

Overlord 141

Chapter 141: Yearning for a Stirring Life

Just half an hour later, over a dozen police cars came howling with their sirens blaring.

The commotion was huge this time, and nearly all the villagers at home in Huangyang Village rushed over. Everyone saw with their own eyes as the chairman of Daqian Group and his son were handcuffed and taken away. At the same time, many employees from Daqian Group were named and put into police cars.

As Gong Daqian and the others were taken away, the onlookers were reluctant to disperse for a long time.

When the villagers witnessed Gong Daqian begging on his knees, they were already shocked, but now seeing him and his son being taken away by the police, the shock in everyone's hearts was even greater.

"I've always said that such a beautiful girl must come from an extraordinary background, and you didn't believe me."

"Yeah, yeah, Changjin's nephew has made something of himself, he's found a good wife to bring home."

"Now the Yang Changjin's family is bound to prosper."

"Cough, cough, with such a big event today, it was that woman who stepped forward to solve everything, Yang Fei that lad is probably just a nobody."

"Mmm-hmm, might even be a stay-at-home son-in-law. Otherwise, how could a child from a wealthy big city family fancy this poor boy?"

The villagers discussed privately among themselves.

Yang Fei listened more speechless and found Qin Yanyang sneakily looking at him with a smile.

Yang Fei said, "At this rate, in less than an hour, everyone within ten miles will know I became a stay-at-home son-in-law."

Qin Yanyang giggled, "From the sound of it, it seems like you're not willing?"

Yang Fei chuckled, "Of course I'm willing. Didn't you just hear them? They said you are so beautiful, and if you say the word, there are plenty of people willing to be a stay-at-home son-in-law."

Yang Changjin waved his hands to the crowd and said, "Thank you all for your concern today, I'll remember this in my heart. Now that the matter has been resolved, everyone please go home."

"Right, let's disperse, everyone go home, it's time to make dinner."

The village officials also began to disperse the crowd.

At that moment, Mo Deqiang walked up to Qin Yanyang and said, "Miss Qin, I will notify you of any follow-up matters as soon as possible."

Qin Yanyang shook her head, "No need for such trouble, I'll know what I need to know. You can go back."

Mo Deqiang felt a chill in his heart, he had understood the implication in Qin Yanyang's words. She was reminding him to take care of things properly, and if there was a lot of noise but little action, and Gong Daqian didn't fall completely, she would still hold him accountable.

"Alright then, I won't disturb Miss Qin any longer, goodbye." Mo Deqiang nodded and took his leave.

Qin Yanyang hummed a response and said thank you.

After Mo Deqiang left, the villagers also went back home in twos and threes.

"Close the courtyard gate," Yang Changjin told his wife.

Li Guiju responded with an "Okay" and went to close the gate.

Huang Dayong had already gotten up from the ground when the police arrived, and now that everyone else had dispersed, he didn't dare to leave, though the people he had brought with him had already left.

Seeing Li Guiju closing the gate, he hurriedly followed her into the yard.

Li Guiju looked back at Yang Changjin, who nodded and said, "Let him in. We still need to discuss the children's wedding."

Huang Dayong quickly nodded, smiling and saying, "Yes, yes, we need to discuss the wedding between Yang Hao and Qiaoqiao."

Qin Yanyang smiled faintly upon hearing this and said to him, "How about we stick to the standard I mentioned earlier?"

Huang Dayong hurriedly shook his head, "No... no, how can that work? Our two families had already agreed, with a dowry of two hundred thousand and a wedding banquet at the end of the year."

Compared to most of the villagers who were the last to understand, Huang Dayong's mind worked much faster.

He had realized that Yang Hao's cousin's wife was remarkable. A single phone call could bring over a big shot powerful enough to make Gong Daqian apologize on his knees and eventually lead to Gong Daqian and his son being taken away.

That's enormous clout.

She had said before that she liked his sister, and now that his sister was marrying Yang Hao, they would become family.

It doesn't matter that Yang Hao's family wasn't much now, but in the future, they were bound to be no less than the Gong Family.

If he could make good use of Yang Hao's sister-in-law's resources, even he could make a name for himself.

So now that Huang Dayong has broadened his horizons, he no longer cares about the dowry of six hundred and eighty-eight thousand or the second-hand apartment in the county town; he wants a more expansive future and prospects.

The key point is, with the Gong Family going down, it's futile to hope that marrying his sister off to them will be of any use. They can only look to the Yang Family.

Upon hearing Huang Dayong agree to keep everything as before and proceed with the wedding for Yang Hao and Huang Qiaoqiao under the previously discussed terms, the whole family was elated.

Huang Qiaoqiao looked at her big brother and asked, "Brother, are you serious?"

Huang Dayong nodded urgently and patted his chest, saying, "Your brother's word is his bond, when have I ever gone back on my word?"

Huang Qiaoqiao pouted and said, "Then why did you want to drag me back before?"

Huang Dayong jumped, glanced cautiously at Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang, and noticing their smiles, he broke into a sweat and quickly replied, "That... that was just my mind being clouded, I was confused, Qiaoqiao, please forgive your big brother."

By the end, he even addressed Yang Hao, saying, "Yang Hao, you've been with my sister for a few years now, I've been quite good to you before, haven't I?"

Yang Hao huffed, "You looked down on me, but at least you didn't trouble me too much."

Huang Dayong awkwardly said, "I... I just wanted my sister to have a better life. Anyway, I was wrong, and I apologize."

Seeing his big brother-in-law in such a state, Yang Hao couldn't help but feel extremely satisfied.

But Yang Changjin couldn't stand watching from the sidelines. He glared at Yang Hao and rebuked, "Dayong was considering his sister's welfare. From his perspective, he did nothing wrong. He's still your big brother-in-law after all, Yang Hao. Speak to him nicely."

Yang Hao touched the back of his head awkwardly after hearing that.

Li Guiju said, "I'm going to cook, Dayong, stay for dinner before you leave."

Huang Dayong, now very eager to ingratiate himself with Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang, glanced at them carefully. Seeing no objection from them, he hurriedly said, "Then I won't stand on ceremony."

Qiaoqiao snorted and commented, "What thick skin you have."

Huang Dayong's face reddened with embarrassment; he felt tremendously frustrated, as it seemed his sister was too willing to side with others over her own brother.

"Sister-in-law, you're amazing. Just now, the Gong Family brought so many people, and it scared me to death," said Yang Wen, looking at Qin Yanyang with admiration.

Huang Qiaoqiao also looked at Qin Yanyang with great envy, nodding and saying, "That's right, I was almost in despair. I never expected sister-in-law to be so formidable, even the Gong Family is afraid of you."

Qin Yanyang smiled faintly and said, "It was just a coincidence that I knew a friend who has a lot of influence around here. Anyway, the issue has been resolved, and you don't need to worry anymore."

Yang Hao, filled with gratitude, said to Qin Yanyang, "Thank you, sister-in-law."

Yang Fei, standing on the side, was not pleased, "Hey, hey, I played a part in this too, right?"

Yang Wen pouted and said, "Big brother, all you did was help in the fight and intimidate Brother Dayong and the rest. But to really take on so many people from the Gong Family, we needed sister-in-law."

Yang Hao nodded in agreement.

Yang Fei, at a loss for words, finally said, "Without me, would you have such an amazing sister-in-law?"

Yang Wen stuck out her tongue and said, "That's true, haha."

Yang Hao nodded and added, "Big brother is amazing, to have found such a beautiful and impressive sister-in-law."

Yang Fei smiled with pride.

Qin Yanyang watched Yang Fei, noticing his smug look, as if he truly regarded her as his wife. A peculiar feeling arose within her.

Although the two of them hadn't taken that step yet, and seemingly hadn't developed much affection, why did everything feel so natural?

Deep down, she realized that she too considered his uncle's family as her own relatives.

Shouldn't love arrive like a tornado, passionate and intense, to the point of life and death?

She looked at Yang Hao and Huang Qiaoqiao and felt that their love seemed more fiery than hers and Yang Fei's.

She envied Yang Hao and Huang Qiaoqiao's kind of love, which threw caution to the wind and rushed toward each other.

But she also savored the relationship with Yang Fei, silent and subtle as a gentle rain, gradually and quietly transforming them both.

With her and Yang Fei's temperaments, a dramatic passion was probably unlikely.

Yet, she was only twenty-four, and as a woman, who wouldn't yearn for that kind of explosive romance?

Chapter 142: No Thinking of Others

In the evening, Huang Qiaoqiao's parents rushed over to the Yang Family home, apologizing profusely to Yang Changjin and his wife.

They didn't hesitate to scold Huang Dayong harshly in front of everyone, saying that the two families were getting along well and were both very satisfied, but it was all because Huang Dayong befriended Gong Yuping and wanted to curry favor with the Gong Family that so much trouble was stirred up.

Yang Changjin and his wife, of course, comforted them nicely, saying that it was all in the past now, and as long as the two children liked each other, they as parents were happy.

Needless to say, Uncle had too much to drink again.

The eldest nephew had become someone to be proud of, finding such an impressive bride-to-be, which made the Yang Family the center of attention that day.

Add to that, Yang Hao's marriage to Huang Qiaoqiao was settled once more, one can imagine how Yang Changjin felt.

Huang Qiaoqiao had yet to be married into the family and went back home with her parents and elder brother.

Yang Hao and Xiao Fei supported their drunken uncle back to his room to rest, while Yang Wen and Qin Yanyang helped Li Guiju clean up the kitchen.

Li Guiju and Yang Wen firmly ushered her out.

Qin Yanyang didn't insist any further.

The nighttime in the countryside was very quiet, with the croaking of frogs and chirping of insects.

The sky was dotted with stars, and the moon hung high.

Qin Yanyang and Yang Fei sat in the courtyard, looking at the moon and counting the stars.

After Yang Wen finished tidying up and came out, she saw her eldest brother sitting with his sister-in-law in the courtyard and felt a bit speechless. She said, "Brother, you just had dinner; why don't you take sister-in-law for a walk around the village?"

Yang Fei looked at Qin Yanyang and asked, "Do you want to take a walk?"

"Sure," Qin Yanyang said.

Coming out of the yard, Yang Fei was a bit confused and didn't know which way to go.

It had been ten years since he had been back; the changes in the village were too great.

Where there used to be wooden houses and mud paths, now every household had brick and tile houses and roads.

Qin Yanyang seemed to see his embarrassment, pursed her lips with a smile, and said, "Let's just walk around."

Yang Fei gave an awkward smile, figured out the direction, and then said, "Let's go this way; it's not far to the river, and it's nice to walk by the river."

After walking for a few minutes, they indeed heard the sound of running water, and soon, a small river was barely visible under the illumination of the streetlights.

The weather had turned cool with the arrival of autumn, so there was no one bathing in the river.

Yang Fei recalled many things from his childhood and pointed to several places in the river, saying, "When I was a child, I almost spent every day of the summer bathing in the river with Yang Hao, often being chased by Uncle and Auntie with rattan sticks."

Qin Yanyang said with a smile, "Compared to kids in the countryside, children in big cities miss out on a lot of fun."

Yang Fei looked at her and asked, "How did you get by as a child? Tell me about it."

Qin Yanyang thought for a moment, shook her head, and said, "There's not much to tell. As a child from a poor rural area, I endured a lot of hardship. Life gets a bit better as you grow up, which inevitably leads you to reflect on the past, and thus there is a lot to reminisce about."

Also, children in the countryside don't have as much academic pressure; it's more about releasing their nature, expressing themselves. When life's pressures mount as an adult, you start to long for the carefree days of childhood.

Children from wealthy families, if they haven't experienced financial decline, rarely have childhood memories to look back on when they grow up.

For us, from childhood, we have to learn various skills according to our parents' and elders' wishes, which sounds like it's for our own good, but in truth, most of us were deprived of freedom from a young age and lived the way our parents wanted us to."

Yang Fei was hearing this perspective for the first time. He looked at Qin Yanyang and said, "So, you were also forced into various special classes, and that's why you harbor grievances about your childhood?"

Qin Yanyang nodded with a smile, "Of course, although I'm quite satisfied with my life now, my childhood wasn't very happy."

Yang Fei chuckled and said, "However unhappy you were, it must have been better than how I often went hungry as a child, right?"

Qin Yanyang, feeling sorry for him, looked at him and said, "Didn't you say Uncle and Auntie treated you well?"

"They did treat me well, but we were really poor at that time, the food was not nutritious enough, with little oil and water. I could only eat two meals a day, and I was still hungry," Yang Fei explained.

Qin Yanyang felt pity for him and didn't want to continue the topic, so she changed the subject, "I know you're an orphan, but what happened to your parents? Can you tell me?"

Yang Fei shook his head and said, "I heard from the villagers that I was only a month old when my dad brought me back, and it wasn't many days later that he died."

Qin Yanyang's nose tingled.

She had investigated Yang Fei's background before but only knew he was an orphan and was not clear about how his parents had died.

"Sorry, I..." Qin Yanyang felt a sting in the corners of her eyes.

Yang Fei shook his head with a smile, "It's nothing, I'm used to it."

Qin Yanyang composed herself and said, "Then we should go to visit your dad's grave."

Yang Fei nodded, "I was planning to go after dinner earlier, but then the incident with Yang Hao and Huang Qiaoqiao delayed me, I'll go early tomorrow morning."

Qin Yanyang heard his implication and asked, "Don't you want me to go?"

Yang Fei looked at her, "Would you like to go?"

Qin Yanyang bit her lip lightly and said, "Even as friends, it shouldn't be a problem to pay a visit, right?"

Seeing her seemingly a bit angry, Yang Fei quickly said, "That's not what I meant. I was just worried you might have some reservations. If you are willing to go, my dad's spirit in heaven would be very happy to see such a beautiful and impressive daughter-in-law."

A smile crept onto the corners of Qin Yanyang's mouth, that's more like it.

When the two returned home, their aunt said to them, "Xiao Fei, Yanyang, your room has been prepared, with new sheets and quilts."

Upon hearing this, Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang were stunned at the same time, only then realizing an issue.

The uncle and aunt didn't know that their relationship hadn't progressed that far; they assumed the two were a couple, so it was natural for them to arrange for the two to sleep in the same room.

But the two of them hadn't reached that stage yet.

Yang Fei couldn't help but look towards Qin Yanyang, whose face had reddened slightly, but she replied to Li Guiju with a nonchalant grace, "Thank you, Auntie."

Yang Fei's eyes bulged.

She didn't refuse?

What does that mean?

Does she want to sleep with me?

In that moment, the never-been-in-love, naive young man's heart churned like a raging river, and he even had a grandson's name picked out.

Yang Wen, squatting on the side, gave Yang Fei a vigorous wink, and secretly but emphatically made an encouraging cheering gesture.

Yang Fei suddenly realized that it was this girl who had been causing mischief behind the scenes.

Qin Yanyang naturally saw Yang Wen's little antics as well. She found it amusing but didn't expose her.

The last time they went camping, she and Yang Fei had slept in the same tent for one night. Now it was just sleeping in the same room—what was the big deal?

After showering, Yang Fei had also calmed down.

He understood Qin Yanyang. Though she seemed easy to talk to and able to consider things from other people's perspectives, she was actually a very opinionated person.

The two of them hadn't even kissed, so unification was simply impossible.

When Qin Yanyang finished showering and entered the room, closing the door behind her, Yang Fei said, "I can sleep on the floor."

Qin Yanyang smiled faintly, "Let's just sleep on the bed. We managed in one tent before, so a bed this big shouldn't be an issue."

Yang Fei could not have been more pleased by her response, nodding in agreement, "Alright then."

After turning off the lights to rest, they lay in bed, able to hear each other's heartbeat, unable to fall asleep for a long time.

Unable to restrain himself, Yang Fei moved slightly and touched Qin Yanyang's soft hand.

In the darkness, Qin Yanyang's face blushed faintly, yet she did not struggle and said softly, "Let's just leave it at this, don't even think about anything else."

"Oh, I'm not thinking about anything else, also, what's 'anything else'?"

Qin Yanyang's face grew even redder, and she inwardly cursed.

To think she had still believed he was a simple and honest guy—turns out it was all an act.

Chapter 143: Worship

The rural morning, with chickens crowing and dogs barking, made it impossible for light sleepers to sleep in.

Qin Yanyang had woken up early. Her face was very red, she wished she could kick Yang Fei out of the bed with one foot.

Last time they had slept in the tent, Yang Fei had been very well-behaved, but for some reason, last night he had held her hand as they went to sleep, and soon became restless.

He had crossed a line when he turned over and embraced her.

At first, Qin Yanyang suspected that Yang Fei was doing it on purpose, pretending to be asleep while deliberately holding her, but then she realized that Yang Fei was deeply asleep.

With her perception, she was sure that Yang Fei was truly asleep and actually sleeping very peacefully.

So she didn't push him away, only blushing and somewhat nervously let him keep one arm around her.

Fortunately, aside from holding her, Yang Fei made no other moves.

Even so, Qin Yanyang was so nervous that she barely got a good night's sleep.

Especially as dawn approached, she could distinctly feel the changes in the man.

It made her face so red she felt it might drip water, and she was nervously embarrassed to death.

Ever since her Cultivation had advanced greatly, Qin Yanyang felt that for the first time she was so flustered and out of sorts.

Fortunately, Yang Fei had not yet woken up, it was just a normal physiological reaction.

She quietly heaved a sigh of relief and cautiously shifted her body, preparing to get up.

At that moment, Yang Fei woke up.

He opened his eyes, groggy, and said, "Is it still early, and you are getting up?"

Her face still red, Qin Yanyang hummed in response.

Am I not supposed to get up and wait to be taken advantage of by you?

The key is that I've already been taken advantage of, yet I can't even mention it.

Qin Yanyang felt slightly aggrieved in her heart.

Yang Fei quickly realized that his sleeping posture seemed incorrect, as if he had crossed a boundary.

Seeing Qin Yanyang's flushed face, he suddenly realized something, his own face turning red as he sincerely apologized, "I'm... I'm sorry, it wasn't intentional."

"Shut up!" Qin Yanyang hissed softly.

Can't you pretend nothing happened, you jerk, why do you have to say it aloud?

Feeling a mix of embarrassment and anger, along with an indescribable emotion, Qin Yanyang's red face pulled open the door and ran out.

Seeing her run off, Yang Fei came back to his senses and quietly scolded himself with a slap on the cheek: "Stupid!"

But soon, he began to snigger foolishly.

After returning to Binhai, who knows if they'll still be able to sleep in the same room.

If they do sleep together again, he should definitely be braver.

Haven't they said, "The timid starve to death, the brave choke to death."?

If he wants her to truly fall in love with him, as a man, he must take the initiative, attack, attack, attack!

Downstairs in the courtyard, Yang Changjin was chatting with the village head.

The village head had brought some shocking news that very morning.

He said that last night, Gong Daqian and his son had confessed—they were both up to no good, involved in numerous underhand tricks, and their company had committed many regulatory violations, evading taxes on a large scale.

In short, the Gong family was done for.

Daqian Group also collapsed thunderously, and the Gong family became part of Huangyang County's history.

Upon hearing this news, Yang Changjin felt both happy and astonished.

The daughter-in-law Xiao Fei found was not simple at all.

While Yang Changjin was happy, he also started to worry a bit.

"With such good conditions, why did she set her sights on her own grandnephew?"

Could it really be as the villagers guessed, that her nephew had become a live-in son-in-law?

His older brother had died early, leaving only this sole descendant. Yang Changjin, with his old farmer's mentality and strong adherence to tradition, did not wish for Yang Fei to marry into his wife's family.

Even if Qin Yanyang was exceptional, and her family background was excellent, Yang Changjin believed that as a man, one should rely on oneself and not lose his integrity by becoming a live-in son-in-law.

At that moment, Qin Yanyang came downstairs.

Seeing her, the village chief was somewhat constrained. He bid farewell to Yang Changjin and left.

Upon seeing Qin Yanyang, Yang Changjin thought for a moment before speaking, "Yanyang, don't think poorly of your uncle for being old-fashioned but, by marrying Yang Fei, is he not becoming a live-in son-in-law?"

Qin Yanyang was momentarily stunned before she smiled, shook her head, and said, "Not at all, Uncle, don't worry."

Yang Changjin immediately breathed a sigh of relief but still felt uneasy and asked, "Really not?"

Qin Yanyang shook her head. "Really not."

Yang Changjin felt relieved but still sensed something was amiss. He looked at Qin Yanyang and asked, "Then what made you fall for Xiao Fei?"

Qin Yanyang burst into laughter upon hearing this.

Yang Fei, who had just come downstairs, heard this and said speechlessly, "Uncle, your grandnephew isn't that bad either."

Yang Changjin nodded and said, "Hmm, he's not bad, but he's far behind you, Yanyang. You rascal, you must never let Yanyang down." He then turned to Qin Yanyang and added, "Yanyang, if this boy ever upsets you, just tell me, and I'll break his legs."

Qin Yanyang responded with a smiling agreement.

Yang Fei, with a bitter smile, looked at his uncle and said, "Uncle, I'm going to visit my dad's grave."

Hearing this, Yang Changjin nodded and said, "Yes, you should. I knew you were coming back, and I've prepared the ritual papers. I'll fetch them."

Soon, the uncle emerged holding a plastic bag and also a sickle. "Let's go. I haven't been there in a long time either; I might as well tidy up a bit."

Yang Hao and Yang Wen had not yet gotten up, and Li Guiju was preparing breakfast. Yang Changjin led Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang towards Yang Fei's father's grave.

The grave of Yang Fei's father was not very far, just atop the hill behind.

However, the morning dew made the mountainous path somewhat difficult to navigate.

Yang Changjin walked in front leading the way; he used the sickle to cut down the roadside weeds, trying to clear a better path for Qin Yanyang.

Yang Fei walked in the middle, his legs brushing off the dewdrops from the grass.

Watching the actions of the uncle and nephew, Qin Yanyang felt deeply moved.

The economic situation of rural people might not be the best, but their hearts are the most genuine and kind.

Arriving at a simple grave, Yang Changjin used the sickle to clear the weeds surrounding it.

Actually, the whole grave was quite tidy, reflecting the uncle's regular upkeep.

Yang Fei knelt in front of the grave, ripping ritual papers and burning them one by one.

Noticing Yang Changjin occasionally looking at her, seeming hesitant to speak, Qin Yanyang thought for a moment and then knelt next to Yang Fei.

Yang Fei glanced at her and smiled.

Qin Yanyang also smiled and straightforwardly called out to the grave, "Dad."

Even if it was just for show, since she was here, she might as well do it properly, especially since deep down, she truly didn't feel any resistance or rejection.

Having never seen her father, she couldn't truly feel saddened. After Yang Fei finished burning the papers, they both stood up together.

He had always been haunted by the expression Sister Tang Qian from the Sun Weimin family had when she saw him last time. So he asked his uncle, "Uncle, do you know where my mom was from?"

The uncle, after listening, slowly shook his head.

"Then, have you ever seen my mom?" asked Yang Fei. "Can you remember what she looked like?"

With a sigh, the uncle shook his head and said, "I never met her. Your dad was only twenty-five when he died. Before you were born, he called me to say he had found a wife and even had a child on the way, saying he would bring his wife and child back after you were born."

At this point, his uncle's eyes reddened, and he choked up, "He did come back, but he only brought back you. And then, just a few days later, he too was gone."

Yang Fei squinted, fixating on his uncle, and pressed, "Then, how did he die? At twenty-five, it shouldn't have been from illness. Uncle, when I asked you as a child, you wouldn't say. Now that I'm grown, can you tell me?"

Chapter 144: Support and Guidance

At the grave, Uncle Sansheng fell silent when he heard Yang Fei's question.

He seemed to be recalling the events of the past, a hint of sadness spreading across his face. Silently, he took a pack of Bai Sha cigarettes from his pocket, lit one, and took several deep puffs.

Yang Fei, craving a smoke as well, took one and lit it up.

Qin Yanyang watched them for a moment and then said, "I'll take a walk around."

Uncle Sansheng quickly said, "Yanyang, you don't need to step away. It's alright for you to know about this matter."

Yang Fei nodded in agreement, "Yeah, it's not something shameful, listening won't hurt."

Seeing them both say this, Qin Yanyang stayed.

After a few drags on his cigarette, Uncle Sansheng looked at Yang Fei and said, "When your dad brought you back, he already looked ill, barely hanging on to life. I went to the town to get the best doctor available. After examining him, the doctor told me to prepare for your father's final arrangements... Indeed, within three days, your dad had passed away and left you behind."

Qin Yanyang, curious, said, "At twenty-five, at the prime of youth, unless it was a terminal illness, wasn't there still hope for recovery?"

Uncle Sansheng nodded and said, "I asked your big brother back then what had happened, why he was in such a state, but he just gave a bitter smile and told me not to inquire further, saying it would be useless even if I knew."

Yang Fei squinted his eyes and asked, "Did he have any injuries or signs of trauma on his body? What was his complexion like?"

Uncle Sansheng shook his head, "There were no wounds at all, only a very poor complexion. The doctor we called in said that his Life Qi Mechanism had been exhausted, and with the medical conditions at that time, there was no way to bring him back."

Qin Yanyang opened her mouth but, seeing a glint of insight flash in Yang Fei's eyes, she knew that he too had guessed something and promptly closed her mouth.

She was about to say something that might raise Yang Fei's suspicions.

Yang Fei asked, "Uncle, when did my dad leave the village?"

"At seventeen," Uncle Sansheng replied.

Yang Fei thought for a while before asking, "Before the age of seventeen, did he always live in the village without ever going out?"

Yang Changjin nodded, "Your dad was a couple of years older than I am. We grew up together. It was at the age of seventeen that he left the village to work elsewhere."

"Did he never come back after that?" Yang Fei asked again.

Yang Changjin nodded, "Yes, he lost touch for a while. Your grandparents thought he had died outside somewhere. Five years later, he suddenly called back home and we got in touch again, but he never returned until he was 25, and when he did, he brought you with him."

Unable to hold back, Qin Yanyang said, "Uncle, didn't Yang Fei's father say anything after he came back?"

Yang Changjin gave a bitter smile and shook his head, "He was only back for a few days, and he was very weak by then. We asked him many questions, but he remained silent, insisting we should not inquire further and just asked us to raise Yang Fei into an adult."

Yang Fei furrowed his brows and sighed, "He really didn't say anything else? Uncle, I'm grown up now; there's no need to hide things from me."

Yang Changjin looked innocent, "Xiao Fei, I really haven't hidden anything from you. Besides, why would I need to do that?"

Yang Fei gazed into his eyes.

Qin Yanyang also scrutinized Yang Changjin intently.

Yang Changjin looked bewildered and innocent.

Both Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang could confirm that Uncle hadn't lied.

Yang Fei sighed inwardly and asked, "Did he ever mention anything about my mother?"

Yang Changjin said, "We all asked about that, but your Dad refused to tell us anything. We didn't even know your mother's name, let alone where she lived. Sigh, Xiao Fei, you're all grown up now, you shouldn't dwell on these things. Your father is gone, and even if he wronged you, as for your mother, whether she's still alive or not, she may have had her own difficulties. I hope you won't hold any resentment in your heart."

Yang Fei felt a sense of loss, a faint bitterness. He shook his head and smiled, "How could I? Although there was a time when I really longed for parents as a child, I got used to it later on. It's just a bit of longing in my heart. If she's still alive, I always wanted to meet her."

Yang Changjin listened with a face full of distress and said, "It's good that you can think this way. Just let things take their own course and don't be too fixated."

Yang Fei nodded, stood up, and said, "Let's go, let's go back for lunch. We still have to catch a flight later."

He walked down the mountain.

Qin Yanyang watched his solitary figure descending, his desolate and stark demeanor gripping her heart with a pang of sorrow. She hurriedly followed him and, taking his hand, said, "Hold onto me. I'm not used to walking on mountain paths, I'm afraid of falling."

Yang Fei chuckled, and his inner melancholy dissolved into nothingness.

She had walked steadily at the back when they came, but now she wanted to hold hands.

Despite her aloof demeanor, this woman had a kind nature at her core.

They had breakfast at home in the morning, and then Yang Sansheng arrived.

Yang Hao had already arranged with him to take Yang Fei, Yang Wen, and Qin Yanyang to the airport today.

The weekend was only two days, and the long journey made the trip feel rushed.

Yang Changjin and Li Guiju were reluctant to say goodbye, urging Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang to come back often, telling Yang Fei that his roots were here, fearful that he would drift away as he grew up.

Yesterday was busy, and after going to bed, Li Guiju saw the gifts that Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang brought back for them and was almost shocked to her core.

Not to mention the watch and clothes for Yang Changjin, but there was also a gold bracelet for herself. Tsk, it was as wide as a thumb, thick, and felt heavy in her hand, far more substantial than the one worn by the village secretary's daughter-in-law.

At current gold prices, this bracelet must be worth seventy to eighty thousand.

In addition, considering the capabilities that Qin Yanyang demonstrated yesterday, even Li Guiju, who had little exposure to the outside world, knew that her grand-nephew had really hit it off with a wealthy lady.

Therefore, she was truly grateful to Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang, and she hoped that they would visit more often.

"Rest assured, Uncle and Auntie, I'll come back to visit you often," Yang Fei said to the couple.

Qin Yanyang also smiled and said, "Yes, I really like it here too, and I also like Wenwen and little sister Qiaoqiao very much. Uncle and Auntie, don't worry, we brothers and sisters will definitely visit more frequently."

Yang Changjin nodded in contentment, replying "Good, good."

It wasn't easy for the couple to raise three kids, but now the children were grown, and Yang Fei had become successful, which brought them great comfort.

On the way to the airport, Uncle Sansheng seemed very nervous and reserved.

During the drive there, he kept sneaking peeks at Qin Yanyang, finding her a delight to the eye, but now he was afraid to look at her, worried about upsetting the 'hand and eye reach the sky' miss.

Yang Hao had picked them up when they arrived, and when they left, he also went with them to the city.

As they neared the airport, Qin Yanyang said to Yang Hao, "The Mo Family might reach out to you for some work later on. You're a professional carpenter, and Uncle is a mason; you should be able to pull together a team, right?"

Yang Hao was inwardly thrilled, but instead of answering, he looked to Yang Fei.

Yang Fei knew Qin Yanyang wanted to help Yang Hao get work through her connections. He smiled, nodded, and said, "Aren't you going to thank your sister-in-law?"

Yang Hao quickly thanked Qin Yanyang, "Thank you, sister-in-law. I... I... As long as there's work to be done, I can put together a team."

Qin Yanyang nodded and said, "Okay, work diligently. Learn a lot, ask questions, observe, and strive. You will have good days ahead, don't disappoint Qiaoqiao."

"Right, I definitely won't let her down, and I won't let my brother and sister-in-law down either," Yang Hao said earnestly.

Driving the car, Yang Sansheng felt a mix of envy and sighs of emotion.

It was truly the case of 'when one man gains the Way, his poultry and dogs ascend to heaven.' With such a supportive sister-in-law backing Yang Hao, it would be difficult for him not to prosper and thrive.

Chapter 145: Can't Stick to One Path Forever

On the plane back to Hai City, there were only the three siblings in business class.

Yang Wen gratefully said to Qin Yanyang, "Sister-in-law, thank you for taking care of my dad and my brother."

Qin Yanyang smiled slightly, "Why so formal? Besides, I didn't do anything special; I just let them continue with their own professions."

Yang Wen admired, "It's precisely because you let them work in their field that they are happier. Both my dad and brother aren't highly educated, so giving them more opportunities in their expertise makes them happy. If they had to do something else, they wouldn't understand it, and would feel more constrained—even with the possibility of making money, they wouldn't be as happy. Sister-in-law, you are truly kind, helping others while considering their needs."

Qin Yanyang said with a smile, "Indeed, they could make more money and it could be easier, but then they might feel inadequate, which could diminish their enthusiasm and passion. Let's just keep going; Yang Hao and Qiaoqiao are still young, and if they are interested, they can learn more and try other things."

Yang Fei couldn't help saying, "When they try other things later, please look after them too."

Qin Yanyang replied, "Of course, since we are family, I should help as much as I can without compromising my principles. Why wouldn't I take care of my relatives more?"

Yang Fei smiled happily; perhaps Qin Yanyang herself hadn't realized that she had fully integrated into her role, into this small rural family.

Yang Wen couldn't help but grab her sister-in-law's hand and affectionately said, "Sister-in-law, I find myself liking you more and more. You clearly come from a high-ranking official's family, but you don't act high and mighty at all. Not only are you approachable, but you also pay attention to the tiniest details and always consider others in everything you do. I really like it."

Qin Yanyang giggled, "Then I should marry you instead."

Yang Wen chuckled, "That won't work, my big brother would kill me."

Yang Fei sat by, laughing happily.

He noticed that there was no initial distance between Qin Yanyang and Yang Wen like there was when he first got together with her.

She truly was approachable, treating Yang Wen as a relative and a friend.

Hey, it seemed like that invisible distance between them was gone too?

Realizing this, Yang Fei looked at Qin Yanyang, thought about the scene of holding each other while sleeping last night, and grinned.

The future was promising and surely would fulfill his expectations.

Thinking of the song from Deer and Cauldron that Duolong sang, he hummed softly to himself, "In what year, in what month, will my hopes be fulfilled... "

When they arrived back in Hai City, it was already past four in the afternoon.

Yang Wen went directly to the villa with them. Their second aunt brought them a smoked pork leg, a cleaned and prepped chicken, along with wild black truffles from the mountains, which they cooked while fresh.

In the kitchen, taking out these mountain delicacies that the second aunt brought, Yang Fei saw that there were quite a lot of black truffles. He thought for a moment and suggested to Qin Yanyang, "These truffles taste best fresh; they lose flavor after being frozen, and we can't finish them all. Let's send some to Old Li."

Qin Yanyang nodded, then looked up and said, "Why don't you go invite Old Li over, and we'll have dinner together."

Yang Fei was startled upon hearing this and looked up at Qin Yanyang, "Would that be okay?"

Qin Yanyang was taken aback, "It's just dinner at home, what's the inconvenience?"

Yang Fei said, "I mean, this is your house, and I... "

Qin Yanyang smiled slightly, looking at Yang Fei, "Are you saying because the house is mine and the friends are yours, it might not be right?"

Yang Fei nodded.

Qin Yanyang asked with a smiling face, "Then what is our relationship?"

Yang Fei laughed, "Alright, I'll go fetch Old Li."

Humming a tune, he happily went out.

Qin Yanyang watched his cheerful stride, faintly hearing him humming something about fulfilling wishes and smiled knowingly.

So what if it wasn't earth-shattering?

Isn't the most beautiful form of love found in the subtle joys and stirrings of mundane life?

The silent nurturing of feelings through life's everyday touches might just make it more lasting and stable.

Although he didn't really want to admit it, Qin Yanyang knew that he might have fallen for... no, it was liking, liking this man.

She also knew that this man was quite satisfied with her as well.

She couldn't help but think of Yang Hao and Huang Qiaoqiao.

She and Yang Fei, it was mutual affections, wasn't it?

Thinking about this, Qin Yanyang's smile bloomed beautifully, and she felt sweetness in her heart.

So this was love, truly beautiful indeed!

Yang Fei was feeling delightful inside, humming and singing a tune as he briskly walked all the way to Li Xuantong Medical Hall.

It was now four fifty in the afternoon, and there weren't many patients in the medical hall; Yang Fei directly went to Li Xuantong's consultation room.

"Oh, didn't you go back to the countryside? How come you're back already?" Li Xuantong, seeing Yang Fei, asked with a smile.

Yang Fei nodded, "Yeah, just got back a while ago. My uncle and his wife brought me some wild mushrooms. I was originally going to bring you some, but my wife said to invite you over for dinner. Are you free tonight, Old Li?"

Li Xuantong's eyes lit up, "You're from Xiangxi, and the black truffle mushrooms from there are indeed in season now."

Yang Fei raised his thumb, "Old Li, impressive, you know your stuff."

Li Xuantong, eager for a taste, said, "Then I must go and try it; it's been many years since I last had them, especially that broth, tsk tsk, let's go, I can't wait."

The two had just walked out of the medical hall when they ran into Li Yaqing.

"Grandpa, Brother Yang, where are you guys off to?" Li Yaqing saw the two of them exiting together and asked with a smile.

Li Xuantong said, "We're going to Yang Fei's home for dinner. Girl, what are you here for?"

Li Yaqing came over, linking arms with Li Xuantong, and said coquettishly, "Grandpa, help me out, please. If you help me complete the secret formula, my company can be revived. You can't just watch my company go bankrupt, right?"

Li Xuanton listened and scoffed, "Your dad and mom aren't worried; what are you scared of? If the company goes bankrupt, you can work with Grandpa at the medical hall, I can support you."

Li Yaqing was not willing to give up, pleadingly, "Grandpa, I'm their only daughter; the company will be mine in the future. Although you dislike them, you do love me. I believe you won't stand by and watch my company go bankrupt."

Li Xuanton snorted decisively, waving his hand, "Step aside; this matter is not up for discussion. Don't delay me from going to Yang Fei's home for dinner."

Upon hearing this, Li Yaqing turned to Yang Fei, "Brother Yang, may I come too?"

Yang Fei nodded with a smile, "Sure."

She wasn't an outsider, and besides, Li Yaqing had taken the initiative to ask. How could he refuse?

Seeing Yang Fei agree, Li Xuanton was unhappy but hesitated, then looked at Yang Fei, "Brother Yang, this... with Yaqing and I going over for dinner, is it convenient?"

Yang Fei, seeing him ask this way, felt a bit puzzled, "What's inconvenient about it? My wife asked me to invite you."

Li Xuanton coughed to hint, "I mean, us meeting your wife, could it be somewhat inconvenient?"

The last time he had taken Yang Fei home, he had speculated that Yang Fei was with a wealthy older woman. In his mind, Yang Fei's wife must be quite old.

It was fine if he knew about it, but letting Yaqing know might make her look down on Yang Fei, and it would be difficult for him to facilitate anything between them in the future.

Yang Fei, unaware of Li Xuanton's intentions, waved his hand, "It's convenient, why wouldn't it be? Let's go, I still need to cook when I get back."

Li Xuanton, hearing this, became even more convinced in his belief.

Inviting someone home for a meal, yet the man still had to cook, clearly showed Yang Fei's low status at home.

His generation had always believed that a gentleman should stay away from the kitchen, and he used this belief to gauge Yang Fei's status at home.

Nevertheless, he should first go and see. If his wife was indeed too old, he would need to advise Yang Fei later. Being so young, he shouldn't just stick to one path to the end.

Chapter 146: Hoping for His Divorce

As they entered the Binjiang Villa Area, Li Yaqing's face showed shock, and she said to Yang Fei, "Brother Yang, do you... do you really live here?"

Her grandfather was a famous doctor, and her parents ran a company, which, though on the brink of bankruptcy, had made a lot of money in the past, so they were considered wealthy in Binhai.

Even so, when the Binjiang Villa Area first opened, her parents wanted to buy a villa but hesitated due to the expense and were reluctant to spend so much money.

She had never expected that a young man who worked at her grandfather's clinic could afford to live in a Binjiang villa.

"Yeah, it's my wife's house," Yang Fei said, seemingly unaffected, and he admitted it straightforwardly.

In his heart, living here was no different from living anywhere else.

He didn't find the price of the villas here too high either.

After all, he owned a private island overseas, which had cost much more than these Binjiang villas.

Because of this, living here had always felt natural to him, without any feelings of inferiority.

Both of them, actually, had high standards and were well-off, possessing both the capability and the looks.

On that basis, it was natural for both to have strong confidence, and under normal circumstances, it was very difficult for most people to get close to them.

But because both were so strong and confident, they interacted with each other comfortably and effortlessly.

Just try placing a man from the countryside with Qin Yanyang.

Not to mention anything else, just her naturally cold aura and the sense of distance she emitted could make someone feel so inferior that they'd want to flee.

So, the old saying about "marrying within one's social class" wasn't just for show.

Li Yaqing was taken aback, "Which big shot's daughter is your wife, she must be really wealthy, right?"

Li Xuantong inwardly snorted, couldn't his wife be a big shot herself?

Yang Fei, smiling, said, "Yeah, she indeed comes from a wealthy background."

Li Yaqing clearly thought along the same lines as her grandfather.

Although she had never considered the age of Yang Fei's wife or anything of that sort, her assumption was that Yang Fei must be a sort of stay-at-home son-in-law.

So, she said, "Then, me... coming here uninvited, won't it be inconvenient?"

Yang Fei was puzzled, "What would be inconvenient?"

Seeing that he didn't understand her point, Li Yaqing kindly reminded him, "After all, this is your wife's family home, you invited my grandfather because your wife knows, but I came here uninvited."

Yang Fei casually said, "You're overthinking it, whether I invite you or my wife invites you, it's the same, she won't mind."

"Really won't mind?" Li Yaqing asked.

Seeing her quite anxious, Yang Fei, belatedly realizing something, replied with a bitter smile, "So, you think I don't hold any status in the house, right?"

Li Yaqing's face turned red with embarrassment.

Yang Fei chuckled, "Don't worry, although I'm a kept man, I belong to the type who bites the hand that feeds."

Li Xuanton felt a bitter feeling inside, "There you go, he admitted it himself, he's just clinging onto a rich woman, living off her."

Alas, how did this kid end up on such a wayward path?

Li Yaqing actually didn't look down on Yang Fei at all; instead, she gave a thumbs up, praising, "Brother Yang is impressive. With your medical skills and martial arts, if I were a rich woman, I'd definitely choose someone like you to pamper, even if it is living off a woman, you've got to have skills."

Yang Fei laughed heartily, "Exactly."

Finally unable to hold it in, Li Xuanton scolded Li Yaqing, "Girl, what nonsense are you talking? And you, Mr. Yang, you young people should strive on your own, maintain proper values. How can you always think about living off women? A man's dignity is most important."

Seeing his earnestness and hesi-tancy to advise him, Yang Fei couldn't help but laugh, "Old Li, you don't know just how delicious it is to bite the hand that feeds."

Li Xuanton raised his hand, pointed at Yang Fei, and shook his head with a wry smile.

This matter would need a slow, drawn-out discussion later.

Upon reaching the most prime villa, Li Yaqing was even more astonished.

Just as they walked into the villa, two young and beautiful women emerged, none other than Qin Yanyang and Yang Wen.

Li Xuanton and his granddaughter Li Yaqing were both stunned on the spot.

So beautiful!

Li Yaqing marveled inwardly, and after her gaze met with Qin Yanyang's, she instinctively looked away, feeling overwhelmed by the woman's powerful aura!

And that girl was also very beautiful, and she even looked a bit like Yang Fei.

"Old Li, this is my wife, Qin Yanyang, and this is my sister, Yang Wen," Yang Fei introduced to Li Xuanton and Li Yaqing, then introduced them to Qin Yanyang and Yang Wen.

Qin Yanyang, graceful and poised, approached with a smile and shook hands with Li Yaqing first, then slightly bowed to Li Xuanton, saying with a smile, "Hello, Old Li. You are a renowned doctor in Binhai, I

have long heard of your great reputation. Yang Fei works at your clinic, and I have always wanted to visit. Today, I have brought some game from Yang Fei's hometown; please, come and try some."

Li Xuantong was completely bewildered. He looked at Qin Yanyang, then at Yang Fei, and finally dared not believe it, asking Yang Fei, "Is she... really your wife?"

Yang Fei nodded. "Yep, the real deal. Want to see our marriage certificate?"

Li Xuantong was dumbstruck.

This was nothing like what he had imagined.

When he had last accompanied Yang Fei back home, he had imagined Yang Fei's wife to be an older wealthy woman and had been quite resentful about it, always thinking about finding an opportunity to advise Yang Fei not to live off a woman.

He never expected that Yang Fei's wife would be so young, beautiful, and charismatic.

This sugar mommy, damn what a treat!

He suddenly felt so envious of Yang Fei, to land such a cushy spot, one needed real ability or even create the ability to secure it.

After a brief shock, Li Xuantong came back to his senses, but felt a twinge of disappointment.

In that case, Yaqing would have no chance, would she?

Alas!

He sighed silently, then said to Qin Yanyang, "Hello, I'm an old man and still greedy for food, sorry for the trouble."

Qin Yanyang replied with a smile. "Being able to eat is a blessing indeed. Yang Fei, quickly invite the guests inside."

"Right, Old Li, Yaqing, come in and take a seat," Yang Fei led them into the living room.

Qin Yanyang and Yang Wen brought over a cup of tea each for Li Xuanton and Li Yaqing.

"Yang Fei, you keep Old Li and Miss Li company, I'll go cook," Qin Yanyang said, and then spoke to Li Xuanton and Li Yaqing before heading to the kitchen.

"You can cook the chicken and smoked pig's trotters, let me handle the black truffle. I'm afraid you don't know how to handle it," Yang Fei said.

Qin Yanyang responded from over her shoulder, then went into the kitchen.

Yang Wen also went in to help.

After the kitchen door closed, Li Xuanton looked at Yang Fei with eyes full of envy and admiration. "Good lad, impressive, managing to find such an outstanding wife."

Yang Fei chuckled, feeling proud, and replied, "Mediocre, just getting by."

Li Yaqing couldn't help but laugh out loud. "Brother Yang, you say you're fat, you even gasp too?"

Li Xuanton couldn't help but chime in, "Right, you're really floating high now."

Yang Fei laughed heartily, stood up and said, "Come, I'll show you around, there's a garden and a pool outside."

Li Xuanton wasn't too interested, but Li Yaqing stood up.

Watching his granddaughter follow behind Yang Fei, his face was full of regret.

Too bad. Such an outstanding young man, yet not my grandson-in-law.

Originally, he had hoped Yang Fei's wife would be one of those older rich women, thinking of getting his granddaughter married to him once Yang Fei divorced, but now he had completely given up hope.

That wife, just too outstanding.

But soon, another thought flashed through Li Xuanton's mind.

Such an outstanding family might not look up to Yang Fei, right?

The possibility was big.

He couldn't help but look forward to it again.

If Yang Fei knew that this old man was always hoping he and Qin Yanyang wouldn't work out, he wondered if Yang Fei would fill him with silver needles.

Chapter 147: Guaranteed to Dazzle You

"It's still that same flavor, so comforting."

In the villa's dining room, Li Xuanton tasted a piece of Black Truffle, sipped some broth, and revealed a satisfied and pleasurable expression, "It's still the mountain delicacies that are the most fragrant."

Yang Fei also ate a few bites, nodding and saying, "Exactly, these things are very difficult to cultivate, they only grow in the mountains, truly authentic mountain products."

"With the farm-raised, skinny-legged chicken stewed together, tsk tsk, absolutely beautiful," Li Xuanton said, enraptured.

Yang Fei lifted his glass, "Come on, let's drink to this delightful food."

"Let's do it," Li Xuanton clinked glasses with him.

Qin Yanyang and Li Yaqing had never eaten Black Truffle before, seeing the two talk about it so exaggeratedly, they couldn't help but try a piece.

After tasting, Li Yaqing spoke first, "It feels just okay, it's not that exaggerated."

"Try some with the broth," Li Xuanton said.

Li Yaqing did as suggested, her eyes suddenly lit up, "Hmm, it really does have a distinct flavor."

Qin Yanyang also nodded, "Yes, it's a very pure and special fragrance."

Yang Wen saw her sister-in-law enjoying it and hurriedly asked, "Do you really like it?"

Qin Yanyang nodded, picked up a few pieces of Black Truffle, and poured the fragrant broth over her rice, eating heartily.

Yang Wen said, "Then I'll ask Mom to get more, vacuum pack them and freeze them so they stay fresh. That way, you can still eat them when you go back."

"Yeah, yeah, prepare more, it's really delicious," Qin Yanyang said, unabashedly nodding in agreement.

"The cured pig trotter is also one of my favorite dishes," Li Xuanton said.

Yang Fei quickly served him a piece.

Yang Fei kept company with Li Xuanton and together, they drank a bottle of Feitian.

Qin Yanyang, Li Yaqing, and Yang Wen, the three ladies, had a bottle of red wine.

The dinner was over by a little past seven o'clock, and everyone was in high spirits.

Li Xuanton and his granddaughter Li Yaqing didn't rush to leave; everyone relaxed and chatted together on the garden lawn.

Li Yaqing once again steered the conversation back to the previous topic, looking pitifully at her grandfather and said, "Grandpa, the company was the lifelong effort of my parents. It got its start because of your ancient recipe. Can you really stand by and do nothing as it fails? The market in our country has been completely taken over by the Koreans; isn't it painful to see all that money going to them?"

Li Xuanton shook his head, "I will not get involved in this matter."

Seeing his unyielding attitude, a bitter look crossed Li Yaqing's face.

Yang Fei, unaware of the details, curiously asked, "What's going on?"

Li Yaqing explained, "My parents started a cosmetics company, which used to do really well, but ran into some problems a while ago. Plus, with the market competition and challenges from Korean and European and American brands, the company is barely hanging on. I was hoping to get Grandpa to help develop a new product to give the market a boost."

After listening, Yang Fei looked towards Li Xuanton, "Old Li, you could help with this."

Li Xuanton puffed out his beard and glared, "You don't understand."

Seeing him getting angry, Yang Fei was taken aback.

Li Yaqing hurriedly explained, "Grandpa always wanted my dad to be his successor, hoping he would become a doctor. But my dad met my mom in college and against Grandpa's wishes, they started the company, and Grandpa has been displeased ever since."

"It's not just that. Your parents took the ancient recipe I acquired and used it to start the company, without perfecting it. Although it wouldn't cause problems, it was flawed and imperfect. They were too eager for quick profits and rushed it to market. Now that the product is being squeezed out by competitors, it's what they deserve," Li Xuanton angrily exclaimed.

Li Yaqing said anxiously, "That's exactly why we are asking for Grandpa to come out of retirement to see if he can perfect the recipe."

Li Xuanton shook his head and sighed, "I've also been studying it for years, thought of many methods, but it always seems to be lacking something."

Li Yaqing, looking at Yang Fei, suddenly brightened up and said, "Brother Yang, Grandpa always says your medical skill is even higher than his. You would definitely manage, why don't you buy into the share?"

Yang Fei laughed, "Heh."

Just as Li Xuanton was shaking his head while speaking, he deliberately glanced at him. That's why Li Yaqing said that.

This old guy was playing tricks on him.

But when it came to medical science, Yang Fei was genuinely interested, especially in medical aesthetics.

He dared not touch his overseas assets now, and although he wasn't short on cash, the amount he had on hand was too little in the case of a major event, so he was still very interested in making money.

Seeing that Yang Fei didn't directly refuse, Li Yaqing knew there was a chance and said to Qin Yanyang, "Sister Yanyang, could you please plead for me? With Brother Yang's help, and with my grandfather as well, I believe we'll definitely be able to develop a hit product."

Qin Yanyang smiled slightly and shook her head, "I won't mix into work-related matters, you should ask him yourself."

When Li Yaqing saw that this path was blocked, she turned to Yang Fei with a pleading look, "Brother Yang, please help me."

Yang Fei thought for a moment and asked, "How will the shares be divided?"

Li Yaqing was overjoyed and quickly said, "Our company's product, though squeezed by the market, still has a good reputation, and the company's market development isn't bad either. Plus, research and production and the like are all provided by our company. If Brother Yang can help complete that secret formula, I can offer you thirty percent of the shares."

Yang Fei smiled slightly upon hearing this and was about to speak when Qin Yanyang said, "Isn't that a bit low? The share of stocks for technology is often very high, especially for beauty products like this. As long as the effect is good, and the reputation is established, technology is the core value of the company."

Li Yaqing nodded, "That's true, but we also provide the secret formula, and all Brother Yang needs to do is complete it. The percentage I'm offering is already quite high."

Yang Fei smiled, "What if I can provide an even better secret formula?"

Li Yaqing's eyes lit up, "Really?"

Yang Fei just smiled without answering.

Li Yaqing gritted her teeth and said, "If that's the case, even giving you more than fifty percent of the shares wouldn't be too much. The exact amount would still depend on the results."

Qin Yanyang playfully said to Yang Fei, "If you really have such a great secret formula, you could start your own company. I could invest the capital."

When Li Yaqing heard this, she became anxious and immediately said, "Our company already has a ready production line, a marketing team, research departments, and so on, even holding a decent market share. Starting a new company would be much more troublesome and lack advantages."

Qin Yanyang said with a smile, "Technology is what's most important. With the secret formula, I think many companies would be willing to work with us."

Yang Fei just smiled without saying anything.

Li Xuanton sighed, feeling helpless.

His granddaughter was completely overpowered by Qin Yanyang.

With Qin Yanyang's strong aura, his granddaughter had already lost.

Li Yaqing was truly anxious. She had just graduated not long ago, and although she had some abilities, she was ultimately too young, especially in terms of her aura, she was no match for Qin Yanyang and suddenly seemed very helpless.

She glanced at Qin Yanyang with a touch of resentment.

Didn't you say you wouldn't mix into work-related matters before?

After much thought, Li Yaqing gritted her teeth and said, "I'll give you sixty percent, that should do, right?"

Qin Yanyang looked at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei smiled and said, "That's about right, let's do it this way, out of respect for Old Li."

Li Yaqing immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

Qin Yanyang said, "You should go back and discuss this with your parents first, to see if they agree."

Li Yaqing nodded and said, "I know." She stood up and said, "Then I won't disturb your rest any more, I'll contact you again later."

Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang got up to see her out.

Li Xuanton also followed them out, and at the end, he patted Yang Fei on the shoulder and said thanks.

"Sis-in-law, you were so cool just now!" As soon as Li Xuanton and his granddaughter left, Yang Wen couldn't hold back any longer. She looked at Qin Yanyang excitedly, like a little fan, and said.

Qin Yanyang chuckled and patted her head, then turned to look at Yang Fei, "Can you really develop a beauty product that's better than those on the market?"

Yang Fei said with a smile, "Looking down on me, aren't you? Your husband has a lot of skills, you just wait and see, I guarantee you'll be smitten."

Yang Wen said, "Show-off."

Qin Yanyang smiled tenderly, "Alright."

Yang Fei was taken aback, not sure if her "alright" meant she wanted to be smitten by him or to discover his skills gradually.

But thinking of some of Qin Yanyang's secrets, Yang Fei was filled with curiosity.

This wife of his had a lot of skills too, waiting for him to unearth, perhaps she could bewitch him as well.

Chapter 148: Embrace in the Deep of the Night

At night, Yang Wen washed up and went to bed.

When Yang Fei came out of the shower, Qin Yanyang was just turning off the television and preparing to head to her room to rest.

"When can I sleep in this room?" Yang Fei asked as he saw her intending to enter her room, reminiscing about the solid sleep they had in each other's embrace the previous night.

Qin Yanyang's face flushed, and she said softly, "Not yet."

Yang Fei said, "I won't do anything, just sleep together, that's all. You can trust me, I absolutely won't cross any lines."

Qin Yanyang's ears turned red.

He said he wouldn't cross any lines, but he wasn't well-behaved once asleep.

Moreover, there were many things in her room that she couldn't let Yang Fei see.

"It's not okay now, it depends on your behavior," Qin Yanyang insisted.

Yang Fei looked disappointed, put on a determined face, and firmly said, "Sooner or later, I'll sleep in there."

Qin Yanyang, worried that she might soften and agree, opened the door and quickly went inside, hurriedly closing the door behind her.

Leaning against the door, she could feel her heartbeat quickening and her cheeks remained flushed.

"I should drink less from now on."

She figured it must be because she had too much to drink.

After a while, she calmed down and thought of something. She walked to her computer and turned it on.

Connecting to a secure network, she got in touch with a subordinate and asked them to look into Yang Fei's father's situation.

His uncle had said that Yang Fei's father had left their village at seventeen and had gone without news for five years. The people from his hometown even thought he had died elsewhere.

Although he had contacted his family later, he had never returned to the village, and when he did, it was on his deathbed, bringing with him the one-month-old Yang Fei.

With so little information, it was hard to investigate. The only things she could provide were a name and place of origin.

Thinking of Yang Fei's lonely and solemn silhouette during the memorial service, a twinge of pain echoed in Qin Yanyang's heart.

"I hope some useful information can be found."

...

Yang Fei lay in bed, also thinking about this matter.

According to his uncle's description, his father had been on the brink of death when he returned.

With no signs of injury, the life qi mechanism was lost, beyond the point of return. He himself was skilled in medical arts yet had never heard of such an affliction.

It seemed more like he had suffered an irreversible internal injury.

Could it be that his father had a fortunate encounter after leaving the village and learned martial arts?

There were no clues at all.

Yang Fei finished a cigarette, and then suddenly narrowed his eyes, thinking of Tang Qian's sister, Tang Shuwan.

When she had seen him, she said he looked very similar to a person she once knew.

She had also asked about his place of birth, but after hearing it, she simply shook her head.

That person from her past was from Imperial City. But what if that person was a woman?

Having been an orphan since childhood, with his father dead, he neither knew his mother's name nor what she looked like. He had once longed or hoped that she might appear one day, but as he grew up, he had lost that notion.

In searching for his mother, firstly he had no clues, and secondly, he had left it to fate.

But after this trip to pay respects to his father, learning some things from his uncle, his heart was stirred with emotion.

As a son, he thought he ought to at least know who his parents were.

Moreover, now that there might be more to his father's death than meets the eye, if he were an ordinary person, he would not inquire or pursue it. But he was, after all, the King of Madmen, someone with abilities, and naturally, he wanted to understand the truth.

"Forget it, let everything be as fate wills it," he concluded.

Discarding the cigarette butt, Yang Fei simply turned over and went back to sleep.

He didn't know how long he slept, but in a daze, Yang Fei suddenly opened his eyes.

He pushed open the door and saw the living room light on, with Qin Yanyang dressed and standing at his door, holding a suitcase as if about to knock.

Yang Fei checked the time, 2:37 in the morning.

"What are you doing so late?" Yang Fei asked.

Qin Yanyang looked at him and said, "I received a mission on short notice, I might have to leave for a while."

Yang Fei frowned, "Does the school's mission require you to leave in the middle of the night?"

Qin Yanyang gave an embarrassed smile. She was just about to leave him a note and depart, but for some reason, she wanted to say goodbye to Yang Fei in person.

Now, hearing his question, she felt a bit awkward, indeed it was hard to make up an excuse.

But still, she pressed on, "I can't explain it to you right now. I told you when we first met, sometimes I might have to work on some scientific research projects that require me to be away from home for several days. The lab just called to say that there has been a breakthrough in an academic matter, and they've asked us to work overtime to tackle it."

Yang Fei looked at her skeptically, clearly not very convinced.

But in the end, he asked, "How long will you be gone?"

Qin Yanyang thought for a moment, shook her head and forced a smile, "I'm not sure yet, maybe ten days or half a month."

"Alright then, be safe," said Yang Fei.

Qin Yanyang's heart skipped a beat.

Be safe?

Did he catch on to something, or did he notice any clues?

Yang Fei was calm, looking at her, he said, "If there's any emergency, just call me. You know, your husband here is a martial artist, I've got some skills."

Qin Yanyang breathed a sigh of relief and laughed, "What kind of emergency could there be with scientific research? Don't worry, I'll be fine. Besides, my grandpa, my dad, and my brother are all martial arts masters, and I am Miss Qin of the Qin Family, how could anything happen to me."

Yang Fei just smiled at that, remembering the two individuals who had appeared on Yun Mountain a few days ago.

Ordinary people wouldn't dare mess with Miss Qin.

But if someone did come, they wouldn't be ordinary.

"So... I'm leaving now?" Qin Yanyang said, looking at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei nodded, "It's so late, why don't I drive you?"

Qin Yanyang shook her head, "I can drive, it's too much trouble for you to go back and forth, and too tiring. Get some rest early."

Yang Fei agreed, then I'll see you out.

Saying so, he took Qin Yanyang's luggage and started walking downstairs.

Qin Yanyang felt a warmth in her heart and suddenly didn't want to leave.

She used to be so free-spirited, leaving whenever she said so; today, she could have left a note or explained everything over a phone call in the morning, but for some reason, she just wanted to say goodbye to him in person.

She had begun to feel attached.

Qin Yanyang thought silently.

He escorted Qin Yanyang to the underground parking and placed the luggage in the car.

As Qin Yanyang was getting into the car, Yang Fei suddenly opened his arms, "Can I have a hug?"

Already feeling sentimental today, Qin Yanyang considered it for a moment and couldn't resist, nodding gently.

Yang Fei hugged her openly and warmly.

Qin Yanyang rested her head softly on his shoulder, her thoughts drifting back to their time on Yun Mountain.

The two held each other gently, nestled together.

After a while, Qin Yanyang gently pushed him away, "I have to go."

Yang Fei said okay.

Qin Yanyang got into the car, gave Yang Fei a look, and then smiled brightly, "I'll try to come back as early as I can, goodbye."

Yang Fei smiled back saying goodbye, watching as she drove away.

Of course, Qin Yanyang wasn't really heading for Binhai University. She drove straight for the airport where she did find about fifteen men with sharp gazes and imposing auras waiting for her.

A middle-aged man approached Qin Yanyang and gave her a standard military salute, loudly saying, "Good to see you, Commander."

Qin Yanyang returned the salute and asked, "Is everything ready?"

"Reporting to the commander, all other members have assembled. Please give your instructions."

"Depart."

Two minutes later, the helicopter took off, disappearing into the night of Binhai.

Chapter 149: Distress Call

Three days later, just before closing time in the afternoon, Yang Fei received a call from Yang Hao.

Yang Hao's voice was very excited, quite agitated. He said that a big construction site in the county had found him to handle all the carpentry work and asked if he could take on the job.

Moreover, someone had also reached out to his father, asking him to find a team to work on the site, effectively making him a contractor.

Yang Changjin and Yang Hao specialized in masonry and carpentry, having worked on large construction sites before. Yang Hao could even read blueprints. He had been psychologically prepared ever since Qin Yanyang had asked him about it, but he hadn't expected the opportunity to come so quickly, and for it to be a "big project" at that.

Excitedly speaking a great deal, Yang Hao finally cautiously asked, "Big brother, is your wife with you? My dad says he definitely wants to thank her in person."

"Oh, your sister-in-law has gone on a business trip and might not be in touch for a while. I'll tell her when she's back. You just do a good job, don't disgrace your sister-in-law," Yang Fei said.

Yang Hao quickly assured him and also mentioned that he was planning to register a labor service company to formally take on contracts.

Yang Fei didn't understand much about these matters and told him to handle it himself and consult more about it.

As for being deceived, that wasn't likely.

Considering Mo Deqiang's performance in front of Qin Yanyang that day, he would definitely protect them covertly and pull up both Yang Hao and his uncle's team.

The call had just ended when the ringtone sounded again. Seeing the number was Sun Weimin calling, Yang Fei hurriedly picked up and said, "Hello, Brother Sun."

"Mr. Yang, are you still at the clinic?" Sun Weimin asked.

Yang Fei replied, "Yes, is there something you need?"

"Mm, we're almost there. We're bringing Leilei over for a check-up," Sun Weimin said.

Upon hearing this, Yang Fei said, "Alright, I'll wait for you."

After a few minutes, Sun Weimin and his wife arrived with Sun Lei.

Upon seeing Yang Fei, Sun Lei immediately ran over, enthusiastically calling out "Uncle Yang."

Yang Fei just glanced at him and laughed, saying, "You're recovering quite fast, basically nothing serious now, huh?"

Tang Qian's face was filled with smiles. Since her son's accident, both spouses had grown significantly worn, but now that Sun Lei was cured and bouncing around, they finally put their hearts at ease, their spirits fully recovered.

She said, "It was all thanks to Divine Doctor Yang's help."

Yang Fei took Sun Lei's pulse and finally said, "There's no need for any other treatment. Leilei is recovering very well. If you're still worried, you can take him to a big hospital to run some comprehensive tests."

Sun Weimin laughed heartily, "If you say so, why go waste money at the hospital."

Tang Qian also nodded repeatedly, "Exactly. Leilei has been talking about wanting to see Uncle Yang these past few days. Today, Old Sun got off work early, so we came over. It's almost dinner time too—let's all go have dinner together. Let's invite Old Li as well."

Yang Fei, who had been struggling with having little appetite when eating alone every day, didn't refuse the offer at all and smiled, "Sure, let's go."

After calling Li Xuanton, Sun Weimin drove everyone to a private restaurant.

The three men naturally couldn't avoid drinking.

At the dinner table, Sun Weimin took the opportunity to say to Yang Fei, "Mr. Yang, you are Leilei's lifesaver, and the child likes you too. Why not become his godfather?"

Yang Fei was momentarily flustered, "I be his godfather?"

Tang Qian hastily nodded, "Yes, Weimin and I both think the child has a connection with you. It's most suitable for you to be his godfather."

Yang Fei quickly waved his hands, "No, no, I am too young for that, it's not appropriate."

Sun Weimin said, "What's inappropriate about it? We both think it's a great idea, and Leilei is willing too."

Sun Lei nodded repeatedly, looking at Yang Fei and saying, "Godfather, please agree."

Yang Fei, at a loss for words, shook his head and said, "No, that won't work, I..."

Sun Lei jumped off his chair and came beside Yang Fei, instantly kneeling down and saying, "If you won't be my godfather, then be my master, Master, please accept your disciple's bow."

The little boy, perhaps having seen TV dramas, actually did it quite skillfully, respectfully kowtowing three times.

Yang Fei was completely bewildered.

He hurriedly pulled Sun Lei up, looking bitterly at Sun Weimin and Tang Qian.

But he saw the couple beaming with joy, looking expectantly at him.

At this moment, Li Xuanton couldn't help but say, "Yang Fei, you cured this child, which means you are fated with him, and I see Weimin and his wife truly want to establish this relationship with you, and the child likes you too, you should just agree."

"This..." Yang Fei didn't know how to refuse at the moment.

Sun Weimin immediately said, "Mr. Yang, we really want to be closer to you, there's no other intention."

Tang Qian nodded, "Yes, I'm not afraid to be laughed at, but when Weimin and I got married, both families were against it, we haven't had much family interaction over the years. Meeting Dr. Yang felt

like an old acquaintance, plus our relationship with Leilei, we truly want to consider you as our brother, and to have more interactions in Binhai."

Ever since Yang Fei mentioned that Sun Lei was suitable for martial arts, Sun Weimin and his wife had been discreetly inquiring to find a good master for Sun Lei.

By coincidence, the affair with the Situ family occurred, and after hearing about it, Sun Weimin grew increasingly admiring of Yang Fei's abilities.

He felt that since Yang Fei was able to cure Leilei's illness and had such high cultivation at a young age, it would be very difficult for himself and Tang Qian to find a more powerful martial artist than Yang Fei.

Thus, the couple firmed up their plans, either to have Sun Lei take Yang Fei as a master, or to recognize him as a godfather.

This relationship was definitely going to be established one way or another.

Seeing the couple's sincere faces, and Sun Lei looking at him with admiration and yearning, Yang Fei found it hard to refuse at that moment.

"Since that's the case, then I will take Sun Lei as my disciple," Yang Fei finally compromised.

Sun Weimin and his wife were overjoyed, and Sun Lei was even more ecstatic, kneeling down again: "Thank you, Master."

Yang Fei chuckled, he didn't want to be a godfather, after all, he was still young, and if he was to have children, he wanted Qin Yanyang to bear them, how could he let someone else call him that first.

Thinking it over, Yang Fei said to Sun Weimin, "How about this, from now on, give me Leilei on weekends."

Sun Weimin and his wife nodded repeatedly: "Sure, as long as you are willing to teach him, even letting him quit school is fine."

The couple, both highly educated, had an open-minded perspective. In their family, the child's diploma was not important, what mattered was having correct values, good character, learning real skills, and most importantly, being healthy.

With Sun Lei following Yang Fei, he could learn both martial arts and medicine, which reassured the couple greatly.

Yang Fei chuckled, "That's not necessary."

After dinner, the Sun Weimin family left, also taking Old Li back with them.

Because it's not too far from Binjiang Garden, Yang Fei suggested walking after dinner to aid digestion and didn't let Sun Weimin drive him.

Just as he arrived home, his phone rang, and to his surprise, it was a call from Tong Yunshu.

"Junyue Building, save... save me!"

Just after answering the call, a very weak voice from Tong Yunshu could be heard, followed by the sound of a phone possibly hitting the floor.

"You bitch, daring to call for help, no one can save you today, fuck!" A faintly familiar male voice came from the phone.

Immediately after, there was the sound of pounding on a door.

Yang Fei's expression changed, he grabbed his car keys and sped towards Junyue Building.

Tong Yunshu had done him a favor, and now that she was in trouble, he had to go all out to rescue her.

Chapter 150 Contest

Xintian Di Entertainment Club.

In the most luxurious private room, Qin Hu was diligently attending to a young man in his twenties.

The young man was embracing a seductive woman with one arm and resting his other hand on Qin Hu's shoulder, leaning close to Qin Hu's ear to whisper, "Qin, come with me. I promise I won't let you down and will let you play a bigger role. You'll surely be promoted."

"I appreciate the offer, Young Master Jianzhou, but it was Miss Yun Shu who promoted me from scratch. She also saved my life. I can't betray her. Please forgive me," Qin Hu immediately replied.

The young man's name was Tong Jianzhou, scion of the Tong Family, a child from Yun Shu's second uncle's family.

He let go of the seductive woman and turned to face Qin Hu, a charming smile appearing on his face: "A man would die for money, just as birds would die for food. It's good to be loyal, but you also need to think about your own future. If something happens to my cousin and she loses the family's favor, then I'll be taking over all the family's businesses. By then, if you come to my side, many positions won't be yours anymore."

Qin Hu's heart chilled, and he looked at Jianzhou with surprise.

With a chuckle, Tong Jianzhou patted Qin Hu's shoulder and said, "Think it over."

Qin Hu stared at him, then abruptly asked, "Are you planning to do something to the eldest miss?"

Tong Jianzhou shrugged his shoulders, feigning innocence, "You can eat the wrong food, but you can't talk nonsense. She's my cousin. I only wish her well. How could I possibly do anything to her? It's not nice to try to sow discord between us."

Qin Hu snorted inwardly. Tong Jianzhou had always wanted to take over the Tong Family, but Tong Yunshu was too capable, handling many of the family affairs, so Jianzhou had always seen Yun Shu as his biggest competitor, constantly trying to trip her up.

Now, he was brazenly attempting to poach Qin Hu, which was not only excessive but arrogant.

Although Qin Hu was a Martial Artist, he was not without brains and was quite astute. He sensed that something might go wrong today and quickly took out his cell phone, wanting to warn Yun Shu.

"Fuck!"

Seeing Qin Hu pull out his phone, Tong Jianzhou knew his intentions and a fierce impatience flashed across his handsome face. He grabbed a wine bottle and smashed it ruthlessly toward Qin Hu's head.

Qin Hu, being a Martial Artist, reacted swiftly, leaning back with a punch.

But as soon as he moved, his expression changed drastically, feeling that his movements were slower than usual.

"Bang."

The wine bottle shattered on contact, hitting Qin Hu's forehead, and he failed to dodge in time.

As Tong Jianzhou swung the wine bottle, he stood up and kicked out.

Qin Hu was sent flying, blood spilling from the corner of his mouth.

He looked at Tong Jianzhou in shock, angrily saying, "You... you poisoned me?"

Seeing Qin Hu wounded, falling to the ground, Tong Jianzhou did not move to attack further; instead, he looked down with a contemptuous expression: "Even without poison, it would only take me a minute to beat you. Do you really think you're so incredible? I offered you a job out of respect. Since you are so devoted to that woman and have chosen your path, I'll just honor your loyalty. Someone, take him down for me."

If you won't work for me, then you're of no use at all!

Two of the young guys who had been fooling around in the room stepped forward. They had masked their presence before, but now they didn't bother to conceal it, revealing themselves as Inner Strength Martial Artists.

Qin Hu's complexion changed drastically.

Tong Jianzhou had come prepared, but if he wanted to deal with Qin Hu himself, why would he reveal himself personally?

This is bad, Miss Yun Shu must be in trouble too.

But he quickly calmed himself.

Miss Yun Shu had Zhou Chun with her, and Zhou Chun was a Mid Stage Inner Strength expert. Although Tong Jianzhou could mobilize some Inner Strength experts, it would not be easy to deal with the eldest miss.

He must escape and alert the eldest miss.

With this in mind, Qin Hu gathered his inner energy, attempting to break free, but he found that he couldn't concentrate it and his whole body felt weak and powerless.

...

Zhou Chun had it worse than Qin Hu.

The young lady was invited over today to gather with a few classmates, and he was guarding outside.

Suddenly, two people charged over, directly starting trouble with him.

He was a Mid Stage Internal Strength Martial Artist, while the two unfamiliar faces were also at the Inner Strength Middle Stage, with one of them even approaching the Late Stage Internal Strength, stronger than him.

Facing the siege of the two men, Zhou Chun fought as he retreated, even letting out a low roar to alert Tong Yunshu.

However, there was no movement from the private room where Tong Yunshu was.

Zhou Chun was both shocked and anxious, and with the two opponents being much stronger, prepared, and equipped with handy weapons, it only took a moment for him to suffer three knife wounds, bleeding profusely.

The fight lasted only one minute, and Zhou Chun was left seriously injured, one arm even being chopped off.

The adversaries were intending to kill him.

As a guard of the Tong Family, Zhou Chun had been trained by the family since he was young, was loyal to Tong Yunshu's father, extremely protective of Tong Yunshu, and followed her wholeheartedly.

Even though he was badly injured, he didn't think of escaping but instead tried his best to rush to the private room, wanting to take the young lady away.

As a result, he didn't even have the chance to escape.

If he had realized something was wrong and fled from the start, he might have had a slim chance of survival, calling the Tong Family's higher-ups later to devise a rescue.

But Zhou Chun knew Miss Yun Shu was so beautiful that if she fell into the hands of others, the consequences were unimaginable. The attackers were prepared and might not give the Tong Family's higher-ups the opportunity to come to the rescue later, and could harm Miss Yun Shu. So even knowing his chances were slim, he wanted to save Tong Yunshu.

Thus, he collapsed at the door of the private room, his body slashed more than a dozen times, an arm missing, lying in a pool of blood, convulsing, barely clinging to life.

In the private room, Tong Yunshu felt a headache after drinking a few sips of fruit juice. Soon after, she heard the fighting outside and Zhou Chun's roaring, and her heart tightened. She used discomfort as an excuse to hide in the restroom.

Today was the birthday of a college roommate, who invited a few classmates over for dinner, so Tong Yunshu came.

When she saw Sun Kangnian was also there, she felt displeased, but it was her roommate's birthday after all, so she didn't hurry to leave.

What she didn't expect was someone daring to drug her fruit juice.

She didn't know that when she hid in the restroom, the other female classmates in the private room also had blurred eyes and drowsily collapsed onto the table.

Only Sun Kangnian had a ferocious smile on his face, his eyes burning with desire.

It must be said, the looks and figures of Tong Yunshu's female classmates were also top-notch.

Sun Kangnian licked his lips, his gaze scanning over the elegant curves of these women, thinking he wouldn't let any of them go later.

Since it was done, the opportunity could not be missed.

By then, Tong Yunshu and these women would all be in his grasp, how could they dare not to obey?

Over the years, he had coerced no less than ten women using these methods; he was well-versed in such deeds, knowing that once it happened, these women would fear exposure and be meekly at his mercy.

Thinking of his triumph, Sun Kangnian chuckled heartily.

Afterward, his eyes fell on the restroom door.

Could she hide?

Tong Yunshu, after today, you will only obey me. If I, Sun Kangnian, want you to kneel and lick, you wouldn't dare refuse!