

Overlord 102

Chapter 102: Undercurrents

Provincial City, Yan Family.

The head of the Yan Family frowned, glaring at his wife Situ Xia impatiently, "Stop crying, what's done is done. Even if your dad is dead, can your crying bring him back?"

"My dad is dead, so are you saying I'm not allowed to cry? Moreover, my second brother and his son are also dead. Several people in the Situ family died, and they are all my relatives," Situ Xia said, her eyes red and teary.

Although she too was a martial artist, her skills were not strong. Her father and brother had died by the hands of a powerful enemy. Now, if she wanted revenge, she would have to rely on the Yan Family.

Yan Cheng furrowed his brow, "I know it's hard for you, but we mustn't act rashly without fully understanding who our opponents support. I just inquired about it—Jiang Ziman dealt with this matter personally, concluding that your father was at fault and has closed the case."

Situ Xia exclaimed angrily, "That Jiang Ziman must have been promised some benefits, otherwise, why would he make such a partial judgment? Moreover, by doing this, he clearly doesn't regard the Yan Family."

Upon hearing this, Yan Cheng's eyes darkened, and he said sternly, "Enough!"

Situ Xia was startled yet still defiant, whispered, "What I said is the truth. If Jiang Ziman truly respected the Yan Family, would he have made a decision without discussing it with us first?"

Yan Cheng snapped, "Jiang Ziman is none other than the Squad Leader of the Martial Alliance; why would he need to consult the Yan Family? I warn you, this is not as simple as you think. Until we understand this fully, the Yan Family will not intervene rashly. Don't be too clever for your own good, or if you implicate the Yan Family, even I can't protect you."

By the end, Yan Cheng spoke with utmost severity.

Situ Xia rarely saw her husband speak to her so sternly. She was taken aback and looked at Yan Cheng, saying, "Just a Martial Arts Wandering Cultivator, and even the Yan Family dares not act?"

Yan Cheng scoffed, "He's young, yet he managed to kill your father—his strength is not to be underestimated. Moreover, Jiang Ziman speaking for him indicates that this young man's background isn't simple either."

"But our family has investigated; he's just an orphan, a mere Martial Arts Wandering Cultivator, a rootless wanderer," Situ Xia said, surprised.

Yan Cheng scoffed, "Foolish, if it were so simple, would Jiang Ziman truly disregard the Yan Family's face? This matter will be settled after my father comes out of retreat. Otherwise, rash action now, not to mention whether Jiang Ziman would interfere, considering that young man could kill your father by himself, even if I personally took action, there is no guarantee of victory."

Upon hearing this, Situ Xia's pupils shrank, finally realizing the matter wasn't as simple as she thought.

Ultimately, Yan Cheng deeply cared about her, seeing the grief on her face, he offered in consolation, "Don't worry, I'll investigate secretly. After my father comes out of retreat, if it's confirmed that this young man doesn't have a significant background, the Yan Family will definitely not sit idly by."

Situ Xia completely calmed down, nodded her head, still trusting in her husband's words very much.

Meanwhile, in Provincial City, Wang Family.

"Useless, all of you, bloody useless. Bragging about how capable you are usually, but now facing such a small matter, you are all incapable of doing anything; are you eating shit?"

Wang Xiongying furiously smashed a purple-clay teapot, his face contorted as he roared at several men.

Half a month had passed, and the murderer of his son had still not been found.

Not even a single clue had surfaced; how could he not be furious?

The men being scolded were all meek, their heads bowed, not daring to breathe loudly.

"One week; I'll give you one more week. If you cannot find any clues by then, sort out your affairs and go join my son," Wang Xiongying said with a sinister look sweeping over the men, his voice cold.

The subordinates trembled, their faces pale with fright.

One of them mustered the courage to speak, "Mr. Wang, rest assured, there is... there is some clue. The car that day had its license plate covered, but there are not many silver-gray Bentleys. We are already checking them, and we believe there will be results soon."

Wang Xiongying's eyes flashed with a sharp light, he waved his hand, "Then hurry up and investigate. I only want results."

"Yes!"

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In Imperial City, Zhang Yunqing was drinking at a clubhouse.

His mood had been terrible lately.

Ever since Qin Yanyang posted on her WeChat Moments with a picture announcing her marriage, Zhang Yunqing felt as if there was a vast green grassland above his head, wishing he could tear that guy named Yang Fei to pieces right there and then.

In fact, he attacked Yang Fei that very day, but to his surprise, that nimble young man managed to escape unscathed from a car accident.

That same evening, Qin Yanyang actually flew back from Binhai to Imperial City and slapped him twice in front of many people.

This incident caused Zhang Yunqing to lose face within the Imperial City circle.

What was worse, his elder brother even warned him, telling him not to engage in such pointless actions.

Zhang Yunqing felt incredibly stifled.

He had to be wary of the Qin family's reaction and dare not ignore his brother's admonitions, so he couldn't blatantly take action but ended up calling Wang Wenxuan to handle the matter.

He had thought that with Wang Wenxuan's capabilities in Jiangnan, dealing with a young man would be no tough task, but what frustrated Zhang Yunqing was that Wang Wenxuan had actually died.

This news shocked Zhang Yunqing and left him extremely irritated.

Although the Wang family was far inferior to the Zhang family and even had to act according to the Zhang family's wishes, if the Wang family learned that Wang Wenxuan's death was due to offending someone while carrying out a task for him, Zhang Yunqing, he would certainly be resented by the Wang family.

Most importantly, the elders of the Zhang family, as well as his elder brother, would severely reprimand him.

So after the death of Wang Wenxuan, Zhang Yunqing dared not initiate any new moves.

Just then, a middle-aged man walked in and whispered a few words into Zhang Yunqing's ear.

Zhang Yunqing's eyes lit up after listening, "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely certain."

Zhang Yunqing's eyes narrowed slightly, "Heh, I didn't expect him to be a martial artist. But, daring to compete with me, Zhang Yunqing, for a woman, even if you were Sun Wukong, I'd still suppress you."

After a moment of contemplation and a plan forming in his mind, he said, "Push it forward, let that young man from the Xu family ally with the Yan family, and let Wang Xiongying know how his son died. With these three forces combined, even if that kid had the ability to multiply, he'd still have to lie down."

"Yes, I'll arrange it now," the middle-aged man responded and nodded as he left.

Zhang Yunqing's gaze was ferocious as he harshly said, "If it weren't for the family forbidding me from leaving the capital, why would I need others to act, I could squash you with one finger."

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Binhai, Binjiang Garden Villa.

In the morning, Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang were having breakfast at home. As Yang Fei was about to go to work, Qin Yanyang said, "I don't have classes today and will rest at home. Since you felt a bit weak after that fight, I'll stew a chicken for you to replenish your strength, and you can come back for lunch."

Yang Fei was momentarily stunned, then nodded, just as he was about to agree, his phone rang.

He saw the caller ID, it was Tong Yunshu.

Recalling what Tong Yunshu had said the day before, he couldn't help feeling a bit nervous; could it be about him asking her out for a meal?