

## Medical 51

### Chapter 51: Fierce Ye Shanshan

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[No outings on the first day of the New Year, visit the in-laws on the second day!]

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But today, Xia Rou came here on her own and even provoked Brother Cheng. This was real trouble. If this matter wasn't handled properly, it might spiral into a major disaster. Yan Xiaobao's skills were still fresh in Biaozi's memory, and the thought of them gave him lingering fear. Since Xia Rou was here, there was a good chance Yan Xiaobao wasn't far off.

"Biaozi, since you've opened the door for business, you mean you don't welcome me as a customer?" Brother Cheng chuckled and glanced at the bald, fat man beside him. "I made a special effort to come today and treat Brother Liu to a good time."

"Oh, it's Captain Liu—welcome, welcome!" Biaozi's face remained calm, but internally, he was cursing his bad luck, knowing this was going to make the day even messier.

Places like KTV inevitably dealt with the Patrol Office often. Jinsha Night Club fell under the jurisdiction of Binhai City's Baofeng District Patrol Office. And this Captain Liu was none other than Liu Jian, the deputy captain of Baofeng District's Inspection Team, specializing in managing entertainment venues. If anyone offended Captain Liu, the future would be rife with trouble.

Biaozi had no clue how Brother Cheng ended up bringing Liu Jian here, but he knew for certain this wasn't going to be good. Worse still, Liu Jian, drunk and reckless, had his eyes on Xia Rou, this great "source of trouble." If Biaozi helped Liu Jian, Yan Xiaobao would definitely lose his temper. But if he helped Xia Rou, he'd fall right into Brother Cheng's trap.

"Biaozi, since you know Brother Liu well, you should understand how to handle this situation, right? All Brother Liu is asking for is for this beauty to have a drink with him and offer her respects, but she's refusing outright. What do you think should be done?" Brother Cheng, emboldened by Captain Liu's reputation, pressed down on Biaozi.

Biaozi was torn between not daring to offend Liu Jian and not daring to offend Xia Rou. He was caught in a dilemma. Yet, managing a massive venue like Jinsha Entertainment City meant he was no stranger to troubled waters.

Brother Cheng and Liu Jian's intentions were blatantly to lure Xia Rou into their private room, spike her drink, and take advantage of her.

Biaozi wouldn't dare to become their accomplice in harming Xia Rou. He quickly made up his mind, pretending not to understand Brother Cheng and Liu Jian's ploys, and directed the waiter beside him: "Pour four glasses of wine over here. I'll stay with Miss Xia and have a drink with Captain Liu and Brother Cheng."

"Biaozi, are you trying to mess with Captain Liu?" Brother Cheng's face suddenly darkened. Biaozi's move was clearly playing dumb on purpose, intentionally thwarting their plans.

"Brother Cheng, this Miss Xia is someone I know. There's no need to be too harsh, right? Let's each take a step back and keep things pleasant for the future's sake." Biaozi forced himself to speak politely, hoping to mediate.

If they offended Captain Liu, the KTV might encounter some complications, but at least those could be sorted out with connections. However, if Brother Cheng and Liu Jian really did something to Xia Rou... then Biaozi might just end up killed by Yan Xiaobao.

A few days ago, the boss of "Night Banquet," Luo Jianbi, had kidnapped Xia Rou and attempted to harm her, only to be beaten half to death by Yan Xiaobao and subsequently arrested by Han Ruobing. It was likely Luo Jianbi would never see daylight again.

Biaozi was well aware of this incident because "Night Banquet" was the most luxurious and famous entertainment establishment in Baofeng District, far surpassing the business at Jinsha. Luo Jianbi was effectively a competitor vying for clientele in the same area.

Brother Cheng, seeing Biaozi protect Xia Rou and refusing to back down, revealed a sly smile and leaned close to Liu Jian, whispering something.

Liu Jian immediately shot a hostile look at Biaozi, saying, "You seem pretty bold, don't you? Believe it or not, I'll call people right now to shut your place down!"

Biaozi hadn't yet responded when someone behind him chimed in: "I don't believe you!"

Everyone turned their heads and saw that the speaker was a young girl in a red tracksuit with a ponytail.

Although this girl was quite attractive—only slightly less beautiful than Xia Rou—her defiance irritated Liu Jian greatly, and he roared, "You don't believe me, huh? I'll call them right now!"

Liu Jian pulled out his phone to make the call, and Biaozi, seeing the situation escalate, angrily shouted at the ponytailed girl, "Why are you stirring up trouble? Do you even realize how badly you've screwed me over?"

"I know, I did it on purpose." The ponytailed girl replied, infuriating Biaozi to the point his vision blurred. Then, with an air of conviction, she continued, "How do you manage this place? You see my Third Sister being bullied, and instead of helping, you team up with this bald creep to trick her into drinking. If you can't handle the situation, then let's make it worse and call the Patrol Office to sort it out!"

This ponytailed girl was none other than Ye Shanshan, who had come here looking for Xia Rou.

When Ye Shanshan saw Xia Rou being harassed by Brother Cheng and Liu Jian, she quickly rushed back to the private room to pull Yan Xiaobao over. And then, in a bid to show off, she offered to handle the situation herself.

Yan Xiaobao, curious about whether this Reserve Concubine had any real skills, crossed his arms and blended into the crowd, watching the unfolding drama in silence.

Though Xia Rou hadn't seen Yan Xiaobao, spotting Ye Shanshan gave her a sense of relief. However, hearing Ye Shanshan repeatedly call her "Third Sister" left her speechless.

Biaozi, realizing from Ye Shanshan calling Xia Rou "Third Sister" that she was also connected to Yan Xiaobao, knew the situation wouldn't be resolved easily today. He quietly took out his phone to report to Zhao Erhu.

Ye Shanshan berated Biaozi before planting her feet firmly, hands on her hips, glaring at Liu Jian and Brother Cheng: "Hey! I'm warning you both to stay away from my Third Sister. Otherwise, this lady will start throwing punches!"

"Oh! Where'd this bratty girl come from? Fiery little thing, huh? I like that, haha!" Brother Cheng ogled Ye Shanshan with ill intent.

Although, in Yan Xiaobao's eyes, Ye Shanshan's figure wasn't as mind-blowingly hot as Han Ruobing's, most people would still find her exceptionally attractive.

If he could successfully humiliate this cocky brat tonight, then he and Captain Liu could even enjoy some "2V2 crossplay switch-ups." Brother Cheng, thrilled by the thought, teased Ye Shanshan lewdly: "Hey, little girl, if you want to fight, your big brother here can accommodate. Let's find a big soft bed to fight properly, huh?"

"Pfft!" Ye Shanshan spat and swiftly kicked him.

Ye Shanshan had trained in Wing Chun for years, and her kicks were fast and fierce. Brother Cheng let out a sharp cry, clutching his crotch and squatting down immediately.

The crowd gasped sharply.

This girl was utterly ferocious... acting the moment she threatened, and that kick was viciously precise—a pure "end the bloodline" strike!

"You filthy... ugh..." Brother Cheng tried to curse but was interrupted by another scream.

Yan Xiaobao, watching from the side, nodded secretly in approval. Ye Shanshan's Mandarin Duck Linked Legs were actually quite impressive.

"You dirty sleazeball! Take that for harassing me—you filthy sleazeball... you scummy pig..." Ye Shanshan hit and cursed simultaneously, putting on an exaggerated display like she'd been gravely wronged.

Onlookers collectively face-palmed.

No one even touched a single hair of hers, yet she thrashed him relentlessly while acting deeply aggrieved... this girl was downright terrifying...

Chapter 52 What do you think you are!

...

Brother Cheng was pounded into a pulp by Ye Shanshan's punches and kicks, lying on the ground, unable to even speak. Yet Ye Shanshan didn't seem satisfied—she set her sights on Captain Liu, and without a word, unleashed a powerful Mandarin Duck Linked Legs on him...

Captain Liu had downed half a jin of baijiu at dinner, and later at the karaoke bar had chugged several bottles of beer. Already stumbling drunkenly, he simply couldn't stand straight. After taking two heavy kicks from Ye Shanshan, he immediately went sprawling on his back.

"Not bad, didn't disgrace us." Yan Xiaobao watched, feeling a tiny bit of satisfaction.

Well, tonight's karaoke outing has turned into another martial arts demonstration... Xia Rou sighed to herself. Ever since meeting Yan Xiaobao, martial arts displays seemed to have become a regular occurrence...

Nearby, Biaozi was both startled and delighted.

Startled by how fierce this girl was. She first beat up Brother Cheng, the local tyrant with dozens of lackeys under his command, and then tackled Liu Jian, the Deputy Captain of the Inspection Team, right to the ground...

Delighted because, with her move, she redirected all the hostility from both Brother Cheng and Captain Liu onto herself. When Captain Liu's team arrived later and started looking to settle scores, it certainly wouldn't be him they'd go after.

Just as Ye Shanshan finished dealing with Captain Liu, a group of uniformed Inspection Team officers burst into the room. Before they could make sense of the situation, Ye Shanshan, with one hand on her hip and the other pointing at the bruised and battered Liu Jian lying on the floor, barked, "Why are you all so slow? Your captain just got beaten by me—hurry up and carry him off to the hospital."

The officers from the Inspection Team: "..."

What kind of girl was this? She beats up Captain Liu and then acts like it's no big deal? Could she have some kind of backing?

The Inspection Team and the Patrol Officers differed by just one character in their titles, but their statuses were worlds apart.

Patrol Officers were official state law enforcement personnel with standardized positions, while those in the Inspection Team were locally recruited public safety aides—essentially contract workers or even temporary staff (similar to auxiliary police).

As a result, when the Inspection Team carried out their duties, they always kept their eyes wide open. Nobodies, like street punks, were fair game for them to bully. But anyone with connections, they wouldn't dare provoke.

Thus, seeing Ye Shanshan—a savage-looking girl—hitting Captain Liu yet boldly ignoring the consequences left the Inspection Team uneasy.

Could she be a young heiress from some powerful family?

"Biaozi, what's going on?" one of the leading Inspection Team members asked.

Biaozi was still scheming about how he should answer when Ye Shanshan brazenly took the lead to explain, "Those two filthy perverts tried to harass me, so I knocked them both out. Simple as that."

"Uh..." The leading inspector froze, then cautiously asked, "Who are you, exactly?"

"Who cares who she is! Arrest her already—why all the chatter!" Liu Jian, still sprawled on the floor, spotted his reinforcements. With wobbly determination, he began to pull himself up while throwing his weight around.

"Yes, sir!" The deputy gave the command, and the Inspection Team immediately stepped forward to apprehend Ye Shanshan.

"Don't you dare lay a finger on me!"

A sharp, commanding voice suddenly rang out from the crowd.

A striking female Patrol Officer dressed in uniform strode into the scene, her expression icy. "I'm Han Ruobing, arrest officer of the Third Team at Baofeng District Patrol Office. I'll be taking this girl with me—any problems, come find me at the Patrol Office!"

\*Hiss—\*

The notorious Cold Ice Goddess Constable Han Ruobing was a name often whispered in fear by Inspection Team members. Seeing her now, they froze, none daring to act recklessly.

"Only left you alone for a bit, and you've caused trouble!" Han Ruobing scolded Ye Shanshan, then turned to leave. "Follow me back!"

"Stop right there!" Liu Jian shouted at Han Ruobing's retreating figure.

The leading inspector quickly grabbed Liu Jian's arm and whispered nervously, "Liu, don't act impulsively—you know we can't afford to cross paths with Han Ruobing..."

"Others may fear her... Han Ru... Han Ruobing, but... but I don't... uh..." Liu Jian, intoxicated, hiccupped mid-sentence. Pointing unsteadily at Han Ruobing, he slurred, "Han Ruobing—you... you're overstepping! Criminal cases are... your Patrol's jurisdiction, but public order... that's mine!"

"Oh?" Han Ruobing turned back with a frosty sneer, "Captain Liu has a problem with the way I handle things?"

"N-no... no problem..." Liu Jian suddenly grinned stupidly at her. "You can take her away, but... but you have to share a drink with me first!"

As soon as those words left Liu Jian's mouth, the leading inspector beside him turned pale with terror.

Han Ruobing was widely known for her icy demeanor and strict professionalism. She was ruthless and impartial, never showing leniency to any man. Anyone foolish enough to flirt with her invariably ended up hospitalized as a consequence.

Besides, Han Ruobing outranked Liu Jian by half a level and was highly regarded by her superiors. Within the Binhai Patrol Office, she was considered a critical mid-level powerhouse.

On a normal day, Liu Jian would grovel before Han Ruobing, eager to please her. But today, emboldened by liquid courage, this drunkard had the audacity to provoke her—his fate was already sealed...

"You're sure you want me to drink with you?" Han Ruobing's voice dropped to sub-zero temperatures. The leading inspector noticed the faint yet merciless smirk curling her lips and instinctively shivered.

"Of... of course!" Oblivious to his impending doom, Liu Jian grabbed two glasses of alcohol from a passing tray and lurched toward Han Ruobing.

No sooner had he taken two shaky steps than Liu Jian, along with the glasses, went flying sideways, smashing into the wall with a loud thud.

Yan Xiaobao exploded in fury, pointing at Liu Jian, who was now curled up at the wall and entirely unconscious. He roared, "You filthy toad, you bald-headed creep—what do you think you are? You dare force my Rourou wife, Reserve Concubine, and Bingbing wife to drink with you? I could kill you three times over for this!"

"..." Han Ruobing, who'd been about to show Liu Jian a thing or two, froze with sheer disbelief.

Onlookers, equally dumbfounded, exchanged puzzled glances.

Who on earth was this guy? Rourou wife, Reserve Concubine, Bingbing wife... What is this nonsense?

"Shut up!" Han Ruobing grabbed Ye Shanshan by the arm and began dragging her away. "We're leaving!"

"Bingbing wife, don't go!" Yan Xiaobao immediately chased after her. "Let's go grab drinks together."

Han Ruobing ignored him completely, marching straight out of Jinsha Night Club.

The Inspection Team members exchanged uneasy glances, unsure of what to do next.

Ordinarily, they should apprehend the guy who had just sent Captain Liu flying with a kick. But that guy called Han Ruobing "Bingbing wife," and she hadn't dealt with him—which clearly suggested that their relationship was intimate. Who would dare to arrest him?

"Pack up! Quick, get Captain Liu to the hospital!" The leading inspector, sensing that the situation was way beyond their jurisdiction, decisively organized his team to lift the unconscious Captain Liu and leave in a hurry.

Chapter 53: Seeking Refuge with Yan Xiaobao?

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Biaozhi secretly breathed a sigh of relief; Jinsha Night Club had narrowly avoided disaster for the time being. At the same time, he more deeply understood one thing—Yan Xiaobao was not someone to mess with...

After the commotion, seeing Yan Xiaobao chase after Han Ruobing outside, Xia Rou lost all interest in drinking and singing. She returned to her private room and was about to tell Zheng Xiaoyu and Chen Long to leave.

But then she reconsidered: Today is my celebration; why should I leave? Why should I let his departure ruin my fun?

Thinking of this, Xia Rou angrily opened three bottles of beer and proactively joined Zheng Xiaoyu and Chen Long for drinks.

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When Zhao Erhu arrived, the storm had already passed. The shattered glass shards, spilled alcohol, and the blood stains spat from Liu Jian's mouth had all been cleaned up. The scene showed no signs of the previous chaos.

Biaozhi followed Zhao Erhu into the office, reporting the entire incident in detail. Then he said, "Brother Hu, that bastard Brother Cheng clearly came today just to mess with us! Even without Xia Rou, he would have found someone else to stir up trouble. His real goal is to make Liu Jian team up against us."

"I know." Zhao Erhu nodded. Brother Cheng's intentions were as clear as day; his motives couldn't be more obvious.

"Brother Hu, what should we do now?" Biaozhi asked anxiously. "Liu Jian ended up hospitalized after being beaten by Yan Xiaobao here. Even though it technically has nothing to do with us, he's surely holding a grudge against us now. On top of that, Brother Cheng, that son of a b\*\*ch, will definitely seize the chance to fan the flames. Liu Jian won't let this go easily."

Zhao Erhu pondered for a bit and sighed, "Brother Cheng has Liu Jian backing him up. We need to find ourselves a supporter too."

"Everyone understands the logic, but..." Biaozhi lit a cigarette with a defeated expression, "Support is only temporary; people come and go. To have truly reliable connections, where are we supposed to find that?"

Zhao Erhu and his crew had frequently slipped bribes to local arrest officers and inspectors for "favours," but those were unreliable too. Small matters were fine; they'd help. But for bigger issues, they'd never step in for long. As for truly powerful backers, they'd never bother with small-time players like them—after all, they're just a group of low-level thugs, not worth the trouble.

"That brat who slapped Brother Cheng, what's her name?" Zhao Erhu asked after thinking for a moment.

"No idea," Biaozhi shook his head. "I only heard her call Xia Rou 'Third Sister.' Could they be relatives? Also, Han Ruobing showed up so quickly—it seems like she's closely connected to Han Ruobing."

"Oh, by the way!" Biaozhi's eyes suddenly lit up as he added, "After Yan Xiaobao knocked Liu Jian out, he cursed him, saying he's nothing, daring to force his Rourou wife, Reserve Concubine wife, and Bingbing wife to drink with him. Maybe that brat also has a thing with Yan Xiaobao!"

"Hmm..."

To suggest Yan Xiaobao and Xia Rou don't have a thing—Zhao Erhu didn't believe it.

But to say Yan Xiaobao and Han Ruobing had something going on—that, Zhao Erhu also didn't buy. Yet he personally overheard Yan Xiaobao call Han Ruobing "Bingbing wife," and Han Ruobing neither fought back nor denied it—a puzzling detail.

"In any case, all three women seem to share a close relationship with Yan Xiaobao," Zhao Erhu observed. "Maybe, for us, he's currently the most suitable ally."

"Rely on Yan Xiaobao?" Biaozi was stunned at first but then nodded. "This guy's background is a mystery, his skills are unrivaled, and I've heard Baofeng District's Chief Constable Zhang Zhixue highly respects him. Just a few days ago, Luo Jianbi's guys over at Night Banquet also got crushed by him. If we lean on him, at least people like Brother Cheng and Captain Liu wouldn't be a concern anymore. But... we've had some conflicts with him. Would he even help us?"

"Those small conflicts could be spun around—sometimes fighting builds familiarity," Zhao Erhu chuckled. "As for whether he'd help, that depends on how sincerely we make our approach..."

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"After the clouds leave, the sky still acts out. Does it believe caring only leads to giving up? Must it lose everything, only to fear nothing..." Chen Long was belting out a tune in the V868 private room.

Zheng Xiaoyu was carefully selecting the next song, while Xia Rou sat dazedly, lost in thought, staring blankly ahead.

The private room door swung open. Xia Rou glanced over her shoulder and noticed Yan Xiaobao had returned, sending an inexplicable flicker of joy across her eyes. However, her tone was icy as she asked, "Weren't you off with your Bingbing wife? Why'd you come back?"

"Bingbing wife is dropping off Reserve Concubine wife at home, then she's heading to work," Yan Xiaobao, totally oblivious to the quirk in Xia Rou's tone, casually plopped down beside her. "Rourou wife, let's have a drink."

"Not drinking."

"There's still so much beer here. Why not drink?" Yan Xiaobao looked at the full table of bottles. Ye Shanshan had ordered three rounds of beers earlier, barely touched them, and over sixty bottles remained.

Xia Rou: "I'm singing."

Yan Xiaobao grinned and clapped his hands. "Great, great, I've never heard Rourou wife sing. You're definitely better than Reserve Concubine wife."

"I don't feel like singing now. I'll listen to Chen Long and Xiao Yu sing first," Xia Rou said, feeling unexplainably obstinate toward Yan Xiaobao.

"Oh..." Yan Xiaobao picked up his glass again. "Then we'll drink and listen to them sing."

He had heard Xia Rou couldn't hold her liquor and continuously tried persuading her to drink. If Xia Rou got drunk tonight, he'd definitely be delighted.

"Not now; I'll drink when I get thirsty after singing," Xia Rou deflected, clearly avoiding letting him get his way.

As Yan Xiaobao pondered another excuse to coax Xia Rou into drinking, the private room door opened again, and two men walked in.

Leading the pair was Zhao Erhu, who strode up to Yan Xiaobao with an attitude of utmost respect and humility. "Boss, you're gracing our place with your presence—why didn't you let us know earlier? This room is too small; it doesn't suit someone of your status. Let me take you to the Supreme VIP suite."

The moment Xia Rou and the other two saw Zhao Erhu, their hearts tightened slightly. Yet Zhao Erhu's overtly deferential way of addressing Yan Xiaobao as "Boss" completely baffled the trio.

"Who's your boss?" Yan Xiaobao glared at Zhao Erhu, his voice sharp. "Don't go calling people randomly—or I'll beat you up!"

"Right, right, my mistake—Mr. Yan is no ordinary man. Not just anyone qualifies for the title 'Boss,'" Zhao Erhu quickly apologized with an ingratiating smile, lowering his posture even further.

You know what they say: fists don't land on smiling faces.

Yan Xiaobao noticed Zhao Erhu's friendly demeanor and softened slightly, though annoyance still lingered. "Whatever money Rourou wife owes you, I'll settle it in a couple of days. Don't bother her in the meantime, and don't interrupt her singing."

"Eh! Boss—um, Mr. Yan, don't mention it." Zhao Erhu clapped his thigh emphatically. "About that debt, forget the payment. Consider it my humble offering for Madam to pick up some cosmetics or anything she likes."

Chapter 54 Do you have a beautiful sister?

...

"Hmm?" Yan Xiaobao and Xia Rou were both stunned.

A while ago, Zhao Erhu and his crew had a massive fight with Yan Xiaobao over a debt, even escalating the matter to the Patrol Office. And now, Zhao Erhu suddenly labels it as "paying tribute" to Xia Rou?

Before Yan Xiaobao could question him, Zhao Erhu carried on showering Xia Rou with flattery, "I just heard while I was out that someone dared to disrespect Sister Xia Rou. I rushed back immediately, but unfortunately, I was a bit late—those bastards had already run off. But don't worry, Sister Xia Rou, just say the word, and I'll send my guys to take care of them right away!"

Being called "Sister Xia Rou" for the first time felt strange to Xia Rou, but unlike Yan Xiaobao, she didn't outright reject him. She simply shook her head gently, "No need, it's all in the past now. I don't want to stir up more trouble."

"Since Sister Xia Rou says so, we'll do as she wishes," Zhao Erhu said heartily, waving his hand in exaggeration. "Looks like those bastards lucked out, crossing paths with the benevolent Sister Xia Rou—I'll let them off for now."

Just then, a waiter came in to report: "Brother Hu, the Supreme VIP room is ready."

"Brother Yan, Sister Xia Rou, let's go to the Supreme VIP room. This place is too small, too low-class, and beneath your status." Zhao Erhu stood up to invite them.

"Whatever." Yan Xiaobao shrugged agreement, and the group, including Xia Rou, had no objections.

Upon entering the spacious and luxurious Supreme VIP room, a row of heavily made-up, sensuously dressed KTV hostesses bowed deeply three times: "Hello, Brother Yan! Hello, Sister Xia Rou! Hello, Brother Hu!"

Zhao Erhu had pulled out all the stops for this arrangement—it was the highest level of hospitality he could provide and reserved exclusively for the most distinguished guests.

"What are they here for?" Yan Xiaobao asked, clearly perplexed.

"Uh..." Zhao Erhu froze. Is there really someone who doesn't know what KTV hostesses are for in this day and age?

Timely as ever, Biaozi stepped in to explain, "Not much, just servers who accompany you to drink and sing some songs."

Yan Xiaobao glanced at them casually and then waved them off, saying, "They're too ugly. I'm not letting them drink and sing with me; I've got Rourou, my wife, and that's more than enough."

"Uh..." Zhao Erhu was instantly mortified.

These dozen hostesses were already the best-looking lineup he could find, yet Yan Xiaobao's verdict was: "Too ugly..."

Looking at Xia Rou and Han Ruobing, Zhao Erhu couldn't help but accept it, though.

A master like Yan Xiaobao, not only does he excel in martial arts, his taste is undeniably high-end.

With a wave, he dismissed the row of hostesses before pouring himself a drink. "Brother Yan, Sister Xia Rou, a toast to you both! Bottoms up as a sign of my respect!"

Zhao Erhu downed the glass in one go. Yan Xiaobao, meanwhile, didn't drink but eyed him suspiciously, "Unexpected kindness without cause—it's either treachery or a scam. Why are you suddenly treating me so courteously? What's your angle?"

"No, no, absolutely no angle. I wouldn't dare to plot anything in front of Brother Yan!" Zhao Erhu slapped his chest earnestly. "Brother Yan, I deeply admire you. If you don't mind, I'd like to follow you in the future and work under you!"

"Work under me? Doing what?" Yan Xiaobao was utterly puzzled. "I don't have anything for you to do..."

"Um... well..." Zhao Erhu found himself tongue-tied.

Chen Long cut in, "Brother Bao, what Zhao Erhu means is that he wants to be like me—a loyal follower of yours!"

"Yes, yes, that's exactly what I meant." Zhao Erhu quickly displayed his loyalty, "Brother Bao, please accept me! From now on, me and my crew will follow your lead. Whatever you want us to do, we'll do it—no questions asked!"

Yan Xiaobao curled his lips, "You think just anyone can be my subordinate? Let me ask you this—do you have a beautiful sister? Someone as pretty as my Rourou or Bingbing, my wives?"

"Uh..." Zhao Erhu glanced at Xia Rou, then shook his head. "No..."

"How about a beautiful daughter?" Yan Xiaobao asked again.

"Uh... also no..."

"Cousin? Distant cousin? Aunt's niece? Goddaughter? Or any other pretty relatives?"

"No... none of those either..." Zhao Erhu began sweating.

Women as stunning as Xia Rou and Han Ruobing are rare gems—not something every family can boast...

"Sigh..." Chen Long sighed and patted Zhao Erhu on the shoulder. "Let me tell you something. If I didn't have a sister as gorgeous as Yang Liying to gift to Brother Bao as his wife, he wouldn't have accepted me as his follower either. Since you don't have a beautiful sister or daughter... this might be tough..."

"Huh?" Zhao Erhu was baffled, "I just want to follow Brother Bao and do some work, not go as far as trying to build a family connection..."

"With your crew of misfits, what could you possibly help me with?" Yan Xiaobao clearly didn't think much of Zhao Erhu's group.

"Brother Bao, someone as powerful as you surely doesn't need help with big things. But for those small, trivial tasks you wouldn't bother to handle yourself, let us take care of them—it'll absolutely be done!"

Zhao Erhu began counting things off, "Like guarding your place, managing venues, picking up and driving you, acting as bodyguards, arranging grand entrances, delivering water, groceries, moving gas tanks..."

Yan Xiaobao glanced at the ceiling, as if suddenly finding that Zhao Erhu's group might actually be somewhat useful...

Noticing Yan Xiaobao's slightly interested expression, Zhao Erhu quickly seized the opportunity to push his agenda, "Brother Bao, I'm truly sincere. Take me and my brothers in, and I swear it'll save you lots of hassle."

"Brother Bao, I think Zhao Erhu really does mean it," Chen Long chimed in support, "Take them in, and at least no one will dare mess with Dexi Hall anymore. Sister Xia Rou will also be much safer traveling to and from work."

Zhao Erhu cast a thankful glance at Chen Long. This skinny kid was actually pretty decent—so eager to assist, even without a bribe.

Of course, he didn't realize Chen Long simply saw an opportunity. If Zhao Erhu joined Yan Xiaobao's crew, then as Yan Xiaobao's first follower, Chen Long's position would naturally rise, making him harder to bully in the future.

"Still, making you guys my followers would feel like lowering my standards." Yan Xiaobao shook his head and glanced at Chen Long before casually remarking, "If you admire him so much, why don't you let him take you in as a follower instead?"

"Huh?" As soon as Yan Xiaobao said that, both Zhao Erhu and Chen Long were dumbstruck.

Zhao Erhu looked at Chen Long, suddenly hesitant. He, Zhao Erhu, was a relatively big figure in the scene—how could he recognize this inexperienced kid with no clout or background as his boss? It didn't make sense...

But Chen Long, on the other hand, was thrilled. If Zhao Erhu really became his follower, then he'd instantly move up to being a respected boss himself!

Chapter 55

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[It's the sixth day of the lunar new year! Back to work early! Returning to two updates per day. When we get featured, there will be bonus updates. Please show your support and cast your votes!]

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Seeing Zhao Erhu hesitating, Chen Long mustered the courage and said, "What's wrong? Brother Hu, do you look down on me? It's fine if you look down on me, but you should know—I'm Brother Bao's number one lackey. If you look down on me, doesn't that mean you're looking down on Brother Bao?"

Those words hit like a wake-up call, and Zhao Erhu suddenly snapped out of it.

That's right! This bean sprout may not have any outstanding background or skills, but he's currently Yan Xiaobao's only lackey. That alone is enough. If I become this bean sprout's subordinate, it's basically the same as being Yan Xiaobao's subordinate. In essence, there's no difference.

"No, no, never! Brother Bao's lackey is my big brother. From now on, you're my big brother! May I ask what my big brother's name is?" Zhao Erhu plastered on a fawning smile and humbly asked.

"My name is Chen Long. Just call me Brother Long from now on." Chen Long puffed up with arrogance.

"Yes, Brother Long!" Zhao Erhu, having made up his mind, called out "Brother Long" crisply and without hesitation.

"Congratulations, Brother Long! Congratulations, Brother Hu! Allow me to toast the two big brothers." Biaozhi timely stepped in with a toast, making the atmosphere even more harmonious. "Now Brother Bao's team has both a dragon and a tiger. Truly destiny at work—what a perfect match!"

Destiny at work? Is that even the right usage?

As a college student, Chen Long muttered to himself: These uneducated folks are truly terrifying...

"Hey, have you guys finished yet? If you haven't, take it outside. Stop interrupting my Rourou's singing." Yan Xiaobao didn't think of them as any sort of dragon or tiger; in his eyes, they were more like a worm and a sick cat.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Zhao Erhu hurriedly sought Chen Long's permission. "Um... Brother Long, should we head outside? I still have lots to learn from you."

"Alright then." Chen Long stood tall and walked out with his chest puffed up, indeed putting on a bit of a big brother's aura.

Zheng Xiaoyu stared in amazement as Chen Long walked out, feeling that he seemed like a completely different person.

Of course, she couldn't understand that every man harbors the heart of a strong-willed individual. As the saying goes, "A golden carp is not destined to stay in a pond; once the winds and clouds align, it transforms into a dragon." When opportunity presented itself, Chen Long had gone from being a studious, hardworking college student to someone who looked the part of a "big brother."

Chen Long had never been a big brother before, but all those action-packed crime films he'd watched weren't for nothing. Putting on a facade of authority wasn't too hard, especially when he had Yan Xiaobao's backing, which gave him plenty of confidence.

After switching to another private room, Zhao Erhu called in a dozen beautiful women. Earlier, Yan Xiaobao had snubbed them, but Zhao Erhu had caught Chen Long's shining eyes clearly.

For a college student juggling work-study programs, such extravagant indulgence was unheard of. After feigning a few polite refusals, Chen Long happily accepted Zhao Erhu's arrangement, leaving two long-haired beauties to serve him on either side.

"Brother Long, come, let me toast you first." Zhao Erhu had quickly adapted to the situation, sincerely assuming the role of Chen Long's subordinate.

Chen Long, feeling quite pleased with himself, clinked glasses with Zhao Erhu. Glancing at the deferential Zhao Erhu and Biaozi, then at the two glamorous beauties by his side, he couldn't help but feel lightheaded, like living in a dream.

Earlier today, he was still just a regular college student working during summer break. Yet now, within mere hours, he had transformed into an "Underworld Boss." What a twist life could take, truly unpredictable.

Of course, Chen Long knew full well that Zhao Erhu's attitude toward him was entirely due to Yan Xiaobao. But Chen Long believed that as long as he followed Yan Xiaobao closely and fulfilled his roles as lackey and brother-in-law, all of this wouldn't just be a dream anymore.

Having a sister as beautiful as Yang Liying, what a stroke of good fortune...

After three glasses, Zhao Erhu began discreetly probing for information about Yan Xiaobao.

Chen Long's knowledge of Yan Xiaobao was quite limited, not much more than what Zhao Erhu knew. However, he had no intention of losing face in front of Zhao Erhu. Adopting a serious expression, he said, "Brother Bao doesn't like people prying into his personal matters. All you need to know is that Brother Bao is formidable, and following him is definitely the right choice."

"Of course, of course..." Zhao Erhu chuckled. "Brother Long, don't worry. In our world, loyalty and righteousness are everything. Once I've decided to follow Brother Bao, I'll have no second thoughts."

"Good." Chen Long nodded with a sense of seniority and started probing Zhao Erhu's background. "Alright, tell me more about your situation first."

Zhao Erhu earnestly reported, "I own a restaurant and a food stall, and I also have shares in the Golden Sands Entertainment City. Business is okay, but I've got quite a few people to feed, so it's just enough to scrape by."

"Hmm, not bad." Chen Long was brimming with excitement internally.

A hundred or so people—soon enough, all of them would count as his subordinates. That's enough to make him feel powerful. Then there are the restaurant, food stalls, entertainment city shares—all of these combine to generate about a million or so of monthly profits, right? Although Zhao Erhu claimed he was "scraping by," to a college student like Chen Long, it was enough to live a life of "wealth and luxury."

"Brother Long, do you want to take a look at the accounts?" Zhao Erhu proactively asked.

"No need. Brother Hu, your sincerity is something both Brother Bao and I trust blindly." Chen Long knew that genuinely scrutinizing the accounts would be overstepping, so he decided to stop while the going was good and changed the subject instead. "Brother Hu, Brother Bao doesn't like being distracted by trivial issues. From now on, if anything comes up, deal directly with me first."

"Understood." Zhao Erhu grasped Chen Long's intent and didn't object, exchanging phone numbers with him.

"Rest assured, the things we can't handle, Brother Bao will absolutely step in."

Chen Long reassured Zhao Erhu. "Brother Bao's lackeys have privileges—only he and the sisters-in-law can mess with us. If anyone else dares, Brother Bao won't let it slide. But always remember, no matter what happens, even if it's the Heavenly King himself, you mustn't offend the sisters-in-law. Otherwise... you're doomed."

"Got it, got it!" Zhao Erhu felt reassured and continued, "By the way... the sisters-in-law... who exactly are the sisters-in-law?"

Chen Long mulled over the question before answering, "There are seven sisters-in-law in total. You've met Sister Xia Rou, Chief Han, and Ye Shanshan, who got into a fight today. My sister hasn't arrived in Binhai yet. As for the other three, I haven't met them either. But don't worry, once I do, I'll keep you updated."

"Alright, I'll keep that in mind." Zhao Erhu gestured to the four remaining beauties in the room, picked up his glass again, and said, "Brother Long, we've laid out the serious matters. Now, let me properly entertain you tonight."

"Er... okay then! Cheers!" Chen Long quickly adapted to the new lifestyle, beginning to savor what it felt like to be a "drunkard."

Chapter 56 Sleeping Alone is So Boring

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During Chen Long's transformation into a "drunkard," his elder brother Yan Xiaobao was also up to no good, wholeheartedly persuading Xia Rou to drink.

Initially feeling a vague discomfort due to Han Ruobing's appearance, Xia Rou seemed to forget that minor unease after Zhao Erhu and the others changed the topic, gradually lifting her spirits again.

After all, being invited by Zhang Hongde to join the Binhai Medical University Special Expert Group today was genuinely something worth celebrating.

At Zheng Xiaoyu's invitation, Xia Rou and she started singing songs together, back and forth.

They became increasingly cheerful, increasingly excited, and increasingly thirsty...

Eventually, Yan Xiaobao's devious plan paid off, and Xia Rou ended up so tipsy that her steps were unsteady and her spirit floating. Her pretty face was flushed with a rosy hue, making her even more enchanting and attractive.

Seeing Xia Rou had gotten a bit drunk and noticing Yan Xiaobao's overtly predatory, malicious intent, Zheng Xiaoyu stood up and advised, "Sister Xia Rou, it's getting late. We've had plenty of fun tonight; you should go home and get some rest."

"It's only eleven o'clock; it's still early." Yan Xiaobao felt Xia Rou's drunkenness was not yet deep enough and objected, "We haven't finished all this wine yet."

"All this wine? You want Sister Xia Rou completely drunk so you can mess around, don't you?" Zheng Xiaoyu shot a glare at Yan Xiaobao and continued protecting Xia Rou, "Sister Xia Rou, you still need to see Dean Zhang tomorrow to handle the expert appointment procedures."

When Xia Rou heard Zheng Xiaoyu mention important business, she immediately sobered up halfway and insisted on going home.

Yan Xiaobao had no choice but to reluctantly watch his opportunity slip away again.

As soon as they stepped out of the private room, the waiter waiting outside promptly informed Zhao Erhu.

Zhao Erhu hurriedly came out to escort them, personally driving Yan Xiaobao and Xia Rou back to their doorstep.

"Brother Bao, take care and rest early. If you ever need anything, just give me a call anytime."

Looking at the attentive Zhao Erhu, Yan Xiaobao's impression of him improved slightly; he thought taking him on as a little brother might not be a bad idea—at least he'd have someone to drive him around in the future.

Xia Rou, who had sobered up slightly inside the private room, felt a little disoriented again after cooling off in the car and catching a bit of the night breeze.

"Rourou, let me carry you upstairs." Without waiting for her response, Yan Xiaobao scooped Xia Rou up by the waist.

Weak-limbed and dizzy, Xia Rou leaned against Yan Xiaobao's embrace, finding a sliver of comfort, so she didn't resist.

"So fragrant... so soft..." Yan Xiaobao inhaled Xia Rou's faint scent, tightly holding onto her, feeling the softness and bounce of her body, his face full of pleasure.

They went upstairs, entered, turned on the lights, and Yan Xiaobao directly laid Xia Rou down on the bed. Just as he was ready to steal a kiss, Xia Rou swiftly scrambled off the bed, darted into her bedroom to grab some clothes, and slipped into the bathroom.

"Rourou, why did you suddenly sober up?" Yan Xiaobao was visibly frustrated.

"If I didn't sober up, you'd bully me!" Xia Rou chuckled slyly from the bathroom, "How could I not sober up?"

"..." Yan Xiaobao was speechless.

Tonight's plan was an utter failure. He even drank all that beer for no reason... Not that beer was an issue for him—he didn't really care for its taste. What he truly loved drinking was the Flowers Wine handcrafted by Heavenly Sister.

"Sleeping alone is so boring..." Yan Xiaobao muttered discontentedly.

Before coming to Binhai, he had never slept alone. When he was still on the island, Heavenly Sister always accompanied him tenderly.

"If you don't want to sleep alone, why don't you go find Bingbing or your reserve concubine?" Xia Rou's voice mingled with the sound of running water, spilling through the bathroom door.

Yan Xiaobao thought about it but eventually decided against it. Bingbing was working the night shift tonight, and even if she weren't, she might not be willing to share a bed with him. As for the reserve concubine, Ye Shanshan, she would likely agree, but Yan Xiaobao now dismissed her for not being pretty enough and didn't want her company.

Fortunately, Yan Xiaobao was highly skilled at adjusting his mood. Standing guard outside the bathroom door while waiting for Xia Rou to emerge in her nightgown gave him visual satisfaction, and the frustration in his heart gradually faded away.

Since he was destined to sleep alone in an empty room, he might as well focus on cultivation.

Yan Xiaobao crossed his legs and began practicing the techniques Heavenly Sister had taught him.

Heavenly Sister had suffered severe internal injuries before and still required him to reach higher cultivation levels as soon as possible to heal her wounds.

...

The next morning, after handling a few matters at Dexi Hall, Xia Rou went to Binhai Medical University to complete her appointment procedures with Zhang Hongde.

Not seeing Chen Long, Yan Xiaobao casually asked, "Did Xiao Chong not come today?"

"He's Brother Long now; how could he still be doing odd jobs in our tiny shop?" Zheng Xiaoyu snorted disdainfully.

Yan Xiaobao didn't respond; he wasn't at all interested in such matters.

"Yan Xiaobao, are you seriously letting Chen Long hang out with Zhao Erhu and those guys? They're just street thugs!" Zheng Xiaoyu grumbled again disapprovingly.

"What's the big deal?" Yan Xiaobao replied indifferently.

"Fine, do as you please—it's none of my business anyway." Zheng Xiaoyu huffed and turned away, choosing not to engage further.

...

When Xia Rou arrived at Binhai Medical University, she contacted Zhang Hongde over the phone.

Zhang Hongde already had the employment contract prepared, and the entire process went smoothly, taking just over ten minutes to wrap up.

Xia Rou thus became the youngest member of the Binhai Medical University Special Expert Group.

"Come, I'll show you around to familiarize yourself with the environment." To ensure Xia Rou's onboarding went well, Zhang Hongde had deliberately cleared half his day's schedule to lay the groundwork mainly for maintaining a good relationship with Yan Xiaobao.

Just as they stepped out of the dean's office, Zhang Hongde's phone rang.

"What! Li Desheng's only son is critically ill?" Zhang Hongde exclaimed in shock, immediately making arrangements: "Inform the expert group's on-call doctors to rush over at once—I'll head there right away."

Li Desheng was the founder and chairman of Desheng Group, overseeing multiple publicly listed companies and boasting personal wealth in the billions, ranking among Binhai City's top five richest individuals. He also carried significant influence and was actively involved in philanthropy, donating over a million worth of medical equipment annually to Binhai Medical University and Fu'er Hospital.

[Note: Regarding Li Desheng's name, the original name was "Li Desheng," but the system couldn't render it correctly, so it was changed to "Li Desheng." In future updates, wherever \*\*\* appears as a placeholder for this name, kindly mentally substitute it with "Li Desheng." Apologies for any inconvenience caused—this was out of the writer's control. They will allocate more time to reviewing the text prior to website updates in the future.]

Zhang Hongde left no room for carelessness.

After Zhang Hongde hung up the phone, Xia Rou quickly remarked, "Dean Zhang, you should handle your urgent matters first."

Walking briskly, Zhang Hongde invited Xia Rou, "I hadn't expected your first day as a member of the expert group to coincide with an emergency. Come along with me to check it out."

Without delay, Zhang Hongde swiftly led Xia Rou to the Fu'er Hospital emergency department office at Binhai Medical University.

Emergency Department Head Sun Jianqiang and Special Expert Group Professor Huang had already arrived ahead of time and were discussing the case with several other doctors.

"What's the situation?" Zhang Hongde queried.

## Chapter 57: Saving People as Urgent as Fighting Fire

...

"The patient's condition is very poor," Professor Huang said gravely. "This morning, the patient suddenly experienced severe pain throughout his body and soon lost the ability to speak. Later, he began to convulse intermittently, his complexion changed from pale to purple and then started turning black. These symptoms are extremely rare, and we still cannot determine the cause of his illness."

At this moment, a nurse hurriedly arrived and handed over the blood panel report.

Sun Jianqiang took the report, frowned, and said, "Based on the results of the blood test, it appears to be a viral infection, but we cannot identify the virus. It's likely a completely new type of virus we've never encountered before."

"Administer antibiotics to the patient first, and then immediately conduct liver and kidney function tests," Professor Huang decisively instructed. Then, he turned to Zhang Hongde, "Dean Zhang, should we convene the expert group for an emergency consultation right away?"

"Hmm," Zhang Hongde nodded. "I'll have the office arrange it immediately."

At this moment, Li Desheng and his wife, having just learned about their only son Li Junkai's critical condition, rushed into the emergency room in panic.

"How's my son doing?" Even after decades navigating the business world and weathering countless storms, billionaire Li Desheng was barely able to keep his composure at this moment.

"He is undergoing emergency treatment," Sun Jianqiang replied. "Our preliminary diagnosis points to a viral infection, but we cannot confirm it yet. Further tests are required."

"You still can't confirm it?" Mrs. Li exploded upon hearing this. "What are all of you doctors even doing? Every year we donate millions to your hospital, and yet when something happens to my son, you're all helpless? Are the donations we gave you just feeding dogs?"

"Mrs. Li, please don't be overly anxious," Zhang Hongde tried to calm her down. "I've already informed the expert group to come urgently for a consultation. We'll have results very soon..."

"It's bad!" Before Zhang Hongde finished speaking, a nurse rushed into the office in panic and shouted, "The patient's fever has suddenly spiked to 42°C! His heart rate has exceeded 200! His blood pressure..."

Before the nurse could finish, Zhang Hongde, Professor Huang, and the others were already sprinting toward the emergency operating room.

Mrs. Li's vision went dark, and she fainted backward. Li Desheng caught his wife in his arms, his face pale with worry.

Inside the emergency operating room, Li Junkai had already slipped into a coma. His face was terrifyingly flushed, his breathing was rapid, and his vital signs—temperature, heart rate, and blood pressure—had all surpassed critical levels.

If this continued, he would head to report to the King of Hell long before the expert group could arrive for the consultation.

"What now? What do we do?" Zhang Hongde was pacing nervously by the bedside. Every emergency measure had been applied, but none yielded any effect at all.

This situation was unprecedented, and even the highly experienced Professor Huang found himself at a complete loss.

For Western medicine, if the cause of an illness cannot be diagnosed, it is practically impossible to treat. If all medical equipment proves ineffective, there's essentially nothing doctors can do.

At this moment, Xia Rou spoke up, "Let me try."

"You? Are you a doctor?" Sun Jianqiang had initially mistaken the beautiful young woman beside Zhang Hongde for his newly hired secretary.

"I was too rushed to introduce her earlier," Zhang Hongde explained briefly. "This is Doctor Xia Rou from Dexi Hall. Her reputation as the Miracle Needle is well known far and wide."

"Oh, so you're a Chinese medicine doctor," Sun Jianqiang muttered dismissively. He still didn't take Xia Rou seriously.

In the eyes of many Western medicine practitioners, Chinese medicine was an outdated relic on the verge of being forgotten. Xia Rou was so young—how could she have much skill? Besides, Chinese medicine was strong in health regulation, but in emergency treatment, it wasn't considered a match for Western medicine.

"Doctor Xia, you've seen the patient's condition," Professor Huang reminded her kindly. "Even the smallest error could lead to irreversible consequences."

In this era of strained doctor-patient relationships, if a patient dies in the hospital, the doctor in charge often faces immense backlash. Li Junkai's status was far from ordinary, and Mrs. Li's earlier reaction was an unmistakable warning. If anything happened to him, the fallout would be extremely challenging to deal with.

"Exactly," Sun Jianqiang said irritably. "This is Fu'er Hospital's emergency operating room. You're a Chinese medicine doctor from Dexi Hall—how can you take action here without authorization? If something goes wrong, will Fu'er Hospital bear responsibility, or will Dexi Hall take the blame?"

"Doctor Xia is already a member of Binhai Medical University Special Expert Group," Zhang Hongde pointed out, shocking both Sun Jianqiang and Professor Huang.

So young, barely a few years out of medical school, not even qualified as an attending physician—how could she be part of the expert group?

Sun Jianqiang and Professor Huang exchanged skeptical glances, clearly convinced that some sort of underhanded connection was at play.

"I haven't thought about that," Xia Rou replied seriously. "But saving lives is like fighting a fire. The patient's life is already perilously at risk. If no measures are taken, I fear he won't last until the expert

group arrives for the consultation. Although I don't know the cause of his illness, I could try acupuncture to alleviate his symptoms and buy some time."

"Are you confident?" Zhang Hongde asked gravely. He didn't want anything to happen to Li Junkai, nor did he want Xia Rou, a new member of the expert group, to bear medical responsibility.

Xia Rou hesitated briefly before responding, "I'm sixty percent confident."

Her words stunned Professor Huang. Faced with the current critical situation, he had no solutions at all, yet this young female Chinese medicine doctor claimed to have a sixty percent chance of alleviating the patient's symptoms—it was hard to believe.

Zhang Hongde, however, hesitated. A sixty percent chance wasn't high, but it wasn't low either. Given the patient's extraordinary status, he was reluctant to take risks.

"How about... calling Divine Doctor Yan for his opinion?"

"Alright." Xia Rou dialed Yan Xiaobao's number, hoping his miraculous hands could work their magic once again.

"Rourou, you're asking me for help? Sure, no problem," Yan Xiaobao said playfully over the phone. "But if I save this patient for you, you have to officially become my wife, alright?"

"You can come first, and we'll talk about that later," Xia Rou responded cautiously, neither agreeing nor rejecting outright, choosing to take one step at a time.

Just after the call ended, the patient's vital sign monitor suddenly emitted a prolonged alarm beep.

"The patient's heartbeat has stopped!" Professor Huang rushed forward to organize the resuscitation efforts. "Quick, cardiopulmonary resuscitation!"

Ventilator, hyperbaric oxygen, pacemaker—all the equipment was deployed in a flurry of activity, barely pulling Li Junkai back from the brink of death.

"Dean Zhang, the patient's condition is still deteriorating. I think..." Professor Huang suggested, "We've exhausted all other options. We should let Doctor Xia try."

Chapter 58: They're Simply a Bunch of Good-for-nothings

...

"Good!" Zhang Hongde didn't dare delay any longer, patting Xia Rou on the shoulder, "Doctor Xia, please start the acupuncture immediately. Rest assured, even if anything goes wrong, you won't bear any responsibility."

Xia Rou carefully checked the patient's condition again, and cautiously said, "Right now, I can only use the silver needles to slow down the patient's heart rate and blood pressure, to delay the spread of the virus, and try to gain a little more time."

Zhang Hongde immediately nodded, "Okay, start the acupuncture quickly."

Xia Rou took out the silver needles and carefully inserted them into the acupuncture points near Li Junkai's heart and arteries.

The results were immediate; the data on the life signs monitor began to decrease and stabilize at a very low level. It was like an animal entering hibernation, reducing signs of life to endure the harsh winter.

At this moment, a group of people in white coats came rushing into the emergency operating room. All the experts who could make it from the special expert group had arrived, totaling seven or eight people, led by the deputy leader Hong Fuquan.

Currently, Li Junkai's condition is relatively stable. The group of experts exited the emergency operating room and went to the conference room to start a consultation.

Xia Rou, knowing she had the least seniority, was at the back and was about to enter the conference room when Yan Xiaobao called out from behind, "Rourou, I'm here!"

"Shh—don't speak, let's look at the situation first."

Just as Xia Rou was about to lead Yan Xiaobao into the conference room, Hong Fuquan, sitting at the conference table, glanced at the door and said coldly, "All unrelated personnel, please leave and close the door."

Zhang Hongde immediately stood up and introduced, "This is Divine Doctor Yan, whom I specifically invited..."

"Divine Doctor?" Hong Fuquan sneered, glancing dismissively at the young Yan Xiaobao, "What era do we live in now, where there still are so-called 'Divine Doctors'? Zhang Hongde, you are the dean of Fu'er Hospital, why are you regressing?"

"Divine Doctor Yan's medical skills, I have personally witnessed, are beyond modern medical concepts," Zhang Hongde smiled gently, "Let him sit in as an observer."

Hong Fuquan sneered again and said nothing in response.

This Hong Fuquan is the dean of the Binhai Medical University First Affiliated Hospital. Though his seniority is a bit lower than Zhang Hongde's, his connections are stronger, which got him the dean's position.

To balance things and appease public opinion, the leadership let Zhang Hongde be the leader of the Binhai Medical University Special Expert Group, in charge of administration and personnel, while Hong Fuquan was the deputy leader in charge of operations.

In short, the entire Binhai Medical Industry knows that Hong Fuquan and Zhang Hongde are arch-rivals. Furthermore, Hong Fuquan has a strong personality and is somewhat overbearing, while Zhang Hongde is rather calm and steady.

Yan Xiaobao didn't care who was who, only having eyes for his Rourou. He sat beside Xia Rou and asked her, "Rourou, where's the patient? Quickly take me to treat the patient, so I can heal him and we can go home and sleep!"

"Shush!" "Shush!" "Shush!" Dozens of gazes immediately focused on them.

Xia Rou blushed deeply, lowered her head, and coquettishly murmured, "Don't speak now, wait a bit!"

"Oh..." Yan Xiaobao reached under the conference table and held Xia Rou's delicate hand, "Rourou, why is your face so red, do you have a fever?"

Xia Rou frowned forcefully, "Don't speak!"

"..." Yan Xiaobao obediently shut his mouth, but continued holding Xia Rou's hand.

Xia Rou was afraid he might say something inappropriate, so she didn't move, allowing Yan Xiaobao to joyfully play with her soft, fair hand.

"Everyone has seen the test reports and the patient's condition. Any opinions?" Hong Fuquan solemnly asked, presiding over the consultation.

After the question was posed, the conference room fell silent; no one made a sound.

Hong Fuquan frowned, about to speak again, when Mrs. Li suddenly stood up and angrily pointed at the experts, "Is this the so-called Special Expert Group? A bunch of useless noodles! So many people, researching for so long, and not a single fart comes out, utterly ridiculous!"

Li Desheng looked grim, not stopping his wife's near-tantrum behavior. He knew his wife wasn't ordinarily like this, but with their son's life at stake, she couldn't control her emotions.

"Mr. Li, Mrs. Li, this..." Zhang Hongde spoke to mediate, "Our preliminary diagnosis is a viral infection, but this virus is one we've never encountered before, likely a new variant, so we..."

Before Zhang Hongde could finish, a nurse rushed into the conference room and reported, "It's bad, the patient's life signs are weakening..."

"Whoosh—" everyone immediately got up and rushed to the emergency operating room.

Hong Fuquan was the first to reach the operating table and check Li Junkai's condition. He then noticed dozens of fine silver needles inserted in Li Junkai's acupuncture points and immediately shouted angrily, "What is this mess?"

The ER department head, Sunx Jianqiang, explained that after Li Junkai's heart stopped and they resuscitated him, Zhang Hongde had Xia Rou use silver needles to control the heart rate and blood pressure, among other things.

"Utter nonsense!" Hong Fuquan turned and scolded Zhang Hongde and Xia Rou, "Emergency surgery is the domain of Western medicine. Letting this young female traditional doctor mess around recklessly is irresponsible chaos! If Mr. Li has any mishaps, can you bear the responsibility?"

Zhang Hongde calmly argued, "Previously, the patient's heart rate and blood pressure were well above critical levels, very dangerous. I believe using traditional Chinese acupuncture to control the situation and buy time for consultation was not a wrong choice."

"You've gotten the patient to this state and still don't see the mistake? The life signs are already below the threshold, if this continues, he won't survive!" Hong Fuquan sternly shouted at Xia Rou, "Quickly remove those damned needles!"

"Hey!" Seeing the old man yelling at Xia Rou, Yan Xiaobao immediately protested, "Speak nicely to my Rourou, or be careful or I'll deal with you!"

"Deal with me? Hahaha!" Hong Fuquan laughed in anger, "Kid, no one has ever dared to talk to me like this! It's absurd that Zhang Hongde calls you a Divine Doctor, and you actually believe it! Try laying a finger on me!"

"Xiao Bao!" Xia Rou quickly held Yan Xiaobao's arm. If she had been a second slower, Hong Fuquan's old face might have been wrecked.

After stopping Yan Xiaobao, Xia Rou calmly said to Hong Fuquan, "The patient's heart rate and blood pressure have decreased since before. I can adjust the number of needles to bring it to a stable level..."

"No need!" Hong Fuquan impatiently waved his hand, "Remove those needles immediately and get out!"

Chapter 59: Benevolence Fulfilled and Righteousness Exhausted

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To take responsibility for the patient's life, Xia Rou controlled her personal emotions and made one final effort. "If the silver needles are removed, the patient's heart rate and blood pressure are likely to lose control again. At that point, I won't be able to help anymore. Please reconsider carefully, Dean Hong."

"Scare tactics!" Hong Fuquan sneered. "I've treated more patients than the men you've ever met! Spare me your nonsense!"

"Since that's the case..." Xia Rou turned to Zhang Hongde and said, "I've done all I could, and said all I needed to say. After removing the silver needles, whatever happens next has nothing to do with me. Dean Zhang, please bear witness for me."

Zhang Hongde nodded slightly and sighed, "You've done your utmost."

With no choice left, Xia Rou stepped forward to remove the silver needles from Li Junkai's body, pulled Yan Xiaobao, and prepared to leave.

"You're leaving just like that?" Yan Xiaobao glanced at Li Junkai, unconscious on the hospital bed. "This guy is on the verge of dying; Rourou, you're really not letting me save him?"

Yan Xiaobao couldn't care less about Li Junkai's life or death; he just wanted to save the patient, so that Xia Rou would officially become his wife and sleep beside him.

"With so many experts here, it's no longer our concern," Xia Rou said as she pushed the door and left.

Yan Xiaobao followed her unhappily, full of complaints as he jogged after her, feeling that this was a complete waste of his time.

"Why are you dawdling? Let's go!" Xia Rou reached the elevator and found Yan Xiaobao had not followed but was sitting on a chair in the hallway.

"No rush; that patient is about to die soon. They'll come begging you to save him in no time." Yan Xiaobao grinned at Xia Rou. "Rourou, let me save him for you, then you can officially become my wife, okay?"

"No way!" Xia Rou replied sternly. "That patient is no longer under my responsibility. Whether you save him or not is up to you, but I won't officially become your wife because of it."

"Because Rourou, you'll officially become my wife sooner or later anyway." Yan Xiaobao beamed brightly. "I can definitely heal your patient, so why not make it official today?"

Xia Rou: "..."

Meanwhile, Hong Fuquan was organizing a team of experts to treat Li Junkai.

Once Xia Rou's silver needles were removed, Li Junkai's heart rate and blood pressure started stabilizing, gradually returning to normal levels.

"As soon as the silver needles were removed, the patient's vital signs normalized. I told you, acupuncture for emergency rescue is nonsense." Hong Fuquan clasped his hands behind his back and smiled faintly.

"Dean Hong's insight is truly remarkable, far beyond the capabilities of ordinary doctors."

"Exactly! How could a little girl possibly..."

Before the experts could finish their flattery, the figures on the monitor began to spike sharply.

Heart rate: 160!

Heart rate: 180!

Heart rate: 200!

"This... what's happening?" Hong Fuquan's smiling expression froze. This was the first time he had ever encountered such a situation, completely beyond his comprehension.

The other experts exchanged bewildered glances, utterly at a loss.

Zhang Hongde reacted quickly. Without wasting time, he dashed out of the emergency room to chase after Xia Rou and Yan Xiaobao.

"Dean Zhang, how is my son doing?" Waiting outside the operating room, Li Desheng and his wife, upon seeing Zhang Hongde's anxious face, were instantly struck by fear and chills.

"Ask Dean Hong. I'm going after Divine Doctor Yan." Zhang Hongde charged toward the elevator without turning around, while dialing Xia Rou's phone.

Upon understanding the situation, Li Desheng was so furious his hair practically stood on end. He pointed at Hong Fuquan's nose and cursed angrily, "Hong! If anything happens to my son, I'll make sure your entire family pays for it!"

"And the rest of you!" Mrs. Li joined in, pointing at the other experts. "You're incompetent fools! If my son can't be saved, the Li Family will go bankrupt to make you pay with blood!"

Hong Fuquan was scolded until he was utterly humiliated, unable to muster a word in response. The Li Family was powerful and hard to provoke, and this had become a major disaster.

The experts standing nearby grumbled silently, cursing Hong Fuquan's ancestors under their breath.

Xia Rou had clearly warned them: removing the silver needles would likely cause the patient's heart rate and blood pressure to lose control again.

Yet Hong Fuquan, driven by his need to oppose Zhang Hongde and assert his authority, forcibly demanded the needles be removed, leading to this mess.

It's one thing for Hong Fuquan to bring trouble upon himself, but dragging everyone else into it?

At this moment, Zhang Hongde arrived at the elevator and, after much persuasion, managed to convince Xia Rou to return.

Upon seeing Xia Rou, the experts immediately surrounded her as though she were their savior, eagerly imploring her.

"Doctor Xia, the patient's condition is critical. Please use the silver needles for emergency treatment again!"

"Yes, yes, we were blind earlier and offended you. We hope you'll forgive us and focus on saving lives first!"

"That's right, quickly, quickly, save the patient!"

Xia Rou, having a heart of compassion as a doctor and not being one to hold grudges, said nothing as she stepped forward to examine Li Junkai's condition.

However, after checking his pulse, Xia Rou shook her head again. "I already mentioned before, if the patient's heart rate and blood pressure entered a state of chaos again, my acupuncture techniques would be ineffective..."

"What?" The crowd was dumbfounded upon hearing this.

Xia Rou had been the last hope; if even she couldn't help, then all was lost...

"Junkai!" Mrs. Li collapsed in front of the surgical bed, gripping her son's hand tightly as tears streamed uncontrollably, her cries shattering her voice.

"Hong! I don't care what you do—bring my son back to life! Otherwise..." Li Desheng furiously pointed at Hong Fuquan again, "you better go home and prepare for the worst yourself!"

"I..." Hong Fuquan's face turned pale with fear.

This was far from an ordinary doctor-patient conflict... With the Li Family's resources, if they went all out to retaliate, he'd truly be finished...

"Doctor Xia..." Left with no options, Hong Fuquan had to swallow his pride and lower himself to plead with Xia Rou. "I was wrong earlier. I apologize. Please reconsider and find a way—no matter what—save Mr. Li's life."

"If I had a solution, I certainly wouldn't stand idly by." Xia Rou shook her head helplessly. "My acupuncture techniques are not omnipotent. We already missed the window for effective rescue. Now... now I really have no way left."

"Hmph! Don't think I don't know your little schemes." Hong Fuquan suddenly gritted his teeth and glared at Xia Rou. "Do you think this medical incident will help Zhang Hongde oust me? Dream on! Let me tell you all, if anything happens to Mr. Li today, none of us here will be able to avoid responsibility!"

Chapter 60 Does Saving Someone Need a Reason?

...

"Dean Hong, what do you mean by this?" Xia Rou's pretty face turned cold. "Before removing the silver needles, I clearly stated that any subsequent situations are not my responsibility. Dean Zhang can testify for me."

"That's correct." Zhang Hongde stepped forward. "Doctor Xia has indeed done her utmost and should not bear any responsibility for this."

"Hmph!" Hong Fuquan's face twisted as he sneered. "Responsibility or not, it's not up to you or Zhang Hongde to decide. The efficacy of acupuncture in emergency clinical care is not backed by any current medical record. The patient's critical condition now is most likely due to your reckless use of needles on him!"

"You're slandering me!" Xia Rou was so furious she trembled all over.

Hong Fuquan let out a cold laugh. "Whether you call it slander or not, the court will decide when the time comes!"

"Hong Fuquan, you are shameless!" Zhang Hongde was infuriated and grew anxious.

Hong Fuquan wasn't entirely wrong. If Li Junkai didn't survive today, Xia Rou's acupuncture would be difficult to justify as part of an acceptable medical practice in a potential malpractice investigation. If Hong Fuquan leveraged his connections to interfere, Xia Rou might very well be implicated, and clearing her name would be incredibly challenging.

"Enough!" Li Desheng roared angrily. "My son is teetering between life and death, and here you are blaming and shirking responsibility! If you don't think of a way to save my son immediately, you won't need to wait for a court ruling—I personally will make you pay with your lives today!"

Hong Fuquan and the other experts recoiled, their necks drawing back, afraid to retort. Yan Xiaobao stepped forward, casting a disdainful glance at Li Desheng. "Hey! If you want to hold them accountable, I don't care. But don't you dare threaten my Rourou, or I'll make sure you 'die' right now."

"Who the hell do you think you are—"

Li Desheng's words were interrupted as Zhang Hongde quickly pulled him aside. "Mr. Li, calm down, calm down. There's still hope. Divine Doctor Yan here possesses extraordinary skills—he might have a way to save Young Master Li."

"Really... truly?" Li Desheng cautiously glanced at Yan Xiaobao, visibly doubtful.

This was the second time he'd heard Zhang Hongde refer to this young man as "Divine Doctor." Though he couldn't quite believe it, since Zhang Hongde, a dean of Fu'er Hospital, was reputable and wouldn't make baseless claims, there may be something to this.

"Divine Doctor Yan..." Zhang Hongde spoke with great respect as he inquired, "Do you think Young Master Li can still be saved?"

Yan Xiaobao took a brief glance at the surgery table and nonchalantly replied, "Well, he isn't dead yet, so obviously he can be saved."

"Really?" Zhang Hongde and Li Desheng were overjoyed, and Li's wife beside the surgery table also slightly held back her sobs.

"Then what are you waiting for? Hurry up and save him!" Hong Fuquan interjected hastily.

"Why should I save him?"

Yan Xiaobao's remark left everyone stunned.

Does one need a reason to save someone?

Does one not need a reason?

Do they?

...

Li Desheng was the first to recover, his tone urgent. "Divine Doctor Yan, whatever condition you have, just say it. As long as you save my son, I don't care how much it costs or what you ask for, I will agree to anything!"

"I don't want your money, nor do I care about your promises." Yan Xiaobao smiled jauntily and turned his gaze to Xia Rou. "I'll save him if Rourou agrees to officially become my wife."

Li Desheng and his wife: "..."

Zhang Hongde: "..."

Hong Fuquan and the other experts: "..."

What kind of nonsense is this?

What's the connection between saving Young Master Li and marrying Xia Rou?

While everyone stood dumbfounded, the patient monitor suddenly emitted a sharp, prolonged alarm.

"The patient's heart has stopped!" The experts rushed forward to initiate resuscitation.

The ventilator, hyperbaric oxygen, defibrillator—they threw everything they had at it. Chaos ensued.

But for the patient to suffer cardiac arrest twice in such rapid succession, it indicated that the situation was dire beyond words. Conventional resuscitation efforts like CPR were losing their effectiveness.

Li Desheng, alarmed, cried out in desperation, "Divine Doctor Yan, there's no time for games—save him now!"

"I'm not joking; I meant every word I said," Yan Xiaobao reiterated firmly. "If Rourou agrees to officially marry me, I'll have your son revived in minutes."

A stopped heart—death could arrive at any second. Li Desheng couldn't afford to question Yan Xiaobao's bizarre condition. He immediately turned and pleaded with Xia Rou. "Doctor Xia, please... please agree to Divine Doctor Yan's condition!"

"I..." Xia Rou hesitated, deeply torn as she struggled inwardly.

Zhang Hongde chimed in to persuade her. "Divine Doctor Yan is young and outstanding, his medical skills incomparable. His profound affection for you is obvious too—Doctor Xia, what is there to hesitate about?"

"Ah..." Xia Rou sighed deeply, utterly lost for words.

Honestly, becoming Yan Xiaobao's wife wasn't entirely a bad deal. But she'd never wanted to be one of his many "wives."

If it weren't for those "Heavenly Sisters," "Xiao Wan," "Bingbing," "Tiantian," "Reserve Concubine"... she might have reluctantly agreed to it.

"CPR efforts failed. The patient may not have much time left..." Professor Huang frantically reported from the surgery table, sweat pouring down his face.

"Thud!" Li Desheng suddenly dropped to his knees in front of Xia Rou. "Doctor Xia, saving a life is better than building a seven-tier pagoda. I beg you, no matter what—please agree to Divine Doctor Yan's condition and save my son!"

"I beg you!" Li's wife rushed over to kneel beside her husband, crying and pleading. "Doctor Xia, save my son... he's so young... you can't just let him die right in front of us..."

"What are you still standing there for? If my son dies, you won't leave alive either!" Li Desheng shouted at Hong Fuquan in anger.

Hong Fuquan had no choice but to kneel behind Li Desheng, bowing his head in remorseful silence.

"Ah..." Xia Rou gazed up at the heavens and let out a long sigh.

Her inherently kind nature made it impossible for her to act with cold indifference and let someone die. Perhaps this was a case of her personality dictating her fate...

"She nodded, she nodded! Divine Doctor Yan, Doctor Xia has agreed! Hurry, save my son!" Li Desheng rejoiced, vigorously shaking Yan Xiaobao's arm.

"Rourou, my wife, amazing!" Yan Xiaobao leapt joyfully to Xia Rou. "You finally agreed—you're officially my wife now. C'mon, give me a kiss!"

"No way!" Though Xia Rou had reluctantly nodded, it wasn't an entirely willing decision, and she refused to kiss Yan Xiaobao in front of everyone.

"Then let me kiss my Rourou, my wife," Yan Xiaobao said as he leaned in. Xia Rou quickly pushed him away.

"Uh... Divine Doctor Yan..." Li Desheng urgently rubbed his hands together. "Maybe you can kiss her after saving my son?"

"Is your son's life more important than my wife Rourou?" Yan Xiaobao snapped in displeasure. "What's the rush? I already said I'll save him—do you think he'll die?"