

Powerful 631

Chapter 631: The Plan

"Hmm! I didn't feel much before, but now I truly think money is quite important. Indeed, money isn't everything, but without it, you can't do anything!"

Yang Yan said somewhat self-mockingly.

Obviously, Shiya Jie didn't expect Yang Yan to express such a sentiment, and she said suspiciously:

"With your skills, even if you don't have money on hand now, you should have ways to make money, right? Why suddenly become so conventional?"

She wouldn't believe Yang Yan couldn't find ways to make money.

With Yang Yan's abilities, money must be just numbers to him.

She was puzzled as to why Yang Yan was so honest right now.

"You don't understand."

Yang Yan smiled softly and explained:

"Sometimes, the process of earning money is also a life experience, a process that takes time to slowly accumulate, and for me, this process is equally precious."

"Moreover, not everything can be achieved by taking shortcuts, otherwise, wouldn't life lose a lot of fun?"

Seeing Yang Yan suddenly act like he had experienced all kinds of life and started lecturing her, Shiya Jie couldn't help but roll her eyes:

"Cut it out! How old are you again, what have you really experienced?"

With that, she no longer paid attention to Yang Yan and turned around and walked away.

Watching Shiya Jie walk away, Yang Yan's playful expression gradually became serious.

Yes!

How old am I!

Why do I act like an old man?

Yang Yan laughed self-deprecatingly.

Actually, there's another sentence hidden in his heart.

Everyone's experience doesn't really correlate directly with age!

He himself is an exception.

Perhaps some people are older, but have lived a mundane life, and may not have experienced as much as he has in these twenty-some years.

Back home, Zhou Hanyun was already cooking.

Looking at the pile of thick materials on the coffee table, Yang Yan knew that whenever this woman had free time, she would earnestly study.

"You're back? Please wait a bit, the meal will be ready soon."

Wearing home clothes and an apron, dressed like a housewife, Zhou Hanyun said with a smile.

"No need to rush, I'm not that hungry, you can take your time."

Yang Yan said with a smile.

This feeling was very cozy, making this house feel full of home warmth.

On the side, hearing these words, Shiya Jie couldn't help but glance quickly at Yang Yan.

Not knowing who just said they were starving.

It's been such a short time, and now this guy says he's not hungry?

"Why are you looking at me? Are you hungry? There's already food prepared over there, you can eat first."

Yang Yan met Shiya Jie's gaze and said seriously.

"Honestly, it's impossible to communicate with someone like you!"

Shiya Jie complained and directly turned around and walked outside.

Since the incident last time, Wang Xue and the others had not separated from Yang Yan and the group.

They were currently staying in the same building.

"How's it going? Opened up yet?"

While cooking, Zhou Hanyun casually asked.

Evidently, although she had absolute confidence in Yang Yan, she was somewhat doubtful about his decision to open a small clinic.

"Well! Just completed one deal, so we've opened up! Unfortunately, those two guys aren't rich, just earned 200,000 USD, still far from our target."

Yang Yan said somewhat disdainfully.

Zhou Hanyun was clearly stunned for a moment, then burst into laughter:

"You guy, already earned 200,000 USD, and still think they have no money?"

"By your standards, there wouldn't be many rich people in the world."

Yang Yan chuckled slightly:

"Well... it's not like that. There are countless hidden wealthy people in this world, more than you can imagine."

"Those who spend money like water aren't necessarily from big conglomerates but are those who operate in the grey areas."

"They're a bunch living for today, unsure if there will be a tomorrow."

"So, what they want is happiness, seeking excitement, and they don't care how much money they spend."

As Yang Yan spoke, he walked over to Zhou Hanyun to help her.

"Daddy and Mommy, is the meal ready? I'm so hungry!"

Just then, Cai'er ran in with Ruyi, holding her belly pitifully as she said.

"It's already ready. Can you help Mom and Dad take the bowls and chopsticks outside?"

Zhou Hanyun looked at the two little girls with some affection and said.

"Okay!"

Hearing Zhou Hanyun's words, the two little girls each took a bowl, one took care of the chopsticks, and ran excitedly outside.

"These two girls have been cooped up in school for so long, yet they're still so energetic."

Zhou Hanyun watched the two little girls' backs with some concern and said.

Yang Yan stirred the soup in the pot with a ladle while comforting her:

"Their growth cycle is long, the usual ways of thinking don't apply to them."

Suddenly, Zhou Hanyun turned her head to seriously look at Yang Yan:

"Speaking of which, do you have any plans for the future? You can't have all these women here doing nothing, right?"

"Though I know you can afford it, it wouldn't be right to continue like this!"

Yang Yan paused, unsure what to answer for a moment.

Zhou Hanyun was right, the number of women around him was indeed somewhat excessive!

Three women can make a drama; it might be acceptable initially, but if things continue without any purpose, problems would arise eventually.

Obviously, Zhou Hanyun didn't intend to let Yang Yan off the hook and kept staring at him, waiting for an answer.

After thinking for a while, Yang Yan smiled bitterly:

"Just let them be! Like with you, if they want to do something, I'll try my best to support them."

"If they want to continue like this, I don't have any objections."

Hearing Yang Yan's words, Zhou Hanyun didn't seem particularly surprised.

She gently nodded without saying anything further.

After all, these women appeared to have complicated and indefinable relationships with Yang Yan.

"Fine, suit yourself. The meal is ready, call everyone over."

With a smile, Zhou Hanyun said, ending the previous topic.

Dishes were served!

Everyone was there!

Yang Yan looked at the room full of women, particularly a room full of beauties, and regardless of any hidden thoughts, on the surface, everything was harmonious, and he felt quite proud.

"Um... Yang Yan, the three of us want to open a car modification shop here."

After dinner, Wang Xue suddenly walked over to Yang Yan, poured him a cup of tea, and said seriously.

Chapter 632: You Should Feel Grateful

"A car modification shop? What's going on? How did you decide to open a modification shop?"

Yang Yan took a sip of tea, smiling as he asked.

Wang Xue brushed back the hair that had fallen over her temple and softly said:

"Nothing special, I just feel too bored and always want to find something to do."

"Besides, continuing like this isn't a solution. I keep feeling that if we go on like this, people will soon waste away."

Seeing her speak so earnestly, Yang Yan's smile gradually became serious.

He had just talked about this with Zhou Hanyun before, and now that Wang Xue mentioned it, he had to take it seriously.

If things continue like this, sooner or later there will be a problem.

"Do you have enough money? If not, I can provide some funds from my side."

Yang Yan had never been a selfish person.

He certainly wouldn't restrict the freedom of those around him.

Not to mention these women, even with the ten swords around him, he had the same attitude.

"We have enough! You know, we've made quite a bit of money over the years."

"Plus, in the United States, equipment and everything are much cheaper than in Huaxia."

Wang Xue said with a smile.

"Alright then, do whatever you think is best! If you need any help from me, just ask."

Yang Yan said sincerely.

"Ah! It's just a pity Wuyan isn't here. She said her course is at a critical stage, and she'll come over when her course finishes."

Han Ruyu complained a bit.

"Hmm! Do you think everyone is like you? Sister Wuyan is studying hard!"

Zhou Hanyu suddenly came over and teased Han Ruyu.

"Tch! Aren't I also working hard with your sister to plan the business strategy for the new store here? Talking as if nobody else is working hard!"

"But what about you, Hanyu? While Wuyan is diligently studying, what are you doing?"

Han Ruyu retorted, directly targeting Miss Zhou Er.

Before the furious Zhou Hanyu could speak, her elder sister, Zhou Hanyun, already looked at her fondly and came to her defense:

"Hanyu has already transferred to a school here for further studies. When it comes to finance, Hanyu does have a talent."

Their parents passed away early, and many times, as the elder sister, Zhou Hanyun played a maternal role.

And she was very competent at it.

"Alright, let's focus on figuring out how to get this store up and running! I have big ambitions, you know! It must have a grand opening."

Zhou Hanyun said half-jokingly, half-seriously.

Once this topic arose, these women began discussing with fervor, passionately.

On the contrary, Yang Yan suddenly became a negligible presence, only able to sit dumbly by the side.

Not being able to join the conversation at all, Yang Yan couldn't help but sigh inside, then quietly got up and returned to his room.

Early the next morning, Yang Yan got up, put together a simple breakfast to fill his stomach, and headed straight to the small clinic.

Originally, Shiya Jie would act as his assistant, but she and Wang Xue went off to look for a location for the modification shop today, so she didn't come along.

In the small clinic, Yang Yan made himself a pot of tea, then leaned back in the boss's chair, humming a tune to enjoy a moment of peace.

He wasn't worried about the business at the store.

Jiang Taigong fishing, those who wish to take the bait will come.

Even with only a handful of common medicines, he was confident that with his exceptional medical skills, the clinic would quickly gain fame and shine brightly.

Sure enough, just past ten o'clock, a somewhat childish voice suddenly spoke up.

"Excuse me, are you the doctor here?"

Following the voice, at the door stood a dirty-looking little boy, nervously looking at him.

The gaze was reminiscent of Dawn outside the little shabby house, making Yang Yan instantly sit up straight.

"Yes, I am. Do you need anything?"

Yang Yan asked with the most easygoing tone he could muster.

"Um... my mom is sick, very sick. Could you... could you come and see my mom? Please!"

The little boy implored Yang Yan with a pleading face.

Faced with such a familiar yet strange gaze, Yang Yan was deeply moved, immediately asking:

"Where's your mom?"

The boy, realizing he wasn't being rejected, was overjoyed.

He quickly responded:

"My mom isn't here, she's still at home. Can you come with me? Don't worry, I have money!"

The little boy finished speaking, putting his hand in his pocket to pull out a crumpled wad of US Dollars.

It seemed to be about twenty to thirty dollars.

The boy didn't immediately hand the money to Yang Yan, instead, he instinctively clutched them tightly in his hand.

Yang Yan didn't overthink it, grabbed a box from the counter, and was about to head out with the boy.

Just then, a slightly hoarse voice suddenly sounded from outside the door:

"You're the doctor Paul mentioned, who saved his brother?"

Soon after, several burly men in black suits squeezed past the frail body of the boy and marched in.

"We're temporarily closed today. If you need a consultation, come back this afternoon or tomorrow morning."

Yang Yan didn't even glance at these uninvited guests, preparing to close the door.

Thud!

A particularly tall black man reached out his hand and pressed the button for the electric roller shutter door, blocking the exit.

"Hmm?"

Yang Yan slightly furrowed his brows and glanced at the man who stopped him from leaving.

"Are you the doctor who saved Paul's brother?"

The leading man looked at Yang Yan and asked again.

"Who are you?"

Yang Yan asked coldly.

"You don't need to know who we are. Now, our boss wants to see you. If you're smart, come with us obediently, or you'll suffer and still have to come with us."

The leading man met Yang Yan's gaze and spoke coldly.

"Get lost! How dare you threaten me? Have your boss come himself!"

Their attitude annoyed Yang Yan greatly, and his expression turned cold instantly.

These guys clearly came looking for trouble.

Since they were looking for trouble, there was no need to be polite.

"Bastard! Do you know who you're talking to?"

As soon as Yang Yan spoke, a black man already snarled viciously.

"Oh wow! This dog is pretty good, quite protective. However, you should count your blessings."

"I have something to do right now, so you lot can still walk back upright. Otherwise..."

Yang Yan said coldly, and the roller shutter door that had been closed suddenly opened up again.

Chapter 633: The Stubborn Little Boy

The guy who had just pressed the automatic rolling door button was now trembling all over, foaming at the mouth; he was clearly electrocuted.

"You, bastard."

Seeing his companion convulsing on the ground, the black man swung a punch at Yang Yan.

"Stop! This doctor is a guest invited by the boss. You guys are being way too rude."

At the critical moment, another man came over.

Like the others, this man was also wearing a black suit.

However, with sharp features and a unique aura, he appeared more refined than the others.

Especially with a pair of meticulously crafted gold-rimmed glasses on his nose, he looked gentle and refined, exuding a noble air.

"Hello, my name is Quinn! These people are the family's bodyguards. Due to a lack of proper education, they act somewhat unreasonable."

"If the doctor is busy today, we can arrange for tomorrow."

The man named Quinn smiled at Yang Yan and inadvertently glanced at the shivering little boy nearby.

Hearing this, Yang Yan felt a bit surprised.

It turned out they were not the enemies of those two from yesterday as he had imagined, but rather patients in need of his help.

Moreover, they likely had some connection to those two.

"Since it's not an emergency, let's deal with tomorrow's matters tomorrow! Now, please move aside, I have patient visits to make."

Saying that, Yang Yan grabbed the little boy's hand and walked straight outside.

"Mr. Quinn, we're just going to let him go like that? The boss is still waiting to see him!"

The leading bodyguard asked cautiously.

"There's no rush on the boss's side for now. This Oriental seems quite capable, best not to offend him."

"You all know how badly Paul's brother was injured yesterday."

"Such injuries, it wouldn't have been unreasonable to just bury him, but this guy managed to heal him."

"Additionally, today we were informed someone saw those two brothers. Especially the younger one, he was so badly injured yet is now able to barely walk with support."

At this point, Quinn squinted his eyes slightly as he looked towards the direction where Yang Yan's figure disappeared.

"Mr. Quinn, I think those guys must be exaggerating a bit."

"With the kind of injuries Paul's brother sustained, surviving is already a miracle, let alone walking today; I'm a bit skeptical."

"Forget about the world's doctors, even those legendary Hidden World people probably couldn't do it."

The lead bodyguard couldn't help but voice his thoughts.

"Don't underestimate the people of this world. Know that this world is far larger than you imagine."

"Moreover, since two years ago, people from another world have begun entering ours, and the blending of various information and cultures has given worldly people many extraordinary abilities."

"You could say, all of this not only overturned our worldviews but also changed our lives."

Quinn gently shook his head and said wistfully, looking afar.

"Some of those guys really are terrifying, but most are just like that."

"As I see it, anyone below B-class is rubbish. We've killed more than a few over the past two years."

At this point, a smug smile appeared on the man's face.

So what if they're Superpower Users?

With today's advanced technology, those guys aren't invincible. A mistake could still result in their deaths at the hands of ordinary people like us.

Quinn used his gaze to stop the lead bodyguard who wanted to say more, waving his hand to dismiss him:

"I don't want to hear such topics again. Also, I have a piece of advice for you, never underestimate those Hidden World people."

"Their abilities are bizarre, and even if many are not as good as you battle-hardened ordinary guys, they should never be underestimated."

That said, Quinn turned around and left, not caring if the lead bodyguard listened.

The cities of the United States are actually not much different from Huaxia, also divided into districts.

Yang Yan and his party were currently in Queens.

Queens is located in the eastern part of the US capital and is the largest of the five boroughs.

It has the second-largest population.

Queens is named after Queen Catherine, the wife of Charles II.

Although not as affluent as Manhattan, it should not be underestimated.

However, it's worth mentioning that this is also where the poorest of the United States are concentrated.

At this moment, a little boy clutching some US Dollar bills led Yang Yan to the slums here.

Yang Yan glanced at the dilapidated house and couldn't help but shake his head.

To call this place a slum might be too much; it would be more accurate to say it's a ruin.

Because compared to the little wooden house built by the bridge that Dawn had, this place is even worse.

"My home is in here, doctor, please follow me."

The little boy said politely.

Yang Yan couldn't help but nod secretly.

Undoubtedly, his upbringing should be quite commendable.

Even living in such conditions, he remained so polite.

In any case, it was clear that this trip wouldn't be in vain.

Following the little boy into this dim and shabby building, Yang Yan felt his perception of the United States, the same world leader, had changed drastically.

Initially, Yang Yan thought there might only be this little boy's family living in there.

To his surprise, the place was actually full of people.

The little boy was in a hurry, and of course, he didn't notice the expression on Yang Yan's face, almost sprinting upstairs.

When Yang Yan caught up to him upstairs, the little boy was already standing outside a room that looked relatively tidy.

"Do you and your mother live in here?"

Yang Yan tucked away his wandering thoughts and asked with a smile.

"Yes!" The little boy nodded solemnly and said seriously, "My mother and I live in here. But doctor, could I ask you a favor later?"

Yang Yan asked somewhat puzzled:

"What kind of favor?"

"Later, could you please not tell my mother that I found you? Could you say that you're...you're the social worker from this area?"

The little boy pleaded.

"Social worker... Why do you want me to say that?"

Yang Yan asked with a smile.

The little boy thought for a bit and said hesitantly:

"Because... because my mom never likes owing people favors, and now this is all the money we have left."

"I know this money is definitely not enough for medical fees. Not nearly enough."

"But please rest assured, I will make money. I can make two to three US Dollars every day selling newspapers, and I'll be able to pay your consultation fee sooner or later."

When the little boy reached this point, his expression was very serious.

Yet in those eyes of his, there was still that pitiful and pleading look.

He was terrified of Yang Yan saying anything that would reject him.

Chapter 634: Hereditary Disease, Beautiful Woman

"All right, I promise I won't say you invited me. By then, I'll just say I'm the social worker here."

Whether it was the little boy's request or his expression, it greatly touched Yang Yan.

Looking at the figure before him, he suddenly recalled his past self.

His grandfather had just passed away, and although Yang Yan was a bit older than the little boy, life was still tough.

However, he was grateful to have met Su Ye at that time.

It was then that he awakened his true self.

That's when the Moonlight Emperor came to be.

"Thank you, doctor! Rest assured, no matter how much it costs, I will surely earn enough."

Upon hearing Yang Yan's promise, the little boy appeared somewhat agitated, bowing repeatedly and assuring Yang Yan.

"Alright, let me hurry and take a look at your mother first!"

Yang Yan said with a smile.

"Mm! You truly are a good person."

The little boy quickly took a key from his pocket and skillfully opened the door.

The room was small but very clean.

A woman with light brown curly hair was lying in bed, her breathing slightly heavy.

Because her back was facing the outside, Yang Yan couldn't see what she looked like.

"Mom, we're back. Today, a social worker came by outside. He's a doctor, offering free medical check-ups for everyone. So I invited him to come help you as well."

The little boy walked to the bedside, gently holding his mother's hand as he spoke quietly.

"Buman, you're back? Do we have guests? Quickly invite the guest to sit and pour them a glass of water."

The woman turned tiredly, speaking weakly to the little boy.

"No need, ma'am. I'm the social worker here, and today I came to help everyone with health screenings."

"If you're ill, we provide free assistance."

Yang Yan said with a smile.

"Thank you! The house is a bit cramped, forgive us."

The woman, supporting herself slightly, apologized.

The little boy hurriedly supported his mother's body to help her lean against the wall as she tried to sit up.

Only then did Yang Yan see what the woman looked like.

The woman was beautiful, fitting the aesthetic of the East.

However, due to the pain of illness, she looked very pale.

Her originally fair face showed no signs of color, the entire person appearing muted.

"Buman, why don't you go downstairs and fetch some water for the gentleman here."

The woman fondly touched the little boy's head and instructed quietly.

"Mm! Alright, I'll go right away."

Upon hearing his mother's words, the little boy grabbed a water jug and walked out the door.

"Sorry doctor, I'm afraid you've come for nothing. My family doesn't have the money to pay for the consultation fee now."

After the little boy stepped out, the woman spoke to Yang Yan with regret.

"Haha! Don't worry, my beautiful lady, I won't charge you any fees."

The woman had clearly seen that he wasn't the social worker here, so Yang Yan immediately clarified his stance.

"You're a good person. In this society, that Buman could find a doctor like you, I can't say if it's just his good luck or something else."

The woman awkwardly smiled.

"Alright! Time is ticking, let me take a look at your illness. You seem to have been sick for quite a long time."

While speaking, Yang Yan moved directly towards her.

"No need. I'm well aware of my body's condition, and I'm afraid my time is short. It's just pitiful for young Buman."

The woman shook her head, considered it as a refusal to Yang Yan's examination.

Hearing the woman's words, Yang Yan couldn't help but be stunned.

He had seen people face death so calmly before, but encountering a woman in her prime like this was a first.

Especially since she still had things she cared about.

"Without even checking, how do you know there's no hope?"

Yang Yan asked with a smile.

"It's a family hereditary disease. Many people in our family have it. Some might not die, while others die young."

"And my situation belongs to the latter. Actually, I studied medicine in the past, so I'm naturally aware of my body condition."

The woman said calmly.

"Oh? A family hereditary disease?"

Upon hearing the woman's words, Yang Yan nodded slightly.

Family hereditary diseases aren't uncommon, and their types vary immensely.

"Haha! Don't be so pessimistic. There might be countless types of bizarre diseases in this world, but there are equally bizarre doctors."

"And I happen to be that kind of peculiar doctor who likes to challenge various strange ailments and always manages to conquer them successfully."

Yang Yan said confidently.

He wasn't just saying it casually.

In this world, he hadn't found a disease he couldn't handle.

After all, if it's a disease, the worst-case scenario is cellular issues.

And Yang Yan, capable of precisely targeting the soul, can easily kill diseased cells.

Even if it's due to a deficiency causing the ailment, he could use creation to fix it.

Seeing Yang Yan like this, the woman visibly paused.

She couldn't quite understand why this Asian man was so determined to treat her.

On second thought, with her home being destitute, there seemed to be no profit motive.

"Then I'll trouble you. Oh, by the way! You haven't told me your name yet; I'm Catherine."

The woman smiled.

"My name is Yang Yan. Nice to meet you, Catherine."

Yang Yan also smiled.

When little Buman entered the room, Yang Yan was already checking Catherine's pulse.

As a native of Huaxia, Yang Yan had quite a bit of study in traditional Chinese medicine.

It's even fair to say that in the realm of Chinese medicine, there were few who surpass him.

This much was evident from how he persuaded that old Chinese doctor in the town two years ago.

"Mom, how are you?"

Buman, placing the water next to the stove, looked worriedly at Catherine.

Catherine didn't speak, instead Yang Yan furrowed his brow slightly and said:

"Your mother's condition is a bit tricky, of course, it's not without solutions."

"How about this, let me go back and study it properly, then I'll come back in some time to treat your mother."

"Thank you. You're a good person."

Catherine smiled.

She evidently regarded Yang Yan's words as polite conversation.

She assumed Yang Yan couldn't figure her ailment, hence the excuse.

However, she was used to it.

After all, she had seen this reaction after other doctors examined her before.

Nonetheless, Catherine was very grateful that Yang Yan had come, especially when he stated there's no consultation fee.

Chapter 635: More Than Enough Reason to Drive a Hard Bargain

Equally adept at navigating the world, already seeing through Catherine's thoughts, Yang Yan smiled gently at her:

"Don't worry! I really have some clues about your illness, and I'm confident I can cure it."

"Tomorrow, have little Buman come to my shop, and I'll give him some medicine. After you take it, you'll feel much better."

"At the very least, it will allow you to be like a normal person for a short time, not lying in bed feeling so weak."

Hearing Yang Yan's words, Catherine's body visibly trembled.

She seriously stared at Yang Yan's face, examining it for a while, as if trying to determine whether his words were true or false.

"What's wrong? Is there something on my face?"

Yang Yan asked with a smile.

"No, tomorrow I'll have Buman go over. But for now, I might not be able to pay your consultation fee."

Catherine said earnestly.

Yang Yan didn't say anything, just chuckled dryly.

This woman is indeed as her son Buman described, very independent and unwilling to accept gifts from others.

Even in today's situation, she's the same.

But those who stick to their principles are always respected.

Therefore, Yang Yan didn't insist, choosing to honor her wishes to put her at ease.

"Alright, let's leave it at that for now! I'll go back and prepare."

After saying this, Yang Yan stood up and walked straight to the door.

"Buman, help me see Dr. Yang out."

Catherine hurriedly instructed Buman.

Once outside, Buman looked worriedly at Yang Yan and asked:

"Doctor, can my mom's illness really be cured?"

Yang Yan squatted down, gently ruffled Buman's hair, and asked with a smile:

"Why do you ask? Of course, I can help cure your mom. Do I look like someone who would speak nonsense?"

Buman bit his lip, looking a bit upset, and said:

"Previous doctors said the same thing. But every time, after we spent all our savings, my mom's illness didn't improve much."

Yang Yan suddenly became serious and comforted him:

"Don't worry, this time it will be different. I said I can cure her, so I will! I promise!"

"But remember to come to my shop for the medicine tomorrow. After she takes it, your mom's condition will improve a lot."

After Yang Yan finished speaking, he stood up, turned around, and went downstairs.

"Dr. Yang, have you finished your business? If so, may we take you to meet our boss now?"

As Yang Yan went downstairs, he found Quinn had been waiting there for a long time.

"Looks like you guys are really in a hurry! You even chased me here."

Yang Yan raised his eyebrows and said with a smile.

"I had no choice either."

Quinn laughed awkwardly:

"I was going to go back, but suddenly there was news from home that the boss's condition had drastically changed."

"So, I had to muster up the courage and ask you to come over. Please, Mr. Yang, kindly accompany me."

As Quinn spoke, he bowed deeply towards Yang Yan.

"Alright! Since I'm free now, I'll go with you. But let's agree first, inviting me comes at a high cost!"

Yang Yan said with a smile.

He was quite satisfied with Quinn's attitude.

Besides, the more he saw this attitude, the less guilty he'd feel about charging them heavily later.

"Mr. Yang, that seems a bit unfair. I clearly heard you gave that woman upstairs a consultation without charging a cent!"

Quinn said with a wry smile.

Actually, it's not that his family can't afford it; he's just afraid Yang Yan would really charge an exorbitant fee.

After all, Paul and his brother were slaughtered for two hundred thousand US Dollars by him.

God knows what kind of high price Yang Yan would demand from his boss.

As a servant of the boss, he has the duty to help minimize the losses, regardless of whether they can afford it.

"You can't say that. Giving a free consultation to the person upstairs is my choice. But as rich as you all are, if I don't charge you, how would I make a living?"

Despite Quinn's frugal attitude, Yang Yan didn't find it offensive; instead, he found the man rather interesting.

Thus, his tone carried a hint of teasing.

"Hmph! A guy obsessed with money. As long as you can cure our boss, no matter how much, your money won't be lacking."

Standing by, the head of the bodyguards couldn't stand Yang Yan, and despite Quinn's warnings, he couldn't help but voice his thoughts.

As soon as the bodyguard leader spoke, Quinn knew it was bad.

Unfortunately, just as he wanted to say something, Yang Yan was already smiling and speaking.

"I knew you guys were generous. Let's go, even if I don't like you, I have to go for my paycheck."

As he spoke, Yang Yan glanced meaningfully at the bodyguard leader.

Quinn could only shake his head helplessly, with a bitter smile.

He had encountered people like Yang Yan who acted entirely on their own whims before.

Precisely because of that, he knew very well, his companion's remark just now had given Yang Yan ample reason to charge outrageously.

After about an hour's drive, Yang Yan and the others arrived in the Manhattan area.

Looking at the various villas around, Yang Yan couldn't help but sigh a little.

The United States is truly hell for the poor and heaven for the rich.

"Sorry! Due to today's special circumstances, we could only drive over. Otherwise, we would have sent a helicopter to pick you up."

Quinn said sincerely.

He genuinely didn't want to offend Yang Yan but instead wanted to salvage the situation as much as possible.

He vaguely sensed that soon Yang Yan would charge a high price.

He could only pray secretly that Yang Yan wouldn't be too ruthless.

"For me, it doesn't matter what I ride. Plus, I discovered one thing."

Yang Yan looked at Quinn and said with a smile.

"What thing?"

Upon hearing Yang Yan's somewhat profound words, Quinn asked with a look of suspicion.

Yang Yan gently waved his hand:

"You're a very interesting fellow. Alright, enough of that."

"Let's go take care of business, and then you can have someone send me back. I still have some things to deal with."

Quinn didn't know what Yang Yan meant, but he definitely didn't want to delay Yang Yan any longer and directly led him into the villa.

The interior decoration of this villa was extremely luxurious.

When Quinn brought Yang Yan to the poolside, many people were already there waiting.

Seeing all the various medical equipment they had brought, Yang Yan couldn't help but smile.

Apparently, he wasn't their only choice.

However, this approach seemed to align with their style.

Chapter 636: I Don't Understand English

"Are you also here to treat Lord Guzman?"

Just as Yang Yan casually found a stool and sat down, a man in a white coat approached him and asked.

"I'm not sure for now. If the price the other party offers satisfies me, I don't mind helping him with the treatment."

Yang Yan said with a smile.

He spoke earnestly, and the man was visibly taken aback, then awkwardly smiled, unsure of what to say.

On the side, another person gave a disdainful smile and mocked Yang Yan:

"Ha! Aren't Eastern men supposed to be very reserved? Why are you so conceited?"

"Ha—Ha—"

Yang Yan sneered twice, ignoring the person's provocation.

Anyway, he's here to make money, he couldn't care less about other matters.

As Yang Yan mentioned earlier, if the master here offers a reasonable price, he will help cure the illness.

If the other party is stingy with their wealth, he will just turn and leave.

Seeing Yang Yan ignore him, the man was visibly taken aback, then glared at him harshly, snorted coldly, and turned to discuss with the person beside him.

Just as Yang Yan's patience was about to wear thin, the door finally opened.

An elderly man was sitting in a wheelchair, being pushed out while surrounded by people.

When he appeared, the surrounding doctors immediately stood up and rushed to bow to the elder.

Each of them was extremely respectful.

"What's your deal? How can you not bow when you see Lord Guzman! Who brought you in without teaching you any manners?"

A man following Guzman suddenly fixed his gaze on Yang Yan, who was sitting on the couch, and said unhappily.

Meeting the man's gaze, Yang Yan's mouth curled into a cold smile.

These guys with developed limbs and simple minds, do they have muscles growing in their brains?

He's here to treat people, not to pay homage to the emperor.

Where does this guy get the nerve to demand that he bows to this so-called Lord Guzman?

The other party should be the one bowing to him instead, don't you think!

"Pete, watch your attitude! This is Dr. Yang, who cured Paul's brother. I brought him here."

Just as Yang Yan stood up and was about to turn and leave, Quinn spoke up.

After saying this, he gave Yang Yan a meaningful look.

In his eyes was a hint of pleading, obviously hoping he'd stay for a bit longer.

"Oh? So he's the doctor who cured the Paul's kid?"

Lord Guzman in the wheelchair finally spoke.

"Yes, Lord, it's him."

Quinn replied respectfully.

"Very good, very impressive! It seems he's different from those others who are just good at bootlicking."

Lord Guzman regarded Yang Yan with a friendly smile for a moment and nodded in satisfaction.

Once Lord Guzman spoke, those doctors who had stood up to bow felt extremely awkward.

Even a fool could tell that Lord Guzman was referring to them.

However, they didn't dare to blame the elder, not even daring to show a hint of displeasure.

Almost instinctively, they blamed it all on Yang Yan on the side.

"Alright, let's skip the nonsense. The reason I gathered everyone here today is that you're all the best in the field, and also the best doctors I could find in the shortest time."

Lord Guzman slowly stood up and said in a deep voice.

Although his health condition wasn't great, when he stood up, an aura of authority naturally emanated from him, making it impossible to ignore.

Even Yang Yan couldn't help but take another look at him.

Undoubtedly, this Lord Guzman before him is by no means simple.

"Your Excellency overpraises us, we're merely somewhat accomplished, hardly the best doctors."

The man who initially mocked Yang Yan hurriedly expressed his humility after hearing Lord Guzman's words.

"Alright, don't be modest. If you weren't truly skilled, you wouldn't have the qualifications to be here today."

Lord Guzman then gave a knowing glance to a woman beside him who resembled a secretary, who immediately caught on and nodded, taking a few documents from her bag.

"These are Lord Guzman's physical examination reports, from the best hospital in Manhattan and done by the most experienced doctors. Please take a good look at them."

The female secretary placed the documents on the table and spoke softly.

"Alright, sit down and carefully review them!"

After Lord Guzman finished speaking, he sat back into the wheelchair and began waiting quietly.

As soon as he finished speaking, these people quickly exchanged glances and then rushed to take the examination reports to read them rapidly.

Damn!

Are you kidding me?

I can only speak and listen, can't read at all, what's the point of looking at these!

After complaining inwardly, Yang Yan started to idly look around.

"Hey! What's with you?"

Pete saw that Yang Yan didn't take the documents but was glancing around, and immediately got angry.

This guy dares to be so confident?

Not even looking at the examination report!

What kind of attitude is this?

Does he think he can mess with the Guzman Clan like this!

"Are you talking to me?"

Yang Yan looked at Pete and asked calmly.

"Of course! Who else would I be asking? What do you mean by not looking at the examination report, are you trying to fool us or do you think so little of us?"

Pete angrily questioned.

"I can't understand it! It's written in English, and I don't know English."

Yang Yan shrugged helplessly and said sincerely.

Upon hearing Yang Yan's words, Pete was just dumbfounded.

Not only him, but everyone around who heard this couldn't help but turn their gaze to Yang Yan.

"You damned guy, are you messing with me on purpose?"

Pete looked at Yang Yan furiously and said.

He felt Yang Yan was treating him like an idiot.

This guy, although he has an Asian face, speaks English so well that even Pete thought Yang Yan was a native Asian.

Now he claims not to know English, who would believe that?

He must be doing this on purpose to get back at him.

That's it!

"Damn it! Do you even know where you are? Do you think this is your own home? You're dead today!"

Pete was completely enraged by Yang Yan, rolling up his sleeves as he advanced towards him.

"Believe it or not, it's up to you."

Yang Yan pursed his lips, entirely unmoved:

"Besides, it wasn't my idea to be here today, it's you who invited me."

"However, it seems like you don't need me, so I'll be going."

Yang Yan finished his sentence and turned to leave.

Chapter 637: Confidence Comes from Ability, Boasting from Incompetence

"Dr. Yang, please wait! Please stop! Pete is still young and inexperienced, inevitably impulsive. I hope Mr. Yang won't mind!"

"Since Mr. Yang doesn't understand English, it's alright, Jessica, you go and translate for Dr. Yang."

Lord Guzman glanced at the beautiful secretary beside him and instructed in a deep voice.

"As you command, my lord!"

The beautiful secretary beside Lord Guzman, after hearing the elder's words, immediately bowed respectfully and quickly walked over to Yang Yan.

"Dr. Yang, please listen to this report in full. We'll discuss anything else after you've heard the report."

Lord Guzman looked at Yang Yan and said sincerely.

As the saying goes, you don't hit someone with a smiling face.

Upon hearing Lord Guzman's words, Yang Yan found it really hard to just walk away insensitively.

He had no choice but to sit down obediently, preparing to patiently listen to this beautiful secretary read the report to him.

Although the report didn't mean much to him, it was still necessary to go through the motions.

"This medical examination report is from the best hospital in Manhattan, or you could say, from the best hospital in the United States."

"It states that Lord Guzman's metabolism is ten times that of a normal person!"

"Similarly, his aging speed is also ten times that of a normal person."

"Don't be fooled by the fact that his lordship is sitting in a wheelchair now; just this morning, he was out jogging, and compared to most young people, he's much healthier."

"And the reason you're all here, I suppose I don't need to explain to you."

"As long as you can cure his lordship, you can propose any conditions you want."

"We only have one requirement, and that is you must cure his lordship's disease."

"Otherwise, I think you all know the consequences without me having to say it."

Jessica, upon reaching this point, glanced around at the surrounding doctors and spoke slowly.

"This is quite interesting! The body is aging at ten times the speed? Or perhaps living life at ten times the speed?"

Initially, Yang Yan was just somewhat curious, treating the idea of curing Lord Guzman with a take-it-or-leave-it attitude, but now, his interest was genuinely piqued.

"Has everyone understood? Any requests you have, just make them, but the premise is that you must cure Lord Guzman's disease. Otherwise, think about the consequences yourselves."

Pete looked around at the doctors who were exchanging glances.

Especially towards Yang Yan, he even revealed a beast-like smile.

These doctors were all furrowing their brows, even showing deep concern.

For they knew well what kind of background Lord Guzman had.

They certainly didn't doubt whether Lord Guzman could fulfill his end of the bargain; rather, they feared whether they could cure him.

After all, this authoritative report had clearly stated the situation.

None of them could see any issues other than the accelerated metabolism, let alone talk about treating it.

At this moment, Yang Yan spoke up.

"Are you sure you can fulfill any request?"

In his view, this was a great opportunity, enough to earn him a significant amount of money.

More importantly, he was filled with curiosity about what was happening to Lord Guzman and wanted to get to the bottom of it.

"You do nothing and still want to make demands?"

Before Lord Guzman could speak, Pete, who was beside him, started to complain discontentedly.

Yang Yan slightly laughed, disdainfully saying:

"I wasn't asking you. What are you getting excited about?"

"You..."

Just as Pete wanted to continue speaking, Guzman stopped him.

"Yes! As long as I can manage it, any demand can be met."

Guzman smiled while looking at Yang Yan and said slowly.

"Alright then, let me first see what's wrong with you before we talk about anything else!"

"Besides, you can send these guys away. If I can't solve it, they're probably unnecessary too."

"Continuing to have them here might just get in the way and affect my mood."

Yang Yan stood up and said nonchalantly.

"Haha! Truly the fearless spirit of a young bull. Quinn! Do as Dr. Yang says. Remember to offer them some compensation for their travel expenses."

Guzman nodded lightly and instructed Quinn beside him.

Upon hearing Guzman's words, the others could only look at Yang Yan with silent indignation.

They knew well that if they could help this lord before them with his illness, it would be an immense opportunity!

At the very least, their future would be secure beyond doubt.

But just because of this guy's words, Guzman actually sent them away?

"Let's go! I need a quiet place to properly examine your condition."

After Yang Yan finished speaking, he directly headed inside the villa.

The others, seeing Yang Yan simply enter the villa, exchanged puzzled glances.

Especially Pete, who was the most displeased with Yang Yan, his eyes burned with anger.

Unfortunately, since Guzman, the host, had not spoken, he dared not overstep by saying more.

"Do as he says!"

Watching Yang Yan's disappearing back, Guzman raised an eyebrow and said solemnly:

"Prepare a quiet room for him, then Jessica, send me inside. The others can wait here!"

Shortly after Yang Yan went in, someone began clearing the area.

All the villa's maids or bodyguards were called outside to wait.

"Grandpa, do you really trust him? It's not that I doubt your judgment, but isn't he a bit too young?"

"If he's not capable, wouldn't it delay your condition?"

Jessica gently pushed the elder as they moved inside, cautiously reminding him.

Guzman chuckled slightly:

"He's very confident. Such confidence must be based on strong capabilities, and this, I can see from his eyes."

"He's also right. Those guys outside are just here for money or power, not worth mentioning at all."

"Moreover, if they were useful, we would have found a solution at the Manhattan Hospital already, rather than making such redundant efforts."

"This time inviting them over was just the last-ditch effort."

"In fact, I'm not expecting much for my condition. But this oriental man has ignited a glimmer of hope in me instead."

"The feeling he gives me is very special, akin to the feeling those mysterious individuals give me."

The elder's body was indeed on the brink of exhaustion.

After speaking these few sentences, he started to cough violently.

Chapter 638: There's a Way—It All Depends on Guts Now

Seeing this, Jessica quickly stopped in her tracks and gently patted the old man's back to help him catch his breath.

"Grandfather, don't talk anymore. Since you have confidence in him, let's hurry and let him have a look."

After saying this, Jessica quickened her pace as she pushed the wheelchair.

Inside the room, Yang Yan had already found a comfortable sofa and sat down.

The reason he decided to help Guzman wasn't solely because of his money.

He felt a long-lost sensation when he came into contact with Guzman.

There were no clues at the time, but now he unexpectedly encountered it again.

Xu Yi inexplicably lost some time.

And Dawn inexplicably gained some time.

If there's no connection here, he wouldn't believe it even if you beat him to death.

A few years ago, he met Xu Yi.

Logically, Xu Yi should be the same age as him.

However, she seemed to have missed a few years, ending up around the same age as Zhou Hanyu.

And when Sun had the accident, Dawn was just a tiny little thing.

When Yang Yan saw her, she was already over ten years old!

There must be a problem with their timelines.

And now, this old man named Guzman has a similar issue with his timeline.

Since he encountered this, he might as well take the opportunity to figure out what's going on!

"Dr. Yang, are you ready? If you are, we can begin."

Seeing Yang Yan dazed, Guzman couldn't help but softly remind him.

Jessica, on the side, looked at Yang Yan with some curiosity.

She had never seen her grandfather trust an outsider this much.

It was evident that the old man was meeting Yang Yan for the first time.

She wanted to see what this cautious grandfather noticed in this young Asian before him.

"Sorry! I was just lost in thought for a moment. I'm ready. If you have no objections, let's begin!"

Yang Yan smiled apologetically.

"Then let's start! By the way, would Jessica being here bother you?"

Guzman asked cautiously.

Jessica, fearing Yang Yan might refuse, looked at him with a face full of expectation.

"Just one person, it's actually no problem. As long as she doesn't speak and disturb me, it's fine."

Yang Yan said smiling.

He was also eager to find out if Guzman's issue was related to what had happened with Xu Yi and Dawn.

Even finding a slight clue would be beneficial.

"Alright! In that case, let's begin! Jessica won't disturb you."

Guzman made the final decision, and Jessica obediently stood aside, quietly watching the pair on the sofa.

Without hesitation, Yang Yan placed his hand on Guzman's wrist, which was skeletal due to his old age.

Though this was just a normal pulse examination in traditional Chinese medicine, in Yang Yan's hands, it was anything but simple.

He discreetly infused his power into Guzman's body.

As the power traveled through the old man's body, he finally gained some preliminary understanding of Guzman's condition.

As he thought, Guzman's body had indeed been tampered with by people of the Hidden World.

However, these methods were so simple that even Yang Yan himself could easily accomplish them.

What on earth was going on?

Yang Yan couldn't help but frown.

"What's the matter, Dr. Yang, is my illness very complicated?"

Guzman couldn't help but ask.

The older a person gets, the more they fear death.

Especially someone like him, affluent and influential, who feared death even more.

"It's not a big issue," Yang Yan slowly began, "I can heal your body, but the cost is one billion US dollars, any problems?"

Hearing Yang Yan's words, both Guzman and Jessica frowned.

It's not that their family can't come up with a billion US dollars.

But it would definitely cause some strain.

After all, their family had more fixed assets than cash.

Yang Yan chuckled lightly, and a pearl-sized pill appeared out of thin air in his hand:

"There's no need to rush to agree with me. Here's a pill you can take first and then consider leisurely."

"If you've made up your mind, come find me at my clinic before noon tomorrow."

After saying this, Yang Yan didn't give the grandfather and granddaughter pair a chance to speak further. He stood up and walked directly towards the door.

"Grandfather, this guy's appetite is just too big. One billion US dollars! That's not a small figure. I fear we'll need some time to gather it."

After Yang Yan left, Jessica immediately came to Guzman's side and said.

She obviously knew that Guzman would agree with Yang Yan, and she herself had no objections.

Currently, she was just complaining about Yang Yan's greed, unable to resist a remark.

"Haha! A billion? That's certainly no small sum!"

Guzman picked up the pill Yang Yan left on the table, speaking meaningfully.

"Grandfather, if he can heal you, then giving him two billion wouldn't matter. It's not like we can't afford it."

"However, this guy's appetite really is too big. Isn't he afraid of having money and not being able to spend it?"

Jessica seriously examined the pill in Guzman's hand for a while.

No matter how she looked at it, it seemed ordinary.

Moreover, the pill didn't even have a scent.

"Give the order to get the money together as quickly as possible."

After saying this, Guzman swallowed the pill in one gulp.

He wasn't worried at all about Yang Yan tampering with the pill.

When Yang Yan walked out of the villa, Quinn was already waiting for him there.

"Dr. Yang, have you found a way to handle the Lord's illness?"

As soon as Quinn saw Yang Yan, he couldn't wait to ask.

Yang Yan's face didn't show any excitement or disappointment, leaving him unsure if the treatment was successful or not.

"There is a way. The rest depends on your Lord's resolve."

Yang Yan smiled lightly, not hiding anything from Quinn.

From the first time he saw Quinn, he found the guy rather interesting.

The reason being that from the moment they met, Quinn seemed to be intentionally getting close to him.

Moreover, Yang Yan was certain that the guy didn't know about his identity in the Hidden World.

"Depends on the Lord's resolve, huh?"

Quinn mumbled, also falling into contemplation.

He didn't know what terms Yang Yan and Mr. Guzman had agreed upon.

But he could hear the conditions were somewhat stringent.

After asking Quinn to drive him home, Yang Yan briefly greeted Zhou Hanyun and the others, then directly returned to his room.

Chapter 639: Looks Like Someone Doesn't Want Me to Cure You!

"This thing is quite interesting!"

At this moment, Yang Yan had a faint blue halo in his hand.

And within this halo were some indescribable things.

It wasn't a physical entity, but more like a strange symbol, constantly flowing in Yang Yan's hand.

"Xiaocao, can you help me investigate this thing thoroughly, and by the way, look for Xu Yi's whereabouts? Just say that I invited her over here."

For a long time, Xiaocao has never left Yang Yan's side.

Even if she's not beside Yang Yan, the distance between them would never be too far.

She was like Yang Yan's shadow, always accompanying him.

"Understood! I'll have someone investigate this. However, Wang, do you think this thing might have something to do with the temporal changes on Xu Yi and Dawn?"

Xiaocao's figure suddenly appeared in the room, looking at Yang Yan with a puzzled expression.

"Not sure."

Yang Yan gently shook his head, saying somewhat helplessly:

"There's too little information. I need more concrete things to determine anything. For now, just figure out what this rune means!"

As he said this, he even gently rubbed his brow.

The Hidden World is vast, with many extraordinary people possessing a variety of powers.

Not even Yang Yan, or even those ancient legendary beings, could know all the powerful existences.

That night, Yang Yan was pondering over the origins and developments of this matter.

It's a habit he's developed over a long time.

Before doing anything, he always makes thorough preparations and never fights an unprepared battle.

Early the next morning, just like yesterday, Yang Yan arrived at the clinic early, ready to start another mundane day.

To Yang Yan's surprise, the little boy named Buman from the day before was already sitting at the shop's entrance.

"Mr. Buman, here so early?"

Yang Yan said with a smile.

"It's not early, Dr. Yang. I've already delivered all the newspapers. I got lucky today! Some people even bought a few newspapers from me, and I made quite a bit of money!"

The "quite a bit of money" Buman mentioned was actually just two or three US dollars.

Times are different now.

The widespread use of the internet has made most people choose it to understand the world.

Newspapers are losing their audience more and more.

"Is that so? Well, your luck's really good today! Here, this is the medicine I promised to give your mother today."

"Once she takes this medicine, her health will be much better than before."

As Yang Yan spoke, he handed Buman an ordinary small bottle.

However, if people from the Hidden World knew what was inside, they would surely be shocked.

"Thank you, Dr. Yang, you're really a good person."

After carefully taking the bottle from Yang Yan's hand, young Buman didn't rush off but instead picked up cleaning tools from nearby and started cleaning the clinic.

"Haha! You little fellow."

Seeing Buman's actions, Yang Yan didn't stop him, just watched this busy little fellow with a smile.

For a long time, Buman's mother taught him not to easily accept others' favors.

Even if he did accept, he should do something within his ability.

Now, aside from helping Yang Yan clean up the clinic, he couldn't think of what else he could do.

When Buman finished, it was already noon.

Seeing this sweaty little boy, a knowing smile appeared on Yang Yan's face.

People, just living in this world, is not easy in itself.

And for a little guy like this to maintain a pure heart even in adversity is even rarer.

Seeing it was almost twelve, Buman was getting worried about his mother at home.

After giving Yang Yan a deep bow, he ran out with the medicine bottle in his arms.

This kid has a good character!

If he can keep this up, maybe I can guide him a bit.

Watching Buman's gradually receding figure, a slight stirring passed through Yang Yan's heart.

Then an immature idea popped into his mind.

"Dr. Yang, good morning!"

Just as Yang Yan was contemplating whether to put that immature idea into practice soon, Quinn suddenly walked in.

Along with him came Mr. Guzman, whom he had met yesterday, and the beautiful secretary Jessica.

"So? Have you made up your mind?"

Yang Yan was not worried that Guzman would refuse his request.

Having seen so much life and death, he probably understood Guzman's thinking better than anyone.

As long as there was a sliver of a chance, they would choose to live on.

"Haha! There's nothing to think about. As long as there's a chance, I won't miss it."

"And what's more, whether it's ten billion US dollars or twenty billion, as long as I can save my life, it's just numbers."

Guzman said with a smile.

As if he wasn't talking about ten billion US dollars, but a pile of leaves.

"Haha! Very well put, it seems my price was a bit low."

Hearing this, the expressions of those present changed slightly.

Yang Yan suddenly laughed:

"Just a joke, a joke. Ten billion as agreed, I won't raise the price arbitrarily."

Guzman chuckled lightly, waiting for Yang Yan's further words.

Yang Yan nodded with satisfaction, then continued:

"In this world, only those alive have endless possibilities."

"If you've decided, make the transfer! Once the money is transferred, you'll be just like a normal person."

Without any hesitation, Guzman immediately instructed Quinn by his side:

"Quinn! Make the transfer to Dr. Yang."

Quinn, without any delay, took out a laptop and, after asking for Yang Yan's Swiss bank account, prepared to make the transfer.

"Who's in charge here? Who allowed you to operate this shop here!"

Just as Quinn was about to proceed, a group of police officers walked in.

Accompanying them were a few people from the health department.

"Oh? It seems someone isn't keen on me curing you!"

Yang Yan glanced at Guzman, then slowly walked to the door.

"I'm in charge here, what do you need?"

Yang Yan's gaze swept over them as he spoke calmly.

"You're the one in charge? We've received a report. You are now suspected of practicing medicine without a license, forgery, and operating an illegal business."

"You have the right to remain silent, if you have a lawyer, you can call them."

"If not, out of humanity, we will assign one to you."

The leader stepped forward, expressionless, speaking in formal tones.

"Oh! I don't have a lawyer, you can assign one to me. But remember, I'd like a female one, and she'd better be pretty."

Yang Yan said with a smile.

It seemed that he wasn't particularly concerned about these law enforcement personnel.

Chapter 640: I'm Really Disappointed You Didn't Get Beaten Up!

"So, have you seen this person? You're here because this guy reported you."

Jessica said seriously.

Yang Yan chuckled lightly, dismissively saying:

"Do you guys really have no clue why I'm here?"

"Let's not lie in front of each other. It's not me they're targeting, but your old man."

"In Huaxia, we have a saying, 'When immortals fight, mortals suffer.' You could say I'm just an unfortunate bystander."

These underhanded tricks never earned Yang Yan's respect.

In his view, if he had time to play such tricks, he could've dealt with the opponent multiple times over by now.

Moreover, he always believed that in the face of absolute strength, any conspiracy is futile.

He had the strength to crush everything, so he disdained to play such games!

"Alright! Just stay home for the next few days and don't wander around. We'll send people over to protect you."

Jessica laughed awkwardly and then stated her position.

"What? You're not letting your old man come over? You know, Lord Guzman doesn't have much time left!"

Yang Yan questioned a bit puzzled.

"Now's not the time for that. Because someone else has arrived at the house. That person's not ordinary, and his lordship can't get away."

At these words, Yang Yan didn't need to think to know that this was simply a stalling tactic from the opponent.

But what intrigued him was who exactly had come.

Could someone really be so important that even that cowardly old guy has to personally attend to them?

"Don't overthink it, that person won't be staying long. Before that, you should prepare to treat his lordship."

"Also, you have to pay attention to your own safety. I'm afraid you might be gone before the old man comes over."

Jessica said seriously.

She wasn't trying to scare Yang Yan.

Though they didn't know if Guzman's illness was related to them, even without thinking, it was clear the other side wouldn't want someone like Yang Yan, who could cure Guzman, to exist.

Yang Yan exaggeratedly patted his chest, jokingly saying:

"Oh my! Hearing you say that makes me so scared! Maybe I should go back to Huaxia first? You guys handle things here, and I'll come back to treat the old man?"

Jessica's face darkened, staring intently into Yang Yan's eyes, she said with utmost seriousness:

"Dr. Yang, I'm not joking, you're in great danger now. The opposing party won't let someone like you exist. Even if they're unsure if you can really cure his lordship."

"Maybe they've already arranged to have someone come and kill you. But please rest assured, we will absolutely not let you die."

Yang Yan maintained a calm smile, nodding slowly:

"Hmm! If that's the case, then I'll rely on you all for my safety. Oh! Don't let them come kill me, alright! Make sure to send the best bodyguards!"

Do these guys really think they can kill me?

What an international joke!

If these nobodies could kill me, wouldn't all my years of experience be for nothing?

Back home, Zhou Hanyun and the others were having dinner.

They didn't expect Yang Yan to be out so quickly, so they didn't wait for him.

"Wow! You guys really have no sense of decency! Not even waiting for me to eat?"

Yang Yan shouted loudly, dissatisfied.

"Who knew you'd be out so soon. Besides, our Lord Yang, didn't you predict you'd be taken in yesterday?"

"Why didn't you think you'd have nothing to eat while inside?"

Shiya Jie pouted, saying with frustration.

She was still upset that Yang Yan hadn't warned her beforehand, causing unnecessary worry for a day.

Hearing Shiya Jie's words, Yang Yan couldn't help but understand.

But frankly, it was his fault for not mentioning it earlier.

Yet, speaking of which, didn't this woman and Wang Xue not stay home yesterday?

Can't blame him entirely!

"Alright, enough talking, let's eat first!"

Zhou Hanyun smiled, serving a bowl of rice and handing chopsticks to Yang Yan.

"Is there any difference between the jails here and those in Huaxia? In the movies, newcomers always get beaten up by the veterans. How come you seem fine?"

Zhou Hanyun looked Yang Yan over seriously, feeling a bit disappointed seeing him unharmed.

"Wow! You really wish I'd gotten beaten up?"

"And even if there was such a thing, do you really believe those guys could beat me up? Did you forget where I used to hang out?"

Yang Yan said smugly.

"That's true, haha!"

Zhou Hanyu sighed, suddenly enlightened, saying:

"Almost forgot, you're quite capable, after all, those guys really aren't able to lay a hand on you."

"But I'm really disappointed!"

Zhou Hanyu said, sighing heavily, then continued eating her meal.

"You..."

Yang Yan was utterly speechless toward Zhou Hanyu.

He remembered she wasn't like this before!

Back then, she even went to dine and dash with him.

Now, how come she turned so much like this violent girl Shiya Jie?

Early the next morning, Yang Yan continued as if nothing had happened, preparing to open his small clinic and carry on with business as usual.

However, when he arrived at the clinic, he found the doors sealed off by the police.

Yang Yan frowned, tore off the seal in a few swift moves.

"Dr. Yang, what happened here? I heard the police sealed your clinic yesterday?"

Just when Yang Yan was about to tidy up his desk, Buman came over.

He looked at Yang Yan worriedly, asking with concern.

In his view, getting into trouble with the police in the United States surely wasn't a good thing.

"Don't worry, it's nothing. Those guys made a mistake. Look, I'm here perfectly fine, aren't I?"

Yang Yan smiled, patting Buman's head reassuringly.

"Oh, right, since you're here, then there must be nothing to worry about."

Buman nodded seriously, giving a self-convincing "reasonable inference."

"How's your mom's illness? Is she taking her meds as instructed?"

Yang Yan crouched down, smiling as he asked.