

## Medical 91

### Chapter 91 Pointing to the Mountains

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Dong Yuqing proceeded to invite, "I would like to ask Daoist Xuanzhen to personally come and take a look at where the issue lies. I wonder if it's convenient for you?"

Daoist Xuanzhen thought for a moment and then nodded, "Since I've already come out today and have nothing urgent to attend to, I'll accompany you on this trip."

Dong Yuqing was delighted, and immediately brought Daoist Xuanzhen and Tang Wenjun out of the teahouse, got in the car, and headed straight for the Tang Family villa.

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Tang Wenjun's newly built villa was located in the suburbs, over twenty kilometers away from the city center. The site was surrounded by mountains and water, with lush vegetation covering the hills, creating a serene and tranquil environment. Clear and melodious birdsong echoed continuously, providing a refreshing and peaceful experience.

The Tang Family villa, rather than just being a villa, was more akin to an estate, built on the sheltered slopes of a mountain amidst dense greenery, occupying an area of over a dozen acres. It was both elegant and luxurious.

For such a large estate, combining the costs of land, construction, and interior decoration, the total expense would surely exceed billions. Just by looking at this estate, one could tell that the Tang Wenjun family was undeniably extremely wealthy.

As soon as he got out of the car, Daoist Xuanzhen couldn't help but smile and exclaim in admiration, "With mountains at the back and water before us, bird songs and fragrant flowers, the moonlight shines between pine trees, and clear springs flow over stones—it truly feels like a utopia!"

"You flatter me, Daoist Xuanzhen," Tang Wenjun politely gestured and said, "Please, all of you, come inside for some tea first."

"No need for tea; we had plenty earlier at the teahouse," Daoist Xuanzhen waved his hand dismissively. "Instead, Mr. Tang, please show us around."

"Alright, alright," Tang Wenjun was eager to solve the fengshui problems that had been plaguing him, so he immediately led the way through the estate and into the rear garden.

A strong fragrance of osmanthus greeted them. The branches of the osmanthus trees were laden with golden blossoms, resembling a sky full of glittering stars. Around the garden railings, pomegranate trees grew abundantly, as if welcoming visitors. There were countless small, unidentified flowers scattered amongst dense woods, and sporadic bird calls echoed from the forest. At the center of the garden stood an artificial mountain positioned within a pond, resembling a fairy bathing herself.

"Wow!" Daoist Xuanzhen couldn't help but marvel again, "What a grand and majestic garden, Mr. Tang! This is almost comparable to the Emperor's Imperial Garden."

"This was arranged by my father. He's elderly now and enjoys gardening and raising birds as a pastime," Tang Wenjun said as he led the group through the garden along a winding path heading toward the rear mountain.

The winding path, paved with smooth pebbles, was very easy to walk on. On either side were lush, green trees exuding a clean and graceful simplicity. Clusters of bright green leaves radiated vibrant colors that were pleasing to the eyes. A refreshing mountain breeze passed through the woods, bringing a soothing fragrance and revitalizing everyone's spirits.

"Splash, splash——"

After walking for a while, the sound of flowing water reached their ears. Upon reaching the top of the rear mountain, a rather magnificent waterfall came into view.

The waterfall was about thirty feet wide, cascading down in three tiers like staircases, each layer following the other in graceful succession. The water wasn't particularly fast; after traveling through the

three tiers, the cascading curtain of water fell into a clear pond at the foot of the mountain before gently meandering around the slopes in front of the estate.

Daoist Xuanzhen couldn't stop praising as he observed the scene, "What beautiful surroundings—mountains and rivers in perfect harmony, like an immortal realm."

"Daoist Xuanzhen, as far as I know, Qingyun Mountain where you reside has scenery no less enchanting than this," Dong Yuqing chuckled lightly, adding, "You don't have to keep marveling at the beauty here. Please help me assess the fengshui here."

Daoist Xuanzhen smiled knowingly and nodded. Then, standing at a vantage point, he slowly surveyed the surroundings before speaking, "This place is surrounded by mountains and waters, capturing the wind and accumulating Qi. The scenery is delightful—truly a rare treasure of fengshui. Furthermore, the stream at the entrance is clear rather than turbid, curving gently to embrace the land rather than shooting straight ahead. This is clearly a layout known as 'Jade Belt Encircling the Waist,' marvelously designed."

"I think it's indeed the 'Jade Belt Encircling the Waist' arrangement," Dong Yuqing agreed, adding, "Mountains nurture people; waters signify wealth. With clear streams nourishing the household, continuous prosperity is ensured. Living here not only allows one to refine their character but also brings blessings to future generations."

"But..." Dong Yuqing hesitated before continuing, "The waterfall cascading down might represent ruthless water... If there's an issue with the fengshui here, could it be due to this waterfall?"

"Not necessarily," Daoist Xuanzhen said confidently, "The waterfall splits into three tiers and descends gradually, with a gentle water flow. What appears ruthless is actually affectionate; there should be no major concerns. This place remains an excellent location for fengshui."

"That's a relief," Dong Yuqing said with obvious pleasure. "I originally thought about planting a row of trees here on the mountaintop to block the waterfall, so it would no longer be visible."

"'Jade Belt Encircling the Waist'? 'What appears ruthless is actually affectionate'? Hahaha! I'm dying of laughter!" Yan Xiaobao suddenly burst out laughing. "With your limited expertise, do you even dare to set up a Fengshui Formation? You're practically ruining people without taking responsibility!"

"How are we ruining anyone? I..."

Daoist Xuanzhen held back the indignant Dong Yuqing and humbly asked, "May I know what insights Mr. Yan has to offer?"

"Insights? Do insights even matter here?" Yan Xiaobao pointed at the estate halfway up the mountain and said, "Such a massive estate—you didn't notice? Consulting fengshui should take both the innate terrain and the modifications made by humans into account. What you're doing, if not ruining people, then what is it?"

"Ah!" Daoist Xuanzhen was shocked, inwardly cursing his own foolishness.

The art of fengshui requires considering not only the natural configuration of landscapes but also human-made alterations to the environment. For instance, in ancient dynasties during times of change, individuals would attempt to sever "dragon veins," tampering with the fengshui energies of prior regimes to hasten their decline. This was a classic example of human influence on fengshui dynamics.

"I never expected Mr. Yan's expertise in fengshui to be so profound. I am truly humbled." Daoist Xuanzhen respectfully adopted the manner of a junior as he eagerly sought instruction, "I humbly request Mr. Yan's guidance."

Dong Yuqing stared at Yan Xiaobao in astonishment, utterly stunned.

She had initially believed that inviting Daoist Xuanzhen would solve her pressing concerns and rid her of Yan Xiaobao's meddling. But she'd never imagined that after just a few exchanges, even Daoist Xuanzhen would declare himself "humbled," leaving her thoroughly embarrassed.

However, just as Dong Yuqing thought that Yan Xiaobao might seize this opportunity to exploit her again, Yan Xiaobao didn't bother playing coy. He directly "instructed" Daoist Xuanzhen, saying:

"You stated this spot embodies the 'Jade Belt Encircling the Waist' arrangement; that was correct, originally. But the Tang Family constructed such a massive estate halfway up the mountain, immediately altering the fengshui dynamics of this location."

"What?" Tang Wenjun quickly asked, "Then what kind of arrangement does it represent now?"

"The estate is square and perfectly symmetrical, nestled within mountainous rocks. It unequivocally resembles an official seal," Yan Xiaobao lifted his hand to point, radiating the dignified aura of commanding the land.

"A seal symbolizes the token of nobility—it cannot be used arbitrarily by non-nobles. If placed in the Hai direction, it represents 'Red Snake Around Seal'; if in the Shen position, it becomes 'Monkey Holding Seal'; if in the Hai position, 'Boar Guarding Seal.' The source of water is in the direction of the Si position, winding like a snake as it gently encircles the estate. Hence, the fengshui arrangement here has shifted from the 'Jade Belt Encircling the Waist' to the 'Red Snake Around Seal.'"

Chapter 92 Divine Mechanism Master?

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"So that's how it is!" Master Xuanzhen suddenly realized, "Red Snake Around Seal, it really is Red Snake Around Seal..."

Actually, Dong Yuqing only knew that Master Xuanzhen was highly respected in the Feng Shui circle, his fame widespread, but she wasn't aware that his true expertise wasn't in Feng Shui consultation, but in the creation, cultivation, and consecration of Fengshui Artifacts.

To be honest, when it came to surveying mountains and waters, observing stars, and determining burial sites, Master Xuanzhen wasn't much better than her. So, inviting him for "insights" and "backup" turned out to be asking the wrong person.

Yan Xiaobao continued, "If it were truly a Jade Belt Around Waist setup, this waterfall wouldn't be a big issue, nothing problematic. But the Fengshui Array has now shifted into a Red Snake Around Seal formation, and that's a completely different story. The cascading water is an extremely severe hidden danger!"

"Ah?" Tang Wenjun panicked, hurriedly asking, "Why is that?"

"As I just mentioned, a seal represents the symbol of nobility and prestige; it cannot be used by anyone other than nobility. Nobles emphasize rising step by step, while this waterfall, with its tiers cascading downwards, creates a formation of grave misfortune!" Yan Xiaobao patted Tang Wenjun's shoulder and grinned, "You may as well sort it out yourself."

"Ah... this..." Tang Wenjun was dumbfounded.

"Mr. Yan's brilliant insight; this humble Daoist is in awe." Daoist Xuanzhen cupped his hands toward Yan Xiaobao, then likewise patted Tang Wenjun's shoulder, smiling as he said, "Mr. Tang, there is no need to worry. Heaven never seals off all paths; even the most ominous Fengshui Array has methods of resolution. Since Mr. Yan has identified the issue, he surely has a solution."

"Oh, I do have a way to resolve it. But I just met you yesterday, and we don't share any connection. Why should I help you fix it?" Yan Xiaobao's words were directed at Tang Wenjun, but his eyes were fixed straight on Dong Yuqing. His intentions were as clear as day.

At this moment, Dong Yuqing, amidst the mountain forest, exuded a spiritual charm. Her floral cheongsam made her even more dazzling than the blooming flowers around her.

Dong Yuqing finally understood; Yan Xiaobao wasn't just withholding the solution—he was waiting for the most critical moment to exploit it.

Now that he had laid out the bad omen plainly in front of her but withheld the method to resolve it, it was evident he was taking advantage of her predicament—utterly shameless!

"Fine! I'll just blow up this waterfall then!" Dong Yuqing said, fuming.

"Absolutely not!" Daoist Xuanzhen exclaimed urgently, "Even if the waterfall were destroyed, the water flow couldn't be stopped. Without the barrier of rocks, the water might surge downward unchecked, with catastrophic consequences!"

"You look clever enough. How could you come up with such a stupid idea?" Yan Xiaobao mocked, "If you're really going to blow it up, you might as well demolish the whole manor, relocate, and rebuild elsewhere—that might break the Red Snake Around Seal formation."

The manor, vast and extravagant, with a cost estimated in the billions, hadn't even warmed up with tenants yet, and they were considering blowing it up...

Who could bear to do it?

"You..." Dong Yuqing was furious, yet utterly powerless against Yan Xiaobao.

"Well... Brother Bao..." Tang Wenjun forced a bitter smile, glancing at Dong Yuqing, "If Miss Dong were my sister, I'd certainly marry her off to you. But since we're not related, I truly have no way to help..."

"Oh." Yan Xiaobao nodded, "Then it's simple—just move out of the manor. Of course, the best option is still to demolish it and rebuild elsewhere."

Tang Wenjun: "..."

Nearby, Daoist Xuanzhen, puzzled, asked curiously, "What exactly are you all talking about?"

Tang Wenjun leaned toward Daoist Xuanzhen and whispered, "Yan Xiaobao wants Dong Yuqing to marry him. Otherwise..."

Daoist Xuanzhen was taken aback, looking at Yan Xiaobao in disbelief, "Years ago, this Daoist heard that the only Feng Shui Master publicly acknowledged as a 'Heavenly Master'—the 'Divine Mechanism Master' Duan Tiangang—used a similar approach to marry his stunning wife... Could it be... could it be that Mr. Yan, you are a disciple of Master Duan?"

"You mean Duan Tiangang?" Yan Xiaobao curled his lips, "What kind of Heavenly Master is he? What qualifies him to be my teacher? He's merely my junior disciple."

"Ah!" Daoist Xuanzhen exclaimed in shock, trembling all over.

The legendary "Divine Mechanism Master" Duan Tiangang, hailed as a "Living Immortal" among contemporary Feng Shui Masters... turned out to be merely Yan Xiaobao's junior disciple?

Unbelievable...

Similarly, Dong Yuqing stared at Yan Xiaobao, eyes filled with astonishment.

Having grown up in the Feng Shui circle, Dong Yuqing was well acquainted with the awe-inspiring reputation of "Divine Mechanism Master" Duan Tiangang.

No wonder Yan Xiaobao's mastery of Fengshui Technique was so exceptional, even silencing Daoist Xuanzhen—it turned out he shared a lineage with Duan Tiangang...

"Miss Dong, as this Daoist sees it..." Daoist Xuanzhen turned to play matchmaker. "This marriage is not unthinkable..."

"Daoist!" Dong Yuqing interrupted him furiously, "Even if they're fellow disciples, even if he were Duan Tiangang's master, I could never be his mistress! This is absolutely non-negotiable!"

"Not mistress—sixth wife." Yan Xiaobao corrected Dong Yuqing.

Daoist Xuanzhen: "..."

Dong Yuqing turned her head away, refusing to engage further with Yan Xiaobao, and continued discussing solutions with Daoist Xuanzhen.

Surely, having identified the problem, there had to be a solution!

"If destroying the waterfall is off the table..." Dong Yuqing stared at the waterfall ahead, deep in thought, "Then perhaps the terrain can be altered, diverting the waterfall and finding a new outlet elsewhere."

"Redirecting the flow is feasible, but..." Daoist Xuanzhen pondered, "Once the outlet of the waterfall is changed, the stream downstream will also shift, potentially erasing the naturally favorable Red Snake Around Seal Fengshui Array, which would be a tremendous loss."

The core of Fengshui Skill lies in carefully studying and understanding the natural environment, adapting in harmony, judiciously utilizing and modifying nature to create optimal living conditions, achieving the best integration of time, place, and social harmony—the ultimate unity of heaven and humanity.

The Red Snake Around Seal is an exceptionally rare and valuable natural Fengshui Array. To destroy it just to eliminate the hidden dangers would go against the principles of Fengshui Skill and invite ridicule if news spread.

Tang Wenjun, too, was unwilling to ruin the precious Fengshui treasure his father had painstakingly found. After much discussion, Daoist Xuanzhen suggested, "Mr. Tang, this Fengshui treasure is invaluable, worth a fortune—it's totally worth spending heavily to have Mr. Yan set up a Fengshui Formation to resolve the waterfall issue."

"Money is not an issue." Tang Wenjun immediately reassured, "Even if it takes tens of millions, I wouldn't hesitate for a moment!"

For billionaires, spending tens of millions on Feng Shui services is not uncommon. Tang Wenjun was already prepared for such expenses.

"Tens of millions..." Daoist Xuanzhen shook his head, "That might not be enough..."

Chapter 93 This is Definitely True Love

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"Over ten million and it's still not enough?" Tang Wenjun was a bit dumbfounded.

Even with today's skyrocketing property prices, ten million is enough to buy a great house in the best neighborhood of Binhai City. Not enough to hire a Feng Shui Master to set up a Feng Shui Formation? That's just too exaggerated...

Daoist Xuanzhen explained, "From what I know, the rule of the Divine Mechanism Master, Duan Tiangang, was: Three million for site surveying and house placement, and triple that for a Feng Shui Formation."

"Three million for site surveying and house placement?" Even Dong Yuqing, who knew a thing or two, couldn't help but gasp.

"Site surveying" involves observing the heavens above and examining the geography below, searching for a Feng Shui treasure spot. "House placement" entails overseeing the construction of residences, including both Yang Mansions and Yin Houses.

Although site surveying and house placement require astronomical observations, land inspection, and analysis of Yin-Yang, the Five Elements, Heavenly Stems and Earthly Branches, seasonal and directional influences, and the Eight Trigrams and Nine Winds, it is undoubtedly an extremely complex technical skill. But a single charge of three million is indeed outrageous...

Typically, even for renowned Feng Shui Masters, fees for site surveying and house placement range from tens of thousands to a few hundred thousand. Charging three million... that house better be worth a fortune to justify the expense...

Suppressing his shock, Tang Wenjun asked, "Triple the price for Feng Shui Formation, does that mean three million turns into nine million?"

Daoist Xuanzhen shook his head, "Triple the price for Feng Shui Formation means... however much your estate is worth, multiply that figure by three."

"What!" Tang Wenjun, scion of one of Jiangnan's top ten elite families, was stunned.

His estate was conservatively valued in the tens of millions. Multiplying that by three would mean... three hundred million!

A Feng Shui Formation costing three hundred million?

Who in their right mind would believe such a thing..

"Why would there be such a rule?" Dong Yuqing questioned, "People aren't stupid, right? Who would spend three times the property's worth to have a Feng Shui Formation arranged?"

"Haha." Daoist Xuanzhen stroked his snowy white beard and chuckled, "There are no shortage of fools in this world, but billionaires who are fools are quite rare. Despite such jaw-dropping rules, people still eagerly sought out Duan Tiangang for site surveying, house placement, and Feng Shui formations. After he arranged a Feng Shui Formation, the value of the property would skyrocket overnight, making them highly coveted."

"Skyrocket overnight?" Tang Wenjun couldn't help but draw in a sharp breath.

"That's correct." Speaking of the legendary exploits of Divine Mechanism Master Duan Tiangang, Daoist Xuanzhen seemed genuinely proud, "For those with money in excess, wealth is merely a string of digits. If they can acquire peace and harmony and bless future generations, no amount of expense is too much."

Daoist Xuanzhen pointed his hand to a spot as he continued, "Take this estate of Mr. Tang, for example. It's already situated on a Feng Shui treasure spot called 'Red Snake Around Seal.' If Master Duan's arrangements neutralize the waterfall hazard here, the Tang Family would benefit from at least three prosperous generations of incredible fortune. Mr. Tang, do you think it's worth investing heavily?"

Tang Wenjun, reflecting on the streak of bad luck he'd endured over the past six months, nodded emphatically, "It's worth it! If it ensures my family avoids bad luck for three generations, no expense is too high!"

"Exactly." Daoist Xuanzhen smiled as he turned to Yan Xiaobao, "Mr. Yan, since you and Divine Mechanism Master Duan Tiangang come from the same lineage, your rules must be similar. Since Mr. Tang is so generous, would you help arrange a Feng Shui Formation to resolve the waterfall issue?"

"Duan Tiangang's ability doesn't compare to mine," Yan Xiaobao said arrogantly. "If I set up a formation, it wouldn't just neutralize the hazard."

"Oh?" Daoist Xuanzhen was again amazed, "Are you saying, Mr. Yan, that you have an even more extraordinary solution?"

"Of course." Yan Xiaobao replied confidently, "I can elevate the Feng Shui Array of this 'Red Snake Around Seal' to an even more miraculous Feng Shui treasure spot!"

"This... this is simply unimaginable..." Daoist Xuanzhen scanned the surroundings once more, unable to figure out how this could be done, "Truly, there are always greater masters out there..."

Hearing this, Tang Wenjun felt even more restless, eagerly raising the stakes, "Brother Bao! If you're willing to help me arrange the formation, I'm willing to pay five times!"

Dong Yuqing was entirely stunned.

Extravagance beyond belief... paying five times would amount to... five hundred million... five hundred million!

Five hundred million—buy a house, buy a car, save up, spend on leisure, and travel the world—happiness could scarcely go beyond this...

But Yan Xiaobao merely grinned and said, "I don't want five times. I want her to be my wife."

Tang Wenjun: "..."

Daoist Xuanzhen: "..."

Dong Yuqing: "..."

Five hundred million laying there, unhesitatingly ignored, rejected like trash... What sort of person is this? What kind of spirit?

Tang Wenjun was dumbstruck. He never imagined there could be someone in this world unmoved even by five hundred million. And this wasn't asking him to risk his life or chastity—just to arrange a Feng Shui Formation—yet he refused...

Daoist Xuanzhen was convinced. At this point, he was certain Yan Xiaobao wasn't merely Divine Mechanism Master Duan Tiangang's senior, but surely his fellow disciple. Both were remarkable...

Dong Yuqing was utterly bewildered, her emotions indescribably complex.

For the first time, she felt somewhat touched.

A man who rejected five hundred million for her—this had to be true love...

If Yan Xiaobao was asking her to be his wife instead of a concubine, perhaps in a fit of impulse, she'd even agree.

Dong Yuqing wasn't vain or greedy, but one universal truth remained: A certain quantity can produce a qualitative leap.

Money, when it exceeds a certain amount, becomes something more than money itself.

Five hundred million doesn't merely represent a bank account entry of a "5" followed by eight "0s," but a lifetime of financial security, unlimited freedom, affluence, and carefree joy...

There's a joke circulating online that, while crude, perfectly illustrates this concept:

Fifty bucks—what do you take me for?

Five hundred bucks—I'm not that kind of person.

Five thousand bucks—Honey, I'm yours tonight.

Fifty thousand bucks—Don't treat me as human tonight.

Five hundred thousand bucks—Doesn't matter who shows up tonight.

Five million bucks—I don't care if they're human.

Five hundred million... nothing more to say...

Just then, Yan Xiaobao's phone rang. Seeing the caller ID, his mood lifted immediately—it was Han Ruobing calling! This was the first time Han Ruobing had ever called him proactively.

"Bingbing, my dear wife, are you missing me?" Yan Xiaobao answered the call gleefully.

However, the voice on the other end of the line wasn't Han Ruobing's. Instead, it was a somewhat tense, subdued male voice: "Mr. Yan, this is Zhang Zhixue speaking."

Chapter 94 Rescuing Han Ruobing

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Yan Xiaobao immediately got upset, "Hey! Zhang Zhixue, why are you messing with my Bingbing's phone?"

"Uh, it's like this..." Zhang Zhixue hurriedly explained, "Chief Han has run into some emergency complications and needs your assistance."

It turned out that, based on the clues analyzed by Yan Xiaobao at the scene of the assassination case, Zhang Zhixue and Han Ruobing led the Binhai Patrol in a day-long search, finally tracking down over a dozen suspicious-looking Japanese individuals.

But unexpectedly, these Japanese individuals turned out to be heavily armed and engaged in a fierce battle with the patrol officers. They fought and retreated, eventually occupying an auto repair shop in the suburbs, where they took over ten hostages and made a desperate stand.

To ensure the safety of the hostages, Han Ruobing voluntarily offered herself as a substitute in exchange for their release. However, the Japanese criminals were ruthlessly savage and utterly untrustworthy—they detained Han Ruobing but refused to release the hostages as promised, leaving the situation extremely precarious.

Zhang Zhixue immediately called for reinforcements from the Binhai Patrol Office. The counterterrorism special forces were already en route to the scene. Afterward, Zhang Zhixue called Yan Xiaobao.

"I'm heading over right now!" Yan Xiaobao hung up the phone and reached out his hand to Tang Wenjun, "Give me your car keys, quick!"

Yan Xiaobao jumped into Tang Wenjun's Mercedes GLE-Class, driving it like a silver streak of lightning down the mountain, disappearing from Tang Wenjun and the others' view in an instant.

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Zhang Zhixue mentioned that the auto repair shop was conveniently located near the Tang family villa in the western suburbs of Binhai City. In just over ten minutes, Yan Xiaobao arrived at the repair shop.

The entire auto repair shop was already surrounded by over a hundred patrol officers, their lights flashing, sirens blaring, and the atmosphere tense.

Yan Xiaobao leapt out of the car. Spotting Zhang Zhixue, he wasted no time unleashing a storm of insults:

"Is everyone at your Patrol Office dead? You sent my Bingbing to carry out such a dangerous mission! Do you realize that these criminals have a fetish for brutally murdering beautiful women? Yet you had the audacity to send my Bingbing? Are you actively trying to get my wife killed?"

All the surrounding patrol officers were stunned.

Zhang Zhixue, the dignified Chief Constable of the Baofeng Patrol Office, had always been the one dishing out verbal abuse, but today he was mercilessly berated by a brash young man...

A few patrol officers unfamiliar with Yan Xiaobao stepped forward to intervene but were quietly restrained by others who knew who he was.

Even Zhang Zhixue couldn't keep up appearances as he was berated in front of over a hundred subordinates. He quickly pulled Yan Xiaobao aside, apologetically explaining:

"Mr. Yan, you don't understand... Chief Han always insists on being at the forefront of every case, no matter how dangerous the mission. She's the first one who volunteers, and no one can stop her..."

"Can't stop her? What are you, as the Chief Constable, even here for?" Yan Xiaobao was fuming and completely unconvinced.

With a bitter expression, Zhang Zhixue repeatedly apologized, "I truly regret my mistake and sincerely apologize for it. But right now, the situation is critical. Let's focus on rescuing Chief Han first!"

Yan Xiaobao finally relented and immediately prepared to charge in and save her.

"Hold up! We need to come up with a plan of action first." Zhang Zhixue grabbed Yan Xiaobao and gathered several arrest officers to discuss countermeasures.

Chief Han's deputy, Constable Xing, provided a detailed situation report: "We've already eliminated five suspects earlier. Currently, there are eight suspects left in the auto repair shop. Aside from Chief Han, there are still over ten hostages."

Yan Xiaobao asked, "What do they want?"

"Not sure." Zhang Zhixue shook his head, "Most criminals fear for their lives and will negotiate once they've taken hostages. However, these Japanese criminals are acting completely out of character. They've detained Chief Han and the hostage negotiators, but they haven't made any demands."

"Do they have no intention of escaping at all?" Constable Xing frowned in doubt before suddenly lighting up with realization, "Wait! They're so unyielding, refusing to negotiate—this must mean they're expecting reinforcements!"

"Makes sense!" Zhang Zhixue's brow tightened. "Under such tight surveillance, they must be confident that their reinforcements are coming. Chief Li, find out how long it'll take for the counterterrorism special forces to arrive."

Chief Li quickly reported back, "They're still a fair distance away. It'll take at least twenty minutes for them to reach the site."

"Why wait for them?" Yan Xiaobao said brashly, "I can just go in and deal with all the criminals myself!"

"But the exact locations of the criminals and hostages aren't clear yet. If we act rashly, Chief Han might get hurt." Zhang Zhixue explained, "The counterterrorism special forces have advanced equipment like thermal imaging to accurately pinpoint positions."

"However, dragging this out could lead to complications." Constable Xing proposed, "Maybe we can disguise ourselves as the criminals' reinforcements, pretending to rescue them..."

"That could work." Zhang Zhixue issued orders, "Find a few patrol officers who can speak Japanese, and we'll stage a convincing act!"

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Meanwhile, inside the auto repair shop surrounded by patrol officers.

Eight vicious-looking Japanese suspects, armed with various firearms, were forcing the hostages to shield doorways, windows, and other key positions to prevent the patrol from storming in.

One short, plump Japanese man suddenly spoke up:

"Xiang Tian, when are our reinforcements arriving? If we keep delaying, the reinforcements from the Yanhuang Patrol might get here first."

A middle-aged Japanese man with a face full of vicious lines, wielding a silver Desert Eagle handgun as their leader, replied coldly:

"I just checked with the boss; they'll be here in ten minutes tops."

Another man asked, "Xiang Tian, should we just kill the hostages now? They've served their purpose, right?"

"Leave them for now." Xiang Tian responded, "When the reinforcements arrive and we're ready to break through, they'll still be useful as meat shields."

The short, plump Japanese man suddenly turned his gaze toward Han Ruobing, who was tied up near the workshop's entrance, and leered wickedly, "Xiang Tian, such a beautiful woman—I've never had one like her. With ten minutes left, I've got just enough time for a little fun..."

At that moment, Han Ruobing had her hands bound behind her back and her mouth taped shut, but there wasn't a trace of fear in her eyes. Although she didn't understand their language, the brute's obscene expression was enough to reveal his depraved intentions.

Xiang Tian furrowed his brow and glared at the plump man, "Make it quick. Don't mess up the bigger plan."

"Relax, Xiang Tian. You know me, I'm always quick." Grinning gleefully, the plump criminal began rushing toward Han Ruobing.

Chapter 95 A Desperate Situation

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"Ten minutes, that's enough time for him to go twice." Around, several Japanese thugs burst into lewd laughter.

The short, fat thug grabbed Han Ruobing's neck from behind and, in front of the others, began pulling at her uniform trousers.

Han Ruobing remained silent, gritted her teeth, and struggled vigorously.

The short, fat thug couldn't control her for the moment and hurriedly shouted, "Quick, come hold her down for me!"

Two other Japanese thugs ran over, grabbed Han Ruobing, and pinned her face-up against the hood of a sedan.

"Scream! Why aren't you screaming? The louder you scream, the more excited I become!" The short, fat thug pulled out his belt and struck Han Ruobing with a loud "snap."

Han Ruobing let out a muffled groan of pain, tears almost spilling from her eyes. Her uniform was ripped open, exposing a large expanse of snow-white, smooth skin.

Seeing this, the short, fat thug let out a stream of saliva before hurriedly removing his pants and lunging at her.

In the face of danger, Han Ruobing didn't panic. She targeted the thug's repulsive private area and suddenly delivered a lightning-fast kick!

"Agh—"

The short, fat thug immediately let out a miserable scream, curling up on the ground. Han Ruobing's fierce kick practically incapacitated him entirely.

After suffering such a ferocious blow, trying to humiliate Han Ruobing any further was impossible. The thug struggled to sit up, pulled out a handgun, and aimed it at Han Ruobing's vital parts, snarling furiously: "You damn slut! If I can't have you, then no one can!"

Han Ruobing closed her eyes, her heart plummeting into the abyss of despair.

Is this really her end?

Han Ruobing was unwilling to accept it. She was still so young; her "Divine Capturer" career was just beginning. She hadn't experienced love yet. She didn't want to die under a thug's gun like this...

At this moment, who else could save her?

Yan Xiaobao!

In a flash of thought, Han Ruobing suddenly recalled Yan Xiaobao, his cheeky and infuriatingly playful manner.

If only she had called him earlier during the suspect apprehension...

If he were here now, he might be able to save her...

Though that guy was always shamelessly pestering her, thinking about it carefully, he had never maliciously violated her. Even when sleeping beside her, he respected her boundaries entirely. Moreover, whenever she encountered trouble, he would always be the first to act...

Right now, she genuinely wished to see him... but alas, there would be no more chances...

...

At the critical moment!

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

"Rat-a-tat-tat..."

A sudden burst of gunfire erupted outside.

The repair shop workshop immediately descended into chaos. Gunshots, shouts, and the roar of car engines created a cacophony, interspersed with a few shouts in Japanese.

Xiang Tian became overjoyed and raised his gun, shouting loudly, "Reinforcements have arrived! Everyone, prepare to get in the cars and break through!"

"Boom!"

A deafening noise echoed.

A silver Mercedes-Benz GLE-Class broke through the workshop door and charged in, followed closely by a black SUV.

A cop disguised as a Japanese thug opened the car door and shouted in Japanese, "Brothers, quickly get in the cars and rush out!"

Xiang Tian immediately led his seven men, without thinking, to fling open the car doors and prepare to board.

At that moment, a figure burst out of the car with a speed nearly impossible to track with the naked eye.

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

A series of muffled noises rang out almost simultaneously.

Before Zhang Zhixue could finish shouting "Action!" all eight Japanese thugs were already lying on the ground.

"Bingbing wife!"

Without stopping, Yan Xiaobao rushed straight over and hugged Han Ruobing tightly.

"You... you came..."

Han Ruobing, narrowly escaping disaster, felt as if she were living in another reality upon seeing Yan Xiaobao. Her heart filled with surprise and a touch of affection.

"Wife, are you okay!"

Seeing Yan Xiaobao's concerned expression, Han Ruobing felt a warmth in her heart. Her body relaxed completely; she no longer resisted, letting him hold her weakened frame.

Cops swarmed in, arresting the thugs and rescuing the other hostages in an orderly and efficient manner.

Seeing Han Ruobing's torn clothing and seeping blood, Yan Xiaobao's killing intent flared intensely. "Which bastard dared to hurt my Bingbing wife! Step forward—I promise I won't kill you!"

True to his word, Yan Xiaobao didn't kill the lecherous short thug. First, he kicked the thug to the ground, then, holding Han Ruobing tightly around the waist, delivered kick after merciless kick to the disgusting, portly figure.

"Thud!" "Thump!" "Crack..."

The short thug's bones were nearly ground to dust by Yan Xiaobao. He lay passed out, motionless on the ground.

The surrounding cops and restrained Japanese thugs looked on in terror, their backs tense with fear... No one had expected this seemingly harmless young man to become so terrifying when enraged...

"Mr. Yan, that's enough." Zhang Zhixue stepped forward, urging him after Yan Xiaobao had vented his fury. "Leave one alive, or I won't be able to answer for it..."

Yan Xiaobao kicked the prone thug aside and turned his fierce gaze toward the other Japanese thugs. "These are accomplices—I'm going to deal with all of them!"

Xiang Tian and the others trembled and shrank back in fear.

"They're already captured. What awaits them is the harsh judgment of the law. Mr. Yan, you don't need to act personally." Zhang Zhixin gestured toward Han Ruobing in Yan Xiaobao's arms. "Chief Han is hurt—you should take her to the hospital for treatment immediately."

Realizing that treating Han Ruobing's wounds was more important, Yan Xiaobao finally left the thugs. He carried Han Ruobing into the silver Mercedes-Benz GLE-Class, hit the throttle, and sped away.

"Put me down—carrying me while driving is against the law." Han Ruobing gently protested, pushing at Yan Xiaobao.

"Who cares about the law? It's not even my car. Bingbing wife, you're hurt so badly—I can't let go." Yan Xiaobao stubbornly refused to let her go.

"Just a flesh wound; it's not that bad." Cold Ice Divine Constable Han Ruobing had never considered herself a delicate woman. She always fought on despite minor injuries.

"Stop pretending. You're bleeding, and it pains your husband to see it!"

Looking at Yan Xiaobao's utterly distraught expression, Han Ruobing felt her tightly locked heart open just a tiny bit.

...

"Weren't we going to the hospital? Why are you driving to my house?" Han Ruobing questioned when Yan Xiaobao carried her out of the car and realized something was off.

"What good are those useless doctors at the hospital? My wife is hurt; naturally, I, a Divine Doctor, will treat her myself." Yan Xiaobao carried her into her bedroom without giving her a chance to refuse.

"Come, let me check your wound first." Yan Xiaobao helped Han Ruobing lie down and began unbuttoning her bloodstained uniform shirt.

#### Chapter 96 Licking Wounds

Here is the requested translation:

...

Han Ruobing was struck by the belt buckle of the short, fat Japanese thug, leaving a bloodied wound right between her abundant and soft curves—a terribly ambiguous position—but she didn't stop Yan Xiaobao.

If Yan Xiaobao hadn't rushed to her rescue in time, she might've already been shot in that spot by the thug's gun... Compared to that, letting Yan Xiaobao see her in her underwear didn't seem like too big of a deal...

The blood around the wound had already started to coagulate, but when Yan Xiaobao lifted her torn uniform, Han Ruobing didn't feel any pain. She couldn't fathom what methods he was using.

As her light blue uniform blouse was gently peeled away, underneath it was an extraordinary sight, covered only by a white bra, displayed directly before Yan Xiaobao.

Yet, Han Ruobing didn't see even a hint of lewdness or lust in his gaze. All she saw was an immense tenderness and heartache in his eyes.

Amid the snowy beauty of her flawless skin, a whip mark—about an inch wide and three inches long—lay glaringly across the center, the flesh torn open, a horrifying sight.

"Don't worry, Bingbing. It doesn't hurt at all right now, and I promise that when it's healed, there won't be even the tiniest scar." Yan Xiaobao said, suddenly lowering his head and leaning in with his mouth to suck on the wound...

"You..." Han Ruobing felt the soft, warm sensation of his lips pressing against her chest. She had no time to protest before she sensed a wave of warm breath gently brushing across her injury.

This guy... Is he licking my wound? Does he think he's some kind of dog?

However, Yan Xiaobao's lips didn't stray towards the snowy peaks on either side, nor did he take advantage of the situation. A warm, tingling sensation spread from the wound, and miraculously, it didn't hurt at all—it even felt rather pleasant... Han Ruobing decided to let him continue his "reckless behavior" without interference.

For twenty-five years, her snow-white peaks and untamed valleys had never been revealed to anyone before. Now, Yan Xiaobao had plunged headfirst into them, stirring up a peculiar mix of emotions in Han Ruobing. She began to feel a little flustered, a little regretful.

Am I letting the wolf into my home?

This little scoundrel has finally broken through my stringent defenses. He definitely won't miss this golden opportunity to take full advantage, no doubt about it.

What if he doesn't stop... what do I do?

Having just survived a life-threatening ordeal, Han Ruobing's emotional barriers were weaker than ever. If Yan Xiaobao pressed on aggressively, it's entirely possible she'd crumble right then and there...

But to Han Ruobing's surprise, Yan Xiaobao didn't linger in her breathtaking valleys for long. After only two or three minutes, he raised his head with an impish grin, bragging, "Bingbing, you're all healed!"

Han Ruobing glanced down and discovered that the horrifying wound where her flesh had been torn was now completely healed, leaving only a faint red line. It didn't remotely resemble the state of a former injury.

"That fast?" Han Ruobing asked incredulously, gently running her fingers across the area where the wound had been. She couldn't feel even a hint of pain.

"Of course! Come on now, I used my own lips to heal you. How could it not work quickly?" Yan Xiaobao replied smugly. Then, as if just now noticing the mesmerizing scenery in front of her chest, he chuckled wickedly, "Bingbing, you're so beautiful..."

Seeing Yan Xiaobao return to his usual perverted demeanor, Han Ruobing's cheeks flushed red. She hurriedly grabbed a thin blanket to cover herself.

"Bingbing..." Yan Xiaobao pouted, whining, "I just used so much of my energy to heal you so quickly! Let me admire you a bit longer, please..."

"Haven't you seen enough already?" Han Ruobing teased coquettishly. "No more looking!"

In this moment, Han Ruobing inadvertently revealed a delicate and girlish side to herself. If the people at the Patrol Office saw this, their jaws would undoubtedly drop in disbelief.

The renowned Cold Ice Goddess Constable... melting like an ice sculpture to reveal a hint of spring bloom?

"It's fine. You'll let me watch again tomorrow anyway." Yan Xiaobao laughed proudly. "The wound may be healed, but removing the scar entirely will take more time. It'll require at least three more rounds of my expert, hands-on treatment. Heh heh heh!"

"Keep dreaming!" Han Ruobing retorted playfully. "As a Patrol Constable, what's so strange about scars? Scars are badges of honor for us! Besides, it's not like anyone can see the scar since it's... there. Why should I care? I won't let you treat it again!"

"What?" Yan Xiaobao panicked. "That's unacceptable! Bingbing, you're so beautiful—how could you let a scar stay on your body? No way! Fine, if you won't let me look, then I'll just treat it blindfolded!"

Just then, Yan Xiaobao's phone rang.

Initially displeased by the interruption, Yan Xiaobao's mood immediately shifted to joy when he saw it was Su Xiaowan calling. He eagerly answered, reporting, "Xiao Wan, I'm at Bingbing's house. She got hurt, so I'm healing her right now."

"Oh, then take good care of Bingbing. I'll call you again tomorrow." Su Xiaowan said understandingly, before hanging up.

Initially, Han Ruobing felt an inexplicable discomfort in her heart when she heard Su Xiaowan's name. But when Yan Xiaobao prioritized her healing above anyone else, a subtle yet undeniable sense of joy bubbled up within her.

"I'm going to take a shower." Han Ruobing rose from the bed and grabbed her change of clothes and nightgown, heading to the bathroom attached to the master bedroom.

"I want to shower too! Bingbing, let's shower together!" Yan Xiaobao said, trailing behind shamelessly.

"Get lost! Go shower in the guest bathroom." Without looking back, Han Ruobing stepped into the bathroom and locked the door behind her.

Yan Xiaobao was shut out, but he wasn't perturbed in the slightest. After all, he'd soon get to see Han Ruobing dressed in her nightgown.

Having narrowly survived such a danger, Han Ruobing was physically and emotionally exhausted. After showering, her body felt weak, her energy drained to the point she didn't even have the strength to kick Yan Xiaobao out.

Moreover, at this very moment, Han Ruobing deeply yearned for a safe and warm embrace. Right now, Yan Xiaobao felt like the embodiment of security and comfort to her.

And so, when Yan Xiaobao held her again as they lay down to sleep, Han Ruobing found herself without a shred of resistance.

Yan Xiaobao internally rejoiced. Although the design of Han Ruobing's silk nightgown was conservative, it felt incredible against his hands.

For now, he could only hold her by the shoulders, caress her arms, and avoid crossing into forbidden zones. But even this was enviable beyond measure.

Besides, Yan Xiaobao was confident that it wouldn't be long before Han Ruobing officially became his Bingbing.

When that time comes, he'd make sure to buy her several stunning nightgowns for her to wear just for him!

With such blissful thoughts in mind, Yan Xiaobao gently stroked Han Ruobing's hair and soon lulled her into peaceful slumber.

Chapter 97 Taking the Lady's Route

...

The next morning, Han Ruobing opened her eyes and saw Yan Xiaobao grinning at her, his gaze filled with admiration and infatuation. Han Ruobing blushed and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Waiting for Bingbing to wake up so I can help you eliminate those scars." Yan Xiaobao's eyes began to drift downward to the neckline of her sleepwear.

"No need! I'll just buy some scar removal cream myself." Han Ruobing pushed Yan Xiaobao away forcefully and quickly went to the bathroom to change.

"Huh?" Yan Xiaobao followed her dejectedly to the bathroom door, "Bingbing, didn't we agree yesterday? I can blindfold myself while treating you, and I promise I won't peek."

"I never agreed to that yesterday."

Inside the bathroom, Han Ruobing took off her nightdress and looked at the beautiful, jade-like curves reflected in the mirror. Remembering how Yan Xiaobao had boldly kissed the center of them yesterday, her brow furrowed.

Women often become emotional in dim and ambiguous nighttime environments. But once daylight breaks, clarity and rationality return, along with their natural wariness.

After changing into her patrol officer uniform, Han Ruobing stepped out of the bathroom, once again embodying the Cold Ice Goddess Constable. The psychological defenses she had nearly lost last night were now firmly back in place. Trying to break through them again would be far from easy for Yan Xiaobao.

"I'm heading to the Patrol Office to report for duty. You do whatever you need to do."

Yan Xiaobao still remembered that Su Xiaowan had something to discuss with him yesterday, so he didn't pester Han Ruobing. After watching her drive away, he dialed Su Xiaowan.

"Xiao Wan, what did you need from me yesterday?"

"Did Sister Bingbing's wound heal already?" Su Xiaowan first inquired about Han Ruobing's injury.

Yan Xiaobao replied, "I personally treated her, so of course. But there are still some scars left, and Bingbing won't let me continue treating them."

"Oh, then it must be in an inconvenient spot, right?" Su Xiaowan's sharp wit hit the bullseye. "Husband, once Bingbing officially becomes your wife, she'll definitely let you treat her."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'll make it happen soon." Yan Xiaobao responded before asking again, "So, Xiao Wan, what do you need my help with?"

"It's nothing major." Su Xiaowan chuckled lightly, "It's just that since you refused to help Tang Wenjun set up the Fengshui Formation, he came to ask me for help."

"That brat actually went to you?" Yan Xiaobao was surprised Tang Wenjun had taken the indirect approach.

"Tang Wenjun is willing to offer five hundred million. Husband, why won't you help him?" Su Xiaowan asked.

"It's not that I wouldn't help, I just wanted Dong Yuqing to become my wife."

"Dong Yuqing?" Su Xiaowan wasn't shocked at all by Yan Xiaobao's "wandering heart" and laughed, "Husband, you've found another suitable candidate for a wife, haven't you?"

Even though Tang Wenjun knew Yan Xiaobao already had wives Xiao Wan, Bingbing, Rourou, and several others, he didn't dare inform Su Xiaowan about Dong Yuqing's situation.

"That's right." Yan Xiaobao went on to explain Dong Yuqing and the Fengshui issues at Tang Wenjun's villa to Su Xiaowan.

"Husband, you always like to call someone your wife the moment you meet them for the first time, huh?" Su Xiaowan chuckled, thinking about the amusing stories from their early days together.

"What else would I do?" Yan Xiaobao stated confidently, "If I like someone, I like them at first glance. If I don't, no amount of looking will change my mind. Why should I wait until I've seen them a few more times before calling them my wife?"

"Husband, you do whatever you want." Su Xiaowan then transitioned to the serious matter, "But Tang Family and our Su Family are old friends. Also, even though Tang Family is one of Jiangnan's top elite families, expecting Tang Wenjun to put up five hundred million cash is nearly pushing him to his limit. Seeing how sincere he is, Husband, why don't you help him out?"

"Well... Alright, since Xiao Wan has spoken, I'll reluctantly step in this time." Yan Xiaobao always listened to Su Xiaowan.

"Also, Husband, when helping Tang Wenjun set up the Fengshui Formation, take Miss Dong along as your assistant." Su Xiaowan grinned, "I'm confident that once the Fengshui Formation is complete, she won't be able to escape your grasp."

"Setting up the Fengshui Formation is such a hassle. It'll take forever." Yan Xiaobao thought of Su Xiaowan's perfect figure, "Xiao Wan, I miss you..."

"Husband, I miss you too. Once I finish this busy period, I'll be able to stay with you every day. For now, just focus on handling those sisters first." Su Xiaowan ended the call with a playful "Mua" kiss as comfort.

...

Although Yan Xiaobao promised Su Xiaowan to help Tang Wenjun set up the Fengshui Formation, he didn't immediately rush to meet Tang Wenjun. Instead, he spent two consecutive nights sleeping beside Han Ruobing, but at that moment, he started missing Rourou.

He took a cab to Dexi Hall and saw Zheng Xiaoyu sitting alone in the shop. Yan Xiaobao asked, "Where's my Rourou?"

"Sister Xia Rou has been swamped with work ever since joining the expert team. She came by for a few minutes this morning but rushed off to the hospital in a hurry."

"Oh..." Yan Xiaobao sounded a little disappointed and casually asked, "Didn't see Xiao Chong today either?"

"He came and then left again." Zheng Xiaoyu huffed, "He's a big boss now—super busy!"

After pausing for a moment, Zheng Xiaoyu shot an annoyed look at Yan Xiaobao and said, "Did you really let that skinny monkey hang out with Zhao Wenhui and his group? Those guys are just thugs!"

"Let them hang out. It's no big deal." Yan Xiaobao remained unconcerned.

"Forget it. I don't want to bother with you guys." Zheng Xiaoyu grumbled in frustration.

At that moment, Tang Wenjun, who had just gotten Su Xiaowan's reply, called in joy, "Brother Bao, you're finally willing to help set up the Fengshui Formation. Thank you so much!"

"Don't thank me. I'm just doing it for my Xiao Wan." Yan Xiaobao replied bluntly, "You brat sure are sneaky, going through my Xiao Wan instead."

"I... I had no other choice..." Tang Wenjun explained pitifully, "I couldn't convince Mr. Dong, so I had to go ask Miss Su for help..."

Tang Wenjun deeply understood that Yan Xiaobao's actions revolve entirely around his wives. Without a solution for Yan Xiaobao's "Wife Qingqing," he had no choice but to ask "Xiao Wan" for assistance.

"Brother Bao, where are you? Should I drive over to pick you up?" Tang Wenjun asked anxiously.

"What's the rush? Do you think setting up a Fengshui Formation is that simple? You can't just throw things together!" Yan Xiaobao responded impatiently.

"How can I not be anxious? Brother Bao, you can't possibly understand my feelings..." Tang Wenjun lamented, "Until the Fengshui problem at home is resolved, I constantly feel like something is going to smash into my head, like a wine bottle or something..."

Chapter 98 Picking Up Bargains

...

Yan Xiaobao burst out laughing immediately. He felt like something like a bottle of wine could fall on his head at any time, and it seemed quite fun.

"To set up a Fengshui Formation, I need a few materials." Yan Xiaobao's tone softened as he told Tang Wenjun, "The most important is a Fengshui Artifact, preferably fish-shaped with a water attribute. Also, natural stones with yin and yang attributes. Additionally, I need treasures related to dragons..."

Tang Wenjun hurriedly noted down everything Yan Xiaobao mentioned, "Okay, okay, I'll ask Mr. Dong to take me to the Antique Street to look around, and I'll notify Brother Bao as soon as I have news."

Yan Xiaobao agreed to help Tang Wenjun arrange the Fengshui Formation, partly because Su Xiaowan asked, but also for Dong Yuqing. Hearing what Tang Wenjun said, Yan Xiaobao hung up the phone, and also walked out of Dexi Hall, hailing a taxi to Antique Street.

Su Xiaowan instructed Tang Wenjun to bring Dong Yuqing along to assist Yan Xiaobao. Naturally, Tang Wenjun did not object, and Dong Yuqing, being a Feng Shui Master, was also quite curious about Yan Xiaobao's Fengshui Technique. Besides, the Fengshui problem at Tang Wenjun's home was also her responsibility.

So, upon learning the various materials Yan Xiaobao needed, Dong Yuqing, familiar with the place, took Tang Wenjun to carefully search for treasures on Antique Street.

Entering an antique shop called "Ancient Moon Pavilion", the two were browsing the various antiques on display. A young man, dressed simply and wearing glasses, hurried in, and directly asked, "Boss, do you accept old paintings here?"

The owner of Ancient Moon Pavilion, surnamed Hu, sported a pair of mutton chop whiskers and looked shrewd. Seeing the young man's frankness about his intention, he immediately realized this was a newbie who might be easy to take advantage of. He promptly stepped forward with a smile and replied, "Of course, an antique shop takes famous paintings. Show me what treasures you have."

The young man immediately took down a round paper tube from his back, carefully taking out a scroll from it, and laid it out on the counter.

Tang Wenjun and Dong Yuqing also came over, curiously looking at the old painting.

The old painting was a horizontal scroll, about two and a half feet high and six feet long, a sizable piece. It was a painting of fish frolicking in the water, with delicate and elegant brushwork, appearing quite extraordinary.

Boss Hu picked up a magnifying glass, carefully examining the painting from top to bottom, then shook his head, "Although the inscription of this scroll is of Northern Song master Liu Cai, this painting is not his authentic work but a fake copy by someone later. It holds little value for collection..."

The young man immediately became anxious, "How can it be a fake? This is a treasure passed down in my family! Boss, you must be mistaken!"

Boss Hu rolled his eyes, "I've been running this Ancient Moon Pavilion for over a decade. The antiques and paintings I've handled are not a thousand but at least eight hundred. How could I be mistaken? If this painting were Liu Cai's authentic work, I would destroy my own reputation before you could lift a finger!"

Although Tang Wenjun was not an antique collector, he came from a wealthy family and had some knowledge about famous old paintings, knowing that genuine ancient paintings are exceedingly rare, especially those from the Song Dynasty. It seemed unlikely that this young man, who appeared not to come from a well-off family, could own a Song Dynasty masterpiece.

The young man, seeing Boss Hu's certainty, believed about seventy to eighty percent and hesitantly asked, "Even if it's a fake, it shouldn't be worthless..."

"That's right, among fakes, some could be masterpieces from famous artists and hold considerable value." Boss Hu, feigning indifference, pointed at the old painting, "But this painting was not made by a famous artist, so its value is very limited."

Having operated Heavenly Water Pavilion on Antique Street for many years, Dong Yuqing could immediately tell that Boss Hu was actually quite interested in the painting. He was just negotiating for a lower price.

Of course, doing business on Antique Street, Dong Yuqing naturally wouldn't expose him on the spot.

"Limited value..." The young man appeared disappointed by Boss Hu's words, "Then, Boss, what would you offer?"

A simply dressed young man suddenly bringing out a family heirloom old painting to sell must be in desperate need of money, eager to cash in.

Boss Hu understood the young man's situation, pretended to be sympathetic, and sighed, "I guess you're eager to sell, so I won't shortchange you, I'll offer three thousand yuan to stock my shop."

"Three thousand? That's too little...no matter what, this was passed down from my great-grandfather, it's at least a hundred years old." The young man skeptically glanced at Boss Hu, "You're not trying to cheat me, are you..."

At this, Boss Hu seemed insulted and loudly said, "Young man, you're going too far with these words! Ask around, our Ancient Moon Pavilion always trades fairly, deceiving no one. Open for ten years, we've never cheated anyone. I'm offering you a high price of three thousand because I see you're having a hard time. With someone else, fifteen hundred would be a good offer."

"That's not what I meant..." The young man awkwardly scratched his head, hesitating as he said, "It's just that three thousand is much less than I expected...how about you add a bit more, five thousand to close the deal?"

"Oh! My young brother...I wasn't even pressing down on your price...you're simply asking for too much..." Boss Hu, acting very pained, said, "Alright, I'll add a bit more, three thousand five hundred."

"Four thousand and five." The young man continued bargaining.

"Ah...my young brother, you're really putting me in a tough spot..."

After some haggling, Boss Hu bought the fake old painting at a low price of three thousand nine hundred, feeling delighted in his heart.

The painting is indeed a fake, but it's at least a century old. Looking at the brush techniques, brushwork, and artistic conception, even if not from a famous artist, there's little difference.

Hanging it in the shop and gradually waiting for a knowledgeable buyer, selling it for thirty to fifty thousand wouldn't be an issue. Flipping it could easily earn ten times the price, Boss Hu was naturally exhilarated.

The young man collected Boss Hu's money, hurriedly walked out of the store, brushing past Yan Xiaobao who was entering.

In life, things are unpredictable, just like this. If he had sold the painting a couple of minutes later, the price could have been different.

As he entered the store, Boss Hu was just hanging up the painting of fish frolicking in water.

Yan Xiaobao, at first sight of the old painting, immediately said, "I'll buy this painting."

Boss Hu almost burst into laughter. Today really was a turn of fortune; having just bought a good painting at a low price from a newbie, he immediately came across a kid who understood art wanting to buy it. These two kids' actions simply complemented each other perfectly.

Moreover, this kid buying the painting, though he seems to understand art, does not understand business at all. Who directly announces they're buying before asking the price? Isn't that giving others the blatant chance to raise the price?

Chapter 99 Masterpiece

...

Boss Hu couldn't possibly imagine that to Yan Xiaobao, a man who wouldn't even blink at a five-hundred-million-yuan deal, transactions measured in tens of thousands were absolutely not worth his breath.

When Tang Wenjun saw Yan Xiaobao enter, he was overjoyed and immediately asked, "Brother Bao, does this painting have any value?"

"A bit." Yan Xiaobao gestured to Boss Hu, "Bring the painting here. I'll buy it."

"Sir, you haven't even asked the price..." Boss Hu was momentarily stunned.

"I don't care what the price is," Yan Xiaobao said, pointing directly at Tang Wenjun. "Ask him for it."

"Uh..." Boss Hu had initially planned to quote an exorbitant price but found it hard to begin.

Earlier, when he acquired the painting, Tang Wenjun had watched the entire process and knew that Boss Hu had only paid a low price of 3,900 yuan for it. If Boss Hu named an excessively high price, he'd surely face resistance.

However, in the antique trade, boldness and determination are key to making big money. Boss Hu steeled himself and brazenly marked up the price tenfold, "39,000 yuan!"

Tang Wenjun chuckled upon hearing this: "Boss, you bought this painting for 3,900 yuan, and now you're flipping it to me at ten times the price? Treating me as a gullible sucker so blatantly isn't really fair, is it?"

Tang Wenjun didn't care much about spending 39,000 yuan, but the feeling of being swindled like a fool was genuinely unpleasant.

Boss Hu laughed heartily, "Brother, that's just how the antique business works—it's all about insight and luck. Many times, one step too slow or too fast can lead to significant losses... I'm not lying to you; 39,000 yuan is absolutely a fair price. If you don't believe me, go outside and ask around..."

"Hey! If I tell you to buy it, just buy it! Why are you talking so much?" Yan Xiaobao impatiently cut him off.

Tang Wenjun smiled wryly and shook his head. Since Yan Xiaobao had spoken, he had no choice but to play the role of the sucker. He immediately signed a check for 39,000 yuan and handed it to Boss Hu, asking him to bring down the painting.

Boss Hu, delighted, carefully inspected the check, tucked it into his wallet, and then turned to retrieve the painting.

At that moment, a refined-looking middle-aged man entered the shop and called out to Boss Hu, "Hold on, let me take a look at that painting."

Tang Wenjun turned to see who it was and smiled, greeting, "Oh, it's Master Cheng Fengxian."

Cheng Fengxian, who had been engrossed in examining the painting, now noticed Tang Wenjun and Dong Yuqing beside him. He joked jovially, "Well, if it isn't Young Master Tang and Mr. Dong! Are you here at Antique Street treasure hunting, or... is your purpose elsewhere today?"

"Master Cheng, please don't make jokes like that." Tang Wenjun waved his hands repeatedly and introduced Cheng Fengxian to Yan Xiaobao.

Cheng Fengxian was an illustrious name in Jiangnan's antique collecting circles. He had even appeared on CCTV's treasure appraisal program and was considered an authority on antique authentication, especially for calligraphy and paintings.

Yan Xiaobao, however, wasn't particularly impressed by Cheng Fengxian's "renowned reputation." On the other hand, when Cheng Fengxian learned that this young man was a feng shui master unrivaled even by Daoist Xuanzhen, his opinion of Yan Xiaobao changed immediately.

"Master Cheng, this painting has already been bought by Young Master Tang. I only charged him 39,000 yuan. Do you think the price is fair?"

Having run an antique business for more than ten years, Boss Hu naturally recognized Cheng Fengxian. Hearing him refer to the young man he'd just swindled as "Young Master Tang," Boss Hu began to panic and quickly tried to enlist Cheng Fengxian to vouch for him.

Cheng Fengxian stepped up to the painting and examined it closely. Then, with an unhurried demeanor, he began to elaborate: "In the earlier periods, paintings featuring fish were rare. It wasn't until the Song Dynasty that flower-and-bird paintings gained prominence and matured as an independent genre.

During Emperor Song Huizong's time, the Xuanhe Painting Manual categorized paintings into ten themes, with fish and dragons included. This indicates the Song Dynasty royal family's fondness for fish motifs. As such, the Song Dynasty produced many renowned works of fish paintings."

"Liu Cai was one of the prominent figures of the Song Dynasty famous for painting fish. His work, School of Fish Playing with Water Plants, depicts the lively pursuit among fish amidst aquatic plants for flower petals that fell upon the water's surface. This painting employs no outline techniques but rather uses fully blended ink washes, creating an even greater sense of organic dynamism. It's an absolute masterpiece..."

"Wait... This isn't Liu Cai's original, is it?" Boss Hu's eyes widened in panic as he asked with a tense expression. If this School of Fish Playing with Water Plants turned out to be Liu Cai's original, he might as well go bang his head against a wall...

"Liu Cai's original works are presently housed at the Taiwan Palace Museum."

Hearing Cheng Fengxian say this, Boss Hu patted his chest in relief, letting out a sigh.

"When painting fish, the key emphasis is capturing their liveliness. If the fish painted don't exude a leisurely grace in water, they're no different from ingredients lying on a chopping board," Cheng Fengxian continued, shifting his tone:

"Although this School of Fish Playing with Water Plants isn't Liu Cai's original, its depiction of fish—whether serenely drifting, frantically darting, forming neat queues, scattering in alarm, competing for food, or spurting water—is truly lifelike and emotionally evocative. It reflects the carefree joys of the worldly society. From the floating aquatic grass to the interplay of movement, this painting radiates vitality. The depiction of scales, tails, and the very nature of swimming, diving, and gliding is masterful. In my opinion, this is undoubtedly made by a renowned artist."

"What?!" Boss Hu froze again in astonishment.

A counterfeit painting from a noted artist? Its value would far surpass a mere few tens of thousands...

"Upon careful examination of this School of Fish Playing with Water Plants, the fish play leisurely among water plants. The outlines are lightly defined using dilute ink, while color and ink layers alternate to produce a vibrant watercolor-like texture. The dynamic portrayal of the fish's whiskers demonstrates exquisite skill. The artistic style, brushwork, and the atmosphere created..."

Cheng Fengxian's eyes lit up: "It bears a striking similarity to Yun Nantian's School of Fish and Water Plants. My deduction is that this must be an imitative work by Yun Nantian from the Qing Dynasty."

"What! Yun... Yun Nantian..." Boss Hu shouted, his eyes practically bulging out.

Anyone who dabbles in calligraphy and painting collections would be familiar with the legendary Yun Nantian.

Yun Nantian, whose given name was Ge and styled Shouping—later adopting the sobriquet Zhengshu and the pen name Nantian—was a renowned painter and calligrapher in the late Ming and early Qing dynasties. As the founder of the Changzhou school of painting, he was later listed as one of the "Six Masters of the Qing Dynasty."

In the art market, Yun Nantian's calligraphy works are highly coveted. Especially after the new millennium, as prices for paintings and calligraphy skyrocketed, Yun Shouping's works attracted collectors both domestically and internationally.

Three years ago, during Kuangshi Auction in Beijing, Yun Nantian's Autumn Beauty painting saw fierce bidding among buyers. After dozens of intense rounds of competition, it was finally acquired by a bidder for 16.1 million yuan.

Since then, the prices of Yun Nantian's works have consistently climbed. Last year in the Poly Spring Auction in Beijing, Yun Shouping's Imitative Ancient Landscape Album attracted numerous bidders and ultimately sold for 81.65 million yuan, setting a record high for his works.

The current School of Fish Playing with Water Plants, even if it's Yun Nantian's early imitative work, could easily fetch several million yuan at auction!

Chapter 100 They're All Experts

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Boss Hu's vision darkened, and he nearly fell to the ground. Missing such a huge bargain due to a moment's oversight made his heart bleed...

"But unfortunately, this painting doesn't have Yun Nantian's signature or seal, so its market value will be significantly discounted." Cheng Fengxian thought for a moment and asked Tang Wenjun, "Young Master Tang, you know I'm a man who loves paintings. For this 'School of Fish Playing with Water Plants,' I'll offer three million. Would you be willing to part with it and sell it to me?"

"Thud!" Boss Hu directly plopped to the ground, dumbfounded like a wooden chicken.

Just moments ago, he asked Cheng Fengxian whether selling it to Tang Wenjun for thirty-nine thousand was a fair price... Cheng Fengxian immediately turned around and offered Tang Wenjun a price of three million, multiplying the value dozens of times over, leaving Boss Hu utterly mortified...

"Well, this..." Tang Wenjun hesitantly glanced at Yan Xiaobao and said, "If Master Cheng has an interest in this painting, I really should hand it over. But to be honest, this painting is extremely important to me..."

Then, Tang Wenjun briefly explained to Cheng Fengxian about how Yan Xiaobao was planning to arrange a Fengshui Formation for him.

Cheng Fengxian sighed regretfully, "If that's the case, I won't force the matter. What a pity..."

Yan Xiaobao suddenly interjected, "The painting can be transferred to you."

Tang Wenjun and Cheng Fengxian both looked at Yan Xiaobao in surprise.

"But you have to exchange something for it."

Cheng Fengxian looked even more puzzled. "Exchange it for what?"

"A Fengshui Artifact. I'm not sure exactly what it is yet," Yan Xiaobao replied. "But it should be in your home. Take me there, and I'll know."

"This..." Cheng Fengxian had never encountered something so strange before and hesitated for a moment.

Tang Wenjun figured out Yan Xiaobao's reasoning and quickly added, "Master Cheng, rest assured. If the artifact in your home is worth more than this 'School of Fish Playing with Water Plants,' I'll gladly make up the difference without hesitation."

"It's not really about the money..." Cheng Fengxian considered for a moment. Finally, he nodded. "Alright, but I am quite curious—how did Mr. Yan know there's a Fengshui Artifact in my home?"

Dong Yuqing and Tang Wenjun also looked at Yan Xiaobao with interest.

Yan Xiaobao didn't try to act all mysterious and sell the suspense. He immediately said, "It's very simple—because you carry the Qi of a gold-mining Fengshui Array. Since you have a Fengshui Array, there must also be Fengshui Artifacts."

Cheng Fengxian was shocked. "Mr. Yan shouldn't have met me before, yet you can tell I have a gold-mining Fengshui Array at home... Incredible! I respect that greatly!"

Dong Yuqing furrowed her slender brows, showing a trace of disbelief. She had grown up immersed in the Feng Shui Master industry alongside her father, but she had never heard of anyone being able to detect the Qi of a Fengshui Array on another person.

Boss Hu secretly sighed, consoling himself: It turns out they're all experts... No wonder they didn't even ask the price and bought the 'School of Fish Playing with Water Plants' outright. That loss wasn't undeserved...

The group left Ancient Moon Pavilion and exited Antique Street, boarding a car heading to Cheng Fengxian's office. Yan Xiaobao wasn't an Immortal and couldn't know everything. He had made an error—Cheng Fengxian's gold-mining Fengshui Array wasn't in his home but in his office.

Since gaining fame, Cheng Fengxian often had all sorts of people approach him through various connections to ask for antique appraisals. Constantly bringing people home proved inconvenient, so he rented an office space specifically for receiving guests and conducting business.

The group of four entered the elevator, heading to Cheng Fengxian's office on the 16th floor.

"Wait a moment." Just as the elevator doors were about to close, a hand reached inside, stopping them.

The doors reopened, and a middle-aged man in his forties or fifties entered.

"Mr. Fujino, what a coincidence!" Cheng Fengxian greeted the man warmly, "Why didn't you inform me you were coming here? I could've arranged for someone to pick you up."

"Ah... Master Cheng, what a coincidence indeed..." The Japanese man, Fujino, showed a hint of embarrassment. "Sorry, this time I'm meeting a friend on the 28th floor... Next time, if I have the chance, I'll personally visit you. I only have two days in Binhai, and my schedule is too tight—my apologies."

"Oh... Alright, alright..." Cheng Fengxian felt equally awkward and struggled to find the right words in response.

The atmosphere in the elevator turned unusually tense, with everyone staying silent for the moment. Meanwhile, Yan Xiaobao remained totally unbothered. He finally had a chance to admire Dong Yuqing up close.

Today, Dong Yuqing wasn't wearing a cheongsam. Instead, she wore a modern, well-tailored red plaid suit skirt paired with sheer black tights and high heels, perfectly showcasing her graceful figure.

Feeling Yan Xiaobao's gaze, which seemed almost tangible, sweeping over her body, Dong Yuqing's face flushed slightly. Internally, she cursed him: "Pervert!"

The elevator reached the 16th floor. Cheng Fengxian bid Fujino goodbye one more time before leading Yan Xiaobao and the others out.

"Mr. Cheng, you're back." A young woman in professional attire came forward to greet them.

She had an almond-shaped face, appeared to be around twenty-four or twenty-five years old, and wore a pair of rose-colored glasses. Her short chestnut-colored hair, slender figure, and ample chest made her a rare beauty.

Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but glance at her, but he quickly lost interest. Based on her looks, she might qualify as a Reserve Concubine at best, and she clearly already had someone.

Yan Xiaobao was a man of firm principles—he hated it when others tried to take his wives, and likewise, he never went after someone else's woman.

"Pervert!" Dong Yuqing muttered quietly once again. However, this time she didn't control her voice well enough, and Yan Xiaobao overheard her.

"Huh? Wife Qingqing, why are you calling Master Cheng a pervert?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously. "Though he and his assistant only spent one night together this morning, it was consensual, so what's wrong with that?"

"I wasn't calling Master Cheng a pervert!" Dong Yuqing quickly defended herself.

"Uh... Please come in, everyone!" Cheng Fengxian hurried forward and opened the door to his office, inviting the group inside. He was astonished internally, wondering how Yan Xiaobao knew about his affair with his assistant.

"Liya, I just ran into Mr. Fujino in the elevator. Didn't I ask you two days ago to confirm his schedule? Why didn't you tell me he was coming to Binhai?"

"I... I didn't know Mr. Fujino was coming to Binhai..." Liya's face, already red from Yan Xiaobao's earlier remark, turned an even deeper shade of crimson.

"That Fujino guy reeks of the Qi of financial ruin. Why are you so concerned about him, Master Cheng?"  
Yan Xiaobao said offhandedly.