

## Overlord 181

Chapter 181: You Dare to Boast in Front of Me?

A few minutes later, the helicopter hovered motionless over the summit of Yun Mountain.

The lush branches swayed wildly in the wind as the helicopter door opened, and Tong Yan, holding Tong Yunshu's hand, leapt down.

"Ah!"

Tong Yunshu's cry of alarm echoed over the forest.

The helicopter hovered a good one to two meters above the treetops, and with the trees themselves being over twenty meters tall, a normal person jumping from this height would have a ninety percent chance of not surviving.

Yet Tong Yan, holding Yun Shu's hand, fell from the sky, not landing on any tree trunks but floating gently down to an open patch on the mountain summit.

Upon landing, Tong Yan's legs didn't even bend, and Yun Shu also remained steady.

Having never experienced anything like this before, it took her a long while to calm her emotions, and then, patting her chest, she said, "You scared me to death."

Tong Yan just smiled faintly, ignoring her, instead looking up in a certain direction.

There stood a young man in the prime of youth, indeed Yang Fei.

Tong Yunshu also saw Yang Fei, and though they had just met two days prior, seeing him now brought a surreal feeling.

She thought Yang Fei, having killed Tong Jianzhou, would not escape the Tong Family's pursuit.

Later, knowing that Yang Fei was to duel Yan Zhongshan, a martial artist of Energy Transformation Fifth Grade, the worry she felt was indescribable, an emotion she had never experienced before.

Now seeing this young man again, Tong Yunshu's eyes shimmered with an unusual brilliance; she smiled and was the first to speak, "Yang Fei, we meet again."

Yang Fei's gaze fell on the face of this stunning woman, and a surge of emotions filled his heart. He nodded and said, "Yes, we meet again so soon."

Before the noon duel with Yan Zhongshan, Tong Yunshu had called him to express her concern, while also hinting at the hatred her grandfather and uncle bore towards him, advising him to be cautious, even suggesting he lay low for a while.

He could not dismiss this favor.

When the call ended, he had said goodbye.

He had thought it unlikely they would meet again, but mere hours later, here they were.

"Your duel with Yan Zhongshan, you weren't injured?" Tong Yunshu asked with concern.

Yang Fei shook his head slowly, "No. Thank you for your concern, Miss Tong."

Upon hearing the address 'Miss Tong,' Tong Yunshu felt a touch of emptiness inside.

"Alright, alright, I didn't come here to listen to you young people talk about love," Tong Yan expressed impatiently, interrupting their conversation.

Yun Shu's cheeks flushed as she chided, "Third Grandpa, you... don't talk nonsense."

Tong Yan chuckled as he looked at her.

This girl, her heart clearly fluttering, yet still oblivious.

He didn't bring it up again but turned to Yang Fei and asked, "Young man, who is your master?"

Yang Fei heard this and shook his head, "When I completed my training, my master had already cautioned me to bear my own burdens should I cause trouble outside, and never to use his name. Besides, although my master taught me the methods of cultivation, he largely let me fend for myself, rarely meeting me. I know very little about him, I don't even know the name of the old man."

Tong Yan narrowed his eyes slightly at this and looked at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei met his gaze with a candid expression.

Tong Yan could tell he was not lying, and couldn't help but be astounded, "How strange indeed! To teach such a fine pupil, yet not tell you his name?"

Yang Fei nodded to himself. He felt that Tong Yan was right—his master was indeed a peculiar person.

"What does he look like?" Tong Yan asked curiously.

If it had been anyone else asking, Yang Fei would not have bothered to respond, but he had long been grateful to Tong Yan and had a positive impression of him. Moreover, Tong Yan was a true senior of the Martial World and dressed somewhat like his master. He also wanted to learn more about his enigmatic master, so he said,

"He dresses like a Taoist, just like you do, but my master is a bit chubby, with small eyes. He looks, uh..."

Tong Yan continued, "Does he look somewhat sleazy?"

Yang Fei's mouth twitched. He neither objected nor agreed.

He had almost said those words himself earlier but restrained since the man was his revered master.

Tong Yan and Tong Yun Shu noticed his expression and knew they were right. Tong Yan burst into laughter, and Tong Yun Shu could not help but chuckle.

"Do you happen to know my master?" Yang Fei asked Tong Yan with slight anticipation.

Tong Yan fell silent for a moment and then shook his head, "I'm not sure."

Yang Fei was taken aback, "Not sure? It seems you already have some guesses. Could you share them so that I could understand my master better?"

Tong Yan shook his head again, "If he is indeed the legendary figure in question, even I don't know much about him."

Seeing that he had referred to him as a senior, Yang Fei's expression changed. After a moment's thought, he shook his head and said, "Then he must be different from the one you are thinking of. My master doesn't look very old, probably much younger than you."

Tong Yan smiled faintly and shook his head, "Your realm isn't high enough to understand how powerful those who have truly entered the Tao are after using Martial Arts; they've already mastered the Youth Retention Technique."

Yang Fei's eyes lit up as he nodded, "Right, the Youth Retention Technique. That means my master might indeed be quite old."

Tong Yan's gaze upon Yang Fei grew more solemn, but soon, it shifted to admiration. He said, "There's no use in us making wild guesses here. I came today because I want to spar with you and see what heights you've achieved at such a young age."

Yang Fei was slightly moved by his words and looked towards Tong Yun Shu, feeling profoundly touched.

It must have been her who had intervened and spoken on his behalf, leading Tong Yan to merely propose a spar rather than seeking revenge over matters concerning the Tong family.

"It would be my honor. Since I returned to the country, I have encountered many martial artists, but none of them were impressive— even Yan Zhongshan, who I met today, was too weak. I heard that you've exceeded the peak of the Ninth Grade of the Energy Transformation Realm and are uniquely beneath the Innate Realm. I've long wanted to learn from you," Yang Fei said.

A glint flashed in Tong Yan's eyes, and he laughed loudly, "Hahaha. Good lad. Quite the bold statement. Fifth Grade Energy Transformation is already a rare achievement in Martial Arts, yet you speak so lowly of it."

"I defeated him with just one move. That Yan Zhongshan was indeed no challenge," Yang Fei said indifferently.

Tong Yan nodded, "Correct. The Seventh Rank Energy Transformation is a huge divide from the others. Although Yan Zhongshan grew through combat as a Combat Martial Artist, he was merely at the Fifth Grade Energy Transformation. Had he stepped into the Seventh Rank, defeating him would have been difficult for you."

Yang Fei thought of Xu Yingluo and Nan Liren.

Both appeared to be at the Seventh Rank Energy Transformation. At the time, he was slightly less capable than now, and it was somewhat strenuous when fighting Xu Yingluo, leading directly to him losing control of his body.

Comparing the two, Xu Yingluo was indeed far stronger than Yan Zhongshan.

But Xu Yingluo and Nan Liren had also died by his hands.

Yang Fei laughed, "The Seventh Rank Energy Transformation, to me now, can also be defeated with one move."

Upon hearing this, Tong Yan's eyelid twitched, and his expression was filled with skepticism as he looked at Yang Fei, "You can defeat the Seventh Rank Energy Transformation in one move?"

Yang Fei nodded, "If I truly wanted to defeat a Seventh Rank in one move, it wouldn't take a second."

Tong Yan's mouth twitched, "Young man, you dare boast in front of me?"

Yang Fei shook his head, speaking earnestly, "I have a great impression of you, senior. I would not exaggerate in front of you."

Chapter 182: Fighting the Big Shot with 50% Strength

Tong Yan saw Yang Fei's honest face and couldn't help but feel a chill in his heart.

This kid doesn't seem to be lying.

Damn, are the young people nowadays all so fierce?

After surpassing the Seventh Rank of Energy Transformation, although there is a considerable gap between each rank,

An Eighth Grade Energy Transformation defeating a Seventh Rank is not so easy.

Even if someone at the Energy Transformation Realm Ninth Grade wants to kill a Seventh Rank, unless they use some special and formidable methods, it's quite difficult to achieve a one-hit kill.

Could this kid be at the peak of Energy Transformation Ninth Grade?

Impossible!

According to the information extracted from the wanted list of the Martial Alliance, among the current generation in the Martial World, the most formidable are just a few people.

Second Young Master Zhang Yunqing of the Zhang Family is already at the Eighth Grade Energy Transformation, and even more impressive is the Heavenly Pride Girl of the Qin Family.

But that girl from the Qin Family is one of those born with destiny's favor, a type that appears only once in hundreds or even a thousand years.

Could this kid in front of me also belong to that category?

No way!

Tong Yan found it hard to accept this 'cruel' reality.

Qin Yanyang is one thing, after all, her family has been a Martial Arts Family for hundreds of years, and her grandfather, Qin Huai'an, is even one of the recorded National Guardians.

The advantages of family bloodlines and genes should have been passed down through their three generations.

But how can this kid, born an orphan and whose ancestors for eighteen generations were poor farmers with no one practicing martial arts, possess such talent?

Yang Fei had no idea about Tong Yan's inner drama. Seeing that Tong Yan had not spoken, he curiously asked, "Senior, can you kill an Energy Transformation Seventh Rank in one second? If not, I fear you are not my match, perhaps we shouldn't fight."

Tong Yan's face darkened with pride and he said, "Hmph, not to mention Seventh Rank, even Eighth Grade, or even Ninth Grade, I can easily suppress."

Yang Fei felt a chill and said, "As expected of a Unique Tier existence in legends, then I am even more eager to experience it for myself."

Tong Yan saw that he was not afraid, but instead exuded a strong and piercing battle intent, and he couldn't help but secretly praise.

He truly is an excellent seedling.

Such a persistent and stubborn unbeatable heart, embodying an invincible stance, this is what a true Martial Artist is.

"Hahaha, very well, I would like to see how amazing you young people are. It's been eight years since I've exchanged blows with the younger generation. Today, I will give you some pointers," Tong Yan laughed heartily and strode toward Yang Fei.

Yang Fei's fighting spirit surged wildly, his clothes billowing without wind, turning into an indomitable blade, domineering and fierce.

Tong Yan felt his raging fighting spirit and his competitive nature was aroused, his True Yuan circulated, and an immense and grand aura naturally formed around him, merging with the top of the world as if he were one with nature in a Taoist way.

Yang Fei watched the old Taoist approaching and his pupils shrank slightly, sensing a terrifying pressure sweeping towards him.

This pressure reminded him of the fierce battle a year ago.

Compared with the more than a dozen first-class masters who had joined forces to attack him that day, this old man seemed to be even stronger.

The Divine Continent Martial World really is a place of hidden dragons and crouching tigers!



And yet, facing him in my current state, I'm afraid I don't stand a chance at all.

But the faint worry in his heart was quickly replaced by his strong fighting spirit.

Today, I will fight a real master of the Unique Tier in the Divine Continent Martial World with fifty percent of my fighting power.

"Girl, stand back," Tong Yan told Tong Yunshu as they were originally about twenty meters apart and as he took steps forward. Although he was just taking small steps, he was getting increasingly closer. Feeling Tong Yunshu following, he spoke out to warn her.

Tong Yunshu was startled and thought to herself that she was already tens of meters away from them.

"Yes, Miss Tong, you should stand farther away," Yang Fei's voice came through as well.

After hearing this, Tong Yunshu realized the danger and nodded her head, obediently walking away to a farther distance.

Tong Yan's mouth twitched.

This girl doesn't trust my words but listens to this kid.

It's like she's turning her elbows outwards.

But thinking about this kid who seems to have already registered to marry that girl from the Qin Family, Tong Yan started to worry for his own daughter.

From ancient times, excessive emotions have bred nothing but resentment. It seems that this girl's true heart will likely be cast to the wind.

At this thought, Tong Yan didn't know whether to feel that Tong Yunshu was turning her elbow out against her own or to pity Tong Yunshu for her feelings that might be cast to the wind, a trace of coldness flashed through her eyes.

The entire atmosphere around her changed with that thought.

Earlier, she had seemed to blend seamlessly with her surroundings, in harmony with the Taoist way of nature. But now, the temperature in the space around her plummeted suddenly as if a wave of cold was sweeping in, foretelling the approach of a harsh winter.

Yang Fei keenly sensed this chill and his heart skipped a beat.

Had the elderly man become angry?

He couldn't quite understand, the old Taoist who had been friendly and kind just a moment ago, why had he suddenly become angry?

As he was puzzling over this, Tong Yan's advancing leg touched the ground, and she made a casual sweeping gesture.

An invisible Qi tore through the void, like a knife slashing at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei's pupils constricted.

Projecting Inner Strength outward?

This old Taoist certainly lived up to his reputation.

To outsiders, the splitting of the air by Qi might just seem like a gusty wind with nothing special about it, but Yang Fei could feel the intense chill and terror within the fierce wind.

It was an almost tangible invisible Qi Blade.

Upon returning to his homeland, Yang Fei took a matter seriously for the first time.

He focused his energy down into his Dantian and lashed out with a palm strike.

"Pfff!"

From the void in front of him came the sound of Qi being shattered by his palm.

Countless Energy Fragments scattered in all directions, and the ground bore the marks of the assault with dozens of small craters, dirt flying everywhere.

This was a tentative exchange between the two.

In the next instant, both figures burst forth almost simultaneously, without prior agreement.

From a distance, Tong Yunshu could only see a blur as her Third Grandpa and Yang Fei disappeared at the same time.

Then, a series of muffled sounds reached her, causing her eardrums to throb painfully. She couldn't help but cover her ears and stagger backward with a terrified expression.

In the dimness of the forest, Tong Yunshu, not being a Martial Artist with limited vision, looked up in horror. She could only see two blurry figures darting about in that area, moving at a blinding speed that made it impossible to discern clearly.

For the first time, Tong Yunshu was horrified to discover the terrifying extent to which humans could control power.

Such speed was beyond anything she had dared to imagine before.

And then there was the time when Third Grandpa had taken her from a twenty-meter-high airplane and landed smoothly on the ground.

All of this was at odds with the scientific education she had received.

"Crack!"

Rustle!

Suddenly, a loud noise erupted, and Tong Yunshu's heart rose to her throat, her face full of concern.

She saw a tree as thick as a utility pole struck by a single palm, which then snapped and crashed to the ground.

Hiss!!!

Tong Yunshu gasped in shock.

If such a palm strike were to hit a person, wouldn't it kill them on the spot?

Two minutes later, Tong Yunshu saw a blurry figure drift into the dense grove behind her.

The other figure immediately gave chase and followed closely behind.

"Crack!"

Another large tree fell.

A moment later, yet another fell.

She felt as though her entire understanding had been overturned, leaving her numb.

### Chapter 183: Bragging Through the Roof

At the top of Yun Mountain, more than a dozen large and robust trees had fallen, and there were even massive trees that a person couldn't embrace with both arms, shattered open, with only half remaining to keep the trees from toppling.

The two figures pursued and confronted each other in the forest. While their path wasn't completely razed to the ground, it was filled with countless gashes and holes.

Tong Yunshu had already become numb. She simply couldn't fathom how humans, without any external help, could cause such tremendous destruction.

"Boy, do you think to exhaust this old man's True Yuan by taking advantage of the mountain forest?" Suddenly, Tong Yan's voice came.

Yun Shu's heart stirred upon hearing this.

Did Third Grandpa mean to say that Yang Fei had been driven back all this time?

She began to worry, her mouth opening slightly. She really wanted to shout a warning to Third Grandpa to not hurt Yang Fei, but she was also afraid of making Third Grandpa angry, even more so of hurting Yang Fei's pride with her reminder.

"Senior, you are still strong despite your age, truly remarkable in power. Fighting hard against you would be unwise for someone of my junior status, thus I can only resort to this strategy," said Yang Fei.

"Hmph, you managing to fight me evenly for dozens of moves was impressive enough, but to think you could exhaust me to death by using the terrain is pure folly!" Tong Yan snorted.

In the forest, Yang Fei dodged and hid behind the trees, avoiding Tong Yan's fierce attacks while secretly smiling bitterly.

In the beginning, he had managed to exchange blows evenly with Tong Yan for over two minutes without falling short.

He thought he could hold on, but unexpectedly, Tong Yan still had strength in reserve and increased his combat power.

That left Yang Fei with no choice but to give it his all, using moves of Sky Splitting Divine Fist to unleash the maximum power of every strike.

Indeed, his actions took Tong Yan by surprise, almost causing him a disadvantage. However, after several exchanges, Tong Yan stabilized the rhythm and once again overpowered Yang Fei.

Yang Fei didn't dare to bring his True Yuan up to the critical point for fear of losing control again.

With Qin Yanyang not by his side, he didn't know whether he could recover on his own if he lost control.

Moreover, he sensed that Tong Yan was not fully intent on delivering a fatal blow, so he was not willing to risk unleashing his strongest fighting strength at present.

Plus, he felt that the old Taoist still had more to reveal.

Even risking control to unleash his strongest force, victory would likely still elude him.

It was no surprise – an existence of a tier unique between the Energy Transformation Realm and the Innate.

Like this, the two of them fought through the forest for more than ten minutes.

Dozens of large trees had fallen in the forest.

Yang Fei fought while retreating, rarely confronting the opponent head-on anymore. In doing so, although the strain on him was significantly reduced, Tong Yan's condition still seemed to be at its peak.

"Ahem, senior, shall we take a break?" Yang Fei felt that the other party wasn't intent on teaching him a lesson and couldn't help but speak up.

Tong Yan let out a cold hum, and his figure suddenly accelerated.

Yang Fei's pupils contracted in shock.

What kind of movement technique was this, so fast?

He hadn't expected that the old Taoist still had a trick up his sleeve.

Without any hesitation, not wanting to be beaten and not wanting to lose face in front of a beauty, Yang Fei also employed his Qing Gong technique.

One could see his feet suddenly stomping in midair, stepping consecutively as if solid steps formed out of nothingness, giving him leverage. From his originally shifting position still suspended in the air, his body suddenly shot up like a rocket, springing off the back of a large tree behind him.

"Boom!"

The tree was struck, leaving a large hole; the massive trunk shook violently, scattering leaves and many small branches everywhere.

"Stepping on the Air Divine Step, Thousand Mechanism Guide!" Tong Yan's pupils shrank, his eyes shooting out two beams of light as he exclaimed in astonishment.

He watched Yang Fei, who was clinging to the tree trunk overhead, but he did not continue to chase after him.

Yang Fei clung to the tree, gasping for air.

Faced with that one strike from Tong Yan, he had two options.

One was to mobilize all of his True Yuan, relying on the power of Sky Splitting Divine Fist to meet the blow head-on.

With his current condition, using that move would most likely result in his body collapsing from being out of control.

The other option was to employ the Qinggong technique his master had taught him.

Although it was "just" a Qinggong technique, it actually demanded a high level of Cultivation, requiring powerful True Yuan to achieve its full effect.

Therefore, after executing that move, he indeed successfully evaded Tong Yan's attack but also suffered a substantial depletion of True Yuan within his body. Sweat poured out like syrup, and he began to gasp for air heavily.

Upon hearing Tong Yan shout out the name of his Qing Gong technique, Yang Fei was secretly astonished and, looking down at him, said, "Senior recognizes this movement technique?"

Tong Yan's complexion was also vividly flushed, suggesting that the consumption had been significant for him as well.

Without answering Yang Fei, he reached into his chest and took out a porcelain bottle, from which he poured an elixir into his mouth.

Then, he closed his eyes and regulated his breath for a moment.



Yang Fei could clearly feel that his energy had stabilized, and like a charged battery, his power seemed to have recovered substantially.

Damn!

This old Taoist has no sense of martial honor, actually replenishing himself during battle.

After thinking for a moment, Yang Fei let go with both hands and jumped down from the tree. Thickening his face, he stretched out a hand and said, "Senior, give me one too."

Tong Yan saw his shameless appearance and couldn't help but twitch his mouth, but in the end, he generously gave him an elixir.

Yang Fei had no doubts and immediately swallowed it.

The elixir dissolved as soon as it entered his mouth, a rich heat spread throughout his body. His inner True Yuan excitedly welcomed it, continuously absorbing the warmth.

"Good pill!" Yang Fei praised.

Tong Yan replied with a proud look on his face, "Naturally, it took me decades of collecting to refine just over a dozen of these. They are spiritual elixirs that quickly restore True Essence Inner Breath."

"Thank you for your generous gift, Senior." Yang Fei said.

Tong Yan waved his hand and said, "I had no intention of killing you; you shouldn't have wasted it just now."

"It's just an elixir, for me, maintaining the best condition at all times is the most important thing," Yang Fei said.

Tong Yan's eyes brightened and he laughed, "You, kid, think the same as I do. Hehe, as Martial Artists, we inevitably offend many people. Thus, keeping ourselves always in the best condition is what allows us to live long."

Yang Fei chuckled, and the two shared a moment of mutual understanding.

Tong Yan asked, "Do we need to continue fighting?"

Yang Fei was very straightforward and shook his head, "No more fighting, no more. It's a waste of effort. I'm no match for Senior right now, but if I really wanted to run, I am afraid Senior would not be able to stop me."

Tong Yan thought for a moment and nodded, saying, "Indeed, if I cannot completely overpower you and you only wish to flee to save your life, killing you would come at a cost."

Yang Fei responded with a hint of disbelief, "By what you're saying, you're confident that you could kill me if I truly decided to leave?"

Tong Yan nodded, "If I'm not afraid of the cost, I can kill you."

Yang Fei's mouth twitched, "Really? Senior, I haven't used all my strength. If I go all out with my powerful moves, even you might get hurt."

"Oh?"

Tong Yan, reminded of the previous battle, couldn't help but look at Yang Fei and ask, "Did you hold back, as if you didn't dare to give it your all?"

Yang Fei nodded and said, "Yes, I was critically injured by someone a year ago, and haven't recovered from it yet."

Tong Yan was taken aback, sizing him up. After a moment of observation, he shook his head, "No, your body shows no abnormalities, you're not injured."

Yang Fei said, "It's not an injury of the flesh or anything like that, but a problem with the True Qi in my body. I can't mobilize all of it. Currently, I can only access about fifty percent."

Tong Yan was utterly shocked and thought he heard wrong, "How much percent?"

"Fifty percent," Yang Fei honestly replied.

For some reason, he felt an inexplicable kinship with Tong Yan and trusted him a bit more.

Moreover, he felt there was nothing to hide about this matter; there was no harm in speaking openly.

Watching Yang Fei boast shamelessly right in front of him, Tong Yan wished he could slap him.

Goddamn, showing off in front of me?!

Even if you are that person's Direct Disciple, to have achieved your current Cultivation Realm is already a sign of extraordinary talent.

And yet you're still boasting that you only used fifty percent of your power?

All the bulls in Binhai are about to be blown to the sky by you.

Chapter 184: I'm Married Now

Tong Yan watched Yang Fei somewhat speechlessly for a long time before finally calming down.

Brag all you want, at least the kid has genuine talent and skill, his strength is seriously bad-ass already.

If given more time to grow, it's not impossible for him to cross the great divide that I still haven't crossed and step into the Innate Realm.

Tong Yunshu also ran over at this time, having overheard their earlier conversation, her eyes shone with fascination as they landed on Yang Fei's face.

Indeed impressive, even Third Grandpa is looking at him differently now.

But to say he's only exerting fifty percent of his combat power, isn't that a bit too exaggerated?

She couldn't help but think back to the time when she took Yang Fei to see her grandfather for treatment.

Back then, Yang Fei said a lot that sounded like boasting to her, but looking back now, maybe Yang Fei wasn't just talking big.

At this thought, she was inwardly startled, could it be that Yang Fei is really that powerful, only unleashing half of his combat power due to his injuries?

However, Yang Fei was unaware of their grandfather and granddaughter's thoughts; he looked at Tong Yan and said, "Senior, once I've recovered to sixty...er, perhaps seventy percent of my strength, you won't be a match for me."

Tong Yan was furiously exasperated, "Kid, can you die if you don't brag? Damn it, I've seen braggers before, but I've never seen someone who can brag like you. Even your master wouldn't dare to say he could suppress me using just fifty percent of his strength, would he?"

Seeing his anger, Yang Fei realized he might have wounded his pride, and quickly changed the subject, "Senior, since you recognize my Qing Gong technique, you must certainly know my master's name, right?"

Tong Yan, seeing Yang Fei looking at him with expectation, pondered for a moment, then nodded, "I suppose I know him. It turns out we're from the same lineage, both inheritors of the Taoist way."

"Taoist way?" Yang Fei was astonished.

Tong Yan nodded and said, "Your master is a true cultivator, and my Xuanzhen Temple is also a genuine Taoist lineage, so indeed we belong to the same family."

Yang Fei hurriedly said, "Then I have even more reason to call you senior."

Tong Yan listened and, not knowing if he was reminded of something, his old face turned somewhat red.

Damn it, if this kid is truly the Fatty Taoist's disciple, then by the Taoist way of ranking by seniority, wouldn't his rank be the same as mine?

For a moment, Tong Yan felt a storm raging inside him, wishing he could slap himself.

Why did I tell him I knew his master, why did I say we belong to the same lineage?

But thinking about how he is friends with my granddaughter which makes them of the same generation, and going by that, it seems I really am a senior to him.

Moreover, if my granddaughter and he...

No, that's wrong. This kid has a complicated relationship with the Qin Family girl. I don't know whether that relationship is real or fake. Should I keep Yunshu from getting too close to him until I figure it out?

But to let such a promising young talent slip through our fingers really leaves me unwilling.

If the Qin Family can do it, why can't the Tong Family?

If Yunshu ends up with him and with this kid's strength, there's no doubt he will step into the Innate Realm someday. Add the reputation of his master, the Fatty Taoist, and considering the Divine Continent Martial World, even the global Martial Arts community, who would dare to underestimate the Tong Family then?

At this moment, Tong Yan gritted his teeth, as if he had made a certain decision, his eyes ablaze as they fixed on Yang Fei.

So what if he's married.

If need be, just snatch him away.

The Qin Family doesn't seem to approve of this kid, and with the Zhang Family seeking an alliance through marriage with the Qin Family, if I let Yunshu snatch this kid away, I reckon many from the Qin and Zhang Families would actually thank me.

With these thoughts, Tong Yan's determination grew even stronger.

He looked at Yang Fei and said, "You lad might be a bit boastful, but I do like your temperament. Haven't had dinner yet, have you? How about we find a place to grab a bite and drink some wine?"

Yang Fei nodded and replied, "Yes, elder. Since you have come from afar, I will definitely fulfill my duties as the host today."

While speaking, he seemed somewhat uncertain and looked at Tong Yan, "But I did kill Tong Jianzhou and fought against Tong Fujun, so I've offended the Tong Family. Are you really able to let bygones be bygones, elder?"

Tong Yan waved his hand and said, "They're not my sons or grandsons. I'm not too heartbroken about it. And, I've been displeased with them for a long time."

Yang Fei: "..."

Tong Yunshu: "..."

In the end, it was Tong Yunshu who first collected herself and asked cautiously, "Third Grandpa, are... are you serious?"

Tong Yan huffed, "Competition for the succession of the family is inevitable, and it should be fair and just, using proper means. But Tong Fujun and Tong Jianzhou took a crooked path and could even do such things to their own kin, which is lower than pigs and dogs."

After a pause, a cold light flashed in Tong Yan's eyes as he said coldly, "Moreover, they colluded with outsiders. In order to obtain powerful support, they surely promised many benefits to the other party, which is tantamount to inviting wolves into one's house. The Tong Family will inevitably be destroyed by their hands one day."

Tong Yunshu looked at Tong Yan in surprise and said admiringly, "So it turns out that while Third Grandpa was at Xuanzhen Temple, you knew everything about the family affairs and could see through the current flaws of our clan."

Tong Yan said, "I just didn't want to be bothered by worldly matters and was devoted to pursuing martial arts; that doesn't mean I'm really ignorant about the family's situation. These years, your grandfather has been too arrogant and vain. He thought making some money was impressive, not realizing that to us martial artists, wealth is just a pile of numbers, something that can be taken at any time. If the Tong Family wants to secure its position, or even advance further, it needs to produce talent from within, not rely on external forces."

Tong Yunshu nodded and said, "You're absolutely right, Third Grandpa. But Grandpa has been too indulgent with the clan members these years, unwilling to let the family endure hardships. As a result, our Tong Family hasn't produced any true martial arts masters for two generations, with no one capable of carrying the banner."

Tong Yan looked at her approvingly and nodded, "The girl has a good eye and can see the issues within the Tong Family. Hence, the future burden of the Tong Family falls on you. Can you handle it?"

Tong Yunshu was startled and her entire being became confused, "Me?"

Tong Yan nodded.

Tong Yunshu hurriedly said, "I can't. I can help with managing the family business, but to control the whole family... After seeing your battle today, I realized how weak I am without martial arts. I can't manage the entire Tong Family, especially when you, Third Grandpa, are still here. With you around, nothing can happen to the Tong Family."

Tong Yan asked, "What if I die?"

Tong Yunshu's whole body shivered, and her face turned pale instantly.

If the Tong Family lost Third Grandpa, the stabilizer, it could be devoured by other forces any minute.

"No, that won't happen. Third Grandpa, you're still so vigorous, you'll live a very long time," Tong Yunshu hurriedly shook her head.

Tong Yan sighed softly and said, "Even though I still have some years to live, after all, the Tong Family needs someone to grow up and take over. Girl, there's not a single promising one in this generation of the Tong Family, so it all depends on you."

"I really can't," Tong Yunshu waved her hands frantically.

If she had previously thought herself capable of controlling the vast Tong Family and leading it to greater heights, the events of the past few days had given her a deeper understanding of the Martial World, and she realized the immense pressure that came with being the Tong Family Head.

Hehe, if I say you can, then you definitely can. You may not know martial arts, but as long as you have someone supporting you, no one would dare to touch the Tong Family," Tong Yan said, looking towards Yang Fei.

Tong Yunshu also looked at Yang Fei, and her pretty face flushed with color.



Yang Fei had been feeling a bit embarrassed listening to them discuss the Tong Family matters right in front of him; now that Tong Yan and Tong Yunshu both looked at him, piecing together what had been said, he was suddenly bewildered.

What are you looking at me for?

I... I'm a married man already.

Chapter 185: About Fatty Taoist

"Yang Fei, how do you find our Yun Shu?" Tong Yan looked at Yang Fei and asked.

Upon hearing Third Grandpa ask this, Tong Yunshu's face flushed red, and her ears began to burn with heat. She wanted to complain, to ask Third Grandpa not to inquire, but for some reason, she was very eager to hear how Yang Fei would respond.

By nature, she was quite bold, and at this moment, she couldn't help but smile as she intentionally stared at Yang Fei.

With her gaze fixed on him, Yang Fei felt somewhat uncomfortable. He had always been afraid when facing Tong Yunshu alone, finding her too alluring and fearing that he wouldn't be able to resist making a mistake and doing something to betray his wife.

Now, with the addition of the unrestrained and outspoken Tong Yan, he felt even less able to cope.

Yet faced with their anticipation, he felt obliged to reply.

So he had no choice but to stiffen his resolve and say, "Miss Tong is naturally very outstanding."

"Do you like her?" Tong Yan asked.

Even Tong Yunshu, who was typically audacious, felt so embarrassed by the question that she wished she could find a hole to crawl into.

As for Yang Fei, there was no need to mention how he felt, his palms sweating as he awkwardly said, "Well, senior, let's go down the mountain to find a place to eat, shall we?"

"A man should be straightforward, to like is to like, to dislike is to dislike, why beat around the bush?" Tong Yan looked at Yang Fei as he spoke.

Yang Fei turned red to the tips of his ears.

He wanted to say he didn't like her, but he was afraid of hurting Tong Yunshu's pride.

Moreover, as a normal man, to claim to be completely immune to the strong allure of a woman like Tong Yunshu would be nothing but self-deception, even hypocrisy.

In the past few days, he had often imagined Tong Yunshu's body, betraying Qin Yanyang in his mind.

So, when pressured by Tong Yan, all he could say was, "Senior, Miss Tong is extremely outstanding, but... but I'm already married, I have a wife."

Tong Yan nodded, "I know. But these are not issues. As far as I know, your wife's family is against you two being together, so there's nothing official about your relationship yet."

Yang Fei hurriedly said, "I feel that if I try hard enough, her family will accept me, and besides, my wife probably likes me too. We've only been together for less than a month, with more time and interaction, we will surely come together."

Upon hearing his words, Tong Yunshu didn't know why, but she felt a deep sense of loss in her heart.

Ever since Yang Fei saved her a few days ago and they had shared an intimate interaction, her feelings for Yang Fei had subtly changed.

In the past, she had been independent and confident, and her feelings for Yang Fei were merely ones of admiration, later developing respect for his medical skills and martial arts.

But after careful consideration, she felt that she hadn't fallen for this man.

Now, however, after experiencing so much together, she realized that she actually cared a great deal for him and had indeed fallen for him.

Although she knew that Yang Fei was married, she had never met his wife, nor did she know about Qin Yanyang's status; no one had told her.

So now, hearing Yang Fei's response, she couldn't help but feel a deep loss, and an inexplicable sense of defiance arose in her.

Being a woman with a strong sense of competitiveness, her desire to win was fully ignited.

Tong Yan, however, knew how outstanding Qin Yanyang was.

He had once seen that lady; despite only seeing her once, he thought his own Yun Shu paled in comparison.

In terms of beauty, they might be evenly matched, but the Qin Family's young lady was a genuine cultivation genius.

On that alone, Yun Shu was at a complete loss.

No, he couldn't just give up so easily.

With this thought, Tong Yan changed the subject, "Let's go down the mountain to eat something instead."

Yang Fei immediately let out a sigh of relief.

Tong Yunshu had been staring at him the whole time, her gaze going from expectant to disappointed and, in the end, becoming somewhat reproachful.

He was not a master of romance, so he simply couldn't handle it.

Once in the car, Yang Fei drove, Tong Yan sat in the passenger seat, and Tong Yunshu sat in the back.

As he drove, Yang Fei asked, "Senior, does everyone refer to my master as the Fatty Taoist?"

Tong Yan nodded, "Yes, many people do not know his name, and the vast majority in the Martial World only know of him by the name 'Fatty Taoist'."

Yang Fei said, "Then, senior, you must know the old master's name, right?"

Tong Yan shook his head, "I am not particularly clear about that."

Yang Fei was startled, "Not particularly clear?"

Tong Yan nodded, "Actually, I have never met your master. To many people, the Fatty Taoist is nothing but a legend."

Yang Fei's eyes lit up, "Is my master really that amazing?"

Tong Yan said solemnly, "Indeed, your master is a remarkable person, not just in the Divine Continent Martial World, but also around the globe."

Yang Fei, recalling that he had never heard about his master during his years overseas, couldn't help feeling puzzled, "Famous around the globe, really?"

Tong Yan nodded assertively, "It's true. He is a real legend, and a target that many of the strong across the Divine Continent currently pursue."

Yang Fei was genuinely shocked, "Really?"

"Absolutely true," Tong Yan said, "Among the few National Guardian Level powerhouses in the Divine Continent Martial World, your master is in a unique tier."

Yang Fei was so stunned he was left speechless.

He knew his master must be extraordinarily powerful, but he had not realized just how powerful.

But he soon came to terms with it.

If he himself could be so formidable, wasn't it normal for his master to be extraordinary?

He burst into laughter, "Hahaha, so, from now on, whenever I'm bullied, I just need to mention my master's name. I have backup, too."

The corner of Tong Yan's mouth twitched as he said, "Indeed, you have backup, and a powerful one at that."

Though Yang Fei said this, he didn't take it to heart.

Over the years he had relied on himself to grow, and moreover, his master had once said that a man should be upright, responsible, and ready to face the consequences of his actions, bearing all things on his own.

Therefore, he had never thought to live relying on others.

"Senior said we're from the same lineage, so which Taoist Sect does my master belong to? I'm not particularly familiar with Taoism, but I know it seems to be divided into many sects."

Tong Yan said, "That's correct, to be precise, it's the Taoist lineage that has many diverse sects. And indeed, they all collectively refer to Taoism, maintaining close relations with each other for thousands of years. As for which sect your master belongs to, that's hard to trace. He seems to be more like a Taoist loose cultivator, not belonging to Zhengyi Daoist, Quanzhen Dao, and differs from the Lushan Sect, Maoshan Tao, and Jingming Sect as well."

Yang Fei was bemused, "That doesn't sound very orthodox."

Tong Yan laughed, "Speaking of Taoist heritage, it indeed doesn't seem orthodox, but Taoism has always embraced a wide array of practices. Each individual has a different understanding of the Tao, so as long as one cultivates Taoism, they are part of the Taoist lineage. Everyone recognizes your identity, and there's no disdain or anything of that sort."

Yang Fei, at a loss for words, said, "But there should still be a sect to come from, right? Could it be that my master has founded his own?"

After pondering for a moment, Tong Yan nodded, "It's quite possible. Otherwise, he might be from Ten States and Three Islands or the Ten Great Cave Heavens."

"Ten States and Three Islands, Ten Great Cave Heavens?" Tong Yunshu in the back couldn't help but join the conversation, saying, "Sounds quite fantastical."

Yang Fei also said, "Yes, it's getting more and more mysterious."

Tong Yan laughed and said, "They're just fancier terms for places that are hard for ordinary people to reach, really not so mystical. They are just deep mountains, ancient forests, or overseas islands, that's all."

Yang Fei nodded, not dwelling on it further, and asked, "Senior, you said my master is powerful, but what are some of his glorious deeds?"

Tong Yunshu also listened with eager anticipation, finding the feats of these Martial Arts World heroes fascinating.

#### Chapter 186: What Others Despise, I Do Not Want

Seeing Yang Fei and Tong Yunshu both very interested in the matter, Tong Yan said, "There are not many tales about the Fatty Taoist circulating in the Martial World because he is elusive and not well-known, so even fewer people know of his deeds. However, there is one thing that is enough to make him a legend."

"What is it?" Tong Yunshu couldn't help but ask.

Tong Yan said, "He once offended a National Guardian Level powerhouse. Later, that National Guardian Level powerhouse called two others of the same Innate Realm for help, in an attempt to suppress the Fatty Taoist. The Fatty Taoist took on all three and emerged victorious in the battle."

Tong Yunshu exclaimed in shock, "That powerful? If he were to face a National Guardian Level in a one-on-one duel, wouldn't he be invincible?"

Tong Yan nodded, "Pretty much. In the eyes of many, he is considered a ceiling-level existence in the Divine Continent Martial World."

Tong Yunshu said with envy, "That's incredibly impressive."

At the same time, she looked towards Yang Fei and said, "No wonder you're so powerful, it turns out you have such an outstanding master."

Tong Yan chuckled, "The master leads the way, but cultivation is up to the individual. Yang Fei is so powerful mainly because he has extraordinary martial cultivator talent. Otherwise, even if the Fatty Taoist were more impressive, it wouldn't matter."

Tong Yunshu silently nodded.

Tong Yan continued, "However, your strength indeed exceeds my expectations. To my knowledge, you were only taken by the Fatty Taoist at the age of thirteen, and now at twenty-three, you've only practiced martial arts for ten years and have already grown to this level. To a certain extent, your talent has already surpassed that of the Qin Family and the Zhang Family, even comparing favorably to that thirty-something-year-old monster of the Zhang Family who stepped into the National Guardian Level. The Fatty Taoist is truly remarkable, not just in his strength, but also in his eye for choosing disciples."

Yang Fei opened his mouth, but in the end, he didn't explain.

Could he say that he had only followed the Fatty Taoist for a few years and was still criticized by him for being dull every day?

Whether it was medical skill or martial arts, although he inherited them from the Fatty Taoist, only he knew that his growth relied on the two ancient books his master gave him.

One book was about cultivation, and the other recorded various medical skills.

When his master gave him those two books, he even sighed, "If you can comprehend these two books, your future will be limitless."

At that time, Yang Fei asked his master if he had become so powerful by studying these two books.

The Fatty Taoist thought for a long time and said that he only grasped the basics, barely tapping into the threshold.

Upon hearing this, Yang Fei was filled with eagerness and resolved to study hard, learning the skills from the two ancient books.

Later, when he felt he had grasped the contents of the two books, he even called his master to tell him. His master was astounded, having not cared for him for several years, but then immediately went to meet him to verify the truth.

Upon meeting, the master attacked him, leading to a fight between the master and the disciple.



After that, the Fatty Taoist no longer wanted to see him, even being too lazy to make a phone call.

Looking back now, Yang Fei still felt a bit guilty; he shouldn't have fought so hard at that time.

Anyway, this was definitely not something to tell outsiders.

After descending the mountain, Yang Fei took Tong Yan and Tong Yunshu to a rural restaurant for dinner.

Ordering a few dishes according to Tong Yan's preferences, the three of them ate and chatted.

After a few cups of wine, Tong Yan, his face flushed, looked at Yang Fei and said, "Kid, do you have any feelings for my girl Yunshu?"

Both Yang Fei and Tong Yunshu blushed with embarrassment when directly asked this, with Tong Yunshu even more shyly scolding, "Third Grandpa, you... you shouldn't talk nonsense."

Tong Yan glared and said, "Romance is human nature. At your age, it's natural to be most interested in the opposite sex."

Tong Yunshu's ears turned red, and she could only say to Yang Fei, "Yang Fei, you... you shouldn't listen to my Third Grandpa, he's drunk."

Yang Fei smiled bitterly and nodded.

For a martial arts master like Tong Yan, not to mention a few cups of wine, even a few kilograms wouldn't get him drunk.

This old Taoist was saying it on purpose.

But he could only agree with Tong Yunshu, otherwise it would be too awkward.

"Yeah, the senior seems to be in a good mood today, like he's had a bit too much to drink," Yang Fei said.

I had never been in a relationship before, but after returning to the country this time and spending day and night with Qin Yanyang, I gradually started to catch feelings, and it wasn't long before I really felt emotionally attached.

As for Tong Yunshu, I didn't think there was any emotion between us.

We hadn't spent much time together, not like the frequent conversations and mutual understanding I had with Qin Yanyang.

But then, images of Tong Yunshu's voice and smile would often flash across my mind, especially after that time I saved her, and whenever I had a physical reaction, she was definitely a part of what came to mind.

Yet I felt it was just a man's instinctive aesthetic appreciation for an exceptional woman.

That had to be it, I, Yang Fei, am loyal when it comes to emotions, and I would never do anything to betray my wife.

Seeing Yang Fei express the same thoughts, Tong Yunshu felt an emptiness inside, subtly biting her lip as she glanced at him.

Yang Fei caught her gaze and felt a sudden tremor in his heart, an inexplicable pang of pity, and he quickly averted his eyes.

This woman used to love teasing me, but back then, even though her actions and words were bold and unrestrained, making my heart race, it was all just to have fun with me, more like a joke.

But now, something about her eyes was off!

Could it be that she has feelings for me?

At the thought, Yang Fei's heartbeat sped up, and he felt a little elated, enjoying the sensation.

But then he quickly realized something was wrong.

How could I feel happy about this?

I am a married man.

But... but this feeling of being liked by a top-notch beauty is really exhilarating.

Yang Fei thought it over and felt there was nothing wrong with him, this was normal.

What man wouldn't be elated to be liked by a top-notch beauty? Would anyone actually feel disgusted?

Only if he was gay.

Tong Yan was oblivious to the torrent of thoughts in the hearts of both Tong Yunshu and Yang Fei at that moment. Seeing both of them blushing yet unwilling to admit it, he teased with a laugh, "Just admit it, both of your faces are as red as pig liver. Kid, you're a man, you should be generous and brave, don't let the woman who likes you feel sad. You have to take the initiative, you have to take responsibility!"

Yang Fei: "..."

What the hell, I don't have anything with Tong Yunshu yet, how do you expect me to take the initiative or be responsible?

Plus, I'm a married man, your words are pushing me to make a mistake!

Tong Yunshu couldn't stand it anymore. Yang Fei had told her he was married, and although she had never met Yang Fei's wife, it was clear from Yang Fei's reactions that he was very good to her. She stomped her foot and stood up saying, "Third Grandpa, if you keep this up, I'm leaving. Yang Fei is a married man, and by doing this, you're making it uncomfortable for him and embarrassing for me."

Seeing Tong Yunshu genuinely upset, Tong Yan sighed and told Yang Fei, "Kid, the Qin Family might not be suitable for you. If you are ever wronged, come to our Tong Family. We will treat you as our priority and won't force you to do anything against your will."

Tong Yunshu couldn't help but laugh and cry, "Third Grandpa, what are you implying? That I'm a fallback option? A man whom others have rejected... I... I don't want him either."

Tong Yan laughed heartily, "Right, who wants damaged goods? Quality items are in high demand. If you want something, you have to compete for it."

Tong Yunshu's bright eyes fixed on Yang Fei, pondering deeply.

And Yang Fei was stunned.

What does that mean?

You won't consider men others have rejected, so does that mean you'll actually fight for men others desire?

Chapter 187 Qin Yanyang's Call

After dinner, it was already past eight in the evening.

When departing, Yang Fei asked Tong Yan, "Senior, does this mean the feud between me and the Tong Family is now settled?"

Tong Yan nodded and said, "Not only is there no feud, we might even become one family in the future."

Yang Fei was speechless.

He had already said he had a wife, as a way to refuse, yet the old man was still deliberately trying to bring them together.

I can't just say in front of Tong Yunshu that I don't like you.

That would be too damaging to one's self-respect.

"Ahem, I, for one, don't hold any grudge or resentment towards the Tong Family, but many people from the Tong Family might still hold a grudge against me, so please, Senior, speak to them after you go back. I understand if they feel some resentment in their hearts, but if they dare to target my relatives or do anything to them, then they can't blame me when the time comes," said Yang Fei.

Hearing Yang Fei's words, Tong Yan chuckled, nodded, and said, "Relax, as long as I do not step in, no one in the Tong Family is your match. I think even if they hold grudges, they wouldn't dare do anything."

"That's for the best," Yang Fei replied.

Yang Fei asked if they were going together to the city. Tong Yunshu shook her head and said, "We need to return to the Tong Family's ancestral home."

Yang Fei nodded, bid farewell, opened the car door, and prepared to head back to the city.

Just as he got into the car, Tong Yan's voice came through, "Kid, remember what I told you today. The Qin Family is noble and high-ranking; it's very difficult for you to get in. But the doors of the Tong Family will always be open to you."

Tong Yunshu stomped her feet in embarrassment and was utterly helpless to do anything about her Third Grandpa.

Yang Fei also felt speechless.

This old Taoist must be a bit crazy; otherwise, who would push their granddaughter into someone else's arms so eagerly?

"Goodbye to you both," Yang Fei dropped the words and floored the gas pedal. The Phaeton shot out and quickly disappeared from the sight of the grandfather and granddaughter.

"Third Grandpa, you... you can't do this next time; it's very embarrassing for me," said Tong Yunshu, her face blushing as she spoke to her Third Grandpa.

Tong Yan smiled slightly and looked at her, asking, "Girl, that young man isn't here right now, answer me, do you like him?"

Tong Yunshu was strong-willed, daring to love and hate, a very decisive person. Now being questioned, she blushed and nodded slightly, not hiding her feelings, "When I first met him, I just felt he was very excellent, somewhat special. But as for being truly moved, that was not the case. However, after more interactions, especially after experiencing the incident last time, I realized I do have feelings for him."

Tong Yan nodded and said, "That settles it. Since you like him, pursue him bravely."

"He's married," Tong Yunshu said with a look of sadness.

Tong Yan snorted and said, "What does being married matter? Besides, his marriage was decided by two young people on their own. His wife's family is affluent and noble, concerned with matching social status, and they will have difficulty truly coming together."

Listening to this made Tong Yunshu somewhat hopeful, but she shook her head and said, "Although they emphasize matching social status, what's most important is that the people are suitable. Yang Fei's medical skills are profound, and now he has shown such an extraordinary martial arts cultivation, even if he comes from humble beginnings, he can establish his own household."

Tong Yan nodded approvingly and said, "That's true, if we only consider the man himself, even the Qin Family would find it hard to refuse him. But from what I see in his face, he and the Qin Family are not fated."

Tong Yunshu's heart skipped a beat as she looked at her Third Grandpa in surprise.

She knew that Third Grandpa possessed the skill of face reading, but she hadn't really believed in such mysterious things before.

However, now having witnessed the frightful destructive powers of a martial artist, and considering it concerned Yang Fei, she instinctively chose to believe.

"Why?" Tong Yunshu couldn't help but ask.

Tong Yan smiled enigmatically, not giving a straight answer, "You'll know before long. Girl, I think this young man also has some feelings for you. It's just because he's already engaged that he keeps avoiding it, but this further proves that this young man is of noble character and worth entrusting your life to. Trust the judgment of Third Grandpa; it won't be wrong."

With Yang Fei absent, and having already confessed her feelings to Third Grandpa, Tong Yunshu showed her persistent and confident side, nodding and saying, "We'll see about fate. Anyway, as long as there's a chance, I will strive for it."

"Right. Let's go; we're heading back to the Tong Family," said Tong Yan.

A glint of ambition flashed in Tong Yunshu's eyes for the first time.



Yang Fei was so excellent, and according to Third Grandpa's words, his wife was also from a genteel background, noble and prestigious. If she desired to be worthy of Yang Fei, to compete with his current wife, she would certainly have to strive to improve herself.

Luckily, Third Grandpa had already indicated his support for her.

At that moment, Tong Yunshu clenched her fists and decided to contend for what she wanted.

...

A week later, on Sunday.

In the villa, Yang Fei checked Sun Lei's learning progress over the past two days and nodded in satisfaction before administering acupuncture to him once more.

Sun Lei's injury had long since healed, but the acupuncture Yang Fei was performing on him now was in order to broaden his sinew channels and acupuncture points, laying a much more solid foundation for his future martial arts practice.

All this was according to the method taught to him by Fatty Taoist long ago. It was Yang Fei's first time acting as someone else's master, essentially imitating what he had learned.

Being only twenty-three years old and still someone else's disciple, Yang Fei hadn't originally intended to take on a disciple, but Sun Weimin and his wife were so persistent that he felt embarrassed to refuse.

Moreover, Sun Lei indeed had a destiny with him. In the process of treating him, he had incidentally opened up his martial meridian, a rare and excellent seedling, and Yang Fei couldn't bear to see Sun Lei's talent go to waste.

In the afternoon, Tang Qian came to pick up the child.

The child needed to attend school tomorrow, so he had to be taken home today.

Yang Fei was alone at home and, thinking that it had been a long time since he last visited his cousin, pulled out his phone, planning to treat his cousin to an off-campus meal to improve her diet.

Just as he took out his phone, the ringtone sounded.

Seeing that the call was from an unfamiliar number, Yang Fei was somewhat puzzled. After answering, he didn't speak, waiting for the other party to speak first.

"It's me." Qin Yanyang's voice came through the phone.

Yang Fei's heart suddenly leaped to his throat; he could clearly hear that Qin Yanyang sounded very weak.

"What's wrong with you?"

Yang Fei asked anxiously.

"Cough cough... I... I'm fine," Qin Yanyang first coughed a few times before speaking weakly.

"You're like this and still say you're fine. Where are you? I'm coming over right now," Yang Fei said, burning with anxiety.

Although he hadn't spent a lot of time with Qin Yanyang, they had grown quite close. Now that something seemed to have happened to her, how could he not worry?

"Your medical skill is very high, right?" Qin Yanyang asked.

Yang Fei said, "Yes, my medical skill is very high. As long as you're still alive, I can cure you. Tell me where you are quickly."

"Come to the border of Yun Province. Remember the latitude and longitude," Qin Yanyang gave the coordinates and continued, "Can you make it in one day?"

"No need for one day, half a day will do."

"Good, remember this number. Contact me again in half a day." After finishing her weak sentences, Qin Yanyang hung up the phone.

Yang Fei's heart pounded with urgency.

He had no idea what exactly had happened to Qin Yanyang.

She had left late at night, saying she was going to the university for academic research, something he didn't believe. But since she wanted to keep it from him, he didn't pursue the matter.

Now that she was in trouble and seemingly had no one to look after her, Yang Fei naturally thought of many unusual possibilities and began to doubt her identity. But now that they had feelings for each other, all he had left were his concerns for her.

Furthermore, as a former Madman King who had faced numerous battles overseas, he knew very well that in desperate situations, the person one most wants to rely on is definitely the one they trust the most.

Qin Yanyang calling him now indicated her trust in him, and just for that, he could go to her without a second thought!

He dialed Tong Yunshu's phone number and called her directly.

It seemed she was on her phone as it was almost a perfect catch.

"You have a private plane, right?" Yang Fei asked directly.

Tong Yunshu, noticing the urgency in Yang Fei's voice and without asking for the reason, answered directly, "Yes, where do you need to go? I'll apply for the flight path right away."

"Yun City in Yun Province," Yang Fei said. This was the nearest location to Qin Yanyang's position that an airplane could reach.

"Okay, just wait." Tong Yunshu said and then hung up the phone.

#### Chapter 188: A Life Hanging by a Thread

Throughout the wait, Yang Fei felt extremely anxious, but he didn't sit idly by; instead, he gathered some simple belongings and picked up a set of silver needles and some potentially useful herbs from the clinic.

Li Xuanton was not in today; Zhou Cheng was watching the store. Yang Fei told Zhou Cheng, "I need to make a long trip. I definitely won't be back tomorrow, please let Old Li know."

Zhou Cheng nodded and said, "Okay, when will you be back then?"

Yang Fei thought for a moment and shook his head, "I'm not sure yet."

"Okay, the clinic has the master, Mr. Yang, don't worry," Zhou Cheng said.

Just then, a call from Tong Yunshu came through.

Yang Fei answered the phone, and Tong Yunshu's voice came over, "It will still be two hours before departure. Yang Fei, what exactly happened? You seem really anxious. Do you need my help?"

Yang Fei, touched, responded, "You have already helped me a lot, I truly appreciate it."

Tong Yunshu laughed, "Compared to the day you saved me, this little favor is nothing."

With the plane set to depart in two hours, Yang Fei felt less hurried.

From here to Yun City, the flight only takes a little over two hours. Although Yun City is not close to where Qin Yanyang is, with his walking pace, it would only take about five hours.

He said to Tong Yunshu, "Just like you said last time at the clinic, we are friends. And friends shouldn't be so formal with each other, helping each other out is normal."

In her heart, Tong Yunshu muttered, "Just friends?"

But she didn't ask. Seeing that Yang Fei didn't intend to disclose what happened, she wisely chose not to push further and, after chatting for a few more moments, ended the call.

He picked up the car and headed straight to the airport.

On the way, he made a call to Zhang Long.

Upon answering, Zhang Long's first words were, "Mr. Yang, is there more trash that needs cleaning up?"

Yang Fei smiled wryly, thinking of the times he had asked Zhang Long to help clean up some "trash," and feeling somewhat embarrassed, he said, "No, it's just that I need to leave for a few days. My sister is studying at Binhai University, and both Xu Mao and Xu Xingzhou are not around, so I can only leave this task to you."

Zhang Long immediately assured him, "Mr. Yang, rest assured, as long as I'm not dead, Wenwen will never be bullied. Moreover, after your fame at the Life and Death Platform, you have become a notorious new elite in the Martial World; no one dares to provoke you now. As long as no martial artists intervene, I can handle the small fries."

Yang Fei nodded silently, feeling relieved.

That day, he had gained his brutal reputation in the Martial World by killing Yan Zhongshan in one move, followed by Wang Xiongying, Yan Cheng, and Xu Chou, with the aim to instill fear and respect.

It seemed the effect was pretty good.

At 10:20 PM, a private plane landed at a small airport in Yun City.

Upon leaving the airport, Yang Fei boarded a taxi and gave an address.

The taxi driver's face immediately showed intense delight as he heard it, "Sir, are you sure you want to go that far?"

Considering it was already around 10:30 PM, travelers arriving at Yun City usually sought hotels to check into and planned to conduct their business the next day.

But Yang Fei intended to rush to the distant location overnight, which seemed unbelievable to the taxi driver.

Yang Fei didn't waste words and asked, "Will you go?"



"I can go, but just to let you know upfront, it's late at night and driving that far is tiring, so the price might be ..."

"Two thousand yuan," Yang Fei interrupted.

The taxi driver's eyes lit up, "Alright then, brother, make yourself comfortable. You're lucky to have found the fastest driver in Yun City."

With that, he floored the gas pedal, and the taxi roared forward, speeding off.

A few minutes later, Yang Fei closed his eyes to rest.

Indeed, the taxi driver's skills were impressive, not just boastful.

The speed was fast, yet stable.

Two hours later, after driving through dense forests, they finally approached a small village.

"Brother, I can only drop you off at this village. Going further south, the road conditions are too bad for my car," the driver said as they arrived at the village entrance.

Yang Fei nodded, transferred two thousand yuan to the taxi driver, and got out of the car.

"Could he be trying to smuggle himself?" the taxi driver wondered aloud, but then he dropped the thought and turned back towards the city.

Today's trip had netted him an easy eighteen hundred yuan, and he could now go home, embrace his wife, and sleep peacefully.

Entering the forest, Yang Fei put on a headlamp and took out his phone to open an app.

After entering the longitude and latitude that Qin Yanyang provided, Yang Fei determined the direction and dashed off.

It was night, but he moved through the forest as if on flat ground, with moonlight unable to penetrate the dense branches casting down into the woods; he had to rely on the headlamp for illumination.

This was a true trek through the jungle on foot.

At about 3:40 a.m., Yang Fei had reached the coordinates Qin Yanyang had sent him.

It had been less than ten hours since Qin Yanyang had called him.

They were less than a hundred miles from the border but deep in the mountains and rivers, with no villages or towns nearby—it was the most primitive section of the forest.

After over three hours of high-speed trekking through the mountains and forests, even Yang Fei, a Martial Artist, felt his body heating up, and some True Yuan had been drained from within him.

Soon, Yang Fei found the precise coordinates Qin Yanyang had reported to him.

The location was on a rock beside a small stream.

Yang Fei drank some stream water, washed his face, and looked around nearby. Not seeing Qin Yanyang, he did not shout out loud but instead took out his phone to call her.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is switched off..."

Yang Fei furrowed his brows.

Switched off, could it be she was worried about being wiretapped?

But she clearly switched to an unfamiliar number, right?

At that moment, Yang Fei realized the problem might be even more severe than he had thought.

While he was worrying, suddenly, he heard the sound of a stone striking up the stream.

He quickly looked up.

He saw no one, but he knew this could be a signal from Qin Yanyang, so he instantly dashed over.

After about a hundred meters, Yang Fei detected a faint breathing sound.

Startled, he said, "Yanyang?"

"Cough... cough cough, it's me..." came Qin Yanyang's incredibly weak voice.

Following the sound, Yang Fei found Qin Yanyang lying in a concave groove of a huge rock, well concealed.

The headlamp illuminated Qin Yanyang's stunning yet utterly pale, bloodless face.

Moreover, Yang Fei noticed her breath was unusually faint, almost ceasing.

Hurriedly, he ran to Qin Yanyang's side and picked her up, concerned, "What happened to you, who did this?"

As he asked, he held her in his arms and grabbed her pulse with his hand, examining her injuries.

A moment later, Yang Fei's brows twisted.

Such a weak pulse.

With his Medical Skill, he barely sensed it.

She had sustained extremely severe internal injuries!

A flash of light crossed Yang Fei's eyes, and without delaying any further, he took out silver needles from his backpack and applied the Revitalizing Thirteen Needle Technique on Qin Yanyang.

Half an hour later, Yang Fei's expression was even graver than when he had first seen Qin Yanyang.

With his current Cultivation, the effect of the Revitalizing Thirteen Needle Technique was very powerful, not exactly bringing the dead back to life, but certainly its Power was not weak.

However, Qin Yanyang's injuries had only been stabilized by his efforts.

Her injuries were just too severe!

Having sustained such severe internal damage and still not dead, still waiting for him to rescue her, Yang Fei grew even more perplexed about Qin Yanyang.

Such a tough vitality.

Fortunately, her condition was stabilized, and there was no longer a threat to her life.

Seeing that Qin Yanyang was still unconscious, Yang Fei once again activated the Revitalizing Aura for treatment.

In fact, he was very tired himself, and the previous activation of the Revitalizing Aura had been all-out, causing significant depletion. Doing it again now was almost like pushing himself to the edge of losing control.

But to heal Qin Yanyang, he had to struggle on.

## Chapter 189: Whoever hurts my wife, dies!

Having endured the darkest time, at the break of dawn, Yang Fei had almost depleted his True Yuan.

He had been continuously activating the Revitalizing Aura to treat Qin Yanyang, and after more than two hours of uninterrupted effort, her pulse finally returned to normal, awakening the vigorous vitality within her body.

As the first ray of morning light pierced through the dense forest and fell upon them, Qin Yanyang opened her eyes and glanced at Yang Fei.

Her pale complexion had regained a touch of rosiness. After looking at Yang Fei, she gave a faint smile and then closed her eyes again.

Soon after, she sat down cross-legged, formed a hand seal, and placed it above her knees, closing her eyes to meditate.

The forest was still, yet it seemed to come alive on its own.

Yang Fei was surprised to discover that the void around them was converging towards their location, swirling around Qin Yanyang's body incessantly.

Some clear air formed a strange aura around Qin Yanyang, continuously entering her body.

"Heh..."

Seeing this scene, Yang Fei let out a soft chuckle.

It was indeed so.

His wife was a martial artist.

And quite an extraordinary master at that.

He thought as much; she was born into the Qin Family, a Martial Arts Family, where her grandfather was a National Guardian Level powerhouse, and both her mother and brother were formidable martial artists. Despite being female, she had been exposed to martial arts from a young age and it was impossible for her to not know any martial skills at all.

Moreover, she lived alone in Binhai, far from the family in Imperial City, with no master secretly protecting her. The only plausible explanation for this was that her own strength was very formidable.

Considering her powerful self-confidence, unique aura, the installation of signal jammers in the villa, and sudden tasks that required her to leave late at night, Yang Fei, now aware that Qin Yanyang was an accomplished Martial World expert, felt everything made sense and wasn't greatly surprised.



Watching Qin Yanyang focus on her energy cultivation, he too sat down cross-legged and began cultivating to recover his strength.

As Yang Fei also began to meditate and absorb the essence of the world, the swirling of the void around them intensified. Quickly, a special kind of energy tide formed between the two, intertwining their energies as if complementing one another.

One Yin, one Yang, shining upon each other.

Both meditators noticed the changes in the power aura around them and were inwardly astonished and puzzled.

Soon, they realized that the efficacy of their cultivation had increased several times.

Both were shocked within and simultaneously opened their eyes to look at each other.

Afterward, with mutual understanding, they nodded at each other and closed their eyes to cultivate again.

Everything else could wait until they had fully recovered.

An hour later, Yang Fei had completely recovered.

He had used up a lot of True Yuan the previous night traveling and treating Qin Yanyang, but ever since his duel with Tong Yan who had given him an Elixir, the Elixir still held an influence over his recovery of True Yuan. Coupled with the doubled cultivation effect from the special aura generated by their joint cultivation, his True Yuan replenished at an extremely fast pace.

But Qin Yanyang continued to cultivate.

Not only had she exhausted her True Yuan, but she had also suffered severe internal injuries. If not for Yang Fei's several hours of continuous treatment with his powerful True Yuan using the Revitalizing Aura, she would have needed at least a year and a half to recover, even if she had not died.

Now, although her injuries were not fully healed, she could already meditate on her own, allowing her True Yuan to recover to a certain extent and restoring some of her strength.

After a while, perhaps feeling that the effect of cultivating alone had diminished by several times, Qin Yanyang opened her eyes and said to Yang Fei, "Have you fully recovered?"

Yang Fei nodded and asked, "What happened?"

He had held back his questions until now, but he couldn't restrain himself any longer.

Qin Yanyang gave him a slight smile and asked, "Aren't you angry?"

Yang Fei chuckled and shook his head, "Everyone has their secrets. If you were willing to tell me, you would have done so already. Since you chose to hide it, there must be your reasons."

Qin Yanyang spoke slowly: "At first, I didn't know you were such a formidable martial artist, so I didn't reveal my identity as a martial artist. I didn't want to give you the impression of being too dominant and overbearing. After all, if a woman is skilled in martial arts, especially a very strong one, it can make a man feel inferior and insecure, not to mention my family's already powerful background."

Yang Fei felt a warm feeling in his heart and said, "You're very kind."

Qin Yanyang smiled brilliantly, looking at him and saying, "Thank you for understanding."

Yang Fei smiled faintly and asked, "So, what happened this time, can you tell me?"

Qin Yanyang thought for a moment and said, "That night, I suddenly received a very important mission, which we have already completed over these past few days. After separating from my teammates, I planned to return to Binhai first but didn't expect to encounter trouble."

"Who was it?" Yang Fei asked calmly.

Yet Qin Yanyang noticed a cold glint flash through Yang Fei's eyes.

Her heart felt warm, touched, and a little proud.

He was angry, even harboring thoughts of killing the person who had hurt her.

But after thinking it over, she still shook her head and said, "That person used a special technique to change his facial structure, I couldn't recognize him, I've never seen him before."

"The person who could injure you must be a true expert, a strong fighter. With your broad knowledge as the young miss of the Qin family, you should be able to identify the person by his style of martial arts," Yang Fei said, looking at her.

Qin Yanyang felt somewhat helpless.

Her husband was too impressive, too clever; he was not easy to deceive.

But this was a matter she could only choose to bury in her heart forever.

Even her family wouldn't be told, much less letting her grandfather know.

If it weren't so, she wouldn't have only called Yang Fei when her life was in danger yesterday; she would have called her grandfather.

Of course, if Yang Fei's medical skills and strength weren't as good as they are, she wouldn't have asked only him to save her.

Even if the assassination attempt on her were to be completely exposed, potentially throwing the Divine Continent Martial World into chaos, as long as she didn't wish to die, she could only call her grandfather to let him know about the incident.

However, now that her injuries were under control, she chose to conceal them.

Now was not the time for a complete fallout.

Yang Fei, unaware of Qin Yanyang's concerns, persisted in his gaze at her, saying, "Since you chose to have me come to save you, instead of having your family pick you up, it shows that you don't want your family to worry. But now that I know about this, I need to find out and get things clear, I can't just not know who hit my wife."

Qin Yanyang, seeing his determination to understand the full story, was very moved.

She thought for a moment and looked at Yang Fei, asking, "Once you know who it is, will you help me take revenge?"

Yang Fei nodded without hiding his intention, "Of course, nobody hits my wife and lives a good life."

Qin Yanyang felt sweet inside and said, "What if this person is one of the top-ranked super-powerful fighters in the world?"

A chill went through Yang Fei's heart.

Could it be one of those from the Innate Realm or above who acted?

"Then they must die too! Whoever hurts my wife must die!" Yang Fei declared with unwavering eyes and a domineering tone.

Qin Yanyang was secretly shocked.

She felt a terrifying killing intent emanating from Yang Fei, a killing intent clearly not aimed at her, yet still making her tremble in fear.

As this killing intent was released, Yang Fei exuded a powerful self-confidence that Qin Yanyang had never before noticed in him.

Such confidence made her feel as if she could only look up at it.

While Qin Yanyang was internally shocked, her heart suddenly skipped a beat.

Yang Fei abruptly turned his gaze toward the forest on the left side; Qin Yanyang, just a beat later, also looked in that direction.

Their bodies tensed, hairs standing on end as though they were targets of a ferocious ancient beast, with a sense of terror unlike any they had experienced before sweeping over them like a storm.

From that dense forest, in an area of shadow where the morning sun had not yet reached, a figure slowly emerged.

Chapter 190 Advance and Retreat Together

Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang stood shoulder to shoulder, involuntarily leaning against each other as they stared intently at the figure emerging from the dark, dense forest.

The person stood in a place where the dim forest underbrush met the morning sun, not allowing the light of dawn to fall upon them. Like shrouded in enigmatic darkness, they exerted an extreme sense of dread and oppression.

Squinting at the figure, Yang Fei asked, "Is he the one who hurt you?"

Taking a breath, Qin Yanyang nodded slowly, "Mhm."

"Truly remarkable. Not only did you not die, but you also recovered to such an extent in this short period. Impressive." The figure beneath the trees finally spoke in a grating voice as if their throat was being squeezed.

They were more than twenty meters apart, and the figure was in the shade, but Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang's vision far exceeded that of ordinary people, allowing them to discern the person's face clearly.

Their facial features were rigid, resembling someone wearing a mask of human skin. Other than the sharp light shining from those deep eyes which set them apart, there seemed nothing distinctive about them.

Faced with such a formidable enemy, Qin Yanyang's lovely face maintained a touch of composure as she addressed the figure, "Does senior really need to be so aggressive?"

"Once you're involved in the Martial Arts World, you are no longer in control of your own fate," the person replied in that unpleasant voice.

Qin Yanyang laughed softly, "Although senior has been thorough, if I were to die, my grandfather wouldn't let it go. He might be powerless against those certain people, but to avenge his granddaughter and destroy your entire family wouldn't be difficult."

The person paused, then slowly spoke, "I am but a lone man, what do I have to fear?"

With a slight smile, Qin Yanyang said, "I have long guessed who senior is. Why do you still feel the need to conceal your identity before me?"



The person chuckled lightly, "Heh, mere words aren't evidence. Without solid proof, even your grandfather wouldn't dare act rashly. Moreover, once you're dead, no one else will know the truth."

Qin Yanyang responded, "Enough time has passed for me to tell my grandfather everything."

The person's deep eyes suddenly emitted a sharp light, even more dazzling than the first sliver of morning light.

They fixed their sharp gaze on Qin Yanyang and after a moment of contemplation, shook their head, "You haven't called your grandfather. For one, you're as kind-hearted as the rumors say, caring about the Divine Continent Martial World and not wishing for internal strife, which I respect. Secondly, you also know that once you call your family, the information will be intercepted and your whereabouts more easily exposed. Hence, you chose to call this young man."

The person paused, then continued, "Furthermore, you used a temporary number to contact this young man, giving you enough time to recover. Otherwise, I would have tracked you down much sooner."

Qin Yanyang smiled, "It seems that senior understands me quite well. Could it be that I've managed to evade you for so long because you followed the wrong lead?"

Heh, the person chuckled, nodding, "Indeed, your deceits wasted much of my time."

Qin Yanyang gazed at him, inquiring, "When senior attacked me yesterday, you initially didn't intend to kill me, did you? You just wanted to render me useless, right? Why then did you change your mind?"

"That's correct, at first I only wanted a Phoenix Wing Broken, to destroy your memory and turn you into an ordinary person. But after giving it more thought, I concluded that a dead person is safer for my purposes," the person explained.

Qin nodded, "So, senior is determined to kill me no matter what."

"At this point, I have no choice," the person sighed.

Qin Yanyang gave a bitter smile and turned to Yang Fei, "I've implicated you."

Yang Fei gave her an encouraging look, grasping her tender hand and shook his head, "We haven't even fought yet. How can we assume the outcome?"

"You cannot defeat him," Qin Yanyang slowly shook her head.

"Even if I can't win, I will still fight. The words 'surrender without a fight' do not exist in my dictionary," Yang Fei stated firmly.

The person emerged from the forest.

The morning light shone upon him, yet it seemed to be repelled by an invisible force, creating an odd, special aura around him, as if he was still hidden in the hazy darkness.

Innate Gang Qi.

Indeed, the Innate Realm.

Globally, there's a unified term for such a level: National Guardian Level.

Martial arts peak strength capable of suppressing a nation with personal power.

"Hehe, young man, you are quite remarkable too. It's said that Yan Zhongshan was eliminated by you with a single move, which shows that your cultivation realm is among the elite of the younger generation. At such a young age, you have already entered the realm of first-class masters, which is rare," the person's gaze finally landed on Yang Fei, and he spoke in praise.

Under this person's stare, Yang Fei felt the pressure on him multiplying.

Back when he encountered betrayal overseas, among the many peak strength masters, three were National Guardian level experts.

Although he didn't die in that battle, his body had completely collapsed, and for over a year he was still in a state of serious injury. Fortunately, after two uncontrollable periods in the last month, which he managed to control, his strength had recovered to fifty percent.

Facing a National Guardian level powerhouse with only fifty percent of his fighting power, he could only feel a profound sense of helplessness.

The gap was too huge.

Even though he once had extraordinary strength and was one hundred percent confident in suppressing the Innate Realm in a one-on-one battle, his current strength was even slightly inferior to unique tier individuals like Tong Yan, let alone contend with the Innate Realm.

But he displayed no fear.

When he was a child, his second uncle once said to him, "Even if you are very hungry or poor, as long as you don't show it in front of others, they won't be able to tell you're starving and won't be sure if your pockets are empty."

"If you get a chance, run first. He's after me, and since you don't know him, whether he kills you or not doesn't really matter to him," Qin Yanyang said softly.

Yang Fei glanced at her and chuckled, "If I were to abandon you and run away alone, what difference would there be between me and a walking corpse in the remainder of my life?"

Qin Yanyang, looking into his steadfast and determined eyes, felt a warm current flow through her heart, and was deeply touched.

There is great fear before life and death.

She knew that after spending time together recently, Yang Fei had developed some feelings for her, especially since she had begun to feel for him as well.

But she hadn't expected that faced with such a situation, Yang Fei would not fear death and would be willing to live and die with her.

Amidst her emotions, she understood it wasn't that Yang Fei felt he couldn't live without her, but that this man had a noble character and would not abandon her.

"Today, neither of you will escape," the man approached them step by step, overhearing their conversation, he chuckled softly and shook his head.

Those deep eyes held a hint of regret, for it was apparent that he also found it a pity to kill such two talents.

As the man moved closer, a formidable pressure grew stronger in the silence of the forest.

The True Yuan within Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang began to circulate automatically, elevating their condition to its peak.

At this moment, their hands were still clasped together.

As the True Yuan surged within their bodies, the two holding hands suddenly felt a movement in their hearts.

That mysterious aura of mutual enhancement appeared once again.

And it was circulating endlessly within their bodies.

They exchanged glances, and suddenly they had a sensation of spiritual connection as they simultaneously stimulated their True Yuan.

Hum!

An invisible mysterious aura emerged, their internal True Qi reflecting each other's. Originally, they each had their own Circulation of True Qi, which now became a mingling of yin and yang.

The two small Circulations fused perfectly, forming a brand-new Circulation World.

How comfortable!

Both Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang shared this feeling.

This sensation even made Qin Yanyang blush.