

# Urban Invincible Overlord

## #Chapter 21: Husband, I'm Here - Read Urban Invincible Overlord Chapter 21: Husband, I'm Here

### Chapter 21: Chapter 21: Husband, I'm Here

"Ah, old man, it's... it's moving up." Luu Shouwang's spouse was ecstatic, "It can move now, that's great, it can move."

Luu Nian was also overwhelmed with joy, looking at her father she said, "Dad, try again, was I just seeing things?"

Luu Shouwang himself was very excited.

You see, three years ago after he had a stroke, there was a time when he was completely bedridden.

Over the past few years, under Li Xuanton's meticulous treatment, his upper body gradually regained sensation, and his hands had recovered as usual, only his legs still couldn't move.

Recently, during the acupuncture sessions with Li Xuanton, he could feel his leg tendons slightly warm up, slowly regaining some sensation.

But it was far from enough to recover to the level of mobility.

Today, this was just the first time Yang Fei had treated him with needles, and merely five minutes had passed when his leg was able to receive commands from the neural center and slightly lift itself.

How could this not excite someone?

Under the concerned gaze of the few people, Luu Shouwang's leg tried moving again.

It lifted a few centimeters higher than before.

His expression was excited, his hands gripping the wheelchair, he even wanted to stand up.

Luu Nian hurriedly supported him, advising, "Dad, don't get too excited, take it slow."

"Right, old man, don't get excited, don't move rashly, just listen to Little Divine Doctor Yang," Luu Shouwang's spouse Wang Shu quickly said.

Luu Shouwang gradually calmed down, looking at Yang Fei with eyes filled with deep gratitude, "Yang... Brother Yang, I don't even know what to say to thank you."

Yang Fei smiled slightly, shaking his head he said, "You are Old Li's close friend, I indeed ought to treat you to the best of my ability, and not talk about thanks."

Li Xuanton was actually more excited than the entire Luu family.

He had consistently overestimated the powerful effects the Revitalizing Thirteen Needle Technique could have in Yang Fei's hands, yet in the end, he still found he had underestimated it.

Now, as Yang Fei said this in front of the Luu family, Li Xuanton felt honored, chuckled and said to Luu Shouwang, "Indeed, Brother Yang, though young, is a true doctor, with a doctor's benevolent heart, saving lives and helping the injured, forming good bonds, such things, are our doctor's duty."

Yang Fei nodded slightly.

Although he hadn't interacted much with Li Xuanton, he found that this elder shared his philosophy, both possessed a doctor's benevolent heart, unable to bear the sight of human suffering.

In fact, given Li Xuanton's current wealth, he didn't have to personally attend to his clinic every day, but he still insisted on working every day at the age of seventy, helping those seeking medical advice to alleviate their ailments.

This was something Yang Fei greatly admired.

Similarly, Li Xuanton felt the same about Yang Fei.

Although there was a fifty-year age difference between them, because of their doctor's benevolent heart, they were kindred spirits and could become friends despite the age gap.

"Mr. Yang, I want to apologize for what happened before, it was my shallowness and abruptness," Luu Nian looked at Yang Fei deeply, sincerely apologizing.

Seeing her bow in apology, Yang Fei felt no displeasure, quickly offering a gesture of reassurance, he said, "Professor Luu, you shouldn't, you were just overly concerned about your father's health, I didn't take it to heart. However, Professor Luu should remember, in this world, having money isn't everything."

Luu Nian inwardly felt ashamed.

Being a well-known university professor in her forties, it was indeed shameful to be chided by someone younger.

She realized that although the young man said he did not mind, he was actually quite sensitive, and if she hadn't sincerely apologized, he might still hold a poor impression of her.

Ten minutes later, the silver needles stopped trembling, marking the end of an acupuncture session.

After removing the needles, Yang Fei started treating Luu Shouwang's other leg, saying to Li Xuantong, "Do you know why I didn't treat both his legs at the same time?"

Li Xuantong was taken aback, and then fell into deep thought. After a while, his eyes brightened, and he said, "Shouwang is older, and his legs have been numb for too long. Your Revitalizing Thirteen Needle Technique is too potent. If both legs are treated at the same time, it may be too much for the central nervous system in his brain, which could be detrimental."

Yang Fei smiled and said, "Worthy of being Old Li."

Li Xuantong's face flushed as he said, "Had you not reminded me, and had I grasped the essence of this formation, I would have administered the needles on both legs at once. The field of traditional Chinese medicine is vast and profound, and I, Li Xuantong, have only learned the merest rudiments."

Yang Fei nodded and said, "I am the same. In the future, we can verify each other's findings and learn from each other."

Li Xuantong was overjoyed; he knew that Yang Fei was agreeing to guide him.

Twenty minutes passed, and Yang Fei removed the silver needles from Luu Shouwang's legs and said, "Although the results are significant, fully recovering to the point of moving freely will require at least three more sessions of needling, coupled with medication."

Luu Shouwang expressed his gratitude, "Thank you, Little Brother Yang. For such a great kindness, I, Luu Shouwang, can never repay you."

Yang Fei shook his head with a smile, "Let's not talk about that; perhaps it was fate that brought us together."

Luu Shouwang laughed heartily, looking gratefully at his good friend Li Xuantong.

Li Xuantong mentioned the prescription he had previously made for Luu Shouwang and had Yang Fei take a look.

Yang Fei thought for a moment and added a herb.

Upon hearing this, Li Xuanton suddenly realized, "Ah, why didn't I think of that? With this herb added, the effect will increase by more than thirty percent."

As he spoke, his gaze towards Yang Fei filled with even more respect.

He had thought Yang Fei was only better than him in acupuncture. Now, he realized this young man, despite his age, truly had a deep understanding of medical theory.

For the community of traditional Chinese medicine, having such a young prodigy is indeed a fortune!

After declining the Luu family's invitation to stay for dinner, Yang Fei and Li Xuanton left the Luu family.

Luu Nian personally drove them back to the clinic, repeatedly thanking Yang Fei for treating her father.

She tried several times to pull out a bank card to give to Yang Fei but ultimately restrained herself.

She was afraid that offering the card might upset Yang Fei.

But apart from giving money, she really did not know how else to express her thanks.

Back at the clinic, Yang Fei was invited by Li Xuanton to his office to help solve the problems of patients in line, occasionally asking Yang Fei for his opinion on his own diagnoses and prescriptions.

This scene surprised many patients, who did not know who this young man was, able to consult with Li Xuanton on medical matters.

At five-thirty in the afternoon, Qin Yanyang called, and learning that Yang Fei was off work, she sent him an address.

Cuiwei Inn.

When Yang Fei arrived, it was already ten minutes past six.

This was a rather quiet special resort. As Yang Fei got out of the car, he saw Qin Yanyang standing with a young man in his twenties, wearing rimless glasses, who appeared refined and handsome.

The young man was having a lively and refined conversation with Qin Yanyang, looking very much the gentleman.

Qin Yanyang stood there, listening quietly, her expression calm, but occasionally a hint of impatience flashed across her beautiful eyes.

Upon seeing Yang Fei, Qin Yanyang's face lit up with a captivating smile as she greeted him, "Husband, I'm here."

Seeing Qin Yanyang call someone else "husband" with such a radiant smile broke the young gentleman's heart.

He turned his head, his gaze fixed on Yang Fei, a shadow passing through his eyes, but his face remained gentle, and he followed behind Qin Yanyang.

## **Chapter 22: Chapter 22 If You Don't Understand, You Can Ask Me**

Although he knew Qin Yanyang did it on purpose in front of that young man.

But seeing Qin Yanyang approaching with a smile on her face, Yang Fei still enjoyed it very much.

She was an extremely beautiful woman. Perhaps at first glance, due to her own temperament and attire, she wouldn't dazzle you, but no matter the occasion or whom she stood beside, she was always the most beautiful one.

At least Yang Fei thought that among the women he had met in real life, Qin Yanyang was the prettiest.

Those so-called internet celebrities and stars would absolutely be reduced to rubble when compared to Qin Yanyang without their beauty filters and make-up.

Qin Yanyang came to Yang Fei's side and naturally took his arm.

Yang Fei glanced at her.

Qin Yanyang smiled at him. Seeing the young man actually followed them, she said to the man, "This is my husband, Yang Fei. Honey, this is my colleague, Ning Xiaodong."

Ning Xiaodong wore a gentle smile and reached out a hand to Yang Fei, "Hello, my name is Ning Xiaodong, I'm pleased to meet you."

Yang Fei knew that the main reason Qin Yanyang had asked him to come today was to ward off the harassment from Ning Xiaodong, so he didn't bother being polite and asked, "How pleased are you?"

Ning Xiaodong was instantly baffled.

He hadn't expected Yang Fei to ask such a question, completely disregarding the usual social script.

Qin Yanyang pursed her lips in amusement, tickled by Yang Fei's remark.

"Ha, Mr. Yang, you really do have a sense of humor," Ning Xiaodong managed to recover quickly and responded.

Yang Fei looked at him and asked, "Where was it humorous?"

Ning Xiaodong's smile twitched and his expression grew cold.

At the age of twenty-seven, he had already become a retained lecturer at Binhai University, and in the first half of the year, he even earned the title of associate professor. He was already outstanding among his peers.

He had always been able to communicate well with anyone he met, but today, he found himself completely unable to hold a conversation with Yang Fei.

"Ha, hello, my name is Yang Fei, Qin Yanyang's husband. You're her colleague, right? I was just joking earlier; you don't mind, do you?" Seeing Ning Xiaodong's face fall, Yang Fei suddenly smiled at him, explaining.

Ning Xiaodong: ...

The hell with just joking.

Are we that familiar to be joking like this upon meeting?

He felt his mentality completely disrupted by this kid.

Taking a deep breath, Ning Xiaodong had to maintain the persona he presented in front of his goddess. He therefore said with a smile, "Mr. Yang really has a great sense of humor, haha. But I've known Yanyang for almost a year now. She just graduated not long ago and never mentioned you before. How did you two get married so quickly?"

Seeing Qin Yanyang looking at him with no intention to speak, Yang Fei said, "Oh, that's because I hadn't come back before. The day before yesterday, after I returned, we met, found that we didn't hate each other, and felt an instant attraction, so we got married."

Qin Yanyang nodded at the side, "Yep, it was love at first sight."

Ning Xiaodong felt as if his heart was breaking.

At the same time, a nameless rage surged into his chest, almost suffocating him.

Can someone lie like this?

A woman as outstanding as Qin Yanyang, how could she fall in love at first sight with someone, how could she have a flash marriage?

It must be that she intentionally found someone to serve as a shield.

Ning Xiaodong did some deep breathing in secret, trying hard to suppress the anger in his heart, while maintaining a calm and gentle demeanor on his face. He changed the topic and said to them, "Everyone else should be here, let's go inside and chat."

Although Qin Yanyang was tall, she wasn't wearing high heels, so when she stood next to Yang Fei, she was slightly shorter. She tilted her head to look at Yang Fei and asked, "Honey, shall we go in first?"

Her voice was soft and sweet, making Yang Fei feel light as air.

If only that were true.

He felt that if Qin Yanyang really loved him deeply and was so clingy and dependent on him every day, he would definitely have fallen for her.

But he understood that it was all a facade.

Qin Yanyang was not the clingy type.

She was independent, confident, a true ice queen with strong opinions.

"Of course we're going in. We're here to celebrate and have dinner, how can we not enter?" Yang Fei said with a smile.

"Yeah, let's go." Qin Yanyang took Yang Fei's arm and walked towards the inside of the villa.

Ning Xiaodong watched as Qin Yanyang took Yang Fei by the arm, wishing he could replace him.

Watching the backs of the two, he thought about how the guests coming to the birthday celebration would mostly be university professors and the like, and he couldn't help but smile.

Go ahead and pretend for a while; just wait until I expose you later.

Qin Yanyang, you can only be mine.

You want to secure a foothold at Binhai University, want to achieve a professional title, without me, Ning Xiaodong, it's simply not possible.

With this thought, Ning Xiaodong regained his confidence.

His father was the vice chancellor, and his uncle was the head of the department Qin Yanyang belonged to, her direct superior.

He didn't believe Qin Yanyang could escape from his palm.

Yang Fei was taken by Qin Yanyang to the 'Wenyuan Pavilion' private room, and upon entering, he saw many people gathered around a large round table that could seat more than twenty people.

Almost all middle-aged, each one with an air of scholarship.

As soon as Qin Yanyang entered, many people greeted her; clearly, everyone liked this young and beautiful female teacher.

Qin Yanyang nodded to everyone and then introduced Yang Fei: "Respected seniors and colleagues, this is my husband Yang Fei. Today, using the occasion of Professor Ning's birthday, I have brought him here to meet everyone."

Saying this, she introduced Yang Fei to everyone present one by one.

Yang Fei had a smile plastered on his face, nodding to whoever was introduced, but inside he was numb.

Damn it, an 'illiterate' who didn't even finish middle school, somehow ended up in the midst of professors, trembling with fear.

The guests had not all arrived yet, and everyone sat around the round table chatting casually.

Suddenly, a female professor wearing glasses said to Yang Fei, "Little Yang to be recognized by our Yanyang, you must be quite outstanding. But I see you're very young, I wonder if you are still studying for your master's degree or have already started working?"

The people who were chatting on their own in the private room all looked up and turned their gaze to Yang Fei.

They were obviously curious about what kind of husband Qin Yanyang had found.



Yang Fei smiled slightly and said, "You flatter me. I'm actually very ordinary. I dropped out when I was thirteen, and after drifting around, I've only just come back a few days ago. Now, I work in a small traditional Chinese medicine clinic."

The crowd was taken aback, not expecting Yang Fei to respond this way.

Those present today were basically at the level of university professors and associate professors. Binhai University ranked high among institutions in China, so the identity and status of these people were much higher than most ordinary people, representing the middle-to-upper echelons of society.

Their relatives and friends were mostly permanent staff members in various state units.

Someone like Yang Fei, young and with low education, working in a small clinic, was something they were encountering for the first time.

Ning Xiaodong saw that the look in people's eyes when they turned to Yang Fei included some disappointment or contempt, and felt that it was time for him to show his capabilities.

He chuckled and said to Yang Fei, "So Mr. Yang is half a colleague of mine. I teach at the Binhai University Medical Department. Are you an apprentice at the clinic? If there's anything you don't understand, you can ask me."

The female professor who had initially felt a bit embarrassed after listening to Yang Fei's introduction, now nodded in response to Ning Xiaodong's words and said, "Yes, the two of you young people should communicate more. Little Yang, Ning Xiaodong is the youngest associate professor in our medical school, with solid professional knowledge. You should seize the chance to learn from him."

## **Chapter 23: Chapter 23 Principal Luu**

"Heh heh, sure."

Yang Fei didn't want to make Qin Yanyang uncomfortable, so he laughed, replied, and said no more, but just lowered his head to drink his tea.

To the others, this behavior seemed like he was dimmed by Ning Xiaodong's excellence, overshadowed, unable to raise his head.

Everyone couldn't help but shake their heads internally.

They all thought it was such a pity that Qin Yanyang had married this man.

Some suspected that Yang Fei was a shield Qin Yanyang had hired, and they smirked to themselves, thinking the "actor" Qin had chosen was so poor that even if he bragged, he should have made himself look better.

Seeing Yang Fei not speaking, and lacking his previous courage to confront him publicly, Ning Xiaodong secretly disdained him.

Is that all?

In the end, Yang Fei was like dog meat that couldn't make it to the feast; in such high-end gatherings, his inferiority and timidity became apparent.

Be it personal capability, family background, or job, Ning Xiaodong thought he completely crushed this fellow.

Ning Xiaodong felt much better about himself.

He smiled and glanced at Qin Yanyang.

Qin Yanyang frowned and softly said, "My husband works at Li Xuanton Medical Hall."

At this declaration, some professors sitting nearby couldn't help but look up in surprise at Yang Fei.

Li Xuanton's name was well-known in Binhai, especially among the faculty of Binhai University.

Having occupied a guest professor post at Binhai University, many present were Li Xuanton's patients and had been treated by him before.

"To be an apprentice in such a prestigious medical figure's hall, Brother Yang is indeed impressive," Ning Xiaodong chuckled.

He was a bit shocked at first but then scoffed at the thought.

So what if he works by Li Xuanton's side?

He's just a medical apprentice!

However, some senior professors who were acquainted with Li Xuanton looked at Yang Fei with a bit more recognition.

Li Xuanton's professional competency was beyond doubt; if he had hired Yang Fei to work at his hall, and at such a young age, there must be some skills.

Moreover, even just out of respect for Li Xuandong, they could not trivialize this young man anymore.

"Oh dear, my colleagues, I apologize for the inconvenience, something came up last minute, and I am late."

Just then, a voice came from outside the box.

Upon hearing this voice, everyone stood up.

At the entrance of the box, today's birthday star Ning Yaodong and his wife Wang Ping, accompanied by a dignified middle-aged woman, walked in.

Ning Yaodong, with a radiant face, laughed, "Dinner was set for seven o'clock, and it's still a few minutes away, where am I late? I am actually early."

"Sister Luu."

"Principal Luu."

Some female professors greeted the newcomers warmly.

The rest of the male comrades also showed warm respect and admiration for the arrivals.

Beside Yang Fei, Qin Yanyang also stood up and walked over, calling out, "Principal."

Luu Nian was very fond of Qin Yanyang, and seeing her approach, she smiled and took Qin's hand, saying, "You're here too."

As she spoke, her eyes glanced at Ning Xiaodong, and she knew why Ning Yaodong had also invited Qin Yanyang.

This was to help his nephew build bridges.

Suddenly, Luu Nian's expression became stunned as she looked at a position behind Qin Yanyang.

Some noticed Luu Nian's expression and were also puzzled, following her gaze.

They saw in the entire box, Yang Fei the only one still sitting at the table, not having stood up to greet anyone, which was very conspicuous and very impolite.

Ning Yaodong coughed slightly, frowning slightly.

When he had heard Qin Yanyang had brought a male companion, he had felt uncomfortable; now seeing the man she brought displaying such a lack of manners, he was even more displeased.

Today was his birthday, and the guests were all close friends or prestigious faculty leaders from the school.

Qin Yanyang did not originally qualify to be invited; if it weren't for his grandnephew pursuing her, her status at Binhai University would not have been sufficient for an invitation.

Originally, as long as this young man was standing there and pretended not to see him, it would have passed.

But now, his disrespectful behavior has drawn the attention of the vice principal, which is too much.

Just as Ning Yaodong was about to say something with a gloomy face, he saw Principal Luu stride over to Yang Fei, his voice filled with excitement, "Mr. Yang, you are here too."

It became quiet!

Everyone widened their eyes, looking at Yang Fei in surprise.

Who is this young man that even the vice principal of Binhai University addresses him as Mr. Yang?

A flicker of curiosity passed through Qin Yanyang's eyes as she eyed her husband intently.

Hadn't he just returned to the country a few days ago? Since when did he know Principal Luu?

More importantly, why would Principal Luu be so courteous to him?

Yang Fei felt no sense of belonging at today's banquet.

Some of the people who had risen to greet him probably held high positions, but what did that have to do with him? As it was irrelevant to him, he remained seated.

Now, hearing someone call him— the voice slightly familiar, he couldn't help but look up and then be stunned.

"Professor Luu?" Yang Fei said with a smile, nodding at her, yet thinking to himself what a coincidence.

He knew beforehand that Luu Nian was a university professor, so her presence here was normal.

In contrast, his presence here was probably more of a surprise to Professor Luu.

Seeing Yang Fei address her as Professor Luu, she hurriedly said, "I wouldn't dare. Mr. Yang, you are an old friend of my father and Uncle Li, making me a generation younger than you, I..."

Yang Fei interrupted, "Then I'll call you Sister Luu, let's just keep to our own."

Luu Nian, seeing Yang Fei's carefree nature, felt gratitude towards him, and even more recognition.

This young man possessed extraordinary medical skills, yet he did not become arrogant because of his talents; instead, he was approachable, gentle in character, truly rare to find.

"That, Principal Luu, do you know him?" Ning Yaodong finally came back to his senses, looking at Luu Nian with a mixture of surprise and confusion.

The others were also curious, clearly surprised by Yang Fei and Luu Nian knowing each other.

Especially Ning Xiaodong who clenched his fists tightly in secret.

Luu Nian, seeing everyone looking surprised, couldn't help but feel puzzled.

What's so strange about her knowing Mr. Yang?

"Principal Luu, it turns out you know my husband," said Qin Yanyang with a smiling tone to Luu Nian at that moment.

Luu Nian was extremely surprised upon hearing this. Qin Yanyang and Yang Fei were both so young, yet they were married?

She then understood why, apart from Qin Yanyang, the others in this private room were so curious about her knowing Yang Fei.

It was because they felt that Yang Fei wasn't worthy of Qin Yanyang, thinking that Ning Xiaodong and Qin Yanyang were a perfect match.

Hmph, a bunch of short-sighted people.

Although Ning Xiaodong was outstanding, compared to Mr. Yang, one was a firefly, the other a star above the nine heavens.

With this thought, Luu Nian said with a smile, "Mr. Yang is a true master of traditional Chinese medicine, he managed to cure my father's chronic illness, allowing my father to stand up again."

"What?"

A cry of astonishment issued.

The old leader had been paralyzed for over three years, and although Li Xuanton had treated him devotedly, he could only rely on a wheelchair. Now, Luu Nian was saying Yang Fei managed to make the old leader stand again—how could that be possible?

Most of those present were promoted by Luu Shouwang, and upon hearing Luu Nian say this, they could not help but show a look of shocked excitement.

However, upon seeing how young Yang Fei was, their expressions changed to doubt and disbelief.

Especially Ning Xiaodong, his face filled with deep resentment and reluctance.

It must be fake.

How could this young man cure the old principal's paralysis?

If even Li Xuanton couldn't cure it, how could he?

He must have deceived Principal Luu by some means.

Yes, that must be it.

Luu Nian, always guilty about her previous disrespect towards Yang Fei, happened to meet him here and immediately sat next to him, thinking of getting closer to Yang Fei.

## **Chapter 24: Chapter 24: Come Over to Clean Up Some Trash**

In the private room, the waiter added another chair.

As the Vice Principal, Luu Nian was originally arranged to sit next to Ning Yaodong in the main seat, but she chose to sit next to Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang, so Ning Yaodong did not bring up the matter of swapping seats again.

The guests took their seats and the drinks and dishes began to be served.

Everyone was from the same university's faculty and staff, who knew each other well, so the conversation was comfortable.

Yang Fei seemed to be the odd one out.

But he didn't care, he was there to accompany Qin Yanyang and to complete his task, and that was enough for him as long as he was well-fed.

However, Luu Nian did not dare to neglect Yang Fei. After giving congratulations for Ning Yaodong's birthday, and greeting a few university professors, she started chatting with Yang Fei.

Because of Luu Nian, some professors at the table also talked to Yang Fei from time to time. Before long, someone brought up the topic of Luu Nian's father and asked when he would be fully healed.

Some even directly asked Yang Fei how he treated Luu Shouwang, full of curiosity.

Luu Nian, knowing of Ning Xiaodong's feelings for Qin Yanyang, did not conceal anything and told them about Yang Fei's treatment of her father.

The crowd was continuously amazed.

Ning Xiaodong was infuriated to the point of grinning bitterly in secret.

"What nonsense Revitalizing Aura."

It was all too fantastic, and he didn't know what trick this kid had used to fool even the Vice Principal.

Originally, this birthday banquet was centered around his uncle, and everyone would usually boast about their own youthful achievements like they normally do.

At past events, Ning Xiaodong had always been the main character receiving much praise. Today, however, everyone gathered around that kid, Yang Fei, and talked to him, leaving Ning Xiaodong feeling utterly ignored.

But now that Vice Principal Luu trusted Yang Fei this much, Ning Xiaodong knew he couldn't speak recklessly. He thought to himself that he must find an opportunity in the future to expose this kid and make Yang Fei embarrass himself in front of everyone.

It was not until after nine at night that everyone finally dispersed.

On the drive home, Qin Yanyang occasionally glanced at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei helplessly said, "If you want to say something, just say it."

Qin Yanyang smiled and asked, "Can you really cure the old principal's illness?"

Yang Fei asked, "You know Luu Shouwang?"

"Yes, he's quite famous in Binhai's education circles, a venerable and respected elder, and was previously the president of Binhai University. Now his daughter, Luu Nian, is the vice principal," Qin Yanyang explained.

Yang Fei nodded and said, "He can be cured, it won't take long before he can walk again, and in two months, he'll be like a normal person."

Qin Yanyang's bright, large eyes swept over Yang Fei. "Is your medical skill that high?"

In front of her, Yang Fei didn't hide it and said, "It's decent."

Qin Yanyang pursed her lips and smiled.

She, Qin Yanyang, had never thought her husband had to be some peerless hero or a prince charming, but if her husband was extraordinary in some field, that wouldn't be bad either.

Who could refuse someone truly outstanding?

She sought a simple and uneventful married life.

But if Yang Fei were just an ordinary man with nothing to his name, how could he attract someone like her?

"Was my performance today okay? Did it achieve the effect you wanted?" Yang Fei shifted the conversation.

Qin Yanyang nodded with a smile, "Very good. In fact, apart from Ning Xiaodong, many of the professors present today either have sons and relatives, or are matchmakers for others. It's quite annoying. It was good to address all those annoyances at once during this occasion."

Yang Fei chuckled and said, "No choice, my wife is so beautiful and outstanding."

Hearing him say 'my wife' so fluently, Qin Yanyang laughed and said, "That's why I said that day, marrying me might come with many troubles. Are you feeling the pressure now?"

Yang Fei laughed heartily, "I already said, there are no troubles in my presence. As for pressure ... regarding these competitors I've met so far, none of them are worth mentioning, just small issues."

Qin Yanyang saw such confidence in Yang Fei and smiled, lips pursed.



In her mind, several people surfaced.

For Yang Fei, a rival like Ning Xiaodong indeed wasn't worth mentioning.

But what about those from Imperial City?

She glanced at Yang Fei, thinking it was her who had taken the initiative to marry him and drawn him into this whirlpool, and she silently decided that she would definitely protect him and not let anyone harm him.

Even if we spend a long time together and still feel nothing for each other, I would still want you to leave unharmed,

But if you do develop feelings, you'll be my husband, Qin Yanyang, and no one in this world would dare to insult or bully you.

They chatted casually all the way home.

Just after getting out of the car, Yang Fei's phone rang.

He pulled out his phone to check the caller ID, looking puzzled.

It was a call from Zhou Cheng, an apprentice of Li Xuanton.

What could he want at this hour?

"I'm a bit tired today, I'm going to take a shower and rest," Qin Yanyang said when she saw Yang Fei was about to answer the call, then turned and left.

Yang Fei responded and then answered the phone.

"Mr. Yang... I'm sorry, I really had no other choice but to call you." As soon as the call connected, Zhou Cheng's voice came through.

His voice was filled with intense fear.

Yang Fei raised his brow and asked, "What's wrong? Calm down and tell me slowly."

"Slap!"

Yang Fei heard a sharp slap sound through the phone, and faintly heard Zhou Cheng scream in pain.

Yang Fei's gaze turned frosty.

"Yang Fei, right? I heard you cured Qi Tai's injury. Heh, I'm quite curious. Just who is it that could save someone I, Tian Zhenhai, injured?"

A robust and powerful voice suddenly came through the phone.

"Tian Zhenhai, is it? What do you want?" Yang Fei squinted slightly, as he asked and simultaneously took out a cigarette from his pocket and lit it.

"Heh, what do I want?"

The robust voice chuckled coldly: "I, Tian Zhenhai, wanted to kill a man, and you dared to save him. Bold of you to oppose me. Heh, if you don't want to drag Li Xuanton Medical Hall into this, come over here right now."

"Alright, wait for me."

Yang Fei hung up the phone and after stepping out of the garage, he called upstairs, "I have something urgent to attend to, I'm stepping out for a bit."

A moment later, Qin Yanyang replied from upstairs, "Okay."

Yang Fei walked to the medical hall.

Usually, it took about ten minutes, but today he arrived in less than three.

The medical hall's doors were slightly ajar with a sign hung up indicating it was closed for business.

Yang Fei pushed the door and entered.

In the hall, Zhou Cheng lay on the ground, unconscious.

Yang Fei glanced at him to confirm he was still alive before turning his attention to the man sitting boldly in the center of the hall.

The man appeared to be in his fifties, of medium build and slightly thin, with narrow eyes and a sharp gaze.

His temples were slightly raised, and he naturally exuded a formidable aura all around him.

An expert of Inner Strength.

With just one look, Yang Fei knew this man was an Inner Martial Artist.

"So you are Yang Fei?" Tian Zhenhai sized up Yang Fei, noting the youthful man in his twenties with no signs of inner energy fluctuations, and he couldn't help but frown.

Yang Fei used his heel to close the door and casually locked it behind him.

Tian Zhenhai's eyes sharpened, and he scoffed, "What, you think you can keep me here? Hahahaha."

He found Yang Fei's actions amusing.

Yang Fei ignored him and dialed Zhang Long's number.

"Mr. Yang, do you need me?" Zhang Long's voice came respectfully.

Yang Fei said, "Bring a few people over to the medical hall to clean up some trash."

After hanging up, he finally looked up at Tian Zhenhai and asked, "Any last words?"

## **Chapter 25: Chapter 25: If One Slap Doesn't Work, Try Two**

Tian Zhenhai was completely stunned.

He looked at Yang Fei as if he were looking at an idiot, unable to see where Yang Fei's confidence and assurance came from.

"Young man, are you sure you are the one I am looking for? Was it really you who saved Qi Tai?"

Tian Zhenhai was not angry anymore, looking at Yang Fei doubtfully, not wanting to mistake the person.

Anyone who could completely remove the poison left in Qi Tai's body must possess exceptional medical skills.

Moreover, Qi Tai had suffered severe internal injuries, and the situation was critical at that time, with nobody able to save him.

Yet Qi Tai survived, not only were all the toxins removed from his body, but his internal injuries were also healing.

Tian Zhenhai was very curious about who could counteract his Poison Palm.

He would not allow such a person to live.

At this moment, looking at Yang Fei, he was filled with doubt.

Traditional medicine is like wine, the older, the better.

This kid is still wet behind the ears, just a brat. How could he possess such formidable medical skills?

Yang Fei said, "No last words?"

Tian Zhenhai was furious.

This kid completely disregarded him.

"Hahaha, I, Tian Zhenhai, consider myself arrogant, but I didn't expect you to be even more arrogant than me. Kid, whether you saved Qi Tai or not, you must die today." Tian Zhenhai rose angrily and walked towards Yang Fei.

As he stood up, an oppressive and suffocating aura swept in.

Yet Yang Fei remained motionless, utterly unaffected.

Tian Zhenhai was startled.

With his aura, ordinary people would have been kneeling and begging for mercy by now, but this kid was as if nothing had happened.

What was going on?

Inner Strength Martial Artists already develop an invisible aura, though not too obvious, but for ordinary people, it's absolutely crushing, creating an overwhelming sense of suffocation like being crushed by a mountain.

But if this kid is also a Martial Artist, then why couldn't he feel any fluctuations of his inner energy?

At most, he might be an External Strength Martial Artist.

Tian Zhenhai suppressed the doubts in his heart, his figure suddenly flashed, a misstep, and his whole body moved like a phantom to Yang Fei's side.

He lifted his hand, and his large palm harshly slapped towards Yang Fei's cheek.

Such a small character, he could knock out with one slap.

Yang Fei's eyes flickered as he saw Tian Zhenhai's hand turn a dark color, clearly having mastered the Poison Palm.

He lifted his hand and also slapped back.

The latter comes first.

"Smack!"

In the crisp sound of the slap, Tian Zhenhai was sent flying.

His head buzzing, he only felt like Yang Fei's fair hand hitting his cheek was like a large iron hammer striking his face.

The terrifying and domineering aftereffect, even though he immediately gathered his inner-energy to resist with all his might, it was to no avail.

"Bang!"

Tian Zhenhai flew seven or eight meters away, smashing into the wall behind him.

The wall vibrated, cracks appeared, and even some white plaster dust fell down whooshing.

"You..."

Tian Zhenhai suppressed the surging blood and energy, looked up at Yang Fei in immense shock, and opened his mouth to speak.

However, as soon as he opened his mouth and barely uttered a word, he spurted a mouthful of fresh blood onto the ground.

His complexion was deathly pale, he looked at Yang Fei in horror and said, "You... who are you?"

Tian Zhenhai's heart was a tumultuous sea of shock, filled with deep fear.

Since his childhood, he had been learning martial arts for decades.

After leaving his mentor, he was further guided by a master, learned the Five Poison Skill, and greatly increased his combat power.

Now, he had just reached the early stages of Inner Strength, a true master of the internal arts, and with the domineering Five Poison Skill, he could say that even some Martial Artists in the Mid or Late Inner Strength Stage were somewhat fearful of him.

But what he never expected was that he had just been slapped flying by Yang Fei.

Although he had been careless and hadn't given his all from the start, he understood that Yang Fei did not catch him off guard.

That had been the latter coming first.

A seemingly ordinary slap, but in terms of both speed and strength, it was far superior to his own.

Even if he gave it his all and used the Five Poison Skill, he might not necessarily be a match for this youth.

The problem was, he had been practicing martial arts for over forty years, while this young man, even if he had started learning from the womb, hadn't been practicing for even half that time.

Upon realizing this, Tian Zhenhai asked again, "Who is your master?"

To Tian Zhenhai's inquiry, Yang Fei couldn't be bothered to respond.

He was also somewhat surprised.

He hadn't expected that a mere slap hadn't killed the man.

Subsequently, his heart became bitter.

Just a year ago, he was the world-renowned Madman King; someone like Tian Zhenhai could have easily been killed with a casual slap from him back then.

But now, he could only send someone flying.

He was too weak!

Yang Fei couldn't help feeling a little helpless and even a bit irritable inside.

Without triggering his hidden ailment, his combat power was indeed too weak.

This couldn't continue; he had to work hard to foster relations with Qin Yanyang. Once they were thoroughly familiar and trusted each other, he would ask if there was any way to cure his physical hidden ailment.

As for the present, since one slap didn't kill, then more slaps were necessary.

Thinking thus, he walked toward Tian Zhenhai.

If Tian Zhenhai knew what Yang Fei was thinking inside, he would probably die of anger.

However, if he knew Yang Fei's true identity, he probably would have been scared half to death long ago, so where would he have the courage to provoke trouble?

Seeing the other party approaching him without saying a word, Tian Zhenhai's heart sank. He suddenly roared, gathering all the strength he had mustered in that instant into his right arm, and his fist flew out like lightning, fiercely smashing toward Yang Fei's face.

The power of his fist whistled through the air, producing a faint booming sound in the void.

Two crazy lights shot from Tian Zhenhai's eyes.

Even in death, he wanted to take this young man down with him.

Under the stimulation of his inner energy, dark aura intensified on his fist.

Yang Fei met the punch head-on without dodging, delivering another slap.

His movement was simple and unadorned, focusing solely on speed.

"Smack!"

In the crisp sound, Yang Fei's palm struck Tian Zhenhai's fist.

Pop!

The fist exploded.

At the same time, an incredibly oppressive aura drilled into Tian Zhenhai's body through his fist, the terrifying power carrying his body and flinging it aside.

"Bang."

Tian Zhenhai's body smashed against the wall once more.

This time, he spat out blood, his eyes dimmed and lifeless, and his life force swiftly drained away.

But after he fell to the ground, he fiercely lifted his head and gave Yang Fei a maniacal smile, "Cough... Hahaha, lad, no matter who you are... you're doomed. With my Five Poison Skill, you..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Yang Fei simply shook his hand.

He stared at Yang Fei's fair palm and was stunned.

How could this be?

He had clearly made contact, so how had the toxin not transferred to this youth's hand?

"No... cough, cough, it's not possible," Tian Zhenhai coughed up blood, muttering in disbelief.

Suddenly, his body convulsed, his breath only half drawn before it faltered.

Yet he forcefully mustered that last bit of breath, staring intensely at Yang Fei and said, "By killing me, and ruining my master's grand plan, my master will certainly not let... you off!"

After speaking, his entire body seemed to have had all its strength drained, collapsing limply to the ground, lifeless.

Yang Fei slightly furrowed his brow.

Although he had killed Tian Zhenhai with two slaps, he found no joy in it.

Especially that last punch Tian Zhenhai had delivered with all his strength, it was indeed very powerful.

Particularly that toxin, which was extremely tricky, had almost drilled into his body through his palm.

Moreover, hearing Tian Zhenhai's last words before his death, it seemed he had unwittingly entangled himself in an undesirable cause and effect.