

## Medical 71

### Chapter 71 You Call the Police, I Call the Police

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"This..." Manager Wang found himself caught in a dilemma. He had no choice but to speak honestly: "Young Master Ma, I didn't expect such a situation to occur... This gentleman... He's an esteemed guest of our Mr. Li. This matter... it's truly beyond my ability to handle..."

"Mr. Li's esteemed guest? This rabid dog is actually Mr. Li's esteemed guest?" Ma Boyao was taken aback, then started cursing Li Desheng as well, "I think your Mr. Li is really living in reverse, treating this kind of trash as an esteemed guest. Completely ridiculous!"

"Uh..." Manager Wang heard Ma Boyao start cursing Li Desheng and immediately looked awkward, unsure of what to do.

The Li family and the Ma family were both among the top ten families in Jiangnan, with power and status nearly equal. Ma Boyao was enraged at this moment, so cursing out Li Desheng was not something a small manager from Desheng Restaurant could stop him from doing.

Tang Wenjun, sensing the tense atmosphere, quietly suggested, "Why not let the Patrol Office step in to handle this?"

"Fine! Since Desheng Restaurant can't manage this rabid dog, don't blame me for playing hardball!" Ma Boyao finished speaking and pulled out his phone, dialing the Chief Constable of Baofeng District, Zhang Zhixue.

"You four-eyed field frog, can't beat me so now you're calling the cops?" Yan Xiaobao saw this and pulled out his own phone too, "I'll call the cops too! Let's see who's afraid of whom!"

Yan Xiaobao made his call, but not to Zhang Zhixue. Instead, he dialed Han Ruobing. "Hello? Bingbing, sweetheart, I'm having dinner at Desheng Restaurant. There's a four-eyed field frog here who actually dared to make a move on my Xiao Wan, sweetheart. So I taught him a little lesson. Now, he's not backing down and even called the cops to arrest me. Hurry over and help me deal with him!"

Han Ruobing didn't say a word before hanging up the phone, veins practically visible on her forehead, as she left her office and headed toward Desheng Restaurant.

She knew Desheng Restaurant was one of the most upscale establishments in Binhai, frequented by many powerful and well-connected individuals. She had no idea who Yan Xiaobao had tangled with this time, so she had to go there immediately to prevent him from escalating the situation.

Just as she walked into the Patrol Office parking lot, Han Ruobing ran into an equally hurried Zhang Zhixue. "Chief Zhang, where are you rushing off to?"

"Desheng Restaurant," Zhang Zhixue replied with a pained expression. "Young Master Ma of the Ma family, Ma Boyao, has been assaulted."

"What?" Han Ruobing was taken aback and quickly said, "Yan Xiaobao just called me, saying he was having dinner at Desheng Restaurant and assaulted someone..."

Zhang Zhixue staggered and almost fell, "I'm losing it... Is Yan Xiaobao some sort of cursed comet? This morning, he assaulted Deputy Captain Liu, causing chaos at Chow Tai Fook. Now, in the time it took to eat a meal, he's managed to attack Young Master Ma. This is big trouble."

"Chief Zhang, get in the car! Let's hurry over and take control of the situation first."

"Alright!" Zhang Zhixue got into Han Ruobing's car, and they discussed as they sped toward Desheng Restaurant.

"Assaulting Zhao Erhu and his gang of punks, snatching Shi Jianzhong's gun, causing a commotion at the Patrol Office—these are incidents within my jurisdiction, and I can still handle them. But that Young Master Ma is not someone you mess with easily..."

Zhang Zhixue rubbed his temples in frustration, "The Ma family is influential and powerful; they definitely won't let this slide. If I insist on protecting Yan Xiaobao, Young Master Ma will likely escalate matters to higher-ups, and then..."

"If you can't shield him, then don't." Han Ruobing said firmly, "Act in the interest of justice and handle this case according to protocol. That guy... The more he's protected, the more reckless he becomes!"

"I'm caught in the middle here..." Zhang Zhixue laughed bitterly, "The last time, on the flight, Yan Xiaobao saved my grandfather's life. I can't possibly be ruthless toward him. My grandfather even insists Yan Xiaobao is some kind of medical prodigy and almost included him in the special expert team. If I don't step in to help him this time, my grandfather won't let me off the hook."

"This..." Han Ruobing hesitated, "Then in that case, Chief Zhang, let me handle this. I'll take responsibility."

Zhang Zhixue gave Han Ruobing an approving glance. Subordinates like her who were willing to take the heat were truly rare.

"Forget it, Young Master Ma called me directly. If I don't show my face, that would be inappropriate." Zhang Zhixue sighed, "Let's check the situation first. Hopefully, Yan Xiaobao didn't injure Young Master Ma too badly."

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When Zhang Zhixue and Han Ruobing arrived at the private dining room on the third floor of Desheng Restaurant, they found Yan Xiaobao and Ma Boyao still staring daggers at one another.  
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The moment Yan Xiaobao saw Han Ruobing, he shouted with delight, "Bingbing, sweetheart, you finally made it! This four-eyed field frog is trying to steal my wife! Arrest him now!"

Han Ruobing ignored Yan Xiaobao and glanced at Xia Rou beside him and at Ma Boyao, who looked thoroughly unlucky. She speculated to herself: Could it be that Ma Boyao tried to harass Xia Rou and angered Yan Xiaobao?

Ma Boyao, pointing to his heavily bruised face, snorted coldly at Zhang Zhixue, "Chief Zhang, I've been beaten up like this by this little thug. Do I even need to say what you should do?"

"This..." Zhang Zhixue pondered for a moment, reluctantly saying, "Let's understand what happened first and come to a conclusion afterward."

"Understand what?!" Ma Boyao exploded angrily. "The four of us were eating here when this lunatic kicked the door open and started beating me and Su Jinpeng. We don't know him and didn't provoke him, but he just stormed in and attacked us. He's obviously a psycho!"

Su Jinpeng and the others also chimed in, confirming Ma Boyao's account.

Zhang Zhixue secretly groaned. Based on this situation, Yan Xiaobao had assaulted both Young Master Ma from the Ma family and Second Young Master Su from the Su family, with the other two young masters from the Su and Tang families as witnesses. There was no avoiding a charge of intentional assault for Yan Xiaobao.

However, directly arresting Yan Xiaobao now would surely lead to his grandfather blaming him later. And, if Yan Xiaobao violently resisted arrest... Getting beaten himself would be minor; the legal trouble for Yan Xiaobao would be much more severe...

As he hesitated, Han Ruobing snapped at Yan Xiaobao, "What is wrong with you? They were just eating; what did they do to you to deserve this? Was it really necessary to attack them?"

"I'm not a psycho. Of course I wouldn't just attack people for no reason!" Yan Xiaobao defended himself passionately, "This four-eyed field frog said he wants to steal my Xiao Wan and make her his wife, and declared that anyone who gets in his way is his mortal enemy. Since he sees me as his mortal enemy, of course I had to teach him a lesson!"

"What kind of nonsense is this!" Han Ruobing rubbed her temple in exasperation, "Who's your Xiao Wan, and where is she?"

"I am his Xiao Wan," a melodious and breathtakingly beautiful voice sounded from the door.

Everyone turned their heads instinctively, and, all at once, their gazes brightened.

Chapter 72 Jiangnan's First Beauty

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Everyone's gaze was fixed on the doorway, where a stunningly beautiful girl stood.

Long lashes, big bright eyes, snow-white skin, a straight and delicate nose, and those rosy cherry lips. Her exquisite features were like a masterpiece painted on a charming, heart-shaped face, forming an absolutely breathtaking visage. Her arms were white and translucent, her shoulders smooth and soft, her snowy skin glowing like polished jade, her figure long and graceful. Though she wore no makeup, her cheeks were fair, her beauty pure and serene, her build well-proportioned with alluring curves, radiating elegance and unmatched charm.

This was Su Xiaowan, the flawless beauty who always faced the world bare-faced. A woman who didn't favor extravagant jewels or luxurious clothing. Though she seemed delicate, she dominated the financial world, earning the title of "Jiangnan's first beauty"—Su Xiaowan.

Zhang Zhixue's heart skipped a beat; he couldn't believe his eyes. Was it really possible for such a stunning woman to exist in this world? There weren't words capable of describing this beauty—"peerless flower" or "nation-toppling enchantress" were far too cliché for her. Could she be a fairy? No! She was a goddess! A perfect goddess!

What does it mean to be a goddess?

The so-called goddess that countless internet fanboys drool over while mindlessly indulging themselves? No, that's just an actress.

Only someone like the girl in front of him—ethereal and breathtaking, evoking admiration and reverence, yet so unapproachably sacred—could truly be called a goddess.

Within the private room, Xia Rou and Han Ruobing were also outstanding beauties, far surpassing the so-called "internet goddesses" created with makeup, photography, and editing software. But only Su Xiaowan could be deemed perfect, a beauty so stunning she left one awestruck.

"Xiao Wan, my wife!" Yan Xiaobao shouted excitedly, snapping everyone back to reality and once again shocking Xia Rou, Han Ruobing, and the others.

"Husband." Su Xiaowan smiled sweetly, her expression blooming like a lotus. With a gentle sway of her slender waist, she gracefully approached Yan Xiaobao. "Why did you suddenly come to Binhai? You didn't even tell me."

"I was planning to wait until your school started and surprise you by showing up," Yan Xiaobao said, spreading his arms and pulling Su Xiaowan into his embrace.

"It's certainly a surprise—both shocking and joyful," Su Xiaowan said with a soft laugh, her tone carrying a double meaning.

It was only then that Han Ruobing and Xia Rou realized the much-discussed "Xiao Wan, my wife" that Yan Xiaobao often mentioned was actually Su Xiaowan, the number one beauty in Jiangnan. They had never once connected the utterly baffling Yan Xiaobao with someone like Su Xiaowan.

Even hearing Su Xiaowan personally call Yan Xiaobao "husband" didn't make it any easier to believe. The entire situation was so outrageous, so absurd, it felt unreal.

She was Jiangnan's first beauty, a financial prodigy, the treasured young lady of the Su Family—Su Xiaowan, as unattainable as the moon in the heavens. How could she possibly be Yan Xiaobao's wife...

"Xiao Wan, my wife, let me introduce you to someone," Yan Xiaobao said, holding Su Xiaowan's delicate hand and pulling her toward Xia Rou and Han Ruobing, dragging them back to reality.

"This is the 'Xiao Wan, my wife' I mentioned. And over here, this is Bingbing, my wife, and this is Rourou, my wife," Yan Xiaobao introduced the three stunning women to one another.

Holy shit!

What was going on?

Ma Boyao, Tang Wenjun, the Su brothers, and Zhang Zhixue all felt as if they'd been struck by a chain of lightning bolts.

Xiao Wan, my wife? Bingbing, my wife? Rourou, my wife?

Was this some sort of "meet the wives" event?

How could such a thing even be possible? Whatever happened to monogamy?

Messing around with others, taking mistresses, keeping a second wife or third or fourth—that wasn't unheard of. But who in their right mind would gather all their lovers in one place and introduce them to each other?

And more importantly, who was Su Xiaowan? She was Jiangnan's first beauty, a financial prodigy, the Su Family's treasured gem!

Just being able to gain her favor was already a once-in-a-lifetime blessing. So how... how... how could this bastard... not only cheat behind her back but do so brazenly, introducing them to her face?

How could anyone tolerate this!

But beyond everyone's expectations, Su Xiaowan barely seemed to mind. She smiled gently and extended a hand toward Xia Rou and Han Ruobing. "Hello, sisters. I'm Su Xiaowan. We're family from now on, so please take care of me."

"Thud!"

The dignified Captain Zhang Zhixue fell backward onto the floor, landing hard on his rear.

Ma Boyao, Tang Wenjun, and the Su brothers were utterly dumbfounded. Their worldviews were thoroughly shattered.

Hello, sisters?

We're family now?

What the—!

Was this a movie? Or some ancient feudal landlord's second wife induction ceremony?

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"..." Xia Rou, as if sleepwalking, numbly shook hands with Su Xiaowan.

Han Ruobing, however, flushed in embarrassment and waved her hands frantically. "Miss Su, please don't misunderstand—I'm not his wife."

Su Xiaowan held Han Ruobing's hand and smiled warmly. "I'm not his wife either."

Huh?

Everyone froze once more.

What was going on this time?

Just now, hadn't Su Xiaowan herself admitted to being Yan Xiaobao's "Xiao Wan, my wife" and even called him "husband"? So why was she now denying she was his wife?

Could "Xiao Wan, my wife" just be a pet nickname, without the literal meaning of "wife"?

Han Ruobing, Xia Rou, and the four young men exchanged bewildered glances between Su Xiaowan and Yan Xiaobao, utterly clueless. Zhang Zhixue dragged over a chair, prepared to take a seat and catch his breath.

"I'm like all of you, just one of his little wives."

"Thud!"

Su Xiaowan's words were like an earth-shattering thunderclap. Zhang Zhixue dropped to the ground again.

"Hiss—" The only sounds left in the room were everyone's sharp intakes of breath—no one was exhaling anymore.

If Su Xiaowan truly being Yan Xiaobao's wife seemed like a one-in-a-million possibility, the idea of her being his little wife was so preposterous it could only exist in the delusions of a madman.

Jiangnan's first beauty, a financial prodigy, the Su Family's pride and joy, the Heavenly Pride Girl Su Xiaowan becoming someone's concubine...

Saying such a thing aloud would earn anyone a solid slap across the face, accompanied by the admonishment: "Have you lost your mind? Go back to sleep!"

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"Xiao Wan, my wife, these people are such a nuisance. We haven't seen each other in a year—let's find somewhere quiet to enjoy ourselves," Yan Xiaobao said, clasping Su Xiaowan's hand with a face full of "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Su Xiaowan's cheeks flushed faintly, but she gently nodded. "Let's go home then."

This display of affection...

Ma Boyao felt like his heart was being carved apart, and even Tang Wenjun's chest ached with subtle grief.

A cabbage so divine—just like that, devoured by a pig...

"Hold it!" Han Ruobing called to Yan Xiaobao. "You can't leave yet—there's still unfinished business here."

Su Xiaowan turned back with a smile. "Sister Bingbing, you're also my husband's little wife, aren't you? Just deal with these trivial matters for him."

Chapter 73 Su Xiaowan Feels Ashamed?

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Han Ruobing held her forehead with her hand, "I said, I'm not his wife, even more so not his concubine..."

Xiao Wan smiled and said, "Believe me, before long, you'll become his concubine."

"..." Han Ruobing was speechless.

Isn't Su Xiaowan a genius girl? How does she have the same bizarre thought process as Yan Xiaobao? No wonder she's willing to be Yan Xiaobao's concubine...

"Xiao Wan, Yan beat me and Young Master Ma, shouldn't he give an explanation before leaving?" Su Jinpeng, after being slapped by Yan Xiaobao and seeing him turn Su Xiaowan into one of his "concubines" right before their eyes, was indignant. If he wasn't afraid of offending Su Xiaowan, he would have slammed the table and turned against him long ago.

"You are my second brother, Xiao Bao is my husband, we are one family, remember that." Su Xiaowan said seriously, "If you keep helping outsiders against Xiao Bao, it won't just be a slap next time."

"Xiao Wan you..." Su Jinpeng was infuriated but didn't dare to argue with Su Xiaowan, so he looked helplessly towards his elder brother, Su Jingming.

"Xiao Wan..." Su Jingming thought for a moment and solemnly said, "It's not a big deal for Jinpeng to be slapped, but your life decision shouldn't be so hasty. Our Su family's precious jewel shouldn't be with someone improper. The family certainly won't agree with this."

"Brother, I am very careful, don't worry." Su Xiaowan laughed easily, "As for the family, I believe since Xiao Bao is here in Binhai, he will soon show everyone with his actions: he is the only one in this world worthy of me."

Su Jingming frowned, "Even if he's worthy of you, you shouldn't be his concubine..."

"Heh." Su Xiaowan sighed lightly, "He is worthy of me, but I may not be worthy of him... The only one truly worthy of him might be Heavenly Sister..."

"Wow——"

Everyone was utterly shocked by Su Xiaowan's words.

There is actually someone Su Xiaowan deems herself unworthy of? Impossible! Even being the world's richest heir or a royal prince, the fairy-like Su Xiaowan should be compatible!

Xia Rou and Han Ruobing felt a shock in their hearts, Heavenly Sister?

Yan Xiaobao has mentioned his Heavenly Sister more than once, and they never took it seriously. But hearing it from Su Xiaowan, it felt entirely different.

Who could this Heavenly Sister be to make Jiangnan's first beauty, financial genius girl, the Su family's jewel, the Heavenly Pride Girl Su Xiaowan feel inferior?

Su Jingming understood Su Xiaowan's character, seeing how far she'd expressed herself, nothing he said would make a difference, so he sighed, and said, "Since you are firm in your decision, I will not nag. In the future, I will watch his every move closely."

Su Xiaowan proudly looked at Yan Xiaobao, "Then, brother, please wait and see."

"I don't care about the Su family's matters, but today, I must settle this account." Ma Boyao slammed the table, angrily saying, "Nobody in Binhai dares to touch a single hair of me, you little punk dare to provoke me, today it won't end well between us!"

Ma Boyao knew if he didn't take care of Yan Xiaobao, he'd never win even a finger of Su Xiaowan. Since the Su brothers couldn't deal with Su Xiaowan, he had to handle it himself.

"Bring it on, if I don't beat you to a pulp today, I'm not done!" Yan Xiaobao rolled up his sleeves, ready to go after Ma Boyao.

"Husband, let me handle this." Su Xiaowan stopped Yan Xiaobao, walked up to Ma Boyao, and coldly asked, "Young Master Ma, what kind of explanation do you want for today?"

"This... I..." The previously aggressive Ma Boyao, faced with Su Xiaowan, wilted again. He didn't know how to "reasonably" resolve this mortal enemy of Yan Xiaobao.

"Today's events, even if escalated, are merely a brawl. Even if you report my husband to the chief constable, it's just a misdemeanor; my husband might receive administrative punishment at most according to the law." Su Xiaowan said, looking at Zhang Zhixue, "Chief Constable, am I right?"

"Right, right," Zhang Zhixue quickly nodded.

Yan Xiaobao injuring Ma Boyao could seriously be judged as intentional harm, a criminal case. Su Xiaowan describing it as a "brawl," a "misdemeanor," was exactly what Zhang Zhixue hoped for.

"If Young Master Ma is magnanimous and does not press charges against my husband, I am very grateful, and I can apologize on behalf of my husband to Young Master Ma. However—"

Su Xiaowan's tone instantly turned cold, "If Young Master Ma insists on pursuing this, then I have no choice but to meet Young Master Ma in court. Then, Mr. Ma will be my enemy!"

Facing Su Xiaowan, who applied both soft and hard tactics, Ma Boyao was completely at a loss.

Su Xiaowan was right, if it was just the injury, with Su Xiaowan's involvement, he couldn't do anything to Yan Xiaobao. But if he broke ties now and pursued it, he'd be completely at odds with Su Xiaowan, which he couldn't afford.

"Since you've spoken, Xiao Wan, I will be magnanimous and overlook that little rascal... not stoop to his level." In front of Su Xiaowan, Ma Boyao acted magnanimously, but in his heart, he vowed: brat, you just wait! If I don't crush you, I'll take your family name!

"Sister Bingbing, you see, wasn't this small matter easily resolved?" Su Xiaowan walked up to Han Ruobing, inviting her and Xia Rou, "Sisters, shall we go home together?"

Han Ruobing: "..."

Xia Rou: "..."

This Su Xiaowan truly considered them a family...

Han Ruobing: "I... I'm still at work, I still have many cases to handle..."

Xia Rou: "I'm at work too, I have patients to revisit today..."

Su Xiaowan looked at Han Ruobing and then at Xia Rou and then turned back to Yan Xiaobao with a smile, "Husband, it seems you haven't made the sisters official wives yet."

Yan Xiaobao chuckled, "Soon, soon."

"Then you'd better work hard." Su Xiaowan mischievously blinked, "I just remembered that I came back from abroad yesterday, and still have a bunch of things to handle. Besides, school is about to start, I need to make some preparations, so I won't be playing with you today. Work hard and settle the sisters early."

Han Ruobing: "..."

Xia Rou: "..."

Chapter 74 The Wife is Totally Inadequate

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"Huh?" Yan Xiaobao's face fell, full of grievances. He had finally managed to see Wife Xiao Wan, thinking they could enjoy some "honeymoon after a brief separation," only for his hopes to be dashed.

Su Xiaowan walked up to Yan Xiaobao and whispered, "Hubby, you've been off the island for so long. Hasn't anyone done that happy thing with you? You're really itching for it, huh?"

"Yes, yes!" Yan Xiaobao nodded eagerly. "Wife Xiao Wan, just spend a little time with me..."

Su Xiaowan shook her head. "You have to hold back that desire to succeed quickly with the two sisters."

"But I really miss Wife Xiao Wan..." Yan Xiaobao continued to plead.

"I miss you too, hubby. But as the saying goes, 'True love stands the test of time, it doesn't depend on constant togetherness.' Anyway, I'm here in Binhai, not going anywhere, and certainly not becoming someone else's wife, so stop dwelling on me for now." Su Xiaowan smiled brightly and tilted her head, planting a gentle kiss on Yan Xiaobao's cheek as a consolation.

"Alright then..." Yan Xiaobao finally stopped pestering. "Wife Xiao Wan, go ahead with your tasks. I'll find you when school starts, okay?"

"Alright! Bye, hubby." Su Xiaowan strode toward the door, waving to Xia Rou and Han Ruobing as she did. "Goodbye, sisters. Next time we meet, let's have a family meal together."

Han Ruobing: "..."

Xia Rou: "..."

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Wife Xiao Wan went to handle her own matters.

Wife Rourou headed off to do medical checkups for a patient.

Wife Bingbing returned to the Patrol Office to work on a case.

Yan Xiaobao instantly found himself transformed into a "lonely soul," wandering aimlessly amongst the bustling streets while "pondering life."

Heavenly Sister was far away in the corners of the earth, and airline stewardess Wife Tiantian was who-knows-where flying across foreign skies. Chen Long's sister hadn't come to Binhai yet, and he hadn't met her either. That left only the Reserve Concubine, Ye Shanshan.

Given that Ye Shanshan hadn't yet reached wife material standard and was merely a candidate, Yan Xiaobao wasn't particularly keen on seeing her.

And so, Yan Xiaobao mournfully realized: he had too few wives—nowhere near enough! He had to hurry up and find a few more wives to keep him company...

While entertaining these thoughts, his phone rang.

To his surprise, while he wasn't planning to reach out to Ye Shanshan, Ye Shanshan decided to seek him out instead.

"Hubby, where are you? Quick, come save me!" Ye Shanshan exclaimed hurriedly over the phone.

"Why are you calling me?" Yan Xiaobao muttered in a grumpy tone. "You're not even my wife yet..."

"If you don't come soon to help me, I'll get snatched up as someone else's wife!"

"Who dares? Clearly, they've got a death wish! Where are you? I'll be there immediately!" Yan Xiaobao exploded in anger. Though he hadn't officially deemed Ye Shanshan his wife yet, there was absolutely no way anyone else could take her away!

"I'm at Century Square, Mingdian Cafe. Hurry over!"

Just earlier that day, Xia Rou had taken him to Century Square for a stroll. Familiar with the way and not far from the location, Yan Xiaobao sprinted straight there.

As soon as he entered Mingdian Cafe, Yan Xiaobao spotted Ye Shanshan signaling him with a wave.

Striding over in large steps, Yan Xiaobao instantly noticed Ye Shanshan seated with two men and one woman at the same table. Without hesitation, he shouted, "Who dares..."

Ye Shanshan stopped him by tugging his arm, cutting him off. "Let me make introductions: This is my high school classmate Li Zhigang and his teammate Yao Hongtao; this is Yao Hongtao's girlfriend, Yang Shilan. And this here is... my friend, Yan Xiaobao."

Yan Xiaobao looked at Ye Shanshan suspiciously. With this setup, it didn't look like she was about to be snatched away as someone else's wife...

Ye Shanshan gave him a pointed glance. "Just take a seat for now."

Obediently sitting down, Yan Xiaobao didn't ask many questions. No matter who overstepped with his wife—even a Reserve Concubine—they'd be dealt with swiftly!

Ye Shanshan ordered a coffee for Yan Xiaobao, and the group resumed their chat.

"After failing my college entrance exam that year, I switched to being a sports special student, specializing in badminton. The following year, I got into Binhai Sports College," Li Zhigang recounted his story:

"A year later, I performed well in the university competitions and caught the attention of the Binhai University Sports Faculty's badminton coach. So, come summer school opening, I'll be joining you in the sports faculty at Binhai University, Shanshan. Don't worry—I'll take good care of you!"

"With me here, why do you need to take care of Shanshan?" Yan Xiaobao finally caught on—it was this Li Zhigang who intended to snatch away his Reserve Concubine wife.

"Shanshan is my girlfriend; of course, I'll be the one to look after her," Li Zhigang retorted, realizing he'd underestimated Yan Xiaobao and refusing to back down. "You're just Shanshan's ordinary friend."

"Are you out of your mind?" Yan Xiaobao looked at Li Zhigang as though addressing an idiot. "When did Shanshan ever become your girlfriend?"

"Three years ago, back when Shanshan and I were in high school, she already became my girlfriend. If you don't believe me, ask Shanshan herself!" Li Zhigang said smugly, gazing triumphantly at Yan Xiaobao.

To him, Ye Shanshan was his first love, and everyone knows that first love is the hardest to forget, giving him a significant edge—or so he thought!

"Shanshan, is this true?" Yan Xiaobao turned to Ye Shanshan.

"Well..." Ye Shanshan faltered, unsure of how to reply.

Back then, there had indeed been a faintly budding affection between her and Li Zhigang. They'd even shared a few meals together, and their classmates had privately labeled them a pair, but that was the extent of it.

During that period, they were just youths in the throes of adolescent confusion. She might have felt a faint liking toward Li Zhigang, but now, after three years had passed since their last meeting, those feelings were nowhere to be found.

Ye Shanshan found herself torn: If she denied it, she feared wounding Li Zhigang's pride. After all, they'd been close friends as classmates.

But if she admitted it, she felt the so-called "relationship" from back then hardly counted as anything significant. And presently, she was still in the assessment period as a "Reserve Concubine"—how could she openly discuss her "past romantic entanglements" with someone else in front of Yan Xiaobao?

Seeing Ye Shanshan so conflicted, awkward tension hung in the air. Taking the opportunity, Yang Shilan, Yao Hongtao's girlfriend, stepped in to lighten the mood. "Why don't we focus on the food first? I really love the vanilla mousse here—give it a try."

Yang Shilan's interjection eased the atmosphere somewhat.

"Yan Xiaobao, how old are you?" Yang Shilan redirected the conversation toward Yan Xiaobao.

"Twenty. How about you?" Yan Xiaobao habitually answered a question with another question.

"I'm twenty-one. Are you also studying at Binhai University?" Yang Shilan asked further, seemingly probing for Li Zhigang.

"I'm not studying, but my wife Xiao Wan is at Binhai University," Yan Xiaobao replied, shaking his head.

"Huh?"

Yang Shilan, Li Zhigang, and Yao Hongtao were all stunned.

What in the world did that mean?

Chapter 75 Are You Going to Lose Me?

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"Didn't you say Ye Shanshan is your girlfriend? Then why is there this Xiao Wan wife suddenly popping up?" Yang Shilan asked curiously.

"What's the problem with that?" Yan Xiaobao replied matter-of-factly, "Xiao Wan is already my wife, Ye Shanshan is just my reserve concubine for now."

"What kind of nonsense is this?" Li Zhigang sneered, thinking Yan Xiaobao was either bluffing or out of his mind.

"Xiao Wan?" Yao Hongtao probed cautiously, "The Xiao Wan you're talking about, she wouldn't happen to be Binhai University's campus belle, Jiangnan's first beauty Su Xiaowan, would she?"

Yan Xiaobao nodded, "That's right, Xiao Wan wife's name is Su Xiaowan. Do you know her?"

"Ha! If you're going to make stuff up, at least have some limits, okay?"

Yang Shilan, Li Zhigang, and Yao Hongtao were completely unconvinced.

Su Xiaowan was like a fairy out of reach. There's no way she could be Yan Xiaobao's wife. Forget everything else—just at Binhai University alone, there were no less than eight to ten thousand guys infatuated with Su Xiaowan. The flowers gifted to her every year could practically open ten or eight florists.

But Su Xiaowan never accepted anyone's advances, like an ethereal fairy untouched by the mortal world. Slowly, she became the "dream girl admired from afar," and everyone felt they weren't worthy of pursuing her.

If news spread that Su Xiaowan had a boyfriend, the entire Binhai University would probably explode!

Regardless of whether Yang Shilan, Li Zhigang, and Yao Hongtao believed him or not, Ye Shanshan clearly did, "So the Xiao Wan wife you've been talking about is actually our Binhai University's campus belle Su Xiaowan..."

"You also know my Xiao Wan wife?" Yan Xiaobao suddenly realized that today's crowd sure had a lot of connections to Xiao Wan wife.

"Su Xiaowan is indisputably the top campus belle of Binhai University. The forums are filled with posts and photos about her. Who at Binhai University doesn't know her?" Ye Shanshan said, suddenly seeming pleased, "Su Xiaowan is your wife, Sister Bingbing is also your wife. In terms of looks, I guess I am indeed a bit inferior to them. Looks like being your reserve concubine isn't too much of an injustice after all."

"You're still just my reserve concubine." Yan Xiaobao seriously corrected Ye Shanshan.

"Shanshan, what are you saying?" Li Zhigang suddenly shot up, looking like he took it as a major insult, "How can you demean yourself like this and agree to be someone's concubine?"

"Hey!" Yan Xiaobao was clearly displeased with Li Zhigang's tone, "Not just anyone can be my concubine. What's this about self-degradation? Keep talking nonsense, and I'll smash your mouth!"

"Hit me? Sure!" Li Zhigang shouted provocatively, "Come on, let's duel. Whoever loses must back off completely, never getting close to Shanshan again!"

Yan Xiaobao grinned. Li Zhigang, with his pathetic combat skills, wouldn't pose a challenge even if a hundred of him showed up. Picking a fight with him? What a joke.

"Li Zhigang, stop!" Ye Shanshan intervened quickly, "You're no match for Yan Xiaobao. Even the karate coach in Jiuzhou Club couldn't handle a single strike from him."

"Uhh..." Li Zhigang hadn't expected this innocent-looking Yan Xiaobao to be a beast at fighting. He froze for a moment, then his eyes spun, and he forced a cunning response, "I meant a duel in badminton, not a fight."

"Badminton?" Ye Shanshan looked at Li Zhigang with some disdain, "You're a professional badminton player. Challenging Yan Xiaobao to badminton—do you think that's fair?"

"Doesn't matter to me." Yan Xiaobao remained unfazed.

"You know how to play badminton?" Ye Shanshan asked in surprise.

"Nope." Yan Xiaobao sneered at Li Zhigang, "But hey, if even an idiot like him can play, I'm sure badminton's not that hard. I'll pick it up easily."

"Oh really?" Li Zhigang huffed coldly, "If you're that confident, let's duel in badminton, then. If you lose, break up with Shanshan and never see her again!"

Yao Hongtao and Yang Shilan couldn't help but glance at Li Zhigang. Though they knew him well, they felt he was being quite unfair—challenging someone who had never played badminton and staked Ye Shanshan as the wager. Wasn't this just blatant bullying?

But Yan Xiaobao retorted eagerly, "So you're saying if you lose, you'll stop pestering my reserve concubine forever?"

"Of course!" Li Zhigang agreed out loud, smugly calculating that he was nearly provincial team-level in badminton. There was no way he'd lose to someone untrained.

"Although I dislike using my wife, concubine, or reserve concubine as a wager, since I'm guaranteed to win, let's bet on it then." Yan Xiaobao accepted with confidence.

Ye Shanshan pouted and shot Yan Xiaobao a slightly annoyed glance, "I don't mind you using me as a wager, but you clearly don't know how to play badminton and still take the bet. Do you... Do you just not want me and want to lose me on purpose?"

"How could I possibly lose?" Yan Xiaobao replied with a mischievous smile, "Don't worry, though you're only my reserve concubine for now, I absolutely won't hand you over to anyone else."

"Really?" Ye Shanshan's mood brightened instantly.

"Of course it's true." Yan Xiaobao's gaze shifted to Ye Shanshan's side, "Doubting your husband's skills? That's grounds for getting spanked, you know."

"Then come spank me..." Ye Shanshan shyly leaned close to Yan Xiaobao's ear and whispered, "I've been working on my figure lately. My hips are much perkier than before..."

"Really?" Yan Xiaobao's face lit up, his expression brimming with excitement.

"No..." Ye Shanshan, startled, turned to face Yan Xiaobao directly to shield her perky backside, "Don't spank me in public; it's too embarrassing..."

Li Zhigang hadn't heard Ye Shanshan's whispered words, but seeing her sweet and shy demeanor with Yan Xiaobao delivered a crushing blow to his pride. Furious, he shouted, "Let's go! To the court now, for a showdown!"

"Sure." Yan Xiaobao was totally indifferent. He had nothing else to do, and he'd never played badminton before, so he figured this would be a fun new experience.

Without further ado, the group of five set off. Besides Yan Xiaobao, the other four were university students without private cars, accustomed to riding buses and subways.

It was Yan Xiaobao's first time on a subway, and he found it somewhat amusing. Plus, he noticed that the subway was just as crowded as buses—this could be an interesting date idea with Rourou wife next time.

Although Xia Rou wasn't here, Ye Shanshan as a reserve concubine was also passable for now. In the crowded subway car, Yan Xiaobao tested his luck and confirmed Ye Shanshan hadn't lied—her "pipi" really had gotten perkier, and the tactile experience was excellent.

Chapter 76 The Legendary Fly Swatter

...

Binhai University is one of the well-known "Yanhuang Four Greats," with its sports academy being the best sports institution in Jiangnan Province. Its sports venues and facilities are highly professional and advanced.

The entire badminton hall's flooring is made of the most expensive keel wooden base, topped with shock-absorbing, anti-slip professional badminton court flooring, providing excellent protection for athletes.

Entering the hall, Li Zhigang went to the locker room to change his gear. Ye Shanshan patted her forehead and said, "Ah, I forgot to buy you a pair of badminton shoes first. What's your shoe size? Should I go borrow a pair for you?"

"I won't wear someone else's shoes." Yan Xiaobao pointed at the pair of Adidas sneakers he bought today. "Rourou said these are the best sports shoes."

Ye Shanshan shook her head and said, "Adidas shoes are indeed good, but these are leisure running shoes, not suitable for playing badminton."

"Why not?" Yan Xiaobao was puzzled. Playing badminton, does it really need to be so troublesome?

"Because..." Ye Shanshan began explaining true competitive badminton to Yan Xiaobao in detail.

Badminton looks like a sport that every household is familiar with and nearly everyone "knows" how to play. But recreational badminton and competitive badminton are completely different concepts.

True competitive badminton is actually a highly demanding sport. Many people think badminton is a sport with low intensity and is easygoing fun, but in fact, within ball sports, badminton has one of the highest physical intensities.

Basketball and football, two of the world's top ball games, seem intense, but players can adjust their physical demands through teamwork, positioning, and substitutions. Badminton, however, requires players to fight solo until the very last moment.

Compared with tennis, which is the most similar, data analyses show: badminton competition time is less than half of tennis, yet running distance is twice as much, and hits number nearly doubles that of tennis.

In other words, within the same time frame, the physical exertion of badminton players is nearly four times more than that of tennis players, if not more! This is because tennis players typically run back and forth near the baseline and have fewer opportunities to approach the net. Whereas in badminton, players are constantly in high-speed motion, darting left, right, running across the court like crazy.

"So in high-intensity confrontations, sudden stops, sudden starts, jumps, rotations and such moves frequently occur, all of which increase the risk of injuries to the toes, ankles, knees, meniscus, and other parts. Therefore, professional badminton shoes are absolutely essential. In terms of cushioning, anti-slip features, support, wrapping, and protection, professional badminton shoes outperform any other type of sports shoes by far."

"Oh, so what you're saying is, playing badminton is risky and prone to injury, huh?" Yan Xiaobao chuckled, "You can relax. My body isn't something that average people can compare to; there's no way I'll get injured from playing."

Ye Shanshan thought for a moment. Indeed, Yan Xiaobao's skills were extraordinary and far beyond the ordinary. With his lower-body strength, it probably wasn't so easy for him to get injured, so she decided not to fuss about the footwear issue anymore.

At this point, Li Zhigang had changed into his Yonex SHB-03Z combat boots, was carrying six Yonex VT-ZF2 rackets, and arrived with two teammates in tow.

Rumors of Li Zhigang challenging someone to a solo fight, betting his girlfriend, soon drew a large crowd of curious onlookers from around the gym, who gathered and began discussing the drama.

"I've seen singles badminton matches betting money or rackets, but betting a girlfriend? This is a first—that's really a novelty."

"Where's the girlfriend? Let me see her. What does she look like?"

"Oh, right over there, the long-legged beauty in the red t-shirt and white skirt."

"Damn! She's pretty attractive, got a hot figure too—I like her!"

"Of course! Her name's Ye Shanshan, and she happens to be the campus queen of Binhai University's sports academy."

"Such an amazing girlfriend and he's betting her away? What's going on in his head..."

"Who's taking up the challenge against Li Zhigang?"

"Should be that young man by Ye Shanshan's side there, looking like a pretty boy."

"Him? Li Zhigang is one of the four badminton experts of the sports academy, soloing with him—it's like asking for a beating!"

"Who knows? Maybe the guy's secretly skilled, one of those low-key players."

While the chatter continued, Li Zhigang had already stepped onto the court and was warming up with his teammates. His powerful clears were hitting the shuttle with loud "pop-pop" sounds, quite impressive.

You can tell a person's badminton skill level just from the sound of hitting the shuttle. People who haven't learned professional techniques, no matter how much force they exert, will only produce faint, muffled "thud-thud" sounds when hitting. But professionals, with what appears to be a light touch, can create crisp "pop-pop-pop" sounds like cracking whips.

Ye Shanshan retrieved her Li-Ning N72 racket and handed it to Yan Xiaobao, "Do you want me to show you some basics first..."

Before she could finish speaking, Ye Shanshan froze. Because she saw Yan Xiaobao grabbing the racket directly in his hand, his grip—it couldn't look more amateurish...

"Hahaha..." Laughter erupted from all around.

"I'm dying! He doesn't even know how to hold the racket properly, really keeping things low-profile, huh."

"What are you all laughing at? That's the world's trendiest 'fly swatter grip' style. The dude might secretly be a fly-swatting champion, hahaha!"

"Ah... This pretty boy must be at what level of mental exhaustion to use a fly swatter grip to challenge Li Zhigang? There's no need for the match anymore..."

"That's just dumb... Betting Ye Shanshan, such a beautiful girlfriend, recklessly like this. Doesn't he realize he's going to lose for sure?"

"Exactly! If he doesn't like Ye Shanshan so much, he could've transferred her to me instead..."

"Hah! You think you're up to it? Got the guts to duel me and see who's stronger?"

"Tsk! Your badminton team challenging me, from the judo team, to a badminton duel? How do you even have the guts to say that? How about we wrestle, and I'll crush you flat!"

"Alright, alright. We're all here to watch the fun. Whether it's a win or loss, Ye Shanshan has nothing to do with us. Enjoy the spectacle."

...

The so-called fly swatter grip, also known as natural grip, is the most common racket-holding way among badminton enthusiasts who don't know how to play. The grip involves the thumb-web facing the wide surface of the racket handle, with the racket face pointing forward when held up."

All professional players and amateur enthusiasts who have learned proper badminton skills, however, use the standard forehand-backhand grip. Only by using the correct grip can skilled techniques such as "high clears, drops, smashes, drives, net tumbling shots, and deceptive shots" be executed.

"Honey, maybe you really shouldn't bet against Li Zhigang..." Ye Shanshan began feeling Yan Xiaobao had no chance of winning. While his martial arts were formidable, crossing into other disciplines is no easy task—being good at fighting doesn't necessarily mean being good at playing sports.

Moreover, badminton isn't the kind of sport where brute force works miracles—it demands extremely delicate techniques. For this reason, professional badminton championship titles are almost entirely dominated by East Asia and Southeast Asia, while traditional sports powerhouses of Europe and the U.S., with their white giants and Black King Kongs, are entirely helpless in this arena.

Chapter 77 Holding the Racket Like Holding a Knife

...

"Why not bet? That brat dares to have ideas about my Reserve Concubine! I must teach him a lesson." Yan Xiaobao didn't think for a second that he might lose.

"Honey, what if you lose? What should I do then..." Ye Shanshan was so anxious she nearly stomped her feet. She was still dreaming about being Yan Xiaobao's concubine, learning his divine skill, roaming the worldly society with her sword, dominating the world. How could she just stand by and watch Yan Xiaobao gamble her away to Li Zhigang?

"There's no 'what if.' Your husband is the strongest man on the planet. Whether it's fighting, playing sports, shooting guns, or blasting cannons, there's no way I'd ever lose to anyone."

Ye Shanshan saw Yan Xiaobao's resolute attitude and, unable to talk him down, decided to take emergency measures. "Let me teach you how to hold the racket first."

Yan Xiaobao looked at the racket in his hand. "Isn't the way I'm holding it okay? Everyone says this grip is like a fly swatter—perfect for dealing with that annoying fly."

"..." Ye Shanshan knew it was impossible to change Yan Xiaobao's mindset, so she tried another approach. "It's not that the fly swatter grip is bad... it's just... it's just not cool enough. Let me teach you the coolest way to hold the racket."

"The coolest grip? Okay, I'm open to learning that." Yan Xiaobao nodded.

"Alright, follow my lead." Ye Shanshan began teaching Yan Xiaobao step by step. "Your thumb-web should face the side of the racket's frame, not the racket's face. Press the inner sides of your thumb and index finger tightly against the broad side of the racket's handle, with the base of the grip resting against your hypothenar muscle. Then, use your middle, ring, and pinky fingers to hold the racket in sequence. Don't grab it like a fist—leave some space in your palm and keep your grip relaxed. Tighten your grip only when hitting the ball."

"This grip... doesn't feel very cool..." Yan Xiaobao raised the racket and checked it out. "With this stance, I'm pointing the racket's frame to the front. How am I supposed to hit the ball like this?"

"You hit the ball like this." Ye Shanshan demonstrated while explaining, "Step one: Turn sideways, with your weight on your right foot; at the same time, raise both hands. Lift your racket arm's elbow, draw back your forearm, and let your wrist tilt outward so the racket tilts backward. Step two: Swing your arm forward and upward. When your elbow's at its highest point, keep it fixed, don't move your upper arm. Open your forearm and rotate your wrist inward to hit the ball with the racket's flat surface. Step three: Relax your arm after hitting the ball and let the racket follow through to the left-front side of your body."

"This feels so awkward. Can you simplify it?" Like all beginners, Yan Xiaobao found it hard to adapt to these professional standard movements.

Professional athletes spend months practicing air swings to nail these techniques—a complete mastery is never immediate. Ye Shanshan thought for a moment and then had an idea. "Honey, do you know any Sword Skills?"

Yan Xiaobao puffed up his chest. "Of course I do! I've mastered all eighteen types of weaponry: swords, spears, staffs, you name it."

"Then it's easy!" Ye Shanshan exclaimed happily. "Actually, the standard way to hold a racket is commonly called the 'knife grip.' Just imagine the racket is a blade, and give it a try."

"That's simple." Yan Xiaobao adjusted his grip, and his racket-holding technique instantly became much more natural.

"Yes! That's it! Honey, you're amazing!" Ye Shanshan was elated and kept coaching Yan Xiaobao. "Hitting the ball is easy too: when the shuttlecock flies toward you, swing your blade straight down as if slicing. But don't actually hit the shuttle yet—just before you're about to connect, switch the slicing motion into a push to smack the shuttle away."

"Oh..." Yan Xiaobao thoughtfully made a few trial moves. "Like when Li Zhigang irritates me, I swing my blade at him, but I don't want to kill him, so I shift my blade strike into a slap to smack him away..."

"Yes, yes! Exactly like that!" Ye Shanshan clapped her hands and cheered.

At this point, Yan Xiaobao's racket-swinging looked quite professional. An ordinary person wouldn't reach his current standard without two to three months of practice.

By then, Li Zhigang had finished warming up and was standing on the court, pointing his racket at Yan Xiaobao from afar. "Are you ready? If you're ready, stop dawdling and come face your doom!"

"Wait!" Ye Shanshan pulled Yan Xiaobao back just as he was about to head onto the court. "Let me practice a few more rallies with you."

"No need." Yan Xiaobao casually swung his racket twice. "Dealing with trash like him is a piece of cake. I don't need any extra practice."

"Boo—" A wave of jeers echoed around the court.

A complete amateur who had just learned how to grip a racket dare to boast about beating a professional player? If this wasn't the pinnacle of bravado, it certainly wouldn't be far off.

Li Zhigang let out a cold laugh and said no more, leaving it to the referee to announce the start of the match.

"The match will follow the 21-point system: the winner of a set is the first to reach 21 points with at least a 2-point lead. Best of three sets decides the match. If both players reach 29 points, the first to lead by 1 point wins the set..."

The referee briefly explained the rules and then allowed the players to pick sides and contest for service.

"I'll let you serve first. Don't want people saying I bullied you." Li Zhigang tossed the shuttlecock toward Yan Xiaobao as he spoke.

Yan Xiaobao didn't mind; standing in the middle of the court, he prepared to hit the shuttlecock.

"You're in the wrong position." The referee stopped him.

"Huh?" Yan Xiaobao was completely confused.

"Hahaha! Can't even stand in the right spot, and he dares call this a match?" Another wave of laughter erupted from the spectators.

Ye Shanshan quickly explained to him, "Matches start with serving from the right service area. When the server's score is 0 or an even number, both players must serve or receive from their respective right service areas. If the server's score is an odd number, they serve or receive from the left service area."

"Oh." Yan Xiaobao moved to the correct spot on the right service area and smacked the shuttlecock out with a "Thwack."

"Serve above waist level. Fault! Change service, 1-0."

The referee declared Yan Xiaobao's violation, giving Li Zhigang the first point. Naturally, the spectators erupted into jeering laughter once again.

"Seriously? Can't even serve properly. Is there a need for this match at all?"

"It's just for entertainment. Want to bet Li Zhigang beats him 21-0 and hands him two goose eggs?"

"Do you even need to guess? One's a pro player, the other's a total rookie. If Li Zhigang doesn't mess up, that little man won't even score a point."

"Hey, what's your deal?" Yan Xiaobao angrily turned to the referee.

Ye Shanshan sighed and explained again, "When serving, the racket must hit the shuttlecock's base first. At the same time, the entire racket frame must remain below the server's waist and racket-holding hand. Otherwise, serving above waist level or hand height both count as faults, and the opponent scores."

"Such a hassle with all these rules." Yan Xiaobao grumbled discontentedly but followed Ye Shanshan's instructions, moving to the correct position for receiving Li Zhigang's serve.

Chapter 78 Great Effort Creates Miracles

...

Li Zhigang executed a flawless professional move, sending out a high-clear shot.

"Beautiful!" One of Li Zhigang's teammates immediately shouted in praise, "The high-clear shot is one of the most fundamental techniques in badminton. Most amateur rookies can't even send the shuttle from one baseline to the other. A professional player can crush an amateur with just high-clear shots alone."

"Exactly!" Another teammate chimed in, "This shot from Li Zhigang is both high and fast, flying straight to the opponent's baseline before dropping vertically. It may not look like it has much killing power, but it's actually hard to return. Amateurs simply can't send the shuttle back to his baseline. An off-target return just sets him up for a ferocious smash."

Ye Shanshan anxiously gripped her hands, watching Yan Xiaobao. His legs hardly even moved as he swiftly retreated to the baseline, eyeing the shuttle descending straight down, holding his... blade? No, holding his racket, and swung forward for the return.

"Bang!"

With a sudden explosion akin to a celebratory cannon blast, the shuttle shot into the sky like a streak of white lightning!

Everyone craned their necks, staring dumbfounded as the shuttle streaked across the court like a white meteor, passed above the net, and plunged straight downward.

Yan Xiaobao had barely sent his shot when he noticed everyone had frozen in place, staring fixatedly at the shuttle that had already hit the ground...

"O-Out... out of bounds..." The referee snapped out of his daze, looking at Yan Xiaobao as if he were a monster, "2-0."

The referee had watched no fewer than a thousand badminton matches, and yet he had never imagined someone could hit the shuttle from their baseline all the way beyond the net... to another court's baseline behind it.

"T-Too terrifying! How... how is this possible?" The crowd erupted in astonished gasps.

"Utterly unbelievable! Even the first badminton player in history to achieve the Olympic, World Championship, World Cup, Asian Games, Asian Championship, All England Tournament, National Games, and multiple World Badminton Federation Super Series Championship titles—the legendary Super Pill—might not be able to pull this off..."

"But... but he clearly doesn't know how to play badminton... How... how could he hit the shuttle so far?"

"This must be natural Divine Power..."

"Even Divine Power wouldn't explain it. Badminton relies on technique for generating force; it's all about finesse. No matter how strong brute force is, it's useless!"

Only Ye Shanshan had guessed the truth: Yan Xiaobao didn't know how to play badminton or how to generate force with technique—he wasn't using badminton skills at all. What he was using was—Sword Skill!

"Honey! Don't use so much strength, just aim to hit the shuttle to the opponent's baseline!" Ye Shanshan loudly advised him, her earlier worry now completely replaced by confidence.

"Oh, one more time." Yan Xiaobao, starting to find some enjoyment in the game, eagerly pushed Li Zhigang, "Hurry up and serve!"

Li Zhigang shook his head abruptly, trying to clear his mind, and silently reassured himself:

It's okay, this guy just has brute strength. Badminton isn't a sport that relies purely on strength. Even if his high-clear shot can make it to my baseline, it doesn't matter—I still have drop shots, power smashes, slicing smashes, and other moves that he'll never be able to return!

Li Zhigang served another high-clear shot.

"Bang!" This time, Yan Xiaobao slightly controlled his strength, but the shuttle still went out of bounds, landing outside the court.

"Out of bounds, 3-0."

"This shuttle is too light! It flies out so easily—this isn't fun at all!" Yan Xiaobao complained, feeling dissatisfied.

"Honey, it's okay! Hit the shuttle upwards, and it'll be less likely to go out of bounds." Ye Shanshan shouted to him, "Badminton shuttles may start off fast, but the feathered design creates significant air resistance, which slows them down quickly. If you send it skyward, it won't fly as far."

"Alright."

For the fourth shot, Yan Xiaobao followed Ye Shanshan's suggestion and aimed the shuttle upward.

"Bang!"

"Violation... violation..." The referee once again looked at Yan Xiaobao as if he were witnessing a supernatural event, "4-0."

"How is it another violation?" Yan Xiaobao furiously pointed at the shuttle on the ground, "It clearly landed inside the court—it didn't go out of bounds!"

Li Zhigang sneered coldly, "Idiot, if the shuttle touches the roof, ceiling, or surrounding walls, it's still a violation. If you don't know how to play, admit defeat and scram! Oh, and don't forget to leave Shanshan with me."

"You bastard! Are you looking for a beating or what?" Yan Xiaobao was seething with rage and frustration. These complicated badminton rules made him feel like he couldn't fully use his strength. It was downright infuriating.

"Wait a minute!" Ye Shanshan had a sudden idea and ran onto the court to whisper in Yan Xiaobao's ear, "Aim the shuttle at him! As long as you hit him, it doesn't matter if the shuttle goes out of bounds or not—you'll still score."

"Really? Why didn't you say so earlier!" Yan Xiaobao was delighted. So badminton could be used to hit people, and it wasn't even against the rules? Scoring this way sounded like a blast to him.

"Again, again, hurry up and serve!"

Ye Shanshan stepped off the court, and Yan Xiaobao eagerly prepared to play—not just badminton, but specifically the "hit Li Zhigang" version of the game.

Li Zhigang smirked coldly and served once more. In his mind, if Yan Xiaobao kept playing like this, he'd lose purely to violations and out-of-bounds shots.

The shuttle soared toward the back of Yan Xiaobao's court, beginning its descent. Yan Xiaobao dashed with lightning speed to the optimal position, carefully aimed at Li Zhigang, and swung with force.

"Bang!" The shuttle flew like a projectile out of a cannon, heading straight at Li Zhigang.

"Ouch!"

Li Zhigang, completely unprepared, took a shuttle straight to the forehead, leaving a bump the size of the shuttle there.

He never could have imagined that the completely clueless Yan Xiaobao could somehow unleash the most powerful and aggressive move in badminton—the power smash!

The audience was equally stunned.

"What the heck is this? That young man doesn't even know how to play badminton, yet he just unleashed an insanely powerful smash out of nowhere!"

"Right? That's totally unscientific! Smashing is one of the ultimate skills in badminton. You can't execute a proper smash without at least two or three years of experience!"

"That shuttle... so fast! I didn't even see it clearly. This... this is unbelievable!"

Li Zhigang clutched his swollen forehead, wincing in pain and feeling deeply shaken. He hadn't even started smashing yet, but how did Yan Xiaobao end up smashing him instead?

"Switch server, 1-4."

"This is fun, this is fun!" Yan Xiaobao, who had finally discovered the "true joy" of badminton, laughed heartily as he mimicked Li Zhigang's serving posture, sending out a high-clear shot. The movement was surprisingly professional, and the shuttle's speed and height far surpassed Li Zhigang's.

"Dammit! Let me show you the lethal force of my smash!"

Li Zhigang gathered all his strength, retreated to his court's baseline with a cross-step, crouched slightly, then leapt high into the air, swinging down with all his might!

Chapter 79 Catching the Ball with Life

...

"Wow—A jump smash, so cool and flashy!" Cheers erupted from the sidelines.

The jump smash is the pinnacle of badminton skills, bar none! Most amateur players might never truly master a proper jump smash, even if they play their whole lives.

As the name implies, a jump smash involves leaping high into the air, suspending your body as if you're a taut bow, and then striking with a ferocious smash! It's the ultimate move in badminton, akin to a thunderous dunk in basketball. The coolest! The most thrilling! The most blood-pumping! The absolute peak of spectacle!

"Too slow!" Yan Xiaobao sneered dismissively as he effortlessly dodged to the side.

"Change serve, 5 to 1," announced the referee, awarding the point to Li Zhigang.

"Hey!" Yan Xiaobao protested, "He clearly didn't hit me—how does he get the point?"

The referee: "..."

Li Zhigang: "..."

Ye Shanshan: "..."

The onlookers: "..."

Does this guy think he's playing dodgeball?

Does he think the purpose of badminton is to hit people?

They had seen strange players before, but never someone this absurd. It was as if words couldn't even describe his ridiculousness...

After a thorough explanation by Ye Shanshan, Yan Xiaobao finally understood how to score in badminton—by hitting the shuttlecock into the opponent's court. But he found this incredibly dull and still thought aiming to hit people was way more fun.

Li Zhigang, leading 5 to 1, served again.

This time, to avoid giving Yan Xiaobao an opportunity to smash, Li Zhigang played a drop shot. The shuttlecock skimmed over the net, barely making it before beginning to fall.

In badminton strategy, a shuttlecock that drops after crossing the net is considered an offensive move. On the other hand, if the shuttlecock rises after crossing the net, it gives the opponent a chance to attack, forcing you into a defensive stance. Therefore, in high-level matches, neither player wants to give the other an easy chance to attack, so they aim for shots that drop sharply after crossing the net.

Under normal circumstances, there's no way to launch an immediate attack against such a serve from Li Zhigang. Players would either opt for a net shot duel or clear the shuttle to the opponent's backcourt to increase their attack distance.

But Yan Xiaobao was clearly no ordinary person. He smirked coldly and, like drawing a blade, abruptly swung his racket crosswise from behind his back.

"BANG!" Another deafening boom rang out like a fireworks explosion.

"AHHH—" Li Zhigang let out an agonized scream, clutching his stomach as he squatted down on the ground.

"You think the net can stop me from hitting you? How naïve, hahaha!" Yan Xiaobao burst into triumphant laughter.

The referee, Ye Shanshan, and all the spectators were so shocked that they could no longer be shocked any further...

Because... just now, Yan Xiaobao's shot had broken through the net and struck Li Zhigang!

"A monster! He broke the net with his shot—oh my god!"

"Scary, this is terrifying! Hitting the shuttle into the net is common enough, but... but hitting the entire thing through the net, how is that even possible...?"

"Exactly! The net's mesh is smaller than a shuttlecock—how much power does he need to make that happen? This is utterly horrifying..."

"Fault... 6 to 1..." This time, without waiting for Ye Shanshan to intervene, the referee explained to Yan Xiaobao, "If the shuttle goes through the net's eyelets or underneath it, it's a fault. The shuttle must pass above the net."

"Referee, I protest! This kid is clearly committing assault!" Li Zhigang stood up clutching his stomach, his face pale. That previous shot had hit his lower abdomen at close range. Although he was a professional athlete with well-developed abs, even he couldn't withstand such a brutal blow from Yan Xiaobao.

"Well..." The referee thought about it and dismissed Li Zhigang's protest. "In badminton, body target shots are a common technical maneuver and not a violation—unless he uses his body or racket to intentionally attack you."

Li Zhigang had no choice but to continue the match.

He was still leading 6 to 1, but far from the first-game target of 21 points.

Once again, Li Zhigang went for another drop shot, confident that Yan Xiaobao, now aware of the rules, would steer clear of breaking the net this time. But what he hadn't expected was...

The moment the shuttle left his racket, Yan Xiaobao had already moved. Before the shuttle even crossed the net, Yan Xiaobao had smacked it straight back.

"ARGH—" Li Zhigang dropped to the ground immediately.

The close-range speed of that shot made him feel like he'd been hit by a bullet. He shivered in pain, drenched in cold sweat, unable to get up for a long time.

"Fault... 7 to 1..." The referee was nearly speechless. "Listen, young man, can't you at least read the badminton rulebook before playing? When a player's racket, body, or clothing touches the net or its supports during the match, it's a fault. Intruding into the opponent's court with your racket or body at any degree is also a fault. Obstructing your opponent or impeding their legal shot is yet another fault..."

The referee rattled off a whole list, practically reciting the entire badminton rulebook.

"Alright, I got it! I definitely won't break the rules again." Yan Xiaobao pointed at Li Zhigang, who was still squatting on the ground, and asked, "Referee, him stubbornly staying down doesn't count as a fault, does it?"

The referee turned to Li Zhigang, "Can you continue the match? If not, it'll be counted as a forfeit."

"Wait..." Li Zhigang called for a teammate to bring him a can of Yunnan Baiyao spray, doused himself liberally to alleviate the pain, and grit his teeth to keep playing.

By now, Yan Xiaobao had fully learned the rules of badminton—and had also mastered an entirely "satisfying" way to play.

By "satisfying," it meant... Li Zhigang was in immense pain, while Yan Xiaobao reveled in joy...

"AHH—" Li Zhigang got hit square in the head.

"Ouch!" His abdomen took another direct hit.

"ARGH—" Li Zhigang collapsed again...

The referee and all the onlookers were utterly dumbfounded. The very concept of badminton had been obliterated.

"Is this... is this even badminton by Earth standards?"

"How is this guy so fast... Every shot barely clears the net, and he seals it before it even reaches the other side. Is this Nima the Flash playing badminton?"

"Fast! This is insane... Look at that shuttle speed—it must've broken records. Even Fu Haifeng couldn't smash at this velocity..."

Among all ball sports, badminton holds the record for the fastest projectile speed. The world record for a tennis serve is held by Karlović from Croatia at 251 km/h. Meanwhile, Fu Haifeng's record-breaking badminton smash speed was 332 km/h. Yet the way Yan Xiaobao smashed, it felt like he was pushing the limits of sound...

"It's tragic, utterly tragic... Li Zhigang, he's... he's putting his life on the line to return these shots..."

"If this continues, is Li Zhigang going to be killed by a shuttlecock?"

...

## Chapter 80 Ginseng and the Rooster

...

At this moment, the score was 11 to 7. Yan Xiaobao had scored ten consecutive points, while Li Zhigang was honestly in a miserable state...

He had three large bumps on his forehead—one on each side and one in the middle. His lips had taken such a heavy smash from Yan Xiaobao's powerful attack that, while his teeth weren't knocked out, his lips were swollen like sausages. He could easily play a monster in \*Journey to the West\* without needing makeup...

"Huff... huff..."

Li Zhigang was breathing heavily, like a wounded beast, his eyes fixed furiously on Yan Xiaobao. At this point, he had forgotten about the match score and the bet involving Ye Shanshan. The only thing consuming his chest was a thick sense of humiliation and hatred.

As a promising professional badminton player with a chance at joining the provincial team, not only was he unable to beat Yan Xiaobao, this newbie, but he was also battered black and blue with badminton hits. It was utterly infuriating and disgraceful!

Yan Xiaobao, on the other hand, looked relaxed and cheerful. After scoring ten consecutive points, if he got ten more, he would crush Li Zhigang with a score of 21 to 7. Of course, the score wasn't the main thing for Yan Xiaobao—it was finding such an entertaining "game" for the first time since coming to the mortal world. He was simply ecstatic.

...

The match resumed. Yan Xiaobao sent the shuttlecock flying with a loud "bang."

Li Zhigang raised his hand to prepare for a shot, but his eyes gleamed with malicious intent as he suddenly swung his arm aggressively.

"Whoosh!"

Li Zhigang didn't hit the shuttlecock with his racket. Instead, he let the racket fly from his hand like a thrown dagger, targeting Yan Xiaobao directly.

"Watch out!" Li Zhigang called out hypocritically, pretending he had accidentally lost his grip on the racket.

But no one present was foolish enough to believe him. They all saw that he had intentionally flung the racket to hit Yan Xiaobao as revenge.

After all, this was during a high shot. If the racket had slipped out of his hand, it should have flown upward. Instead, it flew straight and directly toward Yan Xiaobao, clearly on purpose.

Too bad for Li Zhigang—he had no understanding of Yan Xiaobao's true skill. Even bullets might struggle to hit him, let alone a big badminton racket.

Yan Xiaobao casually stretched out his hand and caught the incoming racket with ease.

"Here, have it back. Catch!" With a flick of his wrist, Yan Xiaobao sent the racket hurtling like lightning.

"Bang!"

"Thud!"

Li Zhigang collapsed instantly, face down on the ground, motionless.

"You want to play tricks with me? Come back after training for a hundred years." Yan Xiaobao curled his lip disdainfully. "Looks like he broke three ribs. You'd better take him away quickly."

Li Zhigang's two teammates rushed to carry him off.

"Ow! Easy, easy, it hurts so much..." Even then, Li Zhigang shouted at the referee, "Referee, this was intentional assault! He should be penalized! Foul! I win... ow..."

"Even if it was an assault, you were the one who attacked first." The referee shot Li Zhigang a cold glare and announced the end of the match. Due to injury, Li Zhigang forfeited the game, awarding victory to Yan Xiaobao.

"What a disgrace! A professional player losing to someone who just picked up the game is bad enough, but flinging a racket to hit his opponent? He lost the match and his dignity."

"What's even funnier is that he failed to hit his opponent with the racket and ended up hurting himself. Unbelievable."

"That fair-skinned guy is really incredible. He looks like he's never played badminton before, but his speed and strength are just insane!"

"Yeah, if he were to train systematically, he could probably become a world champion without a doubt."

...

Amidst the chatter, Yan Xiaobao didn't leave the court. Instead, he excitedly waved at Ye Shanshan. "That guy was useless. Reserve Concubine, come play badminton with me!"

Ye Shanshan retreated repeatedly. "My badminton skills are bad. I can't beat you. Go find someone else."

"Alright then." Yan Xiaobao then began looking for someone else to play badminton with him.

"I don't know how to play badminton. Don't pick me..."

"I'm on the judo team. I don't play badminton. See him; he's on the badminton team."

"Uh... well... I didn't bring my racket or shoes today. Maybe next time..."

Everyone around him scattered as if avoiding a plague.

Play badminton with Yan Xiaobao? Do they have a death wish?

Everyone else played badminton, but he was just hitting people with it...

"I'll play with you for a bit." Yao Hongtao stepped forward with his own racket. "But remember, friendship comes first in sports, competition second. It's not right to use badminton to hit people for fun, so don't aim the birdie at me."

"If I can't aim at you, then what do I aim at?"

Yao Hongtao: "..."

Thinking quickly, Yao Hongtao came up with an idea. "Just aim at the top edge of the net, the white band. If the shuttlecock hits and crosses the net, you score. If it doesn't, I score."

"Alright." Yan Xiaobao nodded in agreement.

After merely seven or eight shots, Yao Hongtao was thoroughly convinced.

In badminton, if you're lucky, you might hit a net shot or rolling shot that leaves your opponent defenseless. But this is largely based on luck, and no one deliberately aims for the net.

Yet Yan Xiaobao deliberately aimed for the white band at the top of the net. Except for the first two shots that didn't cross and the fifth one that rolled off the net, every other shot was a rolling net shot. It was simply miraculous, almost unbelievable.

Yao Hongtao couldn't return any of Yan Xiaobao's shots, and after three more rolling net shots, Yan Xiaobao lost interest. "Not hitting people and just hitting the net is boring. No fun."

"Then let's take a break," Yao Hongtao suggested. His goal wasn't to play badminton with Yan Xiaobao but to recruit him for the badminton club. "Your shots are astonishingly precise. Would you like to join our club and play with us in the future?"

"Can I hit people?" Yan Xiaobao only cared about this.

Yao Hongtao joked, "Your shots are so fast and accurate that if you targeted humans, no one would dare play with you!"

"Then I won't join." Yan Xiaobao rejected him immediately. If badminton didn't involve hitting people, where was the fun in that?

Since Yao Hongtao didn't know Yan Xiaobao well, he didn't press the matter but still got his phone number. "If someone's willing to play next time, I'll give you a call."

"Sure!" Yan Xiaobao agreed enthusiastically. He'd long grown bored of hitting people with fists, but hitting people with badminton was fresh and exciting. He wouldn't mind trying it again.

"Honey, since you had so much fun playing today, don't you think you should reward me?" Ye Shanshan clung to Yan Xiaobao's arm, coquettishly seeking credit. "How about officially making me your wife and teaching me Martial Arts now?"