

## Overlord 391

### Chapter 391: Turns Out I'm a Taoist Inheritor

Before leaving, Wang Lei used the steel knife in his hand to destroy Zhuge Ming's corpse, rendering it unrecognizable.

Afterward, the two of them left and returned to the hotel where they had been staying previously.

After taking a bath and changing clothes, Wang Lei said to Yang Fei, "If you have any questions, just ask."

Seeing that his complexion was still somewhat pale and haggard, Yang Fei responded, "You should rest up first; some things are not urgent."

Wang Lei offered a faint smile and said, "If you have questions on your mind, you won't be able to sleep. It's better to resolve the doubts in your heart before resting."

With that, he poured a glass of red wine and sat down on the sofa, holding the glass.

Seeing him like this, Yang Fei sat down opposite him.

After thinking for a moment, he started by asking, "Brother Lei must also be from a Hidden Sect, right?"

Wang Lei nodded, "Yeah, the attitude Zhuge Ming had already explained everything. He was right; I am indeed that person who left the Wang Family of the Hidden Sect World seven years ago."

Yang Fei did not inquire why he had left the family but instead asked, "Do you know Wang Hui?"

After pondering for a moment, Wang Lei shook his head and said, "I do not know him. Why do you ask?"

Yang Fei briefly explained Wang Hui's situation.

Wang Lei explained, "When the Hidden Sect World first began, there were only a few aristocratic families and Sects. However, as time passed, some people were expelled from their families or Sects after making mistakes, and since they couldn't come to the secular world—lest they expose the existence of the Hidden Sect World—they continued to stay within the Hidden Sect World. Over time, these individuals came to be known as independents in the Hidden Sect World. Moreover, the major aristocratic families and Sects had many legitimate and collateral branches. Gradually, these developments led to the formation of weaker families. This Wang Hui you mentioned might indeed hail from the Wang Family but perhaps not from the most powerful one."

Yang Fei nodded silently, then asked, "Have you heard of the name 'Fatty Taoist'?"

Wang Lei nodded and said, "I've heard of it."

"Oh?" Yang Fei felt intrigued and pressed on, "Is he famous in the Hidden Sect World?"

Wang Lei shook his head and said, "It can only be said that his identity is very special; one can't say he's very famous. In fact, his name is unknown to the vast majority in the Hidden Sect World. Even I only happened to overhear an elder in my family speak of a past event concerning the Hidden Sect and that's how I learned of this name."

Yang Fei suddenly understood.

It was true that Wang Hui hadn't heard of his master, the Fatty Taoist's, name, likely due to his lower status in the Hidden Sect World.

Whereas Zhuge Ming, Wang Lei, and individuals like the Sect Lord would likely hail from prominent and esteemed backgrounds within the Hidden Sect, which is why they would be privy to secrets unknown to the common person.

"Can you tell me his story?" Yang Fei looked earnestly at Wang Lei.

Wang Lei looked at Yang Fei, his expression somewhat complex.

Yang Fei felt a peculiar look in his eyes and a sense of foreboding emerged in his heart.

Wang Lei downed the glass of red wine in one gulp and then extended a hand towards Yang Fei, saying, "Give me a cigarette."

Yang Fei was startled, as he remembered that Wang Lei did not smoke.

Nevertheless, he took out a cigarette from his pocket, handed one to Wang Lei, and when Wang Lei placed the cigarette in his mouth, he even helped light it for him, taking the opportunity to light one for himself as well.

Wang Lei took a puff, his eyes slightly squinting as he said, "If you truly are a disciple of the Fatty Taoist, then you may really be in trouble."

Playing along, Yang Fei asked, "Why is that?"

"Seeing as how you're so confused, it's clear the Fatty Taoist didn't tell you anything when he took you as his disciple," Wang Lei said with a bitter smile and a shake of his head. "He's putting you in a bind."

Yang Fei was taken aback.

"He's truly put you in a tight spot, brother!" Wang Lei exclaimed with a sigh, his face showing deep regret and a complex expression as he said, "Although we're as close as brothers, I must tell you upfront, I might not be able to help you... well, more accurately, I can't. To help would mean death!"

Yang Fei's mouth twitched, at a loss for words, "Can't be that serious, right?"

Yet in his mind, he recalled the words Zhuge Ming uttered before his death.

He said he was bound to die a miserable death.

Fuck!

That's so goddamn ominous!

It felt like a curse.

But soon Yang Fei adjusted his mentality.

He had been orphaned from a young age, wandering the Martial Arts World with his master since the age of thirteen. Later on, he ventured alone overseas for many years, having witnessed innumerable life-and-death situations and confronted numerous challenges. Naturally, his psychological resilience was incomparable to that of ordinary people.

Wang Lei still looked at Yang Fei, his gaze filled with a hint of sympathy as he slowly said, "It seems you know nothing about the Taoist world, eh?"

Yang Fei couldn't help but retort, "Brother Lei, stop beating around the bush. Just tell me, why do you say my master screwed me over, and that you cannot help me?"

"Because you are a Taoist Inheritor. Initially, the Taoist were leaders of the Hidden Sect World, the origin of all martial arts in the world. But later on, the Taoist were destroyed by a coalition of various forces within the Hidden Sect World, and everything belonging to the Taoist was seized," Wang Lei said.

Yang Fei was stunned and murmured, "Fuck, for real?"

Wang Lei gave a bitter smile and said, "I am the legitimate disciple of the Wang Family in the Hidden Sect World. Is there any need for me to fabricate stories to deceive you by smearing my own family?"

Yang Fei said, "You've run away from home, obviously dissatisfied with your family. It wouldn't be impossible for you to smear your own clan."

Wang Lei's mouth twitched, nearly dying of anger, "Do you still want to know more or not?"

Yang Fei chuckled and hastily said, "I'm just kidding, Brother Lei, don't we know each other?"

Wang Lei snorted coldly and put out his cigarette, saying, "Anyway, after the Taoist were destroyed, the various powers in the Hidden Sect World concealed everything about them, forbidding anyone from mentioning the Taoist. Over time, the Taoist became a legend and ceased to exist in the Hidden Sect World."

Yang Fei nodded silently and said, "It's like burning books and burying scholars alive, using the historiographer's subtle censorship to cover up everything."

Wang Lei nodded and said, "Something like that. In any case, most people in the Hidden Sect World know some tales about the Taoist, but in their minds, the Taoist are an ancient sect that has been gone for a very long time and no longer exists."

Yang Fei asked, "If that's the case, why did my master, the Fatty Taoist, reappear?"

"That's where you are most innocent," Wang Lei said. "Over the years, quite a few people claiming to be inheritors of the Taoist have emerged, but they quickly disappeared or were proven to be frauds. Only one person was the exception."

Yang Fei's eyes brightened, "My master?"

Wang Lei nodded, "Yes, the Fatty Taoist."

Yang Fei thought for a moment, then suddenly felt something was off, somewhat illogical.

Indeed, his master was formidable, belonging to those with exceptional combat abilities in the Innate Realm.

But three years ago, he had already been able to defeat his master.

By that account, his master's combat prowess should be close to the Lord's, yet when compared to Zhang Wenfeng, who had stepped into the Divine Travel Realm, and Zhuge Ming, whom he had fought today, his master probably fell short.

If the Taoist were really that amazing, why was my master so subpar?

Just as Yang Fei was quietly suspecting something was amiss, Wang Lei spoke with an admiring tone, "It is said that before the Fatty Taoist turned thirty, he couldn't even step into the Energy Transformation Realm, which, in the Hidden Sect World, was considered a lack of talent. But at the age of thirty-three, his strength surged dramatically. He claimed to have received the true legacy of the Taoist, wished to rejuvenate the Taoist legacy, and even aimed to reclaim the Martial Arts Technique Books from the various aristocratic families and Sects."

The image of the chubby Taoist surfaced in Yang Fei's mind, and his face couldn't help but show a hint of doubt.

Was my master really that fierce, that staunch?

Could Wang Lei be mistaken?

"And then what?" Yang Fei asked eagerly.

Though he had guessed the outcome based on his master's later appearances, he still wanted to know about the glorious deeds of the once-fabled Fatty Taoist.

Chapter 392: Locking the Target

Meeting Yang Fei's eagerly expectant gaze, Wang Lei said, "He almost succeeded."

Yang Fei was stunned on the spot.

Almost succeeded?

Could there be a mistake?

With his master's combat abilities being just that, and the Hidden Sect's fighters genuinely so formidable, facing off against their top fighters one-on-one didn't necessarily mean he could win, could his master alone defeat all of them?

Impossible, right?

Three years ago, his master had sparred with him, and he didn't feel as overpowering as Wang Lei was suggesting.

"He first challenged the old ancestor of my Wang Family," Wang Lei said with a complex expression, "Back then, after our ancestor was defeated by him, he announced he would go into seclusion, and he has yet to come out."

"I heard that two other ancestors from aristocratic families were defeated by him afterward. Consequently, the powerful members of the various aristocratic families and Sects began to replicate the method they used to annihilate the Taoist sect long ago, deciding to come together to deal with the Fatty Taoist."

Yang Fei's expression turned solemn.

Wang Lei sighed, looking at Yang Fei and said, "What resulted was the Fatty Taoist vanishing without a trace, never to appear again, even though there were people who later claimed to have seen him, they were unable to trace his whereabouts."

Yang Fei frowned and said, "That's somewhat underhanded."

Wang Lei gave a bitter smile, nodded and said, "That's the reality, whether you call it mean or a scheming tactic. Since ancient times, the victor becomes the king and the vanquished are bandits; history is always written by the victors."

Yang Fei felt somewhat unsettled, but it wasn't too severe.

He was indeed a disciple of the Fatty Taoist, but the Fatty Taoist had never mentioned anything about the Taoist Inheritance, nor had he instilled in him the need to revive the Taoist sect, so he couldn't say he felt a deep connection to the Taoist faction.

However, the past adversity his master had faced made him feel somewhat indignant and frustrated.

Now that he thought about it, the sparring with his master three years ago might have been because he had suffered serious injuries earlier in his life, which greatly diminished his powers, or it could have been that he had concealed his true strength, deliberately letting Yang Fei win.

At that moment, Yang Fei suddenly felt sympathy for the chubby Taoist and wanted to meet him and talk.

"So if you are a disciple of the Fatty Taoist, you are a Taoist Inheritor. The title of Taoist Inheritor sounds impressive, but for the Hidden Sect World, anyone or anything related to the Taoist is not likely to end well," Wang Lei said, looking at Yang Fei with a complex expression.

Yang Fei's mouth twitched as he said wordlessly, "It seems I've attracted trouble simply because of my identity. Brother Lei, since you come from the Hidden Sect and specifically from the direct lineage of the Wang Family, will you stand against me in the future?"

Wang Lei countered, "What do you think?"

Yang Fei slowly shook his head.

He said, "I don't think you will, but Sun Xingyu's situation is still fresh in my mind."

Wang Lei laughed heartily, "You believe in loyalty, yet you fear overestimating human nature, right?"

Yang Fei thought about this statement carefully and nodded silently.



Wang Lei looked at Yang Fei with a smile, not hurrying to speak.

The room was silent for a long while, and ultimately it was Yang Fei who broke the silence with a bitter smile, "Sorry, Brother Lei, I shouldn't have asked that question just now."

Wang Lei shook his head and said, "I understand, given Will and Sun Xingyu's events happened before, it's right for you to be cautious. Otherwise, it would mean you've learned nothing from the incident two years ago and have made no progress or improvement."

Finally, Wang Lei stood up, walked to the floor-to-ceiling window, looked out at the night view of the bustling city and said, "The Bridge of Forgetfulness is filled with ghosts; not all in the human world are human. Since ancient times, only human hearts and human nature are the most enigmatic; everyone has their own thoughts, their own pursuits, so on the road to finding like-minded people to advance together, we always encounter ghosts."

He turned back, looked at Yang Fei with a smile and said, "As for me, whether I'm human or ghost for you, you will need to decide that in the future."

Yang Fei suddenly grinned and said, "Brother Lei, we've been through life and death together for many years, united in purpose. Why suddenly speak such distant words?"

Wang Lei responded helplessly, "You were the one who brought up this topic first."

Yang Fei said hastily, "Yes, it's my mistake, I'll punish myself with three drinks later."

Wang Lei chuckled and looked at Yang Fei with a calm expression, "Do you know why I left the Hidden Sect and the Wang Family?"

Yang Fei replied, "I don't know, but you must have your reasons."

A complex look flashed across Wang Lei's eyes as he slowly said, "That world is too inhumane. Many people have already become mentally distorted, resorting to any means necessary to achieve their

goals. They create their own rules, yet continually break them. They will keep lowering their moral standards, and sooner or later, they will endanger the entire world."

Yang Fei looked at Wang Lei and saw a complex mix of sadness and indignation in his eyes.

He suddenly laughed, "Brother Lei, I see a light in you."

Wang Lei was momentarily startled, then understood Yang Fei's meaning and laughed back, "I'm not as noble as you think... I just want to change my surroundings and live in a way that makes me happy, that's all."

"By the way, apart from Zhuge Ming, nobody else in the Hidden Sect World should know you are a student of Fatty Taoist, right?" Wang Lei suddenly asked Yang Fei.

Yang Fei thought for a moment and replied, "There's Wang Hui that I mentioned before, and... the Shadow Slaughter Venerable. I don't know if he comes from the Hidden Sect."

Wang Lei frowned and said solemnly, "In that case, you might be in trouble."

Yang Fei knew he was worried about him and smiled, "I'll meet force with force and cover all tracks. I don't start trouble, but I'm also not afraid of it. If they target me because I am a Taoist Inheritor, then for the sake of survival, I will have to fight back."

Wang Lei gave Yang Fei a deep look and said, "From now on, just be careful yourself."

"I understand."

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After finishing his conversation with Wang Lei, Yang Fei returned to his room and took out his phone to call his master several times.

The calls did not go through.

Sending messages were also like stones dropped into the sea.

Lying in bed, he thought about what Wang Lei had told him today and felt troubled and irritable.

This trip, taken during Qin Yanyang's busy schedule to handle overseas matters, was not going well.

Sun Xingyu was almost captured but was saved by a Japanese Ninja.

The information about Sky Net gained from Zhang Yunlong was almost useless.

Because Zhang Yunlong had been captured a long while ago, Sky Net had anticipated the leak of information and had moved earlier. When International Madman followed the leads, the places were already empty.

The more he thought about it, the more dissatisfied he felt.

He wasn't going to let this trip be in vain.

As he pondered, Yang Fei's gaze suddenly turned cold, a murderous intent flashing across.

If he couldn't find more clues about Sky Net, then he would start with them.

Overseas Sun Family!

The brothers who had died two years ago because of International Madman's sacrifice were still unavenged.

Someone had to pay for their deaths.

The Will-Smith family, and the Overseas Sun Family, these two families must be connected with Sky Net. He would target them first to take some interest.

Meanwhile, the local police were going all out, starting an investigation into the explosion at Sun Xingyu's villa and the bodies found around the villa.

Members of the Federation's special department were also involved from the start. The leader of the Sun Family was also disturbed and extremely furious, publicly issuing a reward to find clues and making sure to make those who dared to challenge the Sun Family pay a price.

### Chapter 393: Just Getting Started

Three days passed, and the Sun family had come up empty-handed.

The special department's investigation had also made no progress.

Sun Chuansheng stepped out from the special department, his face grim as he got into the car. Just then, his phone rang.

Seeing it was his father's number, Sun Chuansheng immediately answered, "Dad, have you got any news?"

"Nothing, what did the Bureau say?" the person on the other end asked.

Sun Chuansheng sighed and said, "Those incompetents couldn't find anything; the people who appeared in the Sky Net surveillance are all very blurred. Right now, we're completely clueless. Dad, it must be those bastards from 'International Madman' behind this. I lost two sons, we can't just let this go. We must wipe them all out and have them buried with my two sons."

"Mm, come back now, Sky Net has sent someone over."

Upon hearing this, Sun Chuansheng snorted coldly, "It's all their fault. If we hadn't been doing tasks for them, our Sun family wouldn't have provoked the International Madman's group of lunatics. I lost two sons this time; Sky Net must give us an explanation."

"Shut up! Keep those words to yourself when you're with me; don't be reckless after you come back," a stern voice came through the phone before hanging up.

Curse marks crossed Sun Chuansheng's unsatisfied face as he said, "To the old man's place."

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The headquarters of the Overseas Sun Family in the EU Zone was a castle left over from the British colonial period.

The castle covered an expansive area, resembling a fortress, and exuded both the grandeur of ancient history and modern luxury.

Sun Luting frowned slightly as he looked at the two young men with Eastern faces opposite him, his gaze filled with a mix of doubt and scrutiny.

"I've never seen you two before," Sun Luting said solemnly.

One of the young men across from him smiled and said, "That's normal. If you recognized everyone from Sky Net, that would be abnormal."

Sun Luting responded flatly, "Moreover, I did not receive any message from your superiors that they would arrange for two individuals to be stationed with the Sun family."

"How can we confirm our identities for you?" asked the other young man.

Sun Luting said, "We're already verifying that. Just wait here for a moment. After your identities are confirmed, I can collaborate with you."

"You really are cautious," the previously speaking man said with a smile.

Sun Luting replied, "Caution is the parent of safety."

The two young men exchanged glances, one of them suggesting, "There's no point in continuing the charade, let's just take action."

The other drew his sword and struck in a swift, thunderous motion, aiming to cleave at Sun Luting.

Sun Luting's pupils narrowed as his body explosively recoiled backward, he roared, "As I suspected, there's a problem! You've got some nerve, challenging my Sun family, courting death!"

"Pfft!!!"

He retreated rapidly, but the sword-wielding youth was faster.

As soon as Sun Luting hit the ground, the attacker was already before him, slashing down with his sword.

An obvious wound appeared across Sun Luting's chest as his clothing was sliced, and blood splattered.

Yet, the man in his seventies remained unflustered in the face of danger, reaching out with his claw, aiming straight for the throat of the sword-wielding youth.

A slight change came over the youthful swordsman's face.

His strike had wounded the opponent, but not as effectively as he had hoped.

What should have been a deadly slash resulted in only a scar on the body. The defensive strength of the man's body was beyond imagination.

The swordsman flicked his wrist and brought the blade back to guard in front of his throat.

"Ding!"

A loud clang resonated, and the blade vibrated intensely, leaving the youth's arm numb, and his steel sword nearly slipped from his grip.

Powerful!

Wang Lei was secretly shocked. At that moment, his eyes brightened because he noticed Yang Fei had made his move.

Indeed, Sun Luting's expression suddenly changed, his demeanor seeming to stall for a moment.

Wang Lei was overjoyed and quickly slashed with his sword.

"Pfft!"

This time, Sun Luting couldn't dodge or block in time and got hit solidly by the blade, his right shoulder nearly being chopped off.

After being cleaved away, it was as if he had only then come to his senses, his eyes showing a look of terror, "The Divine Travel Realm? Who exactly are you?"

The answer to his question was a blade.

Wang Lei pressed his advantage and chopped down with another blade.

With great alarm in his heart, Sun Luting no longer desired to fight and turned to flee.

However, at that moment, an invisible force swept over from behind him, wrapping and binding him.

Sun Luting let out a furious roar, and True Qi burst forth from his body in an instant, as he struck out with his palm.

Boom!

The entire room seemed to shake violently, and the invisible force condensed by Yang Fei's intention immediately dissipated.

But Sun Luting had also lost the prime opportunity to escape, and Wang Lei's blade came slashing down, leaving a huge wound on his back.

The next moment, the scattered invisible force quickly gathered once again, bringing Sun Luting a new round of restraint and suppression.

His movements became noticeably slower.

The bloodstained steel blade was directly placed against his neck.

Bearing the pain, Sun Luting turned to look at the two men, "Who exactly are you, and why are you attacking me?"

Wang Lei said coldly, "You're the one who forced Sun Xingyu to betray us two years ago, aren't you?"

Sun Luting's pupils shrank in shock, "You're the International Madman?"



Yang Fei stood up and began stepping towards Sun Luting, "Let's reintroduce ourselves, they call me Tang."

"You're Boss Tang?" Sun Luting exclaimed in shock.

As the leader of the Sun family, he'd never truly considered the International Madman to be a serious threat.

However, the battle where Sky Net besieged the International Madman had given him a new understanding of them.

Especially the one called Tang, the Madman King, whose combat power was off the charts and had shaken the global underworld.

But what he didn't expect was for the Madman King to suddenly appear in his own home and even make a move against him.

From the recent exchange, Sun Luting had gained a further understanding of Yang Fei's strength. It seemed like the young man hadn't made a move, but in reality, he had assisted Wang Lei.

This person could mobilize the Heaven and Earth Power with just a thought. Not only that, he could violently disrupt his own heart, greatly interfering with his ability to fight.

He had already stepped into the legendary Divine Travel Realm, and his strength was greater than his own.

"So, the deaths of my two grandsons a few days ago were also your doing?" Sun Luting asked, staring at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei looked down at Sun Luting from his higher position, stating indifferently, "It seems you've mistaken the order of things. Right now, we are the ones asking you questions."

Sun Luting sneered, "The two of you indeed possess formidable strength, but to think you can oppose Sky Net is simply delusional; you're no match for them."

Wang Lei's hand moved and his blade fell, severing one of Sun Luting's arms on the spot.

Having lost an arm, Sun Luting felt both pain and anger, and with a sense of horror he said, "Damn it, if you have the guts, kill me; my Sun family will never let you go!"

"Are you sure you won't reveal anything about Sky Net?" Yang Fei inquired.

Staring venomously at Yang Fei, Sun Luting responded, "Sky Net operates in secrecy; I have no idea how many people they have, and even if I did, I wouldn't tell, because I am certain to die today."

"Spine!" Yang Fei nodded approvingly.

Wang Lei looked at Yang Fei and said, "Since he's tough, shall we fulfill his wish?"

"Kill him," Yang Fei said indifferently.

Sun Luting's pupils constricted, not expecting these two young men to be so unconventional, ready to kill as soon as they said they would.

He opened his mouth, about to say something, but saw Wang Lei's blade slash across his throat.

At that moment, people rushed over from outside.

Yang Fei and Wang Lei did not flee; they walked out of the room boldly, and when they encountered Sun family experts who tried to stop them, they were ruthless in their attacks, killing anyone who barred their way!

On that day, the Overseas Sun Family saw rivers of blood, and the retaliation of the International Madman had just begun.

#### Chapter 394: Celebrity List

Korea, Seoul.

Overnight, a tragic and severe change occurred within the Li Family, the top chaebol family in Korea.

The bodies of brothers Li Zhongze and Li Zhongkai, who had long held the major lifelines of the Li Family, were found exposed on the street.

Besides them, all the family members and loyal subordinates within the Li Family's Financial Group who supported them were either killed or mysteriously disappeared.

Ultimately, by the end of that night, the only surviving members of the direct lineage of the Li Family's aristocracy were the paralyzed and bedridden Clan Leader Li Hancheng, who was kept alive by high-tech means, and his youngest daughter, Li Xuanyu.

Inside the grand villa where Li Hancheng was convalescing and clinging to life, Li Xuanyu sat by her father's side, her clothes stained with blood.

"Clearing them out met with significant resistance. Whether Li Zhongze or Li Zhongkai, they were merely pawns at the mercy of others. The entire Li Family's Financial Group, from the inside out, from the top to the bottom, had been infiltrated by spies and secret agents. Our control over the financial group was practically in name only."

Li Xuanyu, looking at her father who had regained consciousness, began to recount the events of the day.

Li Hancheng, an influential magnate of his generation, had retreated to this villa to recuperate and extend his life due to old age, thus gradually losing control over the vast family conglomerate. However, in his heart, as long as his children and grandchildren inherited the great family business, he had no regrets.

At this moment, upon hearing his daughter's recount, his lips trembled, and he managed to utter a weak and indistinct voice through the technological device: "What about... their children?"

Li Xuanyu replied, "Alive. I will give them a sum of money and send them overseas. As long as they live their lives honestly, they will enjoy eternal peace."

Li Hancheng looked at his youngest daughter before him, with a trace of relief appearing on his aged face.

He had long known that the issue of succession within the family would provoke infighting once he fell.

Just a month ago the mother of this youngest daughter had died, and she herself had been ousted from the family by several older brothers and sisters, her whereabouts unknown. Back then, he felt somewhat sad.

He hadn't expected his daughter to return so quickly, and with thunderous and bloody methods, she had cleared away all obstacles and suddenly seized control over the entire family conglomerate.

With such temperament and capability, she indeed qualified to inherit the vast empire he had built.

"Although you have inherited this vast wealth... But to many, our Li Family's Financial Group is a piece of succulent meat. It will be very... very hard for you to hold on to this legacy..." Li Hancheng did not grieve or struggle over the deaths of his sons and daughters; he could not change anything now. His only concerns were for his youngest daughter before him or whether she could protect the empire he had established.

He was well aware that the family had long been penetrated by external powers, but he was powerless to stop it. Now that his youngest daughter had taken control of the family with an iron hand, perhaps she could change the family's destiny of being devoured.

"I will do my best to protect everything of the Li Family, and I assure you, the person who inherits the family in the future can only be your direct descendant," Li Xuanyu said with determination.

A smile appeared on Li Hancheng's face, even his eyes gleaming with mirth and contentment. He struggled to say, "The Jin Family is also a major threat."

A cold light flashed in Li Xuanyu's eyes: "Soon, Korea will only have one chaebol family, and that will be our Li Family's Financial Group."

"Ha... Haha... Good... Good... Good..."

Li Hancheng watched Li Xuanyu and laughed heartily. As he laughed, the sound ceased, and the various medical devices beside his bed began to emit alarm sounds.

The influential magnate of Korea thus fell.

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Within a mere few days, two sensational events shocked the international stage.

The news of the Korean chaebol family was the talk of the town, becoming a hot search topic globally.

However, in contrast to the tremendous internal upheaval of the Li Family's Financial Group, for the true elites around the world, the bloody incident faced by the Overseas Sun Family was of far greater concern.

The Underworld Forum worldwide put up a tag.

The Overseas Sun Family was powerful, with heritage tracing back to the old Divine Continent Country. Clan Leader Sun Luting was repeatedly listed among the most famous names overseas and had stayed in the seventh position on the Divine List for ten years.

Such a formidable family was attacked overnight, with Clan Leader Sun Luting decapitated, multiple masters within the family killed, and a total of thirty-one people dead. There were no survivors from the Sun Family who witnessed the assailant that day.

No one knew which force was behind the attack on the Sun Family, but as people speculated about the identity of the perpetrator, a post appeared on the Underworld Forum.

"The Sun Family willingly became Sky Net's hound, participating in the encirclement and suppression of 'International Madman' two years ago. Today, 'International Madman' has come to collect the blood debt. This is only the beginning. The surviving members of 'International Madman' will be relentless against the Sky Net Organization!"

Upon this announcement, the global underworld was abuzz.

The topic of 'International Madman,' who had burst onto the scene only to vanish two years prior, was once again dredged up in heated online discussions.

"It was the work of the International Madman!"

"Ever since they kidnapped Zhang Yunlong in Divine Continent Country last time, the International Madman has finally made a move again."

"Is this a return to the Martial Arts World?"

"@Boss Tang, have you already returned to the Martial Arts World?"

"Boss Tang is mighty, waiting for the International Madman to create more glories!"

"Brothers, the Celebrity Ranking has been refreshed; Sun Luting is out, and Boss Tang has entered the top three."

"Damn, it really got refreshed, Boss Tang is so fierce. In less than ten years since his debut, he has leaped into the top ten of the Divine List with his outstanding record, and now he's listed in the top three; I can only say awesome!"

"Awesome +1"

"Awesome +2"

"Awesome +10086"

"It's rumored that Boss Tang is very young, not even thirty years old; in his lifetime, can he step into the legendary Divine List?"

Since its inception, there has always been a Celebrity Ranking on the global Underworld Forum.

No one knows who created this Celebrity Ranking; it has existed since the Forum appeared, and over the years, the Ranking's credibility has proven to be very strong and reliable.

The Celebrity Ranking is divided into the Divine List, the Sky List, and the Earth List.

The Earth List has three hundred names, the Sky List a hundred, and the Divine List ten.

Those who are on the Celebrity Ranking have extraordinary achievements and records in their respective fields in the Underworld.

The celebrities on the Earth List may include major drug lords, arms dealers, and various leaders among both lawful and unlawful societies. Their personal combat powers might not be the strongest, but they all wield substantial power.

The figures on the Sky List are those whose combat power is recognized as formidable. Especially the top ten on the Sky List, who are all world-renowned powerhouses.

Five years ago, the International Madman burst onto the scene, and in just three years, all its members entered the Sky List.

Boss Tang was even ranked eleventh on the Sky List.

Two years ago, the International Madman faced an encirclement. Although they disappeared after that battle, the performance of Madman King Tang in that fight shocked the Underworld, propelling his ranking to eighth on the Sky List.

Now, due to Sun Luting's death, his ranking has directly squeezed into the top three.

Sun Luting was a strong figure in the top ten of the Sky List, and the Sun Family's power was not weak. With the Sun Family suffering such a catastrophe, everyone believed it was Madman King Tang's return to the Martial Arts World and his personal action that led to Sun Luting's death. As a result, the Sky List was refreshed, and Boss Tang entered the top three ranks.

On a plane flying to Divine Continent Country, in a luxurious cabin, Yang Fei and Wang Lei each sat cross-legged, eyes closed in meditation.

The two were utterly unaware of the storm on the Underworld Forum, and even if they knew, they wouldn't care.

Thirteen hours later, the plane landed successfully at Binhai International Airport.

"Brother Lei, I'll leave the next steps to you."

Yang Fei hopped off the plane and spoke to Wang Lei, who was still sitting on the plane.

Wang Lei didn't even lift his eyelids but waved his hand.

Yang Fei laughed, turned, and walked away.



No sooner had he stepped out of the airport than Qin Yanyang's call came through.

"Husband, you're back, aren't you?" Qin Yanyang's voice entered his ears.

Yang Fei heard her tone and smiled bitterly.

He couldn't hide it after all.

#### Chapter 395: I Am Boss Tang

That night, after Yanyang left, Yang Fei went abroad the next day and stayed overseas for a week before returning.

During that time, Yanyang never called, and Yang Fei didn't call either, as both were busy with their own matters.

He had thought that upon his return, since Yanyang hadn't come home yet, she wouldn't have known about his trip abroad, but from her tone now, it seemed she had already found out about his whereabouts.

With her capabilities, investigating his whereabouts was indeed too easy.

Yang Fei helplessly ended the call and took a taxi back to Binjiang Garden Villa.

Sitting in the car, Yang Fei sent a message to Tong Yunshu, saying that Yanyang was at home waiting for him, so he wouldn't come over.

"Her Highness the Empress is back, huh? Then this humble one can only wait," Tong Yunshu promptly replied.

Yang Fei felt a burning passion inside him.

Tong Yunshu was a woman he couldn't resist.

"Good," Yang Fei replied with one word.

Inside a luxurious hotel, freshly bathed and wrapped in a towel, Tong Yunshu dropped her phone on the bed, her beautiful face showing a touch of grievance and loss.

Although she knew she'd taken on the label of the other woman from the first step, each time Yang Fei ignored her because of Yanyang, it still deeply stung her heart.

She was not content.

Why couldn't she be the main one?

Though she is your wife, she had never fulfilled a wife's duties, whereas I, Tong Yunshu, am the first woman in your life.

For you, I could give up even myself.

Fortunately, this angry and resentful feeling disappeared quickly.

Tong Yunshu controlled her emotions very well; she didn't allow herself to lose control for too long.

Life is long, and who the final winner is still uncertain.

...

When Yang Fei arrived home, Yanyang was standing at the doorway in her light-colored home attire, waiting for him.

Seeing this scene, Yang Fei felt a subtle stir in his heart.

The man returning after many days away, and the wife standing by the door, eagerly awaiting.

"How long have you been back?" Yang Fei walked over and asked Yanyang.

Yanyang went to take the luggage from his hand, and Yang Fei said, "I'll take it myself."

Yanyang insisted on taking the luggage, saying, "You must be tired after your journey, go take a shower first. I've prepared dinner, waiting to have supper with you."

Yang Fei should have felt moved by this scene, but instead he felt uneasy, always feeling that Yanyang might have discovered his secret.

The cold water from the shower gradually calmed him down.

So what if she knew?

She must have suspected the identity of Madman King for a long time, so it didn't matter if she found out.

After all, she was bound to find out sooner or later.

With this thought, Yang Fei felt liberated.

After showering and changing clothes, Yang Fei arrived in the dining room feeling light and joyful, where Yanyang had already served the dinner and was waiting there.

Looking at the few dishes on the table that he loved, Yang Fei didn't hold back, picking up the chopsticks to start eating.

Yanyang also ate along, her appetite was very good, eating a bowl of rice and then accompanying Yang Fei eating many dishes, the four dishes and one soup were completely devoured by the two of them.

"When I came back this afternoon and found you weren't home, I went and bought groceries, waiting for you to come back from work to eat, wanting to give you a surprise. But you didn't come back until late, and I couldn't help but call, only to find your phone was off," Yanyang put down her chopsticks, wiped the corner of her mouth, and said slowly to Yang Fei.

Yang Fei said, "Uh, I had some business to attend to abroad these past few days. You must have called when I was on the plane."

Yanyang looked at him smilingly, "Can I ask what you were doing abroad?"

As she spoke, she added, "I should respect your privacy, but... but when I think about how we are going to have a wedding in a month and become a true married couple, I want to understand my future husband better. You understand, right?"

Yang Fei put down his chopsticks and looked at her, seeing nothing but sincerity and composure on her face.

Suddenly, he felt a twinge of guilt.

Why had he always thought about keeping things from her?

Although in his view, it was a well-intentioned concealment.

But from her perspective, they were about to marry, to become his woman, yet she still felt she did not understand her man fully, which probably left her feeling somewhat uncertain.

"I'm sorry, I've always wanted to keep it from you because I thought it might cause you trouble... uh, or maybe because you're too excellent, and I didn't want to lose you, so I was afraid to tell you. But I didn't mean to deceive you, I just... just felt that you didn't need to know this sort of thing, as it wouldn't make

a difference. My feelings for you are genuine, and they won't change just because I've hidden this from you," Yang Fei reflected, then said.

Qin Yanyang still wore a slight smile, her demeanor always calm and composed, a unique charisma that was confident, dignified, and generous.

She slowly nodded: "Mm, I know your feelings for me are pure."

She still had that confidence in herself.

Both had true feelings for each other, something both of them were well aware of.

"Actually, I've never investigated you. Otherwise, I probably would have known much more about you by now. I wanted you to tell me yourself, which would be nicer," Qin Yanyang continued.

Yang Fei felt a warmth in his heart and said gratefully, "Thank you."

He thought for a moment, then said, "From the moment the International Madman appeared, you must have begun to suspect, right?"

Qin Yanyang's smile grew deeper as she looked at Yang Fei and said, "So you really are a member of the International Madman Organization?"

Yang Fei nodded and said, "Overseas, I've always used the name 'Tang', and they usually call me Boss Tang."

Qin Yanyang's pupils slightly contracted, although she had boldly speculated about this, hearing Yang Fei admit it left her still somewhat shocked.

"You are the Madman King, Boss Tang?" Qin Yanyang asked, looking for confirmation.

Yang Fei nodded.

"Your age... is it real?" Qin Yanyang couldn't help asking.

Yang Fei gave a wry smile and said, "You've seen my ID, it's genuine, no mistake."

Qin Yanyang fell silent.

She had always been very confident, even a bit haughty at times.

But as she grew to know Yang Fei better, she was repeatedly stunned by his talent.

Her future husband was a true prodigy. He was younger than her, had less time in his cultivation, yet his strength had already surpassed hers.

And if he truly was the Madman King, then he must have been very formidable even five years ago.

At that time, he was just eighteen years old.

Struggling to maintain a calm demeanor, Qin Yanyang looked at Yang Fei and asked, "So, the incident with the Overseas Sun Family this time, was it your doing?"

Yang Fei did not deny it, nodding and saying, "The grudge of the Madman Organization two years ago, someone had to bear the consequences."

Qin Yanyang said, "Did Sun Luting die by your hand?"

Yang Fei thought and then said, "He died at the hands of my brother."

Qin Yanyang's expression shifted slightly: "Sun Luting was the eighth-ranked expert on the Celestial List, and we have investigated his strength. He was exceedingly powerful within the Innate Realm. Your brother was able to kill him?"

Yang Fei said, "In the International Madman Organization, there were originally five members whose single combat abilities surpassed the Innate Realm, but now only three remain."

Qin Yanyang took a deep breath, impressed and said, "The reputation of the International Madman is indeed well-deserved."

Yang Fei slowly said, "Yet it's still not strong enough. There are many hidden experts in this world. There is always someone better out there. I used to think I was the best in the world, but now I realize how ridiculous my self-proclaimed title was."

Qin Yanyang looked up at him, her face brightening with a smile: "You're not even twenty-four yet. To me, you are the best in the world."

Yang Fei looked at her charming appearance and suddenly thought of something, his mood suddenly becoming heavier.

He slowly said, "If being with me is extremely dangerous, possibly even bringing a catastrophe upon the entire Qin Family, would you still want to marry me?"

## Chapter 396: A Couple's Unity

Qin Yanyang frowned slightly.

Seeing her expression, Yang Fei felt a sinking feeling in his heart.

"From the moment we met to falling in love, it was all genuine affection that grew over time. So there's nothing else mixed into our relationship; our love should be the purest and most flawless,"

Qin Yanyang spoke slowly, looking at Yang Fei, "So why would you ask such a question? Once I marry you, I am part of the Yang Family, what does that have to do with the Qin Family? If the Qin Family were

to be implicated because of this and suffer the disaster you mentioned, you cannot be blamed. But as a descendant of the Qin Family, I will stop at nothing to seek justice for them."

"So whatever happens after we are together in the future is not directly related to now. Why think so much?" Qin Yanyang looked at Yang Fei with a hint of displeasure on her face, "Besides, what do you take me, Qin Yanyang, for? The kind of woman who can only share wealth and not adversities?"

Seeing a look of annoyance between her brows, Yang Fei hurriedly reached for her hand.

Qin Yanyang drew back, avoiding his grasp.

Yang Fei grasped at air and hastily apologized, "You know that's not what I meant, I... I was wrong to ask such a foolish question. I was just worried about bringing harm to the innocent."

Qin Yanyang had stood by him through thick and thin, and as far as her character and her feelings for him were concerned, Yang Fei found no fault. So when Qin Yanyang showed this kind of emotion, he knew he had been wrong.

Qin Yanyang huffed, "Moreover, once we are together, we shall be invincible in the world. Who could possibly threaten us then?"

Her words carried an unprecedented determination, and her strong sense of confidence even impacted Yang Fei's mood.

Inflamed by this, Yang Fei laughed heartily, "Hahaha, that's right. With our hearts united as husband and wife, we shall be invincible. Who could stand against us?"

Qin Yanyang snorted, "I'm not your wife yet."

Yang Fei shamelessly moved closer to grab her hand again, "You already are, it's written in the marriage certificate, and it's stored in the national archives. You, Qin Yanyang, are already my lawful wife, and you can't escape that."



Qin Yanyang had never been in a relationship before, so naturally, she had never encountered such a shameless man.

With him closing in and forcefully taking her hand, feeling his robust presence, even her valiant spirit stirred up the softer side of a woman's nature. After symbolically struggling for a bit, she let him hold her hand.

Yang Fei moved behind her, wrapping his arms around her, enveloping her tightly with his strong, safe chest, and whispered in her ear, "I'm sorry, I won't ever ask such a stupid question again. Will you forgive me?"

Being held by him like this, feeling his warm breath by her ear, listening to his apologetic words, any resentment in Qin Yanyang's heart dissolved, and with a blushing face, she said, "First, let me go."

"I won't let go. Such a marvelous woman like you, I'll never let go of in my lifetime." Yang Fei's skill in speaking cheesy lines had only increased.

Men are such, once in love, even the normally reserved ones can suddenly find a 'quick wit', becoming accustomed to saying things that move women's hearts.

Qin Yanyang had already experienced Yang Fei's shamelessness, and as long as he didn't go too far, she let him hold her like that, her face flushed as she asked, "So why did you suddenly ask that question today? What are you worried about?"

Yang Fei hesitated.

Qin Yanyang insisted firmly, "Don't keep secrets from me."

Yang Fei actually planned not to tell her, but hearing her say this, he compromised and said, "You know my master is the Fatty Taoist, but do you know which sect he is from?"

Qin Yanyang shook her head, "Didn't we speculate before that he's from a Cave Heaven Blessed Land?"

"He's from the Taoist sect," said Yang Fei.

Qin Yanyang's body trembled.

Feeling her reaction, Yang Fei turned her around to face him and said, "Do you know about the Taoist sect?"

Qin Yanyang looked at Yang Fei with a grave expression and, instead of answering, counter-questioned, "So in a sense, you are also a Taoist disciple?"

Yang Fei nodded.

Qin Yanyang's elegant eyebrows furrowed as she said in a deep voice, "Then that really is a bit troublesome."

She paused, then continued, "Have you forgotten what my grandfather said? The cultivation technique I'm practicing was passed on to me by your master through him."

Yang Fei's eyebrows rose, and he nodded, "Right, by that account, you are also a Taoist inheritor?"

Qin Yanyang slowly nodded.

Yang Fei hastily said, "No, we absolutely cannot let others know that your cultivation technique comes from my master, nor can your identity as a Taoist disciple be investigated."

Qin Yanyang gave a faint smile, looked at Yang Fei, and said, "What difference does it make? You are a Taoist disciple, and I am your wife, which makes me a Taoist's wife. Whether I am a Taoist disciple myself or not makes no difference."

Yang Fei fell silent.

Qin Yanyang spoke softly, "Regarding matters of the Taoists, the Hidden Sect World has always avoided the topic because they all have the blood of Taoists on their hands. But they take the matter of a Taoist inheritor very seriously, so if your identity as a Taoist disciple is exposed within the Hidden Sect, you will become the public enemy of the Hidden Sect."

Yang Fei gave a wry smile and said, "That's precisely why I asked you that question just now."

Qin Yanyang nodded silently, "I know."

Yang Fei said, "I've encountered a few experts from the Hidden Sect a few times, and thinking back, the people from the Hidden Sect aren't as frightening as they seem."

Qin Yanyang slowly nodded and said, "Yes, they are just cultivators who have practiced longer. They are not gods or buddhas. We are still young with immense potential, and with the complementary cultivation methods to aid us, it won't be long before we can grow stronger and no longer fear the pursuit of the Hidden Sect's elites."

"That's why we need to find a quiet and safe place to cultivate," Yang Fei said.

His strength hadn't fully returned to its peak yet, and his dangerous identity as a Taoist disciple gave him a sense of urgency.

Become stronger!

Become so formidable that the mere mention of his name would strike fear into others.

Only then could he deter the malicious, and ensure his family and friends would not be implicated.

His master had granted him a new lease on life. If in the future his master appeared before him, recounted tales of the Taoist past, and spoke of reviving the Taoist legacy or investigating the annihilation of the Taoists long ago, how could he refuse?

In that moment, Yang Fei felt an additional sense of responsibility and pressure.

"With all this being said, our marriage..." Qin Yanyang hesitated a little, then looked at Yang Fei, "Your uncle has everything ready, right? The villagers care a lot about these things, and if we change the wedding date, won't they make wild guesses?"

Yang Fei was a bit speechless as he responded, "Are you still thinking about that at a time like this?"

Qin Yanyang's cheeks flushed as she said, "Getting married is a very, very big deal for me."

The major milestones of life are marriages and funerals.

For someone like Qin Yanyang, who took her feelings seriously and was faithful in love, marriage was the most important event in her life, which was why she cared so much about it.

Seeing her so earnest, passion surged in Yang Fei's heart, and he declared, "Fine, the wedding date won't change, and we don't need to find a place to seclude ourselves for cultivation. I want to see if the Hidden Sect really dares to cause trouble."

Qin Yanyang uttered a sound of agreement and nodded, "As long as you and I are together, and with the deterrence of the Military Department, the Hidden Sect people should not dare to go too far. Nevertheless, we should still take the cultivation matter seriously. I know a place, absolutely safe."

## Chapter 397: New Discoveries

Japan, Kanagawa.

Inside a Toyota Alphard, Sun Xingyu sat with two Japanese ninjas as the vehicle smoothly traveled on the road leading to a suburban villa.

Ten minutes later, the car entered the entrance of a manor built in the style of ancient Chinese architecture, nestled against the mountainside.

Since entering the area, Sun Xingyu had noticed many hidden sentries around; there was a guardhouse at the manor's entrance, where an elderly man who looked quite old was reading a magazine.

As the car passed by the guardhouse, the old man's deep gaze shifted away from the magazine for a moment to glance inside the vehicle, causing Sun Xingyu to suddenly feel a chilling sense of dread.

It was as if he was being stared at by a demon from the abyss.

A hint of regret suddenly arose in his heart.

He didn't know whether the choice he had made this time was correct.

But obviously, he no longer had a way back.

The Yanagawa Clan had paid a huge price for him, sacrificing numerous ninjas; although his strength was not bad, and his talent was acceptable, Sun Xingyu knew his place and realized he didn't qualify for the Yanagawa Clan to pay such a high price for him.

What exactly was their purpose in wanting him to betray the Sun Family and join the Liu Chuan family in Japan?

As Sun Xingyu was pondering this matter, the car stopped in the courtyard in front of a two-story wooden building.

The car door was opened by someone; the man named Yanagawa Yoshi, who had brought him back from Europe and America, was the first to jump out, then stood respectfully by the car, slightly bowing as he said to Sun Xingyu, "Mr. Sun, the Clan Leader is already waiting inside for you, please go in and see him."

Sun Xingyu, seeing this man whose strength was even greater than his own showing such a respectful demeanor, felt an increasing heaviness in his heart.

He adjusted his mentality, got out of the car, tidied up his clothes, and walked briskly towards the wooden building ahead.

Upon entering the wooden building, there were no lights on, and the lighting was dim.

Though he saw no one, Sun Xingyu felt that he was being watched the moment he stepped into the wooden building.

If this was where he was meant to be, he had no retreat, so he faced the situation calmly.

As he went deeper and his eyes adjusted to the dim environment, Sun Xingyu finally saw a white-haired elder sitting cross-legged in a dark corner.

As a martial artist, Sun Xingyu had a strong perception, but he found that there was no sign of life on this person, more like a corpse.

"You've finally arrived!"

Just as Sun Xingyu was inwardly surprised, the elder suddenly spoke up. Slowly lifting his head, a pair of lifeless eyes landed on Sun Xingyu.

This was a white-haired, wrinkled old man. He still had flesh and blood, and a faint trace of life, but his breathing was so slow that Sun Xingyu had not noticed it at first.

"Junior Sun Xingyu, I have seen the Clan Leader," said Sun Xingyu, feeling uncomfortable under that lifeless stare, with an inexplicable pressure making him lower his head and speak respectfully.

The old man's eyes were without light, yet he scrutinized Sun Xingyu, and after a moment, his shriveled face showed a pleased smile, and he nodded slowly, "Very good, not bad. From now on, you will live on this mountain, keep me company for a while, I will teach you many things."

Sun Xingyu's heart tightened, forcefully suppressing the inexplicable fear inside, he looked up at the old man and asked, "Does it mean that I will completely lose my freedom?"

"Not at all, it's just for a while. Once you've learned what I have to teach you, you will regain your freedom, and it will be a much broader freedom at that," the elder's deep voice entered Sun Xingyu's ears, as if carrying some kind of magic, making Sun Xingyu believe without doubt.

...

Binhai, within the Military Department's sub-base.

Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang had already been in closed-door training here for a week.

After learning of Yang Fei's identity as a Taoist inheritor, Qin Yanyang also felt a sense of crisis. She proactively addressed it by bringing Yang Fei to a secret base of the Military Department for cultivation.

To Yang Fei's surprise, he found that there was a large supply of resources here, with many elixirs that could aid cultivation being provided in abundance, greatly benefiting their training.

For the first time, Yang Fei truly realized what 'the power of a nation' meant.

While top-tier experts may be hard to mass-produce, martial artists at the Energy Transformation Level could still be cultivated in batches to some extent with the powerful support of the nation.

After several days of seclusion, Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang were undisturbed by the outside world, and the strength of both grew rapidly. Yang Fei faintly perceived that his power had recovered to its peak state before the injury.

As for Qin Yanyang, though she had not been in the Innate Realm for long, like Yang Fei, the cultivation techniques she practiced were secret Taoist teachings, and the cultivation techniques of the two complemented each other, making their dual cultivation remarkably effective.

While her total True Yuan might not exceed the older generation of Innate experts like her grandfather, its quality had improved significantly. Combined with her own combat talent, her current combat ability did not falter compared to those older Innate experts, and might even be slightly superior.

Several more days passed, and one afternoon during their cultivation, Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang suddenly found that when operating their True Yuan, it no longer circulated through their bodies via the Circulation route. Instead, somewhat out of control, it all started to gather at three acupoints near Yang Fei's feet—the Yongquan, Taibai, and Pusen—continuously impacting these acupoints.

Upon noticing this, Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang simultaneously opened their eyes and looked at each other.

According to martial arts cultivation, the opening of Martial Meridians required the clearance of the Circulation acupoints through which True Qi flows in the body.

These acupoints are connected by meridians, forming a pathway for the circulation of True Qi in the body. The cycle, repeated over and over, refines Martial Meridians, strengthening the body and allowing it to absorb more True Qi and grow stronger.

Considering Yang Fei's realm, he had long passed the process of enriching the three acupoints at the bottom of the feet with True Qi.

Why was there now a feeling of starting over again?

Though puzzled, both of them continued to cultivate in silence, with a great deal of understanding.

They definitely needed to figure out why this was happening.

Gradually, after the three acupoints on Yang Fei's feet were nourished by a large amount of True Qi, his feet felt hot and slightly tingly.

Before long, the quantity of True Yuan remaining in those places kept increasing, spreading from the three acupoints outward, penetrating into the blood, flesh, and bones of the feet.



This phenomenon greatly surprised both Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang.

True Qi was only supposed to circulate within the vascular meridians. How could it suddenly leave the acupoints and nourish the bones and flesh?

The two opened their eyes again and saw the surprise in each other's eyes.

"What's happening?" Qin Yanyang inquired.

Yang Fei shook his head, "I don't know, I've never encountered something like this before."

Qin Yanyang furrowed her brows in thought, and after a while, a glint of insight flashed in her eyes, "I've read a Taoist text that mentioned a method of cultivation. Your situation seems somewhat similar to Body Refining, also known as Body Refining and Foundation Building Technique."

"Body Refining and Foundation Building?" Yang Fei's eyes flashed with understanding.

"Cultivation seeks Unity of Heaven and Man. Cultivators open meridians within the body to draw Heaven and Earth Power inside, known as Qi Cultivation. Once the Qi is formed, they proceed to Body Refining and Foundation Building to strengthen the body and prolong life," Qin Yanyang explained.

Though her realm was not as advanced as Yang Fei's, she had read extensively since childhood, and her knowledge far surpassed his.

Yang Fei nodded repeatedly, "Talking too much is useless. Let's continue trying according to this situation and see what the final result will be."

Qin Yanyang, decisive as ever, nodded, "Alright, let's give it a try."

Chapter 398: Discussion

One week later, inside a special training room of the Military Department.

Qin Yanyang stared at the indentation of a footprint left on the ten-centimeter-thick steel plate in front of her, falling silent.

With her current Realm, she naturally could also leave marks with a punch or kick on it, but certainly not with the same effect as Yang Fei's recent kick.

Especially since the sound of metal striking still echoed in her ears.

Her gaze shifted downward, observing Yang Fei's feet.

With a face full of surprise, Yang Fei looked at his bare feet and said, "It doesn't hurt at all, feels just like something of the same hardness colliding."

Qin Yanyang took a deep breath and asked him, "Is this Body Refining?"

Yang Fei nodded and said, "It should be. During this past week, neither of us has been Cultivating, all the True Yuan has been gathering in my feet, constantly refining my flesh and bones. I feel that these feet are now filled with strength, flawless. If I could refine the rest of my body to this degree, even without taking action, ordinary Martial Artists wouldn't be able to hurt me. The defensive power is too strong."

A glint of insight flashed in Qin Yanyang's eyes as she said, "Could it be that the direction of our cultivation up to now has been wrong?"

Yang Fei was startled, "Wrong direction? Surely not, we've both been Cultivating according to our techniques, how could that be wrong?"

Qin Yanyang shook her head, "It's not that the method of Cultivation is wrong, but the direction."

Yang Fei blinked, "Is there a difference?"

Qin Yanyang said, "What if after we cultivate True Qi, we then channel it to refine the flesh and bones throughout the entire body, wouldn't that achieve the effect of strengthening the body and thus forging a Golden Body?"

Yang Fei's eyes lit up, "Sounds reasonable."

"Shall we try?" Qin Yanyang asked.

Yang Fei nodded, "Okay, I'll assist you next, to see if the effect is the same."

Both were people of action, and they set to work as soon as they agreed.

In the following days, Yang Fei wholeheartedly directed his own True Qi to assist Qin Yanyang in refining the flesh and bones of her hands. At first, there was no effect, but after three days, the True Yuan in the acupoints of Qin Yanyang's hands began to disperse into the surrounding flesh and bones, continuously nourishing and refining them.

After another week, Qin Yanyang's arms, from the shoulders down to her palms, had been refined numerous times, and she distinctly felt some changes.

She clapped her hands together and, to her surprise, a clear sound emitted, without the slightest pain.

Facing the ten-centimeter-thick steel plate, she struck out with her palm, and a distinct palm print appeared.

"How does it feel?" asked Yang Fei.

Qin Yanyang replied, "Bones like steel, vigorous blood and qi, and the muscles in both arms have been enhanced like never before, completely different from the past."

She appeared calm, but inside she was incredibly excited.

She and Yang Fei had found another direction in Cultivation.

Some people practice to prolong life and seek Immortality, but in Qin Yanyang's view, the essence of Cultivation is the pursuit of great power, of preparing for battle.

Being able to make the body stronger, to cast a Golden Body, that was the correct direction for Cultivation.

She dared not imagine how powerful their Physical Body Realm would become if Yang Fei and she refined all their bones and flesh, completing the true Foundation Establishment.

Yang Fei realized this as well, but at the same time, he thought of something else, frowning, "If we continue to cultivate this way, our bodies can become incredibly strong, which brings huge benefits and advantages in actual combat. But have you thought about this, if we encounter someone like Zhang Wenfeng, can we compete with him relying solely on a strong Physical Body Realm?"

Qin Yanyang's heart chilled, and she looked up at Yang Fei, "Are you saying we also need to cultivate Spiritual Thought?"

"I think that in later stages of cultivation, both the body and Divine Soul are very important. Although Zhang Wenfeng has entered the Divine Travel Realm, he couldn't kill me with his Divine Thought. If my Physical Body Realm is stronger than his, in the end, he will only be slain by me. Conversely, if I don't possess a strong Divine Soul Thought, even if I have a Golden Body Immortal and an undying Body, I would become an idiot in the face of Zhang Wenfeng's strong Divine Thought attack, my spirit would collapse and my Sea of Consciousness would shatter," said Yang Fei.

Qin Yanyang nodded repeatedly, "You're right, I agree with your view. Therefore, in our subsequent cultivation, we shouldn't just increase the amount of True Yuan, we must also refine and strengthen our bodies. At the same time, we must pay attention to the cultivation of spiritual thoughts. But how to cultivate spiritual power? I've pondered this question for a long time but have never found an answer.

It's not just a problem for me, but for all Martial Arts cultivators, they only cultivate their bodies and inner energy, yet they can't find a way to strengthen spiritual power."

"Meditation and opening the Sea of Consciousness are the ways. Only by opening the Sea of Consciousness can one truly step into the Divine Travel Realm," Yang Fei said.

Qin Yanyang, who had read extensively ancient texts, was also familiar with this, "Ancients called the Sea of Consciousness as the Consciousness Sea, believing that every person's thoughts and consciousness originate from the Sea of Consciousness. The degree to which each person's Sea of Consciousness is opened varies. Those with a low degree of opening are considered foolish, known as having unawakened spiritual wisdom. Those with a higher degree can absorb information faster and in greater amounts when learning."

Yang Fei said, "To put it simply, it's like the degree of brain development varies, so does a person's intelligence."

"Pretty much. According to some ancient texts, humans can open the Sea of Consciousness artificially. Once one masters the method, they can continuously expand the Sea of Consciousness space, making consciousness thought increasingly stronger. This person's spiritual power will also continuously be strengthened. The Taoist's Immortal Divine Soul means that the spiritual thought is strong; consciousness forms a Spiritual Body and can even exist independently of the Body—this is also a kind of Immortality Technique," Qin Yanyang said.

"Consciousness Immortal, Divine Soul undying, naturally achieves Immortality," Yang Fei nodded. "But if one no longer has their own Body and only consciousness survives, it's not truly Immortality, because without the Body one is no longer human, losing the meaning of human life."

Qin Yanyang smiled slightly, "We're discussing cultivation, how did we get to the meaning of life?"

Yang Fei said with a smile, "We are still young, life has just begun not so long ago. Immortality is too far away for us, and not something we particularly crave. In contrast, the meaning of life is more important to us."

Qin Yanyang nodded, "You're not wrong in saying that."

Yang Fei continued, "After my master passed on the Cultivation Technique to me, he also gave me a set of meditation techniques. I will teach it to you. If you meditate diligently, you might find the breakthrough to the Divine Travel Realm sooner."

Qin Yanyang looked at him somewhat moved, "Does your master allow you to share such Taoist Secret Skills with others?"

Yang Fei grinned, "If it were Sun Lei, I would have to ask my master for permission after seeing him. But you are my wife, and we share everything. Besides, the Cultivation Technique you practice was also passed to you by your grandfather from my master, so you are also a Taoist Disciple; there's no need to worry about it," he said.

Qin Yanyang said so, but in her heart, she was very interested in that Meditation Technique.

Since she entered the Innate Realm, she had been pondering over the Divine Travel Realm but had not found the entry point.

However, as she had entered the Innate Realm not too long ago, she hadn't dwelled on it, thinking it was because her own Realm was not solid enough.

Now that Yang Fei had brought up the cultivation of the Divine Soul, hope rose within her.

Cultivating the body and cultivating the Divine are two different matters.

Perhaps the Divine Travel Realm does not have to wait until after the Innate Realm to be entered.

Isn't Yang Fei's Divine Soul strong, unafraid of Zhang Wenfeng's Divine Thought attacks?

Thinking of Yang Fei, Qin Yanyang looked up at him and felt a bit speechless inside.

This guy is too exceptional, one can't view him with the common standards.

But I, Qin Yanyang, am not inferior either. I will not let you outpace me by far. No matter how rugged the road ahead is, I will follow in your footsteps closely, accompanying you on the journey.

Chapter 399: Wang Lei's Responsibility

For Wang Lei, after leaving the Hidden Sect World, he could live well anywhere in the world.



Now, in a small county like Huangyang County, he had rented a two-bedroom apartment near an under-construction residential project on the outskirts, and aside from visiting the father and son every day, he spent the rest of his time in his room practicing cultivation.

He took Yang Fei's concern over being followed very seriously, but as twenty days passed without incident, he began to think that Yang Fei's worries were unnecessary considering the arrogance and complacency of those from the Hidden Sect World.

After all, once those people confirmed Yang Fei's identity as a Taoist Inheritor, they would definitely go after Yang Fei first, rather than take such a roundabout way to deal with Yang Fei's family.

That afternoon, having meditated the whole day, Wang Lei opened his eyes, jumped out of bed, and went to the window to look at the bustling construction site across from him, quickly spotting two familiar figures.

Looking at those two, Wang Lei felt a tinge of envy.

Life like theirs, though simple and plain, was the most meaningful.

A father's kindness and a son's filial piety created a warm and harmonious atmosphere.

This caused Wang Lei to be somewhat melancholic.

He thought of his little sister at home—the one who was kindest and dearest to him.

Considering the time, she must be 23 by now, surely grown up into a beautiful and graceful young woman.

He didn't know whether the family had arranged her marriage or whether she had found a satisfying suitor.

At this thought, a fierce look flashed across Wang Lei's eyes.

He felt that his sister should see the outside world.

She should find someone she truly liked to spend her life with, rather than being treated like a pawn, used by the family for strategic marriages with other families or Sects.

As he was lost in thought, Wang Lei suddenly narrowed his eyes.

Despite the distance of two hundred meters, he recognized at a glance that the man who had suddenly appeared was out of the ordinary.

Staring hard, he saw the man's profile and felt a sense of familiarity.

Suddenly, the man turned his head and glanced in Wang Lei's direction.

Seeing the man's face clearly, Wang Lei's expression changed, and he quickly dashed out of the room.

Damn it!

They had actually come.

And it was this guy.

Wang Lei rushed out of the room at great speed and waited anxiously after pressing the elevator button.

He hoped nothing bad would happen.

The man's intent should only be to threaten Yang Fei by using Yang Changjin and his son Yang Hao and should not harm them before Yang Fei showed up.

...

"Uncle Yang, I am a friend of Yang Fei's, and I have something to discuss with you."

On the construction site, Yang Changjin was suddenly addressed by a refined-looking young man.

Seeing that his father had been sought out, Yang Hao quickly joined in, smiling as he said, "Hello, sir, I'm Yang Hao. Do you really know my brother?"

The young man nodded with a smile, "Of course I know him. He has run into some trouble recently, and he asked me to take care of you and your father."

Upon hearing this, Yang Changjin and Yang Hao's expressions changed, with Yang Hao exclaiming in shock, "What? My... my brother is in trouble?"

Yang Changjin was even more anxious, asking, "Young man, what kind of trouble has my nephew encountered? Is it serious? Can it be resolved?"

The young man replied with a smile, "It's manageable, and you don't need to worry too much."

Yang Hao, puzzled, said, "My sister-in-law is so capable; how could my brother run into trouble?"

"Your sister-in-law is also in trouble, both of them have been unreachable lately," the young man said.

Yang Hao took out his cellphone and dialed Yang Fei's number.

The call was answered by an automated message indicating a shutdown.

Yang Changjin anxiously asked, "Well, can you get through to your brother?"

Yang Hao shook his head.

The young man said, "It's not safe to talk here. Follow me, and I'll fill you in on what happened."

Yang Changjin and Yang Hao, both honest farmers brimming with doubts, could not reach Yang Fei as his phone was indeed switched off. Worried for him and upon hearing he was in trouble, they quickly instructed their workers and followed the young man out of the construction site.

As the skyscraper had already reached over ten stories, they took the crane down to the ground level. Just as they entered the dim basement, Yang Changjin, concerned for his nephew and about to voice his questions, was suddenly seized by the throat.

Yang Changjin, a mere commoner, was caught off guard by the man's swift move and his throat was clutched in an instant. His eyes widened in terror as he stared at the assailant.

Yang Hao was startled by the abrupt turn of events and glared at the young man angrily: "Who are you, what do you want, let go of my father," he demanded as he rushed forward, swinging his fist.

"Thump!"

Before he could reach him, he took a kick to the stomach and was sent flying, tumbling to the ground unable to stand up again.

While clutching Yang Changjin's throat, the young man's gaze fixed on a spot in the basement, and with a smile he said, "I didn't expect a Martial Arts expert would be protecting two mere farmers."

From the shadows, Wang Lei stepped forward.

It was his arrival that had put the young man on alert, prompting him to grab Yang Changjin by the throat, taking a hostage.

As the young man recognized Wang Lei, he paused for a moment, a flash of understanding in his eyes, and said in a deep voice, "It's you?"

Wang Lei nodded, "It is me. I didn't expect you to recognize me after ten years."

The young man chuckled, "Yeah, a decade in the blink of an eye. It's surprising to find that the Wang Family's prodigy, who vanished after running away from home, has been hiding in the mortal world. Hahaha, how sad for the Wang Family."

Wang Lei snorted, "I am no longer with the Wang Family; I have no ties to them."

"Tsk tsk, you make it sound so easy. The blood of the Wang Family still flows in you, and the skills you have come from them. How can you truly sever ties with the Wang Family?" the young man said with scorn.

Wang Lei frowned, anger apparent on his face.

Although unable to speak with his throat constricted, Yang Changjin listened with growing horror, not understanding the cryptic conversation between the two young men, both of whom seemed to be fearsome characters. He became increasingly panicked, clueless about the trouble Yang Fei was in and why such formidable characters were involved.

"Your being here means you know Yang Fei, perhaps you're even in league with him, right?" the young man looked at Wang Lei with a confidently sly smile, his eyes astute.

Wang Lei nodded, "That's right. He's a good friend of mine, we share life-and-death friendship."

Yang Changjin and Yang Hao breathed a sigh of relief.

The two were not together; this man had come to save them.

Yet at the same time, father and son grew more concerned.

Who had Yang Fei offended to the extent that even his family was implicated? And why would he need someone to protect them covertly?

Wang Lei looked at Yang Changjin, still gripped by the throat, and Yang Hao, who lay on the ground groaning in pain, and said to the young man with a grave tone, "If you've come for Yang Fei, then go to him. Why harm the innocent?"

"I've already looked for him, but he's gone into hiding. I waited for several days, but he never showed up, so I had to resort to this to draw him out," the young man explained.

"If you let them go, I assure you, I'll make sure he comes to meet you," Wang Lei said.

After a moment's thought, and a smile on his face, the young man replied, "You, Wang Lei, are a man of your word, of course, I believe you."

Wang Lei inwardly exhaled in relief.

However, the young man didn't immediately release Yang Changjin; instead, with a cold expression, he said, "But I don't trust that Yang Fei will listen to you. I don't want to waste too much time here outside.



I need to see him tonight. So, if some sort of unfortunate accident were to happen that the lad can't accept, I believe he'd come running right away."

#### Chapter 400: Yang Hao's Despair

Wang Lei transformed into a phantom, his figure bursting forward with incredible speed as he swung his blade in a cleaving motion.

A thunderous sound erupted, and the fierce blade intent enveloped the young man and Yang Changjin like a cage in an instant.

Yang Changjin's face paled with fright, almost losing control of his bladder.

The young man's pupils contracted; he hadn't expected Wang Lei's blade technique to be so domineering and fierce. A thought crossed his mind, and he promptly pushed Yang Changjin towards Wang Lei.

Yang Changjin's body hurtled toward the edge of Wang Lei's blade.

Wang Lei promptly withdrew his blade.

He had sensed the young man's murderous intent earlier, which was why he had drawn his blade, attempting to save Yang Changjin's life in such a manner. Now that the opponent was decisively pushing Yang Changjin towards him, trying to have Yang Changjin killed by his own blade, how could he be unprepared?

The blade veered aside, Wang Lei's left hand reached out to catch the flying body of Yang Changjin, then he pushed him to the side.

In the next moment, a shadow emerged behind Yang Changjin like a ghost, and a flash of silver light signaled the advance of a sharp longsword thrusting towards Wang Lei's chest.

The assailant had calculated that Wang Lei would save Yang Changjin, seizing the opportunity to gain the upper hand.

"Pfft!"

A stream of blood sprayed from Wang Lei's left shoulder as the sword pierced his right shoulder. Wang Lei's expression remained unchanged. Knowing he couldn't dodge in time, he didn't attempt any superfluous evasive maneuvers nor did he resist. Instead, he retaliated with a backhanded slash towards the young man's head.

Trading injury for life!

The young man's pupils contracted, his face showing a hint of shock.

Though his Realm was stronger than Wang Lei's, his combat experience might not measure up, especially when facing Wang Lei's life-for-life fighting style. Reluctantly, with no other choice, he had to pull back his sword to save himself.

"Clang!"

The crisp sound of the blade clashing with the sword resonated, sparks flew, and both were knocked back by the recoil.

Wang Lei's expression was solemn, his killing intent overflowing. His energy locked onto the young man as he said in a deep voice, "Uncle Yang, you all go, the farther the better!"

Yang Changjin was launched away by the gentle force of Wang Lei's push, and though he fell to the ground, as a farmer with rough skin and a sturdy body, he wasn't injured. Although it was his first time in such a situation, he knew staying would be a burden, so he quickly ran to Yang Hao and helped his son up.

Having been kicked in the abdomen, Yang Hao had sustained an internal injury. With his father's support, he stood up, sweating profusely and in unbearable pain.

Seeing his son in this condition, Yang Changjin was startled, and rapidly shouldered Yang Hao, turning to run.

The young man watched Yang Changjin and his son leave but did not stop them. Although he was a bit stronger than Wang Lei, being targeted by Wang Lei meant he couldn't afford to be distracted and risk falling into a disadvantage.

"Duanmu Yun, you shouldn't have come to stir up this trouble," Wang Lei said, staring at the young man.

A confident smile appeared on the handsome, scholarly face of Duanmu Yun: "Just you?"

Wang Lei shook his head slowly and replied with a smile, "His growth to this point, his achievement and reputation, all come from his own effort."

Duanmu Yun, considering Wang Lei's high opinion of Yang Fei, couldn't help but take him more seriously and said, "To be so regarded by you, it seems Yang Fei indeed has some real talent, a true cultivator prodigy. But since he is a Taoist Inheritor, his death is certain."

Wang Lei nodded, "That's right, from the moment I learned he was a Taoist Inheritor, I knew he would eventually die at the hands of the Hidden Sect's powerhouses. But he will definitely not die by your hand."

Duanmu Yun grew slightly angry, "Do you actually think he's stronger than me?"

Wang Lei said, "In the Hidden Sect World, there are many who boast of their genius, but there are not more than three who can truly rival him. You, Duanmu Yun, are certainly not among those three."

Duanmu Yun, realizing he indeed could not rank in the top five among his peers in the Hidden Sect World, felt a mix of shame and anger, then said mockingly, "You, Wang Lei, were not worse than me, but since you left the Hidden Sect World for this external life, without the powerful cultivation resources of the Hidden Sect World, you are now inferior to me. What gives you the right to lecture me?"

Wang Lei shook his head slowly, "I never thought I had to be more powerful than anyone else; I only want to live the life I desire. And out of recognition for our past acquaintance, I warn you not to come here to meet your death. If you believe me, turn around and leave, return to your own world."

"Since I've come out, I will not return empty-handed. You, a scion of the Wang Family, are willing to serve and fight for him, a lowly person from the Mortal World, which is an insult to the Hidden Sect World. I think you must be eyeing his status as a Taoist Inheritor, hoping to gain trust and obtain the Taoist Secret Skill in this manner," Duanmu Yun said with scorn.

Wang Lei didn't get angry, instead, he calmly said, "People like you will never understand what loyalty and friendship are."

"Since you value loyalty and friendship so much, I'll capture you and see if he values you just as highly," Duanmu Yun stated.

Wang Lei began to laugh, "I might not be your match, but if I want to escape right now, you won't be able to stop me."

Duanmu Yun sneered, "Do you think that by deliberately engaging me in conversation earlier, to delay the time, they would be able to escape?"

Wang Lei's pupils shrank slightly as he stared at Duanmu Yun.

Duanmu Yun spoke indifferently, "A freakish genius who even Zhang Wenfeng of the Divine Travel Realm couldn't catch, I, Duanmu Yun, am confident but not so arrogant as to believe I could take him down alone."

Wang Lei's expression changed drastically, and without any hesitation, he struck at Duanmu Yun with his sword.

Sparks flew in the dim basement, and the flashes of sword and knife were incessant.

Both experts from the Hidden Sect World, strong and formidable, exchanged blows equally matched, making it difficult to determine a superior.

Elsewhere, Yang Changjin, carrying Yang Hao, had just emerged from the basement when he encountered a long-haired man.

Yang Changjin didn't take it seriously; after all, it wasn't uncommon for young men to have long hair these days, so he wasn't surprised. All he wanted was to get away from this place, to check on his son's injuries, and more importantly, to find a way to contact Yang Fei to ensure his nephew was safe.

Just as he passed by the long-haired man, a sudden intense pain came from his legs.

The next instant, Yang Changjin felt his balance gone, his legs unable to support him, as he and Yang Hao together fell forward.

"Ah!"

Falling to the ground, Yang Changjin saw that he had lost his legs.

Somehow, his legs had been severed below the knees, and blood was spurting wildly from the cuts.

Agonizing pain swept over him, causing Yang Changjin to roll and writhe on the ground.

After landing, Yang Hao became slightly more conscious. Attracted by his father's screams, he looked up and was utterly terrified, "Dad, your... your legs, how were they cut off?"

Though he was severely injured himself, feeling weak all over, and sweating profusely from the smallest of movements, Yang Hao still struggled to crawl towards his father to try and help him.

"A hostage; one is enough."

A cold voice came from the side.

"Puff, puff, puff!!!"

Blood burst forth from Yang Changjin's body.

Yang Hao was stunned with shock.

He witnessed a horrifying and bizarre scene.

No one seemed to be inflicting any harm on his father, yet fierce winds howled around his father's body.

As those winds appeared, his father's body was slashed as if by countless blades, creating an array of conspicuous cuts from which blood sprayed and splattered.

Just like that, he watched helplessly as his father was mercilessly slaughtered before his eyes.

"Ugh!"

It was too horrifying.

His father's death right before his eyes, coupled with the strong smell of blood and the gruesome manner of dying, was too much for Yang Hao to bear, and he immediately began to retch.

He trembled all over, overwhelmed by sadness, sorrow, and an unprecedented sense of despair and fear.