

## Overlord 112

### Chapter 112 Worthy of My Granddaughter

Zhu Chengpeng's face was flushed, and his ears were burning. As a man being pointed out for his health issues in front of relatives and juniors, he was too embarrassed to stay any longer. He glared fiercely at his wife and ran off.

The fourth aunt was also blushing, but thinking of her future happiness, she forcibly held back her embarrassment, her eyes filled with a desiring gaze as she awaited Yang Fei's answer.

What Yang Fei saw was a middle-aged woman, filled with despair, seeing a glimmer of hope, and her pitiful eyes full of yearning.

He was quite displeased with Zhu Chengpeng, having called out the latter's health issues in public and shamed him away. After venting his anger, now facing the desiring eyes of Zhu's wife, he almost wanted to slap himself.

It was satisfying to embarrass Zhu Chengpeng, but now he had to treat the man—wasn't that just asking for trouble?

Yet, to save a middle-aged woman's sexual happiness, as a doctor, he had no choice but to take responsibility!

It was at that moment Tong Yunshu, with a blushing face, said to him, "Mr. Yang, my uncle might have a fiery temper, but he isn't a bad person. If... if you can treat him, please help my aunt."

She mentioned helping her aunt, not her uncle.

This lady seemed to really understand women.

Wait, that's not right. Hadn't she said she'd never dated before?

Something felt off.

Curious, Yang Fei couldn't help but look at her.

Tong Yunshu's face turned even redder and she stomped her foot. "Are you going to agree or not?"

Her request, seeming both like a plea and a threatening anger, gave the Zhu family members a weird look, and their expressions changed.

Faced with such a Tong Yunshu, Yang Fei found it hard to resist and instinctively nodded, saying, "Alright... okay then."

The fourth aunt immediately breathed a sigh of relief, gratefully saying, "Thank you, young divine doctor. I... I'll bring him to you later." With that, she too ran off.

Indeed, having such matters exposed to others was too embarrassing.

Yang Fei glanced at the Zhu family members and asked, "Is there anyone else who wants to try my medical skills? Traditional Chinese medicine involves observation, listening, questioning, and pulse-taking. I'm somewhat skilled in observation."

Facing him, particularly the males of the Zhu family, simultaneously shook their heads.

"Ahem..."

Just then, Zhu Chengyou coughed once and seriously said, "Enough joking around. Since Dr. Yang is personally brought by Yun Shu to treat our grandfather, we must trust him completely. Although he's young, medical skill is like martial arts; the adept are first, and age doesn't necessarily equate to strength."

Having finished speaking, he very politely, yet assertively, told Yang Fei, "Please, Dr. Yang, come inside and have a look at my father."

His manner was both asking yet confident, making it hard to refuse.

Yang Fei smiled, nodded, and said, "Let's go, let's have a look first."

Zhu Chengyou led the way, Tong Yunshu followed closely with Yang Fei, and the rest of the Zhu family, filled with anticipation, followed them.

The group entered the villa and after meandering past some pavilions and towers, they arrived at a secluded courtyard.

Guarding the entrance of the courtyard were two young men, both who were Martial Artists at the Inner Strength Early Stage.

Seeing this, Yang Fei couldn't help but hold the Zhu family in even higher regard.

Indeed, they had profound depth; they were not to be underestimated.

Although these people seemed weak in his eyes, fostering so many Inner Strength Martial Artists, even Energy Transformation Realm experts, in modern society was truly no small feat.

As Zhu Chengyou and others approached, the two young men guarding the door stepped aside.

Zhu Chengyou looked towards the other family members and said, "The young ones, wait outside."

Upon hearing this, Tong Yunshu rushed to say, "Uncle, I want to go in and see grandfather."

Zhu Chengyou looked at her and nodded, saying, "Mm, you may come in."

His authority in the Zhu family was immense, and no one objected.

The doors were pushed open, and Yang Fei was led into the room by Zhu Chengyou.

Followed by the second generation of the direct lineage of the Zhu Family, among whom Tong Yunshu was also present. Soon after, the doors were closed, leaving those younger family members outside.

The room featured an ancient Chinese style, yet the lighting inside was quite good.

Following behind Zhu Chengyou, Yang Fei walked past a screen and then saw an elderly man lying quietly on an ancient mahogany bed carved with dragons and phoenixes.

The old man had long hair and a beard, but both were maintained very neatly and tidily.

He seemed to sense someone entering and suddenly opened his eyes.

Yang Fei was startled.

Such a deep gaze.

But beneath that depth, there was a pair of eyes sharp as swords.

He examined the elderly man carefully, finding that his meridians were blocked, his acupoints unopened, his bodily functions sluggish, rendering him a paralyzed useless person.

Wasn't it said that he had been paralyzed due to a failed attempt to reach the Innate Realm in his martial practice?

Yet, he didn't look like a Martial Artist at all.

"Father, Yun Shu is very concerned about you. She has found a renowned doctor to see you," Zhu Chengyou respectfully said as he walked to the bedside and bent down.

"Oh, is it Yun Shu who came? Come let me have a look," said the old man in a soft voice, yet his words were very clear.

Tong Yunshu immediately came closer and sweetly said, "Grandpa, I've come to see you. I've also brought a renowned doctor who has cured people who had been paralyzed for years. He might help you regain your strength."

"Hehehe, this old ailment of mine has been dragging on for more than a decade without any results, and I have long given up hope. I'm only hanging on to see you all a little longer. Yun Shu, I remember you are twenty-five this year, aren't you? Haven't found a man yet? I still want to see your children before I go," the old man said. His tone was calm, showing no sign of inner joy or anger, much like a typical old man who just wanted to see more of his children and grandchildren.

Tong Yunshu blushed slightly at his words and replied, "I'm still young. There's no rush for that, and grandpa, you will definitely get better. When I get married, you must be there."

As she spoke, she turned to Yang Fei, "Mr. Yang, please have a look at my grandpa."

Yang Fei nodded and approached the bedside.

The old man Zhu Tianshou's gaze fell on Yang Fei, and then, a flicker of brilliance flashed through his profound eyes as he chuckled, "Yun Shu girl, this must be the one you fancy, right? This young man is not bad, he's worthy of you."

Tong Yunshu was instantly at a loss for words and hastily said, "Grandpa, please don't talk nonsense, Mr. Yang is just a friend."

"A friend, huh," Zhu Tianshou's tone seemed slightly disappointed as he chuckled and said to Yang Fei, "Young man, do you practice medicine?"

Yang Fei nodded, "A little bit."

Zhu Tianshou shook his head, smiling, "A little bit won't cure my illness."

Yang Fei chuckled, "Old sir, to have been bedridden for seventeen years and still maintain such a vibrant spirit, energy and mental state is indeed rare. With your spirit alone, you surpass many able-bodied individuals."

"Hahaha..."

Zhu Tianshou laughed heartily, "Young man, you have a sweet mouth. If you use such sweet words on my granddaughter Yun Shu, sooner or later you could become my grandson-in-law."

"Grandpa!" Tong Yunshu, feeling helpless and both embarrassed and annoyed, was almost too embarrassed to look at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei could only smile wryly.

Why did the old man start thinking about making him his grandson-in-law upon first meeting? It was really awkward.

He cleared his throat and said, "Elder, let me examine you first."



"Yes, father, let Dr. Yang take a look at you first," Zhu Chengyou and his siblings chorused.

Zhu Tianshou glared and said, "I'm lying right here, he can examine as he wishes, can I even resist?"

Zhu Chengyou gave Yang Fei an awkward smile, "Hehe, Dr. Yang, please."

Yang Fei nodded, grasped one of Zhu Tianshou's hands, and began to diagnose him.