

The Invincible Supreme Medical God

#Chapter 11 Hegemon King's Pagoda - Read The Invincible Supreme Medical God Chapter 11 Hegemon King's Pagoda

Chapter 11: Chapter 11 Hegemon King's Pagoda

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When Xia Rou saw Yan Xiaobao throwing another punch without saying a word, she quickly pulled two hundred bucks out of her pocket, tossed it on the table, grabbed him, and tried to leave. Zheng Xiaoyu and Chen Long had no choice but to painfully abandon the spicy crawfish they were just about to eat and hurriedly followed.

"You bastard! Attacking me by surprise and now trying to leave?" Lobster Liu, humiliated in front of everyone, burned with rage. He shouted, "Brothers, grab the weapons!"

The cooks, helpers, and servers at Lobster Liu's shop were all his cronies. They immediately grabbed kitchen knives, spatulas, and tongs and surged forward, surrounding Yan Xiaobao and his group.

The surrounding crowd saw the situation escalating and became even more eager to watch the drama. For onlookers with no skin in the game, the bigger the scene, the more entertaining it got.

Surrounded by seven or eight ferocious thugs wielding various "weapons," Xia Rou, Zheng Xiaoyu, and Chen Long turned pale with fright. They had never experienced anything like this in their lives.

Zheng Xiaoyu's voice trembled as she said, "S-Sister Xia Rou, should we... call the police?"

"Do you think they'll give us a chance to call the police?" Xia Rou forced a bitter smile and tugged on Yan Xiaobao's sleeve, whispering to him, "Don't act impulsively. I'll just pay them off to calm things down."

But Yan Xiaobao laughed—laughed as if he were genuinely amused. He shouted at the gang of thugs, "What's wrong? Did you see that fat pig rolling on the ground and think it looks fun? Want to give it a try yourselves?"

Hearing this, Xia Rou and the others instantly felt a collective black line drop across their foreheads... This guy wasn't satisfied with how big the scene already was? He had to go pour gasoline on the fire? What a troublemaker!

The thugs raised their makeshift "weapons" and started cursing:

"Get lost, you idiot! Don't you know whose turf this is? Coming here to make trouble—are you blind?"

"Screw you! You're already at death's door yet acting all cocky. I'll personally teach you the meaning of the word 'death!'"

"Quit yakking with this punk, everyone. Let's beat him up!"

"Hold it!" Lobster Liu, holding his beer belly with both hands, swaggered forward. His greedy eyes roamed over Xia Rou's curvy figure as he let out a lewd chuckle. "Hey there, gorgeous. I, Lobster Liu, am a reasonable man; I don't enjoy unnecessary fights. How do you think we should handle this?"

Xia Rou, although extremely nervous and terrified, mustered up her courage and replied, "It's our fault that my friend kicked you. I apologize on his behalf... and we're willing to compensate you for your medical fees. Is that okay?"

That earlier kick from Yan Xiaobao hadn't even been hard, and Lobster Liu wasn't actually injured. But Xia Rou knew they were in the wrong for initiating the fight and braced herself for extortion.

"I have to admit, I like your attitude. Makes it hard for me to hold a grudge," Lobster Liu laughed heartily. "If you agree to have a couple of drinks with me, this matter's settled."

Upon hearing this, Xia Rou's face changed instantly. She knew all too well the tricks of sleazy gangsters like him. Those "couple of drinks" wouldn't be so simple—one wrong move, and her dignity might not survive the night.

Seeing Xia Rou looking hesitant, Lobster Liu raised the stakes with a smirk, "What's wrong? Don't I deserve just this little bit of respect? If you don't agree... well, let's just say this isn't going to end well."

"Huh?" Yan Xiaobao stepped forward, cutting Lobster Liu off. He looked genuinely puzzled as he asked, "I kicked you, yet you're inviting my wife to drink with you? Shouldn't you be inviting me for a drink if you're scared of me?"

Swish, swish, swish! Everyone's eyes turned to focus squarely on Yan Xiaobao.

Is this guy a complete idiot? Everyone could see Lobster Liu had designs on Xia Rou's beauty and was using the drinks as a pretense. Was this kid genuinely clueless or pretending to be?"

"Are you stupid?!" Zheng Xiaoyu, so mad that she forgot her fear, scolded Yan Xiaobao from behind, "He's not inviting Sister Xia Rou for a friendly drink. He's trying to get her drunk and take advantage of her!"

"What?!" Yan Xiaobao's face twisted in fury. "You filthy pig, how dare you try to put your hands on my wife!" With that, he charged at Lobster Liu in a whirlwind of anger.

"Pow! Pow! Pow!"

"Crash! Bang!"

Before anyone could react, Yan Xiaobao had already knocked Lobster Liu to the ground in a fit of raw rage, kicking his massive body around like a soccer ball.

"You like drinking, don't you? Well, let me serve you properly!" Still fuming, Yan Xiaobao stormed to the beer keg near the shop's entrance. With one hand, he effortlessly lifted the shin-high stainless steel keg over his head as if it were weightless.

Well, damn!

The crowd collectively gasped as they drew in sharp breaths.

That keg, if filled to capacity, had to weigh at least 800-1000 pounds, right...?

Holding the massive keg aloft, Yan Xiaobao looked like some mythical conqueror hefting a mountain—extremely imposing.

Lobster Liu's gang of seven or eight thugs, who hadn't even had time to jump in for backup, were now frozen in fear, rooted to the spot. Their makeshift weapons—knives, spatulas, tongs—fell to the ground with a clatter.

"Aah! No... please... have mercy!"

Seeing Yan Xiaobao poised to bring the massive keg smashing down, Lobster Liu shrieked in terror from the ground, pleading for his life.

But Yan Xiaobao was unmoved. Lifting the keg high, he took measured steps toward Lobster Liu, ready to end it all.

"Stop!" Xia Rou rushed forward, calling out to Yan Xiaobao, "Stop, stop! You'll kill him like this!"

"But that's the plan?!" Yan Xiaobao, still holding the keg aloft, looked completely justified as he replied, "Anyone who dares go after my wife gets beaten to death!"

"..."

Even though Yan Xiaobao's level of violence might have gone overboard, Xia Rou couldn't help but feel a strange sense of warmth in her heart at his words.

After all, what woman doesn't appreciate a sense of safety? Men with dominant, protective airs often have a way of winning over women's hearts.

"Killing someone is illegal. Put the keg down right now..." Xia Rou placed a gentle hand on Yan Xiaobao's arm, her voice soft as she coaxed him, "You've already given him a good beating. It's not worth breaking the law over someone like him."

"Fine. Since my dear Rourou has asked, I'll spare his worthless life. But since he's such a fan of drinking, I'll make sure he drinks to his heart's content." Yan Xiaobao looked down at the terrified, swollen-faced Lobster Liu and barked, "Chin up! Open your damn mouth!"

Lobster Liu, battered and bruised, dared not disobey. His head—swollen almost pig-like—lifted as he opened his mouth wide, resembling a frog about to croak.

With one hand, Yan Xiaobao held the keg. Then, with a loud "bam," he punched a fist-sized hole into its base, unleashing a wild torrent of fresh beer like a fire hose.

"Drink it all! Or I'll bash you to death!"

Under Yan Xiaobao's threats, Lobster Liu gulped down the beer in huge mouthfuls, spluttering uncontrollably.

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Chapter 12: Chapter 12 Do I Taste Good Down There?

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In the blazing summer heat, taking a big gulp of refreshing, ice-cold draft beer is undoubtedly a pleasure.

But for someone like Lobster Liu, who first got beaten black and blue, then was forced to "DUANG! DUANG! DUANG!" chug down a massive barrel of draft beer, that feeling... well, it's something else entirely...

Even though draft beer has a low alcohol content and isn't easy to get drunk on, drinking such a massive barrel in one go—even if seven or eight-tenths spill out—isn't something a normal person could handle.

By the time half the beer in the barrel was gone, Lobster Liu was already wasted, passed out on the ground, twitching in spasms and vomiting non-stop, making the ground a filthy, disgusting mess.

Xia Rou covered her nose and mouth, stepping back a few paces in disgust.

Yan Xiaobao turned back to look at the seven or eight lackeys under Lobster Liu's command. "So, do you guys want to drink, or do you want to get the hell out of here for me to see?"

"Big bro, I don't drink..."

"Sir, I'm allergic to alcohol..."

"We'll leave... We'll leave right now!"

The seven or eight lackeys immediately dropped down and, in a remarkably standard forward-roll formation, rolled out of Yan Xiaobao's sight at lightning speed.

A few shop owners, who were always bullied by Lobster Liu's group, couldn't hold back any longer and burst into hearty laughter. The onlooking crowd followed suit, laughing and joking rowdily.

"Hahaha, today was really educational—I didn't know that's how the word 'roll' was written!"

"What goes around comes around. The evil always get their due."

"That little handsome guy is amazing. He must be the legendary Inheritor."

"Sigh, it's a pity he's already got a wife. Otherwise..."

"Oh, come on, sis. You're at least a whole zodiac cycle older than that young man..."

...

Xia Rou quickly led Yan Xiaobao and the others away from the scene, rushing off to another street where they found a Lanzhou Ramen shop to grab a quick bite. Too much

had happened today, and all she wanted now was to go home, take a nice hot shower, and sleep soundly.

Compared to lobsters, both big and small, Lanzhou Ramen was much cheaper and far from fancy, but Yan Xiaobao didn't mind at all. On the contrary, he became quite intrigued by the art of hand-making knife-cut noodles, so much so that he personally sliced up a bowl.

"Rourou, my dear wife, look at my knife skills—pretty impressive, huh?" Yan Xiaobao beamed as he picked up the noodles he had sliced and presented them to Xia Rou as if offering a precious treasure. "Quick, taste them and see if the noodles I made are delicious!"

"Pfft... Cough, cough..." Chen Long nearly spat the noodles in his mouth onto Zheng Xiaoyu's face across the table.

Xia Rou and Zheng Xiaoyu, being much more innocent-minded than Chen Long, didn't find anything odd about the phrase "Are the noodles I made delicious?".

And, in fact, for Yan Xiaobao's first attempt at knife-cut noodles, the strands were whisper-thin, nearly as delicate as cicada wings, and astonishingly uniform in length, even better than those made by professional noodle chefs.

Xia Rou couldn't help but click her tongue in admiration. Curious, she picked up a strand of the noodles and tasted it; it was genuinely much better than the knife-cut noodles she usually had. "Not bad, pretty tasty." She hadn't eaten much in the shop earlier, and her appetite was now slightly piqued.

"Of course! The noodles I made myself must be the best tasting." Yan Xiaobao was overjoyed and happily whipped up three more bowls, asking the chef to cook them and then serving them himself.

"Thank you, Brother Bao." Chen Long, awed by Yan Xiaobao's martial arts skills, showed his gratitude with great respect.

"No need to thank me." Yan Xiaobao waved him off. "Honestly, if you two weren't my wife, I wouldn't bother making noodles for you to eat. But I got hooked on slicing the noodles earlier and ended up making extra, so count yourselves lucky."

"Who cares! If it weren't for you stirring up trouble, I'd still be happily feasting on spicy crawfish!" Zheng Xiaoyu scornfully turned up her nose and called out, "Boss, get me a bowl of ramen instead."

"If you're not eating it, then great—Rourou, my dear wife, you eat it." Yan Xiaobao wasn't angry and pushed Zheng Xiaoyu's bowl of noodles toward Xia Rou.

"One bowl is enough for me. You eat it yourself." Xia Rou pushed the bowl back toward Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao didn't argue further, slurping down both bowls of noodles in no time. Seeing the ramen chef working on pulling noodles by hand, he found it fascinating and ran over to try making a bowl of hand-pulled noodles as well.

"You're eating again?" Xia Rou was slightly startled and tried to warn him. "Overeating isn't good for your health."

"This is only the third bowl." Yan Xiaobao slurped up a long strand of ramen. "Heavenly Sister always prepares lots of food for me so I'm well-fed and strong enough to practice my martial arts."

"Who's Heavenly Sister?" Xia Rou instinctively asked.

"Heavenly Sister is my mentor—and also my wife," Yan Xiaobao replied, his face lighting up with a warm, wistful expression.

"..." Xia Rou was rendered speechless.

This Yan Xiaobao was like a character straight out of a TV drama, someone who didn't seem to belong in this world.

"Heavenly Sister... Might as well call her Teletubbies..." Zheng Xiaoyu muttered as she ate her ramen, not missing the chance to throw shade.

Suddenly, a bone-chilling cold swept through the room, making Zheng Xiaoyu shiver involuntarily. When she looked up, she found herself face-to-face with Yan Xiaobao's razor-sharp, blade-like gaze. She let out a terrified scream, dropping her chopsticks in fright.

"Whoever dares speak ill of Heavenly Sister, I'll make them mute—they won't be able to say another word for life!" Yan Xiaobao's voice turned ice-cold and terrifying.

It was the first time Xia Rou had seen such a frightening expression from him, so she quickly tried to mediate. "Don't be angry. Xiao Yu wasn't saying anything bad about your Heavenly Sister."

"Is that true?" Yan Xiaobao asked doubtfully. "Wife, you better not lie to me, or I'll spank your butt!"

"Not lying, it's true." Chen Long chimed in hastily as well, "Teletubbies is a very famous children's cartoon, and its characters are super adorable."

"Oh, I see..." Yan Xiaobao's icy demeanor instantly melted, as if the frozen tundra had turned to blooming spring. "Heavenly Sister is the most beautiful woman in the world. Mhm, she's indeed very adorable too."

"Uh... Brother Bao, with your martial arts skills, are you..." Chen Long leaned in close and lowered his voice. "Are you one of those legendary Inheritors?"

Yan Xiaobao tilted his head. "What's an Inheritor?"

"I read about it on a mysterious website..." Chen Long said mysteriously, "Apparently, there are people in this world with extraordinary talents. They inherit certain legendary supernatural abilities and are called Inheritors."

"Supernatural abilities, huh... The internet's full of nonsense. Do you really believe everything you read? Use your brain." Zheng Xiaoyu interjected impatiently, rolling her eyes at Chen Long.

"Supernatural abilities are real!" Chen Long retorted stubbornly. "Many strange occurrences have actually happened. Without those abilities, how could ordinary people achieve such feats?"

"Yeah, sure—Batman, Superman, Thor, the Hulk... they're all real, huh?" Zheng Xiaoyu scoffed, clearly not in the mood for further debate, and continued eating her ramen.

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Chapter 13: Chapter 13: Starting to Live Together

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"I think Brother Bao is definitely the Inheritor. Otherwise, it's impossible for him to be this skilled." Chen Long continued to insist on his guess.

"I've never heard of such a thing as an Inheritor." Yan Xiaobao kept eating his ramen, not very concerned about the topic.

"Brother Bao, you're so amazing. Can you teach me a few moves?" Chen Long looked at Yan Xiaobao with eager eyes.

Without even glancing at Chen Long, Yan Xiaobao said while eating, "You're not my wife, so why would I teach you? Besides, your innate bone structure is flawed, and you're malnourished. Teaching you martial arts would be a waste of my time."

"Exactly! Just look at yourself. Skinny as a stick, looking like a threadworm, and you named yourself Chen Long—what a joke!" Zheng Xiaoyu snorted disdainfully at Chen Long.

"Yeah, yeah, your figure is great!" Chen Long retaliated angrily, "Your chest and waist are the same width, yet you have the guts to laugh at me!"

"You're lying!" Zheng Xiaoyu raised her chopsticks and knocked them on Chen Long's head.

"Stop arguing! Just eat your noodles quietly!" Xia Rou, who had grown weary of dealing with their antics, sighed heavily.

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The group finished their ramen, filled their stomachs, and walked out of the Lanzhou Ramen shop.

"Everyone should head home and rest early."

After Zheng Xiaoyu and Chen Long left, Xia Rou thought about the situation. Yan Xiaobao likely had nowhere else to go and no money on him, so she had to take care of his accommodation and meals.

Xia Rou's finances were extremely tight after Sun Peng had almost drained her purse. Adding on the fact that arranging for Yan Xiaobao to treat her sister's illness wouldn't be a quick matter, staying at a hotel was definitely out of the question. Fortunately, her roommates in the shared apartment wouldn't be returning soon, leaving the room vacant.

Xia Rou rented her apartment in a small complex called Hanlin Garden, diagonally opposite Binhai University.

Hanlin Garden was a welfare housing development built nearly twenty years ago by Binhai University for its staff. Despite being somewhat old, the surroundings were serene, and the residents—mainly university faculty—created a simple, harmonious atmosphere with good public safety.

Xia Rou had lived in Hanlin Garden for three or four years and had become acquainted with many of her neighbors. As she walked, she introduced Yan Xiaobao as her cousin to several familiar faces she encountered.

Yan Xiaobao wasn't entirely satisfied with this label, but he didn't say anything. Deep down, he thought to himself that he must work quickly to cure Xia Rou's patients and then officially take his rightful place as her husband.

Upon reaching the fifth floor, Xia Rou unlocked the door and led Yan Xiaobao inside.

It was an older two-bedroom apartment with a modest 67-square-meter layout. Although the furniture and appliances were somewhat outdated, the place was impeccably clean and cozy, adorned with light beige curtains and fresh lilies in vases.

Standing in the living room, facing the two bedroom doors side by side, Xia Rou thought for a moment. Having a strange man stay in her roommates' room didn't feel right, so she said to Yan Xiaobao, "You can stay in my room."

"Sure," Yan Xiaobao agreed readily. In his mind, Xia Rou was his wife, so it seemed natural to stay in her room.

"I'm really worn out tonight. Tomorrow, I'll take you to buy some essentials."

While speaking, Xia Rou found him a new toothbrush and towel and handed them to him. She frowned slightly and said, "You're out traveling without even bringing a change of clothes... How about I lend you something to wear for now? After you shower, I'll wash your clothes—it's so hot that they'll dry quickly."

"Sounds good," Yan Xiaobao nodded again. Wearing his wife's clothes didn't seem embarrassing to him.

Xia Rou picked a loose, gender-neutral white T-shirt for him from her wardrobe but then got stuck on what to do about bottoms.

After hesitating, she found a black, knee-length skirt and said, "How about wearing this tonight? No one's going to see anything while you're sleeping anyway."

"Alright," Yan Xiaobao agreed without any objections. To him, whatever arrangement Xia Rou made was fine—even a man wearing a skirt to sleep didn't seem like a big deal.

In his eyes, between a husband and wife, nothing was off-limits; borrowing her skirt wasn't anything worth making a fuss over.

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Yan Xiaobao quickly finished his shower and unabashedly walked out wearing Xia Rou's assigned attire.

"Pfft—" Xia Rou couldn't help but burst into laughter. "White T-shirt and a black skirt, you actually look pretty good in women's clothes."

"Really?" Yan Xiaobao beamed, spreading his arms and checking himself out. He grinned broadly, "If my Rourou thinks it looks good, then it's perfect." freewebnovel.com

"Stop calling me that! I'm not your wife... You were busy all day with hijackings and fights; you must be exhausted. Get some sleep already." Xia Rou hurriedly escaped to take her own shower.

"Rourou, let me help you scrub your back."

"No way!" Xia Rou darted into the bathroom and locked the door securely.

"Why not? I can give massages—it's really relaxing," Yan Xiaobao muttered as he sat down on the sofa.

He didn't feel tired at all. Neither the hijacking nor the street fights had posed any challenge to him—they were trivial at best. So he made himself comfortable on the sofa and nonchalantly turned on the TV.

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After her shower, Xia Rou suddenly realized a problem.

Normally, with just the two of them—both women—living in the house, she'd gotten into the habit of taking only her change of underwear to the bathroom and putting on her nightgown afterward in the bedroom. When grabbing clothes earlier, she had been so focused on preparing something for Yan Xiaobao that she'd completely overlooked the fact that he was now staying over as well.

After a brief hesitation, Xia Rou finally called out to Yan Xiaobao, "Um... I forgot to grab my nightgown. Could you find one for me in the wardrobe?"

"Sure thing!" Yan Xiaobao happily rushed off to rifle through Xia Rou's wardrobe.

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"This little rascal!" Xia Rou cursed under her breath as she wore the nightgown in the bathroom.

The nightgown Yan Xiaobao had picked was the shortest, flimsiest one—a black silk fabric that faintly revealed her fair skin. The gown barely covered her underwear while she stood still, and if she were to walk, it would inevitably expose more...

"Yan Xiaobao!"

"What's up?" Yan Xiaobao ran over immediately. "Did you forget something else?"

"Get me another nightgown!" Xia Rou hesitated briefly but added, "Make it the white cotton one."

"Why?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously. "I looked earlier, and none of the other gowns are as pretty as this black one."

"..." Xia Rou clenched her teeth. You wish!

"I told you to get it, so just do it—no need for questions."

"No can do," Yan Xiaobao said solemnly. "Rourou, you're so beautiful that you should wear the most beautiful clothes. Actually, I'll be honest—I already threw all the less pretty nightgowns in the garbage just now."

"You!" Xia Rou was instantly furious.

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[Watch the snow dance... Everyone, hurry up and cast your votes...]

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Chapter 14: Chapter 14: Pluck the Blossom When It Blooms

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Forget it, at least I purposely put on the safest pair of boxer briefs today. From the bathroom to the bedroom, it's less than ten meters—a few quick steps and I'm there...

With that in mind, Xia Rou opened the door and bolted toward the bedroom as fast as she could.

Who would have guessed...

During her shower, water had splashed from the bathroom door onto the tiles outside, leaving them slippery. In her haste, Xia Rou's footing slipped, and with a "whoosh," her long, pale legs flung into the air as she fell backward with force!

"Ah!" Xia Rou cried out in shock.

If she were to hit the tiles hard, it wouldn't be a laughing matter—she could easily crack her tailbone or even suffer a concussion.

At this critical moment, a warm and strong arm encircled Xia Rou's slender waist, catching her body before she hit the ground.

Xia Rou had just let out a sigh of relief when another hand reached over—and landed squarely on the highest point of her prone body...

For the first time ever, she was held in a man's large palm...

An indescribable feeling surged in her heart. Xia Rou was stunned, forgetting even to struggle or resist, as Yan Xiaobao swept her up in a princess carry.

Surrounded by an intense masculine aura, Xia Rou flailed like a startled deer. "Ah! Put me down right now..."

"No way, the floor is far too slippery—it's dangerous. Getting hurt would be bad." Yan Xiaobao confidently strode toward the bedroom with Xia Rou in his arms. "Rourou, you need to be good and obedient, or else your hubby might just spank your tushie!"

"The living room floor isn't wet or slippery..." Before Xia Rou could finish her sentence, she cried out again. "Ah!"

Something lightly tapped her tushie, like a small stick...

Yan Xiaobao was carrying her with both hands, using his legs to walk—what did he hit her with?

"Ah!" Realizing what the "small stick" actually was, Xia Rou immediately covered her flushed face, frozen in place, terrified that Yan Xiaobao might use the "small stick" to tap her tushie again...

Yan Xiaobao carried Xia Rou into the bedroom and gently placed her on the bed.

Breaking free from his arms, Xia Rou immediately sat up. "You sleep in my room, I'm going to the one next door..."

Before finishing her sentence, Xia Rou froze again.

Her black knee-length dress, worn by Yan Xiaobao, had become a short skirt. Right now, that skirt was being prominently propped up by a certain object, as if saluting her with a flag...

"Whew—"

With a gust of scented air, Xia Rou vanished from Yan Xiaobao's sight, retreating into the room next door.

"Huh? Wife, why are you so fast? Have you trained before?" Yan Xiaobao exclaimed in surprise, before sinking into frustration.

Originally, Xia Rou had arranged for him to stay in her room, and he had thought he could sleep with his wife. Who would have thought that Xia Rou herself would flee to the next room to sleep instead?

Looks like he'd have to heal the patient first, only then would Rourou agree to sleep in the same bed with him. Fine then, I'll get up early tomorrow and start treating her!

Yan Xiaobao quickly brushed off his minor disappointment and gleefully hopped onto Xia Rou's fragrant embroidered bed, falling asleep in no time.

While Yan Xiaobao slept soundly and peacefully, Xia Rou in the next room tossed and turned, unable to sleep. Though her body felt utterly exhausted, her heart was like a tranquil lake disturbed by a heavy stone, sending ripples across its surface.

From a young age, her younger sister's sudden mysterious illness left her in a vegetative state, bringing hardships to an already struggling family. Xia Rou had endured a difficult youth, hardly experiencing the springtime of her life.

In early adulthood, forced into marriage by debt, she eventually escaped to Binhai, working tirelessly while self-studying—her life was plagued by difficulties, leaving no room to entertain thoughts of personal romance.

Thus, at twenty-four years old, Xia Rou's love life was completely blank. Her interactions with men had been limited to a paltry few courtesy handshakes.

Yet today, on the very first day of meeting Yan Xiaobao, she had held hands with him, been wrapped around the waist, carried in a princess hold... and even hit on the tushie by his "small stick." The sheer absurdity...

Time is fair to everyone. Regardless of experiencing the springtime of youth or not, regardless of romantic history, at twenty-four, a woman's body is fully matured, at the prime of "pluck the flower when it blooms."

Which boys aren't amorous? Which girls don't feel yearning in spring?

The attraction between the sexes—it's a law of nature that no one can defy.

Deep down, Xia Rou longed for love too, yearning for a man's protection and affection. She had merely never had the chance to think about such things—until today, when Yan Xiaobao suddenly stirred her latent desires.

The lightweight summer bra, without sponge padding... During her near-fall earlier, Yan Xiaobao's hand had wrapped around her waist while his other pressed against her chest... Even now, she could seem to feel the warmth of his palm lingering...

The firm protectiveness as Yan Xiaobao held her tightly against his chest, that potent masculine aura... that feeling of safety—it was... actually... kind of nice...

If only he hadn't hit her with that "stick," Xia Rou might not have been so strongly opposed to being held by him...

The annoying guy... brave enough to intervene and subdue a thief. A skilled healer, curing a stroke victim with a single touch. Courageous and capable, yet seemingly pure-hearted and steadfast. Clingy to the point of calling the woman he likes "wife" endlessly, but unforgiving and violently swift against bad people.

Honestly, he was kind of... cute...

If only he were closer to her in age... If only he weren't so flirtatious, calling every pretty woman he saw "wife"... He might actually be an excellent man...

"Bah, bah, bah! What shameless thoughts..." Xia Rou suddenly snapped out of her daze, chastising herself before burying her face into the pillow.

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The next day, as the morning sunrise cast its first rays, Yan Xiaobao was already up bright and early. Xia Rou also woke up early but looked faint, like she was lacking energy.

At Dexi Hall, Chen Long and Zheng Xiaoyu had already opened the shop and were busy cleaning.

"Morning, Sister Xia Rou." Zheng Xiaoyu greeted her, then noticed the faint dark circles under her eyes and asked, "Sister Xia Rou, didn't sleep well last night?"

"The weather's too hot, the air conditioning is old..." Xia Rou gave a long-winded explanation, yet it came off a little unconvincing.

Zheng Xiaoyu eyed the refreshed Yan Xiaobao suspiciously, leaning close to Xia Rou and whispered, "Sister Xia Rou, don't tell me, on the very first day of knowing him, you already let him push you down..."

"Get lost! What nonsense are you spouting?" Xia Rou scowled, glaring fiercely at Zheng Xiaoyu.

"Oh come on, it's not a big deal in this day and age..." Zheng Xiaoyu giggled mischievously. "That little brat might be annoying, but he's still pretty fresh—a proper little cutie. You wouldn't be losing out, Sister Xia Rou..."

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Chapter 15: Chapter 15 Why Should I Give You Face?

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Xia Rou immediately reached out and gave Zheng Xiaoyu a fierce twist. "Stupid girl, if you keep spouting nonsense, I'll rip your mouth apart!"

"Alright, alright!" Yan Xiaobao suddenly darted forward, "Wife, let me help you."

"No, no, no! I was just joking..."

Xia Rou and Zheng Xiaoyu chimed in unison, waving their hands frantically. Yan Xiaobao was someone who didn't play by the book — if he took Xia Rou's joking words seriously, Zheng Xiaoyu's little mouth might actually be in danger...

"Ripping someone's mouth apart first thing in the morning? Such murderous energy!"

A yin-yang-toned voice rang out, and suddenly over a dozen people poured into the shop, with another dozen who couldn't fit blocking the shop's entrance entirely.

Xia Rou took a look at the newcomers and her face instantly turned pale.

At the front were four people — three men and a woman. On the far left was Sunx Peng, her nemesis who had been chasing her for debts. On the far right, a fat man with bruises and swollen features resembling a pig's head was none other than Lobster Liu, who had been battered by Yan Xiaobao yesterday and forced to drink half a keg of beer.

The two in the middle were a man and a woman. The woman was about thirty years old and had some beauty, but unfortunately, her overly oily makeup made her look garish and tasteless.

That garish woman was clinging to the arm of the man next to her — he was medium-built, ordinary-looking, but carried a composed demeanor that lent him an air of authority.

That man was none other than Zhao Erhu, the infamous local tyrant of several nearby streets.

Sunx Peng and Lobster Liu showing up together with Zhao Erhu made it clear that these two had run to him yesterday to complain and seek revenge. Thus, early in the morning, Zhao Erhu had brought two to three dozen of his men to stand up for them.

"Xia Rou, who is he? Why is he already in the shop with you so early in the morning? What's your relationship? Explain this to me clearly!" Sunx Peng charged forward aggressively, pointing at Yan Xiaobao and questioning Xia Rou with forceful anger.

"Who he is, what our relationship is — what does that have to do with you?" Initially, faced with the intimidating situation, Xia Rou had felt tense and worried. But seeing Sunx Peng's irritating demeanor, she couldn't hold back. More importantly, in her

subconscious mind, she somehow felt that with Yan Xiaobao here, there was nothing to fear.

"Oh, I see! No wonder you've been ignoring me more and more lately — turns out you've secretly been keeping a young man behind my back!" Sunx Peng jumped in outrage, spitting furiously.

Chen Long and Zheng Xiaoyu both glanced at Yan Xiaobao. He ate Xia Rou's food, lived under her roof, and had rather fair skin — he did kind of fit the image of a kept man. However, daring to call Yan Xiaobao a young man right to his face? Wasn't Sunx Peng satisfied with the beating he got yesterday...

To their surprise, Yan Xiaobao didn't seem to have any intention of throwing punches. What they didn't know was that Yan Xiaobao actually found it quite amusing — he was young, had fair skin like jade, and honestly, he didn't mind being called a young man...

"Sunx Peng, you stop spouting baseless accusations!" Before Yan Xiaobao could even get mad, Xia Rou was already furious, radiating an air of protecting him.

"Well now! Dear sister-in-law, haven't you gotten a taste of city life! My little brother may not be as successful as you, but he's still your rightful spouse. Now you're turning your back on family — that's not very virtuous of you, is it?" The garish woman stepped forward with an exaggerated yin-yang sneer. She was none other than Sunx Peng's sister, Zhao Erhu's wife, Sunx Mei.

"Who's your sister-in-law?" Xia Rou was particularly fiery today, her confidence brimming as she spoke up, refusing to back down. "Sunx Mei, you've lived in the city for years now — you ought to have learned a little about the law by now. I never got a marriage certificate with your brother, so we're not legally husband and wife! As for the three thousand owed to your family, I'll pay it all within a year. Don't come bothering me again after that!"

"Three thousand?" Sunx Mei gave a seductive laugh, "Ten years ago, your family borrowed ten thousand dollars from us. You've been paying us back bit by bit over the years, and yes, you've managed seven thousand — but do you really think ten thousand minus seven thousand equals three thousand and that's it?"

Xia Rou's face changed slightly, her teeth clenched. "Fine! Calculate based on the highest bank loan interest rate — how much do I owe? Name the figure. I'll exhaust every means to pay it back within a year!"

"Bank loan interest rates? You didn't borrow money from a bank, darling." Sunx Mei burst into exaggerated laughter again. Then she leaned into Zhao Erhu, brushing her ample chest against his arm as she coyly asked, "Honey, according to your street rules, how should this debt be calculated?"

"We're from the same village, so I'll show some leniency and not treat it as loan-sharking." Zhao Erhu calculated calmly, "According to the law: as long as the rate doesn't exceed four times the current annual bank loan interest rate, it's not considered loan-sharking. So we'll go by four times the bank's 5.6% annual loan interest rate. For a ten-thousand-dollar loan, the annual interest is 22.4%, which is two thousand two hundred and forty dollars. Borrowed for eleven years, the total principal plus interest comes to thirty-four thousand six hundred and forty dollars. Subtract the seven thousand you've repaid, and there's twenty-seven thousand six hundred and forty dollars remaining."

"What!" Xia Rou gasped in shock, "You... you're practically robbing me!"

"Missy, words like that shouldn't be thrown around carelessly." Zhao Erhu replied, his voice heavy, "I, Zhao Erhu, conduct business strictly according to the law and regulations — there's no loan-sharking here, and I haven't added compound interest. This calculation is entirely lawful and reasonable, even in court."

"You... you..." Xia Rou had no experience dealing with loans and was utterly flustered, unsure of what to do.

Paying back three to five thousand a year might be achievable with frugal living, but twenty-seven thousand plus was simply impossible for her to bear with her current situation.

"Xia Rou, we're family, we don't have to be so formal. If you obediently come back with me, stay at home as my loving wife, cook and clean for me, and bear me children, this debt will naturally be wiped off the slate." Sunx Peng swaggered forward triumphantly, reaching out to stroke Xia Rou's delicate, smooth face.

Before his hand could touch her, Yan Xiaobao caught his wrist with a firm grip.

Having stayed silent while money was being discussed, Yan Xiaobao had refrained from interrupting. He had no concept of debt — figures in the tens of thousands were meaningless to him. But now he understood — this scumbag Sunx Peng was here to steal his wife yet again. That was unforgivable.

"You piece of trash, didn't I beat you enough yesterday? You actually dared to come here to snatch my wife again?" Yan Xiaobao raged, tightening his grip.

Sunx Peng immediately felt like his wrist was clamped in a steel trap. The pain brought him to his knees, and he called out to Zhao Erhu for help, sobbing, "Brother-in-law, save me! Ahhh, it hurts! It hurts..."

Lobster Liu saw this scene and immediately poured fuel on the fire, "Brother Hu, look at this! This punk is just this unreasonable, attacking people without provocation!"

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