

Urban Invincible Overlord

Chapter 26: Chapter 26 Grace as Great as Rebirth

After waiting for about twenty minutes in the shop, Zhang Long brought his people over.

During this time, Yang Fei gave Zhou Cheng a checkup and found that he had only passed out due to a heavy blow, so he didn't wake him up in advance.

Zhou Cheng was a disciple of Li Xuanton, and Yang Fei had a good impression of him, not wanting him to be frightened by today's events.

After knocking on the door, Zhang Long entered the clinic with Ma Zhao and several trusted subordinates.

They immediately spotted the corpse lying in the corner of the wall, and their expressions changed.

So this was what Mr. Yang meant by cleaning up some trash.

"Mr. Yang, what happened?" Zhang Long couldn't help but ask.

Yang Fei pointed to the body and asked, "Can you handle it?"

Zhang Long nodded, and was about to instruct his men to deal with it, when his gaze suddenly sharpened.

His expression changed as he walked over to the corpse, lifting Tian Zhenhai's head.

"Ah, Tian Zhenhai?" Zhang Long exclaimed in shock.

Hearing this exclamation, Ma Zhao and the few trusted subordinates of Dragon and Tiger Hall brought by Zhang Long were also startled.

Many of them had witnessed Tian Zhenhai breaking into Dragon and Tiger Hall and injuring Qi Tai two days ago.

Since Qi Tai was injured, the atmosphere in Dragon and Tiger Hall had been tense, fearing that Tian Zhenhai would come back for revenge.

No one had expected to see Tian Zhenhai's corpse here.

Including Zhang Long, all members of Dragon and Tiger Hall turned their gaze to Yang Fei, their eyes filled with deep shock.

The incident at the Chen Family the previous night had already struck a chord in their hearts, and now seeing Tian Zhenhai dead here, one could only imagine their shock.

It seemed that those who appeared to be very powerful in their eyes could be casually eliminated by this young Mr. Yang.

Zhang Long felt both shocked and overjoyed inwardly.

With Tian Zhenhai dead, Dragon and Tiger Hall no longer had to live in fear.

He had been wondering whether to ask Yang Fei for help, but the incident at the Chen Family last night had been so sudden, and he had been busy swallowing up the Chen Family, so he hadn't had a chance to deal with it.

Unexpectedly, Tian Zhenhai was now dead here.

He struggled to suppress the excitement in his heart and said to Yang Fei, "Mr. Yang, what happened? How did he end up here, and by the way, is Zhou Cheng okay?"

Yang Fei shook his head, "Zhou Cheng is fine. As for Tian Zhenhai, he came to kill me. He said that since I had healed your master, I should not be allowed to live."

Zhang Long had no idea what to say for a moment.

However, deep down, his awe of Yang Fei intensified.

He knew Tian Zhenhai's strength, even his own master was no match, yet Yang Fei was able to kill him.

This Mr. Yang was truly unfathomable, and who knew which master he followed or what realm he had reached.

"Clean this up," Zhang Long instructed.

Ma Zhao and the others finally came back to their senses, hurrying to move Tian Zhenhai's body and cleaning the blood off the floor with water, then wiping it dry with a cloth.

Seeing Yang Fei contemplating the two walls, Zhang Long said, "Mr. Yang, rest assured, I'll have the walls repainted tonight."

Yang Fei nodded in satisfaction and said, "Thanks."

Zhang Long hurriedly responded, "Mr. Yang, you are too kind. By killing Tian Zhenhai, you've done us a great favor, and not to mention saving my master's life, Dragon and

Tiger Hall owes you even more. From now on, if you have any orders, just say the word."

Yang Fei was about to say he didn't want to bother Dragon and Tiger Hall with anything, but then he thought about asking Zhang Long for 'clean-up' help two days in a row and the fact that the powerful individual from the Provincial City who had directed the Chen Family against him hadn't been dealt with, and they might still send someone to make a move.

Moreover, by killing Tian Zhenhai today, he seemed to have provoked more vendettas and troubles.

He might need to trouble Zhang Long with these matters in the future.

With that thought, Yang Fei looked at Zhang Long and said, "I'll give your master another acupuncture treatment tomorrow."

Zhang Long was overjoyed and expressed his gratitude, "Thank you, Mr. Yang."

Yang Fei glanced at him and suddenly asked, "You've been stuck at the peak of dark energy for a long time, haven't you?"

Zhang Long was taken aback, then replied with utmost respect, "Yes. Mr. Yang, your insight is unparalleled; nothing can be hidden from you."

"Do you want to advance?" Yang Fei asked.

Zhang Long's heart pounded wildly, his eyes burning with fervor as he looked at Yang Fei and asked, "Mr... Mr. Yang, could you please advise?"

Yang Fei asked, "You have the Luck Mantra, right?"

Zhang Long nodded.

Yang Fei said, "Go find a set of silver needles."

Zhang Long was overjoyed and hurried to look for the silver needles.

He didn't even know why he trusted Yang Fei so much to help him join the ranks of high-level Inner Strength experts.

Although Yang Fei was very strong in combat and had unparalleled medical skills, assisting others in improving their strength was a very rare feat, almost impossible to accomplish.

Soon, Zhang Long had found a set of silver needles.

Yang Fei instructed him to practice according to the Qi Cultivation Mantra, then swiftly inserted six silver needles into Zhang Long's body.

The Six Harmonies Energy-Introducing Needle!

This acupuncture technique seemed to be specifically designed to assist martial practitioners in their cultivation.

Although Yang Fei had been taught a nameless but dominant cultivation technique by a master at the age of thirteen, the fact that he had reached such a level in just a decade, becoming the internationally renowned 'Madman King', was inseparable from this Six Harmonies Energy-Introducing Needle Technique.

Every time he practiced, he would use this technique to aid his cultivation, thus his cultivation improved by leaps and bounds, far surpassing ordinary people.

However, this acupuncture technique also had significant drawbacks.

Ordinary people simply couldn't use it for long.

But now, it was the most suitable method for Yang Fei to help Zhang Long break through his bottleneck.

As the effects of the Six Harmonies Energy-Introducing Needle Technique worked on him, Zhang Long, who was practicing and channeling Qi, felt his heart pounding wildly. He sensed that the effect of guiding the energy within his body today was more than tenfold compared to usual.

Having already cultivated to the peak of dark energy, and only one step shy from Inner Strength, he had already formed a rudimentary inner energy within his body.

Very quickly, Zhang Long broke through thirty-six acupoints and truly entered the Early Stage of Inner Strength, becoming an Inner Strength Martial Artist.

"Continue."

Seeing that Zhang Long had successfully broken through the thirty-six acupoints, Yang Fei's eyes slightly brightened as he reminded him.

Eagerly suppressing the wild joy in his heart, Zhang Long steadied his emotions and continued to attack the acupoints.

Ma Zhao didn't take action himself; the people he had arranged had already taken away Tian Zhenhai's body and the medical hall had been cleaned up.

At this moment, seeing Yang Fei assisting Zhang Long with his breakthrough, he and several of his men were also thrilled, hardly daring to even breathe as they watched intently from the side.

An hour later.

A pained expression appeared on Zhang Long's face.

Yang Fei watched for a while.

When Zhang Long was sweating profusely like pulp and the pain became somewhat uncontrollable, Yang Fei moved quickly like lightning and removed the six silver needles.

Zhang Long felt a huge relief and exhaled a deep breath of turbid air.

He quickly got up, knelt down gratefully before Yang Fei, and said, "Thank you, Mr. Yang, for your assistance. For such a great kindness, I, Zhang Long, would not be able to repay you even if I were to shatter my body into pieces."

Yang Fei accepted his thanks with a smile and said, "You were able to breakthrough fifty-four acupoints in one go, your talent and potential are indeed excellent. Keep working hard in the future."

Zhang Long was shocked, not expecting Yang Fei to have even sensed that, and hurriedly said, "If it weren't for Mr. Yang's assistance, I wouldn't know how long it would've taken me to reach the Early Stage of Inner Strength. Now that I've broken through fifty-four acupoints, I am firmly in the Early Stage of Inner Strength. I just need to break through eighteen more acupoints to advance to the Mid Stage of Inner Strength."

Yang Fei nodded slightly and refrained from saying more.

He walked over to where Zhou Cheng was, pressed on his philtrum for a while, and Zhou Cheng woke up.

Seeing Yang Fei and so many people gathered there, Zhou Cheng was first stunned, then seemed to remember something, and asked in alarm, "Mr. Yang, what about that... that person? Did you guys drive him away?"

Yang Fei smiled and pointed at Zhang Long, "Yes, Zhang Long has driven the man away. You were just knocked out, nothing serious."

Zhou Cheng immediately relaxed.

Yang Fei warned Zhou Cheng, "Don't tell your master about what happened tonight, so as not to worry him."

Zhou Cheng looked at Yang Fei, puzzled.

Zhang Long said to Yang Fei, "Mr. Yang, please go back and rest. I will take care of everything here."

Yang Fei nodded and turned to leave.

The reason he had helped Zhang Long break through was that he had found this man to be emotional, righteous, and grateful.

Now that he was staying in Binhai, having offended many people, having someone like Zhang Long to clean up the aftermath would spare him a lot of trouble.

Chapter 27: Chapter 27: The Mother-in-law Arrives

For the next few days, all was calm.

Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang went to work on time every day, and they almost always ate breakfast and made dinner together at home.

They became acquainted with each other, even accustomed to one another's presence.

Yang Fei occasionally took the initiative to find some common topics of conversation.

Although Qin Yanyang made an effort to join in, and they always managed to have a conversation, Yang Fei still sensed that there was a deep chasm between them.

The inherent pride in Qin Yanyang made it difficult for her to easily let a man enter her heart.

The business at Li Xuanton Medical Hall was thriving, and if there were no patients looking for Yang Fei when he was on his own, he would assist Li Xuanton in his office, discussing and exchanging medical experiences when there was time. He also took the opportunity to pass on the remaining four techniques of the Revitalizing Thirteen Needle Technique to Li Xuanton, who was extremely grateful.

That afternoon, Zhang Long came to the medical hall with Qi Tai, asking for Yang Fei's help with acupuncture treatment.

"After this treatment, your internal injuries should be almost completely healed," Yang Fei said.

Qi Tai was overjoyed at the news.

He would have never believed that an internal injury could heal so quickly if he hadn't experienced it firsthand.

Since he began receiving treatment from Yang Fei, only eight days had passed. After three acupuncture sessions and the accompanying medicine for healing, his injuries had recovered at an astonishing rate.

Yang Fei's medical skill filled him with admiration.

What's more, a few days ago, with Yang Fei's help, Zhang Long broke through a longstanding bottleneck and entered the Early Stage of Inner Strength, reaching the same realm as his master, Qi Tai.

One could say that Yang Fei's medical skill had time and again refreshed Qi Tai and others' understanding of Chinese medicine.

"To have received Master Yang's help this time is truly a blessing I must have cultivated in past lives. My disciple and I owe you a tremendous debt of gratitude, and we don't know how to thank you enough," Qi Tai said with heartfelt appreciation.

Yang Fei smiled and shook his head, "We are acquaintances now, so let's not say such distant words."

Qi Tai felt even more grateful upon hearing this but brushed it off with a liberated laugh.

As people of the Martial Arts World, where grievances and gratitudes are felt deeply, he would remember this great kindness.

Should an opportunity arise, he would repay it, even at the cost of his own life.

After the repeat acupuncture, indeed, Qi Tai found that his internal injury had almost vanished, needing only a few more days of rest to fully recover, which surprised and delighted him.

Yang Fei put away the silver needles and looked at Qi Tai, "What exactly happened with Tian Zhenhai a few days ago?"

Qi Tai sighed and said, "Tian Zhenhai, in fact, is my junior brother."

Yang Fei felt mildly surprised.

Thereupon, Qi Tai began to recount the tale of enmity between Tian Zhenhai and himself.

"Years ago, Tian Zhenhai and I were both disciples of the same martial arts master, who had a daughter. In our sect, Tian Zhenhai, the master's daughter, and I were the closest companions."

"After several years, the master arranged for his daughter to marry me. Tian Zhenhai, however, was not satisfied; he objected in front of our master and even proposed to his daughter himself."

"The master's daughter followed her parents' wishes and also had feelings for me, so she didn't accept Tian Zhenhai's proposal, instead trying to persuade him kindly. At that time, Tian Zhenhai was discontent but did not insist further."

I thought this matter had come to an end, but who knew that this man was a wolf in sheep's clothing, ruthless at heart. On the day of my marriage, he poisoned the drinks, killing no fewer than nine people, including our master."

At this point, Qi Tai's face showed deep sorrow, "Although I survived the ordeal, I woke up to find that my wife's clothes were in disarray. She had been violated. With her uncompromising nature, she might have felt she dishonored me, or thought that we were all dead, and she chose to end her own life."

"From then on, the only thing that kept me going was the desire for revenge. I wanted to kill Tian Zhenhai."

At the time, it was a major incident in the Martial World, and with the help of the Martial Arts Alliance's investigation, I quickly located Tian Zhenhai and confronted him in a fierce fight."

"Actually, Tian Zhenhai's strength was on par with mine, but he was distracted during our fight because he was surrounded by others in the Martial World and couldn't put his all into the battle, which led me to severely injure him. Eventually, he found a chance and leaped into the raging river."

Qi Tai, with a sigh, added, "I had wounded him severely. Even if he hadn't jumped into the river, he likely wouldn't have survived long, especially since he entered the tumultuous waters in desperation. We all thought he was dead, but unexpectedly, ten days ago, he suddenly reappeared, and even came seeking vengeance against me."

Zhang Long added, "Somehow, Tian Zhenhai had acquired a set of poisonous skills. Even though my master's strength was equal to his, once my master was hit by his poisoned fist, the toxin caused a severe injury, and he couldn't fight back. If not for Master Yang's timely aid, the consequences would have been unthinkable."

After understanding the whole story, Yang Fei nodded and said, "In that case, Tian Zhenhai deserved his death."

"Indeed, the man was cruel and heartless, ungrateful, repaying kindness with enmity; truly wicked and sinful," said Zhang Long, clenching his teeth.

Yang Fei asked them, "You don't know where he has been these past few years, and who he learned his poison skill from?"

Qi Tai and Zhang Long shook their heads simultaneously.

Zhang Long said helplessly, "I've been secretly investigating and asking around these days, but I haven't found any clues. Our Dragon and Tiger Hall only has some influence in Binhai; we are too weak in the vast China Martial World, so we know very little."

Yang Fei nodded and did not ask further.

The words Tian Zhenhai said when he died made him take matters a bit more seriously.

With his way of doing things, as long as he knew who the other party's school was, he would go straight to them and solve the problem thoroughly to avoid unnecessary trouble.

But now, he knew nothing about Tian Zhenhai's school, so he couldn't settle things once and for all.

It was just like the last time the Chen Family made a move on him.

The Chen Family was also acting under someone else's orders. He originally thought that by keeping Chen Hongjin alive, he would be able to find out who was behind the scenes. As it turned out, Chen Hongjin was the only one among the three Chen family men who knew nothing. This farcical incident left Yang Fei speechless, but there was nothing he could do about it.

As for Tian Zhenhai's case, Yang Fei thought it was necessary to remind Qi Tai, so he mentioned Tian Zhenhai's last words to him.

After hearing this, Qi Tai showed a grave expression, "Does this mean his purpose in coming to Binhai to kill me was not simply revenge?"

Zhang Long looked apologetic and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Yang, for troubling you because of our issues in Dragon and Tiger Hall."

Qi Tai also came back to his senses and apologized to Yang Fei, "Yes, I didn't expect to involve Mr. Yang. But rest assured, Mr. Yang, Tian Zhenhai came back to find me, and now that he's dead, even if there's a master behind him, they will only come for our Dragon and Tiger Hall. We will absolutely not implicate you in this."

Zhang Long nodded in agreement.

Yang Fei indifferently said, "It's alright. If someone comes looking for trouble and you can't handle it, just let me know. By the way, this is an antidote I formulated for you after you were poisoned last time. Carry it with you, it might come in handy."

Qi Tai was overjoyed and quickly took the bag containing the antidote, cautiously storing it away.

Zhang Long was also filled with gratitude towards Yang Fei.

Both of them secretly decided to shoulder this issue themselves and not trouble Mr. Yang again.

After work, Yang Fei bought groceries and went home.

When he arrived at the gate of the villa, he noticed an extra car in the courtyard.

Looking up, the main door of the villa's living room was open.

Yang Fei walked over, glanced at the garage, and saw that Qin Yanyang's car was not there, which made him frown slightly.

Could it be Qin Yanyang's relatives?

He hesitated about whether to call Qin Yanyang and ask about the situation.

At that moment, a figure appeared at the living room door and said to Yang Fei, "You must be Yang Fei, right?"

Yang Fei looked at the person and nodded his head.

This was a man in his thirties, with sharp eyes and an aura of domineering fierceness about him.

This person is not simple, Yang Fei thought to himself.

From the resemblance he saw between the man's features and Qin Yanyang's, he vaguely guessed the man's identity and said, "Yes, I am. Are you Yanyang's older brother?"

Qin Zhen was slightly taken aback and asked in surprise, "Yanyang mentioned me to you?"

Yang Fei shook his head and said, "You resemble her a bit."

Qin Zhen took another look at Yang Fei. Although he and Yanyang were siblings and there were similar traits in their features, it was difficult to make the connection since they were brother and sister and not closely scrutinized.

This implied that despite the young man's age, he was observant and had meticulous thinking, able to connect the dots to the relationship between himself and Yanyang based on him being here.

"Come in. My mother is here, too. She wants to meet you," Qin Zhen said, stepping aside to invite Yang Fei inside.

Yang Fei inwardly sighed.

I'm afraid the mother-in-law and big brother-in-law have not come with good intentions.

Chapter 28: Chapter 28: The Elder Maternal Uncle Gets Angry

Sitting in the villa's living room was a middle-aged woman.

She must have been over fifty, but her skin was well-maintained, making her appear much younger.

With a dignified manner and graceful demeanor, she exuded the intellect and composed beauty of an Eastern woman, clearly portraying the wealthy matron of a distinguished family.

Ever since Yang Fei entered the living room, her gaze had focused on him, observing and scrutinizing carefully.

Yang Fei, with a calm expression, walked over and greeted her politely, "Aunt, hello. I am Yang Fei."

Duanmu Ling nodded slightly, smiled at Yang Fei, and pointing to the chair opposite her, said, "Don't be restrained, take a seat."

Yang Fei nodded and replied, "Alright, please wait a moment, I'll just put the groceries in the kitchen and then pour a cup of tea for both of you."

Duanmu Ling and Qin Zhen, seeing that he, despite his young age, was not at all cowed by their mother and son's presence, nor was he overly formal, but rather maintained an equal footing, as if he were the true master of the house, could not help but be secretly surprised.

Upon first laying eyes on Yang Fei, Duanmu Ling's initial impression had been quite poor.

After all, he was quite different from the son-in-law she had envisioned.

His looks were irreproachable, and he was quite young. However, his casual attire, carrying groceries like any ordinary family man, did not leave her with a good impression.

Compared to the other suitors of Qin Yanyang, this young man seemed too mediocre, too ordinary.

All the more so in her eyes, where a man with real capabilities, one destined for great accomplishments, would look down upon such tasks.

Gentlemen stay away from the kitchen.

Yang Fei's actions were quick; after setting down the groceries, he brought two cups of clear tea over to Duanmu Ling and Qin Zhen, and then sat down in the chair opposite Duanmu Ling, saying, "I wasn't sure what tea you both would prefer, but Yanyang and I both enjoy clear tea, so that's all we have at home."

His behavior brought to mind a phrase for both Duanmu Ling and Qin Zhen: 'The guest follows the host's lead.'

A sense of absurdity crept into their hearts.

In the depths of their hearts, this was Qin Yanyang's villa, their own territory, their home ground.

Yet this young man in front of them acted more like the host, making them feel as though they were merely guests.

Seeing the other party not speaking, Yang Fei didn't know how to start a conversation and thus just sat there.

However, he was feeling a little uneasy inside.

After all, it was his first time meeting his mother-in-law and Brother Qin; it would be untrue to say he wasn't nervous.

He was even secretly calculating how soon Qin Yanyang would be home.

"Ahem, Yang Fei, right? Where are you from?" Qin Zhen was the first to speak, breaking the awkward silence.

Yang Fei answered, "I'm from a small town in Xiangxi, a rather impoverished place."

Qin Zhen nodded, which was consistent with what he knew.

He looked at Yang Fei and said, "There are some things my mother might not want to say, but as the big brother, I can't neglect my sister's future and happiness, so, you understand, right?"

Yang Fei, of course, understood what he meant, but looked at him and shook his head, "I don't understand, could you please clarify?"

As the Madman King, he certainly wouldn't harbor any feelings of inferiority, but coming from a poor background, he naturally disliked those like Qin Zhen, who from their lofty positions, looked down on people like him with natural superiority and even contempt.

This is a conflict that has existed since ancient times in countries all over the world.

It is what is commonly referred to as—class!

Hearing Yang Fei's response and seeing his genuinely clueless expression, Qin Zhen was somewhat speechless.

He suspected the young man was feigning ignorance, but he had no evidence.

Therefore, Young Master Qin, who was only in favor of Zhang Qingyun becoming his brother-in-law, also became somewhat displeased and simply spoke up, "You're not worthy of my sister."

Duanmu Ling slightly furrowed her brows, as if finding her son's words too blunt, but ultimately she didn't say anything to stop him.

The purpose of this visit was to make the young man realize the difficulties and retreat.

Seeing Qin Zhen state his purpose, Yang Fei smiled, shook his head, and said, "That's not for you to decide."

Qin Zhen was startled by the reply, then solemnly said, "I am Yanyang's Brother Qin, and moreover, my father and my mother, they favor someone else even more. You come from humble beginnings and are just a doctor in a small clinic. Compared to him, you're too mediocre, too weak. Not to mention, the backgrounds of your families are worlds apart."

By the end, Qin Zhen's tone became somewhat gentler as he attempted to persuade Yang Fei, "I'm a man too, so of course I understand that this must be tough for you. But I feel it's necessary to tell you all this. The requirements to be Yanyang's husband, to be a son-in-law of the Qin Family, are quite high."

Yang Fei nodded, not denying it, but he was more concerned about another matter. He looked at Qin Zhen and said, "This other person you mentioned, is he the one approved by your family, who had proposed to Yanyang before?"

Qin Zhen nodded.

Yang Fei asked, "What's his name?"

Qin Zhen replied, "He is the genius of the Zhang Family, named Zhang...huh, no, that's not right. I'm trying to convince you to know when to give up, to voluntarily give up on being with my sister Yanyang, so why are you asking me about it?"

Yang Fei slightly frowned and muttered, "Surname Zhang, huh?"

On the day he was supposed to meet Yanyang for an arranged marriage, he noticed someone was secretly watching them.

At that time, he thought they were just watching Yanyang. Since he had just met her and didn't know her well, he didn't take it to heart.

But after Yanyang left, he became the victim of a car accident.

He didn't die in the accident, and then the Chen Family received orders to eliminate him.

Yang Fei guessed that the reason they wanted to kill him was because of his relationship with Yanyang.

And the most likely suspect was without a doubt the person Yanyang's parents had chosen, the one who had agreed to the marriage proposal, Yanyang's suitor.

"Can you tell me his name?" Yang Fei asked again.

Qin Zhen looked speechless, glancing at Yang Fei and said, "That's unnecessary. Compared to him, you're from two different worlds, and what good will knowing his name do for you? Besides, he's someone you absolutely cannot afford to offend. If you don't want to invite trouble, listen to my advice, immediately break off your relationship with Yanyang, and leave China, far, far away."

Yang Fei's gaze shifted to Duanmu Ling as he asked, "Auntie, do you feel the same way?"

Qin Zhen, seeing Yang Fei act as if he wasn't there, completely disregarding him, couldn't help but feel secretly irritated.

Duanmu Ling was also stunned by Yang Fei's direct question.

But she quickly regained her composure and nodded earnestly, "That's about right. I know this might hurt your pride, but I'm doing this for my daughter's sake, for the future of the Qin Family, and for your own good as well."

Yang Fei, though annoyed inside, still expressed understanding towards Duanmu Ling's thoughts.

As parents, there's no one who wouldn't want their daughter to live well.

In their eyes, he was too ordinary and not worthy of Yanyang, which is why they were trying to persuade him to leave.

"My self-respect isn't so fragile that it's easily hurt. But what you're doing could make Yanyang feel disrespected," Yang Fei said to Duanmu Ling.

Duanmu Ling frowned slightly, she knew her daughter well and had to admit Yang Fei was right.

The most difficult one to handle was indeed her own girl.

Yang Fei stood up and said, "Yanyang will be off work and back soon. If she says we're not suitable, I surely won't cling on. Auntie, Brother, you should have dinner at home, I'll go cook."

After speaking, he walked towards the kitchen.

Only then did Qin Zhen come back to his senses, quite upset, and said to his mother, "Mom, this... this guy acts just like he's the man of the house, as if you and I are outsiders, mere guests, right?"

Chapter 29: Chapter 29: I'll Just Say It This One Time

Qin Yanyang returned home and just as she arrived at the front gate, she saw the car parked inside the courtyard.

Her expression changed slightly.

After parking her car, she hurried into the living room and saw her mother and older brother sitting there, her brother looking quite sullen, which made her sigh in relief.

Luckily, it seemed Yang Fei hadn't come back yet.

"Mom, brother, why are you here without letting me know in advance? I could have taken time off to pick you up," Qin Yanyang said with a smile.

Duanmu Ling, looking affectionately at her precious daughter, smiled and said, "Yanyang is back, huh? Tired from work?"

Qin Yanyang smiled and replied, "Your daughter isn't that delicate."

Thinking of her daughter's other identity and her other job, Duanmu Ling smiled knowingly, "That's true, this job probably feels more like a vacation to you."

Qin Yanyang looked at Qin Zhen and asked, "What's wrong, big brother, still upset about last time's incident?"

Qin Zhen huffed, "No, it's that decoy you found that's annoying me."

Qin Yanyang was taken aback, then she smelled a faint scent of cooking oil drifting from the kitchen.

Her expression changed slightly, and she looked at her mother and brother, asking, "You've... met him?"

Duanmu Ling smiled and nodded, "We chatted a bit."

Qin Zhen snorted coldly, "It was like talking to a cow, completely different wavelengths, it infuriated me."

Qin Yanyang looked puzzled but seeing her brother so upset, she couldn't help but snort with laughter, "So, he didn't lose out then."

Is that siding with outsiders now?

Duanmu Ling frowned slightly, feeling that her daughter seemed a bit too concerned about that young man named Yang Fei.

She was very protective of him.

The reason she came was firstly because she missed her daughter and wanted to see her, and secondly to figure out what the hurry in this shotgun marriage was about so she could explain it to the Zhang Family afterward.

In her eyes, her daughter was very independent and had her own strong opinions. Though she seemed approachable and could interact comfortably with anyone, she was actually as proud as they come.

Thus, the fact that Qin Yanyang had a shotgun marriage with a stranger seemed odd to Duanmu Ling. She believed her daughter had planned this with her grandfather to intentionally delay the arranged marriage with the Zhang family.

But now, she suddenly got a bad feeling.

Could it be that her daughter was serious this time?

Qin Yanyang left her mother and brother and ran into the kitchen.

Yang Fei was wearing an apron, busily stirring a pot.

Three dishes were already prepared on the dining table nearby.

"You're back," Yang Fei greeted with a smile as he saw Qin Yanyang enter and continued to concentrate on his cooking.

Qin Yanyang just looked at him, silently.

After a moment, Yang Fei noticed something was off and turned to her, asking in confusion, "What's wrong?"

Qin Yanyang asked, "Did my mom and brother say anything nasty to you?"

Yang Fei chuckled and replied, "Seeing how much you care whether I was mistreated or not, even if they said something unpleasant, I can accept it now."

Qin Yanyang felt a strange sensation in her heart.

After their marriage, they had lived under the same roof, sleeping separately, and each going to their own jobs during the day. But having spent so much time together lately and having pleasant conversations, they could at least be considered regular friends now.

But to develop feelings of liking or love was still far off.

However, why did her heart feel so content when she heard him say that?

Having never experienced romantic love, Qin Yanyang thought it over seriously for a while and concluded it was because they were married.

Even though it was just a marriage of formality, it created a bond, hence why she was relatively more concerned about him.

Upon learning that the other party was willing to put up with unfair treatment and make compromises for him, a sense of satisfaction emerged.

She was satisfied, and deep inside her heart she began to feel a surge of gratitude towards Yang Fei.

This subtle and quiet change in emotions was something neither Qin Yanyang nor Yang Fei were truly aware of.

Once all the dishes were served, the four of them sat down.

Qin Yanyang courteously served her mother and elder brother, generously praising Yang Fei's culinary skills.

Duanmu Ling tasted a few bites and nodded in approval.

Qin Zhen also found the flavors agreeable and said with a smile, "Well, he's not completely without merits. At least his cooking skills are good, suited for living off someone else."

Yang Fei chuckled and responded, "I've been an orphan since I was young, and sometimes I didn't eat well, which led to malnutrition and a slight stomach issue, making me suited for 'eating soft rice.'"

It's the men who can 'eat hard rice' that are the real men.

Yang Fei didn't mind this at all.

Who could refuse to live off Qin Yanyang?

Duanmu Ling knew this was a popular online joke among young people, smiled, but said nothing.

Qin Zhen, however, was quite irritated and stared at Yang Fei with piercing eyes, putting down his chopsticks, ready to say something.

Qin Yanyang glanced at him and said indifferently, "Eat if you're going to eat; if not, just leave."

With just this simple sentence, Qin Zhen's anger subsided.

He certainly didn't dare to make his sister angry.

Moreover, he wasn't foolish enough to upset his own stomach; he immediately converted his anger into appetite and started eating heartily.

"I heard you slapped him in the Hall of Fame. That wasn't right," Duanmu Ling said after she had finished eating, seeing that Qin Yanyang and Yang Fei were still eating, and spoke from the side.

Qin Yanyang didn't want Yang Fei to know about her rushing back to vent about his accident, so she simply said, "I know."

Seeing her attitude, Duanmu Ling was somewhat helpless and said, "Are you really planning to just drag this on?"

"No, we are seriously married," Qin Yanyang replied.

Duanmu Ling frowned and said, "Stop joking, will you?"

Qin Yanyang chuckled and looked at her mother, saying, "Mom, do you think I'm joking? Besides, this was Grandpa's decision. If you disagree, go and discuss it with Dad."

At these words, Duanmu Ling was momentarily at a loss for words.

After a while, she said, "Your grandfather is old."

Qin Yanyang's expression, usually indifferent, shifted slightly to annoyance, "Grandpa will keep being healthy. Also, I don't want to discuss this subject anymore. Yang Fei is my lawful husband. If you don't care for him, we simply won't return to the Qin family. Consider me a daughter who is married off, like water poured out. Moreover, I won't tolerate this disrespect towards my husband again. This is the only time I will address it."

Duanmu Ling and Qin Zhen's expressions shifted uneasily, and although they wanted to say something, seeing Qin Yanyang's indifferent demeanor, they trembled inside and swallowed their words.

They were acutely aware of her temperament. Angering her could lead to unimaginable consequences.

In their Qin family, there were two people you couldn't afford to provoke: one was the old master, and the other was this young miss.

After the meal, Yang Fei cleaned up the kitchen. This time, Qin Yanyang didn't argue with him; instead, she went to see her mother and elder brother off.

"You all have your own matters to attend to, and such meaningless incidents should be minimized in the future," Qin Yanyang said to Qin Zhen as they boarded their vehicle.

Qin Zhen's lips twitched, almost causing him internal injury.

He suddenly regretted coming here with their mother today.

These two spouses could really be infuriating.

Duanmu Ling sighed deeply, her expression complex as she looked at Qin Yanyang and said, "Yanyang, I know you are upset, but some things aren't as simple as you think. Especially marriage; the importance of marrying someone of equal social status will be apparent to you in the future."

Qin Yanyang's lips curled into a smile, and she said, "If you really insist on these matchings of social standing, then I'll just elevate Yang Fei's family status, turning them into a newly prominent family in China."

As long as Qin Yanyang approved of this man, marching forward hand in hand with him to build a prominent family together was not a task too difficult to achieve.

Chapter 30: Chapter 30: The Couple Deepen Their Understanding

After seeing off Mom and my older brother, Qin Yanyang returned to the villa.

Yang Fei had already cleaned up the kitchen.

Qin Yanyang said, "Please make me a glass of orange juice."

"Okay, go watch the movie first," Yang Fei said.

Having spent many days together, Qin Yanyang and he no longer stood on ceremony over such trivial matters, so she went upstairs first.

When Yang Fei brought the juice upstairs, Qin Yanyang was sitting barefoot on the couch, watching an old movie on TV.

"It doesn't matter whether it's domestic or foreign, the old movies are more enjoyable," Yang Fei said with a smile.

Qin Yanyang nodded repeatedly, "Yeah, the recent movies from home and abroad haven't been good."

She took a delightful sip of the fresh orange juice that Yang Fei passed her while watching the movie, clearly enjoying herself.

Yang Fei was also content, sitting at the other end of the sofa, both of them watching the movie.

"I'm sorry I didn't give you a heads-up about my mom and my brother stopping by," Qin Yanyang suddenly said.

Yang Fei replied, "It's okay, we were bound to meet sooner or later."

Qin Yanyang suddenly turned her head to look at him, curious, "Judging by the way my brother was acting, you seemed to have upset him, what did he say to you?"

Yang Fei shook his head, "We barely spoke a few words."

Seeing Qin Yanyang's curious look, he recalled the meeting and conversation with Qin Zhen and Duanmu Ling, and recounted it in detail.

Qin Yanyang couldn't stop giggling, her body quivering with laughter. She obviously found the matter quite amusing and laughed heartily.

Yang Fei was a bit puzzled, what was so funny?

"Well done, this is now our home, we are the hosts, and anyone else is a guest," Qin Yanyang said with a smiling expression.

Yang Fei seemed to understand why she was laughing so heartily and joined in the laughter.

Then, he changed the subject and asked, "That guy from the Zhang Family, what's his name?"

Qin Yanyang was startled and turned to look at Yang Fei, "You want to know him?"

Yang Fei said with a laugh, "After all, he's the talent that your parents and older brother fancy, and I am your husband, yet I don't even know who my rival is."

Hearing the word "rival," Qin Yanyang felt a bit strange. She shook her head and said, "You don't have a rival."

Her tone was very firm.

Yang Fei's lips curved into a smile.

Qin Yanyang added, "As long as there's no change in my relationship with you, I couldn't do anything that would wrong you."

Yang Fei was momentarily lost in thought.

"So you really don't need to worry about who he is," Qin Yanyang said.

Yang Fei watched her, feeling that she seemed somewhat unhappy about him bringing up that person from the Zhang Family.

For some reason, he just felt that she didn't want him to know who that person was.

Actually, Yang Fei had never thought about who his rival might be; he wanted to know the name because that person was very likely the mastermind behind the two attempts on his life.

Since Qin Yanyang wasn't inclined to talk, he didn't press further.

"Then, can we talk about your family? Although I knew you were rich and from a good family, after seeing your older brother today, I realized that your family isn't just rich," Yang Fei steered the conversation elsewhere.

Qin Yanyang's bright eyes flashed with surprise as she looked at Yang Fei and asked, "What about my brother? Why do you think my family is not simple after seeing him?"

Yang Fei said, "The day we met, I told you that I was an orphan, raised by my second uncle. At the age of thirteen, I encountered a remarkable person and obtained some opportunities, which changed my fate thereafter. Actually, I am a martial artist, and so is your brother. I think you must be aware of the existence of people like us, martial artists, right?"

A glint of fascination flashed in the depths of Qin Yanyang's eyes as she scrutinized Yang Fei with unprecedented seriousness, as if trying to see right through him.

Yang Fei felt a chill in his heart.

There was no hint of fluctuation in Qin Yanyang's aura, but when her gaze so intently examined him, it felt as though she could peer into his very soul, see through his body.

What's going on here?

Qin Yanyang was equally puzzled.

Ultimately, she rested her gaze on Yang Fei's eyes and asked when their eyes met, "Are you really a martial artist?"

Yang Fei nodded, "Sort of."

Qin Yanyang's curiosity was piqued.

Sort of?

This answer is quite interesting.

She continued to stare at Yang Fei and asked, "How skilled are you?"

Yang Fei was stunned, then chuckled and shook his head, saying, "I used to be alright, but now, I have a big problem with my body, not so skilled anymore."

Qin Yanyang thought for a moment and asked, "Can you beat my brother now?"

Yang Fei's heart stirred as he looked at her.

Qin Yanyang had a curious baby look and said, "Come on, tell me, I'm just curious. If you can beat him, that would be really funny. He's most proud of his martial arts, saying it's impressive among the younger generation. If he finds out that someone he looks down on can beat him up, his face would be quite a sight."

Yang Fei was speechless.

In this world, there were martial artists; Qin Yanyang's family background was mysterious, and her elder brother was a martial arts expert. Therefore, she was not surprised to hear that he was a martial artist; instead, she just wanted to know who between him and her elder brother was more skilled.

"Come on, who is more skilled, you or my big brother?" Qin Yanyang didn't plan to let Yang Fei off the hook and pressed on.

Yang Fei, feeling helpless, simply responded, "Without having fought, I can't say. But before my injury, fighting him would have been like playing around."

Qin Yanyang's eyes flashed with mischief, and she said with a teasing smile in an exaggerated tone, "Do you guys just love to boast? Anyway, I know my big brother is very skilled."

Yang Fei shrugged, "Then there's no way I can explain it."

Seeing that he did not wish to elaborate, Qin Yanyang blinked and asked, "Then who is your master?"

Yang Fei shook his head.

Qin Yanyang was stunned.

Yang Fei said with a bitter smile, "Just a Taoist. He's called a master, but I've only met him a few times, and he only guided me during the beginning. Afterward, he would contact me, and I couldn't reach him at all. It's been ten years, and I still don't even know his name."

Qin Yanyang was speechless.

But she could tell that Yang Fei was not lying.

Moreover, based on her understanding, she knew of the existence of some odd characters in the martial arts world. While Yang Fei's experience was unique, it wasn't exactly rare.

"Tell me about you. Your family is an aristocratic martial arts family, right?" Yang Fei posed the question back.

He had raised the topic because he wanted to learn more about Qin Yanyang's family. However, Qin Yanyang kept questioning him, and he suddenly realized that his wife, who seemed so innocent and kind, had subtly taken control of the conversation, steering its direction.

This wife was not simple.

Yang Fei thought to himself.

Seeing Yang Fei circling back to the topic, Qin Yanyang couldn't help but smile slightly. She wasn't secretive; after all, the Qin family was too well-known in China, and anyone who wanted to could learn some things the Qin family allowed the public to know through various channels.

"Yes, my grandfather is a great master. Many people in my family practice martial arts, but very few have real talent. As someone familiar with martial arts, you must know that it's rare for someone with decent talent to emerge from thousands of people," Qin Yanyang said.

Yang Fei nodded, "Yes, practicing martial arts is hard. It's not just about talent, but there are also many other harsh requirements that ordinary families can't afford. Hence, the saying 'the poor excel in literary pursuits, the rich excel in martial prowess' has been true since ancient times."

Qin Yanyang said, "That's why my brother is so skilled, and has a lot of say in the family. Also, my dad is the Qin family's clan leader; he often considers the future of the entire family in his actions."

Thinking of Qin Zhen's behavior in front of Qin Yanyang, Yang Fei said, "So, you're even more skilled than your brother? He seemed quite afraid of you."

Qin Yanyang's eyes darted around, "Really?"

What to do? I might have been too assertive in front of my brother before, how do I backtrack now?

Do I have to reveal my hand to him?