

The Invincible Supreme Medical God

#Chapter 1 This Flight Attendant is Somewhat Sweet - Read The Invincible Supreme Medical God Chapter 1 This Flight Attendant is Somewhat Sweet

Chapter 1: Chapter 1 This Flight Attendant is Somewhat Sweet

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"Ladies and gentlemen: Welcome aboard Malaysia Airlines Flight MH373. This flight will be departing from Kuala Lumpur and heading to Yanhuang Empire Binhai City..."

Yan Xiaobao sat in the first class cabin, his eyes filled with excitement. This was his first time flying, and his first time leaving that mysterious little island.

The outside world really was vast, and there were plenty of pretty ladies too. However... none of them seemed particularly stunning. Even the legendary flight attendants weren't that impressive—they were far inferior to his Heavenly Sister and his little wife...

As Yan Xiaobao daydreamed, he curiously watched the scenery outside the airplane window.

Before long, the plane rose above the clouds and began smooth flight. The flight attendants started cabin service.

"Excuse me, sir, would you like something to drink?" A pleasant female voice pulled Yan Xiaobao's gaze away from the window.

Oh? This flight attendant's pretty cute—fair skin, beautiful face, big eyes, and her smile was quite captivating.

Yan Xiaobao's eyes lit up, and he stared intently at the flight attendant without saying a word.

Tiantian felt slightly uncomfortable being stared at so boldly, and the faintest blush crept onto her cheeks. She hadn't been working as a full-fledged flight attendant for long, and she was still resistant to the various types of gazes male passengers often gave her.

This boy in front of her, seventeen or eighteen years old, his gaze was unmistakably lustful, but it felt a bit different. His eyes were clear, lacking any impurities, seeming almost pure. Although it was impolite for him to stare so directly, it somehow didn't feel too repellent.

Tiantian patiently asked again, politely, "Hello, would you like something to drink?"

Yan Xiaobao shook his head first, then suddenly said rather bluntly, "Miss, you're so beautiful—will you marry me?"

"..."

Not just Tiantian, but the surrounding passengers were equally speechless.

Passengers in first class flirting with flight attendants wasn't unusual to see, but opening with a marriage proposal...

This guy was something else.

Tiantian coughed softly in embarrassment and still maintained her politeness, saying, "Sir, if you don't need any drinks, I'll continue serving the other passengers."

Yan Xiaobao responded with a casual "Oh," and saw Tiantian preparing to push her service cart toward the back row. He quickly added, "Then I'll have... I'll have... any drink will do."

"Alright, I'll get you a mango juice." Tiantian didn't bother with Xiaobao's earlier comment and carefully poured a glass of mango juice, handing it to Xiaobao.

Just as Yan Xiaobao reached to take the glass, the airplane suddenly hit turbulence, causing the cabin to shake violently several times. Tiantian let out an "Ah!" as her hand trembled, spilling half the mango juice directly onto Xiaobao's pants.

"I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry!" Tiantian quickly apologized. "Sir, please go to the bathroom and change. I'll cover the dry cleaning fee..."

"But I only have this pair of pants," Yan Xiaobao said, looking at Tiantian absentmindedly.

"Ah? Um..." Tiantian frowned slightly and then said, "Please follow me. I'll help you clean it first."

Yan Xiaobao obediently followed Tiantian to the workstation at the rear of the cabin.

Tiantian grabbed a towel and wanted to wipe off the mango juice from Xiaobao's pants. However, the area stained by the juice was too awkward—it happened to be right next to a certain private spot.

Tiantian blushed, her face turning red, and awkwardly wiped at the spot twice before realizing it didn't feel right.

Yan Xiaobao seemed to be... reacting.

"S-Sir... how about..." Tiantian stammered, her face flushed with embarrassment. "How about you take off your pants, and I'll clean them for you, then dry them..."

"No need." Yan Xiaobao shook his head earnestly and said, "Keep wiping—it feels nice."

Pervert!

Tiantian cursed inwardly, her face serious, as she handed the towel to Xiaobao. "Sir, either take off your pants so I can wash them for you, or please wipe it yourself."

Yan Xiaobao thought for a moment, then handed the towel back to Tiantian. "I don't know how to wash. You should do it."

With that, Xiaobao took off his stained pants right in front of Tiantian.

Pervert!

Tiantian cursed in her heart again, hastily turning her back. But even with just a quick glance...

Yan Xiaobao handed over his pants to Tiantian and suddenly asked, "Miss, what's your name?"

"I'm Tiantian. Employee number MH633. If you want to file a complaint, go ahead." Tiantian grumbled as she turned to wash Xiaobao's pants at the sink.

"Why would I lodge a complaint?" Xiaobao asked, genuinely confused. "Little Tiantian, you're so beautiful. I'd really love for you to be my wife."

Love me? I don't love you! What kind of person is this? His brain must be waterlogged...

Tiantian grumbled inwardly, ignoring Xiaobao, and focused harder on scrubbing the pants clean.

Suddenly, a loud "Bang!" sounded from the front of the cabin, and the airplane abruptly pitched downward!

"Ahhh!" Tiantian lost her balance and stumbled backward.

Yan Xiaobao, standing firmly behind her, instinctively caught her in his arms.

Tiantian felt a pair of warm, strong arms steady her body. Just as she was about to thank him, she suddenly noticed something pressing against her lower back. That was...

Realizing what it was, Tiantian turned bright red and couldn't hold back anymore, "PERVERT!" she shouted.

"Shhh—" Xiaobao quickly covered Tiantian's mouth and whispered in her ear, "Don't make a sound. If I'm not mistaken, someone just fired a gun in the cockpit."

A gun...?

Tiantian's beautiful big eyes immediately filled with panic.

If someone fired a gun on board, it could only mean one thing—hijacking!

Who was hijacking the plane?

How did they sneak firearms onto the flight?

What were they planning to do?

What should I do?

...

A flood of urgent questions swirled through Tiantian's mind.

Yan Xiaobao, however, seemed completely unfazed, casually saying, "Little Tiantian, don't worry—I'll protect you."

With that, his arms around her seemed to tighten.

Tiantian completely ignored Xiaobao's words and actions, her nerves focused instead on the commotion up front.

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"Everyone listen up! Raise your hands and place them on the backrest of your seats, or else..." A curly-haired man wearing sunglasses fired a gun in the air with a deafening "Bang!"—triggering startled screams throughout the cabin.

"Shut up!" the curly-haired man shouted angrily, silencing the passengers. He continued, "Listen carefully—I won't repeat myself. This isn't a suicide hijacking, so as long as you sit quietly and obey my orders, you'll make it back safely. Otherwise, I won't hesitate to send you to meet God!"

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Chapter 2: Chapter 2: I Am the One Who Killed Him

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The passengers, upon hearing this, seemed to cling to a sliver of hope for survival. They quickly quieted down, bowed their heads obediently, and began silently praying, much like a flock of ostriches burying their heads in the sand.

The curly-haired man in sunglasses had the situation under control. He ordered the other two armed men to round up all the first-class passengers and herd them back into economy class for centralized supervision. When he noticed Yan Xiaobao's empty seat, he frowned, recalling that someone had been sitting there earlier.

"Samit, go to the tail cabin and bring everyone over."

"Yes!" The burly Samit, holding his handgun, strode toward the tail cabin.

The hijackers were speaking English, and Tiantian, as an international flight attendant, naturally understood every word. Her body stiffened immediately, her face turning pale.

"Little Tiantian, don't be scared. I told you I'd protect you," Yan Xiaobao said in a casual tone, as if the terrifying hijacking incident was nothing to him. "But remember, once I save you, you'll have to marry me, no take-backs."

Tiantian's head was instantly filled with black lines.

At a time like this, this shameless guy was still obsessing over marrying her. Did he not take the hijacking seriously, or was his brain missing a few screws? Or was it...

Could he be in cahoots with the hijackers?

Just the thought of this made Tiantian even more terrified.

At that moment, Samit pulled back the curtain of the tail cabin, his gun in hand, and found Tiantian and Yan Xiaobao still hugging each other. His gaze immediately froze.

A beautiful flight attendant was clutching a pair of damp men's trousers, while a young man, wearing only boxer shorts, was tightly hugging her from behind...

What the hell was going on?

Had these two just been engaging in some R-rated activities back here?

People see what they want to see. As Samit's mind wandered, imagining the beautiful flight attendant in scenarios of amorous entanglement, he momentarily forgot that he was in the middle of a hijacking.

"Hey!" Yan Xiaobao called out, sounding highly displeased. He snapped Samit out of his fantasies, speaking to him in English. "Don't point that gun at my wife, or I'll get really mad!"

"Uh..." Samit, startled, shook himself out of his stupor. He immediately shifted the gun to point directly at Yan Xiaobao. "Hands up!"

"Hey!" Yan Xiaobao looked even more annoyed. "You're actually pointing a gun at me now? Are you tired of living?"

Tiantian was completely speechless. Now she was certain—this idiot was definitely not in league with the hijackers. With intelligence like his, there was no way he could handle something as complex as hijacking a plane...

"What?" Samit, enraged, shoved the barrel of the gun against Yan Xiaobao's forehead, cursing viciously. "You stupid bird! Do you have a death wish? I'll blow your head off with one shot!"

Yan Xiaobao furrowed his brows in dissatisfaction. "Pointing a gun at me, calling me a stupid bird, and even threatening me... You've crossed the line three times now."

"F*ck!" Samit cursed angrily. He raised his hand, intending to teach Yan Xiaobao a lesson by striking him with the butt of his gun.

Suddenly, there was a blur in front of his eyes. Samit's pupils dilated as he collapsed stiffly to the floor, his expression frozen in disbelief. He had no idea how he had just died.

"Little Tiantian, my dear wife, I told you I'd protect you. Anyone who dares threaten you with a gun? I'll kill them with a single finger." Yan Xiaobao still maintained the same posture, hugging Tiantian from behind.

Meanwhile, Tiantian was completely dazed.

What just happened?

The hijacker... is dead?

Killed by this idiot with a single finger?

But... she hadn't even noticed him move...

Just who the hell was this guy?

What on earth was happening today?

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In the main cabin, the curly-haired man, hearing the commotion coming from the tail cabin, called out from a distance, "Samit, what's going on back there?"

Of course, the Samit lying dead on the floor couldn't respond.

The curly-haired man's expression darkened slightly. He signaled to the other armed man beside him, and the two of them raised their guns cautiously, advancing toward the tail cabin.

Yan Xiaobao leaned close to Tiantian's ear and whispered, "Little Tiantian, my dear wife, there are two more guys coming. Want me to go deal with them too?"

"Huh?" Tiantian, startled, quickly nodded. "Yes, yes, go deal with them... Oh, wait, can you capture them alive?"

"No problem. Dead or alive, whatever makes my wife happy." Yan Xiaobao finally released his hold on Tiantian. "But if I capture them, you have to promise to marry me. No take-backs, okay?"

"I... fine... just go capture the hijackers..." At a time of such crisis, Tiantian could only agree to Yan Xiaobao's condition and focus on resolving the hijacking first.

"Great! On my first day out, I've already scored a wife, haha!" Yan Xiaobao grinned with delight, flipping aside the curtain as he walked into the main cabin.

"Freeze!" the curly-haired man shouted as soon as Yan Xiaobao appeared, immediately aiming his gun at him. But in the next moment, he was stunned.

The youth, who looked no more than seventeen or eighteen, had a flawlessly fair, innocent face that carried a hint of boyish immaturity. He looked utterly harmless, with not a trace of fear in his expression. And why the hell was he only wearing boxer shorts? That "angrily bulging" tent...

What the hell?

"Hands up! Don't move!" The other armed man exchanged a quick look with the curly-haired man and then shouted, "Where's Samit? What happened back there in the tail cabin?"

"Samit?" Yan Xiaobao finally realized who they were talking about and replied with a grin, "Oh, you mean the guy with the gun earlier... He scared my Little Tiantian, my dear wife, so I killed him."

"What!" The two hijackers turned pale with shock, gripping their guns tightly as their eyes bore into Yan Xiaobao.

"But my Little Tiantian said she wants me to capture you two. So, put down your guns and surrender, and I won't have to kill you." Yan Xiaobao smiled casually, as if the guns in their hands were mere plastic toys.

In the main cabin, the previously cowering passengers, heads down and eyes shut tight in fear, couldn't help sneaking glances at Yan Xiaobao.

Who was this guy, anyway? Standing there with guns pointed at him, and yet he's telling the hijackers to surrender? Is something wrong with his head...?

"Hahaha!" The curly-haired man laughed out of sheer anger. "You little punk, are you here to joke around? I'll count to three—you'd better kneel with your hands on your head, or else..."

"Three!" Yan Xiaobao interrupted before the man could finish, smiling cheerfully as he spoke the number.

"You're asking for it!" The curly-haired man's expression darkened, and he decisively pulled the trigger.

"Bang!"

The sound of gunfire filled the cabin.

The passengers hunched their necks in fright, crouching even lower and holding their heads, barely daring to breathe.

In the tail cabin, Tiantian, who had already been on edge, turned ghostly pale at the sound of the gunshot.

Although that oddball had teased her relentlessly about marrying him and acted somewhat deranged, Tiantian didn't actually dislike him.

When Yan Xiaobao said he was going to capture the hijackers, she had even pinned quite a bit of hope on him, since he had indeed swiftly dealt with one of the armed hijackers earlier.

But now, hearing the gunshot, she was immediately filled with regret.

"Did... did he get shot? Did I cause his death? If I hadn't asked him to go after the hijackers, he wouldn't have been shot and killed. I..."

As this thought crossed her mind, tears of remorse welled up in her eyes, spilling out and soaking her uniform.

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[New story launched! Please support with likes, favorites, and recommendations!]

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Chapter 3: Chapter 3 Tiantian Kiss

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But after the gunshots, there was no movement for a long time.

Several bold passengers cautiously tilted their heads to take another look.

The two gun-wielding hijackers were still frozen in their shooting stances, motionless. The flashy-talking youngster from earlier, however, had disappeared without a trace.

The passengers glanced around in twos and threes, their faces puzzled and their minds unable to comprehend the situation.

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As more than two hundred passengers sat steeped in confusion, Yan Xiaobao emerged from the cockpit, not even bothering to glance at the hijackers who appeared petrified, running gleefully down the aisle and into the tail cabin.

"Little Tiantian, the hijackers have all been caught by me."

"Ah!" Tiantian, her face still streaked with tears, widened her eyes in disbelief and stared at the lively Yan Xiaobao. "You-you-you... you didn't die?"

"Wife, what are you talking about? Your husband is the strongest man in the world—how could I possibly die?" Yan Xiaobao strode forward, wrapped his arms around Tiantian's slender waist, and said with a boastful grin, "Wife, I caught the hijackers! Kiss me and give me some praise."

"The hijackers... They're really... all caught?" Tiantian still seemed like she was dreaming, completely unable to believe it.

"Of course! I never lie to my wife. If you don't believe me, come with me and see for yourself." Yan Xiaobao said, pulling Tiantian's slender waist with him as he lifted the curtain and led her to the cabin.

"Ah!" Tiantian immediately let out a sharp scream.

Because the two hijackers were still holding guns, pointing them directly in Tiantian's direction.

Yan Xiaobao smiled and comforted her, "Little Tiantian, don't be afraid. These two, along with the one in the cockpit, can't move anymore."

"They... can't move?" Tiantian remained tense, confused and asked nervously, "Why can't they move?"

"Because they've been immobilized by your husband's Qiankun Acupoint Technique. For the next 24 hours, they won't even be able to move a finger," Yan Xiaobao casually walked up to the two hijackers, and—"SMACK!" "SMACK!"—slapped them hard across their faces.

The hijackers' faces immediately showed five bright red finger marks, yet neither of them flinched, remaining as still as statues.

"See, wife? I didn't lie to you. They truly can't move." Yan Xiaobao said as he removed the guns from their hands and handed them to Tiantian.

Tiantian quickly took the two guns, ran back to the tail cabin, locked them in a cabinet, and then returned to the passenger cabin. Clutching her chest nervously, she exhaled a long breath: "Phew... That scared me to death..."

"How about that? Isn't your husband amazing?" Yan Xiaobao leaned close to Tiantian with a cheeky smile and said, "Little Tiantian, hurry up and give your husband a kiss to show your appreciation."

"I... I'm not..." Tiantian blushed furiously and lowered her head. "I only just met you today... How can I already be your 'wife'..."

"Why can't you be my wife on the first day of meeting? What kind of nonsense logic is that?" Yan Xiaobao was instantly displeased. "Little Tiantian, you agreed to be my wife—that's the only reason I bothered catching the hijackers. Wife, you can't go back on your word. Otherwise, I'll have to smack your PIFI, you hear me?"

"I..." Tiantian hesitated and struggled for an answer.

At the time, the entire plane had been hijacked, with her and over two hundred passengers' lives hanging by a thread, the situation extremely dire. Forget agreeing to

being his wife—if Yan Xiaobao had demanded to be her father, she'd have nodded in desperation...

But who could have imagined that Yan Xiaobao would resolve the situation with the hijackers so effortlessly? And now, was she really supposed to keep her word and be his wife?

They'd only known each other for less than an hour—there wasn't even the slightest foundation for a relationship. Love? They weren't even at "like" yet. How could marriage even be considered?

Meanwhile, as the passengers began understanding the situation, the weight of fear lifted from their hearts one by one.

A brave middle-aged male passenger meanwhile called over some younger men to help tie up the statue-like hijackers. Speaking diplomatically, he suggested, "Our beautiful flight attendant, Miss, regardless of anything else, this young man acted bravely to take down those hijackers and save us all. A kiss would be a proper gesture of gratitude."

"Yes, yes, just a kiss—what's the big deal about that."

"Exactly! This handsome young man is courageous and capable. Being his wife wouldn't be a loss at all."

"Hurry up and kiss him. If you don't, I'll go kiss him myself!"

The passengers in the cabin began to cheer and chant:

"Kiss him!"

"Kiss him!"

"Kiss him!"

Faced with the rising chants, Tiantian couldn't resist. With her face blazing red, she reluctantly pursed her lips slightly and slowly leaned toward Yan Xiaobao's cheek...

Tiantian had intended only to offer a swift light kiss on Yan Xiaobao's cheek to show her gratitude. Little did she know, Yan Xiaobao would suddenly strike a Latin-dance pose, grabbing her by the waist and dramatically dipping her low!

Tiantian felt herself falling backward, staring up at the ceiling, her hands instinctively clasp tightly around Yan Xiaobao's neck. She was just about to struggle upright...

"Mmm—"

Her lips were kissed by Yan Xiaobao. Tiantian's mind went "BOOM," exploding into a blank abyss.

My first kiss...

...

Just as Yan Xiaobao was savoring Tiantian's kiss, a sudden panicked shout rang out nearby: "Dad, what's wrong? Dad! Please wake up, Dad!"

Passengers turned in the direction of the cry, where a bespectacled middle-aged man anxiously shook the arm of an elderly man beside him, calling out urgently.

Noticing more trouble had arisen in the cabin, the dazed Tiantian snapped back to her senses, flushed and hot-headed as she pushed Yan Xiaobao away. Straightening her flight attendant uniform, she stepped into the crowd to ask, "Has the elderly gentleman been startled and triggered a heart condition?"

"My dad doesn't have heart disease," cried the middle-aged bespectacled man, standing up in a panic and turning to the crowd, asking desperately, "Is there a doctor here? Is anyone on board a doctor?"

"I'm a doctor. Please let me through, let me take a look." A woman stepped forward from the spectators, moving toward the elderly man and beginning to examine him.

Oh? This doctor lady is pretty too. How come I didn't notice her earlier?

The beauty of this doctor wasn't earth-shattering, but her features were unusually delicate, exuding a faint, gentle charm that felt serene and refined.

Yan Xiaobao's eyes lit up as he walked closer, observing her intently.

Dr. Xia Rou examined the elderly man's heartbeat and breathing, then carefully parted his tightly shut eyelids for closer observation. She frowned and said gravely, "This is bad. Preliminary diagnosis suggests signs of brain hemorrhage."

"Ah!" The bespectacled middle-aged man gasped loudly.

The three words "brain hemorrhage" struck him like thunder, leaving him utterly shaken.

A brain hemorrhage is no joke; if not treated promptly, there's a high risk of sudden death. It could also leave severe aftereffects like paralysis or loss of physical mobility.

"Doctor, please save my father! Please, do something... Hurry, I beg you..." The middle-aged man grabbed Dr. Xia Rou's hands, pleading desperately.

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[New book launch, requesting favorites, recommendations, and support!]

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Chapter 4: Chapter 4 Will You Be My Wife Too?

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Tiantian quickly ran to fetch the emergency kit on the flight and handed it to Xia Rou.

But such a severe acute condition like a brain hemorrhage is not something a small emergency kit can alleviate.

Xia Rou wiped the fine beads of sweat from her forehead, feeling a bit helpless. "I'm a traditional Chinese medicine doctor, not a specialist in cardiovascular or cerebrovascular diseases. Plus, there's no proper treatment setup on the plane. I think it's better to contact the nearest airport and arrange for an emergency landing to seek medical assistance."

"Alright!" Tiantian nodded and prepared to report to the captain.

"No need." Yan Xiaobao suddenly spoke. "In no more than the time it takes to burn an incense stick, he'll be dead."

"What did you just say?!" The middle-aged man with glasses was enraged, yelling at Yan Xiaobao, "What do you mean by that?"

"Are you stupid?" Yan Xiaobao looked at the bespectacled middle-aged man as if he were an idiot. "I said he's about to die. Isn't that simple enough to understand?"

"You... You're talking nonsense!" The glasses-wearing man was livid. "I don't know you, we have no conflict, so why are you cursing my father to die?"

If Yan Xiaobao hadn't just subdued four armed hijackers minutes earlier, clearly proving himself a formidable character, the middle-aged man would have probably tried to hit him.

"You're out of your mind." Yan Xiaobao said with clear displeasure. "I'm just stating he's about to die. I'm not hoping for it to happen faster. How is that cursing him?"

"Sir, please calm down. Now's not the time to argue." Tiantian tried to pacify the middle-aged man. She herself hadn't noticed that, unknowingly, she had already started leaning toward Yan Xiaobao's side in this matter.

"How do you know he's about to die?" Xia Rou asked, puzzled while looking at Yan Xiaobao. "Are you a doctor?"

"Me?" Yan Xiaobao pointed proudly to his nose and grinned widely. "To be precise, I'm a Divine Doctor."

"Divine Doctor?" Xia Rou frowned slightly.

What kind of era is this? Even traditional Chinese medicine emphasizes scientific methods now. Who can possibly call themselves a Divine Doctor?

Except for the legend from eighteen years ago—the Medical God Hua Mingyuan, who once single-handedly resolved the global Arthas virus crisis—a figure globally recognized as the sole individual worthy of the title "Divine."

"You don't believe me?" Yan Xiaobao gestured toward the unconscious elderly man. "I can cure him in no time at all and show you what I mean."

"Really?" The bespectacled middle-aged man disregarded his earlier frustrations and urgently pleaded, "L-little Divine Doctor, I'm begging you, please save my father..."

"Why should I save your father?" Yan Xiaobao replied irritably, looking at the middle-aged man. "Your father isn't a beauty, and neither are you. Why should I bother saving him?"

"Uh..." Everyone around froze in bewilderment.

Saving someone... What does that have to do with beauty?

"I... I..." The bespectacled man stammered for a long time, unable to come up with a retort to Yan Xiaobao's bizarre reasoning.

Who in the world has ever seen someone operate like this...

"I can give you enough compensation—no matter how much money you want, I'll find a way to gather it!" The middle-aged man, clearly devoted to his father, was willing to give everything for his treatment.

Everyone initially assumed this must be the cue Yan Xiaobao was waiting for, but even Tiantian started feeling uncomfortable about this turn of events.

Earlier, Yan Xiaobao had dealt with the hijackers and saved everyone, vaguely earning the image of a heroic figure in her heart. But if he was using the man's father's life to extort money for profit, then his character would truly be questionable...

"Money? What would I even do with money?" Yan Xiaobao seemed completely baffled by the suggestion of compensation from the bespectacled man.

His reaction caught everyone off guard.

Money? What's the use of it?

Is there really anyone in this world who thinks money is useless...?

If he wasn't after money, then why was he refusing to help the dying old man?

Xia Rou contemplated for a moment, then gently persuaded, "An emulating doctor's compassion is like that of a parent. Saving a life is worth more than building a seven-layered pagoda. Since you don't care about compensation, why not do a good deed and save the elderly man?"

"Compassion like a parent?" Yan Xiaobao replied with evident disdain. "I don't want to become other people's parents. Kids are way too much trouble."

"Then what exactly do you want?" The middle-aged man became desperate.

"I want a beautiful wife." Yan Xiaobao's gaze became "mischievous" as he looked at Xia Rou. "Doctor sister, you're quite pretty. If I cure this old man for you, will you marry me?"

"..."

Everyone was now completely flabbergasted.

This guy... speechless doesn't even begin to describe him.

He had just moments ago desperately pursued the pretty flight attendant Tiantian, even stealing a passionate kiss. And now, within a mere few minutes, he... was already shifting targets to the beautiful doctor Xia Rou, proposing marriage again...

What does this mean?

What kind of behavior is this?

Does he think wives can be acquired wholesale?

Tiantian blushed furiously out of a mix of embarrassment and anger, her face alternating between shades of red and white.

This detestable rascal was simply too much. She had seen heartless flirts before, but this was beyond anything imaginable. Not only had he shamelessly stolen her first kiss

earlier, but now he was openly pursuing another woman right in front of her and all the other passengers!

Utterly unbearable!

Xia Rou examined Yan Xiaobao thoroughly, noting that even after spewing such "outrageous and shameless" remarks, his expression remained relaxed and natural. His eyes gleamed with an unexpectedly clear and transparent look, as if what he had just said was the most justifiable thing in the world, and he didn't find anything wrong with it.

This man's way of thinking was completely different from ordinary people—oddly peculiar, as though disconnected from modern society...

There wasn't time to dwell on this strangeness. The priority was saving this dying patient.

After briefly pondering, Xia Rou decided to placate Yan Xiaobao first—to save the man and then deal with everything else later. "Treat him first. We can discuss other matters later."

"No way." Yan Xiaobao shook his head vigorously and refused outright. "Heavenly Sister said the prettier a girl is, the more likely she is to trick people. So, you'll have to promise to be my wife first."

This man sometimes lacked sense, but when he dug in, he was truly unyielding—a tough nut to crack. Xia Rou resigned herself to negotiating with him. "If you can save him first, and then also treat my household's patient, I'll agree to it."

Xia Rou had a younger sister, Xia Yan, who at age eight suffered a sudden illness that turned her into a vegetative state. For ten years, she had been confined to a bed without any consciousness. Despite trying all major hospitals and fervently studying acupuncture herself, Xia Rou had failed to find any remedy.

"Alright, deal! If I cure this old man and your family's patient, then you and Sister Tiantian will both have to marry me." Yan Xiaobao grinned with great delight.

"Deal." Xia Rou nodded.

She proposed this condition with no actual belief that Yan Xiaobao could cure her sister. It was simply a "legitimate excuse" to politely reject his inappropriate demands.

Nearby, Tiantian furrowed her brows in frustration, growing increasingly enraged.

What did he mean, "marry me like Sister Tiantian"? How could anyone marry two wives at the same time?

This was absurd!

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[A new story begins, asking for your support: favorites, recommendations, and encouragement!]

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Chapter 5: Chapter 5 One Finger Life, One Finger Death

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Tiantian turned around and walked out of the crowd to report to the captain, preparing for an emergency landing to seek medical assistance. At the same time, she made up her mind: she would absolutely never have anything to do with this brat again. As for the stolen first kiss just now... well, let's just consider it a sacrifice made to capture the hijacker and save the passengers...

"Quick, please save my dad!" The middle-aged man with glasses clung to Yan Xiaobao like he was his last hope, urging him non-stop.

"What's the rush? Since I said I'll save your dad, he won't die." Yan Xiaobao stretched out his index finger and tapped the elderly man's forehead. "Done."

"What? Done?" The middle-aged man with glasses stared at Yan Xiaobao in disbelief.

Others around him shook their heads, unsure of what to say.

The beautiful doctor had diagnosed the condition as a brain hemorrhage, and just moments ago Yan Xiaobao claimed the patient was about to die.

But now, with a casual poke on the patient's forehead, he claims he's cured?

This is utter nonsense! Who would believe that...

"How could you do this?" Xia Rou frowned and said angrily, "Lives are at stake! How can you joke around like this? If you don't know how to treat people, don't mess around! If you delay treatment, can you bear the responsibility?"

"Are you freaking joking with me?" The middle-aged man with glasses finally lost his temper. He grabbed Yan Xiaobao by the collar, roaring, "My dad's life is on the line, and you're here messing with me? If anything happens to my dad, I—"

"What? What will you do?" Yan Xiaobao retorted, equally annoyed. "If you don't let go, I'll hit you, okay?"

The middle-aged man with glasses grew even angrier. "You're going to attack me in front of all these people? I am—"

"Zh... Zhixue..." A faint calling shattered the middle-aged man's fury, leaving him stunned like he'd been struck by lightning. He turned slowly and incredulously...

"Awake... awake?"

"Awake? The patient actually woke up!"

Gasps and murmurs erupted from the surrounding passengers.

The elderly man who had been in a coma moments ago suddenly opened his eyes. Looking slightly confused, he asked, "Zhixue, why are you arguing with people?"

"Dad! You—" The middle-aged man immediately released Yan Xiaobao and rushed to his father's side, grasping his hand tightly, "Really? Are you actually better? How do you feel? Is there any discomfort?"

"What happened?" The elderly man looked at his son, puzzled. "I just took a nap. There's nothing wrong with me."

"Whoa!"

An even louder wave of astonishment swept through the crowd.

"An elderly man who had just been on the brink of death due to a brain hemorrhage, now waking up completely healthy, claiming he merely took a nap... How is this possible?"

"Was the beautiful doctor's diagnosis wrong? Was it not actually a brain hemorrhage?"

"Hard to say. Maybe this young guy really has miraculous medical skills."

"Or maybe..." someone whispered to their companion, "this is all a scheme they orchestrated. Let's go, stop watching, and be careful not to get tricked."

Amid the buzzing speculations of the passengers, Xia Rou herself was overwhelmed by turmoil.

She had full confidence in her medical expertise. Based on the man's symptoms just now, there was over a 90% chance it was a brain hemorrhage, and if not, it was definitely still a severe cerebrovascular disease. There was no way he could simply be "perfectly healthy and just sleeping."

Yet Yan Xiaobao cured the elderly man with a mere touch in less than a second. This meant...

That Yan Xiaobao was certainly a genius, an extraordinary figure whose medical skills were beyond the comprehension of ordinary people!

If that were the case, then maybe her sister Xia Yan truly had a chance to be saved!

But... if Yan Xiaobao could really cure Xia Yan, then her previous promise... what should she do...

By now, the middle-aged man had already told his father about everything that had just transpired.

After hearing the story, the elderly man's entire body trembled, his face full of shock.

One finger to kill a gun-wielding hijacker, one finger to save himself from a sudden brain hemorrhage.

One touch brings life, one touch brings death. One touch controls the world!

Could this young man truly be the legendary...

The elderly man suppressed his astonishment and, along with his son, walked up to Yan Xiaobao. Bowing respectfully, he handed over a business card. "Thank you, Divine Doctor, for saving my life. I am Zhang Hongde, and this is my son, Zhang Zhixue."

"Divine Doctor is fine—but why add the word 'little'?" Yan Xiaobao was visibly displeased and made no effort to accept Zhang Hongde's business card. "You're not a beauty, and neither is your son. Why would I care about your names?"

Zhang Hongde wasn't bothered at all. He chuckled and placed the card into Yan Xiaobao's hand. "Words can't express our gratitude. If there's ever anything we can help with, my son and I will do our best."

Yan Xiaobao tucked the card into his pocket indifferently, not feeling that he would ever need anyone's help—especially not from this elderly man who had almost died moments ago.

At this point, Tiantian returned from the cockpit, astonished to see the previously dying elderly man now standing energetically, looking entirely healthy as if he'd never been sick.

Did Yan Xiaobao truly save a dying man in such a short span?

Yan Xiaobao puffed out his chest and stood proudly in front of Xia Rou, as if seeking praise. "Rourou, how about it? I said I'd save him, and I did. My medical skills are amazing, right?"

"Amazing, amazing..." Xia Rou murmured absently, still struck by the wave of shock and unable to recover completely.

Hmph! Just because you're skilled at martial arts and medicine doesn't mean you can randomly claim beauties as your wife!

Tiantian turned away with a huff and ran back into the cockpit to report to the captain: the patient had regained consciousness, and there was no need for an emergency landing or medical assistance anymore.

"Rourou, I saved that old man. Give me a kiss as my reward, okay?" Yan Xiaobao grinned, tilting his face toward Xia Rou.

"Sorry, but I'm not your wife yet." Xia Rou blinked playfully. "We agreed that you have to cure my family's patient first. Then... we can discuss the whole 'wife' thing."

"Oh..." Yan Xiaobao's face briefly showed disappointment before he quickly regained his cheerful demeanor. "No problem! I can cure any patient. Very soon, you'll be my wife. So, kissing me in advance should still be okay."

"No boasting allowed! Cure the patient first, then we'll talk." Xia Rou pushed his face away.

Although Xia Rou had just witnessed Yan Xiaobao's miraculous medical skills, she still harbored a bit of skepticism. After all, curing an acute brain hemorrhage wasn't as challenging as reviving a vegetative person—especially one who had been comatose for ten years. From the perspective of modern medicine, the possibility of recovery for someone who'd been in a vegetative state for a decade was nearly zero.

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