

The Invincible Supreme Medical God

#Chapter 41 - Unleashing Fury - Read The Invincible Supreme Medical God Chapter 41 - Unleashing Fury

Chapter 41: Chapter 41 - Unleashing Fury

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After hanging up the phone, Luo Jianbi excitedly rubbed his hands together, his face full of malice as he stared at Xia Rou, "I never thought your young man would have such guts. Tonight I will teach him a lesson—teach him exactly how to write the word 'death'! I will make tonight the most humiliating and tragic memory of your pitiful lives!"

Xia Rou secretly breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing that Yan Xiaobao was coming.

Fortunately, Luo Jianbi was venomous, shameless, despicable, and depraved enough to want revenge for yesterday's humiliation while deliberately doing it in front of Yan Xiaobao to shame her. Otherwise, if Luo Jianbi had skipped calling Yan Xiaobao and acted directly against her, the consequences would have truly been unthinkable...

Xia Rou had already witnessed Yan Xiaobao's near-superhuman martial arts skills more than once. The dozen or so men and women in the private room were definitely no match for him. As long as Yan Xiaobao arrived, she would be saved—thank heavens...

Seeing Xia Rou gradually relax, Luo Jianbi also secretly heightened his vigilance.

Yesterday, Yan Xiaobao's display of acupoint-striking techniques was not something an ordinary person could possess. If Yan Xiaobao rushed in and his men couldn't handle him, the joke would go too far...

At this thought, Luo Jianbi immediately ordered his subordinates, "Go! Notify everyone to come over, and bring whatever weapons you can. Hide in the nearby private rooms, and as soon as a fight breaks out here, come in to provide backup."

"Boss, should we use the real goods?" One of Luo Jianbi's men gestured the shape of a handgun.

"Bring them, just in case."

In the worldly society, who hasn't faced conflict or danger? After being part of the underworld for so long, Luo Jianbi was no fool—he had plenty of experience.

Seeing Luo Jianbi's "all-out mobilization" setup, Xia Rou started to worry again.

Although she had heard that Yan Xiaobao had snatched a gun from an arrest officer while causing a ruckus at the Patrol Office, she hadn't seen the incident herself. She didn't know exactly how skilled he was at disarming weapons.

Now, seeing Luo Jianbi blatantly prepare an arsenal, completely disregarding the illegality of possessing firearms, Xia Rou's heart filled with unease once more.

If Yan Xiaobao failed to subdue these people and instead got caught by Luo Jianbi, the outcome would be even worse than her facing humiliation alone...

At this moment, Yan Xiaobao had already taken a cab and rushed to the entrance of the "Night Banquet" Entertainment City as quickly as possible. He didn't care how many bad guys were inside or whether they had real guns, fake guns, or air rifles—he headed straight in.

"Good evening, sir! Do you have a reservation?" The doorman at the Night Banquet greeted him politely.

"8888!" Normally talkative, Yan Xiaobao spoke only these four cold numbers.

He had never been this furious before. His wife had been kidnapped—it was utterly humiliating. If word spread, his junior brothers would laugh him to death.

Upon hearing the supreme VIP private room number, the doorman became even more accommodating and eagerly led the way. "This way, please."

When they reached the door of the 8888 supreme VIP private room, Yan Xiaobao didn't hesitate and pushed the door open directly.

The supreme VIP private room was enormous—it was nearly a hundred square meters. Inside, flashing lights illuminated dozens of shadowy figures. A quick count revealed there were about forty to fifty people, each armed with knives, guns, and clubs, their faces filled with murderous intentions.

But Yan Xiaobao didn't even glance at this crowd. His gaze immediately locked onto the sofa in the middle of the room, where Luo Jianbi and Xia Rou were seated.

Due to fear and extreme anxiety, Xia Rou's face looked pale. Her eyes were filled with terror and urgency, but her clothes were still intact, showing no signs of having been violated. freewebnovel.com

Yan Xiaobao let out a breath of relief, feeling reassured. As long as Xia Rou was unharmed, it was enough. Now that he was here, no matter how many opponents there were, it would be impossible for them to hurt her anymore.

The music had stopped, and the room fell deathly silent.

Luo Jianbi stood up and clapped his hands thrice—"clap, clap, clap"—as he stared at Yan Xiaobao with a sinister smirk. "Young man, you certainly have guts. Should I commend your courage, or should I mock your stupidity? You walk right into death's door, willingly. Don't worry, I won't disappoint you."

"I'll make you watch, wide-eyed, as I unlock all kinds of positions and fiercely have my way with Xia Rou before your very eyes! Tonight will become the most humiliating and unbearable memory of your lives!"

"I'll make you two lovers can't bear to look at each other again—every glance will remind you of this night! Ahahaha..."

The more Luo Jianbi spoke, the more excited and deranged he became. Xia Rou couldn't help but imagine the vile and shameful scenes he described, trembling in fear.

If things truly turned out like that, life would be worse than death—there would be no peace, even in the afterlife...

"Ugh... Such a headache..." Yan Xiaobao raised a hand and lightly tapped his forehead as if he were faced with an unsolvable puzzle.

"Headache?" Luo Jianbi froze momentarily, then sneered. "Relax, soon, I guarantee your head won't hurt anymore!"

"You..." Yan Xiaobao pointed at Luo Jianbi. "You're honestly the most despicable person I've ever met. I can't decide what kind of death you deserve—that's why my head hurts..."

"Damn it! Running your mouth even on the brink of death!" Luo Jianbi waved his hand fiercely, shouting, "Go! Kill that bastard!"

Immediately, forty to fifty thugs brandished their knives, clubs, and steel pipes, roaring as they charged at Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao stepped forward, grabbed the hair of the thug at the front, and swung him around forcefully, slamming his entire body like a sandbag.

"Boom—Argh—"

The thug turned into a human cannonball, crashing into the five or six people behind him and sending them sprawling to the ground, as if they were bowling pins.

The dense crowd split open, stunned into freezing in their tracks.

What kind of monster was this? A fully-grown man weighing over two hundred pounds in his hands felt lighter than a feather. People were used to fights, but nobody had ever fought like this...

While others were stunned, Yan Xiaobao didn't stop. He grabbed another unlucky soul and repeated the same move, sending seven or eight more flying.

"Boom—Argh—"

When he acted a third time, using a human cannonball to knock down yet another group, the remaining thirty-something thugs finally snapped out of it, terrified and scrambling backward to huddle in a corner.

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Chapter 42: Chapter 42 How do you want to die?

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This gang of world-weary thugs finally figured it out. That pale, harmless-looking young man was a total monster! Going toe-to-toe with him was practically a death wish!

"Don't come any closer, I surrender, big brother... Please, stop messing around..."

"It's not my fault, okay? I just took a two-hundred-dollar labor fee to come and back him up."

"Boss... We give up. Let's talk this through, no need to use force..."

The thugs huddled far away in a corner, packed so tightly together that the innermost layer looked like a human canvas. The scene was absurdly amusing.

Yan Xiaobao didn't even bother trying to grab one of them to throw around. He simply lifted the heavy marble table in the KTV private room with one hand.

Few people could guess how heavy the marble table in a KTV room was, but anyone who's been to a KTV knows—it's tough even to shift it slightly, so you can imagine the weight...

"Big brother, please don't throw it! People could die!"

"You can't smash us! Have mercy, big brother... I'll kneel down and sing 'Conquer' for you!"

"Help! Someone save us! Ahhh..."

Amid their terrified screams, Yan Xiaobao unhesitatingly hurled the enormous, unbearably heavy marble table straight at them...

"Boom!"

One loud crash later, the room went dead silent...

All the thugs were sprawled out on the ground, not moving or making a sound. Of those knocked out for real, the rest pretended to be unconscious with unwavering commitment, each resolved not to get back up—no matter what!

Yan Xiaobao ignored whether these weaklings were genuinely fainted or faking, truly dead or playing possum. He turned around and looked at Luo Jianbi. "Now it's your turn. So, how do you want to die?"

Luo Jianbi jolted awake, his terror-stricken eyes locking onto the monster-like young man. Trembling, he stammered to plead, "I... I... I'm sorry! Is it still not too late to beg for mercy?"

"What do you think?" Yan Xiaobao was never going to let Luo Jianbi off the hook. Anyone who dared to harm his wife was doomed—no negotiation.

Suddenly, Luo Jianbi steeled himself and pulled out a pistol, pressing it against Xia Rou's head. His bluster weakly masked his panic as he yelled, "Stay back, or I'll shoot her in the head!"

"Huh?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously, "You're not a cop, so where'd you get a gun?"

"Bet you didn't see that coming!" Luo Jianbi assumed Yan Xiaobao was rattled and laughed smugly. "No matter how skilled someone's Martial Arts are, they can't beat a kitchen knife. Even the best fighter can be taken down with a bullet! You, this scrappy young man—you can't beat my gun!"

For the first time in her life, Xia Rou had a gun aimed at her forehead. Her face turned paler than ever, but she instinctively yelled, "Run! Don't worry about me!"

"You're my wife—how could I not worry about you?" Yan Xiaobao replied casually. "Rourou, honey, don't be afraid. This dimwit doesn't even know how to use a gun. He hasn't even turned off the safety; how's he gonna shoot?"

"Uh..." Luo Jianbi hastily lifted the pistol to check.

In that instant, a blur of movement—Yan Xiaobao seemed to teleport, crossing four to five meters, appearing right in front of Luo Jianbi. Luo Jianbi felt his hand empty, only to find the gun now resting in Yan Xiaobao's grip.

"So, you tell me—how do you want to die?" Yan Xiaobao pressed the muzzle against Luo Jianbi's forehead.

Luo Jianbi's legs buckled, and he crumpled to his knees, stammering incoherently. Having a gun pointed at your head wasn't something just anyone could stomach.

"D-don't kill me... Killing someone... It's illegal..." Luo Jianbi's survival instinct eked out words of desperation, his voice trembling.

"You? You don't count as 'someone.'" Yan Xiaobao pulled the slide back with a resounding click, chambering a round.

"Don't sh—"

"Bang!"

Before Xia Rou could finish her sentence, Yan Xiaobao fired.

"Aargh—" Luo Jianbi clutched his thigh, blood gushing as he shrieked like a wounded animal.

"Whoa! You're bleeding a lot. You know, losing too much blood could be fatal," Yan Xiaobao commented, squatting down and lightly pressing a finger to Luo Jianbi's thigh to help stop the bleeding, appearing almost concerned.

"Th-thanks... Ow! It hurts... It hurts so much!" Luo Jianbi's scream grew even louder after the bleeding stopped.

"Hurts, does it? I only amplified your pain by a factor of two," Yan Xiaobao remarked nonchalantly, giving Luo Jianbi's shoulder a reassuring pat. "Keep enduring it. This is just the beginning."

"Huh?" Luo Jianbi was so terrified now that cold sweat poured down, distracting him even from the pain.

But Yan Xiaobao wasted no time. "Bang!" Another shot blasted into his other leg, and Luo Jianbi let out a piercing howl, nearly passing out from the agony.

"Why are you so pathetic?" Yan Xiaobao seemed genuinely annoyed, chastising him. "A real man doesn't flinch from a little bloodshed. This is minor stuff—grit your teeth and stop screaming. Otherwise, I'll amplify your pain by another factor."

"Mm-mmph..." Luo Jianbi clamped his mouth shut instantly, desperately swallowing his cries.

At this moment, he'd completely forgotten his pain. Another amplification meant he'd be wishing for death...

"Xiao Bao, stop!" Xia Rou, standing off to the side, could hardly bear the gruesome scene anymore and pleaded softly, "You've shot him twice already. Isn't that enough?"

"Enough? How's it enough?" Yan Xiaobao retorted earnestly, his tone unwavering. "This scumbag dared to kidnap my Rourou and even tried to humiliate you right in front of me. I have to give him the worst death imaginable so that no one will ever dare to harm my Rourou again."

Yan Xiaobao's words sent a surge of warmth through Xia Rou's heart, leaving her feeling inexplicably tender and weightless. Even the bloody scene before her seemed less horrifying now. freewebnovel.com

"Didn't you want me to stand by and watch as you humiliated Rourou?"

"Bang!" The third shot.

"Aaargh!!"

"Shut up! No more screaming like a banshee!"

"Mm..." Luo Jianbi suppressed another howl.

"Didn't you want Rourou to stand and watch as you put on a show with your men?"

"Bang!" The fourth shot.

"Mm... mm..." Luo Jianbi stifled his cries again.

"Didn't you want tonight to become the most humiliating, unforgettable memory of mine and Rourou's lives?"

"Bang!" The fifth shot.

Luo Jianbi shut his eyes in despair, utterly drained, too weak even to scream anymore.

"Xiao Bao, stop! If you keep this up, he's going to die," Xia Rou urged once more. "Even though he's the criminal here, killing him outright would still be illegal."

"Don't worry—I won't let him die so easily," Yan Xiaobao chuckled, baring his pearly white teeth. The sight alone made Luo Jianbi's heart convulse with terror.

"Today, you won't die. Tomorrow, you won't die either. I'll be sure to keep this going..." Yan Xiaobao tilted his head in thought. "Three days and nights? No! Seven days and nights. And then, then I'll let you die."

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Chapter 43: Chapter 43 Please Just Kill Me!

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"Don't! Just kill me..." Luo Jianbi couldn't bear it anymore and begged for death. "I beg you, please, just kill me! I don't want to live anymore..."

"That's not your call," Yan Xiaobao gave an innocuous smile, then raised his gun to aim for the next target.

No, Yan Xiaobao can't actually kill Luo Jianbi.

Xia Rou's thoughts raced, and she suddenly remembered something. She quickly said, "Xiao Bao, scum like him—killing him is far too easy. I have a better idea for an appropriate punishment."

"Oh? Rourou, my dear wife, do you want to play too?" Yan Xiaobao said, handing Xia Rou the gun.

Xia Rou waved her hand dismissively, "I'm not talking about shooting him. What I mean is, he kidnapped me and even tried to... to use force against me. That crime alone is enough to keep him locked up in prison for a lifetime. Spending a lifetime in prison, never being able to... to meet a woman again—that kind of punishment is worse than death."

"That's no fun," Yan Xiaobao interrupted Xia Rou. "Anyone who dares touch my wife—I have to deal with them personally."

"No, listen to me," Xia Rou pulled Han Ruobing into the conversation. "Your Bingbing—Bingbing, my dear wife—is an arrest officer, right? If you detain the perpetrator, she can solve a case and gain credit for it. She would definitely be thrilled."

"You're right!" Yan Xiaobao's eyes lit up immediately and turned to interrogate Luo Jianbi: "A while ago, my Bingbing wife found two dead bodies in the lake—one with red hair, the other with yellow hair—you're the killer, aren't you?"

At this moment, Luo Jianbi, preferring life in prison over being beaten to death for seven days and nights by Yan Xiaobao, nodded and confessed.

"Bingbing wife!" Yan Xiaobao excitedly dialed the phone and shared the good news with Han Ruobing.

Han Ruobing didn't fully believe Yan Xiaobao; this guy's actions and words were always bizarre and unreasonable.

But when Xia Rou took Yan Xiaobao's phone and briefly explained the situation, Han Ruobing promptly brought a team of patrol officers to the scene.

In the VIP Supreme room, the floor was strewn with low-level thugs, and Luo Jianbi lay amongst them with five bloody holes in his body. Han Ruobing didn't even bother asking what happened—she knew instantly it was Yan Xiaobao's handiwork.

"Take them all back for overnight interrogation," Han Ruobing ordered with authority. To the ears of the thugs, her commanding tone sounded heavenly. Several criminals revived almost instantly, eagerly cooperating and climbing into the police cars on their own.

This private room was far too dangerous; the Patrol Office's interrogation chamber seemed much safer...

Examining Luo Jianbi's injuries, Han Ruobing frowned. "All gunshot wounds—Yan Xiaobao, were these your doing?"

Yan Xiaobao's eyes darted, and he replied, "Bingbing wife, you know I don't even have a gun. All these knives, firearms, and clubs—they're his."

This sly fox!

Han Ruobing obviously understood his implication. These gunshot wounds were clearly inflicted by Xiaobao, but he neither wanted to lie to her nor foolishly take responsibility, so he resorted to an ambiguous excuse.

For reasons unknown, Han Ruobing followed up with a suggestive tone, asking Luo Jianbi, "Were these gunshot wounds self-inflicted?"

"Yes... yes, I shot myself... Can you call me an ambulance first?" At the mention of Yan Xiaobao calling Han Ruobing "Bingbing wife," Luo Jianbi realized he was entirely finished today. There was no chance of turning the tables, so he cooperatively sought relief.

A murder case and an attempted kidnapping and assault case—all solved within a couple of hours. Han Ruobing felt a wave of lightheartedness.

After wrapping up everything at the scene, Han Ruobing issued a satisfied command: "Pack it up!"

As Han Ruobing was preparing to leave, Yan Xiaobao opened his mouth to speak. But she gave him a sidelong glance and said, "Your Rourou wife suffered a terrible fright tonight. Shouldn't you take her home and comfort her properly?"

Yan Xiaobao thought for a moment, then nodded, "Alright, I'll come find you tomorrow..."

"No time!" Han Ruobing turned and walked away.

"No time? Then I'll have Chief Zhang give you a few days off." Yan Xiaobao teased.

Han Ruobing faltered in her stride, nearly tripping, and quickly sped away.

...

Back at home, Xia Rou was utterly drained. After such a perilous evening, any normal person would be at their limit.

She barely managed to shower, not even bothering with her nightgown's length or thickness, before rushing to her room to lie down.

Though physically exhausted, her overstimulated mind refused to calm down, keeping her awake.

Weird, chaotic thoughts endlessly raced through her brain, tormenting her.

"Rourou wife, are you having trouble sleeping?" Yan Xiaobao's voice called out from outside the door.

"How do you know?" Xia Rou weakly replied.

"I could hear Rourou wife's breathing—it sounds erratic," Yan Xiaobao explained, chuckling. "How about I come in and hold you until you fall asleep peacefully?"

"Cut it out!" Xia Rou silently lamented. This guy—always looking for ways to take advantage.

"I'm serious." Yan Xiaobao continued earnestly. "You can even ask Bingbing wife. I held her while she slept this entire afternoon, and she slept like a baby."

Xia Rou: "..."

She's seen eccentric people before, but never anyone quite as peculiar as Yan Xiaobao... Trying to convince a woman to let him stay in her bed by using another woman as an example—what kind of logic is this?

Calling Han Ruobing "Bingbing wife" right in front of Xia Rou, calling Xia Rou "Rourou wife" right in front of Han Ruobing... and then there are "Xiao Wan wife" and "Tiantian wife"...

In this man's eyes, what on earth does "wife" even mean?

"You..." Xia Rou saw Yan Xiaobao push open the bedroom door and walk in. "What are you doing in here?"

"If Rourou wife doesn't say anything, I'll take that as consent." Yan Xiaobao argued with confidence.

Xia Rou wanted to tell him off and send him away, but the events of the evening had truly scared her. Seeing Yan Xiaobao now inexplicably brought her a sense of safety, and she chose to remain silent.

Yan Xiaobao carefully climbed onto the bed, as if trying not to disturb Xia Rou.

Then, she felt his warm arms gently wrap around her, pulling her into his embrace. Reflexively, she struggled for a moment but lacked the strength to break free.

Besides, at this moment, what could feel safer to a frightened woman than a warm hug?

Even more crucially, after tonight's ordeal, Xia Rou seemed to have gained a new "understanding."

If Yan Xiaobao hadn't arrived in time earlier, she might have already been violated by Luo Jianbi. The shame and disgrace... the utter despair... would have been unbearable.

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Chapter 44: Chapter 44 Xia Rou's Realization

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Compared to Luo Jianbi, Yan Xiaobao was clearly much better. Though his flirtatious ways were downright unreliable, he actually wasn't a bad person, nor was he detestable.

I've guarded my chastity for twenty-four years, enduring all kinds of open and covert schemes and conspiracies—it hasn't been easy at all.

This world is full of wolves in sheep's clothing, as numerous as cattle in the field. Today I managed to avoid Luo Jianbi's trap, but who knows if tomorrow I won't fall into the hands of "Zhang Jianbi," "Li Jianbi," or "Wang Jianbi"?

Rather than have it forcibly taken by the kind of scum I loathe the most, maybe it's better to...

If tonight Yan Xiaobao insists on doing something to me, then... then let him have the bargain.

...

Sure, maybe this "epiphany" was an extreme mindset born of Xia Rou facing intense danger. But regardless, tonight was undoubtedly a perfect "golden opportunity" for Yan Xiaobao.

However, after holding Xia Rou tightly, Yan Xiaobao didn't move to any further intimate actions. Instead, he simply extended a hand and gently stroked Xia Rou's hair.

His movements were so light, so tender, and so loving... Xia Rou felt waves of faint tingling spreading through her body, exceptionally comfortable, and her heart gradually loosened up.

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When she opened her eyes again, the sky was already bright. The radiant sunlight streamed into the room, filling it with golden brilliance.

"Rourou darling, you're awake." Yan Xiaobao's smiling face appeared before Xia Rou, "See? Like I said! Holding you like this, I can guarantee you'll sleep soundly, peacefully, and sweetly."

Xia Rou instinctively nodded.

She really did sleep soundly and comfortably through the night—no nightmares at all—her entire body and mind fully relaxed and rested. It felt a bit unbelievable.

Even more unbelievable was...

She realized her underwear and nightdress were all perfectly in place, without any sign of being taken advantage of.

Isn't this guy supposed to be the most flirtatious and pervy? How could nothing have happened at all after an entire night?

Did Yan Xiaobao turn over a new leaf, or... did he hold back rather than exploit her in her most exhausted and vulnerable state?

At that moment, Xia Rou's impression of Yan Xiaobao took a complete 180-degree turn.

But before the turn could fully complete, Yan Xiaobao leaned in with his cheeky grin, "Rourou darling, shouldn't you give me a kiss as a reward?"

"Get lost!" Xia Rou shoved Yan Xiaobao's face away forcefully.

After a night of recuperation, Xia Rou's mind had mostly returned to normal, and the "epiphany" from the previous night had more or less disappeared into thin air.

As the saying goes, "Take the flower while it's blooming; act when the time is ripe."

If the chance at this village is missed, who knows when the next inn will come along...

"Rourou darling, it's still early, let's sleep a little longer." Yan Xiaobao said, reaching out to pull Xia Rou back into his arms.

Just then, Xia Rou's phone rang.

Zheng Xiaoyu called to say there was an emergency patient at the clinic and asked Xia Rou to quickly come over and take a look.

Yan Xiaobao had no choice but to watch as Xia Rou got up to wash and dress.

However, what delighted Yan Xiaobao was that the golden sunlight illuminated Xia Rou, and with her short and thin nightdress, the view was absolutely stunning.

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Arriving at Dexi Hall, Zheng Xiaoyu explained the situation to Xia Rou.

The patient had stayed at Binhai Medical University Second Hospital for a week without any improvement, almost draining his funds on medical bills. With no money left, the hospital was going to stop treatment. Helpless, he heard of Doctor Xia's "Miracle Needle" reputation for extraordinary medical skills and affordable fees nearby and came seeking help.

Xia Rou didn't say much and immediately got to work diagnosing the patient, fully absorbed in her examination.

Feeling bored, Yan Xiaobao left on his own to visit the Patrol Office so he could play with his Bingbing darling.

At Baofeng District Patrol Third Team, Yan Xiaobao ran into Han Ruobing's deputy, Constable Xing.

Constable Xing greeted Yan Xiaobao warmly, "Mr. Yan, thanks to you for helping us crack the case. Chief Zhang is in an excellent mood and gave the whole team a day off."

Yan Xiaobao seemed disappointed, "Huh? So my Bingbing darling isn't here?"

Constable Xing smiled and said, "We worked all night interrogating and closing the case, just wrapped up, and are getting ready to go rest. Chief Han hasn't left yet; she should still be in her office tidying up, preparing to head home."

Upon hearing this, Yan Xiaobao bolted toward Han Ruobing's office, feeling giddy with joy.

Han Ruobing must be exhausted after working all night, ready to sleep at home, and he could hold his Bingbing darling in his arms again.

Yesterday afternoon, he held Bingbing and slept half the day; last night, he held Rourou and slept the whole night; this morning, he could hold Bingbing to sleep again—life couldn't be sweeter!

"Bingbing darling, let's go home and sleep!" Yan Xiaobao burst excitedly into Han Ruobing's office.

"What are you doing here again?" Han Ruobing, who had been in a great mood, instantly felt annoyed at the sight of Yan Xiaobao.

"Bingbing darling, you've worked all night, you must be exhausted, let me take you home to sleep!"

"I'm not tired, and I don't want to sleep." Han Ruobing had worked all night but didn't feel too exhausted. After being held by Yan Xiaobao for a nap yesterday afternoon, she was surprisingly full of energy and in excellent shape.

"Not sleeping, huh..." Yan Xiaobao immediately suggested, "Then let's go out and play!"

"No time!"

"What?" Yan Xiaobao asked in surprise, "Didn't I help you crack the case last night, and Chief Zhang gave you all a day off? How come you're still busy?"

Han Ruobing knew if she didn't offer an explanation, Yan Xiaobao would pester her endlessly, so she told him directly, "I've already made plans to go to the gym with my cousin."

"No wonder Bingbing darling has such a great figure—it's because you like working out," Yan Xiaobao said as he ogled Han Ruobing from top to bottom with his glances. "I'm going too."

Knowing there was no way to shake Yan Xiaobao off, Han Ruobing didn't bother wasting time. She grabbed her things directly and headed to the car, driving to Jiuzhou Fitness Club.

Jiuzhou was a huge, comprehensive fitness club featuring not only workout rooms but swimming pools, tennis courts, ping pong, badminton, yoga, boxing, mixed martial arts, and a variety of other sports activities.

Just as they got out of the car, a tall, ponytailed girl walked over, waving at Han Ruobing, "Sister Bingbing, you're so punctual! Eh?"

The tall girl approached and carefully looked Yan Xiaobao over. Suddenly, she remembered, "It's you!"

The girl was none other than Binhai Heroine Ye Shanshan, who had mistaken Yan Xiaobao for a pervert last time when he was on the bus with Xia Rou. With his sharp eyes, Yan Xiaobao recognized her instantly. But since he had no interest in the so-called "Binhai Heroine," he couldn't be bothered to greet her.

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Chapter 45: Chapter 45: The Verbal-Strong King

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"Do you know him?" Han Ruobing asked in surprise.

"Not really, just saw him before." Ye Shanshan cast a sidelong glance at Yan Xiaobao, her expression unpleasant. "Last time on the bus, I saw him acting like a pervert..."

"Hey!" Yan Xiaobao interrupted Ye Shanshan unhappily. "When did I act like a pervert? That was my wife, Rourou, okay? Bingbing, don't listen to her nonsense!"

"What did you say? Bingbing... wife?" Ye Shanshan's eyes widened in surprise as she looked at Yan Xiaobao and then at Han Ruobing. "Sister Bingbing, don't tell me you're actually with him..."

"Don't listen to his nonsense!" Han Ruobing said irritably as she took a fitness bag from the trunk and walked toward the club.

"Calling people 'wife' at random, and still claiming not to be a pervert!" Ye Shanshan rolled her eyes at Yan Xiaobao, turned, and followed Han Ruobing.

"First, I'm not a pervert. Second, I don't call people 'wife' randomly." Yan Xiaobao seriously corrected Ye Shanshan, "For example, someone like you—even if you begged me on your knees, I wouldn't accept you as a wife."

"Who cares!" Ye Shanshan pouted without turning her head. "Ridiculous!"

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Through the floor-to-ceiling glass walls in the corridor, Yan Xiaobao spotted a few girls in the gym wearing tight, stretchy tank tops and shorts while working out, and his eyes lit up with delight.

Turns out working out is so much fun! If those clothes were on the super-hot body of Bingbing, they'd look amazing!

Unfortunately, when Han Ruobing emerged after changing clothes, Yan Xiaobao's hopes were instantly dashed.

Han Ruobing had originally planned to work out, but since this little lecher Yan Xiaobao had tagged along, she changed her plan. No gym—karate it is.

So, at the moment, Han Ruobing was dressed in a loose, pure-white karate uniform. The tight tank top and shorts Yan Xiaobao had been looking forward to were hiding underneath...

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As soon as they walked into the dojo, Han Ruobing and Ye Shanshan immediately drew everyone's attention.

There was no need to introduce Han Ruobing; her looks alone were almost out of this world. Even in a loose karate uniform, her tall and stunning figure couldn't be concealed.

Though Ye Shanshan wasn't up to Yan Xiaobao's "Dharma Eye" standards, she was undeniably a beauty as well.

Han Ruobing and Ye Shanshan had just started warming up when three or four men slowly approached, clearly intending to strike up conversations.

Yan Xiaobao swept his gaze around the room, displeased, and muttered to Han Ruobing as he walked up next to her, "So boring. Just a bunch of amateurs clashing, not interesting at all. Bingbing, let's go back to working out."

"Amateurs clashing? What are you even talking about!" Ye Shanshan amplified Yan Xiaobao's relatively quiet comment by five times, immediately provoking public outrage.

Over twenty karate practitioners in white uniforms with variously colored belts—red, yellow, black—surrounded them angrily, fixing their fierce gazes on Yan Xiaobao.

The lead coach spoke in a low voice, "Amateurs clashing? Kid, who're you calling that!"

Seeing that Yan Xiaobao once again stirred up trouble out of nowhere, Han Ruobing, unwilling to escalate things, had no choice but to step in and explain helplessly, "Sorry, my friend doesn't understand karate; he's just talking nonsense, please don't take it to heart."

With such a gorgeous woman stepping in to smooth things over, the crowd's anger dissipated immediately. The coach was about to seize the chance to strike up a conversation with Han Ruobing when Yan Xiaobao spoke first:

"Bingbing, I wasn't talking nonsense; they really are just a bunch of weaklings."

"Boom!" The karate group exploded instantly.

"You little punk, what the heck did you say!"

"Calling us weaklings? You want us to teach you a lesson?"

"Say that again if you've got guts, we'll beat the crap out of you!"

The coach raised a hand, silencing the furious horde behind him, his voice icy: "Kid, are you here to challenge us?"

"Why would I bother challenging your dojo?" Yan Xiaobao scoffed, unimpressed, "I'm just here to hang out with Bingbing, that's all."

Upon hearing that one of the two beauties was apparently this young man's "wife," the crowd grew even more agitated, rolling up their sleeves and threatening to teach Yan Xiaobao a lesson.

The coach once again quieted the crowd's noise. Determined to take the chance to shine in front of the ladies, he stepped forward and sneered at Yan Xiaobao, "Here to hang out? Fine, let me show you a couple of moves then."

Yan Xiaobao glanced at the coach, smirking. "You're not a beauty, so I'm not interested in sparring with you. Besides, you're so weak that I'd knock you down with one move—where's the fun in that?"

"Bragger!"

As the crowd prepared to jeer, Ye Shanshan jumped in with a mocking tone, "You shameless pervert, bragging without even thinking. Coach Niu is a black belt expert—can you beat him? I'll take your surname if you can!"

Yan Xiaobao: "Why would I want you as my wife? What does your surname have to do with me?"

Coach Niu, hearing the implication of Yan Xiaobao's words, grew even more annoyed. Could it be that the stunning beauty nearby was really this young man's wife?

"Who'd want to be your wife anyway!" Ye Shanshan rolled her eyes. "If you're too scared to fight, just admit it and stop talking nonsense."

"Exactly—if you only talk big but don't act, you're just a fake martial artist!"

"Look at that pale, delicate chicken-like weakling; there's no way he'd actually dare to spar!"

"Obviously! If he really got in the ring, Coach Niu would teach him a painful lesson in no time!"

Coach Niu raised his head slightly in satisfaction, then continued to provoke Yan Xiaobao. "Hey! Are you a man or not? If you are, stop talking and spar with me. If not, stop whining and get out of here!"

Yan Xiaobao, of course, was a man—and a gutsy one at that—especially in front of Han Ruobing. With his pride on the line, he had no choice but to step up, even though he found the whole thing boring.

Seeing that Yan Xiaobao had fallen for Coach Niu's bait, the crowd roared with laughter, excitedly clearing the space to let Coach Niu teach this "King of Talk" a lesson.

Han Ruobing didn't step in to stop it.

She was somewhat curious herself. Yan Xiaobao often boasted about taking down groups of people, but she had never actually seen him fight up close. Well, this would be the perfect opportunity—let's see if this karate coach could test his real skills.

Coach Niu stood across from Yan Xiaobao and beckoned, "I'll let you make the first move. Go ahead."

"Hold on," Yan Xiaobao bowed his head and seemed to be pondering something deeply.

Coach Niu, who had been ready to spar, paused in confusion, and the crowd also froze in bewilderment.

Ye Shanshan put on a smug expression, as if she had predicted this outcome, and mocked, "What, haven't even started yet and you're already thinking about surrendering?"

The crowd caught on, erupting in laughter.

"This kid isn't too dumb after all. Knowing he'll lose, he's thinking of surrendering early to avoid getting beaten!"

"I've seen plenty of these so-called 'Kings of Talk.' They're great at boasting, but when it comes to actual fighting—total cowards!"

"Hey! What are you standing there for? Admit defeat, apologize, and get lost already!"

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