

## Overlord 32

### Chapter 32 Qin Yanyang Investigates Yang Fei

The call connected quickly, and an elderly man's voice came through, "Girl, how come you finally decided to give me a call? Have you forgotten this old man after getting a husband?"

Qin Yanyang's pretty face flushed. She glanced at Yang Fei and, seeing that he didn't seem to have heard, said, "Grandpa, if you keep joking like this, I'm really going to ignore you."

"Haha, alright, it seems things are progressing well. How about it, are you satisfied with the husband I found for you?" Qin Huai'an asked with a laugh.

Taking a straightforward approach, Qin Yanyang replied, "He's okay, I guess, still under observation. Grandpa, I have something to ask you."

"Hmm, go ahead."

"Yang Fei was introduced to me by you, and according to him, it was his master who suggested the blind date, so you must be very good friends with his master, right?" Qin Yanyang said.

"Yes, very good friends," Qin Huai'an responded without hiding anything.

There was no need to hide such things.

Qin Yanyang said, "Then do you know his master's name? Is it possible for his master to contact Yang Fei? He seems to have a health problem, but his master is playing coy with his disciple, which is just silly."

There was a moment of silence from Qin Huai'an's end.

Qin Yanyang spoke up, "Hello, Grandpa, are you still listening?"

"Yes, I'm listening."

"Yang Fei got hurt, and his master told him that I am his 'opportunity,' as if being in contact with me could heal his injuries. But I have no medical skills, no knowledge of treating and saving lives; could it be that his master meant that you could heal his injuries?" Qin Yanyang pressed on.

After a pause, Qin Huai'an's voice finally came through the phone: "Yang Fei's master is quite mysterious, a crane in the clouds, never showing his tail while his head is seen; I often can't get in touch with him too. If there really is an issue, his master will definitely contact him.

As for his physical condition, as of now, only you can solve it."

Qin Yanyang was stunned, "Me?"

On the other side, Yang Fei could hear their conversation, and he looked at Qin Yanyang with a perplexed expression.

She was the one who could cure his condition?

"How do I cure it?" Qin Yanyang asked directly.

Despite being full of confusion and curiosity, she still wanted to understand how to treat Yang Fei's condition.

In truth, based on her observations, she could not tell that there was anything wrong with Yang Fei.

He appeared physically healthy and full of energy, not at all like someone with a hidden illness.

"I don't know," came Qin Huai'an's voice.

Qin Yanyang was flabbergasted once more.

He didn't know?

The way he said it seemed so irresponsible.

A twitch appeared at the corner of Yang Fei's mouth, his face speechless.

The master was being cryptic, and Qin Yanyang's grandfather said that Qin Yanyang could cure his condition, yet claimed not to know how.

This was ridiculous—what game were these two old men playing?

"If Yang Fei's master says you can cure it, then you can definitely cure it, though he hasn't told me the reason. Grandpa wouldn't lie to you," Qin Huai'an said.

Qin Yanyang made a snide remark.

Since she was young, Grandpa loved her the most and indeed had never deceived her, but this time she couldn't help feeling that Grandpa was keeping something from her.

"Girl, if you can get along well with him, then do so, but remember, don't let yourself suffer. If it's meant to be, you two will come together; if not, don't bother with whether he lives or dies, got it?" Qin Huai'an said.

Qin Yanyang gave Yang Fei a strange look.

On the other side, Yang Fei wore an expression of complete ignorance, while internally cursing.

This old man didn't seem like a good person.

If we're not fated, he won't care if I live or die?

So utterly heartless.

And here I am, supposedly your grandson-in-law.

"Remember my words, don't get taken advantage of, alright, I'm hanging up now," Qin Huai'an concluded with a warning, and then the line went dead.

Qin Yanyang, feeling slightly embarrassed, said to Yang Fei, "Um, it's as if I called, yet at the same time, it's as if I didn't."

Yang Fei almost burst into laughter, but he feigned ignorance, asking blankly, "What happened?"

Qin Yanyang said helplessly, "It seems my grandfather has been in cahoots with your master for a while. They've settled everything without telling us anything."

Yang Fei thought to himself that it was strange that they hadn't mentioned anything at all.

With a look of regret on his face, he said, "Ah, I should have guessed it."

Seeing him look somewhat downcast, Qin Yanyang comforted him, "Don't worry. Since you've listened to your master and came to meet me, and now I don't dislike you, we'll be together day and night. If it turns out like your master said, and I am indeed the chance to treat your hidden ailment, I might know what to do when you fall ill."

Hearing this, Yang Fei was moved and nodded silently.

Qin Yanyang suddenly became interested and looked at Yang Fei, saying, "You keep saying you're injured and have a serious health risk, but I can't see it. You look perfectly healthy. How does one trigger the illness? And what does it look like when it happens?"

Yang Fei saw her curious expression and couldn't help but smile bitterly, "It's better that you don't see me when I'm ill. It's quite scary."

Qin Yanyang looked at him with puzzlement.

Yang Fei shook his head, "I'm serious. Let's not talk about this topic now. Off to work."

Qin Yanyang checked the time and nodded, "Yeah, I have to go. I have class this morning and I'll be late if I don't leave now."

And just like that, they tacitly moved on from the topic.

But deep down, both were filled with a strong sense of curiosity.

Yang Fei wondered if he would enable Qin Yanyang to find the problem and help him cure it just by falling ill.

Qin Yanyang, on the other hand, wondered if he was really sick, what kind of illness it was, and how she could possibly treat him without any medical knowledge.

Early in the morning, Yang Fei, who was used to walking to work, declined Qin Yanyang's offer to give him a ride.

Qin Yanyang drove straight to Binhai University, still pondering the candid exchange she'd had with Yang Fei.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

Qin Yanyang's eyes brightened when she saw the incoming call and she answered.

"The person you asked me to investigate last night has very basic identity information. I've sent the details to your secure email."

"Okay."

After hanging up, Qin Yanyang used the voice assistant to open her email, allowing the car's Bluetooth to play the contents.

The information was straightforward, containing just Yang Fei's age, birthplace, and a brief, tragic introduction to his life.

After listening, Qin Yanyang's brow slightly furrowed.

This was almost the same as what Yang Fei had told her.

Just a bit more detailed, that's all.

However, Qin Yanyang couldn't help feeling that this information was too superficial.



Her husband, who had been forthright with her about many things, didn't seem as simple as she had imagined.

"Interesting," Qin Yanyang muttered with a smirk.

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Dragon Tiger Auspicious Pawnshop.

A young man got out of a taxi outside the main entrance, glanced at the pawnshop's sign to make sure he was at the right place, and strode in.

Inside the pawnshop, around the coffee table, four or five young men were playing cards. Seeing a customer enter, one of them greeted him with a smile, "Brother, you're quite early. Coming to the pawnshop first thing in the morning, what do you have? Let's see how much it's worth."

"I'm here to see Qi Tai," the young man said indifferently.

The pawnshop's attendees, all members of Dragon and Tiger Hall, couldn't help but turn their heads to look at the newcomer when they heard this.

The member who had greeted the young man came to his senses, frowning, "Kid, are you sure you can call Lord Qi by his name like that?"

The young man frowned, then suddenly took a step forward and charged in, his shoulder colliding with the chest of the young man from Dragon and Tiger Hall.

"Bang!"

A dull thud sounded as the Dragon and Tiger Hall member spat out a mouthful of blood and flew out like a kite with a broken string.

"Tell Qi Tai to come see me."