

## Medical 81

### Chapter 81 Return to Desheng Building

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"You did pretty well today." Yan Xiaobao gave Ye Shanshan a once-over and said, "You've made some progress over the last few days. Keep working harder, and you'll soon be officially promoted."

"Still have to keep working hard..." Ye Shanshan pouted and said, "Well, you have to show some appreciation today. At least have dinner with me or watch a movie, okay?"

"Fair enough."

"By the way, two of my old classmates invited me to dinner tonight," Yao Hongtao said as he extended the invitation to Yan Xiaobao and Ye Shanshan, "Why don't you guys join us?"

"Your old classmates invited you; it might not be appropriate for us to tag along," Ye Shanshan wanted some alone time with Yan Xiaobao to speed up her official promotion as the "real concubine."

"It's fine, really. My two old classmates love lively gatherings, and they're pretty straightforward. I bet they'd be thrilled to meet the genius that is Yan Xiaobao," Yao Hongtao said, eager to build a connection with Yan Xiaobao and rope him into the badminton club.

Under Yao Hongtao's enthusiastic urging, Ye Shanshan and Yan Xiaobao could hardly refuse. After playing at the badminton court for a while, the four of them headed to the designated restaurant.

Coincidentally, the place Yao Hongtao had arranged to meet his friends was none other than Desheng Building. Earlier that afternoon, Yan Xiaobao had dined here, then beat up Young Master Ma, which had dragged his "main concubine" Xiao Wan into the mix.

Even more coincidentally, Yao Hongtao brought his girlfriend, Yang Shilan, along with Yan Xiaobao and Ye Shanshan straight up to the third floor through the VIP elevator, entering the exact private room where Yan Xiaobao had pounded Young Master Ma earlier.

And if that wasn't coincidence enough, the moment Yan Xiaobao walked into the private room, he spotted one of the young men from the afternoon incident—Tang Wenjun.

"It's you?" Tang Wenjun exclaimed in shock, standing up.

"What's the problem?" Yan Xiaobao glared, "Thinking about calling me over to beat you up too?"

"Uh... you two know each other?" Yao Hongtao's heart skipped a beat. Could Yan Xiaobao and Tang Wenjun have a grudge? Inviting Yan here might just stir up trouble.

Tang Wenjun forced a smile and waved his hand, "I wouldn't dare go after your wife, and my relationship with Ma Boyao is merely acquaintance-level. So there's no bad blood between us; no need for fists."

Another man in the room looked at Tang Wenjun in disbelief, then glanced at Yan Xiaobao. He was one of Tang Wenjun's close friends and knew him well but had never seen him act this cautiously toward anyone.

Keep in mind, Tang Wenjun was among the "Jiangnan Ten Tigers" and had never feared anyone in Binhai City. Just who was this seemingly innocent-looking young man?

With that in mind, the man stood up and said to Yao Hongtao, "Hongtao, who is this friend here? Introduce us, would ya."

"These two are my old high school buddies, Tang Wenjun and Qian Jiale," Yao Hongtao introduced, "And this here is Yan Xiaobao, my classmate Ye Shanshan's boyfriend. We only met earlier today. He's amazing at badminton, so I invited him, hoping you guys could get acquainted."

"Oh? How amazing? Compared to you?" Qian Jiale asked curiously.

"Me?" Yao Hongtao chuckled bitterly and shook his head, "I couldn't even return a single shot against him."

"What? Impossible!" Qian Jiale was stunned. He dabbled in badminton recreationally and knew that Yao Hongtao, being a professional player, was leagues beyond the average hobbyist.

"Playing badminton against Yan Xiaobao is practically a mercy..." Yao Hongtao went on to vividly recount Yan Xiaobao's superhuman performance on the court earlier.

As he listened, Qian Jiale gasped repeatedly, eyeing Yan Xiaobao with newfound awe and apprehension.

This guy... is he even human?

Tang Wenjun, on the other hand, wasn't surprised. After all, what happened earlier that afternoon was truly earth-shattering...

"Come on, everyone, have a seat." Qian Jiale warmly invited the group to sit down, then instructed the waitstaff to serve the meal.

The speed of serving dishes in Desheng Building's third-floor private suites needed no embellishment. Soon, twelve exquisite dishes were prepared, and Qian Jiale opened a bottle of 1573. He raised his glass to Yan Xiaobao and said, "Brother Bao, you're incredible. No wonder you managed to win over Ye Shanshan, the beauty queen of Binhai University's sports academy. Truly impressive. This toast is for you—I'll drink first as a sign of respect!"

"I didn't chase her, and she's not my girlfriend," Yan Xiaobao corrected nonchalantly, "She's my reserve concubine."

"Pfft—cough cough cough!" Half the liquor sprayed from Qian Jiale's mouth while the other half burned its way down, leaving him coughing and teary-eyed.

Qian Jiale sipped some tea to soothe himself before laughing nervously, "Reserve concubine? What... what does that even mean?"

"That's nothing much." Tang Wenjun chuckled and patted Qian Jiale's shoulder, "If you knew who his main concubine was, you'd be ready to eat this wine goblet whole."

"Wait, there's a main concubine too?" Qian Jiale felt an oxygen deficit in his brain and quickly asked, "Who is it?"

"Su Xiaowan!"

"Boom! Crackle!"

The name Su Xiaowan struck like a chain of lightning bolts, leaving Qian Jiale, Yao Hongtao, and Yang Shilan in utter shock.

Su Xiaowan, the untouchable moon in the sky. Her aura towards men was like a celestial fairy who distanced herself from the world; having her favor was akin to winning the cosmic lottery...

Of course, as stunning and ethereal as she was, she would eventually settle down. Outsiders might envy her romantic partner, but they'd accept it with gritted teeth.

But!

Jiangnan's first beauty, a financial genius, the jewel of the Su Family, a heavenly pride girl—Su Xiaowan, as a side concubine? Who could accept that!

"Impossible... Impossible... Absolutely impossible... This can't be true..." Qian Jiale murmured, utterly dazed.

Yao Hongtao and Yang Shilan shook their heads vigorously like rattles.

Previously, when Yan Xiaobao claimed Su Xiaowan was his wife, they didn't believe him, assuming he was bluffing. But now that Tang Wenjun confirmed not only Su Xiaowan's connection but also her status as his concubine, their worldview utterly crumbled...

"I couldn't believe it either, but... it's true..." Tang Wenjun's gaze grew complex as he looked at Yan Xiaobao. "Earlier today, right in this very private room, before me, Ma Boyao, and the Su brothers, Su Xiaowan said it herself: she's not Yan Xiaobao's wife—she's merely his side concubine."

"Xiao Wan was always my number-one side concubine," Yan Xiaobao remarked matter-of-factly, as though this detail was beneath surprise. "My main wife is Heavenly Sister."

Qian Jiale: "..."

Yao Hongtao: "..."

Yang Shilan: "..."

"And that's not all," Tang Wenjun seemed determined to shatter their minds entirely, "Earlier this afternoon, Han Ruobing, the renowned Cold Ice Goddess Constable, and another drop-dead gorgeous woman were also present. Both of them are Yan Xiaobao's side concubines too."

Chapter 82 Do Fights Lead to Friendship?

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"Smack!" A crisp sound rang out.

Qian Jiale fiercely slapped himself across the face, as if trying to wake himself up from a nightmare.

"Ah!" Ye Shanshan suddenly exclaimed in surprise, her face full of joy. "Once I'm officially promoted, I'll be my husband's legitimate concubine. That means... I'll be on equal footing with Su Xiaowan and Sister Bingbing?"

"That's why I'm saying, you still need to keep working hard," Yan Xiaobao encouraged.

"That's amazing!" Ye Shanshan clenched her small fists delightedly. "Husband, I'll definitely work even harder!"

"Smack!" Qian Jiale slapped himself again. He felt that if this dream didn't end soon, his mind might completely collapse...

"Um... Brother Bao..." Tang Wenjun lowered his usual airs, lifted his cup respectfully, and proposed a toast. "I suppose we got to know each other after some 'misunderstandings.' I'll drink to that."

"Misunderstandings?" Yan Xiaobao questioned curiously. "I didn't fight you, did I?"

"Uh..." Tang Wenjun hesitated before forcing a bitter smile. "No, you didn't fight me. You only fought Ma Boyao and Su Jinpeng, and that gave me the opportunity to meet you, which I consider fortunate. Cheers!"

"Alright then." Yan Xiaobao noticed Tang Wenjun's consistently polite attitude and developed a better impression of him. He clinked glasses, sealing their acquaintanceship officially.

"What? Did you say he beat up Ma Boyao and Su Jinpeng?" Qian Jiale lost his composure and grabbed Tang Wenjun's collar, his eyes widening in disbelief.

"Beat them up really badly," Tang Wenjun chuckled. "For the next two months, Ma Boyao probably won't dare venture out to indulge himself."

"Hiss—" Qian Jiale drew a sharp breath, then worriedly warned Yan Xiaobao, "I know Ma Boyao. He's always been extremely arrogant and oppressive. Since you beat him up... you'd better be cautious of his retaliation..."

"Afraid of what?" Before Yan Xiaobao could respond, Ye Shanshan excitedly cut in, "My husband's martial arts skills are incredible! If that Ma guy dares to retaliate, my husband will beat him up every time he sees him, until he's too scared to come out again!"

"Hmm." Yan Xiaobao nodded appreciatively toward Ye Shanshan. "Now, that's the spirit of my concubine."

"Really?" Ye Shanshan beamed with joy again. "Does that mean I'm one step closer to becoming officially promoted?"

"A little closer," Yan Xiaobao said as he used two fingers to measure a distance roughly the width of a centimeter.

"Only this much..." Ye Shanshan pouted but then quickly understood. Indeed, there was still quite a gap between her and Su Xiaowan and Han Ruobing—she'd have to work harder!

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This meal wasn't particularly memorable for Yan Xiaobao. Though the dishes were exquisite and the wine was top-notch, the absence of his wives—and with only the backup concubine, Ye Shanshan, around—left it lacking in some way.

Ye Shanshan, on the other hand, was delighted. She felt her goals becoming increasingly clear and closer to realization. She believed that with relentless effort, she could soon stand on equal footing with Su Xiaowan and Han Ruobing.

Qian Jiale, Yao Hongtao, and Yang Shilan, however, were overwhelmed by shock. Their stomachs felt bloated with disbelief, and they barely touched the fine food and wine on the table.

Tang Wenjun was in a good mood as well. Among the "Jiangnan Ten Tigers," he was considered one of the quieter and more calculated members. Though he couldn't quite figure out Yan Xiaobao's background, he was convinced that any man capable of making Su Xiaowan willingly accept the role of concubine must possess incomprehensible prowess.

To not only avoid a beating today but also get acquainted with Yan Xiaobao—this was undeniably a fortunate turn of events.

Upon leaving the restaurant, Tang Wenjun said to Yan Xiaobao, "It's been an honor to meet Brother Bao today. Ideally, I'd like to arrange for a better venue to properly host you. Unfortunately, I've already made plans to visit a friend in Shanghai. Another time..."

Before Tang Wenjun could finish his sentence, Yan Xiaobao unexpectedly delivered a sharp kick that sent Tang Wenjun flying two meters away, flat onto the ground.

The group was stunned, unsure of what had just transpired. Then, with a loud "smash!" a wine bottle fell from the sky and shattered precisely where Tang Wenjun had been standing moments earlier, shards of glass scattering everywhere.

Only then did the group understand that Yan Xiaobao wasn't attacking Tang Wenjun but saving him. Had the wine bottle landed on his head, Tang Wenjun would have at least suffered severe brain trauma—if not worse.

Still, no one could quite decipher why Yan Xiaobao chose to kick Tang Wenjun rather than simply pulling him aside.

The answer was simple: Tang Wenjun was a man, not one of Yan Xiaobao's wives. Why would Yan Xiaobao pull him closer to himself?

"Thank you, Brother Bao, for lending a hand—um... lending a foot to help," Tang Wenjun said as he dusted himself off and stood up.

"Damn it! What kind of person tosses wine bottles at random? They nearly hit Mr. Tang! I'm going back to the Desheng Building to teach the culprit a lesson!" Qian Jiale fumed and prepared to storm back inside.

Although Qian Jiale wasn't among the "Jiangnan Ten Tigers," he was still a rich second-generation youth. When these wealthy young men were out having fun, they seldom refrained from stirring up trouble—there was no way he'd let the "criminal" who threw the bottle off the hook.

"Forget it," Tang Wenjun stopped Qian Jiale. "I really need to head to Shanghai and don't want to waste time dealing with trivial matters. Besides, I've had nothing but bad luck these past few months—I'm practically used to it."

"Honestly, you've had an unbelievably unlucky streak this past half-year," Qian Jiale said, sympathizing as he patted Tang Wenjun on the shoulder. "Failed investments, car tires blowing out, stepping on nails

while walking... To be honest, dude, I wouldn't be surprised if your farts somehow ended up injuring your ankles."

"Don't even bring it up..." Tang Wenjun sighed. "I really don't know what kind of bad omen I've encountered to make every day feel so nerve-wracking."

"No wonder Mr. Tang's been keeping such a low profile lately," Qian Jiale said, beginning to understand.

Yan Xiaobao suddenly interjected, "You haven't encountered a bad omen—it's just that the Fengshui of your house went wrong."

"Brother Bao understands Fengshui? I did not see that coming..." Tang Wenjun was genuinely shocked.

To him, Yan Xiaobao might have looked well-mannered on the surface, but he was in fact a rough and belligerent man. That Yan Xiaobao was skilled enough to dabble in Fengshui was a complete surprise.

"There are plenty of things you don't see coming. Why is it so surprising that I know Fengshui? With how ridiculously talented I am, it would be shocking if I didn't understand Fengshui." Yan Xiaobao smirked. He possessed so many abilities that anyone would be terrified if they knew the full extent.

"Fair point..." Tang Wenjun's eyes lit up. "For Brother Bao to spot issues with the Fengshui at my house must mean your expertise in this area is exceptional. Honestly, I've been wondering if my bad luck started after moving into my new villa."

"Is it really that mystical?" Qian Jiale found it hard to believe. Most young people nowadays didn't take Fengshui seriously.

"I didn't believe it at first either. But experiencing it myself left me no choice," Tang Wenjun said before hesitating again. "The strange thing is, when we built the villa, my father specifically hired a renowned Fengshui master to set up a Fengshui Formation. By logic, everything should've been smooth sailing..."

Chapter 83 Worse than Beasts

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"Since that's the case, Mr. Tang, why don't you invite Brother Bao to check out your place?" Yao Hongtao suggested. "Whether there's a problem or not, you can only find out on-site."

"Exactly!" Tang Wenjun turned to Yan Xiaobao and extended an invitation, "Brother Bao, in a couple of days when I get back from Shanghai, I'll invite you over to my house as a guest. You can also take a look at the Feng Shui."

"Why should I help you check Feng Shui? You're not my wife."

Yan Xiaobao's words completely threw Tang Wenjun off.

Just because they had dinner together and got acquainted, how could he still reject someone so blatantly?

"Brother Bao, you probably don't know, but Mr. Tang's family ranks among the top ten wealthy families in Jiangnan. They're loaded," Qian Jiale chimed in. "If you help him with Feng Shui, the fee will definitely be generous."

"Money is useless to me." Yan Xiaobao asked Tang Wenjun, "Do you have any pretty older sisters or younger ones at home?"

"Uh..." Tang Wenjun once again deepened his understanding of Yan Xiaobao. This guy wasn't interested in face or money – his entire focus was on pretty girls. Truly a quintessential playboy...

"I don't have sisters, but the Feng Shui Master who set up the Feng Shui Formation at my home last time is a young woman, very beautiful. I can invite her over when the time comes, and Brother Bao can exchange ideas and discuss with her."

"Really? How beautiful?" Yan Xiaobao sounded doubtful.

"How should I put it?" Tang Wenjun thought carefully. "A little less attractive than Xiao Wan, but about as beautiful as your wife, Rourou." freewebnovel.com

"That'll do." Yan Xiaobao nodded enthusiastically. "Give me a call when the time comes."

The group silently griped inwardly.

This guy... No wonder women flocked to him—it turns out everything he does is motivated by his love for beauties...

After parting ways with Tang Wenjun, Qian Jiale, and Yao Hongtao, Ye Shanshan didn't want to waste the rare opportunity to spend time alone with Yan Xiaobao. She suggested going to the movies.

Watching a film counts as a fun activity, so naturally, Yan Xiaobao had no objections.

At the cinema, they chose an IMAX blockbuster called "Extreme Speed Chase." The 3D big-screen and stunning surround sound presented a perfect audiovisual feast.

This movie told the gripping story of a group of badass car thieves who skirted the edges of legality and morality, engaging in clever duels with cops, agents, and criminal organizations. Yan Xiaobao watched with great interest.

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The two-hour film zipped by quickly. Yan Xiaobao was still somewhat unsatisfied. "I heard my sixth uncle say before: People with status never drive. But watching this movie, driving actually seems like a lot of fun."

"What they were doing wasn't driving; it was racing," Ye Shanshan said, linking arms with Yan Xiaobao as they walked out with the crowd. "If you'd like to try racing, I can take you sometime."

Yan Xiaobao contemplated for a moment. "We played badminton earlier today, so let's skip the racing. There aren't many fun things in life—can't exhaust them all in one day. We'll save the racing for another time."

Most of the people leaving the movie were couples. Outside the cinema, pairs of men and women drove off with some flaunting luxury cars, roaring their engines and speeding away.

Yan Xiaobao glanced at a Lamborghini parked by the roadside and asked Ye Shanshan, "Should I get myself a car like that?"

"You could have one right now." A nearby rich kid walked up, holding out a Lamborghini key. He pointed at Ye Shanshan and said to Yan Xiaobao, "I'll trade this car for your girl. Deal or no deal?"

Ye Shanshan grabbed Yan Xiaobao's arm and sneered, rolling her eyes at the name-brand-wearing rich kid. "With a face like yours, I'd rather be your stepmother!"

"Nima..." The rich kid was about to explode when a seductive woman rushed over and called out to him, "What are you doing? Hurry up, they're calling us and urging us to leave."

The rich kid shot Ye Shanshan an angry glare before grudgingly following the woman into the car and driving off.

"Why did you pull me back?" Yan Xiaobao asked Ye Shanshan.

"I didn't want to ruin a good mood." Ye Shanshan suddenly softened, her voice becoming alluring. "Now... where should we go?"

Yan Xiaobao looked up at the sky. "Time to go home and sleep."

"Go home and sleep?" Ye Shanshan asked. "Where to?"

"I live at Rourou's place. Naturally, I'm going back to Rourou's place."

"What about me?"

"You live wherever you live; just go back there." Yan Xiaobao thought Ye Shanshan was completely baffling.

"You..." Ye Shanshan suddenly began sobbing. "You... you really dislike me that much... sob sob sob... I don't want to live anymore..."

"Why are you crying?" Yan Xiaobao was even more perplexed. "I don't dislike you. Otherwise, why would I make you my Reserve Concubine?"

"You still say you don't dislike me!" Ye Shanshan's shoulders trembled as she sobbed, "I... I've already gone this far, and you... you're still making me go back alone..."

"Oh, so you don't want to go back; you want to sleep with me instead." Yan Xiaobao finally realized why Ye Shanshan felt so aggrieved she wept.

Doing what you shouldn't at the wrong time makes you a beast.

Not doing what you should at the right time makes you worse than a beast.

However, tonight, Yan Xiaobao was truly worse than a beast.

He told Ye Shanshan, "Sleeping together is fine. But since you're not officially my wife yet, I can't do that blissful thing with you. That's the ultimate pleasure in life, and it's reserved for wives only."

Ye Shanshan: "..."

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Meanwhile, lying in a hospital bed with his head wrapped in bandages, Ma Boyao received a report from his subordinate: his "sworn enemy" Yan Xiaobao had just checked into his Ma family's Lijing Hotel with a pretty girl.

"That bastard! He injured me this afternoon and now wants to have fun in my hotel tonight. This is outrageous!" Ma Boyao's face turned livid with rage.

"Young Master, should we send someone up to teach him a lesson?" The subordinate asked for instructions.

"No! Stirring up trouble in my own hotel is pointless." Ma Boyao's eyes gleamed coldly as he added, "Isn't Binhai facing a series of serial killer incidents lately? Call the cops!"

"Brilliant, absolutely brilliant!" The subordinate flattered shamelessly.

"Make sure to directly report to Han Ruobing." Ma Boyao added with an icy smile.

"Understood, I'll handle it right away."

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Due to the ongoing serial killings in Binhai, Han Ruobing, who was organizing tight patrols and surveillance, received a call from the Lijing Hotel's front desk. They reported a suspicious man checking into the hotel with a young girl who seemed disoriented.

Han Ruobing immediately assembled her team and rushed to the Lijing Hotel. After securing the elevator and stairwell access, she personally led four trusted subordinates to Room 968.

Exchanging glances to confirm everyone was in position, Han Ruobing raised her hand and signaled:

Three!

Two!

One!

"Bang!" Han Ruobing kicked the door open and charged in!

Chapter 84 Catching a Thief Only to be Captured Oneself

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"Don't move, hands up!"

A quilt suddenly flew off the bed and covered Han Ruobing and the others.

The suspect violently resisted arrest!

Concerned about a victim girl on the bed, Han Ruobing and the patrolmen dared not shoot. Just as they were about to lift the quilt and apprehend the suspect, they felt a numbness in their waists and couldn't move.

"Huh? Bingbing, why it's you?"

Upon hearing this voice, Han Ruobing was stunned. She looked again at the victim girl on the bed, who was actually Ye Shanshan.

"You... what are you two doing here?" Han Ruobing's body couldn't move, but she could still speak.

"Sister Bingbing, we didn't do anything..." Ye Shanshan was full of grievances.

To officially become Yan Xiaobao's legitimate little wife soon, she didn't hesitate to offer herself, but Yan Xiaobao wasn't interested at all...

"A lone man and woman in a hotel room, and you say you didn't do anything?" Han Ruobing felt an inexplicable anger.

"She's not my wife, of course, I couldn't do anything. But since Bingbing, you're here, then maybe..." Yan Xiaobao said, picking up Han Ruobing and placing her onto the bed.

"Bastard! What are you doing? Let go of me!" Han Ruobing was ashamed, angry, and anxious, "I'm on duty."

"Let them do the duty then," Yan Xiaobao said, and with a few kicks, he booted the four patrolmen out of the room, unlocking them simultaneously, "Go perform your duty, Bingbing has to stay with me."

The four patrolmen got up from the ground, looking at each other, unsure whether to leave or not.

"Why aren't you going? Do I need to give you a beating?" Yan Xiaobao said and then shut the door.

"What do we do?" one patrolman looked at the door and asked softly, "We came to arrest a suspect for the serial murder case, and now Chief Han is in Yan Xiaobao's hands, what is this..."

Another patrolman shrugged, "What can we do? You know how hard it is to deal with Yan Xiaobao."

Other patrolmen might not know how formidable Yan Xiaobao is, but this group under Han Ruobing knew perfectly well, and none dared to provoke him.

"Maybe we should retreat first, to avoid unnecessary trouble," the third patrolman said uneasily, "Chief Zhang and Chief Han have close ties with Yan Xiaobao, we can't manage this."

"Retreat!" The last patrolman, the most experienced, decided, "We'll retreat to the hotel lobby and then consult Chief Zhang."

"Yes, yes!"

"Retreat, retreat!"

The four patrolmen hurriedly withdrew to the hotel lobby, leaving their superior, Chief Han, behind.

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"Bingbing, how did you know I was here?" Yan Xiaobao walked back to the bed with a cheeky smile, glancing mischievously at Han Ruobing's alluring figure lying there, "Did you come here specifically to sleep with me?"

"I received a report to arrest the serial murder suspect, I don't have time for your nonsense," Han Ruobing scolded coldly, "Let me go!"

"Bingbing, your skills and those of the patrolmen weren't good enough, and it's really dangerous to catch suspects. How about you sleep with me first, and tomorrow morning I'll help you catch the suspect," said Yan Xiaobao, adjusting Han Ruobing's position and lying down next to her.

"Husband... I'm still here, do you think I'm invisible?" Ye Shanshan was even more aggrieved.

"Oh." Yan Xiaobao glanced at Ye Shanshan, saying nonchalantly, "Then you should go back first. I'll sleep with Bingbing, and when you're officially my little wife, I'll sleep with you."

"..." Ye Shanshan was speechless, but she didn't get up and leave. She was completely invested now; if Yan Xiaobao dared to do anything to Han Ruobing in front of her... she would dare to watch! Today, she'd stick it out with Yan Xiaobao!

"Yan Xiaobao, I'm speaking to you kindly, don't go too far!" Han Ruobing controlled her anger and said solemnly, "This is not the time for fooling around, I really have an important case to handle."

"I'm not fooling around," Yan Xiaobao said seriously, "there's no rush for a trivial matter like solving a case, we can sleep first and then solve it later."

"I'm not in the mood to sleep, let's solve the case first," Han Ruobing, understanding Yan Xiaobao's seemingly nonsensical logic, knew forcing a change was impossible, and decided the best approach was to follow his train of thought to find a way.

"Oh, that's fine too," Yan Xiaobao actually listened to Han Ruobing, "Then I'll help Bingbing solve the case first, but you must promise me that after solving the case, you'll sleep with me."

"We'll talk after the case is solved," Han Ruobing vaguely replied.

At this moment, Han Ruobing's phone rang. Yan Xiaobao searched her body for the phone, taking so long that by the time he found it, the ringtone had stopped...

This bastard! Han Ruobing was fuming, but with her acupoints still sealed, she didn't want to provoke Yan Xiaobao for fear of more "trespassing."

"It's Chief Zhang calling," Yan Xiaobao showed the phone to Han Ruobing, "Do you want to call back?"

"Bastard, hurry and unblock me!" Han Ruobing secretly sighed with relief, knowing that the four patrolmen had informed Zhang Zhixue to "rescue" her.

Yan Xiaobao reluctantly unblocked Han Ruobing, and she immediately jumped off the bed to call back.

Zhang Zhixue called, partly to rescue Han Ruobing, but mainly because of new developments in the case, "Another female victim was just found murdered on Yangding Mountain. I'm on my way to the crime scene. Chief Han, you need to bring your team over quickly."

"Yes!" Han Ruobing immediately set off.

"Bingbing, wait for me!" Yan Xiaobao quickly followed.

"Husband, I want to go too!" Ye Shanshan was determined to follow Yan Xiaobao tonight.

"Why are you coming?" Han Ruobing turned back and scolded Ye Shanshan, "Don't mess around, go home and sleep! It's not safe out lately, don't wander around at night!"

"Sister Bingbing, I hate those scum worse than beasts!" Ye Shanshan declared indignantly, "With such a case, how can I, the Binhai Heroine, stand by idly?"

"Catching criminals is the duty of law enforcement, why are you interfering?"

"I'm not interfering with you, I'm following my husband to solve the case," Ye Shanshan argued, "If he can go, why can't I? Sister Bingbing, you're not afraid I'll be a third wheel and interfere in your private world, are you?"

"A pair of live treasures!" Han Ruobing snapped without good humor, ignoring the two and headed downstairs to drive her team to the crime scene.

Chapter 85 Let's Sleep Together

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As soon as they stepped into the cordoned-off crime scene, a strong stench of blood immediately assaulted their senses. From afar, one could see a barren tree atop the mountain, where a young nude female corpse was hanging. Her abdomen had been brutally sliced open right down the middle—a grotesque and bloody sight!

"Urgh—"

Ye Shanshan had never witnessed anything of this nature before and immediately vomited so hard she nearly brought up bile.

"I told you not to meddle blindly. Get back into the car and sit tight," Han Ruobing scolded Ye Shanshan before heading toward Zhang Zhixue with Yan Xiaobao in tow.

Binhai Heroine Ye Shanshan, now trembling and weak after throwing up, had no choice but to swallow her pride and obediently return to Han Ruobing's car.

After exchanging pleasantries, Zhang Zhixue furrowed his brows tightly and said, "At noon, in the afternoon, and again in the evening—three eerily similar nude female corpses were found consecutively

today alone. This is an outright provocation against our Binhai Patrol Office! Lord Prefect has issued strict orders demanding we solve this case immediately!"

"Understood!"

Han Ruobing snapped to attention before turning to question the officers responsible for examining the site, "Have you found anything?"

"The perpetrator is exceptionally brutal and cunning, with strong counter-surveillance capabilities. Not much useful evidence was left behind, and the methods of murder are inhumane—likely someone killing purely for the sake of killing!"

Han Ruobing's heart tensed immediately. The idea of killing for the sake of killing, unlike cases involving grudges, romantic motives, or premeditated schemes, left no traces—and was the hardest type of homicide to solve. Such a killer, driven purely by the thrill of slaughter, bore no connection to their victims, making it incredibly difficult to identify them.

"How can there be no clues?" Yan Xiaobao pointed to the nude female corpse hanging from the tree. "Isn't it glaringly obvious?"

"Oh?" Zhang Zhixue's eyes lit up as he quickly asked, "Mr. Yan, what did you notice?"

Yan Xiaobao replied, "The murderer is an East Asian man, roughly 1.7 meters tall, and left-handed."

"How did you know?" asked one of the forensic officers nearby, skeptical yet curious.

Yan Xiaobao gave the officer a sidelong glance, "Why should I tell you?"

"Quit playing games and speak up!" Han Ruobing gave Yan Xiaobao an exasperated glare. "We're solving cases here, and what matters are the facts!"

"Oh, Bingbing dear, you want to know too..." Yan Xiaobao grinned mischievously as he leaned closer to Han Ruobing. "Well, if you kiss me, I'll tell you."

"Say it or don't—fine by me!" Han Ruobing huffed, turning her head away angrily.

"Uh..." Zhang Zhixue stepped in, making an attempt to mediate. "Mr. Yan, let's discuss the case first. The rest can be sorted out privately later."

"Alright then." Yan Xiaobao relented, giving Zhang Zhixue some face, and walked over to the female corpse. Gesturing at the wound, he began his explanation:

"The victim's abdomen was sliced twice—once horizontally, measuring about seven inches, and once vertically, measuring around four inches. The cuts are thin and precise, indicating the perpetrator used an extremely sharp blade. Moreover, there wasn't much blood loss, and the location of the incisions was so exact that the abdomen was completely opened up. This indicates the killer is highly skilled in martial arts and possesses considerable knowledge of human anatomy. Most critically, after killing their victim, the murderer extracted all of her internal organs! All the evidence suggests that the killer is an East Asian samurai, and the murder weapon is a katana—a highly sharpened samurai sword."

"Why must it be an East Asian samurai? A martial arts master from China wielding a sharp blade could pull off something similar, no?" Han Ruobing couldn't resist asking out of curiosity.

Yan Xiaobao shook his head. "Chinese sword techniques and East Asian sword techniques are vastly different—it's easy to distinguish between them. Furthermore, East Asian samurai believe the soul resides in the abdomen, which is why they favor disembowelment as a method of suicide. By removing the victim's organs, the killer intends to annihilate her soul along with her body."

Everyone listened to Yan Xiaobao's explanation with a mix of amazement and anger.

East Asian midgets—nothing if not perverse and vicious!

"Fine, you're able to deduce from the sword technique that the murderer is an East Asian samurai and a left-handed individual. But how did you determine the killer's height to be about 1.7 meters?" Han Ruobing continued her inquiry.

"Oh, that's even simpler." Yan Xiaobao mimed holding a sword and demonstrated with a swipe. "The angle at which identical techniques and strength land will differ between someone 1.6 meters and someone 1.8 meters tall. Based on my estimations, the killer is slightly shorter than me, but not by much."

"A master truly is a master!" Zhang Zhixue nodded in admiration. "With your assistance, Mr. Yan, the case's progress will be exponentially expedited. We're deeply grateful!"

He then commanded his subordinates to mobilize all available resources to conduct an extensive sweep across Binhai, targeting East Asian left-handers approximately 1.7 meters tall.

"All done?" Yan Xiaobao grinned as he approached Han Ruobing, intending to wrap an arm around her slim waist. "Bingbing dear, it's time for us to head home and sleep."

Han Ruobing sidestepped swiftly to avoid him. "You can go wherever you want—I still have work to do."

Yan Xiaobao glanced at Zhang Zhixue, who sighed and said with a resigned smile, "Chief Han, the containment and search effort will take at least half a day. Take a break; I'm giving you a short leave. Rest and gather your strength—I'll let you know when it's time to apprehend the suspect."

Han Ruobing: "..."

Every time a case was solved, her superior would issue a direct order for her to accommodate Yan Xiaobao. What had she become?

Han Ruobing quietly resolved never to bring Yan Xiaobao to another crime scene again. At this rate, her self-respect would be irreparably tarnished.

No matter what, Han Ruobing knew that arguing would be futile this time; instead, she relented and followed Yan Xiaobao back to the car, biting out coldly: "You want to sleep, do you? Fine! Back to Lijing Hotel—we'll all sleep together!"

...

In the grand suite at Lijing Hotel, the luxurious bed was extraordinarily spacious. Three people could lie side by side without feeling cramped at all—and if they squeezed, there was room for a fourth.

Han Ruobing lay fully clothed, entirely ignoring Yan Xiaobao, her posture giving off the unmistakable impression of preparedness, ready to spring into action at a moment's notice.

Ye Shanshan, amusingly aware that she'd become unnecessary, clenched her teeth silently and vowed to uphold her position. She firmly believed that one day she could shed her "reserve" status and stand equal to Han Ruobing.

Yan Xiaobao wanted to sleep with Han Ruobing, but she wouldn't allow it. Ye Shanshan was willing to sleep with him, but he didn't feel like it at the moment. Lying between these two cousins left him caught in a rather awkward position.

Fortunately, Yan Xiaobao was one to both persevere and find contentment easily. Some thirty minutes later, Han Ruobing finally relented and allowed him to gently massage her temples to help her relax and sleep.

Being able to stay close to Han Ruobing—to breathe in the faint scent she carried, to feel the warmth emanating through her uniform—made Yan Xiaobao feel quite content.

What's more, Ye Shanshan's sporadic intentional leaning against his back wasn't half-bad either in terms of tactile sensation.

Chapter 86 We Can Make a Bet

...

The night had deepened, and Ma Boyao stood in front of the hospital room's glass window, his expression as dark as the night sky.

His subordinates had reported again: after Han Ruobing took Yan Xiaobao and Ye Shanshan away, the three of them soon returned to the hotel room together and hadn't come out ever since...

"Son of a b\*tch! F\*\*k your mother, you d\*\*n dog!" Ma Boyao cursed incessantly.

The original plan had been to call the authorities, letting Han Ruobing ruin Yan Xiaobao's amorous escapade. But the result? Even Han Ruobing had fallen into the mix, and instead, Yan Xiaobao ended up "double the joy!"...

This nearly made Ma Boyao's lungs explode with fury! [freewebnovel.com](http://freewebnovel.com)

"You little b\*stard! Just you wait—once I recover, you're dead meat!"

...

The next morning, Han Ruobing woke up to find herself in a sideways "Z" sleeping position. Yan Xiaobao was also curled up in a "Z" position sticking closely to her, while Ye Shanshan was another "Z" stuck to Yan Xiaobao, altogether in an extremely suggestive configuration.

Fortunately, Han Ruobing found her clothes intact, and her key areas appeared to have escaped any assault, so she didn't lose her temper. Moreover, just like the last time, she had slept exceptionally well; her whole body felt rejuvenated, her spirit lively, and her mood considerably uplifted.

"I'm off to report to the Patrol Office. Don't follow me, or I'll flip out!" Han Ruobing warned Yan Xiaobao, then pulled Ye Shanshan out of bed to take her to school.

Left alone once again, Yan Xiaobao felt a bit annoyed. Just as he was about to head back to Dexi Hall to find Xia Rou, his phone rang.

Having experienced streaks of misfortune recently and feeling increasingly anxious, Tang Wenjun didn't want to linger in Shanghai any longer. After briefly visiting a friend, he rushed back overnight and hurried to ask Yan Xiaobao to come check the Fengshui of his house.

Only after Tang Wenjun repeatedly assured him that there would "absolutely be a stunning beauty" did Yan Xiaobao agree to visit his home for the Fengshui consultation.

Tang Wenjun arrived at Lijing Hotel in a silver Mercedes-Benz GLE-Class to pick up Yan Xiaobao. As they drove, Tang Wenjun took a detour and stopped at the entrance of Pedestrian Street. "Come on, I'll take you to meet the beauty first. Don't want you doubting me the whole time."

Upon hearing there would be a beauty, Yan Xiaobao naturally had no objections. If the woman didn't meet his standards, he'd simply leave without bothering to help Tang Wenjun with the Fengshui.

Midway through Pedestrian Street, there was a small alley cutting across it. Though narrow, the alley was lined with shops on both sides, bustling with life, nearly as lively as the adjacent main street. Even this early, the crowds were impressive.

"This is Binhai's famous Antique Street. It's packed with specialty shops. The beauty I mentioned runs a Fengshui shop here," Tang Wenjun explained, leading Yan Xiaobao toward a shop at the corner.

Yan Xiaobao glanced up at the shop's golden plaque above the door.

"Heavenly Water Pavilion"—three bold, dazzling characters glowed with gold, dragon-like strokes and phoenix-like grace, exuding undeniable majesty, likely crafted by a renowned artist.

While Tang Wenjun couldn't feel anything special, Yan Xiaobao could immediately tell there was something extraordinary about this shop, harboring a hidden mystery.

Pushing open the door to Heavenly Water Pavilion triggered the crisp sound of a bell, followed by a serene, melodious female voice from inside, "Come in."

Soon, in the sunlight streaming through the windows, a delicate and enchanting Jiangnan woman emerged gracefully, parting the curtain lightly. Dressed in a floral cheongsam, her fair, flawless skin radiated elegance. Her measured smile and unhurried, small steps gave off an overwhelming sense of beauty and charm.

The cheongsam, a demanding garment, was a true luxury. It didn't flatter wealth nor cater to talent. It magnified the flaws of the dry and bony, the obese, and the unkempt yet glorified the beauty, grace,

and refinement of those who possessed charm and sophistication. Invented by the goddess of beauty, the cheongsam rewarded only the truly exquisite.

The woman before Yan Xiaobao was clearly one of the few who deserved to wear a cheongsam. On her, its beauty shone brightly, showcasing her charm to perfection, while the garment itself was elevated by her presence.

Seeing the admiration in Yan Xiaobao's eyes, Tang Wenjun knew his plan was set. With a smile, he stepped forward to introduce them, "This is the female manager of Heavenly Water Pavilion, and the Fengshui Master I mentioned—Dong Yuqing. Mr. Dong. And this here is Yan Xiaobao, Brother Bao."

The use of "Mr." to address Dong Yuqing stemmed from the traditional Yanhuang Nation's culture, indicative of respect and reverence, denoting mastery rather than modern Western usage.

"Young Master Tang, you flatter me. I've merely inherited a trace of my family's ancestral practices—hardly worthy of being called a master." Dong Yuqing chuckled modestly.

"Your skill is indeed lacking; otherwise, he wouldn't still be suffering from bad luck." Yan Xiaobao's first remark was anything but polite.

Tang Wenjun's face froze in embarrassment, internally groaning: Dude, aren't you trying to woo her? Why insult her right off the bat?

Dong Yuqing's expression tightened momentarily, though not neglecting politeness as she asked Tang Wenjun for clarification. She invited them to sit, offering small bamboo chairs set around a compact tea table adorned with exquisite white porcelain tea sets beneath.

While preparing tea, Dong Yuqing listened to Tang Wenjun recount how he narrowly escaped a flying bottle last night and the series of misfortunes following his move into the new villa.

"Hmm." Dong Yuqing handed tea to both men and nodded slightly. "One's fortune aligns with their birth chart, annual luck cycle, and even celestial constellations. Young Master Tang's predicament might not necessarily stem from Fengshui issues."

"If I say it's Fengshui, then it's Fengshui," Yan Xiaobao asserted bluntly. "If you don't believe me, we can make a bet."

Dong Yuqing, mildly provoked, asked, "And how should we bet?"

"Simple." Yan Xiaobao grinned, flashing a row of white teeth. "We'll visit his house together. If your Fengshui Formation checks out, I'll let you decide my fate."

"And if it turns out the Fengshui Formation is problematic?" Dong Yuqing frowned slightly.

"Then you'll marry me."

"Pfft..."

Fortunately, Tang Wenjun turned his head quickly, or else a mouthful of hot tea would've drenched Dong Yuqing.

"Young Master Tang, your friend..." Dong Yuqing's face darkened with anger.

"I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Dong. Brother Bao is a unique character—straightforward and impulsive but doesn't mean any harm. Please don't mind him." Tang Wenjun, with an exasperated sigh, thought to himself: Is this how Yan Xiaobao ropes in all his women?

Chapter 87 Fengshui Array within an Array

...

Dong Yuqing sat upright, gently raised her hand, and said solemnly to Yan Xiaobao, "Since Mr. Yan's mastery of Fengshui Skill is so profound, why not first take a look at the Fengshui Array in my store and see if there's any problem?"

Tang Wenjun knew that Dong Yuqing was trying to test Yan Xiaobao's expertise and started examining the layout of the store in detail.

Most stores, regardless of their decoration style, try to maximize their space, usually featuring straightforward square designs. Yet, Heavenly Water Pavilion was markedly different—the entire space had been remodeled into a circular shape.

From the outside, the store's original construct was just like any other, rectangular and standard. Transforming it into a circular design meant that considerable space in the four corners had been wasted.

Furthermore, most furniture pieces are typically rectangular, creating an awkward mismatch in a circular layout that inevitably leads to more wasted space.

Although the space inside Heavenly Water Pavilion was spacious enough to accommodate the circular design without feeling cramped, its novelty certainly gave an impression of freshness. However, this novel feeling was clearly not the main purpose of such a design.

Tang Wenjun carefully observed the centerpiece of the floor—a massive tile embedded in the center, distinct from the surrounding tiles. He stood up, walked over, and bent down to examine it closely. The enormous tile gleamed like jade, shone like a mirror, its texture so extraordinary that even a layperson would realize its exceptional quality.

"This is..." Tang Wenjun suddenly thought of something and exclaimed in shock, "This is a gold brick from the previous dynasty!"

Gold bricks, contrary to their name, are not made of gold but are ancient tiles from the Imperial Palace, traditionally referred to as gold bricks because their fine grain and dense texture produce a ringing metallic sound when tapped.

It is said that the cost of manufacturing gold bricks was exorbitant due to the complexity of their craftsmanship. Only 5,000 were produced annually, with each brick rivalling the value of one tael of gold.

Most importantly, the technique for crafting gold bricks has been lost. In perfect condition, a single gold brick today can fetch at least hundreds of thousands in the antique market.

Tang Wenjun gazed at the gold brick and then lifted his head to look at the ceiling, murmuring as realization dawned on him, "Heavenly Circle and Earthly Square... the outer circle and inner square resemble an ancient round coin with a square hole..."

Tang Wenjun started to understand why Heavenly Water Pavilion had transformed its space into a circular design. With the circular exterior complemented by the square gold brick at the center, it resembled ancient round copper coins with square holes.

Ancient copper coins symbolize Heavenly Circle and Earthly Square and have become financial symbols over time. Many banks and financial institutions feature logos derived from the design of ancient copper coins. The Fengshui layout of Heavenly Water Pavilion, resembling wealth, is undoubtedly a good omen.

Seeing that Tang Wenjun was hinting at something for Yan Xiaobao, Dong Yuqing remained calm and said evenly, "Young Master Tang indeed has a sharp eye—but I wonder if Mr. Yan has any unique insights to add?"

Yan Xiaobao's face took on a serious expression as he replied, "The Fengshui Array in this store incorporates layers upon layers—three interlinked circles. It is quite remarkable."

"Layers upon layers? Three linked circles?" Tang Wenjun scanned the surroundings in surprise, but as someone unfamiliar with Fengshui Arrays, he couldn't discern anything else.

"Please elaborate," Dong Yuqing said, her mind astonished but managing to keep her composure outwardly.

"Tang Wenjun is correct—the foundation of this layout is the Heavenly Circle and Earthly Square Money Formation," Yan Xiaobao continued as he pointed to the gold brick. "Beyond the gold brick in the center, all other tiles on the floor feature wave-like patterns, symbolizing: 'Money as water; wealth flows endlessly.'"

Tang Wenjun looked down at the tiles and clapped his hands in admiration, "Indeed, what an ingenious idea—money as water, wealth flows endlessly—brilliant!"

"'Money as water; wealth flows endlessly' is merely the most superficial layer of this array," Yan Xiaobao continued, pointing to the gold brick. "This brick wasn't laid flush with the floor; instead, it rises slightly above the other tiles."

Tang Wenjun quickly crouched down and ran his fingers around the seam where the gold brick met the surrounding wave-patterned tiles. "It's true—it's uneven, slightly raised. Why is that?"

When laying a floor, the surface is usually leveled for the sake of uniformity. However, while the rest of the Heaven and Water Bureau is meticulously level, the raised gold brick stands out deliberately and is clearly not the result of a mistake.

"Raised by one degree means it transforms into a mountain; lowered by one degree means it becomes water. The elevated gold brick represents a golden mountain, while the surrounding wave-patterned tiles symbolize flowing water. Together, they invoke an image of water encircling the golden mountain—it's not just 'money as water; wealth flows endlessly' but an even more sophisticated design: 'Water surrounds gold mountain; abundance fills the hall!'"

"Brilliant!" Dong Yuqing finally showed real emotion, clapping in praise. "Who could have imagined that Mr. Yan, despite his youth, has already reached such extraordinary heights in Fengshui Technique—truly impressive!"

"What seemed like an ordinary store and a simple gold brick turns out to contain such sophisticated secrets. This Fengshui Array is indeed fascinating..." Tang Wenjun felt his perspective broadened and asked, "Brother Bao, you mentioned that the Heavenly Water Pavilion's layout involves layers upon layers, with three linked circles. What is the final layer?"

"Look up," Yan Xiaobao said, pointing toward the ceiling.

Tang Wenjun immediately raised his head to examine the ceiling. He saw decorative arrays of auspicious ornaments elegantly hung—small lanterns, tiny bells, miniature lanterns, sachets, and lucky knots—all of which adorned the shop with a lively and festive ambiance. Yet the design was quite common, and Tang Wenjun couldn't discern any particular genius therein.

Dong Yuqing's expression began to shift subtly, as if she had been hiding a secret she feared might be revealed.

"Brother Bao, I really don't see anything remarkable. Please explain it to me clearly," Tang Wenjun admitted, realizing his lack of expertise and deciding to directly seek guidance.

"The lamps," Yan Xiaobao uttered without hesitation, "The other ornaments are mere camouflage—the true ingenuity lies in those seven lanterns connected above."

"Ah... seven lanterns..." Following Yan Xiaobao's hint, Tang Wenjun finally noticed something unusual. "Is this Seven Stars in a Row?"

For amateurs, the superficial spectacle of Fengshui Arrays might catch their attention. Experts, however, delve directly into the hidden intricacies. Even though Yan Xiaobao had pointed out the focal point, without a deeper understanding of Fengshui Arrays, outsiders still couldn't grasp its full significance.

"This isn't Seven Stars in a Row—it's the Seven Stars Gathering Qi and Spirit Array," Yan Xiaobao remarked, fixing his gaze on Dong Yuqing. "I'm not wrong, am I?"

Chapter 88 Seven Stars Gathering Qi and Spirit Array

...

Dong Yuqing said nothing, tacitly admitting to it. At this moment, her heart was filled with shock.

Business at the Fengshui Pavilion is excellent. Not only do many wealthy individuals visit to invite Dong Yuqing to assess their fengshui, but there are also numerous Feng Shui Masters who come to purchase fengshui artifacts. Among them, quite a few can discern the fengshui array embedded within the Heavenly Water Pavilion. However, most can only see the most superficial level: "Money flows like water, wealth rolls in endlessly."

Of course, there are also some more skilled Feng Shui Masters who can discern the grand design of "Water overflows the golden mountain, abundance fills the hall." Yet, over all these years, not one person has ever been able to see the final layer: "A formation within a formation, three loops forming a ring"—the Seven Stars Gathering Qi and Spirit Array. Today, Yan Xiaobao stood as the sole exception.

It's not that the "Seven Stars Gathering Qi and Spirit Array" is so mysterious that no one can see through it; rather, the seven lanterns around it were surrounded by many decorative items resembling them, creating a "fish-eye" effect that fooled everyone's vision.

But today, unexpectedly, Yan Xiaobao was the anomaly, seeing right through the hidden fengshui array. This level of insight alone was enough to leave Dong Yuqing astounded and deeply impressed.

At this moment, she realized clearly that Yan Xiaobao's mastery of fengshui techniques far surpassed her own!

"Seven Stars Gathering Qi and Spirit Array?" Tang Wenjun asked curiously, "Sounds impressive, but I'm looking at these seven lanterns and can't see anything special about them..."

"If even a layman like you could see it, how would that highlight my capabilities?" Yan Xiaobao shot Tang Wenjun a sideways glance and said, "These seven lanterns were meticulously crafted as fengshui artifacts, then arranged according to the positions of the Big Dipper to naturally form the Seven Stars Gathering Qi and Spirit Array."

Tang Wenjun pressed further, "So, what function does this Seven Stars Gathering Qi and Spirit Array serve? What kind of Qi does it gather? What type of spirit does it nurture?"

Yan Xiaobao didn't answer directly and instead surveyed the surroundings. "If I'm not mistaken, this Heaven and Water Bureau must be at least a century old."

Dong Yuqing likewise looked around, her gaze carrying a hint of nostalgia. "The Heavenly Water Pavilion passed into my hands as the seventh generation custodian, spanning nearly 150 years in total."

Originally, fengshui techniques, like many other traditional crafts, adhered to the tradition of "passing down to insiders and not to outsiders; passing down to sons and not to daughters." However, Dong Yuqing's father was the only scion of the Dong Family, and it was only at the age of fifty that he finally had her, his precious daughter. If the craft weren't passed to her, it would inevitably be lost forever.

Moreover, in today's modern society, such feudal notions of favoring sons over daughters have significantly waned in big cities like Binhai. Thus, after Dong Yuqing's father passed away, she inherited the family legacy, becoming the seventh-generation heir of the Heavenly Water Pavilion.

"That explains everything." Yan Xiaobao nodded. "The Heavenly Water Pavilion's enduring prosperity is due precisely to the secret of the Seven Stars Gathering Qi and Spirit Array. The stars gather not financial Qi, but spiritual Qi. I suppose the main business of the Heavenly Water Pavilion isn't fengshui consulting but selling fengshui artifacts, right?"

Yan Xiaobao's incisive comment struck the truth, causing Dong Yuqing's facial expression to change repeatedly. She then bowed slightly and said, "Mr. Yan has keen eyes. Your mastery of fengshui techniques surpasses mine by far. I concede."

Tang Wenjun suddenly realized that the Seven Stars Gathering Qi and Spirit Array was the legendary formation capable of nurturing fengshui artifacts. With this array, the Heavenly Water Pavilion effectively becomes a treasure trove, no wonder its business is thriving and has remained so for a century.

"A top-level master observes the constellation; a mid-tier master examines water currents; a lower-tier master roams the mountains. To have laid out the Seven Stars Gathering Qi and Spirit Array certainly qualifies as first-class mastery." Yan Xiaobao glanced at Dong Yuqing and remarked, "Too bad your skill level is far behind your ancestors'. If you had such capabilities, Tang Wenjun wouldn't have ended up being so unlucky."

Being belittled and critiqued once more by Yan Xiaobao, Dong Yuqing unexpectedly didn't take offense. Her lack of skill was undeniable—what was there to argue about?

"Mr. Yan's admonishment is justified. I accept defeat."

"Really?" Yan Xiaobao clapped his hands in delight, laughing out loud. "Since you've accepted defeat, from now on, you're my wife!"

"Mr. Yan, you're mistaken," Dong Yuqing replied in an unhurried and melodious voice. "Earlier, I never agreed to make any bets with you. So, even if I admit defeat, I haven't lost myself to you as your wife."

"Oh, so when you invited me to assess the fengshui of your shop, it was merely to test my abilities. If I proved superior, you wouldn't agree to make a wager with me?" Yan Xiaobao belatedly realized and added, "You're seriously cunning."

Tang Wenjun gave Yan Xiaobao a dumbfounded look and thought to himself: She was clearly testing you—how are you only realizing this now?

For some reason, Tang Wenjun secretly felt sympathy for Yan Xiaobao. If he had realized earlier and known Dong Yuqing was testing him, then instead of revealing the hidden formations of the Heavenly Water Pavilion, he could have feigned ignorance, played the fool to lure her into making a bet. The moment she agreed, he'd easily secure another wife. Wouldn't that have been perfect...

Dong Yuqing pursed her lips into a smile. "It's not that I'm cunning; it's that Mr. Yan is too formidable—I had to be cautious."

"No problem." Yan Xiaobao waved his hand nonchalantly. "You're very beautiful and interesting—I like you. Since I've started liking you, it's just a matter of time before you become my wife."

Dong Yuqing simply smiled and didn't take his words seriously.

Tang Wenjun, however, felt a sudden clarity. The more he understood Yan Xiaobao, the better he comprehended why this man could charm countless women and enjoy the blessings of having multiple admirers simultaneously.

Yan Xiaobao's character was straightforward and sincere, his words direct, even bordering on naïve. Yet, he was highly capable. Whether it was fighting, playing sports, or his fengshui skills demonstrated today, he was leagues above the average person.

Most importantly, he was remarkably self-assured, extremely persistent, and unabashedly thick-skinned. Everything he said or did revolved around one central theme: "wife," and he wouldn't hesitate to pay any price, relentlessly pursuing his goal...

A man like this, once he sets his sights on Dong Yuqing... she might genuinely struggle to escape his grasp...

"Now that the conversation is wrapping up, let's head over to my house to check out the fengshui," Tang Wenjun timely invited Yan Xiaobao and Dong Yuqing.

Dong Yuqing uttered no more words, nodding as she stood up. Her tailored qipao accentuated her graceful figure, exuding elegance.

She was naturally duty-bound to fix the issues in the fengshui array she had arranged for Tang Wenjun's house.

Yan Xiaobao, however, leaned back in his chair, crossed one leg over the other, picked up his teacup, took a sip leisurely, and shook his head repeatedly, "I'm not going."

Chapter 89 You Are Not the Mistress

...

"This... Brother Bao, didn't we agree on this yesterday..." Tang Wenjun kept glancing towards Dong Yuqing, meaning: Haven't I already introduced you to this beauty, and you like her too...

"Who told her not to bet with me?" Yan Xiaobao said like he was having a childish tantrum, "If she bets with me, I'll go. If she doesn't bet, I won't go."

"Mr. Yan, I concede and admit that there are problems with the fengshui array I set up for Mr. Tang's house, so there's no need to bet anymore," Dong Yuqing politely invited, "Please come and give some guidance."

"Indeed," Tang Wenjun quickly echoed, "There are fengshui issues at my house, if you don't go, Brother Bao, I'm afraid I can't handle it. You can't just watch me stay unlucky, right?"

"You're not my wife, so what does your luck have to do with me?"

When it comes to "wife," such a principle issue, Yan Xiaobao wouldn't give Tang Wenjun any face, "You can write your will now. If something happens to you, blame your family's fengshui. Let your family take it up with her later."

Tang Wenjun: "..."

Dong Yuqing: "..."

It finally dawned on Tang Wenjun that in front of Yan Xiaobao, all "scheming tactics" were useless. No matter how clever and cunning Dong Yuqing was, she couldn't withstand his rascal ways.

He also gained a deeper understanding of Yan Xiaobao, no wonder this guy has so many "big wives," "small wives," and "reserve concubines"...

With his skills, he resorts to all sorts of rogue tactics, sparing no effort. It's a wonder he doesn't have fewer wives...

Dong Yuqing furrowed her brows, feeling very unhappy. With her beauty and talent, she naturally had no shortage of suitors, but no one had ever forced her with such roguery like Yan Xiaobao.

Yet, this was indeed her responsibility. Without addressing the fengshui array's hidden issues, if something were to happen to Tang Wenjun, the hundred-year-old reputable brand of Heavenly Water Pavilion would be ruined in her hands.

And, Tang Wenjun is the eldest son of the Tang Family, one of the "Jiangnan Ten Tigers." If he were to meet a mishap, she might end up having to be buried alongside him...

"Mr. Yan, matters of a lifetime cannot be trifled with," Dong Yuqing tried to persuade with patience, "I can agree to any condition except being your... wife."

"I'm not joking around, I am being very serious." Yan Xiaobao put on an especially serious face, "You can ask him if I take all my wives very seriously."

Seeing Yan Xiaobao pointing at him, Tang Wenjun quickly nodded, "Serious... very serious..."

Quick-witted, Dong Yuqing immediately caught on to the inconsistency in Yan Xiaobao's words, "Young Master Tang, you say Mr. Yan is very serious about his wives, does that mean he's already married, or was married before?"

"Uh..." Tang Wenjun really couldn't answer.

Fortunately, Yan Xiaobao proudly took over the question, "He's met my Xiao Wan wife, Rourou wife, Bingbing wife, and even the reserve concubine, he can testify that I treat each wife very well."

Dong Yuqing couldn't hold back anymore, furiously said, "I, Dong Yuqing, am not a lady from a prestigious family, but I haven't fallen to the level of being someone else's mistress!"

"Mistress? No..." Yan Xiaobao counted on his fingers earnestly, "If you agree to be my wife now, you can beat Ye Shanshan to become the sixth..."

"Mr. Tang, let's go!" Not waiting for Yan Xiaobao to finish, Dong Yuqing stormed towards the door, unable to endure Yan Xiaobao's "ultimate rascal" behavior any longer.

"Hey! Mr. Dong, slow down, where are you going?" Tang Wenjun hurriedly chased after her to the door.

"I refuse to believe he's the only one in the world who can solve the fengshui array's problems. If he won't help, I'll get another expert!" Dong Yuqing's voice came from outside the door. She grew up in the fengshui circle and knew quite a few experts and masters.

"Brother Bao, let's follow along too," Tang Wenjun urged hurriedly. He was eager to chase Dong Yuqing but didn't want to leave Yan Xiaobao alone here.

Luckily, Yan Xiaobao didn't dawdle any longer. He quickly followed Tang Wenjun out the door. Having set his eyes on Dong Yuqing, of course he had to pursue her to the end.

Dong Yuqing strode forward angrily, taking out her phone to make calls. After a few calls, she had lined up the expert she wanted to invite.

Soon after, Dong Yuqing briskly walked into a teahouse at the corner of the pedestrian street and Antique Street. The business here was very busy, with the aroma of various dim sum like small buns, soup dumplings, and soft pastries wafting through the air.

Trailing behind, Tang Wenjun and Yan Xiaobao followed Dong Yuqing's graceful figure into the teahouse, heading straight to the second floor.

Dong Yuqing went directly to a square table by the window on the second floor, bowing to greet an old man with a Taoist appearance and white beard, "Junior Dong Yuqing, greets Daoist Xuanzhen."

The old Taoist had kind eyes and a calm demeanor, exuding an air of an otherworldly master, "Ah, it's Miss Dong, please have a seat."

"This is Young Master Tang from the Tang Family," Dong Yuqing only introduced Tang Wenjun, clearly having no intention of acknowledging Yan Xiaobao.

"Young friends, please sit down," Daoist Xuanzhen courteously invited the two of them to sit.

Sitting across from Daoist Xuanzhen were two other people. Daoist Xuanzhen briefly introduced them:

They were a father and son duo. The father, named Chen Jianguo, was in the construction materials business for many years. Although not a billionaire, his family was well-off. His son, Chen Shaohua, had just returned from studying abroad and was learning the business from Chen Jianguo to take over.

Many real estate and construction material business owners believe in fengshui. Chen Jianguo felt something was off lately, as he and his family kept injuring themselves for no apparent reason. Although there were no major disasters, it made him quite anxious, so he specifically sought advice from Daoist Xuanzhen.

"You may have accidentally come into contact with some malicious qi, but it's not severe, no need to worry too much," Daoist Xuanzhen said, taking an item from his bag and placing it on the square table, "This item has the power to ward off evil and negate disasters. Take it home and place it in the living room or entrance, and it can resolve the malevolent qi."

"A turtle?" Chen Shaohua remarked disdainfully, "Of all things to bring home, a turtle? Isn't it already unlucky enough!"

In modern internet culture, turtles are often associated with infidelity, so many young people, especially men, dislike them...

"This is not a turtle," Dong Yuqing defended Daoist Xuanzhen, "This is a Bixi, also known as Overlord Tortoise, the sixth son of the dragon's nine sons in myth, a symbol of longevity and good fortune."

Chapter 90 When Conversations Don't Click, Even Half a Word is Too Much

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Tang Wenjun took a closer look. The object on the table appeared to be cast from bronze, roughly the size of a palm. Its form and shell closely resembled a tortoise, but its head, neck, and tail distinctly resembled a dragon. On its back, it carried a vertically upright square stele, looking exactly like the divine beasts depicted in many cultural relics carrying stone steles.

Initially, Chen Jianguo wasn't too fond of the "tortoise," but after listening to Dong Yuqing's explanation, he was immediately relieved. "Alright, since it's crafted by Daoist Xuanzhen, then it's a treasure. I'll buy it and take it home to properly enshrine it."

As he spoke, Chen Jianguo pulled out his checkbook and asked for the price.

Although today was Daoist Xuanzhen's first time dealing with Mr. Chen, Chen Jianguo was introduced by an old friend of many years. Thus, he offered a friendship price: one hundred thousand.

"What?"

Chen Jianguo hadn't reacted yet, but Chen Shaohua immediately exploded, "One hundred thousand? This is daylight robbery! Selling such a chunk of copper for one hundred thousand? You think it's pure gold or something!"

Daoist Xuanzhen kept his smile and didn't answer back, his cultivation of temper quite exceptional.

Dong Yuqing spoke up again to explain, "If you take a closer look at the Overlord Tortoise, the central pattern on its back has three divisions representing Heaven, Earth, and Humanity as the three cosmic elements. Surrounding it are two circles: the inner circle has ten divisions representing the Ten Heavenly Stems, and the outer circle has twelve divisions representing the Twelve Earthly Branches. Its mysteries are boundless. This is not just an ordinary decoration but a Fengshui Artifact."

"I don't care if it's an artifact or not, copper is still copper!" Chen Shaohua exclaimed angrily. "Selling copper as if it were gold—that's outright fraud!"

"Shaohua, watch your mouth!" Chen Jianguo scolded his son.

"Since young Mr. Chen doesn't appreciate this copper artifact, that's perfectly fine," Daoist Xuanzhen maintained his smile and extended his hand to reclaim the artifact.

"Please wait, Daoist Xuanzhen." Dong Yuqing reached out to pick up the bronze Bi Xi, smiling as she said, "Fengshui Artifacts personally crafted by Daoist Xuanzhen aren't that easy to come by. If Mr. Chen doesn't buy it, I won't hold back."

Daoist Xuanzhen chuckled, "Miss Dong, doesn't your Heavenly Water Pavilion already have enough treasures? Why are you now eyeing poor me?"

"Who could possibly complain about having too many treasures at home?" Dong Yuqing flashed a clever smile, "Being able to resell this for several times the profit, how could I miss this opportunity?"

Chen Jianguo recalled what his friend had said about Fengshui Artifacts crafted by Daoist Xuanzhen being highly sought after, almost priceless. Evidently, from Dong Yuqing's words, this bronze Bi Xi's true value far exceeded one hundred thousand.

"Wait, wait, Miss Dong, I didn't say I wasn't buying this artifact..."

Chen Jianguo was about to write the check when Chen Shaohua intervened, cutting him off with a cold laugh. "Dad, this woman is clearly in league with CCTV's Dong Qing—look at how blatantly she's playing the shill. If she wants to buy it, let her, but we'd better not fall for it!"

To be fair, Chen Shaohua was indeed a sharp character, understanding that the prettier a woman is, the less trustworthy her words tend to be. However, sometimes being too clever can lead to misjudgment.

"Yes, yes, I'm definitely the shill hired by Daoist Xuanzhen. Please don't fall for it!" Dong Yuqing put away the bronze Bi Xi and cheerfully said to Daoist Xuanzhen, "Daoist, my little business at home doesn't even qualify to use checks. Please join me at the bank; I'll transfer the money to you personally."

"Go ahead, keep acting!" Chen Shaohua sneered, "Scientists have already debunked Fengshui countless times. All these so-called Fengshui Skills are nothing but tricks. Certain people use Fengshui's name, pretending to be masters, and claim to help people dispel disasters, achieve promotions, and wealth—when in reality, it's just a front for scams and profits. Such things are exposed on the news broadcast every single day. Who are you trying to fool?"

"Shaohua, you've crossed the line..."

Chen Jianguo felt a bit awkward. Despite his own skepticism, openly expressing it in front of Daoist Xuanzhen was truly damaging to his reputation.

"Dad, I don't believe I'm wrong," Chen Shaohua uprightly declared. "I might have kept these thoughts private to avoid offending anyone, but if I don't expose their tricks face-to-face, you might end up deceived in the future."

Being called a fraud, Dong Yuqing was livid and couldn't resist arguing back, "Fengshui Mysticism has been passed down for thousands of years. Do you really believe that everything our ancestors passed down is completely worthless?"

"If you want to talk science, sure! Fengshui is actually a synthesis of disciplines like geography, geology, astronomy, meteorology, landscape studies, architecture, ecology, and human life information science. Its core principle is to carefully observe and understand the natural environment, conform to nature, moderately utilize and adapt to it, create a desirable living and survival environment, and achieve harmony with Heaven, Earth, and Humanity to reach the ultimate state of balance and goodness."

"Ha! Harmony with Heaven and Earth?" Chen Shaohua mocked, "If Fengshui were truly as amazing as you say, why would we need education or hard work? Just burn some incense, pray to the gods, and buy an artifact to worship at home, wouldn't that be enough?"

"You're mistaken. I never said Fengshui outweighs everything else," Dong Yuqing replied earnestly. "As the principle goes, 'The Way of Heaven depletes excess and supplements scarcity.' Fengshui is merely an auxiliary measure to compensate for one's shortcomings, not a replacement for personal effort."

"Auxiliary? Compensation? And how exactly does that work?" Chen Shaohua sneered, "Talk is cheap. Show me evidence convincing enough to make me believe; otherwise, stop with the empty words to deceive people."

The collision of these two ideologies was like fire and water—completely irreconcilable. Dong Yuqing and Chen Shaohua went back and forth, verbally sparring, neither able to convince the other.

Yan Xiaobao, feeling bored from all the arguing, interrupted, "Wife Qingqing, why bother wasting so much breath on him? He's about to land himself in big trouble soon, and then he'll see just how real this all is."

Chen Jianguo immediately grew tense, "What big trouble?"

"Dad, don't listen to this kid's nonsense. They're all in cahoots," Chen Shaohua glanced at Yan Xiaobao dismissively, "You think I'm that gullible?"

Yan Xiaobao smiled playfully at Chen Shaohua, uninterested in wasting words.

"Dad, let's leave and stop wasting time here." Chen Shaohua stood up as he spoke.

Chen Jianguo apologized to Daoist Xuanzhen and stood up to leave with his son.

Daoist Xuanzhen, long familiar with being questioned and disparaged, remained unfazed, showing no anger. Instead, he turned to Dong Yuqing and asked, "Miss Dong, earlier you called me about an urgent matter?"

"Here's the situation..." Dong Yuqing explained the issue of Tang Wenjun's family Fengshui Formation having gone wrong.

Daoist Xuanzhen, upon hearing that Yan Xiaobao had pointed out the problem with Dong Yuqing's Fengshui Formation setup, immediately began viewing him in a new light.