

The Invincible Supreme Medical God

#Chapter 31 Only a Lace Nightgown - Read The Invincible Supreme Medical God Chapter 31 Only a Lace Nightgown

Chapter 31: Chapter 31 Only a Lace Nightgown

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"You little pervert, just wait, I'll deal with you later." Xia Rou packed her change of clothes, carrying a mischievous thought in her mind, and walked into the bathroom. She adjusted the water temperature, slipped out of her clothes, and began taking a shower.

A hot shower is always a wonderful way to relax. The warm water streaming down, coupled with gentle massaging, slowly eased Xia Rou's tension.

Today was really exhausting. As soon as I arrived at the clinic in the morning, Yan Xiaobao got into a fierce fight. Then, while I went out for a follow-up consultation, that guy caused a huge commotion at the Patrol Office. And as if that weren't enough, on a simple supermarket trip to buy some groceries, he even managed to give Luo Jianbi a good thrashing.

"This guy is truly a handful," Xia Rou murmured to herself, lightly rubbing her slightly sore calves, letting her hands travel upwards.

Suddenly, Yan Xiaobao's words from earlier resurfaced in her mind.

"Wifey, your tush is so soft and bouncy. It feels amazing when I smack it. I couldn't resist and gave it an extra slap."

Is it really that soft and bouncy?

Curiously, Xia Rou gave herself a gentle pat...

"Ah!"

She let out a soft yelp, as the sensation from Yan Xiaobao's "execution of family law" returned vividly, causing her to shiver.

A woman of twenty-four—a mature and sensitive age. Despite her upright and somewhat conservative nature, her body never lies...

"Xia Rou, Xia Rou, you're already twenty-four. Your golden years as a woman are about to slip away. Are you really going to stay like this until you become a boring old lady with no charm left?"

"Life is short. Why not seize the moment and indulge a little? Nowadays, society is so open and men and women are equals. What's the harm in letting loose just once? Why not just give in to him..."

"No! No..." Xia Rou snapped out of it, jolted out of the wicked thoughts bubbling from the depths of her mind.

"Regardless of how the world changes, the most important thing about being human is self-respect, self-care, and self-discipline. I absolutely can't let myself go. Otherwise, one careless step could lead to eternal regret, leaving no room for repentance."

With her principles reaffirmed, Xia Rou hastily finished cleaning herself up, dried off, and put on her undergarments. Then she took out the carefully-selected nightgown she had bought earlier.

But as soon as she opened the packaging, Xia Rou was stunned.

Wait a minute! Why does this nightgown look like...this?

The nightgown I picked out at the supermarket was supposed to be thick and long—classic, cozy cotton-designed for homewear. But... but why is it now so thin, so short, and so sheer...

Panic-stricken, Xia Rou quickly flipped the tag at the neckline, and the words "Victoria's Secret" gleamed right before her eyes!

The practical home-style nightgown from the supermarket had somehow transformed into a tantalizingly sheer piece of "Victoria's Secret" lingerie...

There was no need to even guess—this must be that guy's doing!

Angrily, Xia Rou yelled through the bathroom door, "Yan Xiaobao!"

"I'm here, Rourou darling, what's up?" Yan Xiaobao's voice instantly sounded from right outside the bathroom door.

The scoundrel had been loitering outside the whole time...

"You..." Xia Rou was both amused and exasperated. "Why did you swap out my nightgown?"

Yan Xiaobao confidently replied, "Rourou darling, your taste was just too awful. That nightgown you picked was downright hideous. I figured the styles from the new shop on the street were much more appealing, so I exchanged it for one from there. What do you think? The nightgown I chose looks way better, right?"

"Way better, my foot! It's terrible!" Xia Rou was fuming; this little rascal was truly unmanageable.

"Terrible? Really?" Yan Xiaobao muttered sulkily, "If Rourou darling doesn't like it, then just don't wear it."

"Oh, you're dreaming! Do you expect me to walk around without a nightgown? What am I supposed to do—just wear underwear?"

"What's wrong with just wearing underwear? The models on the street wear nothing but underwear, don't they?" Yan Xiaobao argued boldly, "There's no one else in the house anyway. Even if Rourou darling doesn't wear anything, it's totally fine."

This guy—he truly didn't see himself as an outsider!

Xia Rou found herself speechless in the face of his blatant bandit logic. Huffing in frustration, she started putting on the nightgown over her head, all the while thinking: Since he already saw pretty much everything yesterday, there's no harm in falling for his antics again today. As long as I walk carefully and don't slip again, he won't be able to get the upper hand this time.

But as soon as Xia Rou finished putting on the nightgown, she was utterly dazed again.

This... What kind of nightgown even is this...

Even with sultry lace sleepwear, there's usually some fabric, right? But this nightgown... this nightgown was nothing but lace—literally no fabric to speak of...

Xia Rou finally realized—this wasn't simply a sexy lace nightgown. It was the infamous seductive lingerie out of a risqué legend!

This guy was absolutely too much!

Fuming, Xia Rou yanked off the nightgown made entirely of lace, plopping down angrily onto the toilet seat. She decided she wouldn't humor Yan Xiaobao any longer.

Resolute, Xia Rou muttered to herself: For this shameless little rascal who's pushing every boundary today, I absolutely won't give in this time! If he doesn't bring me something decent to wear, I'm not stepping outside!

Yan Xiaobao impatiently waited outside the door for ages, but Xia Rou still didn't come out. Unable to bear it any longer, he asked, "Rourou darling, are you dressed yet? Why aren't you out?"

"You bullied me, so I'm not coming out!" Xia Rou's voice came from behind the door, filled with defiant irritation.

Yan Xiaobao, confused like a monk at a loss, said, "Rourou darling, what nonsense are you saying? I like you so much; how could I bully you?"

"You didn't bully me? Giving me a humiliating nightgown like that to wear for you—isn't that bullying?!" Xia Rou loudly protested. "In your eyes, I'm just like those women flaunting their figures in skimpy bikinis, aren't I?"

"Of course not!" Yan Xiaobao quickly defended himself. "Even if those women walked around stark naked, I wouldn't spare them a glance. I only want to look at Rourou darling—that's completely different!"

"All because I'm prettier and haven't been touched by other men, huh? Hah!" Xia Rou's emotions boiled over, turning her frustration into an uncontrollable tirade. "Men are all the same—none of you are reliable. You're no better than that Luo Jianbi!"

"Rubbish! Heavenly Sister said I'm one-of-a-kind. No man in the world could compare to me!" Yan Xiaobao sulked. "Rourou darling, you were fine just now. Why are you suddenly unhappy?"

"I don't know..." Xia Rou, never one to be unreasonable, sighed after venting her anger. Hearing Yan Xiaobao's aggrieved tone, her heart softened slightly.

"I've figured it out!" Yan Xiaobao exclaimed as if he'd had a sudden epiphany. "It must be because Luo Jianbi upset Rourou darling earlier. I didn't go hard enough on him—it wasn't satisfying at all."

"Really?" Xia Rou considered his words. "That might be it..."

The earlier insults from Luo Jianbi had indeed left her feeling unsettled. Even though Yan Xiaobao punished him, it wasn't enough for her to completely forget the sting of his words.

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Chapter 32: Chapter 32: Still as a Maiden, Moving as a Startled Hare

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"Xia Rou! I must have been blind! I actually thought you were a proper and decent woman, but it turns out you're so slutty! So shameless! Wearing that damn nightgown— why don't you just run around naked and show the entire world your lustful and disgraceful self!"

The words "nightgown," "shameless," "lustful and disgraceful" stabbed into Xia Rou's heart like sharp needles. When she had just finished her shower and saw the humiliating lace nightgown, her subconscious was once again triggered.

"Rourou, wait here! I'll go grab him right now so you can vent all your anger!"

Yan Xiaobao stomped away from the bedroom door with heavy steps and headed toward the living room.

"Hey! No, wait..."

Xia Rou didn't have time to stop Yan Xiaobao before she heard the loud "slam" of the security door closing.

"Yan Xiaobao!" Xia Rou was frantic. Forgetting she was only in her underwear, she rushed out.

"You..."

Running into the living room, Xia Rou realized Yan Xiaobao was standing at the entrance, his back against the closed door. He hadn't left after all...

Suddenly, Xia Rou became aware of her skimpy underwear and let out a sharp scream, crouching down to cover her chest.

"You... you didn't go out? Were you deliberately trying to fool me?"

"I would never lie to my wife." Yan Xiaobao spoke solemnly. "Just now, I thought it over. Heavenly Sister once said, 'A man's word must count.' Since I said I would only make him stand as punishment today, I can't go beat that old black-faced man now— otherwise, I'd break my promise. So, I decided to wait until tomorrow to beat him up instead."

"You..." Xia Rou found Yan Xiaobao staring at her without blinking. Flustered and furious, she shouted, "Close your eyes immediately!"

"Rourou, you're so beautiful. Why should I close my eyes?" Yan Xiaobao began to comment, his tone playful yet serious. "Your skin is so fair and tender, as if it would ooze water if pinched. Fresh out of a hot shower, your cheeks have that slight blush—

truly gorgeous. Even crouching down like that, your slim waist doesn't have a shred of unnecessary fat..."

"Stop talking..." Xia Rou was so embarrassed she wished she could dig a hole and disappear into the ground. She buried her head and covered her ears, which inadvertently revealed the magnificent curves of her chest.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. The shape isn't particularly large, but it looks just the right size to fit perfectly in one hand. Not too thin, not too plump—absolutely perfect..."

"Shut up! Yan Xiaobao, you scoundrel!" Xia Rou could no longer keep crouching. Throwing caution to the wind, she bolted back into the bedroom and slammed the door shut with a resounding "bang."

"Graceful as a still maiden, energetic as a bounding rabbit. That jump just now—it was even more mesmerizing. I'm done for, I'm done for..."

"You damn pervert!" Xia Rou dove onto the bed, grabbing a pillow to bury her burning face.

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After some time, Xia Rou's heartbeat gradually returned to normal. She was just about to open the wardrobe to find some clothes to put on.

"Knock, knock, knock!" Yan Xiaobao lightly tapped on the door.

"What do you want!" Xia Rou snapped angrily.

"Rourou, you promised to wear the nightgown for me, didn't you? I brought the nightgown for you."

"..." Xia Rou's vision went black as she nearly fainted.

She was already mortified just wearing her underwear, and now this little pervert wanted her to wear the nightgown? Outrageous!

"You like nightgowns so much? Why don't you wear it yourself and look at yourself all you want!" Xia Rou vowed in frustration: from now on, she would never wear nightgowns again. Even at home to sleep, she'd wear jeans—long and tight ones!

"This kind of nightgown only looks good when Rourou wears it." Yan Xiaobao silently made up his mind—he would make sure Xia Rou wore it, and he'd buy her even more of these beautiful nightgowns in the future.

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Meanwhile, Luo Jianbi, stuck in the bushes in the "Black Tiger Heart Stealing" stance, swore with killing intent: Young man, you wait! I'll make you kneel before me and beg for mercy! No... I'll make you kneel before me while I toy with your Rourou!

"Love isn't something you can sell, or buy just because you want..."

At that moment, his phone started ringing.

Unfortunately, Luo Jianbi couldn't speak or move. He desperately wanted to answer the call and seek help but could only watch helplessly as "Love Isn't Bought" played for 45 seconds, then went silent.

"Hey? Did you just hear something like a phone ringtone over here?"

"Yeah, I heard it. It's nearby. Why don't we see anyone though?"

"Must've been someone who dropped their phone."

Two men chatted just outside the bushes.

Luo Jianbi instantly became excited, praying for the phone to ring again and attract their attention so he could be rescued.

By now, having maintained the "Black Tiger Heart Stealing" pose for hours, his body was completely drained, his limbs aching. If he had to stay here for a whole day and night, his arms and legs would surely be ruined.

Seemingly moved by his silent prayers, the heavens answered as the upbeat tune of "Love Isn't Bought" started playing once more.

"Love isn't something you can sell, or buy just because you want..."

"There it is! It's in this green belt." One of the men stepped into the greenery, following the sound toward the bushes, with the other close behind.

The two spotted Luo Jianbi frozen in the "Black Tiger Heart Stealing" stance and stared in confusion. The red-haired country-style youth chuckled awkwardly, "Whoa! Big bro, training again?"

Luo Jianbi rolled his eyes at the redhead and moved his pupils sideways twice, indicating denial.

"Big bro, no need to stop because of us. Keep training, we won't interrupt." The redhead pulled his yellow-haired companion and prepared to leave.

"Xiong Da, why didn't he answer his phone?" The yellow-haired young man, who adored watching "The Bear Bears," had named himself and his buddy "Xiong Da" and "Xiong Er" respectively.

"Yeah..." Red Bear the First turned back to look at Luo Jianbi, suspicion filling his eyes.

"Xiong Da, do you think he's trained so much he's gone mad? Is that why he can't move?" Yellow-haired Bear Two ventured—besides "The Bear Bears," he also devoured martial hero and fantasy novels.

"Could be." Red Bear the First nodded, then walked toward Luo Jianbi. Hesitating slightly, he asked, "Big bro, did your training mess up? You can't move now? Want me to answer your phone for you?"

Luo Jianbi gazed at Red Bear the First and moved his pupils up and down as if agreeing.

Seeing Luo Jianbi's apparent approval, Red Bear the First reached into his pants pocket and pulled out the ringing phone. Giddy, he waved at Yellow-haired Bear Two, "Xiong Er, come over! Look, this is the iPhone X you drool over every day and dream of owning!"

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Chapter 33: Chapter 33 Kind-hearted Xiong Er

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"It really is an iPhone X!" Red Bear the Second snatched the iPhone X out of Xiong Da's hand, shouting like a tech reviewer, "Apple's latest flagship model, featuring an all-new design, equipped with a stunning OLED display, upgraded camera, 3D facial recognition sensor for unlocking, supports AirPower wireless charging, starting price of 8,388 yuan..."

Red Bear the Second had apparently watched the iPhone X commercials countless times, to the point that he could recite the specs by heart.

"I dream of owning an iPhone X! Xiong Da, can I have it?"

"Uh..." Yellow-haired Bear hesitated for a moment as Xiong Er's words sparked an idea in his mind. His eyes darted around before landing on Luo Jianbi. "Big brother, my brother Xiong Er really likes your phone, how about you give it to him?"

Give it to your brother-in-law! I just bought this thing; over eight thousand yuan—you think I can just hand it over to a stranger?

Unfortunately, Luo Jianbi's inner thoughts couldn't articulate themselves aloud.

"Since you're silent, I'll take that as a yes!" Yellow-haired Bear gave Xiong Er a sly wink. "Xiong Er, this big brother is giving you such an expensive phone—go ahead and thank him properly!"

"Thank you, big brother!" Yellow-haired Bear Two actually bowed politely to Luo Jianbi.

Thank your entire family! Luo Jianbi was so furious his face turned even darker, but he thought to himself, as long as these two young punks helped him call the police or summon an ambulance, eight thousand yuan would be worth it. Better that than suffering through the night.

Xiong Er fiddled with the phone for a while, then, looking sheepishly at Xiong Da, said, "It feels wrong for only me to get a gift..."

"At least you've got some conscience. But don't worry..." Red Bear the First's gaze toward Luo Jianbi grew even more malicious. "This big brother is clearly a generous guy—he won't mind giving me a little present too."

Luo Jianbi's heart skipped a beat. It dawned on him at last: these two brothers roaming around in the dead of night certainly weren't up to anything good.

Red Bear circled Luo Jianbi, sizing him up from head to toe before his eyes suddenly lit up. "Whoa, big brother, this watch looks pretty nice..."

As he spoke, Red Bear brazenly took the watch off Luo Jianbi's wrist. Although the watch wasn't gold, the crown logo glimmering on the dial made it easily recognizable to him.

This is a Rolex!

"Big brother is so magnanimous; surely, you wouldn't mind gifting this Rolex to your little brother, right?" Red Bear the First chuckled, slipping the watch onto his own wrist.

Luo Jianbi felt like he might cough up blood!

Taking the iPhone X was one thing—eight thousand yuan wasn't a huge sum. But this Rolex was worth over eight thousand euros! Not to mention, this specific model, the Rolex Datejust 41 Two-tone Jubilee, was a commemorative edition released when tennis legend Federer claimed his eighth Wimbledon title and 19th Grand Slam—a piece of history!

And now it was simply stolen away...

"Xiong Da, your watch is worth way more than my phone..." Xiong Er grumbled, feeling a pang of jealousy. But he quickly noticed the gold chain around Luo Jianbi's neck. "Big brother, why don't you gift me this gold chain too? Thanks in advance!"

"Big brother, that Playboy shirt you're wearing doesn't quite match your classy vibe..."

"Hey, big brother... isn't LV a women's brand? You're so generous; it doesn't suit you to wear an LV belt. It's totally inappropriate. Let's swap, okay? You're welcome!"

"Big brother, those shoes of yours..."

"Xiong Er!" Red Bear the First interrupted his brother with mock moral outrage. "You absolutely cannot wear someone else's shoes!"

"Why not?"

"Do you like wearing abandoned shoes or something?"

"Uh..." Yellow-haired Bear Two tilted his head thoughtfully before answering earnestly, "I do."

Red Bear the First: "..."

"Xiong Da, help me out here." Yellow-haired Bear Two struggled to tug Luo Jianbi's Wolverine leather shoes off.

In his "Black Tiger Heart Stealing" pose, Luo Jianbi's stance was solid, his base unwavering. Removing his shoes wasn't going to be easy.

"You idiot! Wouldn't it be smarter to knock him down first?"

The two brothers joined forces—one lifting his shoulders, the other hoisting his legs—to lay Luo Jianbi sideways on the ground. Finally, Xiong Er managed to claim his "abandoned shoes."

At this point, Luo Jianbi—once impeccably dressed in an ensemble worth six figures—was left wearing nothing but his underwear and socks.

Yellow-haired Bear Two rifled through Luo Jianbi's Goldlion wallet, pulling out over ten crisp red bills. He stuffed a single twenty yuan note back inside before hiding the wallet in the bushes, then kindly said to Luo Jianbi, "Big brother, I've left your ID, driver's license, and bank cards intact. Plus, I gave you twenty yuan—you can use it to catch a taxi home tomorrow."

Stripped of everything, Luo Jianbi gritted his teeth in fury, but there was nothing he could do.

You little punks! How dare you steal from me! You've got the guts of a bear and a leopard! Just wait till tomorrow—I'll track you down and chop off those filthy bear paws of yours!

Lying on the grass, Luo Jianbi burned with rage.

Still, lying there was at least easier than standing. The lost possessions could be recovered. As long as he made it through the night, everything would be fine.

With their loot secured, the brothers cheerfully prepared to disappear and fence their spoils.

Suddenly, Yellow-haired Bear Two had another pang of conscience. "Xiong Da, it's cool at night, but the grass is cold and damp, especially with morning dew. Just leaving big brother here feels wrong..."

Red Bear the First thought it over and nodded. "You're right; big brother's given us so many gifts—we shouldn't let him catch a cold. Let's help him up."

No! Damn it, don't help me up—ahhh! Nooo!

As Luo Jianbi screamed silently in despair, the brothers dutifully lifted him back up, once again placing him in the "Black Tiger Heart Stealing" pose...

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That entire evening, Xia Rou stayed in her room and didn't come out—not even to cook dinner. She simply ordered two fast-food meals for delivery.

Yan Xiaobao seemed to understand when to hold back and not push too far; he didn't "bother" Xia Rou all night, letting her enjoy a peaceful evening.

Early the next morning, just as dawn broke, Yan Xiaobao excitedly knocked on the door. "Rourou, time to get up!"

After a good night's sleep, Xia Rou was already awake but grumbled irritably, "It's not even sunrise yet! Why so early?"

Outside the door, Yan Xiaobao called out enthusiastically, "I'm free today! Let's go to your family's place to treat your sister!"

"You're free, but I'm busy. Let's wait till I'm done with this period!" Having been about to get up, Xia Rou sank back into her bed, using the pillow to cover her head.

Torn by inner conflict, Xia Rou wrestled with her growing doubts—should she bring Yan Xiaobao back home to treat her sister or not...

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Chapter 34: Chapter 34 I Don't Want You to Be My Wife

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Xia Rou didn't take him along when treating patients, so she couldn't truly be counted as his wife yet. Yan Xiaobao felt a little frustrated but was helpless. When Xia Rou left again to see another patient, he sat alone at the entrance of Dexi Hall and started mulling over an idea:

Rourou's out practicing medicine, Wife Tiantian is off who knows where, and Wife Xiao Wan can't be reached for now. So today, I'll go find Wife Bingbing and build some rapport.

"Xiao Chong," Yan Xiaobao called out to Chen Long, who was wiping down the herbal medicine cabinet.

In Yan Xiaobao's eyes, Chen Long didn't live up to his name as a "dragon," so he refused to call him Little Dragon. The nickname "Little Worm" sounded way too gross, and considering that Chen Long might become his brother-in-law one day, he decided to show some respect. Hence, he settled on the nickname "Xiao Chong."

"Brother Bao, what is it?" Chen Long eagerly dashed over.

"How do I get to the Patrol Office?" Last time, Yan Xiaobao went to the Patrol Office in Han Ruobing's car, but he'd spent the entire time admiring her profile and hadn't bothered to remember the route.

Chen Long responded, "Head out to the street corner and take a bus—routes 165, 173, or 223 will all get you there."

Yan Xiaobao thought for a moment, then said, "Rourou isn't around, and taking the bus is no fun. I'll grab a cab instead. Do you have any money?"

"Uh..." Chen Long dug through his pockets, pulled out a handful of crumpled bills, counted about sixty or seventy yuan, and handed it to Yan Xiaobao. "Is this enough?"

"How would I know?" Yan Xiaobao widened his eyes. He had no idea how much a round trip to the Patrol Office would cost by cab.

"For just going to the Patrol Office, a round trip should be enough."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao didn't waste another word, grabbed the money, and left.

"Living off us for free and taking our money—such thick skin!" Zheng Xiaoyu muttered under her breath, directing her complaint at Yan Xiaobao's departing figure.

Though Zheng Xiaoyu's voice was soft, Yan Xiaobao could hear her loud and clear.

Yan Xiaobao turned back with a grin and said, "My wife's money is my money, and my brother-in-law's money is my money too. But don't worry—I wouldn't take your money. With your small chest, you could never be one of my wives anyway."

"You..." Zheng Xiaoyu straightened her chest. "Who says I'm small? I'm a B-cup, okay?"

"Careful wearing such thick pads in this heat—you might get a rash," Yan Xiaobao retorted as he walked away briskly.

"You scoundrel!" Zheng Xiaoyu's face turned completely red, equal parts mortified and enraged.

Chen Long, who was behind the counter, glanced at Zheng Xiaoyu's "B" cup, muttering, "Actually... some people do like smaller breasts..."

"Get lost!"

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Standing at the street corner trying to hail a cab, Yan Xiaobao decided to give Han Ruobing a call.

"I'm busy with a case—no time," Han Ruobing said curtly before hanging up immediately.

She wasn't trying to brush him off—Han Ruobing was genuinely dealing with a critical case where lives hung in the balance.

At the inpatient tower of Binhai Medical University Second Hospital, red and blue police lights flashed everywhere. The Third Team of Baofeng District Patrol, led by Han Ruobing, was the first to arrive on the scene.

On the 12th floor of the inpatient building, a medical dispute had escalated into a full-blown crisis. A highly unstable patient, wielding a surgical knife, had taken a nurse hostage and was now locked in a standoff with the patrol officers.

Han Ruobing was coordinating her team to evacuate patients from nearby wards, stabilize the extremist patient's emotions, and control the situation while waiting for the Chief Constable to deploy a sniper team.

With such heavy responsibility and overwhelming pressure, she had no time to take Yan Xiaobao's calls.

Yet Yan Xiaobao persisted, calling over and over without giving up. If Han Ruobing didn't take a moment to properly address him, he'd keep calling until her phone died.

Unable to ignore it any longer, Han Ruobing instructed Constable Xing to take over command temporarily. She stepped into the hallway and picked up the phone. "Yan Xiaobao, what do you want? I'm incredibly busy right now! Can you stop pestering me and let me finish my work first, alright?"

"Bingbing, are you busy?" Yan Xiaobao asked excitedly. "Perfect timing—I can help you! I'll sort everything out quickly, and then you can come enjoy some lobster with me, okay?"

Han Ruobing was exasperated. "Just don't make things worse for me—that would be a big help in itself!"

"How could I mess things up for you? I'm super capable! Bingbing, where are you right now?"

"Binhai Medical University Second Hospital," she replied.

Knowing he wouldn't give up, Han Ruobing decided to tell him outright to save time. Besides, the inpatient building was fully locked down, and there was no way Yan Xiaobao would be able to get in anyway.

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A short while later, Baofeng District's Patrol Office Chief Constable Zhang Zhixue arrived in person with a carefully trained team. The hospital's director, Zhang Hongde, led a group of senior executives to meet him at the entrance of the inpatient tower to discuss countermeasures.

Given that Zhang Hongde was Zhang Zhixue's father, the two skipped all formalities and began deliberating solutions right away. Poor handling of this hostage incident could negatively impact both of them in major ways.

"Time is of the essence—any delay, even a minute, could lead to unforeseen outcomes. My suggestion: immediately deploy the snipers and neutralize the suspect," Zhang Zhixue decisively advised.

In hostage situations, the top priority is ensuring the safety of the hostages. The suspect's life or death is secondary.

Zhang Hongde considered this carefully. "Simply neutralizing the target may cause... too much backlash. I think we should take a two-pronged approach—send in negotiation experts while simultaneously positioning the snipers."

"Alright." Zhang Zhixue didn't waste time and issued the orders immediately. Negotiators and snipers began their respective preparations.

Meanwhile, a commotion unexpectedly broke out nearby.

"Hey! I'm here to find my Bingbing—if you keep blocking me, I'll have to deal with you!" Yan Xiaobao had arrived at the scene but was stopped by the perimeter patrol, who refused to let him inside.

The patrol officer tried reasoning with him, "There's a critical incident happening here—no one is allowed in or out. When it's resolved, you can come find your wife."

Yan Xiaobao replied, "I'm here to help Bingbing with this critical incident!"

The officer gave him a dubious look. "Who's your wife?"

"Han Ruobing," he declared.

"Nonsense!"

Everyone in Baofeng District's patrol teams knew who Han Ruobing was—she was single, with no husband in sight.

"Move over now, or we'll charge you with obstructing official duties and take you in!" The officer sternly warned, reaching out to push Yan Xiaobao back toward the perimeter.

"Ow!" Anyone who tried to touch Yan Xiaobao inevitably ended up with a twisted wrist, crying out in pain and crumpling to the ground.

"Let him go right now!" Several perimeter patrol officers rushed over, guns drawn and pointed at Yan Xiaobao.

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Chapter 35: Chapter 35: Dammit, I'll beat you to death!

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"Stop!" As soon as Zhang Hongde and Zhang Zhixue, father and son, heard the commotion and arrived, they immediately recognized Yan Xiaobao. They hurriedly ordered the patrol officers to put down their guns and stepped forward to diffuse the situation.

"Mr. Yan, let's talk this out. Please let him go first," Zhang Zhixue pleaded politely.

Seeing Zhang Zhixue's respectful attitude, Yan Xiaobao loosened his grip.

The patrol officer, noticing how even their Chief Constable was being courteous to this young man, quickly lost his temper and slunk off to the side to massage his sore wrist.

"Divine Doctor Yan, I didn't expect to meet you this soon. Last time on the flight, if it weren't for your timely treatment, I fear my old life would've ended up staying on that plane," Zhang Hongde said warmly, thanking him again.

"I was just helping my Rourou out," Yan Xiaobao waved dismissively. "I don't have time to chit-chat with you guys now. Step aside and let me find Bingbing."

Both Rourou and Bingbing? Zhang Hongde, his son, and the surrounding patrol officers had their heads full of black lines.

"Um..." Zhang Zhixue began hesitantly, "Han Ruobing is currently on duty, so I'm afraid..."

Yan Xiaobao narrowed his eyes and prepared to snap.

"Don't rush, don't rush!" Zhang Hongde quickly interjected, "I say, let Divine Doctor Yan go up. Last time on the flight, with four armed hijackers and over 200 passengers, didn't Divine Doctor Yan resolve the crisis in minutes? Today it's just one knife-wielding patient; shouldn't be a problem."

Zhang Zhixue, of course, knew Yan Xiaobao's abilities. Just yesterday, he'd caused chaos at the Patrol Office by confiscating Constable Shi Jianzhong's gun.

His hesitation stemmed from the fact that while the hijacking incident occurred on a high-altitude flight where ground military and police couldn't intervene, making it fair game for any capable civilian, this hostage situation was happening on his turf with over a hundred patrol officers on site. If they still needed a civilian like Yan Xiaobao to resolve it, wouldn't their entire Patrol Office look utterly useless?

A father knows his son best, and Zhang Hongde promptly guessed Zhang Zhixue's concerns. He urged again, "Lives are at stake; rescuing the hostages is the priority. It's crucial to avoid harming the suspect too. Nothing else matters."

Disputes between patients and hospitals that escalate into a shooting—while legal—are hardly ideal events from an ethical standpoint. Both hospital director Zhang Hongde and Chief Constable Zhang Zhixue felt the same.

Considering this, Zhang Zhixue nodded in agreement, "Then I'll leave it to you, Mr. Yan."

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On the 12th floor of the inpatient building, Han Ruobing issued orders sternly: "Negotiators and snipers, take position immediately. Closely monitor the situation. Ensure the safety of both hostages and negotiators above all else."

"Yes!" A dozen patrol officers responded in low voices.

Suddenly, a wildly incongruous voice interrupted, "Bingbing! I'm here!"

Han Ruobing turned her head, dumbfounded by the sight of Yan Xiaobao cheerfully walking toward her, "You... how did you get up here?"

Yan Xiaobao replied: "I took the elevator."

"We're in the middle of an operation! How could you, a... random civilian, get up here?" Han Ruobing asked incredulously, then grew alarmed, "You didn't beat up the patrol officers downstairs, did you?"

"At first, they tried to stop me from coming up here to help Bingbing catch the bad guy. I was about to knock them all down," Yan Xiaobao said nonchalantly. "But then your leader Zhang Zhixue showed up and let me come up to help Bingbing."

"You..." Han Ruobing felt her head start to ache, utterly speechless.

Constable Xing and the other patrol officers were too scared to utter a word. This guy was just too outrageous—anyone who crossed him ended up miserable. And with Chief Zhang backing him, getting beaten up would be for nothing. Just like yesterday, when Constable Shi Jianzhong got taught a lesson and was ordered to take leave for reflection.

"Is the bad guy inside?" Yan Xiaobao glanced at the patrol officers stationed outside the hospital room door and said excitedly, "Bingbing, wait here. I'll go catch the bad guy quickly, then you can come with me to eat lobster."

"Stop!" Han Ruobing immediately commanded, "Capturing suspects is our responsibility and duty as patrol officers. You're not an officer; you have no authority to apprehend anyone."

"Bingbing's responsibility and duty are my responsibility and duty," Yan Xiaobao declared before storming into the hospital room like a whirlwind.

Han Ruobing gasped and rushed in behind him, drawing her firearm and shouting, "Quick! Protect the hostages!"

She feared Yan Xiaobao's reckless interference might cost the hostages their lives, which would spell disaster.

"Ah!" As Han Ruobing dashed into the room, she felt her vision blur. Before she could react, she collided into Yan Xiaobao's arms, her head tilting instinctively—causing her lips to press against his cheek.

Yan Xiaobao hugged Han Ruobing's slender waist tightly and grinned, "Bingbing, I caught the bad guy for you. You should kiss me as a reward, but you can wait until we're alone. No need to rush."

"..." Han Ruobing was utterly stunned, having never been this close to a man before.

Yan Xiaobao's incredible speed was the sole culprit; within moments, he'd subdued the suspect and dashed back out.

Only Yan Xiaobao himself would know whether he'd deliberately maneuvered Han Ruobing into his arms for a kiss.

"But Bingbing, since you kissed me, I'm really happy. Haha! Let me kiss you back to make you happy, too." Yan Xiaobao said, leaning in toward her.

"You bastard! I'll kill you!"

A furious and mortified Han Ruobing almost exploded. Losing all senses, she raised her gun and fired at Yan Xiaobao's mouth.

"Bang!"

The patrol officers present were all stunned.

The walkie-talkie buzzed with alarmed voices: "Report! Report! Gunfire heard!"

"Who fired? What's the status of the hostage? Sniper team, report now!" Zhang Zhixue shouted through the device.

"Sniper 1 reporting: No moves from the suspect, hostage is safe, no visible shooter."

"Sniper 2 reporting: Hostages have been successfully rescued, suspect subdued, no casualties at the scene."

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Half an hour later, inside the Chief Constable's office at the Baofeng Patrol Office.

Zhang Zhixue frowned as he interrogated Han Ruobing, "Explain the situation."

Han Ruobing pouted, tears welling up, refusing to speak.

"Firing in public, targeting an innocent civilian? What did your years at the police academy teach you? What have your years as a patrol officer amounted to?" Zhang Zhixue's tone grew heated. "Not to mention, Yan Xiaobao is the hero who rescued the hostage! You shot at him? Are you insane?"

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