

The Invincible Supreme Medical God

Chapter 46: Chapter 46: Ye Shanshan's Great Transformation

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Han Ruobing knit her brows slightly.

She knew Yan Xiaobao was definitely not a coward. Come on, he even dared to snatch arrest officer Shi Jianzhong's gun—how could he possibly be afraid of a karate punch?

But whatever Yan Xiaobao was scheming, she couldn't figure it out.

Fortunately, Yan Xiaobao didn't leave Han Ruobing puzzled for long. As if he'd suddenly solved an intricate problem, he raised his head, grinned at Coach Niu, and said, "Fighting someone as weak as you is just incredibly boring. How about this—why don't all of you come at me at once?"

Coach Niu was enraged, and so were the more than twenty karate practitioners around him.

"Telling us all to come at him? Absolutely arrogant!"

"Utterly conceited! Completely insulting!"

"I've seen arrogance, but not this level of arrogance! Are you looking to die?!"

Coach Niu sneered coldly, "Plenty of people have come to challenge us, but you're definitely the first to be this cocky. I don't know if you've lost your sanity or if your skin is itching for death..."

"Blah blah blah, so much nonsense! Do you dare fight or not?" Yan Xiaobao impatiently shouted. "Are you all even men? If you're men, stop yapping and come at me! I want to finish this quickly so I can go spend time with my wife Bingbing."

"Whoa—"

The moment Yan Xiaobao activated his taunt mode, the situation spiraled out of control.

Over twenty karate practitioners sprang to their feet, one after another, and charged into the arena.

Coach Niu used the last shred of his rationality and gritted his teeth to ask, "Kid, are you really sure you want to take on all of us at once?"

Unfortunately, Yan Xiaobao had already lost patience for conversation. He answered Coach Niu's question with action—the most effective answer possible.

Coach Niu barely had time to react before feeling himself being launched into the air. While still airborne, he dumbfoundedly watched as the other more than twenty karate practitioners followed behind him, flying in various directions like ragdolls...

Han Ruobing hadn't even caught a glimpse of how Yan Xiaobao made his move. All she saw was her vision blur for an instant, and then over twenty white figures were swept away by a whirlwind, like a bunch of paper dolls. The entire process took no more than the blink of an eye.

"Ah—Thud!"

"Thud! Ah!"

Listening to the screams of the twenty-plus people landing on the ground, Ye Shanshan was completely petrified.

She had been obsessed with martial arts and everything related to martial arts since childhood, spending years learning various styles like Tai Chi, Wing Chun, Taekwondo, and karate, and had seen plenty of grandmaster-level martial artists.

But!

Someone like Yan Xiaobao... frëewebnovel.com

This kind of thing only happens on TV, isn't it?!

How could it possibly exist in real life?!

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"Wife, I told you this place wasn't fun." Yan Xiaobao nonchalantly grabbed Han Ruobing's hand and started walking toward the exit.

Han Ruobing followed behind in a daze, seemingly unaware that Yan Xiaobao's wolfish claws were firmly wrapped around her delicate hand.

"Wait for me!" Ye Shanshan snapped out of her trance and immediately ran after them, shouting, "Wait for me... Hero! Master!"

More than twenty karate practitioners lay stunned on the floor, watching Yan Xiaobao and the others leave, their faces filled with shock and disbelief.

How could he be this strong? Who in the world is he...

Coach Niu's heart trembled as he muttered to himself, "Could he be... the legendary Inheritor..."

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When Ye Shanshan caught up with Yan Xiaobao, she seemed like a different person entirely. Her face was filled with admiration—somewhat fawning—and her eyes sparkled with stars.

"Wow! Hero Yan, you're amazing! More than twenty karate experts subdued in an instant—it was godlike! Hey hey hey, Hero Yan, will you take me as your disciple, pretty please?"

"I don't take disciples," Yan Xiaobao rejected her outright without even thinking.

"Not taking disciples? How can you not take disciples?!" Ye Shanshan grew agitated, waving her fists indignantly. "Your martial arts are so incredible—if you don't take disciples, won't they be lost to the world?"

"How could they be lost?" Yan Xiaobao broke into a smile and glanced at Han Ruobing. "I can teach my skills to Wife Bingbing and our kids, you know."

Han Ruobing: "..."

Ye Shanshan looked at Han Ruobing with skepticism. "Sister Bingbing, are you really his wife?"

Han Ruobing raised her eyebrows sharply. "Don't listen to his nonsense!"

Ye Shanshan pressed further, "You really aren't his wife?"

Han Ruobing: "Obviously!"

"Awesome!" Ye Shanshan cheered, grabbing Yan Xiaobao's arm. "You heard that, didn't you? Sister Bingbing said she's not your wife. So, I'll be your wife, and you can teach me martial arts, okay?"

"..." Han Ruobing hadn't expected Ye Shanshan to suddenly act like a love-struck fool.

What surprised Han Ruobing even more was that Yan Xiaobao pushed Ye Shanshan's hand away and rejected her again, "No."

"Hey! Hero Yan, what's the deal?" Ye Shanshan pouted angrily. "I've even agreed to be your wife, so why won't you teach me martial arts?"

Yan Xiaobao shook his head. "I don't want you as my wife."

Han Ruobing froze.

What kind of situation was this? This rascal, who went around calling people his wife all the time, was suddenly turning over a new leaf? A wife dropping right into his lap, and he didn't even want her?

"What did you just say?" Ye Shanshan planted her hands on her hips, glaring at Yan Xiaobao. "I'm Ye Shanshan, the Binhai Heroine—good figure, pretty face, gentle and charming, smart and adorable, and skilled in martial arts. I have a ton of admirers, and I voluntarily offer to be your wife, yet you say no?"

Yan Xiaobao rolled his eyes at Ye Shanshan. "You're not as pretty as my Wife Bingbing, not as gentle as my Wife Rourou, and you can't compare to my Heavenly Sister. Why would I want you as my wife?"

Ye Shanshan was dumbfounded. "What the heck?! Hero Yan, just how many wives do you have?"

Yan Xiaobao seriously started counting on his fingers. "Heavenly Sister, Xiao Wan Wife, Bingbing Wife, Rourou Wife, Tiantian Wife."

When he finished, Yan Xiaobao held out his palm to Ye Shanshan. "Five so far."

"Still... only five... You are truly ridiculous..." Ye Shanshan nearly collapsed. But then, after a moment of understanding, she nodded. "Though, with someone as godlike as you, Hero, having a few more wives seems reasonable. How about... you teach me martial arts and let me be your Xiao Liu. Sound good?"

"Shanshan, stop it!" Han Ruobing turned to glare at Ye Shanshan.

Her cousin's love for martial arts bordered on lunacy—it was as if her brain had short-circuited. Asking to be someone's Xiao Liu? She could actually say such things...

"Sister Bingbing, I'm not joking!" Ye Shanshan turned to Han Ruobing with utmost seriousness. "I never imagined there'd be someone as overwhelmingly skilled as Hero Yan alive in this world... If I could learn his martial arts, I'd gladly be Xiao Liu, Xiao Qi, Xiao Ba, Xiao Jiu, or even Little Ten!"

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Chapter 47: Chapter 47 Reserve Concubine

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[Oh? It's Valentine's Day today, what a coincidence for this Chapter title, haha!]

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After speaking, Ye Shanshan continued to plead with Yan Xiaobao, "Please take me as your wife, okay! Master... Oh no, husband! Although I'm just a little bit worse than Sister Bingbing, I'm not that unqualified to even be your Xiao Liu, right..."

Ye Shanshan's sincere request to be a concubine made Yan Xiaobao a little shaken. He once again carefully and thoroughly scrutinized Ye Shanshan.

Although Ye Shanshan didn't fully meet the standards to be his wife, she wasn't too far off, and there seemed to be room for development.

"Okay, since you're so earnestly requesting to be my concubine, I'll give you a chance."

"Yay—this is great!" Ye Shanshan jumped up happily and excitedly grabbed Yan Xiaobao's arm, "Husband, then teach me Martial Arts now!"

"Not now, you still have a bit of a gap to meet the standards of being my wife. I need to observe you for a while longer, so you can only be considered..." Yan Xiaobao thought for a moment and gave Ye Shanshan a title: "Reserve Concubine."

"What? Even as a concubine, I'm just a reserve..." Ye Shanshan puckered her lips in grievance and asked, "Then... how will you assess me..."

Yan Xiaobao answered earnestly, "I'll check on you after a while. If you can become prettier and have a better figure, then I can officially make you my concubine."

"Oh... does this mean I need to get plastic surgery..."

"No plastic surgery allowed!" Yan Xiaobao sternly stopped her, "Plastic surgery would be deceiving me. If I find out you've had surgery, I won't even want you to be my reserve concubine."

"Oh... I'll try my best..." Ye Shanshan calculated silently, realizing she needed to learn makeup well, beautify herself, and besides practicing martial arts, also work on enhancing her bust, lifting her hips, slimming her legs and shaping up...

"Mm, good luck, don't let me down." Yan Xiaobao patted Ye Shanshan's shoulder in encouragement.

Han Ruobing, standing by, was already speechless. She watched as Yan Xiaobao and Ye Shanshan played the husband-wife game like kids playing house, with black lines across her face.

She was very doubtful if these two people's IQs even reached the level of elementary school graduates.

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With these two jokers around, Han Ruobing couldn't even work out or practice boxing.

After leaving Jiuzhou Club, the three went for lunch. Yan Xiaobao kept pestering Han Ruobing to get her to be his wife. Meanwhile, Ye Shanshan kept clinging to Yan Xiaobao, hoping to officially become his concubine soon and quickly learn martial arts from him.

Han Ruobing was so overwhelmed that her head hurt. As she was wondering how to get through the rest of the afternoon, Yan Xiaobao's phone rang.

Xia Rou called him back, saying someone was looking for him and it was important.

He reluctantly said goodbye to Bingbing, and impatiently shook off Shanshan, the reserve concubine, and returned to Dexi Hall.

The one looking for Yan Xiaobao was Dean Zhang Hongde from Binhai Medical University Second Hospital, an old acquaintance.

At noon, Zhang Hongde came back from a meeting in the city and heard that a patient was "kicked out" of the inpatient department due to medical expenses, which made him very angry.

As a veteran doctor with a lifetime of practice, Zhang Hongde's medical ethics were well above the average of current medical personnel. After understanding the ins and outs, Zhang Hongde personally went to Dexi Hall to handle the issue.

However, after being treated by Xia Rou, the patient felt significantly better and was unwilling to return to Fu'er Hospital for treatment, despite Zhang Hongde offering to reduce the medical and hospital fees using the Red Cross Fund.

Since the patient made his own choice, Zhang Hongde did not insist, and the matter was satisfactorily resolved. Upon hearing that Yan Xiaobao was always "staying" at Dexi Hall, he was inspired again.

"Divine Doctor Yan, may I ask where you're employed now?" Zhang Hongde inquired.

Zheng Xiaoyu interjected, "He's been sponging off us here."

Zhang Hongde, hearing this, felt it was just what he needed, and quickly invited, "Divine Doctor Yan, your medical skills are extraordinary, the best I've ever seen. I'd like to invite you to join our Binhai Medical University's special expert medical team. What do you think?"

Xia Rou was moved inwardly. The special expert medical team at Binhai Medical University was a gathering of elites, representing the highest standards in Binhai City and Jiangnan Province.

Zhang Hongde personally came to invite him. If Yan Xiaobao nodded his head, he would be a special expert in the future. Even the provincial and city leaders treated the special experts from the Medical University with respect.

Yet Yan Xiaobao wasn't impressed at all, "Why should I join your team?"

"Uh..." Zhang Hongde had never been asked this question, hesitated, and explained, "The special expert team specializes in tackling various difficult and complicated diseases. Joining the special expert team means you can treat and save people, benefiting society, and the income is also very substantial. The salary, bonuses, insurance, plus various benefits, the annual income is at least over a million."

Annual salary over a million!

Both Zheng Xiaoyu and Chen Long were stunned.

In today's society, while an annual salary of a million isn't comparable to those super-rich, it definitely puts one above the line of "affluence." Moreover, those with an annual salary of a million are truly considered society's elite.

Zheng Xiaoyu and Chen Long had only seen Yan Xiaobao fighting, never seen him treat people, and couldn't understand why such a young man was valued so highly by Dean Zhang.

"Only a million a year?" Yan Xiaobao curled his lip, showing great disdain, "My rule is: a hundred for treatment, fifty-fifty for life-saving."

"A hundred for treatment, fifty-fifty for life-saving?" Zhang Hongde asked bewilderedly, "What does that mean?"

"You don't understand something so simple?" Yan Xiaobao pointed at Zhang Hongde and gave an example, "For instance, if you asked me to treat you, it would cost you a million each time. If it's about saving your life, then split your entire wealth with me fifty-fifty."

Zhang Hongde: "..."
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This is too exaggerated... Zhang Hongde had worked on the medical front line his entire life and had never heard of such a... No, wait! There was once a legendary figure called the "Medical God" in this world, and his rule for treating people seemed similar, could it be...

Zhang Hongde suddenly recalled the experience on the MH737 flight.

Yan Xiaobao had flicked a finger and took down an armed robber, then flicked another to save him from a sudden stroke.

One flick for life, one flick for death, one flick to rule the world!

No mistake, it had to be! Zhang Hongde had always had this suspicion, but now he was almost certain that this Yan Xiaobao was the disciple of the legendary "Medical God"!

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Chapter 48: Chapter 48: Medical God's Senior Brother?

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"Divine Doctor Yan, may I ask you..." Zhang Hongde was overcome with excitement, his voice shaking, "Do you happen to know someone named Hua Mingyuan?"

"Of course." Yan Xiaobao replied casually, "Do you know him too?"

"No, no, no... I don't know him, I've just heard of his legend..." Zhang Hongde was now completely certain that the Yan Xiaobao in front of him was undoubtedly the disciple of the legendary "Medical God." "May I boldly ask, Divine Doctor Yan, are you... Hua the Medical God's disciple?"

"Disciple?" Yan Xiaobao immediately grew displeased, "He doesn't have the qualifications to be my master! My master is Heavenly Sister!"

"What?" Zhang Hongde could hardly believe his ears.

Someone in this world dares to say that "Medical God" Hua Mingyuan doesn't have the qualifications to be his master?

"Hua the Medical God... He's not your master?"

"Obviously not!" Yan Xiaobao rolled his eyes, "That old man Hua Mingyuan's medical skills aren't even better than mine, how could he be my master? He's merely my third junior disciple."

Holy crap!

Zhang Hongde was so shocked his jaw almost hit the floor.

Who is Medical God Hua Mingyuan?

He's practically a divine being!

The most renowned, most skillful doctors are often called "Divine Doctor," signifying their medical expertise has reached a godlike level.

But throughout history, beyond Hua Mingyuan, no one else has ever been referred to as "Medical God."

Medical God—God of Medicine! The pinnacle of medical excellence, unmatched!

It's like how skilled shooters might earn the title of sharpshooter, but a title like "Gun God" signifies something far beyond just good shooting skills.

The difference between a "Divine Doctor" and a "Medical God" is akin to the difference between sharpshooter and Gun God.

And yet, Yan Xiaobao claims Hua Mingyuan's medical skills aren't better than his own and that he's unqualified to be his master—he's merely his junior disciple...

Yan Xiaobao, who looks just like an average young man, claims to be Medical God Hua Mingyuan's senior—who the hell could believe that...

Zhang Hongde certainly didn't.

But whether he believed it or not didn't really matter. Even if Yan Xiaobao was bluffing, there was no doubt he had deep ties with Medical God Hua Mingyuan. Plus, with his ability to cure sudden cerebral hemorrhage with just a flick of his finger, his medical prowess was undoubtedly extraordinary.

So, regardless of the truth, getting Yan Xiaobao into his special expert team would be tantamount to bringing half of the Medical God aboard! With this move, across the entire nation, or even the world, what hospital or medical university could possibly rival the strength of Binhai Medical University?

To achieve this grand, legendary goal, Zhang Hongde was prepared to go all out.

No risk, no reward. Even if it meant sacrificing half of his savings, Zhang Hongde was ready to do whatever it took!

"By the way, Divine Doctor Yan, thank you for saving my life that time on the flight. According to your rules: treating an illness costs a hundred, saving a life means splitting it fifty-fifty. I should give half of my life's savings to you. I'm not a super wealthy man, but I've managed to save up a few million over the years. When would it be convenient for us to head to the bank to sort out the transfer?"

Zheng Xiaoyu and Chen Long, standing to the side, were utterly dumbfounded.

The prestigious dean of Fu'er Hospital not only personally came to recruit Yan Xiaobao, but is now practically begging to give away half of his fortune... What kind of bizarre situation is this...

Xia Rou felt that saving lives was a doctor's duty, a calling. Taking half of someone's fortune seemed excessively greedy, so she tugged at Yan Xiaobao's sleeve.

Upon hearing that Zhang Hongde's total assets amounted to only a few million, Yan Xiaobao lost interest and waved his hand dismissingly, "Forget it. I wasn't planning to save you that time anyway—it was just a little favor for my wife Rourou. Keep your little bit of money for spending on yourself."

Poser. Keep on posing! Inside, Zheng Xiaoyu scoffed at him. A dude who freeloads off Xia Rou, borrows money from Chen Long to take a taxi, now calls a few million 'just a little spending money'...

Posers are everywhere, but this guy takes it to a whole new level.

"Ah, this... That's too generous of you..."

Though Zhang Hongde had already steeled himself to "donate" half his fortune, it would be a lie to say he didn't feel any heartache. Now that Yan Xiaobao had graciously "waived" the debt, Zhang Hongde was left in a mix of relief and awkwardness.

"Dean Zhang, please don't be so ceremonious." Xia Rou said seriously, "Doctors are meant to save lives—how could anyone exploit their medical skills to extort others?"

Her words not only reassured Zhang Hongde, letting him keep his fortune intact, but also sparked a flash of insight in his mind.

Yan Xiaobao was eccentric and couldn't be reasoned with conventionally. Recruiting him into the expert team might be an uphill battle. But judging by his attitude toward Xia Rou, it was clear Xia Rou held significant importance in his eyes.

What's more, Xia Rou herself was also renowned for her Miracle Needle acupuncture, an exceptional practitioner in her own right. If he managed to recruit her into the special expert team, wouldn't that indirectly bring Yan Xiaobao along too?

With that thought, Zhang Hongde immediately turned his attention to Xia Rou. First, he lavished high praise on her medical expertise and ethics before formally inviting her to join the expert team.

"Who, me?" Xia Rou said hesitantly, "I only have a self-taught undergraduate degree. Plus, I've only had my medical license for two or three years—how could I qualify as an expert..."

"Why wouldn't you?" Zhang Hongde amped up his pitch, "For a doctor, the most important qualities are medical ethics and compassion. In that regard, Doctor Xia, you're absolutely an exemplary role model for a new generation of practitioners. Moreover, I've done my homework—your Miracle Needle technique is genuinely outstanding. In this era, when traditional Chinese medicine is gradually declining, we need talented young professionals like you to carry the torch and reestablish its prominence. No need for modesty—if I say you're qualified, you absolutely are."

Truth be told, faced with Zhang Hongde's sincere and enthusiastic invitation, Xia Rou couldn't deny feeling tempted.

Joining the expert team with an annual salary of a million—it was an incredible opportunity that offered both fame and fortune. In all of Binhai City, or even Jiangnan Province, countless doctors would break their backs in hopes of joining the expert team.

Plus, with a million annually, she could pay off the 90,000 she owed Yan Xiaobao in just a month or two.

"I..." Xia Rou lowered her head and hesitated, "Joining the expert team sounds amazing, but... my mentor entrusted Dexi Hall to me before retiring—I can't just..."

"That's not an issue at all."

Zhang Hongde burst into laughter and waved dismissively, "You should know the special expert team isn't full-time—it doesn't require regular attendance. Many experts work at their own hospitals, and many professors teach or conduct research at universities. The expert team steps in only for rare, complicated cases that regular hospitals can't resolve. Once you join us, you can still work at Dexi Hall like usual."

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Chapter 49: Chapter 49: What's Your Ranking?

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[Today is Lunar New Year's Eve. Wishing every reader a Happy Spring Festival! Lots of red envelopes! And don't forget to cast your votes as well!]

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"Is that so... Well, okay then..." Xia Rou hesitated for a long time before finally nodding.

After all, this was an incredibly rare and valuable opportunity. Missing out on it would be such a pity.

"Alright, alright then, it's settled. Tomorrow morning at nine, come find me at Fu'er Hospital. I'll help you handle all the procedures myself."

Leaving Dexi Hall, Zhang Hongde seemed thoroughly pleased.

Without spending a single penny and simply leveraging Xia Rou, he'd locked in Yan Xiaobao, this hidden Divine Doctor.

Sure, Xia Rou was young, inexperienced, and lacking deep credentials. That much was true. But so what? If truly challenged with a rare and tricky case she couldn't solve, would Yan Xiaobao stand by and do nothing?

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"Sister Xia Rou, congratulations!" Zheng Xiaoyu cheered exuberantly as soon as Zhang Hongde stepped out, "You're now a Specially Appointed Expert at Binhai Medical University! That's incredible! You might even be the youngest Specially Appointed Expert in history!"

Xia Rou was delighted but kept her head clear; she had already deduced Zhang Hongde's ulterior motives. "If it weren't for a certain someone, Dean Zhang wouldn't have invited me at all."

"Regardless, Sister Xia Rou, you've got real talent and skills. It's only by breaking the norms that Dean Zhang would offer you the position!" Chen Long added his congratulations, then suggested, "Sister Xia Rou, you really ought to treat us to celebrate today."

"Exactly, exactly!" Zheng Xiaoyu eagerly agreed, an unusual occurrence, "Sister Xia Rou, take us out for a feast! After dinner, we can go sing karaoke. We absolutely have to celebrate properly tonight—playing to our heart's content, not going home till we're drunk!"

"Great, great!" Yan Xiaobao burst into excitement. Hearing "not going home till drunk" instantly sparked mischievous ideas in his head.

Joining the Specially Appointed Experts group paved a promising future for Xia Rou, who truly felt jubilant. Following everyone's suggestion, she led them to the finest restaurant nearby, Baofeng Building, for a feast.

Just after the dishes were ordered, Yan Xiaobao's phone rang.

"Hubby, where are you? Sister Bingbing left earlier, and now I'm all alone and so bored. Can I come find you and hang out?"

This was Yan Xiaobao's newly minted "Reserve Concubine"—Ye Shanshan.

"I'm not ready to take you along just yet," Yan Xiaobao replied, feeling Ye Shanshan still hadn't quite met the standard for a "concubine." He wasn't particularly interested in her. freewebnovel.com

Chen Long chimed in, "Brother Bao, it's always livelier with more people at KTV. If she's a friend, just invite her over to join us."

"Really?" Yan Xiaobao had never been to KTV before and finally agreed to let Ye Shanshan come along after hearing Chen Long view it as important.

Ye Shanshan arrived just as the dishes were being served, perfectly timed.

"Hubby, are these all your friends? Could you introduce me?" Her first sentence upon entering left everyone stunned.

After hearing Yan Xiaobao call others "wife" all day long, today was the first time someone actually addressed him as "hubby."

"You're only a Reserve Concubine for now; you can't call me 'hubby' yet."

Yan Xiaobao's words left Xia Rou, Zheng Xiaoyu, and Chen Long completely speechless.

Reserve? Concubine? What kind of person...? What kind of world...?...

Ye Shanshan wasn't offended at all and instead humbly asked, "Then what should I call you? Reserve Hubby?"

"I'm not the reserve; you are!" Yan Xiaobao tried thinking hard but couldn't figure out what Ye Shanshan should call him. In the end, he gave in and let her start calling him "hubby" early.

Chen Long introduced himself and Zheng Xiaoyu to Ye Shanshan. But when it came to Xia Rou, he wasn't sure what to say about her identity.

Yan Xiaobao, on the other hand, was more than happy to introduce his "wives."

When Ye Shanshan found out Xia Rou was the so-called "Rourou Wife," she immediately raised her glass to toast her, "Sister Rourou, please take care of me. I'm Xiao Liu; what's your rank?"

Xia Rou: "..."

Yan Xiaobao had never officially ranked his wives, but Ye Shanshan's question prompted him to start counting on his fingers, "Heavenly Sister is first, Xiao Wan Wife is second, Rourou Wife is third, Bingbing Wife is fourth, Tiantian Wife is fifth."

Xia Rou: "..."

Zheng Xiaoyu: "..."

"Huh?" Chen Long became anxious upon hearing this, "What about my sister Chengcheng?"

Yan Xiaobao asked in confusion, "Who's your Chengcheng?"

"Chengcheng is my little sister!"

"Oh..." Yan Xiaobao thought a moment, "Your sister isn't even of age yet, and I haven't met her either..."

"You can't leave her out. She shouldn't be lower in rank!" Chen Long urgently defended his sister's "status." "She ought to rank ahead of Ye Shanshan—Chengcheng at sixth and Ye Shanshan at seventh."

"Hey!" Ye Shanshan immediately protested, "I'm sixth! Hubby personally promised me that! If you dare fight me for it, watch out—I'll beat you!"

"You'll beat me? Ha." Chen Long wasn't intimidated by Ye Shanshan; although he respected Yan Xiaobao, he was steadfast in advocating for his sister's "privileges" when necessary.

"With your bean-sprout body, you dare show off in front of me?" Ye Shanshan shot him a disdainful glance. "I'm a disciple of the Ye Family's Wing Chun!"

"You win!" Chen Long, analyzing the situation, immediately conceded, "Fine, I'll be magnanimous and let you keep sixth place. My Chengcheng will take seventh."

"That's more like it." Ye Shanshan grinned smugly.

Xia Rou and Zheng Xiaoyu exchanged a look.

Clearly, the only sane ones left here were the two of them.

With Ye Shanshan joining the group, the meal became lively and boisterous.

After dinner, upon hearing they'd go to KTV, Ye Shanshan enthusiastically responded, "Great, great! I sing really well, you know. Everyone says I'm the next Yang Liying!"

"Who's Yang Liying?" Yan Xiaobao asked for the second time, puzzled. Last time, Chen Long said his sister resembled Yang Liying, and now Ye Shanshan claimed her singing was akin to Yang Liying's. Yan Xiaobao's curiosity grew even stronger.

"You don't know Yang Liying?" Ye Shanshan stared at him like he was an alien. "She's the most popular rising Heavenly Queen right now! A triple-threat star in acting, singing, and dancing; she's practically everywhere."

"Oh." Yan Xiaobao nodded, "Well, why don't you give her a call and invite her to join us?"

"Huh?" Ye Shanshan was stunned. "Hubby, are you thinking of making Yang Liying your concubine as well?"

Yan Xiaobao seriously mulled it over, "If she's pretty, has a good figure, a gentle personality, and a great temper, I wouldn't rule it out."

Everyone: "..."

"Haha." Ye Shanshan forced an awkward laugh, "Unfortunately, I don't know her personally nor have her number."

"Let's just go already; karaoke time!" Zheng Xiaoyu couldn't take it anymore and interrupted. Any more nonsense from Yan Xiaobao, and her worldview might just collapse completely.

"Which place are we going, Night Banquet?" Ye Shanshan asked as she stood up.

"I don't like Night Banquet." Xia Rou's expression darkened; she had nearly been assaulted by Luo Jianbi at Night Banquet last time. Even the thought left her uneasy.

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Chapter 50: Chapter 50 Nightclub Turmoil

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[Chinese New Year's Day, Great fortune and prosperity!]

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"Oh, Sister Rourou doesn't like it, then we won't go to Night Banquet." Ye Shanshan, showing great respect for the "third-ranked" Xia Rou, suggested instead, "Let's head to Jinsha Night Club nearby. I've got a membership card."

Zheng Xiaoyu said with some concern, "Jinsha seems to be Zhao Erhu's territory..."

"With Brother Bao here, who's afraid of Zhao Erhu?" Chen Long had a smug look, like he was borrowing authority.

"Alright then, let's go to Jinsha." Xia Rou ultimately made the decision.

Last time, after Han Ruobing mediated at the Patrol Office, Zhao Erhu probably wouldn't dare mess with them again.

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When Yan Xiaobao arrived at Jinsha Night Club with Xia Rou, Ye Shanshan, and the others, it wasn't even 8 PM yet. During this peak summer season, 8 PM had just turned dark, and nightlife hadn't officially begun. At Jinsha Night Club, the crowd wasn't that large yet, and the venue wasn't full.

Led by the pretty hostess in a sexy evening gown, the group was taken to VIP Room V868.

As soon as Ye Shanshan entered, she waved dramatically, "Skip the tea! Bring two fruit platters, two cases of beer, sunflower seeds, candied fruits, and popcorn – just get them all."

"But there are only five of us. That's way too much booze..." Xia Rou rarely drank and was a bit worried.

The VIP room came with a complimentary case of beer, and ordering two more cases meant three in total. At KTV, cases of beer typically had 24 bottles, so three cases would add up to 72 bottles stacked densely on the marble coffee table – definitely an intimidating sight.

"Don't worry! Today is Sister Xia Rou's special day – no one's leaving until they're properly buzzed!" Zheng Xiaoyu, the instigator, was excited and pulled Xia Rou over. "Sister Xia Rou, let's start with some karaoke."

"You go ahead first. I need to use the restroom."

Since they chose a smaller room to create a livelier vibe, it didn't come with a private restroom. Xia Rou pushed open the door and headed out.

"Honey, what songs do you like to sing?" Ye Shanshan eagerly asked Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao shook his head. "I don't know how to sing."

"Uh... alright then. I'll drink with you instead." Ye Shanshan picked up six cups, filled them all, and said, "Come on, honey—this first toast is for mentorship, the second for commitment – let's down them all in one go."

"Hold on a sec..."

Before Yan Xiaobao got a chance to refuse, Ye Shanshan quickly downed three cups in one gulp, her cheeks puffed as she looked at Yan Xiaobao.

Faced with such an enthusiastic and bold "reserve concubine," Yan Xiaobao didn't have the heart to dampen her spirits. Mimicking her, he too finished three cups in one go.

By this time, Zheng Xiaoyu had sung one full track of "Later," and it was Ye Shanshan's turn.

While Zheng Xiaoyu was singing, Yan Xiaobao didn't feel much of anything, but the moment Ye Shanshan opened her mouth, he immediately had a reaction.

Because Ye Shanshan's singing—well, it was... let's just say it was the kind that could shock earthly worlds and move ghostly heavens...

When Ye Shanshan finally wrapped up her rendition of "Foam," seeing her not putting down the microphone and preparing to belt out another track, Yan Xiaobao couldn't take it anymore. "Can you just stop singing? It's so awful!"

"Awful? No way!" Ye Shanshan protested vehemently. "I'm a famous Karaoke Queen—I am NOT awful. Honey, maybe your music taste is just off."

"I know nothing about music appreciation, but your voice—I honestly find it terrible..." Yan Xiaobao was determined not to endure further sonic torment inflicted by Ye Shanshan.

"Honey, if you think my singing is rubbish, why don't you give it a shot then?" Ye Shanshan said, handing the microphone to Yan Xiaobao.

"I can't sing." Yan Xiaobao felt defeated.

"It's fine, I'll teach you!" Ye Shanshan urged enthusiastically, "I'll teach you karaoke, and you teach me martial arts, deal?"

"No deal! My skills are awesome, your singing sucks—I'll pass." Yan Xiaobao wasn't about to fall for Ye Shanshan's bait.

"Let's wait for Sister Xia Rou," Chen Long chimed in from the side. "Sister Xia Rou's singing is amazing."

"No doubt about it—Rourou's voice is the gentlest," Yan Xiaobao nodded, starting to grow impatient. "Why is Rourou taking so long in the restroom?"

Ye Shanshan quickly dropped the microphone and eagerly headed outside. "I'll go check on her."

Soon, Ye Shanshan came rushing back like a storm. "Honey, something's wrong! Sister Rourou is arguing with someone!"

"What? Take me there NOW!" Yan Xiaobao dashed to the door like lightning, visibly angry.

Who would dare start something with his wife? Are they looking for death?

Over by the restroom, not far from the door, a crowd had gathered noisily. Xia Rou stood glaring furiously at a bald, overweight man across from her.

The guy reeked strongly of alcohol, his body swaying unsteadily—clearly drunk out of his mind.

Beside the bald man stood a burly individual with a menacing appearance, who sneered at Xia Rou and said with a nasty tone, "Pretty lady, just because you look good doesn't mean you can bulldoze your way around, huh? You brushed into him, and we're only asking you to apologize and have a drink to make peace. Don't even THINK about pushing your luck!"

Hearing the phrase "refuse a toast, get forced into drinking," Xia Rou tensed up but held her composure. She didn't want this to escalate, especially since she knew once Yan Xiaobao got involved, chaos would surely break out.

"He was the one who staggered drunkenly into me," Xia Rou said evenly. "I've already apologized, but I don't drink."

"Coming to a KTV and not drinking—who are you kidding?" the burly man's tone turned hostile. "Brother Liu is a big name around here. If you insist on disrespecting him, this won't end well for you."

It was clear from the predatory gleam in the bald man's eyes what his true intentions were. Xia Rou knew full well the meaning behind their demand for her to share a drink. The implications were clear, and there was no way she'd comply.

Their unreasonable intimidation had reached a breaking point. While Xia Rou debated whether to call Yan Xiaobao over, a man suddenly stepped out of the crowd and joined the conversation, saying, "Brother Cheng, are you here to party tonight or to stir up trouble?"

The speaker, nicknamed Biaozi, was a small-time gangster overseeing Jinsha Night Club. He had just gotten word of the commotion and rushed over. At the sight of the burly man, Biaozi frowned.

The man called Cheng, known as Brother Cheng, was also a local thug and had been clashing with Zhao Erhu, Biaozi's boss, for quite some time.

Initially planning to report this incident to Zhao Erhu, Biaozi hesitated upon catching sight of Xia Rou.

After all, during that affair at Dexi Hall, Biaozi had followed Zhao Erhu to support Sun Peng, only to suffer a humiliating defeat at the hands of Yan Xiaobao. Since then, Zhao Erhu had repeatedly warned his men never to cross Yan Xiaobao or Xia Rou.

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