

Urban Invincible Overlord

#Chapter 1 The Hidden Dragon in the Abyss - Read Urban Invincible Overlord Chapter 1 The Hidden Dragon in the Abyss

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"It's been a year since Tang disappeared, the other members of 'International Madman' have faded into obscurity, and the Underworld is left wondering who will rise and fall?"

A single discussion ignited the dark web.

As the globally recognized largest forum for the Underworld, the dark web holds unshakable authority.

Without a doubt, this year, the phrase 'International Madman' has been the hottest topic on the dark web.

A year has passed, and the cooling interest was reignited with the posting of this message, bringing out countless old dogs who had lain hidden for years to comment.

"What a pity! The 'International Madman' reached the peak in just five years. They could have dominated the Underworld for the next decade. But with Tang's disappearance, the other founding members also vanished, possibly implying a retreat. Since then, 'International Madman' might forever disappear from history."

"Haven't you all noticed? After that battle a year ago, the entire Underworld quieted down a lot."

"Right, that battle was too brutal. All sides suffered heavy losses. Facing the siege of over a dozen top-tier forces, those freaks from 'International Madman' actually fought head-on and won. They were too fierce!"

"It is said that Tang alone fought against seventeen renowned warriors from the heavenly list, slaying nine and wounding eight, with not a single one escaping unscathed."

"Such achievements are hard to come by in a century, truly deserving the title 'Madman King'."

At this moment, a user with the ID 'Korea's Best' commented, "Tang is the pride of our South Korea."

"F*ck, these disgusting Koreans are everywhere."

"Alright, alright, the whole world belongs to your South Korea, you can get lost now!"

"Oh, God! Kick this disgusting thing out fast."

'Korea's Best' has been kicked out of the discussion in this thread.

The discussion returned to normal.

"In that battle, Tang sustained severe injuries and then disappeared without a trace. According to those who participated in the fight, he might not have survived."

"That's right. If he were alive, the other members of International Madman wouldn't have gone into hiding."

"Even if he is alive, he must be a broken man by now. Such a shame, it was just a fleeting moment of glory!"

...

"A fleeting moment of glory, huh?"

In Imperial City of China, within a courtyard, two elders were playing Go under a large tree.

One of them had long hair tied up high on his head. He was slightly plump, dressed in gray and white Tang attire, with white hair and a ruddy complexion, looking quasi-Taoist.

With a black piece in hand, he made his move on the board, instantly transforming the dire situation, reversing heaven and earth.

"Ten years ago, with a single move I made, the dragon fought in the wilderness, shocking the world."

"Today, as I place another piece, let's see its effect."

The old man holding the white pieces lightly smiled, "Shouldn't it be that today, with another piece placed, the dragon soars ten thousand miles?"

"Hahaha..."

"Laughing your ass off, for your sake of 'placing another piece,' I even threw in my granddaughter." The old man with the white pieces was visibly irritated.

"You will thank me in the future."

...

Outside Binhai East Station, in a small hotel.

Yang Fei was curled up on the bed, sweat pouring like syrup.

He let out suppressed groans of pain through his gritted teeth, his handsome face with sharp and distinct features now slightly contorted.

Pain!

Pain to the extreme!

That kind of agony, as if his veins and arteries were about to burst open, was unbearable even for him.

After enduring for a full half-hour, everything finally returned to calm.

"Phew!"

Breathing out a sigh of relief, Yang Fei slowly regained his senses.

Within his bright eyes, a deep sorrow and helplessness flickered.

"It's getting more and more painful!"

This is what the end of a hero's journey looks like, isn't it?

A year ago, he was the famous Madman King who commanded respect worldwide. But now, he was nothing more than a broken man, riddled with wounds and chronic ailments.

Thinking back to his past glory, Yang Fei's face showed desolation, his heart filled with helplessness and unwillingness.

Beep beep!

The WeChat notification sounded.

Yang Fei was jolted back to reality and immediately remembered that important matter, his expression changing.

He opened his phone to see a message: Are you still coming?

Glancing at the time, he realized he was half an hour late to their agreed meeting time.

Yang Fei hastily replied: "Sorry, something urgent came up and delayed me. Are you still there? I'm on my way right now."

The reply came quickly: Hmm.

Just one word, not very enthusiastic.

Well, it's understandable. Being the man, he was half an hour late and hadn't informed the other party in advance. Anyone would be angry, let alone enthusiastic.

Yang Fei hurried into the bathroom and took a quick cold shower to wash off the sweat and stink.

Half an hour later, he rushed to the coffee shop where they were supposed to meet.

At a window-side seat, the sunlight filtered through the glass, casting a beautiful silhouette.

The woman had a simple ponytail, a graceful neck, and sat properly on the couch, holding a book and reading intently.

There was a cup of tea on the table in front of her.

Yang Fei felt a bit guilty.

Being more than an hour late to their first meeting probably left a very bad impression on her.

He felt helpless.

As he was leaving the station, an elderly man suddenly fell to the ground, convulsing and seizing. His life was hanging by a thread, and as a doctor, Yang Fei couldn't just stand by.

To save the man, he knew he shouldn't use his True Qi rashly but he did it anyway.

Though he managed to save the man, he triggered that stormy pain once again, forcing him to find a temporary room to hide in, lest his dreadful agony during the outbreak frighten others.

Despite his own troubles, he just couldn't stand to see others suffering.

Yang Fei gave a self-mocking smile as he approached the woman.

"Hello, are you Qin Yanyang?" Yang Fei asked.

The woman raised her head to look at him.

Sunshine fell on her, as if coating her in a layer of sacred glow.

Gazing at this woman, Yang Fei felt an inexplicable peace.

Qin Yanyang closed her book, stood up with a slight nod, and extended her delicate hand to point at the sofa opposite her: "Sit!"

Her voice was also pleasant, Yang Fei mused.

As he sat down, a server approached: "Good afternoon, sir. May I ask what you would like to drink?"

"Tea."

After the server left, Yang Fei, looking at the woman opposite him who fulfilled all his aesthetic fantasies about Eastern women, apologized: "My name is Yang Fei, and I am so sorry for being so late on our first meeting."

Qin Yanyang nodded slightly and said, "It's fine. I had nothing special planned today so I waited a little longer. No worries."

She seemed to be a woman of good temperament, ready to give others the opportunity to explain without getting easily angry even when the fault lay with them.

Generous and tolerant.

Just like the majestic front she displayed.

Yet Yang Fei could feel that behind this generosity and tolerance, there was a kind of aloofness, an invisible barrier that made it hard to get truly close.

"I'm twenty-four years old, I like peace and quiet, reading books, watching movies, and hiking. I'm currently teaching at Binhai University and also involved in some project development. My work can sometimes be light, but other times it requires working night after night, even to the point of not being able to return home. Can you... I mean, would you be able to accept that?"

Just as Yang Fei wasn't sure how to face this awkward blind date situation, Qin Yanyang took the initiative to speak.

Yang Fei was slightly startled.

According to what he had searched online about blind date procedures, this seemed a bit off.

He cleared his throat, mimicking her, and said: "My name is Yang Fei, twenty-three years old. I just returned to the country and don't have a job yet. Uh, I guess I'm a doctor, the certified kind. As for hobbies... ahem, similar to yours. Uh, it's really not to please you that I'm saying this."

Qin Yanyang smiled slightly.

It was hard to tell if it was because Yang Fei was imitating her introduction or because of his last remark.

"Shouldn't you be asking about my family background, income, what kind of car I drive, how many houses I own, or how much I have in savings?" Yang Fei, recalling the blind date videos he had watched online, couldn't help but remind her.

Qin Yanyang looked at him in surprise, her lips curving into a charming smile: "I have all of those."

She continued: "Did you bring your household registration book?"

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Bereaving You of Your Spouse

Coming out of the civil affairs office, Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang each held a little red book.

Yang Fei lit a cigarette, really wishing to find a place to cool off for a bit.

Even though he had returned for a matchmaking meeting and had promised his master he would try to get along well with the other party, he never expected things to progress this quickly.

Most crucially, the woman was even more proactive than he was.

Watching Qin Yanyang slip the marriage certificate into her beige purse, Yang Fei finally couldn't resist asking her, "What on earth did you see in me?"

Qin Yanyang blinked and said, "You don't seem distasteful."

Yang Fei was startled.

That's it?

Qin Yanyang pointed to her eyes, "I'm pretty accurate at judging people. Plus, my grandfather never lies to me. He said he'd find me a reliable man who can take care of

me for life, so I came. Moreover, if I didn't marry you, I would have to obey my parents' arrangements and marry someone I really dislike."

Towards the end, she looked at Yang Fei apologetically and said, "Marrying me, you might encounter a lot of trouble, can you..."

Yang Fei waved his hand and said, "Trouble or whatever doesn't matter, I just feel like our progress is a bit too fast... Are we really married?"

Qin Yanyang nodded, "Yes, married."

"Seriously?" Yang Fei asked.

Qin Yanyang smiled slightly, "You don't seem like someone who makes impulsive decisions without consideration. Since you didn't refuse before the certificate, why worry about it now?"

Yang Fei blushed.

Fuck, this woman has seen right through me.

How pretentious!

"So, why did you agree to marry me?" Qin Yanyang countered.

After some thought, Yang Fei said, "If I say I once experienced all the splendors of the world, but now just want to settle for a simple life, would you believe me?"

Qin Yanyang shook her head and said, "Speak human."

She clearly didn't believe it.

It was utterly nonsensical.

Pretending to have experienced so much at a year younger than me, what's with the act of depth?

"I come from a poor, remote place, I'm an orphan, and it was my uncle who raised me. I met my master when I was thirteen. He gave me a chance to make something of myself. Now I've met the biggest hurdle in my life, and Master says you are my opportunity; that as long as I marry you, I can turn bad luck into good." Yang Fei explained.

Qin Yanyang frowned slightly, uncertain whether to believe this story but she didn't press on, instead saying, "I hope we can be honest with each other in the future. I have

things to do this afternoon. This is the house key. I've sent you the address on WeChat. Contact me by phone if there's anything."

After speaking, she drove off in that red Mercedes, leaving without looking back.

Yang Fei watched the car until it was out of sight, then lifted his head to glance at a window in the building across the street, his brows slightly furrowed.

Is someone keeping tabs on Qin Yanyang?

Who exactly is this wife of mine?

Meanwhile, inside the car, Qin Yanyang's face was cold as ice as she dialed a number, "Zhang Yunqing, this is the first time, and I hope it's the last. If I find out you've sent someone to watch me again, I'll break your legs."

The other end of the phone remained silent for a moment before a voice that was clearly suppressing anger came through, "Yanyang, do you really need to take things this far just to avoid our engagement?"

"That was merely the wishful thinking of my parents and your Zhang Family. I, as well as my grandfather, never agreed to your proposal," Qin Yanyang retorted decisively.

"Who is he? In this whole world, who else but I, Zhang Yunqing, is worthy of you, Qin Yanyang? You are the Heavenly Pride Girl, a phoenix above the nine heavens. Who is he to be worthy?"

The anger could no longer be contained as his voice took on a low growl and roar.

Qin Yanyang calmly responded, "Even if he is a pile of cow dung, from now on, he is my man, Qin Yanyang's, and that makes him the most fertile nutrient in the world."

With that, she hung up the call.

In Imperial City, within the most upscale villa district, Zhang Yunqing stood in a villa listening to the busy tone on the phone. His handsome face twisted with a touch of ferocity as he furiously smashed his phone onto the ground.

Bang!

The cell phone shattered into pieces.

Zhang Yunqing gritted his teeth, furious as he roared, "Damn it, you're mine, and nobody else can snatch you away! You think you can just find any man to act as a shield, think you can escape my palm by getting married? Well then, I'll make you a widow."

"The woman I, Zhang Yunqing, set my sights on will either be unmarried or a widow!"

He was Second Young Master Zhang of the Zhang Family; with the family's current high and mighty status, who would dare to lay a finger on the woman he had marked as his?

Meanwhile, after Yang Fei got into the taxi, the driver asked him where he would like to go. He hurriedly took out his cell phone, saw Qin Yanyang had sent him a location, and told the driver the address.

"Wow, you're heading to Binhai's wealthiest and most prestigious residential villa area," remarked the taxi driver upon hearing the address, his eyes darting back and forth between Yang Fei in the rearview mirror.

Yang Fei even noticed the driver's doubtful gaze.

Yang Fei just smiled and did not engage in conversation.

He looked at his phone, which showed only two contacts listed as friends: one labeled "Master" and the other "Blind Date."

After some thought, he changed "Blind Date" to "Wife."

Just as he finished editing, he noticed there was a new post in his Moments and couldn't resist clicking on it.

It was a post from Qin Yanyang.

There were two pictures: a cover photo of a marriage certificate and another of its content.

The caption read: "Please take good care of me for the rest of our lives!"

Looking at these eight characters, Yang Fei suddenly felt a warmth and coziness he had never experienced before, as a charming smile formed on his lips.

He left an eight-character comment: "Let's look after each other and move forward together."

What he didn't know was that Qin Yanyang's Moments post had thrown a nuclear weapon into the real high society circles of China Imperial City, causing a huge uproar.

After exiting Qin Yanyang's Moment, Yang Fei tapped on his master's contact.

There was no response.

"Sigh, Master oh Master, do you really consider me a true apprentice?" Yang Fei silently lamented in his heart.

It was like he had a master, yet didn't have one.

At the age of thirteen, the old man had appeared out of nowhere, presenting him with an opportunity.

For the past ten years, it had always been the old man who initiated contact with him—he was generally left to grow on his own.

Once he made a name for himself overseas, the old man would occasionally ask him to do some task.

After the incident a year ago, the old man had actually taken the initiative to contact him, informing him about his current physical condition and seeking treatment. To his surprise, the old man told him to return to China, saying that all he needed to do was to marry a woman named Qin Yanyang, and the rest would fall into place.

The old man enjoyed speaking in riddles, and although Yang Fei was full of questions, he had nowhere to turn for answers.

At a red light, the cab stopped to wait, and Yang Fei was about to ask how much longer it would take to reach the destination when he suddenly had a premonition.

He turned his head abruptly.

A speeding concrete mixer was barreling towards them from behind.

Showing no signs of braking.

Yang Fei's pupils shrank. Without a second thought, he shouted, "Get out of the car, quick!"

As he spoke, he violently pushed the car door open and, like an arrow released from its bow, he flew out of the taxi's back seat.

Crash!!!

The mixer truck slammed mercilessly into the taxi.

The rear half of the taxi was compressed flat, and the entire vehicle was hurled forward by the force of the mixer truck's momentum.

The mixer truck did not slow down, it crazily pushed the taxi forward and eventually smashed into a small hillside about twenty meters across the road.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Power Protects Her Husband

The taxi driver was dead.

The concrete mixer truck driver was also dead.

With two people dead, it qualified as a major traffic accident. Yang Fei, as the only survivor at the scene and an eyewitness, cooperated in making a statement.

Eventually, the incident was ruled as a traffic accident.

When Yang Fei walked out of the police station, the outside was enveloped in darkness; it had already gotten dark.

He took out a cigarette from his pocket, lit it, and took a deep drag, the corners of his eyes squinting as two sharp rays of light shot from them, an invisible murderous intent emanating from him.

Combined with someone secretly monitoring him from the opposite building after he left the Civil Affairs Bureau, he felt that this was not a simple traffic accident.

Someone wanted him dead.

It certainly wasn't because his identity was revealed. Those who knew his true identity would not use such childish methods.

It could only be an issue from Qin Yanyang's side.

"Marrying you really is a bit troublesome," he muttered to himself after finishing the cigarette, recalling what Qin Yanyang had said to him before.>

At that time, he had thought that the so-called trouble was merely due to some people who pursued or admired Qin Yanyang becoming jealous and playing petty tricks on him.

But he hadn't expected the other party to be so ruthless, aiming for his life right from the start.

"It's a bit hard to start," he said.

Yang Fei frowned helplessly.

According to his temperament, he never postponed revenge.

But he had just returned to the country and had no power here.

Moreover, he couldn't even use those helpers he had overseas.

That time they were ambushed; the enemy had locked onto their position so precisely not because the enemy's intelligence was horrific, but because there was a problem within his own ranks.

If he had been at his peak condition, he could have crushed everything.

But now, for fear of triggering a certain painful chronic condition, he could only suppress his strength, retaining at most thirty percent of his combat power.

Until his strength was restored, he absolutely couldn't expose his whereabouts, or else he'd face endless troubles.

"Since you've already made your move and haven't achieved your desired effect, you definitely won't stop," Yang Fei said to himself. Unable to trace the mastermind for the time being, he could only wait for the other party to make another move.

Binjiang Garden, the most expensive villa area in Binhai City.

Qin Yanyang's villa had three floors, with a total area of four hundred square meters, and an additional two hundred square meters of lawn and garden outside.

The villa was decorated in a very high-end, light luxury style.

When Yang Fei entered, the vast villa was empty.

There were no permanent servants here, only occasionally letting housekeeping come to clean and maintain the plants.

The refrigerator was stocked with fresh fruits and vegetables. Yang Fei called Qin Yanyang before cooking to ask if she would come home for dinner.

Qin Yanyang said she had to work late today and would probably come back late. She had dinner at the school.

Yang Fei then made dinner only for himself.

He didn't mention a word about the car accident.

Meanwhile, in a prosperous district of Imperial City, atop a landmark building.

This was a private club built jointly by the real top young masters of the Imperial circle, known as the Hall of Fame.

It belonged to that category where, without sufficient status, money couldn't buy an entry ticket.

Because of the post Qin Yanyang made on her social circle, the Hall of Fame was unusually lively today.

To this circle, it was huge news, thus some young masters who rarely showed up gathered here today, discussing the event.

Zhang Qingyun was also there.

He had already drunk a lot.

Just now, he had been severely scolded over a phone call by his older brother.

In the Zhang Family, aside from a few elders, only his older brother dared to scold him.

Because to him, his older brother wasn't just a god in his eyes, but also the universally recognized number one among the younger generation.

But how could he be content?

The woman he had set his sights on had married some unknown upstart; he felt as if he had been slapped hard across the face.

The most infuriating thing was that they were ordered to deal with that kid but had failed.

Just a moment ago, his elder brother had called, telling him to stop this meaningless behavior, and of course, he was not convinced.

But he did not dare to defy his elder brother's command.

He could only drown his sorrows in alcohol.

"Yanyang, do you still not understand? A remarkable woman like her would never willingly marry some no-name ruffian. It's merely a temper tantrum, finding someone to act as a shield."

"Exactly, in all of Imperial City, besides you, Zhang Qingyun, who else is worthy of her?"

A group of close friends tried to console him with good words.

Zhang Qingyun snorted, unable to hide the anger in his heart.

It was then that the lively venue suddenly quieted down significantly.

Everyone looked up to see a young woman in a white cinched waist blouse, black capris, and high heels, with her hair pulled back in a simple ponytail, striding toward them.

"Yanyang!" Upon seeing the woman, Zhang Qingyun excitedly went up to meet her.

As she approached him, she raised her hand and gave him a slap.

"Slap!"

Zhang Qingyun, his face full of astonishment, looked up incredulously at Qin Yanyang, "You... "

"Slap!"

Another slap, with a crisp, loud echo.

Zhang Qingyun trembled all over, shaking as if sifting through chaff.

His fists were tightly clenched, his fingernails digging into his palms.

Yet he forcibly suppressed the raging fury within him, daring not to move.

The entire hall was eerily quiet, with everyone looking shocked, mouths agape.

These were all people of the same circle; everyone knew everyone else. Even if some had private disputes, they managed to maintain public civility.

For Qin Yanyang to slap someone like that in public was way out of line.

Yet no one spoke.

No one dared to interfere.

"Have I not warned you?" Qin Yanyang asked.

Her tone was calm, showing neither happiness nor anger.

Zhang Qingyun took a deep breath, looking at Qin Yanyang and said, "What warning? Yanyang, what's gotten into you today, how have I offended you?"

Such sordid deeds had been committed by many present, but to admit it openly was impossible.

Where was the evidence?

"Yanyang, you... you're being unreasonable. Apologize to Qingyun right now." Just then, a voice came from behind.

A middle-aged man around thirty years of age strode over.

He was refined and handsome, with features somewhat similar to those of Qin Yanyang.

"Brother Qin!"

"Mr. Qin."

As he approached, many greeted the man respectfully.

Qin Zhen nodded slightly, his expression stern as he walked up to Qin Yanyang and frowned, "Have you caused enough trouble for today? Marriage is not something to joke about haphazardly."

Qin Yanyang flashed a smile and called out, "Brother, you're here too!"

"Come, let's go home," Qin Zhen ordered.

Qin Yanyang replied with a smile, "I still have to fly back to Binhai to have a late-night snack with my husband."

The onlooking crowd all wore the expressions of avid gossipers, many stealing glances at Zhang Yunqing.

It seems that when it comes to gossip, human nature isn't much different.

Zhang Yunqing chuckled lowly a few times, his eyes gleaming with a sinister light, the intent to kill chilling.

Due to his elder brother's reprimand, he had planned on holding back for a while, but now he could not wait a second longer.

She must become a widow!

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: The Newlyweds' First Night

"What kind of nonsense husband are you talking about? You're not even married yet. As a girl, how can you joke about your own reputation so carelessly?"

Qin Zhen was furious, his face full of anger as he stared at his younger sister, and he said sharply, "Mom and Dad are almost going crazy, you need to come back with me right now and explain everything to them."

Qin Yanyang replied calmly, without any hurry, "I just got married today, I need to be with him tonight."

Qin Zhen was truly furious, he rebuked: "Shut up, you're engaged, and the person you're supposed to marry is Zhang Yunqing from the Zhang Family."

"That was Mom, Dad, and your choice, not mine. If you guys want to marry, go right ahead," Qin Yanyang said indifferently.

Qin Zhen said, "Mom, Dad, and I are all experienced, and in marriage compatibility matters absolutely, and it cannot be wrong. Little sister, please stop being stubborn."

Qin Yanyang sighed and said, "I'm not being stubborn, I genuinely want to choose my own partner."

"You chose by yourself and ended up with some stranger of questionable background?" Qin Zhen said angrily.

"Not at all, he was chosen by grandfather," said Qin Yanyang lightly.

Qin Zhen was suddenly at a loss for words and fell silent.

The surrounding onlookers also showed strange expressions.

Many began to view the prospects of her marriage unfavorably.

After all, that's Mr. Qin we're talking about.

A National Guardian Level figure.

No wonder Qin Yanyang made such a choice.

With that old master giving the order, it's likely that no one in the Qin Family dared to disagree.

Even in Imperial City, the number of people who could say 'no' to that old master can be counted on one hand.

"But, I myself am very satisfied," Qin Yanyang added.

Then she walked away.

Qin Zhen hurriedly followed her.

Amid the noisy hall of the Hall of Fame, as the Qin siblings left, it once again became bustling.

The last statement from Qin Yanyang undeniably had a devastating effect on Zhang Yunqing.

It was more humiliating than those earlier slaps.

Outside the Hall of Fame, Qin Zhen followed Qin Yanyang and called out, "Yanyang."

Qin Yanyang ignored him.

"Little sister."

Qin Yanyang paused briefly, then continued forward, replying, "Ah, brother, you go back. I have my plans."

Seeing she was getting into a car, Qin Zhen, knowing his sister's temperament, could only sigh in resignation and said, "Do you understand the impact of what you're doing?"

Qin Yanyang asked him with a smile, "Has the Earth stopped turning?"

Qin Zhen was speechless.

Qin Yanyang said, "The Zhang Family has two National Guardian level figures. Although Zhang Yunqing seems arrogant and overbearing, he's also exceptionally talented, and the Zhang Family is currently in its prime."

Qin Zhen was startled, then said, "Since you know all this, why still do it?"

"I don't like Zhang Qingyun, nor the way the entire Zhang Family conducts themselves," Qin Yanyang said, then stepped on the gas and drove off.

Qin Zhen watched the direction of the departing car for a long time before murmuring softly, "Old Master, you're twenty years older than that man from the Zhang Family. Once you're gone, Yanyang, a mere woman, how can she withstand such great pressure!"

...

When Qin Yanyang returned to the villa, it was already eleven o'clock at night.

Yang Fei was scrolling through his phone in the living room.

"Haven't you slept yet?" Qin Yanyang greeted.

Yang Fei stood up and asked, "You're back?" As he spoke, he didn't know what else to talk about, so he casually asked, "Want some late-night snacks?"

Qin Yanyang blinked and said, "I'm actually a bit hungry."

She hadn't eaten anything since seeing the car accident, then going to Imperial City, and rushing back to Binhai City.

Yang Fei said, "Wait then."

Qin Yanyang casually asked, "Is there anything you want to tell me?"

Yang Fei looked at her with surprise and a confused expression, "What?"

Seeing his reaction, Qin Yanyang said, "I mean, are you getting used to it?"

Since he didn't bring it up, she decided not to ask.

Although married, in reality, they were still strangers who just happened to know each other's names.

Even the hobbies they had talked about were just for reference.

However, being able to escape death at the last minute, her husband was really agile.

"Uh, I'm used to it. I lived in the country until I was thirteen," Yang Fei replied.

Qin Yanyang hummed in response and said no more.

Yang Fei went to the kitchen.

Ten minutes later, he brought out two bowls of steaming tomato and egg noodles.

"I had already eaten, but thinking of watching you eat made me crave it, so I cooked two portions," Yang Fei said with a smile.

Qin Yanyang had already picked up a chopstick full of noodles and casually said, "Are you that confident in your cooking skills?"

After tasting a bite, he nodded vigorously, "The flavor is really good."

He ate heartily.

Seeing her high evaluation of his cooking skills, Yang Fei also ate heartily.

After eating, Qin Yanyang said, "You cooked the noodles, so I'll wash the dishes." As she spoke, she began cleaning up without any pretense.

Yang Fei didn't stand on ceremony.

After washing the dishes, Qin Yanyang returned to the living room, and they each sat at one end of the sofa, watching television and chatting.

Having known each other for only a short while and each harboring their own secrets, they couldn't open their hearts fully. Naturally, their conversation was shallow and brief, merely touching on some trivial topics.

But Yang Fei felt very comfortable.

He liked this peaceful and harmonious atmosphere.

It was very cozy, with a hint of home.

"I have to work tomorrow, let's go to bed early," Qin Yanyang stood up and said.

Yang Fei nodded, then looked at her.

Seeing his gaze on her, Qin Yanyang gave a light smile, "We just met today, let's not sleep together."

Yang Fei chuckled.

He hadn't intended to sleep together, of course. However, as a man, facing such a beautiful woman and claiming he had no thoughts would be a lie.

"I was asking which room I should sleep in," Yang Fei said.

Only then did Qin Yanyang remember that she had told him the address but hadn't mentioned which room he would sleep in.

She noticed Yang Fei's small suitcase still quietly sitting in the corner of the living room.

"Have you never looked around here?" Qin Yanyang asked, slightly surprised.

Yang Fei smiled and said, "No, it's a girl's place. I shouldn't be peeping around."

Qin Yanyang felt a warmth in her heart and silently gave this man a point for his character.

After showing Yang Fei a room, Qin Yanyang headed to her own room. At the doorway, she couldn't help but turn around and say, "By the way, I usually work and might not have time to accompany you. Won't you get bored staying alone?"

Upon hearing this, Yang Fei said, "I will look for a job."

Since the master spoke in riddles, he could only get along well with Qin Yanyang and quietly wait for the opportunity his master mentioned.

He couldn't touch the money in the foreign accounts for now as it would expose his tracks. He was running low on money and needed to find a job to earn money for the long term plans.

Qin Yanyang said, "That's not what I meant. Actually, I have money and can completely afford to support you."

Yang Fei said with a smile, "I have a strong sense of self-respect."

"Alright," she said goodnight and closed her bedroom door.

Late at night, many people were destined to be sleepless this night.

The Chen Family of Binhai City.

Chen Hongbo's face showed excitement after hanging up the phone.

His opportunity had arrived.

There were three major powers in Binhai, and the Chen Family was one of them.

Old Master Chen was the kind of person who could shake Binhai with a mere stomp of his foot.

The old man's intentions were clear, to establish the elder and not the younger; Chen Hongbo, who was the second son in the Chen Family, knew that the future family business was to be passed to his elder brother.

Chen Hongbo wasn't willing to accept that.

Now, a significant figure in the Provincial City needed his help, which was a rare opportunity for him.

As long as he handled things well and gained favor from that significant figure in Provincial City, with his support, the vast family business of the Chen Family would be his.

Thinking of this, he immediately dialed a confidant's number.

"Hey, Second Master, we haven't found the young man who saved Old Master yet. The video only has a profile view; it's tough to find and will take time."

Chen Hongbo hummed, saying, "Put that aside for now, I have a more important task for you. Remember, do it yourself, and make sure there are no mistakes."