yuqing looked carefully again and finally saw the truth. "The strongest point within the Qi Formation doesn't get contaminated. When chalk dust lands there, it's instantly revealed."

When the chalk shattered into powder and fell onto the white marble, it should've left an intact pile of dust. But instead, right at the center of the dust was a distinct mark—an empty circle, perfectly round.

Tang Wenjun glanced over, feeling a sudden rush of joy that nearly made him laugh uncontrollably.

"No wonder Brother Bao used chalk..." Tang Wenjun and Qian Jiale, understanding the subtle brilliance of it, began praising enthusiastically. "Ingenious—absolutely ingenious!"

At once, Tang Wenjun instructed the stonemasons to follow the method used to embed the Pure Yang Origin Pearl to likewise secure the Pure Yin Origin Pearl into the white marble.

Chapter 164 Wrap it Up and Call it a Day

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After the construction was completed, the Tai Chi Yin Yang pattern instantly felt flawless, with stark contrasts of black and white, an endless cycle of Yin and Yang that seemed to be filled with infinite mysteries.

"Is the Fengshui Formation already completed?" Tang Wenjun became excited.

"Not so fast. This is just the first step." Yan Xiaobao pointed at the finished Tai Chi Pond. "Add water to it, and then raise eight koi fish inside—four pure black, and four pure white."

"Alright, I'll send someone to find them right away," Tang Wenjun responded. "Anything else I should be mindful of?"

Yan Xiaobao: "Just don't let them die."

"Red Snake Around Seal... waterfall... koi... dragon..." Dong Yuqing murmured to herself, then her face suddenly changed dramatically. Her beautiful eyes widened as she exclaimed, "A common fish transforming into a dragon, soaring to the heavens! You... you're trying to create the Fish Leap Over Dragon Gate formation!"

"Wife Qingqing, you're so smart."

Yan Xiaobao continued to instruct Tang Wenjun, "Next, build a pavilion on the hilltop in the villa garden's back mountain. Follow this design for the structure."

While speaking, Yan Xiaobao grabbed a piece of chalk and swiftly sketched out a building blueprint on the ground with a few casual strokes.

"Got it!" Tang Wenjun quickly took out his phone and snapped a picture of the sketch.

"The most legendary Feng Shui Masters, while they can't move mountains or reverse seas, nor defy fate, are able to guide forces as they exist, follow nature, and turn decay into wonder..."

Dong Yuqing was awe-struck and murmured in admiration, "To turn the Red Snake Around Seal configuration—which carries a major risk due to the waterfall—into the Fish Leap Over Dragon Gate formation, with a stroke of genius that changes 'A golden-scaled fish isn't meant to stay in the pond but transforms into a dragon amidst the storm.' This is simply miraculous, remarkable beyond description..."

"Wife Qingqing, if you want to learn, I can teach you too." Yan Xiaobao smiled cheekily and leaned in close.

"Really?" Dong Yuqing seemed genuinely tempted. Usually, Feng Shui Masters wouldn't teach each other their secret techniques because of sectarian barriers.

"Of course it's real," Yan Xiaobao said sincerely. "If you become my wife, I'll naturally teach you."

Dong Yuqing: "..."

Tang Wenjun: "..."

Qian Jiale: "..."

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Now that everything was wrapped up, it had only taken an hour or two—far quicker than Tang Wenjun had anticipated.

Since it wasn't mealtime yet, he feared that Yan Xiaobao wouldn't have the patience to wait, so he suggested, "Brother Bao, there's still some time. There happens to be a car exhibition. Want to check it out?"

"Not interested," Yan Xiaobao replied flatly. Though he loved driving, car exhibitions didn't appeal to him.

Tang Wenjun glanced toward Dong Yuqing, hinting with a nod. Yan Xiaobao immediately understood his meaning—perhaps Dong Yuqing would be interested? If he happened to buy her a car, wouldn't it speed up her transformation into his wife?

"Alright, let's go check it out," Yan Xiaobao agreed with a nod.

At the Binhai International Convention and Exhibition Center, a grand luxury car exhibition titled "Binhai's Summer, Scorching Hot Summer" was underway. Various luxury cars were on display alongside gorgeous and sensual models, drawing car enthusiasts and a crowd of wolfish photogs.

Swarmed around each luxury car were hordes of men armed with phones or cameras, snapping endless pictures.

Though they pretended to be photographing the cars, everyone understood the hidden motive: most were focused on capturing shots of the stunning models.

Otherwise, who needs to lie on the ground to photograph a car?

This car exhibition had very high standards and a massive scale, so the models were all top-tier. Their curves were scandalously seductive, and their revealing outfits seemed almost nonexistent.

Faced with the crowd's ogling and picture-taking, the models welcomed the attention, plastering flirtatious smiles on their faces while confidently striking provocative poses to draw even more onlookers.

Even for the rare few who resorted to ridiculous antics, like lying flat on the ground to shoot angles that bordered on the obscene, the models merely maintained their gracious smiles while inwardly sneering:

Feel free to take photos of me and jerk off later, you miserable broke losers!

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"This Mercedes model looks pretty good. I've decided—it's going to be her for me tonight!" Tang Wenjun pointed to a model at the Mercedes exhibit, clad in a striking red evening gown.

"What kind of taste is that? Can't you tell those boobs are fake?" Yan Xiaobao scoffed from the side.

Tang Wenjun: "Uh..."

"I think the Ferrari model is better. Might as well keep her for a month," Qian Jiale chimed in, pointing to another model dressed even skimpier.

"I really admire your tolerance. She's so hard on the eyes, and you'd endure her for a month?" Yan Xiaobao continued his roasting.

Qian Jiale: "..."

"Animals in suits!" Dong Yuqing spat furiously, throwing out an indignant remark before storming away from the three flirtatious and lecherous men.

Being heirs to wealthy families, Tang Wenjun and Qian Jiale naturally had their fair share of romantic escapades. But the reason they behaved like this in front of Dong Yuqing, despite tarnishing their images, was fully intentional—they were sacrificing their own reputations to highlight Yan Xiaobao's "high moral character."

After successfully steering Dong Yuqing away, Tang Wenjun lowered his voice and conspired with Yan Xiaobao, "Brother Bao, I feel like she's pretty interested in the Mercedes SLS AMG over there. Why not just buy it and gift it to her directly?"

"Sounds good to me," Qian Jiale quickly agreed. "Just now I saw her gaze resting on that Mercedes SLS AMG for a long time."

"Alright," Yan Xiaobao agreed casually.

"Great, let's secure it right away," Tang Wenjun made the call decisively.

Yan Xiaobao thought for a moment and added, "Buy two—send one to my Wife Rourou as well."

"No problem," Tang Wenjun agreed without hesitation.

"I'll split the cost with you, one car each," Qian Jiale volunteered eagerly.

The Mercedes SLS AMG costs over three million each; two of them would be roughly seven million—a mere half the price of a Porsche 918 Spyder.

Luckily, Yan Xiaobao didn't mind about these trivial costs. Otherwise, if every wife were to receive a luxury car worth 14–15 million, that would really be an exorbitant expenditure...

"Hey, what's happening over there with the big crowd?" Tang Wenjun asked in surprise.

"It's the Maserati model. I just saw on Weibo—she's ranked number one in popularity," Qian Jiale had already taken note.

"Let's go take a look," Tang Wenjun said, growing intrigued.

In such a high-standard luxury car exhibition, a model with the highest popularity had to be stunning beyond imagination.

"Hey, don't go overboard when throwing money around. At most, I'll follow behind you in line," Qian Jiale cautioned Tang Wenjun in advance, knowing he couldn't match him in terms of splurging.

"No problem. Maximum of one million. Whoever she chooses gets to go first," Tang Wenjun generously promised.

"Okay!" Qian Jiale relaxed.

"Are you two idiots?" Yan Xiaobao rolled his eyes at them. "If she's really beautiful, she's definitely mine. What's the point of fighting over her?"

Tang Wenjun: "..."

Qian Jiale: "..."

Chapter 165 Snatching the Car Model in Public

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"Brother Bao, even though you're our bro, this... this is a bit shameless, isn't it..." Qian Jiale felt a bit indignant. "Do you dare to compete with us?"

Yan Xiaobao: "Compete on what?"

"You can't just charge forward and force the beauty to call you her husband. Let her choose who to go with herself." Qian Jiale was quite confident in his charm.

"Sure." Yan Xiaobao suddenly found it quite amusing.

Competing over who's better at winning wives? There's no way he'd lose.

"Great, it's settled then." Tang Wenjun also seemed eager to give it a try.

Yan Xiaobao grabbed Tang Wenjun and Qian Jiale, and the three of them pushed straight into the crowd. The originally packed crowd, tight as a drum, seemed to part on its own, creating a path. The trio

effortlessly made their way to the front of the Maserati, where they also laid eyes on the car model gently leaning against it.

This was a sapphire blue Maserati GranTurismo, exuding unparalleled sophistication. Its smooth, flowing curves outlined a strikingly aerodynamic silhouette full of elegant dynamism, epitomizing true sports car style. The powerful, sleek front fascia with its oval grille and horizontally arranged headlights were the highlights, while the LED daytime running lights integrated seamlessly with the lines of the front bumper. The classic V-shaped bulge on the elongated hood and the triple air vents on the front fenders paid tribute to Maserati's storied heritage.

The car model was wearing a floor-length evening gown in vivid red. Compared to the other car models, she was practically overdressed, bordering on conservative, yet her charm remained utterly unaffected.

The blue luxury car, the red evening gown, and the contrast set against her fair, glowing skin was a dazzling sight. Her long legs were perfectly proportioned, bursting with youthful vitality, truly the definition of perfection. The upper section of her gown wasn't exaggeratedly padded or pushed up like other models, but rather modestly sized, radiating a subtle beauty that was irresistibly endearing.

Hers was not the figure of a professional model, but instead a more natural, youthful appeal that made her stand out from the crowd—a unique presence amidst the car models.

And her delicate features were several levels above those of the other models. Any seasoned observer could instantly tell that her makeup was light, almost imperceptible; her beauty wasn't "painted on" but rather effortlessly natural.

"Holy crap!" Qian Jiale's eyes widened, staring blankly as he exclaimed, "A girl this stunning and pure becoming a car model is an absolute waste of talent! With a little promotion, she could easily become a movie star!"

Tang Wenjun quietly nudged Qian Jiale with his elbow and shook his head at him.

"Huh?" Qian Jiale looked baffled. "What's going on?"

At this point, Yan Xiaobao had already started walking directly toward the beautiful car model.

"What the heck! Brother Bao, are you just going to make a move straight away?" Qian Jiale couldn't help but yell, "That's against the rules..."

Before Qian Jiale could finish his sentence...

"Hubby!" A cheerful, singsong voice left him utterly dumbfounded.

The rule was clear: no forcing a beauty to call you her husband right off the bat...

But...

The beauty herself was the one who voluntarily called Yan Xiaobao "hubby." This...

What was there left to say...

Yan Xiaobao walked up to the gorgeous car model, scrutinizing her from head to toe. "Dressed up like this, turns out you're actually quite pretty. I've made up my mind. I'm officially upgrading you from Reserve Concubine to Official Wife."

Yes, the most popular and drop-dead gorgeous car model was none other than Ye Shanshan, whom Yan Xiaobao had always dismissed as unworthy of his wife standards—a mere Reserve Concubine.

"Wow! This is amazing!" Ye Shanshan squealed in utter delight and, in her excitement, threw herself into Yan Xiaobao's arms. "Hubby, you've finally accepted me... I worked so hard to become prettier just for you... sob sob sob..."

Qian Jiale: "..."

Defeated. Completely defeated. Words couldn't describe it.

As for the hundreds of salivating wolves gathered around, their eyes turned green with jealousy. They looked as though they could pounce and tear Yan Xiaobao to shreds!

Such a stunning, pure, and natural beauty—the most popular car model...

And this guy casually says, "Upgrade her from Reserve Concubine to Official Wife"?

And it took her "working so hard to be prettier" for him to "finally accept her"?

I can't even...!

Screw this...

Who the heck is this guy!

The enemy of all men!

...

"Come on, let's go home. It's time to make it official," Yan Xiaobao grinned and took Ye Shanshan's soft, delicate hand, ready to walk out.

The surrounding pack of wolves had no intention of making way but was mysteriously pushed aside by an unseen force. They could only stand there, furious and powerless, watching as Yan Xiaobao led the beautiful car model swiftly away.

"Damn it, where did this bastard come from, stealing such a gorgeous babe right in front of our eyes?"

"This is insane! I freaking idolize him..."

"Idolize my ass! That son of a b**** just snagged the most beautiful car model. What's the point of staying at this car show now?"

Tang Wenjun, dragging the still-dazed Qian Jiale, chased after them. "Brother Bao, let's go grab something to eat first..."

"Sounds good. Can't fight on an empty stomach," Yan Xiaobao considered for a moment before adding, "Oh, that car earlier—it pairs nicely with my wife Shanshan. Let's go buy it."

"Absolutely! Consider it my gift to Sister-in-law Shanshan, celebrating her promotion!" Tang Wenjun wouldn't miss a chance to suck up.

The Maserati GranTurismo cost about the same as a Mercedes-Benz SLS AMG. Since they'd already bought two cars, one more wouldn't hurt.

Dong Yuqing strolled back after looking around on her own, only to discover that Yan Xiaobao now had a "Shanshan Wife." It left her utterly speechless...

She'd met bizarre people, but never this bizarre...

She could have hauled out **The Cihai Dictionary** from cover to cover, yet still wouldn't find the right words to describe Yan Xiaobao.

When presented with the Mercedes-Benz SLS AMG from Yan Xiaobao, Dong Yuqing didn't hesitate to reject it.

"Just park it in my garage for now, we'll figure it out later." Tang Wenjun tried to smooth things over, inviting everyone to dinner.

Dong Yuqing had no appetite left and insisted on leaving. Yan Xiaobao didn't press her too hard. Today, he was busy making Shanshan's promotion official, so letting Dong Yuqing off the hook for now wasn't a big deal.

Tang Wenjun first took Dong Yuqing home and then rejoined Yan Xiaobao and the others.

After an extravagant meal, Yan Xiaobao couldn't wait to bid farewell to Tang Wenjun and Qian Jiale, eager to head home and savor his newly-official "Shanshan Wife."

...

After witnessing Su Xiaowan's beauty, grace, gentleness, and generosity, Tiantian finally understood why Yan Xiaobao adored and respected Su Xiaowan so much. Unconsciously, she had been influenced by the "family rules" of Yan Xiaobao's household.

So, when Yan Xiaobao brought his "Little Four," Ye Shanshan, home, Tiantian, who would normally be burning with jealousy, responded with calm acceptance without a hitch.

Chapter 166 Cloze Test

...

Although Ye Shanshan had always tried very hard to formally become Yan Xiaobao's "little wife", at this moment, she was still incredibly nervous and shy.

Every girl's first time is probably like this...

Looking at Ye Shanshan's lips, which became even more alluring due to her shyness, Yan Xiaobao couldn't wait any longer. He grabbed her slender waist and kissed her...

Ye Shanshan tried to evade shyly, but with her waist being held, there was no escaping from that "gaping maw." Her fair face was instantly imprinted with a kiss mark.

Of course, Yan Xiaobao wasn't satisfied with just that. Kissing her beautiful face several times without minding her slight struggles, he soon covered her luscious lips with his own.

Ye Shanshan's beautiful eyes widened, forgetting to struggle. Her small hands reflexively hugged Yan Xiaobao's waist.

Encouraged by Ye Shanshan's acceptance, Yan Xiaobao deepened the kiss even more skillfully.

Seeming a bit ticklish and uncomfortable, Ye Shanshan slightly parted her lips, attempting to pull away, but just then, Yan Xiaobao took the advantage and broke through.

As Ye Shanshan's pearl-like teeth parted, Yan Xiaobao's tongue entered like a diligent bee, beginning to eagerly extract nectar.

Ye Shanshan clumsily reacted, her breath growing heavier, her face flushed, and drops of saliva glittering at the corners of her lips.

Yan Xiaobao continued to kiss those juicy little lips, simultaneously sucking the sweet nectar from her mouth and tasting it. Gradually, one hand began to slide up and down Ye Shanshan's slender waist.

"Mmm..."

Ye Shanshan murmured dreamily between her teeth, her exquisite cherry lips continually changing under the passionate assault.

Yan Xiaobao left her cherry lips and kissed downward. One hand smoothly unzipped Ye Shanshan's long dress, slipping inside. The moment he touched her smooth skin like coagulated fat, he almost got intoxicated by the beautiful feeling.

"No... don't..."

Ye Shanshan was already weak, but female modesty made her tighten her dress's neckline, giving Yan Xiaobao no more room to explore.

Unwilling to give up, Yan Xiaobao lightly kissed the girl's snow-white neck while applying more pressure with his hand.

Ye Shanshan began to melt, all her strength drained by the sensation, her resistance weakening. Taking the opportunity, Yan Xiaobao pulled down the dress straps, revealing a round, ample breast.

Yan Xiaobao's palm lightly held one breast over her clothing, finding it small yet firm, perfect for a single hand, delicate and tender.

His nimble fingers twisted around the soft mound, indulging in the feel even through both fabric and padding.

Ye Shanshan had completely lost the ability to resist, her face fully flushed, eyes misty, and mouth slightly open, revealing glimpses of her pink tongue.

Yan Xiaobao soon became unsatisfied with the indirect touch. He slipped his hand inside, covering her bare, ample breast.

Ye Shanshan shuddered as if struck by lightning, one hand reaching to cover herself, but due to her lack of strength, it posed no threat.

Yan Xiaobao gently pinched the soft bud with two fingers, slowly twisting it.

"Mm..."

Ye Shanshan moaned softly, her body shivering.

The more Yan Xiaobao teased, the more he could feel her nipple hardening under his touch, the sensation captivating.

Then, squatting beside her, he lifted Ye Shanshan's skirt, rolling it upwards, almost completely revealing her lower half.

Ye Shanshan wore seamless panties underneath, outlining her appealing little curves and a moderately deep cleavage, appearing very pure.

Yan Xiaobao lowered his head, kissing lightly along her smooth skin, his hand constantly teasing the soft curves.

"Uh... so... good..."

Ye Shanshan breathed orchid-scented breaths, hugging Yan Xiaobao, murmuring softly.

Yan Xiaobao kissed his way up to her chest, pulling her bra upward, exposing her perfectly rounded, firm breasts.

Ye Shanshan's breasts weren't large but were exceptionally round and smooth, like two gentle hills atop her fair skin, crowned with pink, cherry-like nipples, making them irresistibly tempting.

Yan Xiaobao buried his head between them, gently licking one nipple, causing Ye Shanshan to shiver.

"Ah..."

She was hit almost like electric shock, her body instantly tense, hands trying to protect herself but being firmly restrained.

"Mm... ah... darling... so... good..."

As she gradually adapted to the pleasurable sensation, Ye Shanshan ceased struggling, her mouth letting out broken moans.

In such close proximity, the youthful scent of Ye Shanshan intoxicated Yan Xiaobao, moving his mouth to the other nipple, continuing the stimulation.

Ye Shanshan grew increasingly aroused, not resisting anymore. Instead, she pressed Yan Xiaobao's head firmly against her chest, arching her back to push her breasts deeper into his mouth.

Yan Xiaobao naturally did not hold back, sucking eagerly, almost filling his mouth with her softness, as clear droplets oozed from her fair breasts.

"Uh... ah... so... so good..."

Under his extreme stimulation, even the purest girl would turn into a willing kitten, actively seeking more.

Yan Xiaobao left her breast, kissing his way down again, reaching her lower body. Seeing her delicate, adorable panties, he couldn't resist licking through them, causing Ye Shanshan to tremble once more.

Squatting, Yan Xiaobao lifted his head, reaching to remove her panties. However, she stopped him.

"Wait... wait a moment, can you turn off the light first..."

Ye Shanshan held his hand, blushing and pleading.

"If we turn off the lights, I can't see anything. You're so beautiful, Shanshan, it would be a pity not to see you clearly."

Hearing Yan Xiaobao's first praise, Ye Shanshan felt immense joy and completely let down her guard, allowing him to do as he wished...

...

Chapter 167 Continue Cloze Test

...

"Ah..."

Ye Shanshan let out a slight moan, and then buried her blushing face into Yan Xiaobao's embrace.

Yan Xiaobao held Ye Shanshan, gently placing her on the bed, then turned over onto her, kissing her bright red lips aggressively, one hand reaching into her blouse, caressing her soft chest, gently kneading it.

Ye Shanshan squirmed uneasily, her smooth, slender legs entwining, slithering like a beautiful snake.

Yan Xiaobao released Ye Shanshan's chest, then grabbed her slender arms, raising them above her head. Ye Shanshan obediently lifted her jade-like arms, her only piece of clothing slipping off her body, leaving her almost completely exposed, with only her white lace panties still hanging on her hips.

Yan Xiaobao proceeded to unbutton Ye Shanshan's blouse, revealing her two delicate breasts with nipples as red as cherries. He leaned forward again, sucking hard on them, before reaching down to unfasten her panties.

Ye Shanshan, shyly turned her pretty face to the side, feeling too embarrassed to watch herself being undressed.

Yan Xiaobao pulled down her panties, sliding them down her long, white legs and tossing them aside, leaving Ye Shanshan with only a thin strip of cloth barely covering her private parts.

Ye Shanshan's panties were also white lace, matching her bra, her youthful breasts slightly bulging, like ripe fruits.

Yan Xiaobao was not in a hurry to touch Ye Shanshan's private parts, as her slender legs had completely captured his attention.

A woman's most seductive feature, proven time and again, is not her breasts, nor her buttocks, but her legs.

Ye Shanshan's legs were unparalleled, putting most self-proclaimed leg models to shame.

Yan Xiaobao leaned down, holding one leg, kissing down from the thigh to the calf.

Ye Shanshan, seeing her lover so enamored with her legs, her face not only showed seductive expressions but also a hint of pride and satisfaction.

Yan Xiaobao then sucked on both legs, including each tiny toe, before finally shifting his attention to Ye Shanshan's most private area.

He gently parted her legs, which were modestly closed, stretched out his hand, and pressed against her slightly damp panties, locating the hidden clitoris.

"Ah..."

Ye Shanshan reacted violently, her entire body shaking, reflexively reaching out to stop him, but seemed reluctant to lose that pleasurable sensation, finally settling her hand on the smooth bed sheet, lightly gripping it as if to support herself.

Yan Xiaobao teased her clitoris through the thin fabric, watching a small damp spot grow larger on her panties.

"Ah... it feels so... so good..."

Ye Shanshan's face bloomed like a ripe peach, her lips slightly parted, her eyes nervously darting side to side.

Yan Xiaobao felt Ye Shanshan's juices flowing quickly, her clitoris swelling and the fabric becoming transparent, revealing a shallow pink hue underneath.

"Ah... don't... I'm going to... cum!"

Ye Shanshan trembled more violently, finally shuddering once, her eyes glazing over, her body stiffening, as if all strength had been drained from her, collapsing onto the bed, her vagina releasing a copious amount of fluids, soaking through her panties.

Yan Xiaobao felt his erection painfully pressing against his pants, and quickly tore off his clothes, exposing his not particularly large but very impressive penis, standing firm at least a dozen centimeters, quite remarkable for his age.

Ye Shanshan's eyes were blank, seemingly lacking the strength to even open them, naturally unable to see her husband's impressive erection.

Yan Xiaobao gently spread Ye Shanshan's legs, at this point, the beautiful girl seemed completely numb, making no attempt to resist.

Yan Xiaobao picked up her panties, sniffed them, finding no unpleasant odor, only a sweet maiden's scent. He inhaled deeply, satisfied, before setting them aside and grabbing Ye Shanshan's legs, spreading them open, revealing her most intimate area.

Ye Shanshan's vagina was extremely delicate, her pubic hair sparse, not obscuring anything. The pink flesh was almost the same color as her fair skin, the tiny clitoris sweet and tight, glistening with juices from earlier foreplay, looking very enticing.

Yan Xiaobao stretched out his hand, gently pulling apart the small lips, revealing a tiny opening barely visible, exposing the pink flesh inside, partially obscured by a translucent hymen.

Yan Xiaobao was fascinated, knowing this was Ye Shanshan's virginity, he gently kissed her hymen.

"Uh..."

Ye Shanshan moaned deeply, her slightly closed eyes opening slightly.

Yan Xiaobao used his tongue to clean her clitoris, which was already swollen, covering it with his mouth, lightly sucking it in.

"Uh... ah..."

The intense pleasure like a long-awaited rain, Ye Shanshan suddenly regained her energy, her vagina opening again, looking quite disheveled, with sweat beads forming on her nose and forehead, her hair drenched.

Yan Xiaobao teased her adorable clitoris, sucking it down steadily, completely indulging in her succulent womanhood, her juices flowing constantly into his mouth.

"No... how could you... do that... there... it... feels..."

Ye Shanshan inadvertently glanced down, realizing Yan Xiaobao was pleasuring her orally, completely inexperienced, finding it hard to accept such intimacy, whether giving or receiving.

"Idiot, why wouldn't you like it, you will have to do this for me in the future!"

Yan Xiaobao lifted his head, smirking.

Ye Shanshan blushed deeply, wishing she could find a hole to hide in, quickly turning her face away.

Yan Xiaobao buried his face again, licking her vagina inch by inch, sliding his tongue snake-like deep into her small opening, feeling the unique sensation surrounded by her tender walls.

"Ah, so... good, stop... can't take it..."

Ye Shanshan felt the "snake" going deeper and deeper, her fear mixed with pleasure.

"Ha ha! Foolish girl? You don't even know what real pleasure is yet!"

Yan Xiaobao thought mischievously, lifted his head, and pressed his erect penis forward, guiding it towards her wet, pink vagina.

Chapter 168 Finally Became Official

...

Yan Xiaobao didn't plan to let Ye Shanshan do it for him. As a virgin, it would clearly be difficult for her, so he would wait for her to gradually get used to it.

He first used his hard rod to rub up and down between her tender folds, making the small lips feel increasingly wet, sensitive, and prominent.

Ye Shanshan felt something unusual and looked down. Although her view was obstructed and she couldn't see what was happening between her legs, she saw Yan Xiaobao kneeling between her thighs, close to her body, with a hand moving constantly beneath. Even if she was slow-witted, she understood what it was rubbing against her.

Knowing she was about to experience an important moment in her life, Ye Shanshan calmed down unusually, with her pretty face flushed, her head slightly raised, and quietly watched him.

Yan Xiaobao aimed his erect shaft at her small entrance and gently moved forward, parting her delicate folds.

"Easy, easy, it hurts a bit..."

Ye Shanshan said tremblingly.

Yan Xiaobao comforted, "Don't be afraid, I'll be gentle..."

Saying this, Yan Xiaobao slightly pushed, his hard rod gradually entered the narrow passage, soon reaching her hymen.

"No... it hurts so much... can you... stop it!"

Ye Shanshan creased her beautiful eyebrows, the flush on her small face gradually faded, replaced by a pale expression due to pain and fear.

"Stop? Are you kidding!"

Yan Xiaobao certainly would not give up so easily and said, "Hold on a bit, it will be over soon."

He knew well that prolonged pain was worse than short pain, so he grabbed the slender waist of the beautiful girl with both hands and thrust his body vigorously, breaking through the thin membrane, pushing most of his length into the tight entrance.

"Ah! It hurts so much... sob..."

Ye Shanshan's eyes widened, tears flowed from her bright eyes, but due to the intense pain, she dared not struggle. She reached down, grasping Yan Xiaobao's arm tightly, seemingly trying to push him away, but her strength was too weak to have any effect.

Seeing the blood seeping from the gap between Ye Shanshan's body and his, Yan Xiaobao felt a bit of heartache, although the tightness of her passage gripped him immensely, he still stopped moving and said softly, "Don't be afraid, I'll stop moving soon it will be better."

"Sob..."

Ye Shanshan continued to whimper, her pitiful appearance really heartbreaking.

After a while, Yan Xiaobao started to feel aroused, the tight passage gripping him, even without moving, he felt a bit of excitement, and seeing Ye Shanshan's face calming down slightly, he said softly, "Feeling better? Let me move a bit and see how it goes?"

Ye Shanshan seemed unwilling to disappoint Yan Xiaobao, so she bit her lips and nodded.

Yan Xiaobao slowly pulled out his rod, Ye Shanshan's passage gradually releasing him, accompanied by blood and other fluids.

"Sob..."

Ye Shanshan bit her lip hard, her face pale to the extreme, sweat-soaked hair clinging to her face, but still endured without stopping him.

Mindful of Ye Shanshan's feelings, Yan Xiaobao dared not be too intense, gently pushing forward, slowly moving in and out repeatedly, each time entering a bit more, finally after several repetitions, fully entered her tight passage.

Meanwhile, the paleness on Ye Shanshan's face began to disappear, a hint of pink re-emerged, and her breathing gradually accelerated.

At this point, Yan Xiaobao couldn't control his urges anymore. Seeing Ye Shanshan's better expression, he began to increase his pace, thrusting vigorously in and out, fluids splashing around.

"Uh... it hurts... feels so good... ah!"

Under the dual sensations, Ye Shanshan began to feel overwhelmed.

Yan Xiaobao's movements became faster, his shaft continuously pounding Ye Shanshan's passage, making squishing sounds.

"Ah... save me... it's too intense... you're so rough..."

Ye Shanshan finally withdrew her hands that had been interfering with Yan Xiaobao's movements, tightly grasped the bed sheets, and made moaning sounds.

Yan Xiaobao became increasingly vigorous, concentrating all his strength on the thrusts. Under his movements, Ye Shanshan's delicate folds moved helplessly like leaves in the wind or a boat on the sea.

In just two or three minutes, Ye Shanshan reached a climax, her passage continuously contracting, releasing warm fluids onto his shaft.

Yan Xiaobao, with remarkable stamina, continued thrusting, pulling out his rod, lifting Ye Shanshan's soft body into a different position, and carefully inspected her delicate folds.

He saw that her tender folds appeared somewhat parted after opening, unable to close properly, with fluids seeping out. Her other little passage, adorned with faint pink color and visible texture lines.

Yan Xiaobao, aroused, leaned in and extended his tongue, gently licking that adorable little passage, making Ye Shanshan tremble instantly, and her weak hands collapsed, causing her front half to lie on the bed.

Yan Xiaobao savored licking Ye Shanshan's lower passage. Although it was a most private area, his desire overwhelmed everything. Ye Shanshan originally loved cleanliness, without any unpleasantness, so he thoroughly enjoyed, until her delicate folds were fully covered with his saliva, he stopped.

Then, he lifted Ye Shanshan, drawing closer and entwining their bodies, thrusting fast, feeling her passage gripping him with rhythmic contractions.

"Sob... ah..., easy..."

Although it didn't hurt as before, Ye Shanshan felt her entire body consumed.

Yan Xiaobao, consumed by pleasure, couldn't restrain himself anymore, thrusting vigorously again, deeply penetrated her petite passage, producing intense sounds.

"Ah... ah... you're going to make me collapse..."

Ye Shanshan almost unable to bear the intense sensations, grabbed a stuffed teddy bear beside the pillow, burying her face into it, whimpering.

Yan Xiaobao leaned forward, his hands wrapped around to grasp Ye Shanshan's moving chest, gently manipulating her breasts, occasionally pinching her sensitive nipples, sending waves of pleasure through her.

Chapter 169 Meeting Gift

...

In the morning, after being entangled for another round, Ye Shanshan was finally released by Yan Xiaobao and got out of bed to get dressed.

After putting on her clothes, she casually reached into her pocket and found a note. Ye Shanshan remembered it was the small "meeting gift" Tang Wenjun had slipped her before they parted last night.

Back then, Ye Shanshan didn't have the courage to check what was on the note. Later, when she returned to Yan Xiaobao's house, she was promptly stripped by him...

At this moment, she took it out and looked at it. Ye Shanshan let out a startled scream, almost fainting...

"What's wrong?" Yan Xiaobao was alarmed by Ye Shanshan's exaggerated reaction.

"Five... five... five..." Ye Shanshan stood there with her mouth wide open, almost unable to speak, "Five million!"

"I thought something serious happened..." Yan Xiaobao sighed in relief, curled his lips, and didn't take the "huge amount" of five million seriously at all.

"You... that... that Tang... Young Master Tang..." Ye Shanshan suddenly seemed to develop a stutter, "He... he gave me five million as a meeting gift!"

"Hmph! He's becoming stingier by the day, truly disgraceful!" Yan Xiaobao grumbled in dissatisfaction.

"..." Ye Shanshan didn't stutter this time but was rendered completely speechless...

...

"Hurry up, I want to go to the bank to deposit the money!"

Ten minutes later, Ye Shanshan finally recovered her composure and impatiently urged Yan Xiaobao.

...

After cashing the check, Ye Shanshan stared blankly at the long string of zeros in her bank account for a good while.

On the first day of officially transitioning into her new role, she had already become a little rich lady... It felt like a dream...

"Shanshan dear, let's go," Yan Xiaobao urged her from the side.

"Go where?"

Ye Shanshan asked absentmindedly, without much thought. Before Yan Xiaobao could answer, loud cries suddenly erupted outside the bank: "Help! Robbery! Somebody stop him!"

Ye Shanshan snapped out of her daze and quickly ran out of the bank. A nearby elderly woman, about seventy years old, was sitting on the ground, frantically pointing at a distant figure and shouting, "My money! My money... he stole my money..."

On the sidewalk, about a dozen meters away, a short man dressed in jeans and sneakers was sprinting away, clutching a small red fabric bag. Without a doubt, the bag had been stolen from the elderly woman.

"You shameless scumbag! Robbing an elderly woman in her seventies—don't you have any decency left?!" Ye Shanshan's inner Binhai Heroine instinct kicked in. She kicked off her high heels and broke into a chase with her long legs.

Ye Shanshan barely took two steps before freezing in place.

She saw the running thief suddenly lift off the ground and fly toward her direction.

"Is this... could this be... the legendary... Butt Lift to Flat Sand Goose Descent style?"

"Thunk!" A dull thud rang out, followed by a tragic scream. The thief crashed heavily to the ground, only a meter away from Ye Shanshan.

Suddenly, Yan Xiaobao appeared in front of the thief like a blur, launching into a frenzied flurry of punches and kicks. "Are you an idiot? This giant bank is right here, can't you see? Robbing an elderly woman—can you be any more useless? You're seriously pissing me off!"

The thief: "..."

The crowd: "..."

Ye Shanshan: "..."

Even as Yan Xiaobao kept venting his rage and showed no signs of tiring, Ye Shanshan couldn't bear to watch anymore. She put on her shoes and came over to pull him away. "Enough already! If you keep this up, you'll beat him to death."

"Trash like him deserves to die!" Yan Xiaobao stopped hitting him, leaving the thief unconscious on the ground.

Ye Shanshan picked up the red fabric bag from the ground and returned it to the elderly woman, then quickly pulled Yan Xiaobao away from the crowd.

"Young lady, thank you so much! This is my life-saving money..." The elderly woman kept calling out to Ye Shanshan as they walked away, showering her with praises. "What a wonderful girl—beautiful and kindhearted..."

...

After turning around the corner of the street, Ye Shanshan slowed her pace. Yan Xiaobao remarked, "So boring outside, Shanshan dear, let's just go home and sleep."

"..." Ye Shanshan's face flushed red. "Last night... this morning... you're still not satisfied?"

"Shanshan dear is so beautiful, with such a great figure—it feels amazing. I wouldn't get enough even after a hundred years!"

Ye Shanshan felt both sweetly flattered yet hilariously annoyed. "Staying in bed for a hundred years... seriously..."

Indeed, Ye Shanshan's spirited personality was like that of a worldly heroine straight out of a novel. Bold and uninhibited, she had quickly adapted to her new role as a wife, speaking straightforwardly without a hint of shyness.

Yan Xiaobao: "Shanshan dear, don't worry, I'll be very gentle."

"You win..." Ye Shanshan conceded defeat. Her man was simply too extraordinary—in both his ability to handle men and his ability to handle women. Facing such talent, resistance was futile.

"We can talk about that later tonight... Let's go shopping for now. I've never seen this much money before—there are so many things I want to buy!" Ye Shanshan affectionately linked her arm through Yan Xiaobao's, ready to indulge in a shopping spree.

Chapter 170 Hit the Dog Regardless of the Owner's Presence

...

Ye Shanshan charged forward excitedly without paying attention to her surroundings. Suddenly, "Woof!" A massive black dog, almost as tall as a person, lunged at her.

"Ah!" Ye Shanshan cried out in shock and instinctively hid behind Yan Xiaobao.

The enormous black dog, perhaps drawn by Ye Shanshan's beauty or maybe her perceived tastiness, ignored Yan Xiaobao entirely and doggedly aimed for Ye Shanshan's fair, tender long legs with a ferocious bite...

Ye Shanshan had been trained in martial arts since childhood, skilled at handling scoundrels and perverts. But faced with the black dog's gleaming, sharp teeth and slobbering tongue, she felt completely at a loss.

Luckily, Yan Xiaobao, right by her side, was quite proficient at handling both people and dogs.

Seeing the fat, ferocious, and evidently lustful black dog daring to covet his wife's beautiful legs, Yan Xiaobao didn't hesitate. He wrapped an arm around Ye Shanshan's slender waist, sheltering her behind him, and delivered a swift kick.

"Woof—" The black dog let out a miserable howl as it flew further and further away. Ye Shanshan cheered as she watched the black dog soar through the air. "Great shot! Hubby, you're amazing!"

"Thud!" The black dog landed heavily on the ground like a half-dead slab of pork, twitched a couple of times, and couldn't get up again.

"Which little bastard dared to hurt my Black Tyrant?" An ear-piercing shriek rang out from afar.

A garishly dressed, heavily made-up woman in twelve-centimeter stiletto heels stomped over to the nearly lifeless black dog. With venomous eyes, she glared at Yan Xiaobao and Ye Shanshan. "Was it you damned couple that injured my dog?"

"Watch your mouth! Your dog was the one trying to bite me. My husband kicked it away to protect me," declared Ye Shanshan, the Binhai Heroine, unwilling to tolerate such insults.

Keeping a vicious giant dog in the city without securely leashing it clearly showed a lack of public decency.

"My dog tried to bite you? Where did it bite you? Show me!" The garish woman glared at Ye Shanshan, her eyes tinged with jealousy.

Ye Shanshan was evidently younger, prettier, sexier, and more innocent than her...

In every possible comparison, Ye Shanshan made her seem like nothing but worthless trash.

"Should I wait until your dog actually bites me before doing something?" Ye Shanshan flared up.

The black dog's teeth were as thick as a human finger. If it bit her, wouldn't that pain be unbearable? Moreover, her painstakingly nurtured fair skin would end up scarred, making it hard to heal.

"So you're saying my dog didn't actually bite you, right? If it didn't bite you, why hit my dog?" The woman began raving at Ye Shanshan.

Ye Shanshan grew even more enraged. "What kind of logic is that? Should I wait until your beast bites me before I can retaliate?"

"Wrong!" The woman arrogantly wagged her finger. "Even if my Black King Kong bit you, you still wouldn't be allowed to hit it! A bite won't kill you. At worst, you'll need a few rabies shots. Fine, I could compensate you—a thousand isn't enough? I'll give you ten thousand! But do you even know how valuable my Black King Kong's pedigree is? It's worth more than if I sold you!"

"You..." Ye Shanshan was so furious that she couldn't even form words.

The woman grew more smug and domineering. "You two aren't going anywhere! Come with me to the vet to check Black King Kong's injuries. If anything happens to it, you'll pay in blood!"

By now, a crowd had gathered around, murmuring amongst themselves:

"Why is it her again..."

"Who else could it be? Keeping a nasty dog without a leash—she's nothing but trouble for our neighborhood!"

"Exactly. Last time, a kid got bitten. She just paid a bit of money to settle it..."

"What can anyone do? Her family is rich and connected..."

"Sigh... In this world, the poor aren't even treated as well as dogs..."

"These two young folks sure landed themselves in trouble today!"

"Hubby..." Ye Shanshan didn't want to argue with the unreasonable woman anymore and turned to Yan Xiaobao for help instead.

"What, all talked out already?" Yan Xiaobao winked at Ye Shanshan. "Alright, it's my turn now."

"Hey!" Yan Xiaobao addressed the woman. "No need to take your dog to the vet; I'll heal it for you."

"Are you a vet?" The woman shot Yan Xiaobao a suspicious glare.

"I'm not a vet, I'm the Divine Doctor." Yan Xiaobao walked over to the black dog, quickly jabbed it with his finger, then turned to the woman and said, "All done."

"You're messing with me!" The woman flew into a rage.

Casually poking the black dog and claiming it was healed? Who'd believe that?

Meanwhile, the black dog remained lying motionless on the ground.

"I'm not messing with you. It's really healed."

Yan Xiaobao replied seriously, "Your dog likes to bite people—it's a mad dog. The best way to cure a mad dog is to kill it. Once it's dead, it's no longer mad. That's what I call cured."

Hearing this, Ye Shanshan and the onlookers finally understood that Yan Xiaobao had never intended to treat the black dog. He had been set on killing it all along.

"The vicious dog isn't moving—could it actually be dead?"

"Good riddance! Finally, our neighborhood is free from this menace!"

"This young man is practically a hero, doing a public service. But he's definitely in for trouble now..."

"Black King Kong!" The woman wailed, then glared at Yan Xiaobao with hate-filled eyes, shrieking, "You bastard! This is war!"

With a piercing scream, the woman charged at Yan Xiaobao like a wild beast, her posture resembling someone wielding the infamous Bone Claw martial art.

As she lunged at Yan Xiaobao, guesses about his reaction filled the onlookers' minds. Even Ye Shanshan assumed he'd dodge—the man would likely bear the brunt of the trouble if he fought back.

But Ye Shanshan was immediately astonished, and the crowd was left gobsmacked, unable to believe what they saw.

Without hesitation, Yan Xiaobao delivered a solid kick, sending the woman flying—just like he had with the black dog...

"This... this guy even hits women?"

"It might not be okay to hit women, but why does it feel so satisfying?"

"I agree... it's oddly refreshing."

The woman sprawled on the ground, struggling for ages before barely managing to get up. She stared at Yan Xiaobao with disbelief. "You... You actually hit me... Are you even a man? You hit a woman? Are you even human?"

"I don't consider you human at all," Yan Xiaobao quipped dismissively without giving her the slightest regard.