

Urban Invincible Overlord

#Chapter 7 Zhang Long of Dragon and Tiger Hall - Read Urban Invincible Overlord Chapter 7 Zhang Long of Dragon and Tiger Hall

Chapter 7: Chapter 7 Zhang Long of Dragon and Tiger Hall

Watching Li Xuanton, the divine doctor he admired in his heart, cling to Yang Fei like a knowledge-thirsty elementary school student, begging for the teaching of the last four acupuncture techniques, Zhang Long picked himself up from the ground.

Helpless, Yang Fei was so preoccupied with Li Xuanton that he had no time to attend to him, so Zhang Long had to get up on his own.

"Uh, Doctor Li, how do we treat my master's internal injury?" Zhang Long, seeing Yang Fei entangled by Li Xuanton to the point of helplessness, gave a dry cough to interject.

Yang Fei looked at Zhang Long with approval.

Zhang Long was secretly delighted.

But Li Xuanton was annoyed and scolded Zhang Long, "The poison has been removed; the internal injury will heal over time, he won't die."

Zhang Long gave a wry smile; he dared not be disrespectful to Li Xuanton.

His master, Qi Tai, and Li Xuanton had been good friends for many years. After suffering an injury from his enemies, his master sent him straight to Li Xuanton, which showed his trust in him.

"I am Zhang Long from Dragon and Tiger Hall, I wish to thank you again for saving my master's life. May I have the honor of knowing your esteemed name?" Anticipating that Li Xuanton might cling to Yang Fei again, Zhang Long quickly turned to Yang Fei with this request.

Yang Fei replied, "My name is Yang Fei. Don't keep calling me 'benefactor,' it feels awkward."

"Understood, Mr. Yang."

Zhang Long said, and took out a bank card from his pocket and handed it to Yang Fei, "There's one million in here, the PIN is the last six digits of the card number. Please, Mr. Yang, you must accept this as your consultation fee for saving my master."

Yang Fei, thinking of the Bentley worth millions that this guy drove when he arrived, could tell he wasn't lacking money.

In need of money at the moment, he did not hesitate to accept the offer.

To a wealthy person, one million for a life was not expensive.

Seeing Yang Fei accept the bank card, Zhang Long internally sighed with relief.

Yang Fei took the card and, thinking to fully deliver on the rescue, gave a prescription for nurturing the internal injury, "Follow this prescription, and at most in one month, you'll be healed. Of course, if you can combine it with acupuncture treatment, the results would be even better."

Zhang Long was overjoyed and quickly asked, "Could I trouble Mr. Yang to continue acupuncture treatment for my master?"

Yang Fei hesitated.

He could tell that Zhang Long's master had been injured in a fight, undoubtedly he had enemies.

He had just happened to save Qi Tai, unable to bear leaving him to die.

But continuing treatment for Qi Tai might embroil him in unnecessary troubles.

Seeing Yang Fei's hesitation, Li Xuanton spoke up, "Little Brother Yang, Old Qi is a man of good deeds and righteousness; this time he may have encountered trouble. Your medical skills are unmatched, please help treat Old Qi's injuries."

Zhang Long immediately said, "Mr. Yang, rest assured, I will not let you work in vain; one million for each visit. I just hope my master recovers quickly."

Yang Fei, seeing the sincere look of anticipation in Zhang Long's eyes and Li Xuanton's hopeful gaze, nodded and said, "Alright. For future treatments, you can find me here."

After speaking, he turned to Li Xuanton, "Doctor Li, I actually came today to look for a job."

Li Xuanton's eyes lit up, and he immediately piled on a smile, "Oh, calling me Doctor Li is too formal. I feel an instant bond with you, my little brother; let's address each other as brothers. If you don't mind, you can call me Brother Li."

Yang Fei's mouth twitched.

Just a moment ago, he kept insisting on taking me as his master, and now we are equals?

"As for the matter of seeking employment, with your skills, Brother Yang, if you opened a clinic, I would have to close mine. It would be my clinic's great fortune to have someone of your stature condescend to join us."

Li Xuantong made a firm decision, "From now on, you will be the resident doctor at the clinic. By the way, what are your requirements for remuneration? It's not just about working here; you might also guide me on some medical issues. What kind of remuneration would satisfy you?"

Seeing Li Xuantong's earnest desire for knowledge, Yang Fei couldn't bear to refuse.

After all, the place was close to his home, and the offer was good enough.

Zhang Long, having gathered the medicines according to Yang Fei's prescription and worried about his master's injury, said his goodbyes to the two men.

Yang Fei checked the time—it was already past five—and said to Li Xuantong, "Shall I come to work tomorrow?"

Li Xuantong nodded eagerly, "If you're willing, you can start working tonight. We have dinner here, and we can eat while we talk—discuss about medical matters."

Yang Fei said, "I need to go home to cook for my wife."

Upon hearing this, Li Xuantong looked surprised, "You're married?"

So young and already married—he was just thinking how well this lad would match with his own talented and beautiful granddaughter.

But since they had just met that day, it wouldn't have been appropriate to promote his granddaughter. He didn't expect the young man to already be married.

What a pity.

Maybe he should meet his wife sometime. If she wasn't worthy of this young man, he could let him divorce her and then marry his granddaughter.

Li Xuantong somewhat reluctantly saw Yang Fei out of the clinic.

Zhang Long, seeing that Yang Fei was on foot, said, "Mr. Yang, where do you live? I can have Xiao Ma give you a lift."

A man in his thirties immediately came over and respectfully said to Yang Fei, "Good to meet you, Mr. Yang. You can just call me Xiao Ma."

Yang Fei shook his head and said, "Thanks, but no need. I live nearby, just a short walk away."

Zhang Long inwardly expressed regret. He was perceptive and thought by having Xiao Ma take Yang Fei home, they would learn of his residence—knowing that Yang Fei would not be amenable to force, he let the matter go.

Worried that his master's injuries might worsen, he exchanged contact information with Yang Fei.

After watching Yang Fei walk off into the distance, Zhang Long bid farewell to Li Xuanton and left with his master.

On the car ride, Qi Tai slowly regained consciousness.

As the founder of Dragon and Tiger Hall, Qi Tai had come to Binhai alone to make his way in the world. Over several decades, he turned Dragon and Tiger Hall into one of the three great powers of Binhai's underworld.

Compared to the elder of the Chen Family, Qi Tai's life was more legendary.

"Master, have you awakened?" Zhang Long was ecstatic.

The toxins in Qi Tai's body had been eliminated. Though he still suffered from internal injuries, the Revitalizing Thirteen Needle Technique and the emitted Revitalizing Aura used by Yang Fei earlier, not only helped him detoxify, but also had a significant therapeutic effect on his internal organs. He was now able to speak.

"Long, that person targeted me, he came for me. You must leave Binhai immediately while he has not yet taken notice of you," Qi Tai said as soon as he awoke.

Zhang Long's eyes reddened as he said, "Master, you raised me just like my own father. How could I abandon you when an enemy confronts us?"

By the end of his speech, his eyes shone with a fierce light as he harshly said, "Besides, now that we are on guard, if that person dares to come again, I'll make sure he won't return!"

Qi Tai quickly said, "No, that person disappeared for over a decade, and it's unexpected that he has acquired such formidable skills upon his return. You can't beat him. Moreover, this person's sudden appearance, aside from seeking revenge, might indicate there's someone behind him. Binhai is no longer safe."

Zhang Long recalled the young man he had just met in the clinic and an idea struck him. "Master, his Poison Palm is not without a counter. If handled properly, perhaps we can seek strong support to help us survive this disaster."

It was only then that Qi Tai came to his senses, realizing that the toxins in his body had been cleared. He couldn't help but express his amazement, "Li Xuanton can neutralize such poison?"

Zhang Long shook his head and recounted the events that had taken place.

After listening, Qi Tai's expression went through several changes, and he said gravely, "To make the silver needles create an invisible aura, he has cultivated Inner Strength. Long, you must be careful with this Mr. Yang and must not offend him!"

"Inner Strength?" Zhang Long was shocked. "How could he be so young and already have it?"

Qi Tai said solemnly, "I've told you before, there are skies beyond skies, and people beyond people. Don't assume that having learned some martial arts makes you invincible."

"I wouldn't dare. I've always kept your words close to my heart, rest assured, Master."

A glint flashed in Zhang Long's eyes.

He had underestimated Yang Fei's abilities.

He knew that someone like Yang Fei could not be easily swayed to serve others.

But if he could form a good relationship with him in advance, it might have unexpected effects in the future.

Chapter 8: Chapter 8 Pretending to be High and Mighty?

Yang Fei had finished buying groceries and was about to call Qin Yanyang to ask when she would be back for dinner when he received a WeChat message from her.

"I had dinner with my colleagues at the school cafeteria. You eat on your own."

Yang Fei smiled helplessly.

Back home, Yang Fei took a shower first.

After changing his clothes, he didn't start cooking right away, but instead took out his phone and dialed a number.

"Hello, who is this?"

The call connected, and a man's voice came through.

Hearing the familiar voice, Yang Fei felt his eyes slightly redden and said, "Uncle, it's me."

There was an evident pause on the other end, followed by the man's excited voice, "Is...is that Xiao Fei?"

"Yes, it's Xiao Fei. Uncle, I'm back," Yang Fei said with tears in his eyes.

He was an orphan, raised by his uncle.

Although his uncle also had a wife and children, he treated Yang Fei as his own. Whatever his cousins ate or wore, Yang Fei had the same.

Even though his aunt often said unpleasant things, it was just nagging. At most, behind Uncle's back, she would secretly give some coveted treats to her own children.

At the age of thirteen, Yang Fei met his master and left with him.

Since then, he could only occasionally contact his uncle by phone.

After making money abroad, he would often call and send money back to his uncle.

A year ago, after a sudden incident, he was seriously injured. Concerned about exposing his whereabouts and endangering others, he cut off contact with his uncle's family.

Now back in the country, although he still had significant hidden health issues, his injuries had stabilized. Plus, his true identity had always been kept secret from others, so he should be safe.

Today he made a million and decided to transfer some money back to his uncle, which made him unable to resist contacting his uncle.

"Are you back?" his uncle's voice was very excited, "Where are you? Uncle will come to get you on my motorcycle."

Hearing his uncle's voice made Yang Fei feel warm inside, and he said, "Not yet, I haven't returned to the village. I'm in Binhai now."

"Oh," his uncle's voice was noticeably disappointed.

However, quickly, his uncle exclaimed, "Where did you say you are?"

"Binhai," Yang Fei repeated.

"That's fantastic. Your sister is also studying in Binhai; she just got in this year and has been there for over two months. It's a new place for her, and I don't know if she's adapting well. She's a country girl, and I'm not sure if anyone is bullying her. If you're in Binhai, please go see your sister and help take care of her."

Yang Fei's spirits lifted.

The memory of the little girl who always followed him and Xiao Jun, five years younger than him, surfaced in his mind.

When he left the village, the little girl was just over eight years old. To think a decade had passed and she was now in college filled him with longing.

Unable to sit still any longer, overwhelmed with desire to see a family member, Yang Fei asked, "Which school is Wenwen studying at, and what's her mobile number? I will go to find her."

This was his own dear cousin, after all.

Since they were little, she had followed him and Xiao Jun around, always calling him 'big brother'.

Even though his aunt could sometimes be unpleasant, the bond between the cousins was the purest and most genuine.

Sometimes, when their aunt secretly gave the two a treat, they would also quietly save a portion for him.

"Binhai University. I think it's some pharmaceutical department. You know, Uncle is illiterate and doesn't understand these things. Right, her phone number is..."

Yang Fei noted the phone number and felt a bit astonished.

Binhai University?

Wasn't that the university where Qin Yanyang taught? What a coincidence.

"Uncle, are you still using that same bank card?" Yang Fei finally asked.

"Yes, I am. By the way, Xiao Fei, you're not getting any younger. It's time you started saving up for a wife. I remember all the money you've sent in the past. Last year, when I was arranging a marriage for Xiao Jun, we asked for a dowry of two hundred thousand, and the girl's family also demanded a house in the county town, so I used the money you sent. But don't worry, once Wenwen graduates in a couple of years, I'll make sure

to pay you back," the uncle said, feeling a bit guilty about using the money Yang Fei had sent.

Yang Fei felt a twinge in his nose, touched and saddened.

"Uncle, I send money for you to use. There's no need to repay me. Your nephew can earn big money. In fact, I'm about to transfer five hundred thousand to you. You and auntie can use it freely and confidently. If it's not enough, just ask me for more."

"Oh, my, you shouldn't be so reckless with money once you have it. We have enough. You don't need to send me any more. Save it for yourself, for your marriage," the uncle urged anxiously.

Listening to his uncle's words, Yang Fei was moved and ashamed at the same time.

He had been orphaned at a young age, and his uncle had been like a father to him.

All these years, he had been successful overseas but had never managed to find the time to visit his uncle.

He felt guilty.

After hanging up the phone, he immediately transferred five hundred thousand to his uncle's account.

"This injury has left me seriously hurt and with huge hidden dangers. Perhaps it's Heaven's way of telling me to come back and repay the kindness of Uncle's family," he thought.

Yang Fei composed himself, feeling that his current life was quite good.

If he could make that genuinely aloof goddess of a wife fall in love with him again, it would be perfect.

Hehe, he wondered what the look on his uncle and aunt's faces would be when he brought Qin Yanyang back with him.

Having collected his thoughts, Yang Fei went to the villa's underground garage.

A car was still parked there.

It was the discontinued Volkswagen Phaeton.

This car was sufficiently low-profile, and Yang Fei liked it very much.

He had been worried that all the cars in Qin Yanyang's family were too ostentatious for a school visit with his sister.

He sent Qin Yanyang a message: "I'm using the car."

"It's meant for you to use, anyway," Qin Yanyang replied instantly.

Yang Fei smiled and drove toward Binhai University.

Binhai University cafeteria, first floor.

Dinner time had just passed. Yang Wen, with an apron tied around her, holding a rag in one hand and a stainless steel basin in the other, was cleaning up.

"Wenwen, our dorm is having a mixer with the Finance department's class 2318 tonight, and you can't miss out. It's a dorm activity," said a fashionably dressed girl with an LV bag on her shoulder and a somewhat flirtatious look, standing next to Yang Wen.

Yang Wen looked uncomfortable as she worked and responded, "I'll have to skip it. Well... my brother has come to visit me, and he'll be here soon, so I want to show him around the university."

She was surprised but mostly delighted by the call she had received from her older brother, Yang Fei.

He said he'd be coming soon, so she needed to finish her work early to make sure her brother wouldn't discover her part-time job.

As for the mixer, she had no intention of participating.

Seeing Yang Wen reject her, the girl frowned and sneered, "Yang Wen, don't be ungrateful. There are only four of us in the dorm, and yet you always act alone; that's hardly cooperative. Besides, Young Master Chen specifically asked for your presence. He's taken a liking to you. Think about it—if you strike up a friendship with him, who'd dare look down on you in the future?"

Yang Wen frowned slightly but did not argue with Tian Huixi. While continuing her cleaning, she said, "I really can't make it today. My brother will be here any minute, and I need to accompany him."

Tian Huixi's mouth twisted into a smirk as she said, "No problem. Your brother isn't much older, right? He can join us; the more, the merrier."

Yang Wen shook her head: "It's fine. You guys go ahead without me. I'm not going."

Seeing Yang Wen's outright refusal, Tian Huixi's expression darkened as she said, "Well, you said it."

With that, she turned and left in a huff.

Stepping out of the cafeteria, Tian Huixi took out her phone and dialed a number, speaking in an affected sweet tone, "Oh, Young Master Chen, I really did my best, but she thinks too little of you, unwilling to come."

"Oh? Playing hard to get, huh? Hehe, interesting. Then I'll just have to extend the invitation personally. Let's see if she dares to refuse me to my face," a conceited voice came through the phone.

Chapter 9: Chapter 9: Do You Know the Consequences of Rejecting Me?

Without a pass, Yang Fei could not drive his car into the school, so he had no choice but to park it in a nearby parking lot.

Entering the campus and seeing those enthusiastic university students, Yang Fei felt a secret envy.

He had left with his master at the age of thirteen and only attended junior high for one year; he had long yearned for the life in high school and university.

Taking out his phone, he searched for the location of the Binhai University canteen. As Yang Fei hurried towards the canteen, he made a call to Yang Wen.

"Brother, have you arrived?" Yang Wen's voice came through with a hint of urgency, as if she hadn't expected Yang Fei to arrive so quickly.

"Yeah, I've never eaten in a university canteen before. I'm waiting for you at yours, you're treating me," said Yang Fei directly.

"Ah?"

Yang Wen, who had not yet finished her work, was taken aback and immediately said, "The food in the canteen isn't tasty, and by now it's just leftovers. Let's go eat outside."

"It's okay, I'm not fussy about food," Yang Fei said. "I'm almost there; come over."

Three minutes later, Yang Fei arrived at the canteen.

Although Yang Wen had been quickening the pace of her work, the canteen was too large and she had to wait for some students to finish before she could clean up, so by the time Yang Fei got there, she hadn't completed her work yet.

Yang Fei stood at the entrance of the canteen, about to find a place to sit down and wait for Yang Wen, when he suddenly heard a voice from afar.

"Yang Wen, I asked you out alone before, and you refused. This time it's a get-together of our two dorms; how can you still refuse? Even your best friend Xia Bingqing is going," the voice said.

He quickly looked up to see where the voice was coming from.

There he saw a young girl with her hair tied in a ponytail, wearing a red and white checkered shirt, jeans, and white sneakers, cleaning the tables.

Not far away, a young man was walking towards the girl with a few students in tow.

Yang Fei's gaze locked onto the girl's face, examining it carefully, and the more he looked, the more familiar it seemed.

They had parted when she was just eight years old. Ten years later, with the changes of adolescence, she had grown into a young lady.

However, the contours of her face from childhood hadn't changed much; on closer inspection, traces of her younger self—the "Shadow"—could still be seen.

After all, he had sent so much money to his second uncle over the years; their family wasn't extremely wealthy, but they shouldn't be too far off.

Why would Yang Wen be working part-time on campus?

Yang Fei felt heartache.

He felt even more guilty for not having taken the time to visit in these past years, failing his family obligations.

Yang Wen was surrounded by the young man and several other students.

Looking nervously at the leading young man, she bit her lip and said, "Chen Bin, thank you for the invitation, but I really have something to do today."

The young man named Chen Bin chuckled. "What could be more important than eating out with us? Yang Wen, this is the third time I've invited you personally, you should give me the honor of your company today."

Yang Wen had always kept her distance from this "gentleman," the rich heir.

Coming from a humble background, her family was poor, while his was prominent—a true epitome of a wealthy second-generation heir. She knew she stood no chance with him.

The so-called pursuit was merely to satisfy his curiosity; once she consented, she would become a plaything and ultimately be discarded.

The followers around Chen Bin also chimed in, saying that a joint gathering of the two dorms was a collective activity and it was not right for Yang Wen to miss it, that she lacked respect for the other girls in the dorm and was undermining their unity.

"Besides, we're just going to have a simple meal and chat to get to know each other better," they added.

"Exactly. Yang Wen, Chen Bin's family is both powerful and influential," another said. "If you befriend Chen Bin, his family could arrange a job for you later."

"Yeah, even though we're students at Binhai University, it's truly difficult to find a job out there, especially in a big city like Binhai. Without connections, a degree is just a piece of useless paper," another voice joined.

Yang Wen's dorm mates, although they too were persuading her, had looks of envy and jealousy.

If only such a young master as Chen Bin could take a fancy to oneself.

They didn't believe Yang Wen was unmoved; they saw her refusal as nothing but an affectation of purity, as if she was merely playing hard to get.

Yang Wen's face turned red with urgency under the barrage of persuasive arguments from everyone around her.

Although she was dressed simply, she had a nice figure and was pretty. Now with her face flushed with urgency, she appeared even more captivating to Chen Bin.

This woman, he was determined to have her.

Chen Bin secretly vowed in his heart and patiently said to Yang Wen, "Yang Wen, just now Tian Huixi mentioned you were waiting for your brother, right? It's fine, when your brother arrives, we can invite him to join us."

Just as Yang Wen was about to reply, a voice came through: "Fellow classmates, my sister is accompanying me today, so you all go ahead and have fun; I wish you a great time."

This voice was somewhat abrupt.

Everyone was taken aback for a moment.

Yang Wen hastily looked up and saw a somewhat familiar yet strange young man standing there, smiling at her.

Despite looking different from her memories, wasn't this mature face that of her own older brother?

Yang Wen exclaimed with joy, "Big brother, you really came back!"

The siblings reunited in happiness, and she completely forgot that she was still holding a rag and a food container.

Yang Fei looked affectionately at his little sister and walked over to pat her head, smiling, "Mhm, big brother is back. It's been ten years and in the blink of an eye, my little shadow has grown up so much."

Yang Wen smiled shyly.

Chen Bin saw Yang Fei pat Yang Wen's head, his pupils shrank, and he looked on with displeasure, fixing his gaze on Yang Fei to ask, "Are you really Wenwen's brother?"

Yang Wen said, "He's my brother, my real older brother."

Chen Bin felt somewhat better and extended his hand to Yang Fei with gentlemanly politeness, "Big brother, hello, my name is Chen Bin, a suitor of Wenwen."

Yang Wen grew anxious upon hearing this and explained to Yang Fei, "Big brother, don't listen to his nonsense, I don't have..."

Yang Fei interrupted, "I saw everything just now, it's okay."

As he spoke, he turned to Chen Bin, "It's clear my sister isn't interested in you, you all should go now, and remember, don't bother my sister again."

He had only this one sister, and he would not let anyone bully her.

Chen Bin had set his mind on taking Yang Wen out today to create an opportunity. He had already been rejected by Yang Wen several times, which annoyed him immensely, and now Yang Fei had appeared and was warning him, which instantly infuriated him.

"Heh, do you know who I am, do you know the consequences of rejecting Chen Bin?" Chen Bin laughed angrily, "In Binhai, there aren't many who can refuse me, Chen Bin."

Yang Fei frowned, "Are you really a university student? To be able to get into Binhai University, and this is the kind of quality you have?"

In his mind, students who were admitted to such a prestigious university must have excellent qualities, and he didn't expect to encounter someone like Chen Bin.

The Binhai University students who were following Chen Bin were flushed with shame, and many of them showed a guilty expression.

Around them, a number of onlooking students also started whispering among themselves.

Chen Bin's face turned red with anger. As the eldest young master of the Chen Family, when had he ever been subjected to such humiliation?

But he quickly adjusted his mood.

This was Binhai University, and the elders in his family had long warned him not to be too arrogant at school.

And as a wealthy second-generation, although he was domineering and overbearing, he was not foolish, often understanding the principle of restraint better than those from ordinary families.

"Hehe, okay, I'll leave you to it." Chen Bin suddenly smirked, taking one deep look at Yang Fei before turning to leave.

Yang Fei's frown deepened further.

He could tell that Chen Bin wouldn't let things go easily.

He himself was not afraid, but his cousin still had to study here.

Chapter 10: Chapter 10 Master of Ingenuity

"Finally gone," Yang Wen breathed a sigh of relief as she watched Chen Bin and the others leave.

She had really been worried about how to bring things to a close with Chen Bin being so aggressive.

Seeing her relieved expression, Yang Fei couldn't help but tease her with a laugh, "The kid might be a bit arrogant, but he's handsome and comes from a good family. You really don't fancy him?"

Yang Wen chided, "Brother, why are you talking nonsense? Although I'm from a small place, I'm still quite good at judging people. A rich second generation like Chen Bin wouldn't be serious about me."

Yang Fei looked at her approvingly and laughed, "How much allowance does the family give you each month?"

It was only then that Yang Wen remembered how she must look. With her face flushed, she placed the rag and basin on the table and explained, "Big brother, you must keep this a secret for me. I don't want to worry the family."

Yang Fei frowned, "How can that be? You're the only university student in the Yang family. Your job now is to focus on your studies. How can you be doing these kinds of things?"

Biting her lip, Yang Wen said, "Brother, do you think less of me?"

Yang Fei was taken aback and then returned to his senses, saying sympathetically, "Silly girl, how could your brother think less of you? Making money with your own hands is nothing to be ashamed of, I couldn't be prouder."

"Really?" Yang Wen looked at her big brother.

Yang Fei nodded earnestly, then, changing the subject, he said, "Brother hasn't had dinner yet."

Yang Wen quickly said, "Wait here, I'll go buy something for you."

Soon enough, she came over with a dinner that had both meat and vegetables.

Yang Fei asked, "Have you eaten?"

Yang Wen nodded, "I help clean the cafeteria, so I always eat earlier."

"Brother, don't tell the family about my work-study program at school. Actually, the family gives me a thousand yuan each month, which is enough." Yang Wen sat across from Yang Fei and said anxiously.

Yang Fei frowned, "With the high cost of living in Binhai, a thousand yuan is too little. You're a girl and there are many things you need to spend money on."

"It's really enough. My room and board are covered by the school, and I hardly ever go out," said Yang Wen.

Yang Fei shook his head, "Silly girl, I know you're thrifty and don't want to be too much of a burden on your uncle and aunt. Is it because I spent too much on my engagement last year that you think the family's burdens are too big?"

Yang Wen's eyes reddened, "Mom working in the fields and dad earning money alone as a bricklayer is not easy. I... I can earn a bit of money now. But don't worry, brother, it's not affecting my studies. I'm sure I'll get a scholarship."

Yang Fei felt a pang of heartache.

The children of poor families matured early; the girl was too sensible.

But now that he was back, he wouldn't let her suffer anymore.

He took out his phone and transferred fifty thousand yuan to Yang Wen directly.

They had added each other on WeChat after a phone call between siblings before.

Seeing her big brother transfer her so much money, Yang Wen's eyes went wide with shock, "Brother, why... why are you giving me so much..."

Yang Fei said with a smile, "This is one month's pocket money. You're the only girl in the Yang family, how could we let you suffer anymore? Rest assured, your brother is really well off now, I'll cover your living expenses from now on."

Yang Wen was still in a state of shock.

She had never had so much money at her disposal before.

"Binhai is nothing like our small county town. Since you've managed to get out, you're bound to stay in the big city in the future; you have to get used to the expenses of the big city beforehand. Also, once you're in university, it's like being in a small society; you need to make friends at school. Don't be isolated, or else life will lack a lot of fun," Yang Fei instructed patiently.

Yang Wen hummed in acknowledgment and said, "I know all these things. But I can't take your money... you... you're the eldest brother, and the second brother is already engaged. You haven't even taken a wife yet."

Yang Fei laughed heartily, "Don't worry, silly girl, your brother is really capable nowadays; I got married a while ago."

"What?"

Yang Wen's focus shifted, looking at Yang Fei both surprised and curious, she asked, "You're married?"

Seeing Yang Wen's skeptical look, Yang Fei was left speechless. "What, in your eyes, can't big brother even find a wife?"

Yang Wen coughed dryly, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

She was well aware of how difficult it was for men these days to find a wife.

Although big brother was decent-looking, his humble origins probably meant that city girls would look down on him.

He said he was married, which meant he was either lying or he had found the kind of factory girl who had dropped out of school early to work in far-flung areas.

Regardless, she was still happy for her big brother for finding a wife.

The siblings chatted, recalling the happy memories of their childhood, and the initially somewhat strained relationship quickly warmed.

After eating, Yang Fei helped Yang Wen clean up the cafeteria.

Once they finished, Yang Wen took him on a tour of the campus, showing him where she studied and lived.

After the tour, as they reached the campus gate, Yang Wen said, "Then discuss it with sister-in-law, and let's meet up next time."

Yang Fei thought for a moment and nodded, "Okay, I'll ask her. We'll meet when she has time."

He and Qin Yanyang were married, but there was still some unfamiliarity between them; he had to ask her in advance to see if she was willing to meet with Yang Wen.

Yang Wen couldn't help laughing when she heard her big brother speak so seriously, "You make it sound like sister-in-law is some big shot, and very busy."

Thinking of Qin Yanyang's status as a professor, Yang Fei couldn't help but smile at Yang Wen, "Well, she really is a big shot. You'll understand when you meet her."

They were at the same university; even if Qin Yanyang wasn't Yang Wen's teacher, such a beautiful and outstanding professor was sure to be famous at the school. If Yang Wen met her, she would probably be astonished.

"Alright, you should head back to the dorm. I'm leaving now. Call me if you need anything," Yang Fei waved to her.

Yang Wen nodded and turned to walk back into the campus.

Yang Fei watched her leave; the smile on his face slowly faded, and a trace of fierceness crossed his brow.

He had been worried that Chen Bin would continue to pester his cousin, thinking about how to warn the guy, but he hadn't expected him to be so brazen, already having people watch him outside the school.

He strode towards the campus gate.

Outside the gate of Binhai University, next to the street, Chen Bin sat in a black Mercedes-Benz van, smoking and squinting his eyes, "Brother Pan, that's the kid. Give him a harsh lesson for me. I want him to know what happens when you defy Chen Bin."

Opposite Chen Bin, a man in his thirties with a small goatee looked in the direction pointed by Chen Bin. His eyes fell on a young man's face and he visibly paused.

Damn, what are the chances?

His name was Zhou Pan, one of Chen Hongbo's trusted lieutenants.

After receiving orders from Chen Hongbo last night, he had secretly been gathering information and keeping an eye on Yang Fei.

He was ready to take action today, but an hour ago he got a call from the young master, asking for his help to deal with someone.

Zhou Pan was about to refuse, as he had a big job planned for tonight and had no time for child's play.

But Chen Bin said that the person was at Binhai University.

Zhou Pan had already been watching Yang Fei; thinking that dealing with a young punk would be a sideshow, he worried that refusing would risk offend this young master.

So, he joined up with Chen Bin, waiting outside the school gate.

What he never expected was that the target his boss and the young master wanted to deal with was the same person.

Zhou Pan flicked the cigarette out of his mouth and laughed, "It's like Qiaoqiao's mom opening the door just for Qiaoqiao, couldn't be more perfect."

"Brother Pan, has the kid spotted us? He's coming this way," Chen Bin suddenly said.