

## Overlord 111

### Chapter 111: Furious as Thunder

That was a stern man with sword-like eyebrows and a tiger's gaze.

This man appeared to be in his fifties, dressed in a loose practice suit, neither tall nor short, neither fat nor thin, with a square face, and a pair of eyes that were strikingly spirited and profoundly terrifying, as if capable of penetrating the essence of all things.

Yang Fei's gaze met his and quickly parted.

He secretly marveled, the inner energy within this man was continuous and robust, his cultivation extremely high, already at the Late Stage Third Rank of the Energy Transformation Realm, a true expert.

It seemed that Tong Yunshu had not exaggerated before; the Zhu Family had produced Grandmaster Level Martial Artists for several generations, indeed a Martial Arts Family with profound heritage.

Yang Fei could tell at a glance that even if this man had not yet reached the Grandmaster Realm, he would surely do so in his lifetime; moreover, this man gave off an impression of bravery and rigidity, with a heavy killing aura.

Afterwards, Yang Fei's gaze swept over the others.

Among these dozen or so people, eight turned out to be Inner Strength Martial Artists, one of whom, a man in his fifties, possessed deep Inner Strength, not much different from the likes of Situ Xian, and there were three others who were also in the Late Stage of Inner Strength.

The true aristocratic Martial Arts Families of the country indeed live up to their reputation.

Yang Fei had originally scorned the so-called Martial Arts aristocratic families, but after seeing these few individuals from the Zhu Family, he overturned the preconceived notion the Situ family had given him.

While Yang Fei was assessing the others, the dozen or so people across from him were also taking his measure.

At first, Zhu Chengyou's gaze only swept over Yang Fei's face and then towards the helicopter, but when he realized that, apart from his niece and Yang Fei, there was no third person coming out of the helicopter, he slightly frowned and his gaze once again fell on Yang Fei.

He was annoyed inside, his niece was making too much of a fuss; wasn't she meant to invite a renowned doctor to treat the old master? So why had she brought along a young lad?

Yet the second time his gaze rested on Yang Fei, the slight displeasure in Zhu Chengyou's heart was instantly replaced by shock.

Because he suddenly became alert, feeling a faint threat emanating from this young man.

Right.

It was the acute vigilance that a practitioner in the Energy Transformation Realm felt when facing a powerful opponent with a strong cultivation.

For a fleeting moment, he had a sense of guard inside.

Although it was momentary, it did not escape his perception.

"Uncle, this is Yang Fei, Mr. Lu Shouwang was cured by him. I've invited him to take a look at Grandpa, hoping he might be able to help," Tong Yunshu said as she approached Zhu Chengyou and the others, trotting halfway there, arriving a few steps ahead of Yang Fei and first speaking to Zhu Chengyou, then immediately bowing slightly and greeting the others.

"Third uncle, fourth aunt, fourth uncle-in-law, cousins."

All Zhu Family members, Tong Yunshu didn't miss a single one, her voice sweet as honey as she called out to each in turn.

"Yun Shu is here."

"You've become prettier."

"Our Zhu Family's good niece, now you're supporting the Tong Family's business empire, haha, remarkable!"

"Yun Shu is thoughtful, still concerned about your grandfather's illness, good child," the Zhu Family people also spoke with Tong Yunshu, evidently valuing her highly.

Since his father's accident, Zhu Chengyou had shouldered the entire Zhu Family, becoming its rightful head.

His gaze had not left Yang Fei, and after observing him up close for a while, he nodded to Yang Fei, saying, "Dr. Yang seems very young, even younger than Yun Shu, right?"

Yang Fei smiled and nodded, "I suppose so, I'm twenty-three this year."

Zhu Chengyou gazed at him intently and asked, "Mr. Yang, are you also a Martial Artist?"

Yang Fei nodded, "I am."

Zhu Chengyou furrowed his brow.

Either you are or you aren't, what does 'I am' mean?

After feeling that flicker of alertness, Zhu Chengyou was continuously observing Yang Fei, attempting to discern Yang Fei's true capabilities. But he noticed there were no fluctuations of inner energy within Yang Fei's body; he simply could not determine his opponent's approximate cultivation.

But he was very certain that Yang Fei could pose a threat to him.

This was the strong sensitivity and alertness to danger of an Energy Transformation Seventh Rank expert.

At the side, Tong Yunshu's fourth uncle Zhu Chengpeng glanced at Yang Fei and then frowned slightly, saying in a deep voice, "Young man, are you really a doctor, a practitioner of Chinese medicine?"

Yang Fei could feel this person's distrust in his medical skills, but he still nodded, "Yes."

Zhu Chengpeng's frown indeed deepened, "Chinese medicine is profound and extensive. Among all the Chinese medicine practitioners I have met, only a handful have truly grasped its essence. In Binhai, only Li Xuanton is considered a renowned doctor. You are so young, yet you dare to claim to be a famed doctor?"

This comment was really too much for a guest.

Tong Yunshu knew the temperament of her fourth uncle, and she also knew Yang Fei's pride, so she hastily interjected, "Fourth Uncle, Mr. Yang is someone even the esteemed old doctor Li Xuantong holds in high regard. He is currently working at Li Xuantong Medical Hall, and Li Xuantong consults with Mr. Yang on many medical issues."

Unexpectedly, Zhu Chengpeng's disdain grew upon hearing this, "If you truly have real skills, why would you stoop to work under someone like old Mr. Li Xuantong?"

The Zhu Family insiders nodded to themselves in agreement.

They had a certain level of trust in Tong Yunshu. The person she brought must have some real ability.

But in the end, he was just too young.

Chinese medicine values age and experience. People might accept that a young person has excelled in Western medicine, but claiming to be a distinguished Chinese medicine practitioner is hard to believe.

"Miss Tong, it seems that this family is not really here to seek medical treatment. Let's go," Yang Fei said to Tong Yunshu, the smile fading from his face.

Tong Yunshu's expression changed, and she turned to look at Yang Fei, her face showing a hint of pleading, "We have come all this way, Mr. Yang. In light of Yunshu's regard, please consider checking on my grandfather."

In truth, she also didn't really believe that Yang Fei could cure her grandfather.

But since they were already here, and given that Luu Shouwang indeed was cured by Yang Fei, she was not willing to give up. She was determined to have Yang Fei examine her grandfather first.

"Fourth brother, if you have nothing nice to say, don't say anything at all."

It was at this moment that an authoritative voice sounded.

Zhu Chengyou opened his mouth. He turned his head and gave Zhu Chengpeng a fierce glare, then with hands clasped together, said to Yang Fei, "Dr. Yang, please do not take offense. It is just that my father's condition is unique, and after more than a decade without a cure, my fourth brother is anxious and has lost faith in successfully treating our father, leading to his distrust in the medical expertise of the world. It was not his intention to specifically target Dr. Yang. Today, hearing that Yun Shu brought a Divine Doctor, all available members of the Zhu Family came out to welcome, which is a testament to the Zhu Family's attitude. We ask for Dr. Yang's forgiveness."

Zhu Chengpeng's attitude had indeed upset Yang Fei, almost causing him to leave, but Tong Yunshu's plea and Zhu Chengyou's words considerably deflated his anger.

He looked up and saw Zhu Chengyou's sincere expression, and couldn't help but nod inwardly.

However, Zhu Chengpeng and the other members of the Zhu Family clearly held no hope that this young man, Yang Fei, could cure their family's patriarch, their eyes showing disappointment and detachment.

Yang Fei couldn't help but laugh at the absurdity of the situation, which, in turn, provoked him.

When faced with doubt, a strong person does not react with impotent rage or storm off, but rather proves their strength with concrete actions.

After all, Yang Fei was only twenty-three years old, and the competitiveness of youth was still within him.

If he were to leave today without having done something, it would be unfair to Tong Yunshu.

With that thought, he gave Tong Yunshu a slight smile and a nod, then looked directly at Zhu Chengpeng and said, "As an internal martial artist who should be cultivating your temperament and health, you are instead quick-tempered and irritable, suffering from insomnia and dreams. Your sexual desire is strong but your endurance is lacking. You may appear energetic, but in reality, your essence and blood are deficient. You are ill!"

"Nonsense!"

Zhu Chengpeng immediately turned red with anger, thundering as he pointed aggressively at Yang Fei, "You slander me, you spew lies, you... you..."

He rolled up his sleeves as if ready to fight but was stopped by the hand of an elegantly aging, beautiful woman.



With twinkling eyes and a trace of excitement, this woman asked Yang Fei, "Divine Doctor, if you can discern all this, surely you can cure him, can't you?"

All around, everyone was staring at Zhu Chengpeng and his wife, astonished.

Tong Yunshu also blushed, looking at Yang Fei with a complex expression.

She had just felt that Yang Fei was talking nonsense, how could he say such unpleasant things, but seeing the eager and hopeful look in her fourth aunt's eyes, could she still doubt?

She involuntarily looked at Yang Fei, her eyes filled a bit more with confidence.