

Overlord 131

Chapter 131: Two Sticks Broken

When Huang Dayong fiercely pushed Yang Hao toward the stairs, Yang Fei immediately intervened, grabbing Yang Hao's hand.

Thus, Yang Hao's body merely shook a bit but wasn't pushed down the stairs by Huang Dayong.

At this moment, Second Aunt Li Guiju's voice rang out, "How can you kidnap someone like this, is there no law anymore?"

Yang Wen also took out her cellphone directly, "Stop it, or I'll call the police."

Huang Dayong snorted, "Call the police? Even if the officials come, it won't help. My sister has been kidnapped, and before I find her, Yang Hao is the prime suspect. I must take him with me."

"Heh."

Yang Fei couldn't hold back and burst into laughter, looking at Huang Dayong, "You talk big, huh? What right, what qualification do you have to take my brother away?"

Huang Dayong, who had just tried to push Yang Hao but was stopped by Yang Fei, had already taken note of Yang Fei. Now he glared at Yang Fei malevolently, scoffed, and said, "Kid, who are you?"

Yang Fei replied, "I am Yang Hao's elder cousin."

"Oh, Qiaoqiao used to mention you, left the village at thirteen, and now you've come back, right? Looking at you, you don't seem to be doing very well. I advise you to mind your own business." Huang Dayong talked with the demeanor of a thug as he stared at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei giggled, "That won't do. He's my cousin, just like a real brother to me. You've no proof, and yet you slander him and even want to take him away by force; you realize that's a crime, right?"

Huang Dayong replied with laughter induced by anger, "What? Little redneck, you dare to talk to Huang Dayong like that, do you know who I am?"

With that, he made his move.

Just like he did with Yang Hao before, he reached out to grab Yang Fei's collar.

"Ah! Damn it, let go, gently, it's breaking!"

Huang Dayong's hand hadn't even touched Yang Fei's collar when suddenly, he jumped on the spot. Yang Fei had grasped his wrist, twisting it painfully, causing him to cry out in pain and continuously wail.

"What are you doing, let go of Brother Yong immediately."

"Right, you're sick of living, huh? Daring to mess with Brother Yong here, believe it or not, you won't make it out of this village?"

At the moment, among the people Huang Dayong had brought, several young and aggressive men fiercely glared at Yang Fei, loudly threatening him.

Li Guiju also got a fright. She hadn't expected Yang Fei to actually hit someone. She hurriedly said to Yang Fei, "Xiao Fei, don't be rash. His dad is the village head, and after the village merger, our Yang Family Village and Huang Village merged into one large village. The Huang Family has been very dominant these past few years, we can't beat them."

Yang Fei chuckled and shook his head, "Second Aunt, don't worry. I came back today; how can I let Xiao Hao be bullied like this?"

With that, his gaze swept toward the group of aggressive young men brought by Huang Dayong, and he said coldly, "Whether or not I can run out of this village is one thing, but if you dare to make a move, I don't know about others, but I can assure you that Huang Dayong won't be able to walk out of this door today."

His tone was very calm, yet his voice carried an invisible pressure and aura, sending shivers down everyone's spines.

One thought crossed everyone's minds.

This guy is ruthless!

Those experienced in fighting know, when faced with this situation where the enemy is numerous, to come out on top, one thing is necessary: ruthlessness!

Only by making others think you are ruthless enough to be deadly will they fear you.

The meaning behind Yang Fei's words was clear; once he started fighting, he would go all out against Huang Dayong.

With his capabilities, he didn't need to intimidate his opponents this way, but these were all local villagers; he couldn't really beat them senseless.

At this moment, Huang Dayong felt a bit intimidated, but his reputation as a tough guy and his pride made him endure the pain and say, "Come on, kid, if you have the guts, kill me. If you can't kill me, I..."

He hadn't finished his sentence when Yang Fei raised his leg and kicked him in the knee.

"Ouch!"

Huang Dayong cried out in pain and fell to his knees.

"Damn it, kid, you're asking for it!"

With a roar, a twenty-something year-old man wielding a thick wooden stick fiercely smashed it towards Yang Fei's head.

Yang Fei frowned, noting that this young man seemed like he was used to fighting, brutal and ruthless.

However, as someone who grew up in the countryside, Yang Fei knew that most rural young people dropped out of school early to mix with society, often acting without consideration and frequently ending up committing crimes before they understood the consequences.

Faced with this young man, he couldn't act as he would against those martial artists.

He suddenly punched at the wooden stick.

"Bang!"

"Crack!"

The thick, dry stick, as thick as a child's arm, was tough and solid, yet it was broken by Yang Fei's punch.

The young man had half of the stick fly out from above his head, his entire hand going numb.

Looking at Yang Fei's unharmed fist, the young man was dumbfounded, his eyes revealing a mix of shock, fear, and some admiration.

The others felt the same.

Young men were undoubtedly brave and fierce, but they admired the strong even more.

Yang Fei's punch that broke such a thick stick instantly intimidated them.

Huang Dayong was so shocked that he was at a loss for words.

Seeing their expressions, Yang Fei smiled slightly, knowing he had taken control of the situation.

He let go of Huang Dayong's hand, smiling and said, "We are all from the same village, we should talk things over nicely. Why resort to knives and guns?"

As he spoke, he walked downstairs, saw a shovel at the foot of the stairs, and grabbed it.

Huang Dayong and the others, scared, changed their expressions and stepped back.

Yang Fei, however, took the long wooden handle of the shovel and broke it in half with his arms.

"Crack!"

Seeing the wooden handle snap into two pieces, everyone present gasped in shock.

This effect was even more shocking than when Yang Fei had broken the stick with a punch.

You must know, Yang Fei didn't use any tools but broke it directly using the strength of his arms.

What immense strength!

Second Aunt watched as Yang Fei broke and threw the shovel at the foot of the stairs, her face full of distress.

She would have to call the carpenter to fit a new handle again, which would cost a pack of white gold sand.

"I, Yang Fei, grew up in the village and have received many kindnesses from everyone. I don't want to fight with the villagers. Today's incident is a misunderstanding, and the Huang Family and our Yang Family need to become relatives through marriage. Brother Huang, can we sit down and talk this over?" Yang Fei glanced across, finally resting his gaze on Huang Dayong, revealing a very amicable smile as he spoke.

Meeting Yang Fei's friendly smile, Huang Dayong glanced at the two broken sticks, took a deep breath, and nodded, "Okay, we now live in a law-abiding society, and fairness is key. Today, let's clarify everything and let the villagers judge."

Saying this, the Huang Family relatives and the young men who followed him also nodded in agreement, the earlier momentum of ransacking Yang Hao's house if they didn't find Huang Qiaoqiao completely dissipated.

Huang Dayong looked at Yang Hao and asked, "Yang Hao, where exactly is my sister? Where have you hidden her?"

Yang Hao shook his head and said, "I really haven't hidden her. I haven't seen her for several days now."

Huang Dayong, thinking that his sister had indeed run away not long ago and Yang Hao was still at home, unlikely to have met her, thought for a moment and said, "Okay, my sister could only seek you out if she escaped. As long as she can't find you, she can't get away..."

He was about to ask Yang Hao to come with him but, glancing at the smiling Yang Fei, he changed his mind and said, "Then I'll just stay with you."

If force doesn't work, rely on persistence.

As long as he watched Yang Hao, his sister couldn't escape.

"Brother, I... I have to go out."

At that moment, Yang Hao pulled Yang Fei aside and whispered urgently into his ear.

Huang Qiaoqiao was waiting for him; he couldn't be stuck at home forever.

Qin Yanyang had been watching from the side. She knew that such a small scene was nothing for Yang Fei, and seeing Yang Hao's anxious face, eager to elope with his lover, she found it rather amusing.

She walked over and said to Yang Hao, "Problems need to be solved, running away isn't the best solution. Your girlfriend has run away from home to elope with you; she's worth cherishing. You need to take responsibility for her. Now that you are running away, you might feel free, but the elders from both families will suffer. Don't worry, your sister-in-law will help you sort it out."

After saying this, she turned to look at Huang Dayong and stated in an unequivocal tone: "Your family's Qiaoqiao, our Yang family will definitely welcome her with pomp and circumstance."

Chapter 132: Sister-in-law Will Decide for You

Listening to Qin Yanyang calling herself sister-in-law and repeatedly mentioning "our Yang Family," Yang Fei chuckled with a sense of pride, feeling a bit elated.

He didn't know if Qin Yanyang truly meant what she said or if she was just playing a role, but he rather enjoyed hearing it.

In the spacious living room of the Yang Family, everyone became stunned as Qin Yanyang spoke these words.

They had rarely seen such a beautiful woman in the flesh.

Her beauty didn't just lie in her looks, but also in her unique aura and presence.

If it were any ordinary day, Huang Dayong and the other young men would surely make flowery comments upon seeing such a stunning beauty, but now, facing Qin Yanyang up close, they all seemed incredibly nervous.

It was the domineering aura that Qin Yanyang naturally exuded.

"Sister-in-law, please have a seat while you talk."

At that moment, Yang Wen pushed a chair over and placed it behind Qin Yanyang.

Qin Yanyang smiled faintly and actually took a seat.

Even though she appeared shorter sitting down, Huang Dayong and the others felt even more oppressed when facing her.

Qin Yanyang looked at Huang Dayong and said, "Previously, the Huang Family accepted a bride price of two hundred thousand from the Yang Family, and both families have met as relatives. According to the customs of the village, my brother Yang Hao and your sister Huang Qiaoqiao are engaged, which means they are already betrothed, right?"

Huang Dayong nodded when he heard this but then snapped back to reality and, gathering his courage, said, "Even married couples can divorce nowadays, let alone those merely engaged. Moreover, we have already returned the entire bride price. Now Qiaoqiao has a better family; she can lead a better life, and even our Huang Family can rise with the help of the in-laws."

Qin Yanyang smiled faintly and said, "By doing this, the Huang Family is showing greed and deceit, aren't you afraid of being pointed at by the villagers?"

Huang Dayong flushed but snorted and said, "We're all villagers here, scared of poverty from generation to generation. Now that there's such a good opportunity to change our status, who wouldn't want to climb higher?"

Qin Yanyang nodded and said, "Although what the Huang Family is doing is contemptible, it's not completely unreasonable. But Yang Hao and your Qiaoqiao genuinely love each other. Doesn't their romance deserve your respect?"

Huang Dayong's mouth twitched as he responded, "Romance doesn't fill the stomach. They're still young; after getting married and enduring a few years of hardship, they will understand."

Yang Hao couldn't help but interject, "Why would we live a life of hardship? I will work hard to earn money, and I'll make sure Qiaoqiao has a good life and doesn't suffer."

Huang Dayong replied disdainfully, "Based on what? Don't think I don't know that you borrowed a portion of that two hundred thousand bride price from relatives. Once Qiaoqiao marries into your family, she'd still need to help pay off the debts."

But marrying into the Gong Family is different. The Gong Family is one of the wealthiest households in the county. Their bride price alone is six hundred eighty-eight thousand, a villa in the city as their marital home, and they've even bought a Mercedes worth five hundred thousand for Qiaoqiao. They'll also transfer the ownership of a second-hand house in the city to me. Once Qiaoqiao marries into their family, she'll be a rich lady.

I won't say more, just from what I've told you. Your father's a bricklayer, you're a carpenter; could you and your father ever afford any of these, even if you both worked hard your entire lives?

Yang Hao, you say you have feelings for Qiaoqiao, then you should want what's best for her, to let her have a genuinely good life."

With these words from Huang Dayong, there was silence among everyone.

Li Guiju's eyes brimmed with tears as she looked at her son with heartache.

The uncle, who had fallen asleep from drinking too much and was woken up by the commotion at home, was also flushed with a resigned nod and a sigh.

Compared with the Gong Family, the Yang Family was too poor.

The other villagers also fell silent.

If it were their daughters, they would probably choose to be betrothed to the Gong Family too.

Yang Hao trembled with anger, his eyes bloodshot as he glared at Huang Dayong and said, "That's right, the Gong Family is wealthy, but, but the man Qiaoqiao is marrying is a cripple, and I've heard he's a notorious bad seed. She won't be happy marrying into that family."

"Shut up," Huang Dayong snapped angrily. "So what if he's a cripple? He has a prosthetic limb and can walk just fine."

Yang Hao retorted unwillingly, "Qiaoqiao doesn't like him, she despises him."

"Once she marries into the family, feelings will develop over time," Huang Dayong said.

Yang Hao was about to respond when Qin Yanyang raised her hand and said, "Xiao Hao, stop talking. Your sister-in-law will give you a satisfactory answer."

After speaking, she turned to look at Huang Dayong and said, "Let's be realistic, what era are we in now? No one can force an arranged marriage; it's against the law. First, let's have Qiaoqiao come over and make her own choice."

Huang Dayong was about to refuse when suddenly his heart tightened, and he felt an inexplicable sense of oppression.

He looked up to see Qin Yanyang smiling gently at him.

Her gaze seemed so kind, but... but why did it send chills down his spine?

Huang Dayong swallowed the words on the tip of his tongue, and upon second thought, he realized that as long as Qiaoqiao showed up, he could just take her back by force; he wouldn't have to deal with these Yang Family people at all.

With this in mind, he nodded and said, "Fine, call Qiaoqiao over, let her choose for herself."

Yang Hao quickly said, "No, as soon as Qiaoqiao appears, they'll snatch her away."

Qin Yanyang turned around, looked at Yang Hao, and said, "Don't you trust your sister-in-law and your brother?" Adding to that, she winked at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei, seeing that she was determined to take care of the matter with great interest, nodded with a smile and said to Yang Hao, "Don't worry, with your sister-in-law here, everything will be sorted out."

Qin Yanyang listened to the flattery with a smile and remained silent.

Yang Wen knew about Qin Yanyang's formidable financial resources and also hurriedly tugged at her brother, saying, "Second brother, just relax, since sister-in-law is taking charge, she will surely marry Sister Qiaoqiao into our family for you."

Yang Changjin and Li Guiju, having not provided better conditions for their son, leading to the broken engagement, felt somewhat inferior and helpless about the situation. Now, seeing their niece-in-law take command with such composure and assertiveness, promising a solution, the couple, full of doubts, could only watch from the sidelines.

Yang Hao, hearing his older brother and younger sister speak like this, and facing Qin Yanyang's confident look, somehow felt a ridiculous notion arise within him: there was nothing in this world his sister-in-law couldn't solve.

"Call Huang Qiaoqiao over, I'd like to meet her. Besides, eloping isn't a long-term plan. Trust your sister-in-law; she will decide for you both. No one will interfere with your marriage," Qin Yanyang said once more.

Yang Hao gritted his teeth, pulled out his phone, and dialed Huang Qiaoqiao's number.

The phone was picked up after just one ring, and a woman's voice came through, "Yang Hao, where are you? Hurry up, are you scared to elope with me? Are you even a man? If you don't come, I... I will hate you for the rest of my life..."

Chapter 133: Don't Think About Marrying My Sister If You Don't Have Enough Money

Yang Hao didn't have the speakerphone on, but the voice from the phone was still heard by Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang.

Qin Yanyang's lips curled upward, finding the girl interesting, and he was even more eager to meet her.

Seeing that Yang Hao was on the phone with his sister, Huang Dayong appeared a bit nervous. He opened his mouth to speak but, fearing that his sister would hear his voice and be frightened away, he restrained himself.

Listening to Huang Qiaoqiao's voice, and thinking about how she was fighting so hard for him, Yang Hao's eyes became moist with emotion, as he turned to look at Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang.

Their family really had no way to solve this matter; now they could only hope that his elder brother and sister-in-law would help.

"Let her come over; don't worry, I'm here, nothing will happen," Yang Fei said, seeing that Yang Hao was still worried.

Thinking of what Qin Yanyang had said earlier, Yang Hao felt that running away was indeed unfair to his parents and it wasn't a long-term solution, so he spoke into the phone, "Qiaoqiao, you... come to my house. My brother and sister-in-law are back, and they said they can help us solve this."

"Impossible. My brother has already convinced my parents. They are dead set on marrying me off to that cripple from the Gong Family, who have money and power. Your brother and sister-in-law can't solve our problem. Let me tell you, Yang Hao, eloping is the only solution," Huang Qiaoqiao said on the phone.

After managing to escape from home, she only thought about running away with her lover to live freely, planning to return after a few years when their children could even be soy sauce fetching age, when her parents' objections and the Gong Family's concerns would no longer matter.

Yang Hao was somewhat persuaded by her words.

Qin Yanyang smiled and said to him, "Give me the phone."

Yang Hao hesitated for a moment, but eventually handed the phone to Qin Yanyang.

Qin Yanyang spoke into the phone, "Is this Qiaoqiao? I'm Qin Yanyang, Yang Hao's sister-in-law. Right now, your brother has brought a bunch of people and has Yang Hao trapped in a room. He even said he's going to break his legs. You should come over quickly."

"Ah? How can my brother be like that? Tell him not to hurt Yang Hao, or I will hate him for the rest of my life. I... I'm coming over now..."

An anxious and worried voice came from the other end of the phone.

"Yeah, come over quickly," Qin Yanyang responded, and then handed the phone back to Yang Hao, "She still cares a lot about you."

Yang Hao was originally afraid that Qin Yanyang's words would worry Huang Qiaoqiao and wanted to explain, but he realized the call had already been hung up.

Across from him, Huang Dayong's admiration for the stunningly beautiful woman in front of him grew.

He knew his sister's temper well—she was clever and not so easily summoned, yet she had been convinced with just a sentence.

Thinking about how worried his sister was for Yang Hao made Huang Dayong feel noncompliant and he glared fiercely at Yang Hao.

Soon, a crisp female voice came from outside the door, "Yang Hao, Yang Hao, are you alright?"

Quickly, the people in the hall moved aside, allowing a graceful figure to rush in from outside.

She was a girl of about eighteen or nineteen, dressed in a plain white T-shirt and jeans, which were simple yet emanated a youthful vibe.

She had a sweet face and an excellent figure, but her face was now marked with deep worry.

After her gaze fell on Yang Hao, she breathed a sigh of relief, then glared at Huang Dayong, "Brother, how could you do this? What right do you have to barge into someone's home like this?"

Seeing his sister, Huang Dayong let out a sigh of relief, "Qiaoqiao, it's good you're back. Now, there's nothing to worry about as long as you come back with me. I won't bother the Yang Family again."

Huang Qiaoqiao felt a rush of despair, suddenly stepping around Huang Dayong, she dashed to Yang Hao's side, hiding behind him and peeking out to say to her brother, "Brother, I won't go back with you. I won't marry that cripple; I love Yang Hao, I... I'm even carrying Yang Hao's child."

"What?"

Yang Changjin and Li Guiju's expressions changed abruptly, a mix of surprise and tension, as they excitedly looked towards Huang Qiaoqiao's belly.

Huang Qiaoqiao blushed.

Yang Hao was also terribly embarrassed.

The others in the room immediately started whispering among themselves.

In today's society, living together before marriage is quite normal, but in rural areas, pregnancy out of wedlock can indeed affect one's reputation.

Huang Dayong suddenly became furious and yelled, "Shut your mouth! Don't spread rumors when there's nothing, don't you care about your reputation?"

With her face still red, Huang Qiaoqiao said, "I'm going to say it anyway. I only want to marry Yang Hao. Everyone within miles knows we're already engaged. It's you who are reneging on your word and trying to tear us apart."

After she spoke, the voices of those whispering quieted down a bit, feeling somewhat sorry for the young couple.

Truly in love and already engaged, only to be forcefully separated at the last moment.

Huang Dayong didn't care about any of that and angrily said, "Stop talking nonsense here, you're embarrassing us, come back home with me now."

Huang Qiaoqiao hid behind Yang Hao and loudly said, "I am already the daughter-in-law of the Yang Family; this is my home."

Huang Dayong, nearly fainting with anger, waved his hand, "Drag her back, tie her up if you have to."

The people of Huang Village immediately rushed forward to follow his command.

Yang Fei coughed, stepped in front of Yang Hao and Huang Qiaoqiao to protect them, and casually kicked a couple of broken shovel handles on the ground.

Seeing him stand in their way, and noticing the broken shovel handles on the ground, the villagers looked scared and dared not advance any further.

Qin Yanyang cleared her throat and said to Huang Dayong, "So, do you want to talk this out with me, or should my husband talk to you?"

Huang Dayong, having known Yang Fei's toughness, was slightly intimidated and responded, "Fine, I'll talk with you. I've told you the conditions the Gong Family offered before, now you tell me, what can the Yang Family offer?"

After hearing this, Huang Qiaoqiao became anxious, "Brother, are you selling me out?"

Face reddening from her accusation, Huang Dayong argued, "You're too young to understand, I'm doing this for your own good."

Huang Qiaoqiao wanted to argue further, but Qin Yanyang, smiling, said, "Qiaoqiao, don't worry. Let me help you, okay?"

It was then that Huang Qiaoqiao really took a good look at Qin Yanyang. Seeing her beauty and elegance sitting there so imposingly, even her own brother seemed overwhelmed, she couldn't help but feel admiration.

Yang Wen whispered in Huang Qiaoqiao's ear, "This is my sister-in-law. She's a teacher at Binhai University, very wealthy, and my elder brother is also very impressive. With them here, your relationship with my second brother is secure."

Seeing Yang Wen so confident, and because she and Yang Hao had no better solution, Huang Qiaoqiao nodded her head and chose to trust Qin Yanyang.

Convinced that the Yang Family wouldn't be able to offer anything better, Huang Dayong scoffed, "What's the matter? Can't afford a larger dowry or money to buy a house and a car in the city, right? I'm not even talking about whether you can support my family, just these basic things. Since you can't provide them, what right do you have to marry my sister?"

Qin Yanyang smiled slightly and asked, "So, it's just about money, right?"

Being blunt, Huang Dayong nodded, "Yes, it's about the money. Without enough money, the Yang Family can forget about marrying my sister."

Chapter 134 The Local Tyrant Here

Huang Dayong was from the neighboring Huang Village, and he knew the Yang Family's situation better than anyone.

A few years ago, building this two-story Western-style house had drained the Yang Family's savings. During the engagement negotiations, the Huang Family had demanded two hundred thousand, and to everyone's surprise, Yang Changjin had managed to produce the amount.

However, the Huang Family later found out that Yang Changjin had borrowed some from friends and relatives, and his elder nephew seemed to be making some money abroad and had sent back a substantial amount, just enough to cover the bride price.

In Huang Dayong's mind, the Yang Family was broke.

It was even less likely that they could offer more than what the Gong Family had proposed for the bride price.

He wanted the Yang Family to know their limits and back out.

"If it's just about the money, that would be a minor issue. But Qiaoqiao and our Yang Hao share a deep affection, and I genuinely like her too. Since the Yang Family wants to marry her, we can't let her sever ties with her family. We must consider her feelings and ensure she still has her family's support," Qin Yanyang said.

Huang Dayong sneered after hearing this, "Big talk."

He then looked up at Yang Fei, "I heard you made some money outside, but seeing that you didn't even bring a car back this time, you probably just work for someone else, earning slightly more than usual in the big city."

Yang Fei smiled and nodded in response, "Yes, I work for someone."

Hearing this, Huang Dayong laughed loudly, "Exactly. You too are an employee. Even if you want to protect your cousin and help your uncle's family, you don't have the means."

Yang Fei chuckled and pointed at Qin Yanyang, "I work for someone, but my wife is wealthy."

Qin Yanyang couldn't help but laugh.

Huang Dayong was startled, his gaze settling on Qin Yanyang. Feeling the strong confidence and the powerful aura she radiated, he instinctively believed that Yang Fei was not lying. This woman definitely had money.

Qin Yanyang said to Huang Dayong, "How about this, since others are offering six hundred and eighty-eight thousand, we will match that. Go back and discuss it with your parents. After all, your sister and Yang Hao are in love, and the families live close to each other. If they get married, they can look after both households."

Huang Dayong shook his head, "No need to go back and discuss with my parents. I can tell you right now, it's impossible."

"I haven't agreed yet."

Unable to hold back, Huang Qiaoqiao burst out at Huang Dayong, "The bride price is just a formality to show respect to the woman's family. Yang Hao's family already offered their limit of two hundred thousand. Isn't their sincerity enough? Now to add six hundred and eighty-eight thousand, when I get married, won't I have to repay it? I've decided to marry Yang Hao, and the conditions will remain as they were when we got engaged."

Huang Dayong jumped up in anger, pointing at Huang Qiaoqiao, "You're not even married off yet, and you're already throwing your lot in with them?"

Huang Qiaoqiao retorted, "Marriage is a lifetime matter and my own affair. I want to make my own decisions."

Yang Fei burst out laughing, impressed by how good a partner Ermao had found.

Qin Yanyang grew increasingly fond of Huang Qiaoqiao.

She stood up and addressed Huang Dayong, "Just do as I said. Go back and discuss it with your parents, and return the other family's gifts. Qiaoqiao wants to stay here voluntarily; then she is the future daughter-in-law of the Yang Family."

Huang Dayong wanted to object, but he was intimidated by Qin Yanyang's powerful aura and somewhat cowered.

But he quickly smirked, "Yang Hao, this is trouble that your Yang Family has invited. Young Master Gong has taken a liking to my sister, and the engagement gifts are already given. She's practically his fiancée. Now that you insist on keeping my sister here, you explain it to Young Master Gong."

He then turned to Huang Qiaoqiao, snorting, "By doing this, you're not only harming yourself but also putting your family and the Yang Family at risk. Let me ask you one last time, are you coming back with me or not?"

Yang Hao looked worried, holding onto Huang Qiaoqiao's hand but also concerned about the trouble it might bring to his family.

Huang Qiaoqiao's pretty face turned pale with fright as well. She thought about how the Gong Family had power and influence in both the county city and even beyond. Indeed, what she was doing was a slap in the face to the Gong Family, and with that vicious young master's temperament, he would probably not let Yang Hao off.

Seeing Yang Hao and Huang Qiaoqiao both startled, and even his uncle and aunt looking worried, Yang Fei said, "Don't worry, with me here, no matter who shows up, whether from his parents' or his relatives' side, it won't work."

Huang Dayong, hearing this, scoffed mockingly, "Kid, you indeed have some skills, but in this world, money and power are what matter most. Opposing the Gong Family is like seeking death."

Qin Yanyang slightly furrowed his brow and said calmly, "Our Yang Family doesn't bully anyone, but we also can't be bullied by anyone. You should go back first. The Gong Family will contact you themselves to call off this marriage."

Huang Dayong thought he had misheard, and shocked, he said, "What?"

Qin Yanyang said, "The Gong Family will initiate the cancellation of the marriage."

Huang Dayong burst into laughter, "Such big talk! I see you and your wife are both big on bragging. Fine, I'll wait and see. When Young Master Gong arrives, let's see how you end this."

After finishing, he directly pulled out his mobile phone and dialed a number, then said with a sycophantic and respectful tone, "Young Master Gong, I've found my sister. She's at Yang's house. We've encountered some trouble here; maybe you should bring some people over... What? You're already nearby and will take my sister to the city? Okay, sure, rest assured, I'm watching over here. She won't get away."

After hanging up, Huang Dayong sneered, "Yang Hao, you brought this on yourselves."

Yang Hao's face had turned pale.

Huang Qiaoqiao, too, was terrified the color of her face went ashen, and she glared fiercely at her elder brother, "Huang Dayong, you are inhuman, I hate you!"

Huang Dayong said, "Swear all you want. Eventually, you'll thank me for sure. I am your real brother, I definitely have your best interests at heart."

Huang Qiaoqiao stamped her foot in anger.

Yang Changjin and Li Guiju shook all over, both wearing faces full of deep worry. Yang Changjin even tugged at Yang Fei and said, "Xiao Fei, you should... you should take your wife, Xiao Hao, and Wenwen and run first."

"Yes, you should go quickly. We can't afford to offend the Gong Family," Li Guiju almost cried out.

Others in the room who were just there to watch the excitement, as well as those who came from Huang Village, also shook their heads secretly, chattering among themselves.

"The Gong Family is the richest in the county city after all."

"Real estate, municipal construction projects, even schools and hospitals—the money-making sectors are all tied to the Gong Family. The Gong Family is like a local tyrant here."

"Offending the Gong Family could ruin you."

"Changjin, talk some sense into the kids. You can't afford to mess with the Gong Family."

"Indeed."

At that moment, everyone from Yang Family Village became worried, urging them earnestly.

Seeing this reaction, Huang Dayong's face showed a smug look, addressing both Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang, "You see? You might have a bit of money, but comparing it to the Gong Family, you're minor league. Besides, the Gong Family covers the sky with one hand here, extremely powerful. What do you have to compare with the Gong Family?"

Huang Qiaoqiao, with tears streaming down her face, suddenly stood up. She looked at Huang Dayong and said, "Fine, I'll go back with you. Call him and tell him not to come. I... I give up!"

She knew how ruthless the Gong Family could be.

She had intended to elope with Yang Hao, thinking if they ran far enough, that would be the end of it. Now, being cornered here and with that vicious young master from the Gong Family coming, staying would only harm the Yang Family.

Chapter 135: Didn't You Say No Violence?

"That's more like it. We don't want to cause any trouble either." Huang Dayong was overjoyed when his sister finally understood.

But Yang Hao had a look of despair. Looking at Huang Qiaoqiao, he said, "Qiaoqiao, I... I..."

He didn't know what else to say.

In this small place, the Gong Family was like a mountain in everyone's hearts, so oppressive it left people breathless.

Reality is always cruel.

Yang Changjin and Li Guiju opened their mouths but said nothing, just looking at their son with heartache.

Yang Wen was somewhat reluctant, but she grew up here. Having attended high school in the county town, she'd heard all sorts of rumors about the Gong Family, so despite her reluctance, she dared not say more.

Her brother was indeed good at fighting.

And her sister-in-law really did have money.

But the Gong Family dominated here, genuine local tyrants.

As the saying goes, even a strong dragon does not suppress a local snake. Even if the sister-in-law were a dragon that had crossed the river, she would hardly be able to compete with the Gong Family here.

"Brother, I'll go back with you. Call them quickly so they don't come looking for trouble," Huang Qiaoqiao said to her brother.

Huang Dayong nodded, pulled out his cell phone, and said, "Alright, you go with me. I will call as soon as we leave."

Tears streaming down her face, Huang Qiaoqiao looked back at Yang Hao, as if it were a final farewell.

Qin Yanyang was alarmed.

She had thought that Huang Qiaoqiao going back with her brother was not a problem. After all, she could just make a phone call later, believing that the Gong Family would let the Huangs break off the engagement.

But she hadn't expected Huang Qiaoqiao to have such a fierce disposition, and from that look she had given Yang Hao, Qin Yanyang saw a farewell.

It was the thought of seeking death.

Qin Yanyang was both shocked and impressed, thinking that such passionate commitment to love was too rare in these times.

She couldn't help but think of herself.

If she truly developed feelings for Yang Fei in the future and wished to be with him, the difficulties she faced would be even greater.

Would she be able to make such a resolute decision like Huang Qiaoqiao?

Initially, Qin Yanyang had interfered in this matter because of Yang Hao's earlier call, but now, she truly felt that Huang Qiaoqiao was admirable. She didn't want to see such pure and beautiful love be destroyed.

She grabbed Huang Qiaoqiao's hand and gave her a firm look, "It's not as bad as you think. As long as you and Yang Hao truly love each other, no one can tear you apart."

Huang Qiaoqiao looked at Qin Yanyang. They had just met, didn't know each other previously, and she had only just heard from Yang Wen how incredible Qin Yanyang was, but having never seen it herself and considering the Gong Family's overwhelming presence, she did not believe Qin Yanyang could solve this problem.

With tearful eyes, Huang Qiaoqiao shook her head and said, "Thank you, I know you and Yang Hao mean well, but... but you can't afford to mess with the Gong Family."

Yang Fei came over, smiling reassuringly, "Don't worry. As long as you sincerely want a life with my brother, no one can force you two apart. As for the so-called Gong Family, with big brother here, it's no problem."

Seeing Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang seemingly unconcerned about the Gong Family, Huang Qiaoqiao became somewhat anxious, "You're not local. You don't know how formidable the Gong Family is."

Yang Fei laughed, "No matter how formidable, they can't force a marriage."

However, Qin Yanyang, noticing that everyone present didn't believe they could handle the Gong Family, said to Yang Fei, "Don't be rash later. Your uncle's family and the Huang Family both need to continue living here. If you want to perfectly resolve this situation, it's not something violence can achieve. Trust me."

Seeing her point, Yang Fei asked, "Do you have a plan?"

Qin Yanyang smiled and said, "Here in Xiangxi State, I know a friend who should be able to handle it. Don't worry, I'll make a call first."

Buzz... buzzing...

Just then, a harsh sound of an engine roaring approached.

Hearing this, Huang Dayong's eyes lit up as he pointed at the Yangs and said, "Young Master Gong and his crew have arrived, it's too late for regrets now."

Many villagers backed away in fear.

Yang Changjin and Li Guiju also turned pale, trembling with fear.

Yang Wen was also very nervous; she felt calmer as she clutched Yang Fei's jacket.

Huang Dayong had already gone out to meet them.

Soon, with a fawning expression on his face, he walked in with a man in his mid-twenties, like a scared dog.

The man was chubby, with a face full of flesh, and walked normally, but a closer look revealed something was off.

Behind them, a group of tall, burly bodyguards in black shirts followed.

The villagers, who had only seen such a scene on TV, were now facing it directly, and they all felt an immense oppression, retreating in fear.

"Qiaoqiao, your family has already accepted my betrothal gifts, so we are fiancés now, yet you secretly ran to another man's house. Have you ever considered my feelings?"

The plump young man had a fierce look on his face as he stared at Huang Qiaoqiao.

His name was Gong Yuping, the only son of the wealthiest man in the county town, Gong Daqian.

Huang Qiaoqiao was startled, but she immediately bit her lip, looked up at the man, and said, "I... I will go with you, just don't make it difficult for the Yang Family."

Laughing with a twisted smile, Gong Daqian suddenly looked up at Yang Hao and said, "Kid, are you trying to elope with my fiancée? Bold, daring to mess with a woman promised to me, Gong Yuping."

While speaking, he nodded his head and then pointed at Yang Hao, "Break one of his legs, make him kneel and repent!"

No sooner had he spoken than two tall, burly bodyguards menacingly approached Yang Hao.

Qin Yanyang slightly frowned and said, "Wait a minute."

Gong Yuping was startled and his gaze fell on Qin Yanyang's face, leaving him momentarily stunned.

Then, shaking off his daze with a sinister grin, he said, "Wow, the backwaters here really do have some scenic beauties, growing girls more radiant one than the other, haha, beauty, what's your name, are you married yet?"

Qin Yanyang's brows furrowed and a hint of disgust flashed through her eyes.

She was beautiful, and many had flirted with her, watched by many men with adoring eyes.

She could accept those.

But Gong Yuping's current invasive gaze and his frivolous words were extremely displeasing to her.

She turned to look at Yang Fei and blinked, "Your wife is being harassed."

Yang Fei immediately understood her hint, "Didn't you say no violence?"

Qin Yanyang was speechless.

Yang Fei chuckled, stepped forward to block Gong Yuping's view, and said, "My wife is upset, you owe her an apology."

With a pained expression, Gong Yuping cursed, "Damn, such a beautiful woman messed up by a swine, I am very unhappy, break his legs too."

"Smack!"

Yang Fei raised his hand and slapped Gong Yuping across the face.

The at least 200-pound plump body of Gong Yuping spun around, stars swirling before his eyes.

"Damn, dare to lay hands on Young Master Gong, you're courting death!"

"Take him down!"

The bodyguards brought by Gong Yuping were not lacking in quality, seeing their boss struck, they immediately rushed towards Yang Fei.

Screams erupted.

Father and son, Yang Changjin and Yang Hao's eyes reddened, ready to grab weapons and help.

However, they were soon stunned.

All they heard were continuous cries of pain as the burly bodyguards charging at Yang Fei were thrown out one by one, wailing and grabbing their shins.

In less than a blink, there were seven or eight people lying on the ground, all howling in pain.

Huang Dayong and the other men from Huang Village couldn't help but inhale sharply, their eyes wide in shock.

They knew Yang Fei was somewhat capable of fighting since he had shown some skills before.

But they never expected Yang Fei to be this capable.

Chapter 136: It's Over Now

Money isn't omnipotent, it can't solve all problems, but it can solve ninety-nine percent of them.

Violence can't solve problems either.

However, in real life, often many times, violence is the fastest and most effective way to solve problems.

Moreover, if you can't intimidate your opponent with violence, you will be violently beaten by the enemy.

Today, in the situation with the Yang Family, Gong Yuping was arrogant and overbearing, saying right from the start that he would break the legs of Yang Hao and Yang Fei. Could he listen to reason at that time?

But when Gong Yuping came to his senses and saw that his usually capable bodyguards were all lying on the ground, wailing, he held his swollen, painful face with one hand and pointed at Yang Fei with the other, continuously backing away, saying, "You... what are you doing? I am Gong Yuping, my dad is Gong Daqian. Let's talk nicely."

Yang Fei didn't expect him to cower so quickly.

Where was that arrogant and overbearing attitude of the evil young master now?

He felt a bit dispirited and took a step back.

Qin Yanyang stepped forward, smiling, and asked, "Can we talk nicely now?"

She handles the fights; he handles the reasoning.

Seeing Yang Fei step back and Qin Yanyang step forward, Gong Yuping felt humiliated in front of such a beautiful woman and with his fiancée and so many villagers watching. He burst out angrily, "Alright, lad, you dare to hit me? I'm telling you, you're done for. I guarantee you won't get out of Huangyang County alive. Just you wait."

His momentum grew as he spoke.

In his hometown, he was like a crown prince, used to being overbearing; when had he ever been hit?

With a venomous look in his eyes, Gong Yuping pulled out his phone to make a call.

Qin Yanyang frowned, deeply desiring to settle this matter peacefully, frustrated by his overbearing behavior.

Thinking it over, she finally stepped back behind Yang Fei.

Yang Fei understood her gesture and strode towards Gong Yuping.

Just as Gong Yuping took out his phone, seeing Yang Fei approaching him, he shuddered in fear and dropped his phone.

At that moment, Huang Dayong mustered the courage to come forward, blocking Yang Fei and protested, "Do you have a death wish? If it's just you, fine, but don't drag your uncle's family into this. Do you know who Young Master Gong is? If you mess with him, your whole family will suffer."

Yang Fei frowned.

He greatly disliked threats to his family.

"That's right, kid, you better kneel down and apologize to me. If you dare touch me again, I guarantee you'll have no place to bury your body, and your family will be ruined. I have plenty of ways to destroy your entire family," Gong Yuping fiercely stared at Yang Fei, loudly threatening.

Yang Fei quickly brushed aside Huang Dayong and kicked out.

"Crack!"

Gong Yuping's left leg abruptly bent, and he collapsed to the ground, clutching his shattered kneecap, screaming incessantly.

As he fell to the ground, his right leg's prosthetic also came off, making him appear extremely wretched.

"Ah... ah, my... my left leg is broken too, ah... son of a bitch, I'll kill you, kill you!" Gong Yuping, sweating profusely from the pain, rolled on the ground, shouting.

Aside from Qin Yanyang, everyone present was stunned.

Nobody expected Yang Fei to be so aggressive and dare to be so ruthless with Gong Yuping.

Yet, the incident wasn't over.

Yang Fei walked over and stepped on the leg that had its kneecap shattered, applying a slight force.

"Crack!"

The sound of bones breaking came once again.

"Ah... ah..."

Gong Yuping struggled frantically, screaming like a slaughtered pig.

No matter how much he struggled, Yang Fei's foot remained firmly on his leg, stopping him from escaping.

"Swear again and see what happens," Yang Fei, looking down from above, said indifferently as he watched Gong Yuping.

Confronted with Yang Fei's indifferent gaze, Gong Yuping suddenly felt an immense fear, sensing that his look was akin to viewing a dead man.

Such a terrifying gaze!

Gong Yuping shuddered.

Then, a stench of excrement and urine spread.

Yang Fei was dumbfounded.

Gong Yuping was in so much pain and humiliation that he fainted.

Huang Dayong trembled.

He felt his throat so dry and the air so oppressive that it choked him.

Looking at Gong Yuping who was usually so aloof but now had his legs broken and was scared to the point of dirtying himself, Huang Dayong's forehead perspired heavily, the sweat the size of soybeans rolling down continuously, as he was engulfed in immense fear.

It's over...

This is the end!

Young Master Gong had come because of his sister, and now that his legs are broken, Gong Daqian will certainly not spare the Yang Family.

Even his own family might be implicated.

Huang Dayong trembled as he looked up at Yang Fei, his voice hoarse as he said, "You... you've doomed the Yang Family, doomed us all!"

Yang Fei glanced at him.

Huang Dayong was startled, almost collapsing to the ground, but he didn't dare to say anything more.

A murmur rose all around, everyone felt that Yang Fei had really done it this time.

He might feel triumphant now, but what kind of society are we living in?

Being tough is useless, now it's a society that talks about money, talks about power.

The little bit of alcohol Yang Changjin had earlier was completely sobered now, his face pale as he looked at Yang Fei and Yang Hao and said, "Xiao Fei, Xiao Hao, you... you guys better run."

"Yes, run, as far as you can!"

"Exactly, run before the Gong Family's people arrive, otherwise you'll lose your lives."

The villagers of Yang Family Village started speaking up, urging them.

Qin Yanyang looked at the villagers' frightened expressions and snorted coldly in her heart.

The Gong Family's reputation was indeed frightening, showing how they must have been tyrants here, surely they were up to no good.

She knew, now that no amount of explanation would be useful, so she took out her phone and sent a message.

Yang Fei tried to explain repeatedly to his uncle and aunt, trying to calm them, but to no avail.

Huang Qiaoqiao cried anxiously, blaming herself for bringing disaster on everyone.

Yang Hao too was so anxious that he was sweating profusely, and he didn't know what to do.

County City, Daqian Group CEO's office.

Upon receiving the call about his son's legs being broken, Gong Daqian, who was in his sixties, lost his temper instantly, kicking over the desk in front of him, his chubby face showing a ferocious and fierce expression. "Damn it, are those bodyguards around him useless? And, who the hell dares to mess with my son, Gong Daqian's son? Does he have a death wish?"

After hanging up the call, he immediately shouted, "Assemble, to Huangyang Village."

In Huangyang County, he, Gong Daqian, was the real local tyrant. Now someone dared to challenge him, breaking his son's leg.

No matter who it was, he would make sure they couldn't leave Huangyang County.

In less than three minutes, eighty or so of Gong Daqian's men gathered.

These men usually ran the county's dance halls and underground casinos, and when there were demolition projects, they would do "ideological work" for the people being relocated.

Gong Daqian, with these people and a dozen vehicles, was ready to set off impressively.

Just as he sat in the car, the phone rang.

Gong Daqian was annoyed, but when he saw the caller ID, he was shocked, hurriedly adjusting his attitude, and answered the call saying, "Mr. Mo, hello."

Listening to the voice on the other side, Gong Daqian's face turned red with frustration, his expression defiant.

Gradually, he narrowed his eyes, his face losing much of its fury as he spoke into the phone, "Alright, since Mr. Mo has spoken, I will certainly offer you that respect, I will handle it carefully."

After hanging up the call, Gong Daqian rubbed his temples, pondering for a moment with a flash of a cold light in his eyes, then with a grand sweep of his hand said, "Let's go, first to the scene to assess the situation."

Mr. Mo's face could not be ignored, but neither could Gong Daqian's face be easily insulted by anyone.

Chapter 137: The Murderer Must Die

Yang Family Village, the house of Yang Changjin.

Besides some relatives from the Huang Family, the rest of the villagers who were there for the excitement had already left Yang Changjin's house to avoid getting involved once the Gong Family arrived.

They knew that Yang Changjin's family was done for, having offended the Gong Family, the entire family of Yang Changjin could not expect a good ending.

But they didn't really leave; instead, they waited outside the yard to see what would happen.

Inside the house, some relatives were earnestly persuading and urging the children to run away first, while others were making phone calls, trying to pull strings and plead with others.

However, the village was just too poor and had never produced any influential figures. Even though some relatives worked in the county and could help with small matters, as soon as they heard that the Gong Family had been offended and that Gong Yuping's legs had been broken, they hung up the phone.

In Huangyang County, the Gong Family was the sky. Who would dare oppose them?

"Uncle, auntie, you really don't have to worry, there's nothing wrong," Yang Fei said as he saw his uncle and aunt's faces filled with worry, their tears almost falling, and they kept begging relatives to help pull strings. He kept comforting them.

But no matter how he comforted them, the old couple just didn't believe him.

Yang Hao, Yang Wen, and Huang Qiaoqiao were also very worried.

Huang Qiaoqiao cried, saying it was all her fault that the Yang Family was in this situation.

Qin Yanyang said, "Things have come to this point, running is useless. If we run, will uncle and auntie be able to live peacefully? If we escape and leave you behind to be bullied by the Gong Family, we will be tormented by our own consciences for a lifetime."

Yang Hao nodded, "That's right, I will not abandon you. If it comes to the worst, it's just about compensating money and going to jail, then I will go to jail."

Hearing that they might have to go to jail, the uncle and auntie became even more worried.

Yang Fei was helpless.

A hint of indignation flashed across Qin Yanyang's eyes.

For the first time, she deeply realized just how cruel reality could be to the poor ordinary people.

Though they were the ones being bullied, because they had offended the powerful, they were so frightened like this.

She knew that if it weren't for her, even if Yang Fei was a powerful Martial Artist who could protect his family from being bullied by the Gong Family in person, once Yang Fei left, the Gong Family would undoubtedly cause Yang Fei's uncle's family to be ruined.

For those with power and influence, there were a hundred ways to bring about the downfall of an ordinary small family.

This matter had to be thoroughly resolved at the root before she and Yang Fei left the village.

"Can the people you know suppress the Gong Family? If it really doesn't work, should I take a trip to the Gong Family?" Yang Fei, seeing that he couldn't comfort his uncle and auntie, gave up and came over to Qin Yanyang, whispering.

Qin Yanyang saw a trace of cold murderous intent in the depths of Yang Fei's eyes.

She couldn't help but be shocked, then frowned slightly, "What are you going to the Gong Family for? A hero is bound by the martial code... *cough* I heard from my grandfather since I was little that Martial

Artists must be restrained because they possess power far beyond ordinary people. Without sufficient moral restraint and self-control, they can easily disregard laws and act recklessly, making decisions based on whim or anger, committing acts that violate the martial code."

Yang Fei said gravely, "But you also saw what happened today; sometimes, people won't listen just because you're reasonable."

"That doesn't mean we can resort to violence," Qin Yanyang said.

Seeing that she appeared to dislike solving everything with violence, Yang Fei had no good argument to contest.

After all, in the depths of his heart, he too would not resort to using martial force unless absolutely necessary.

"Don't worry, I can still handle this matter," Qin Yanyang reassured Yang Fei as she saw him fall silent, knowing he was considering her feelings, and her heart felt sweet as she spoke.

Yang Fei nodded his head.

The Qin Family was extraordinary. Since it was someone Qin Yanyang knew, they must possess significant strength in Xiangxi State. With such a person intervening, the Gong Family should give face.

After a long wait of an hour and a half, around five o'clock in the afternoon, the crowd of onlookers outside the compound burst into exclamations.

"So many cars, such a big scene, it must be Gong Daqian himself coming."

"It's definitely him, he only has one son, now that someone has broken his leg, how could he let it go?"

"Even if Gong Yuping's leg hadn't been broken, to protect the honor of the Gong Family, they wouldn't let this go so easily."

"Yang Changjin's whole family, they're really finished this time."

"Sigh..."

Inside the house, Yang Changjin and his wife Li Guiju had faces full of worry. Clenching his teeth, Yang Changjin looked at Yang Fei and said, "Xiao Fei, don't be impulsive later, I... I'll talk to them first, I'll pay compensation, go to prison, but I won't let you young people suffer."

Having said that, he walked outside with a resolute expression.

He planned to first kneel and beg Gong Daqian for mercy, then offer compensation, and if the other party was still not appeased, he would go to prison, as long as the children were alright.

Yang Fei grabbed hold of him and said with a bitter smile, "Uncle, why don't you believe us? I said, the Gong Family is nothing in my eyes, we can handle this."

Qin Yanyang also consoled, "Yeah, Uncle, leave this matter to me to resolve."

Yang Fei even turned back and said to Yang Hao and Yang Wen, "Hold back your dad."

Yang Hao and Yang Wen naturally did not want to let their father take the fall, and immediately held onto him.

Yang Fei looked at Huang Dayong and coldly commanded, "Take this man out."

Huang Dayong had been waiting anxiously all this time, and now hearing that Gong Daqian had arrived, he was not much relieved but instead filled with worry and unease.

After all, Gong Yuping ended up like this because of his sister's issue, and he didn't know if Gong Daqian would vent his anger on him.

Hearing Yang Fei's order, Huang Dayong came back to his senses and, together with a clan brother, carried Gong Yuping out.

Just as they reached the outside, they saw a convoy of more than a dozen cars rolling up majestically, stopping behind the two cars that Gong Yuping had driven earlier.

The car doors opened, and seventy to eighty imposing and aggressive men descended from the vehicles, a sight that immediately made the surrounding villagers witnessing the commotion step back.

Gong Daqian, surrounded by several bodyguards, came to the entrance of Yang Changjin's house, just in time to see his son Gong Yuping being carried out.

Seeing his son's prosthetic leg had fallen off, the other leg dangling limply, his crotch stained with yellow feces, and unconscious, his rage was immediate and irrepressible.

"My son!"

After all, it was his own flesh and blood, and although there was the odor of feces filling the air, Gong Daqian still rushed over and reached out to shake his son awake.

"Ah... it hurts so much!"

Gong Yuping had originally passed out from the pain and humiliation, but now, after such a long time and being shaken by his father, he immediately woke up.

Seeing his father, Gong Yuping cried out in pain, "Dad... my left leg is broken too, it's killing me, Dad, you... you must avenge me."

Gong Daqian had only had a son at the age of forty and treated this sole heir as the apple of his eye. He had spoiled and protected him from childhood, rarely even willing to slap him himself. To think that someone else had broken his son's only leg, his fury was imaginable.

He had originally thought, since Mr. Mo had called, he must give that respect, but now, seeing his son in this condition, Gong Daqian was completely enraged.

Mr. Mo's face must be given, others he could overlook, but the perpetrator who broke his son's leg, he would never let go, he must be killed.

He believed that even if Mr. Mo found out, he would understand his feelings.

Suddenly looking up, Gong Daqian's face was fierce, his eyes sharp as knives, replete with murderous intent, he bellowed, "Who is it? Who broke my son's leg, stand out!"

Chapter 138 I Changed My Mind

As Gong Daqian took his people from Huangyang County, in a village on the outskirts of the county, within a luxurious villa occupying an extensive area, a middle-aged man slightly furrowed his brows with a flash of anger crossing his face.

He had personally made a phone call, yet he hadn't expected Gong Daqian to still bring so many people with him. Was this a refusal to give him face?

Gong Daqian indeed seemed like a successful local tyrant in Xiangxi State, but that was just on the surface.

In Xiangxi State, the real underground emperor was the Mo Family.

The Mo Family's martial lineage had been passed down for over three hundred and seventy years, and since the foundation of the Martial Alliance, the Mo Family had become the true ruler of this area in Xiangxi State.

So, compared to the Mo Family, the Gong Family was not worth mentioning.

Although he felt uncomfortable, Mo Deqiang still suppressed this displeasure.

He had just received a phone call from his daughter, who said that a friend's relative she knew in Imperial City had offended the Gong Family in Huangyang Village and asked him to intervene and resolve the matter.

He asked his daughter who the other party was, but she was somewhat vague and didn't provide a clear answer, simply stating that the other party was a very close friend of hers, and that this matter had to be resolved properly.

Mo Deqiang readily agreed.

His daughter worked in a special department in Imperial City, and because of her, the Mo Family's influence had risen even higher, so he naturally had to take the matter seriously.

But at the same time, he believed this was just a minor conflict, and that Gong Daqian would certainly give him face with a personal phone call, sparing him the need to intervene personally.

Just then, he received a message on his phone.

Mo Deqiang opened the message, and his expression instantly changed.

The content of the message was: Dad, Miss Qin is my immediate supervisor. You must handle this matter well, and you cannot let Miss Qin's relatives suffer any grievances.

Mo Deqiang was sharp; he understood the importance of the matter as soon as he read his daughter's message.

His daughter was extremely competent, and the other party turned out to be her immediate supervisor. His daughter had also said that Miss Qin was from Imperial City.

Such a person either possessed great personal strength or had an astonishing family background.

No matter which it was, they were worth currying favor with for the Mo Family.

Without calling his daughter for more details, Mo Deqiang made up his mind and walked outside.

A disciple stepped forward to greet him: "Master, are you going out?"

"Start the car. We're going to Huangyang Village," Mo Deqiang said.

He decided to take a look in person.

Gong Daqian had still brought so many people after receiving his call, probably while angered, so he needed to go there himself to suppress Gong Daqian.

...

At Yang Family Village, as Gong Daqian's angry roar erupted, Yang Fei was about to approach and talk to him.

Qin Yanyang shook her head at him and walked forward to Gong Daqian, saying, "Didn't you get a call from the Mo Family?"

That simple sentence dissipated much of the anger in Gong Daqian's heart.

Especially, the confident and powerful aura emanating from Qin Yanyang made him realize instantly that this unbelievably beautiful woman had an extraordinary background.

However, before Gong Daqian could speak, Gong Yuping pointed at Qin Yanyang and said, "Dad, this is the woman who instigated her husband to break my leg. I want her husband dead, and I want to torment this woman."

When Gong Daqian heard his son's rage, and thought about how his only son had his remaining leg broken, grief surged forth and anger prevailed.

He looked at Qin Yanyang and said, "Indeed, Mr. Mo has called me, and in consideration of Mr. Mo's face, I will not pursue the others. But my son, Gong Daqian's son, can't just let it go after being crippled, right? Whoever broke my son's leg, I want his life!"

By the end, a ferocious glint flashed through Gong Daqian's eyes.

All he wanted was the life of the person who broke his son's leg. After that, he would not pursue the matter further. In doing so, he would both avenge his son and maintain the Gong Family's honor, while also showing full respect to the Mo Family.

As Gong Daqian spoke, everyone around was startled, not expecting Qin Yanyang to have such leverage, capable of appeasing Gong Daqian's fury.

Huang Dayong breathed a significant sigh of relief; he feared being implicated the most.

At the same time, he carefully looked at Qin Yanyang, wiping sweat from his brow discreetly.

This woman was indeed extraordinary, with a significant background.

But that kid who broke Gong Yuping's legs, this time, he's definitely dead!

However, in their rage, Gong Daqian and Gong Yuping, whose minds were clouded by hatred, both failed to notice that after Gong Yuping uttered those words, Qin Yanyang's expression turned dark, her brows revealing a trace of murderous disdain.

She had truly intended to downplay the incident and settle it peacefully, but Gong Yuping had utterly infuriated her.

Slowly shaking her head, Qin Yanyang said, "Originally, I wanted to settle this matter peacefully and give you a chance, but now, the attitude of you two, father and son, makes me think that Huangyang County might be better off without you."

Gong Daqian was startled, then burst into hearty laughter, "Young lady, I see you have an extraordinary demeanor and know you might have some background, but have you ever heard that even a powerful dragon can't suppress the local snake. In Huangyang County, no one can touch Gong Daqian, so, no matter what you say, I want this man of yours to die."

Qin Yanyang's eyes were cold as she took out her mobile phone, dialed a number, and said, "I've changed my mind, let the Gong Family completely disappear from Huangyang County."

Having said that, she hung up the phone.

Absolute silence filled the room.

Except for Yang Fei, everyone was looking at Qin Yanyang in astonishment.

The villagers were especially dumbfounded.

Nobody expected this seemingly easygoing, always smiling, beautiful, and kind woman to say such a thing.

This was too ridiculous.

To actually want to erase the Gong Family from Huangyang County?

The Yang Family guy who had been missing for ten years, he must have married a lunatic.

Indeed, they had been wondering how such a beautiful woman could possibly take a liking to that poor guy from the Yang Family. It turned out she had a problem in her head.

Gong Daqian saw a kind of contempt in Qin Yanyang's final cold stare.

A nameless fear and despair rose in the depths of his heart.

But he quickly calmed down and even laughed aloud, "Hahaha, did I hear wrong, or are you talking nonsense, erasing my Gong Family from Huangyang County?"

"Hahaha..."

The more than eighty people he brought with him burst into raucous laughter.

All of them looked at Qin Yanyang with scornful and mocking eyes.

One person, with lewd intentions, laughed and said, "Mr. Gong, after Young Master Gong gets bored with this woman, I also want to..."

"Slap!"

A crisp slap rang out, and before the man could finish his sentence, he was sent flying out, lying on the ground motionless.

"Fuck it, let's go, kill this punk!"

"Cripple him first!"

In a moment, roars erupted, and the people Gong Daqian brought with him, accustomed to being arrogant and overbearing, were now even more emboldened by their numbers while serving Mr. Gong and the young master. Each one was incredibly fierce, and a fight broke out.

"Stop! Gong Daqian, if you don't want to die, get them to stop!"

Just then, an angry roar came from afar.

The voice was deep and resonant, deafening, causing everyone's eardrums to ache, and many villagers, surprised, covered their ears.

Gong Daqian, hearing this voice, trembled and his face turned ashen, "Mo... Mr. Mo, why are you here?"

At the same time, he bellowed, "Everybody stop!"

The subordinates halted their movements at once.

The crowd parted, and Mo Deqiang walked up with a livid face.

"Mr. Mo," Gong Daqian said, bowing respectfully to Mo Deqiang.

Mo Deqiang snorted and, looking at Qin Yanyang with a smile, said, "Miss Qin, I apologize for being late. Rest assured, I will make sure you are satisfied with how this matter is resolved."

He then turned to Gong Daqian and ordered, "Daqian, quickly apologize to Miss Qin, and let's put an end to this matter."

Qin Yanyang glanced indifferently at Mo Deqiang and shook her head coolly, "I've changed my mind, the Gong Family must disappear from Huangyang County."

Chapter 139: Kneel First, Then Talk

Mo Deqiang was stunned.

Mr. Gong was even more angry, and said to Mo Deqiang, "Mr. Mo, you heard it too, right? It's not that I don't give you face, but this girl is too bullying. Look at my son, he already had only one leg left, and yet they broke it. If it were you, could you swallow this?"

Mo Deqiang glanced at Gong Yuping and furrowed his brow.

Around them, the villagers saw the local tyrant speaking in such a low voice to a middle-aged man and couldn't help but gossip.

"Who is this man?"

"Yes, he must be someone significant to make Mr. Gong speak so humbly."

"No wonder Yang Wen is so aggressive, she really has a powerful backup."

In the midst of all this, Mo Deqiang automatically filtered out the surrounding voices. Thinking of the message his daughter had sent him, he knew he had to side with Qin Yanyang today.

Therefore, he gave Mr. Gong a look and said, "Daqian, your son was wrong first, so apologize to Miss Qin quickly."

Mr. Gong was shocked that even with his son in such a state, Mo Deqiang was still speaking for the other side. Anger and fury clouded his expression, turning it the color of liver.

But he was clearly aware that the Mo Family was not something he could afford to provoke.

Since even Mr. Mo was so respectful to this woman, she must be of significant importance; he would have to properly inquire about her later.

After much consideration, Mr. Gong decided to keep the peace.

Now that Mo Deqiang himself was present, he had to give that respect.

"I have said it, the Gong Family must disappear from Huangyang County," Qin Yanyang spoke again, her tone cold.

Mr. Gong was about to apologize, but could not believe how aggressive the other party was, and couldn't help but retort angrily, "Girl, don't think I am truly afraid of you. If it weren't for Mr. Mo's sake, I wouldn't let your son's issue go so easily!"

Mo Deqiang also felt that Qin Yanyang was being somewhat unreasonable, so he gave a slight cough and said, "Miss Qin, there might be some misunderstanding here; how about we downsize the issue for the sake of my face? Let's not harm the harmony between both sides."

Qin Yanyang glanced at him, her face showing dissatisfaction, "Such a trivial matter and Yinping couldn't resolve it. It seems the Mo Family's influence in Xiangxi State isn't what it's cracked up to be. Fine, the Mo Family doesn't need to bother with this matter anymore."

Having said this, she took out her phone.

Upon hearing this, Mo Deqiang's expression changed, feeling a bit displeased.

He had not expected Qin Yanyang to be so resolute, not giving him any face at all.

The Mo Family's status in Xiangxi State was not ordinary, and even though she came from Imperial City, she was here seeking the Mo Family's help to mediate the conflict; yet, she was so arrogant, which was indeed a bit too much.

As Qin Yanyang took out her phone, preparing to make a call, she was suddenly startled.

She felt a gaze on her face.

That was Yang Fei's view.

Damn it!

She had almost forgotten about this.

In his heart, she was just a teacher at Binhai University, the young lady of the Qin Family.

If one phone call revealed her too formidable, wouldn't he start to doubt?

She couldn't let him know more about her for now.

Qin Yanyang felt somewhat helpless and thought that she could only rely on the Mo Family to solve this.

While Qin Yanyang was hesitating, Mo Deqiang's phone, who was a bit displeased with her, started ringing.

He glanced at the caller ID, saw it was his daughter's number, and immediately answered.

"Dad, make the Gong Family completely disappear from Huangyang County, disappear cleanly," his daughter's voice came through, carrying an indisputable command.

Upon hearing this, Mo Deqiang's expression changed, and he couldn't help saying, "Yinping, you don't understand the situation. The Gong Family is involved in a large number of interests, moving against them will..."

"My boss is very angry, what is the Gong Family? Are you trying to make the Mo Family miss an opportunity? Just do as I said, and hurry up!" the voice on the phone urged.

Qin Yanyang, who had very sharp hearing, heard the voice on Mo Deqiang's phone, and her lips curled up in relief.

No need to make the call anymore.

Not far away, Yang Fei also heard the voices from Mo Deqiang's phone and a glint flickered across his eyes.

My boss is very angry? What's the Gong Family?

Uh, boss, that title seems a bit unusual, doesn't it?

Yang Fei looked at Qin Yanyang with a deep curiosity in his eyes.

It seems there are a lot of things about his own wife that he did not know.

The call had been disconnected, and after Mo Deqiang's expression changed a few times, he saw Qin Yanyang's ice-cold and firm demeanor, which sent a chill down his spine and cold sweat broke out on his back.

"Slap!"

Turning around, he slapped someone across the face.

Gong Daqian was dumbfounded on the spot, several of his front teeth knocked out, his mouth full of fresh blood.

The surroundings went deathly silent, all the villagers were stunned.

Who was this person, so audacious as to dare to strike Gong Daqian?

Gong Daqian himself was stunned as well; he was considered one of the top figures in Huangyang County, accustomed to people fawning over him daily and holding a high status, but now he had been slapped in public, which would be unbearable for anyone.

He looked up at Mo Deqiang, his face contorted with rage, and said angrily, "You ..."

"Slap!"

Mo Deqiang slapped him hard again and said angrily, "I had already called you earlier to ask you to apologize, is this how you apologize?"

Being slapped again, Gong Daqian felt even more furious and a bit confused. You only told me not to pursue this matter any further, to let it go, when did you ask me to apologize?

However, at the same time, this local mob boss from Huangyang County calmed down.

Mo Deqiang treating him this way meant that the woman's identity and background must be extraordinary.

He suddenly regretted not having inquired with Mo Deqiang earlier about the real identity and background of the other party.

Seeing their boss being hit, Gong Daqian's subordinates were enraged.

They did not know who Mo Deqiang was, and seeing their boss being struck, they began to move without needing a command from Gong Daqian.

Mo Deqiang did not move, but the young man who came with him suddenly charged out like a tiger released from its cage. With punches and kicks, he was ferociously unmatched, knocking over three to five men and severely injuring several others with his swift attacks.

Suddenly, those usually fierce fighters among Gong's men were intimidated.

Gong Daqian's expression changed.

He realized even more the severity of the situation.

If he was considered a local tyrant in Huangyang County by the common people, then in the hearts of local tyrants like him, the Mo Family was the heaven of Xiangxi State.

Now that the Mo Family had taken action, it showed how resolute their attitude was.

This time, he feared he had truly offended a very powerful figure.

"Thud!"

All anger drained from Gong Daqian's eyes, leaving only panic and fear. He kneeled directly in front of Mo Deqiang and shouted loudly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Mo, it was my fault, I ... I should not have disobeyed your orders."

Then he crawled on his knees to Qin Yanyang and confessed, "I'm sorry, I was wrong, I deserve to die, I have failed in teaching my child, it's all the Gong Family's fault. This vile creature shouldn't have offended you, I kowtow in apology on her behalf, hoping you can forgive us with your great benevolence."

Mo Deqiang nodded silently on the side, thinking that Gong Daqian was still quite astute.

Dealing with Gong Daqian was not difficult, but it could involve the interests of some people, which could be a bit troublesome even for the Mo Family. Now that Gong Daqian was cooperating, there might be a chance to resolve this peacefully, which was what he wanted to see.

To one side, except for Yang Fei, everyone else's mouth hung open, shocked beyond words.

No one had expected that Gong Daqian, who had previously been so aggressive and insistent on Yang Fei paying with his life, would now be kowtowing to Qin Yanyang for mercy after being slapped.

"This ... this ...," Yang Changjin was at a loss, completely numb.

Yang Hao and Huang Qiaoqiao were also dumbfounded, looking at Qin Yanyang and unable to speak out of surprise.

Yang Wen also widened her eyes, staring blankly at the intimidating figure.

She had always known that the family background might be strong, but she had never imagined it would be this strong, strong enough to call someone with just a phone call to suppress Gong Daqian, a major figure in Xiangxi State.

Huang Dayong was sweating profusely, his legs trembling continuously.

My goodness, even Mr. Gong had kneeled. He had also offended the other party before, and now it was over—what should he do?

Thinking it over, the sharp-witted Huang Dayong also knelt down with a thud.

If you're wrong, you must admit it, and the attitude must be sincere.

Kneel first and talk later.

If even Mr. Gong had kneeled, following him couldn't be wrong.

Chapter 140: The Incredible Daughter-in-law

The villagers were all stupefied.

The henchmen that Gong Daqian brought with him were also dumbfounded, not understanding why their boss would suddenly kneel before someone else.

In everyone's hearts, Gong Daqian was a big shot who could cover the sky with one hand, and moreover, he had brought so many people with him. Even if the young man with Mr. Mo was a good fighter, he would ultimately be no match for a larger number, and with Gong Daqian's insistence, those people he brought would still dare to fight to the death. Everyone felt that Gong Daqian had the upper hand.

But now, after being slapped a few times by Mr. Mo, he was actually kneeling and apologizing.

Wasn't that too outrageous?

Gong Yuping just couldn't understand. Seeing his father kneel, he was suddenly so shocked that he was at a loss for words. It took a while before he came back to his senses and shouted, "Dad, have you gone mad? Just beat them up already!"

"You unfilial son, shut your mouth!" Although Gong Daqian spoiled his only son, at this moment he was determined and turned to glare fiercely at Gong Yuping, scolding him. He kept giving him meaningful glances, signaling him not to talk nonsense.

However, Gong Yuping was completely blinded by hatred and couldn't see the signals from his father, still roaring loudly, "My other leg is broken too, I want that kid dead without a burial place, and I want that woman to play with me."

Gong Daqian felt a chill run down his spine; he had an illusion that after living a lifetime of glory as a hero, he might end up being ruined by his son.

Without time to think, Gong Daqian pounced like a tiger on a sheep, rushing over and slapping Gong Yuping across the mouth, bellowing, "I told you to shut up."

Then, still not satisfied, he kicked his son fiercely twice before turning back to Mo Deqiang and Qin Yanyang, saying, "I'm sorry, this beast has been spoiled rotten by me. I apologize on his behalf to both of you, hoping Miss Qin can forgive this misdeed and excuse my son."

Seeing Gong Daqian admitting his mistake with a proper attitude, Mo Deqiang felt quite pleased. He also turned to Qin Yanyang, saying, "Miss Qin, what do you think about this matter?"

Qin Yanyang said indifferently, "They're all grown-ups. Everyone must be responsible for their own actions. He isn't a three-year-old child. If he does something wrong, he must be punished."

Mo Deqiang's expression changed slightly, but recalling the previous incident with his daughter's phone call, he knew that no matter what Qin Yanyang's attitude was, he had to stand by her, he had to placate her. He therefore said, "That's right, Miss Qin is correct. How would you like to handle this?"

"I have already said it before," Qin Yanyang said indifferently.

Bearing the brunt of Gong Yuping's verbal abuse not once but multiple times, she would not let him off.

This kind of person was rotten to the core. If she let him go today, once she and Yang Fei left, he would work behind the scenes to cause trouble for Yang Fei's uncle and his family.

Both Mo Deqiang and Gong Daqian's expressions changed upon hearing Qin Yanyang's stance.

Gong Daqian's eyes shot out two fierce glances as he raised his head to stare at Qin Yanyang and said, "Miss Qin, I have already apologized and am even willing to pay as atonement. Do you really mean to take such a harsh stance? I, Gong Daqian, have been in Huangyang County for many years, and I'm not one to be trifled with. Don't push me too far; otherwise, if things escalate, it won't reflect well on either of us!"

Mo Deqiang silently nodded, but having previously upset Qin Yanyang, he dared not openly take a stance. Instead, he just observed Qin Yanyang's reaction.

However, in the next moment, Mo Deqiang shivered and jolted.

He saw Qin Yanyang looking towards him, a discerning scrutiny in her beautiful eyes.

It was as if she was asking, can you handle this matter or not?

If you can't, then get lost.

Mo Deqiang secretly panicked. He was always in Xiangzhou and knew Gong Daqian, treating him subconsciously as an important figure whom he believed should not be hastily dealt with unless necessary.

But now, facing Qin Yanyang's judging and questioning gaze, he suddenly woke up.

Compared to this young lady from Imperial City, Gong Daqian was nothing.

Thinking of this, Mo Deqiang walked over, kicked Gong Daqian viciously, and snarled, "You scoundrel, how dare you threaten Miss Qin?"

Gong Daqian was knocked to the ground by the kick, and a kick from Mo Deqiang wasn't light; blood spilled from the corner of his mouth as he struggled to get up. Seeing Mo Deqiang clearly standing on Qin Yanyang's side, Gong Daqian clenched his heart with a fierce look and said, "Mr. Mo, if you really think I'm afraid of you, we can all go down together, I..."

Before he could finish, the young man who had followed Mo Deqiang slapped Gong Daqian across the face several times.

Gong Daqian was completely dumbfounded.

Mo Deqiang had now made up his mind completely. He took out his cellphone and made a call, speaking with unwavering firmness, "It's time for Daqian Group to go under. Don't ask so much, the Gong Family must vanish from Huangyang County, get on it immediately."

Hearing Mo Deqiang make this call, Gong Daqian started to tremble all over.

He finally calmed down again and also realized the severity of the problem.

This Miss Qin, with an unknown background, seemed to have connections far beyond his imagination, capable of making the Mo Family make such a decision.

One must know that Gong Daqian had been in business locally for many years, and any move against him would involve the interests of many people; even if the Mo Family acted against him, they would have to consider the consequences.

But now Mo Deqiang had already ordered the disappearance of Daqian Group, what did this mean?

It meant that this beautiful woman was someone he absolutely could not afford to offend.

"Mr. Mo, I... I really made a mistake, please, have mercy and let me off this time." Gong Daqian, his face swollen and bleeding from the mouth, crawled and rolled over to Mo Deqiang, hugging his legs and begging for mercy.

Mo Deqiang looked at him with cold eyes and said indifferently, "Begging me is useless, you only have yourself to blame for failing to teach your son!"

Gong Daqian quickly looked towards Qin Yanyang, but saw that she had already turned and walked away.

He crawled over, trying to beg for mercy, but Yang Fei stepped forward and kicked him to the ground, saying indifferently, "My wife is very angry, and the consequences are serious."

Gong Daqian, who was usually high and mighty, was now in a sorry state, his hair disheveled, hardly distinguishable from many other disreputable old men.

He still wanted to beg for mercy, but then his phone rang.

Seeing the caller ID, his body trembled, and he answered with shaking hands. Barely listening for a moment, he became utterly despondent, standing there in a daze.

The voice on the phone was filled with rage and reprimands, then instructed him to go and confess on his own, warning him about what he should and shouldn't say.

"Dad, Dad, what's wrong with you?" Gong Yuping, seeing his father in such a lost state, also realized the severity of the situation and asked with concern.

Gong Daqian came out of his daze, and seeing his battered son, he felt both grief and anger. Suddenly, he rushed over and started pounding and kicking his son like a madman, "You beast, you've killed your father, you've killed our whole family. Why didn't I just shoot you onto the wall instead... I'll beat you to death, you little bastard, beat you to death..."

Gong Yuping took a beating from his father, instinctively fighting back and swearing. Father and son became entangled in a pitiful struggle.

The villagers snapped out of their daze, witnessing such a powerful figure reduced to this, they took sharp breaths. As they turned their gaze towards Qin Yanyang, their eyes were filled with awe and fear.

Even when they looked at Yang Changjin's family again, their eyes carried a tinge of respect.

Yang Changjin, though slow to catch on, had finally realized what was going on.

He took a deep breath, looked at Qin Yanyang, then at Yang Fei, and suddenly beamed with a smile, his face filled with satisfaction.

Yang Fei, this kid, had gotten himself one heck of a niece!