

Overlord 401

Chapter 401: Are You Yang Fei?

Duanmu Yun grew more shocked as the battle raged on.

He was slightly stronger than Wang Lei, but in the heat of combat, he was consistently being suppressed by Wang Lei, and sometimes even driven into a state of panic.

How could this be?

Wang Lei seemed to grow braver with each exchange, but inside, he was anxious to the extreme.

Just now, he had faintly heard Yang Hao's cry of alarm and screams.

Moreover, Duanmu Yun had hinted earlier that he wasn't the only one out to deal with Yang Fei; it seemed that after Yang Changjin left with Yang Hao behind his back, they were intercepted, and by the sounds of Yang Hao's earlier cries, it was possible that Yang Changjin had already been killed.

He was entrusted by Yang Fei to protect his family, and if something happened to Yang Changjin and his son, how could he

face Yang Fei?

With concerns weighing on his mind, Wang Lei spared no effort, and after suppressing Duanmu Yun, he took the chance to break away and sprint in the direction where Yang Changjin had departed.

Seeing that he couldn't keep Wang Lei from leaving, Duanmu Yun, fearing ridicule from his brothers, furiously drew his sword and pursued.

Wang Lei had just rushed out a short distance when he suddenly felt a shock of alarm.

His keen senses warned him of a crisis, and he violently slashed forward with his blade.

In the dim basement, a trail of light spread forward, and from three meters ahead of the blade's edge came a series of 'puff' sounds, as if an invisible Qi Blade had been split, causing a wild wind to surge and the void to churn as if boiling.

Shocked, Wang Lei's gaze swept across to identify the figure that had appeared before him.

To manipulate the Heaven and Earth Power to such an extent, this person's understanding of the Innate Realm far surpassed others of the same level.

"Eh?"

The person blocking the way seemed surprised that Wang Lei had defended against his move, letting out a sound of astonishment.

Duanmu Yun said, "Cousin, he's that kid who escaped from the Wang Family ten years ago, Wang Lei."

"Oh? The genius of the Wang Family?" The person obstructing the path expressed mild surprise, then with a flash of sharp light in his eyes, he smiled and asked, "Are you really Wang Lei?"

Wang Lei saw that he was holding someone and recognized the severely injured Yang Hao; his heart sank.

Yang Changjin was nowhere to be seen, and combined with the earlier terrified calls from Yang Hao, Wang Lei had a bad feeling that Yang Fei's uncle had met with misfortune.

"As a proud son of the Duanmu Family, if you're out to deal with Yang Fei, why not confront him directly and fight to determine who's superior? That's the way to display true heroism, so why target his family? Such actions are truly despicable." Wang Lei spoke coldly.

The man holding Yang Hao was named Duanmu Hai, and a glint of murderous intent flashed in his eyes.

It didn't matter to him if the outside world knew of their Duanmu Family's deeds, but since Wang Lei was from the Hidden Sect, if he were to report today's events back to the Hidden Sect, it would indeed greatly damage their siblings' reputation, and it could even tarnish the Duanmu Family's name.

"Duanmu Yun, you pride yourself on your swift progress. How come you can't even defeat this castoff who fled from the Wang Family ten years ago?" Duanmu Hai said coldly.

Duanmu Yun was somewhat in awe of this cousin and quickly responded, "He can't defeat me, but I can't keep him from fleeing. Now that you're here to back me up, cousin, watch me cut him down!"

Wang Lei's figure flashed, decisively giving up on rescuing Yang Hao and instead turned back, aiming a slash at Duanmu Yun.

Duanmu Yun saw him return to face himself and anger surged in his heart.

Was this man targeting him because he feared Duanmu Hai or thought he was an easy target?

He gathered his Qi into his sword, determined to hold Wang Lei back.

Wang Lei's swordplay was sharp and forceful, his Qi powerful and heavy. Duanmu Yun responded with his sword, but his finesse could not overcome brute strength, and soon he was suppressed once again.

Wang Lei, using the Thunderclap Saber Technique, attacked ferociously, seeking an opportunity to either severely injure Duanmu Yun or capture him, to exchange for Yang Hao. But although Duanmu Yun was slightly less adept in combat, capturing him proved to be extremely difficult.

After over ten moves in fierce combat, Wang Lei felt a burst of force attacking from behind, forcing him to turn back and strike with his saber, instantly falling into a pincer attack between Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun.

Alarmed, Wang Lei knew he couldn't save Yang Hao, risking a stab in the back from Duanmu Yun's sword; he managed to repel Duanmu Hai with one slash and took the opportunity to dash through the gap between the two, quickly vanishing into the dimness.

The Duanmu brothers pursued him for about ten meters, realizing that Wang Lei was intent on fleeing and that they couldn't catch up, Duanmu Hai said, "Enough, with this kid in our hands, let's finish our official business first."

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Binhai, Military Department base.

With the help of Yang Fei, Qin Yanyang had also entered the process of Foundation Establishment.

As the two of them engaged in Dual Cultivation, their True Yuan merged together, dense and powerful. Coupled with Yang Fei's prior experience, this True Qi gently tempered Qin Yanyang's flesh and bones in her hands, reaching success effortlessly.

In just a few days, Qin Yanyang sensed that her hands had become different from before, even without mobilizing True Yuan, her delicate hands were as tough as copper skin and iron bones, extremely hard. Moreover, the bones in her hands had also been tempered to an incredibly strong extent, which made lifting her arms and moving her hands feel several times more laborious than before.

"With such cultivation, our body constitutions will change, and there may be new discoveries by then," Yang Fei said.

Qin Yanyang was also overjoyed, nodding and saying, "Just this powerful body can withstand many attacks, the enhancement of our bodies to this extent is far stronger than any genetic medicine developed by countries to transform the human body."

The two pinpointed the direction for their cultivation, full of anticipation for the future.

Suddenly, they both heard a racket.

Qin Yanyang's eyebrows furrowed slightly.

This was the Military Department base, a heavily guarded military area, and she was the Deputy Minister of the Military Department. Here, she held the highest authority; she and Yang Fei were in seclusion for cultivation and had already instructed that no one should disturb them, so why was there a commotion?

While puzzled, a cold reprimand from outside reached her ears, "Open up!"

Qin Yanyang's pupils shrank as she recognized the voice and reluctantly stood up.

Yang Fei seemed to sense something was amiss and stood up, asking, "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing," Qin Yanyang said, with determined tone and full of confidence.

Yang Fei nodded, also feeling that nothing could go wrong here.

The sound of heavy metal moving followed, and the thick iron door of the chamber was actually being pushed open by someone.

A killing intent flashed in Qin Yanyang's eyes.

Someone dared to push open the door to her seclusion room without her permission, truly lawless.

As the heavy iron door swung open, a voice immediately came through, "Minister Qin, Minister Zhang has an order from above with the Commander's Seal, I... I couldn't stop him, nor did I have the time to report to you in advance."

A staff officer, with a flushed face and looking nervous, rushed into the room to report to Qin Yanyang.

Behind him, a muscular middle-aged man in his forties, accompanied by several people with a menacing aura, barged into the room, shoving the staff officer aside and fixing his gaze on Yang Fei, saying coldly, "Are you Yang Fei?"

Yang Fei was taken aback.

He had thought they were here for Qin Yanyang, but unexpectedly, they called for him first.

As he was wondering, Qin Yanyang stepped forward to protect him, facing the middle-aged military officer and saying, "Zhang Zhaoen, you're very bold indeed, to bring people into Jiangnan County's Military Department stronghold without authorization?"

The man known as Zhang Zhaoen was unfazed by Qin Yanyang's rebuke and instead looked at Yang Fei again and asked, "I'm asking you, is your name Yang Fei?"

Yang Fei frowned slightly and nodded, "That's me."

"Arrest him!"

Zhang Zhaoen gave a big wave of his hand and ordered.

Chapter 402: Malevolent Aura

Qin Yanyang and Yang Fei had sensed something was amiss long ago, but they were still taken aback when Zhang Zhaoen ordered Yang Fei's arrest.

Dare to arrest him in front of Qin Yanyang?

Yang Fei thought he had heard wrong.

The status of the Qin Family was extraordinary nowadays, especially since Qin Yanyang had stepped into the Innate Realm and held the position of deputy head of the Military Department. It wasn't an exaggeration to describe her influence as overwhelming.

Yet someone still dared to challenge the authority of the Qin Family at this time?

As soon as Zhang Zhaoen's command was given, the formidable experts behind him immediately charged into the room towards Yang Fei.

Qin Yanyang rarely lost her temper, but at this moment, she could no longer conceal her anger and snorted, "I'd like to see who dares to touch my man!"

The fierce and furious aura she emitted instantly intimidated Zhang Zhaoen's subordinates.

Then, Qin Yanyang's gaze turned to Zhang Zhaoen, "Zhang Zhaoen, we are both deputy heads of the Military Department. You control the North, I'm stationed in Jiangnan. We do not infringe upon each other's territory, so why do you come here today to cause trouble?"

Seeing his men intimidated by Qin Yanyang's aura and not daring to advance, Zhang Zhaoen became furious. He suddenly stepped forward, releasing a wild aura to suppress Qin Yanyang's, and said, "Zhang Zhaoen is on orders to arrest a major criminal. Qin Yanyang, do you intend to obstruct official duties?"

Qin Yanyang saw his resolute will and a posture intent on arresting someone. After a brief consideration, she struck out with her palm.

Yang Fei was her husband. By coming here to arrest him, it was clear that their opponent had a strong backing, so Yang Fei absolutely could not fall into their hands.

Although she served the nation loyally, she was not a person of blind or foolish loyalty, deciding instead to help Yang Fei escape from this place first and understand the reasons afterward.

Zhang Zhaoen did not expect Qin Yanyang to openly resist. Enraged, he was about to make a move when he loudly shouted, "Don't worry about me, catch him first!"

The Military Department experts behind him acted swiftly and simultaneously lunged towards Yang Fei.

Seeing Qin Yanyang resist, how could Yang Fei resign himself to capture?

He moved like a shadow, closing in on Qin Yanyang and placing one hand on her back.

With that palm strike from Qin Yanyang, bolstered by Yang Fei's strength, the Palm Force surged violently.

She knew Zhang Zhaoen had backing, and as they were both colleagues in the Military Department, she only planned to repulse him without causing injuries. But with Yang Fei's sudden assistance, her palm strike was now powerful enough to injure the opponent, and it was too late to retract the force.

"Bang!"

Zhang Zhaoen flew backward like a kite with its string cut, blood flowing from his nose and ears in midair; Qin Yanyang's palm strike had almost crippled him.

His face showed terror and astonishment.

He could not fathom why Qin Yanyang was so powerful that he couldn't withstand even one of her moves!

"Block them!" Striking hard against the wall, Zhang Zhaoen spat out a mouthful of blood, but with resolute eyes, he forcefully gathered his breath and yelled loudly.

The members of the Military Department were strong, but they were no match for Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang. And now that Yang Fei had grabbed Qin Yanyang's hand, who could stand against them when they joined forces?

Qin Yanyang struck out with her palms repeatedly, repelling the Military Department experts brought by Zhang Zhaoen and then making her escape. Upon encountering her subordinates upfront, she briskly ordered, "Stop them. Before I return, don't let any of them go."

On her own turf, the very thought of someone almost taking her man was utterly humiliating.

Although Zhang Zhaoen had the arrest and investigation orders from above, the fact that the local Military Department failed to inform her in a timely manner suggested there was an issue.

The members of the Jiangnan County Military Department coming towards her and hearing Qin Yanyang's icy voice each became respectful, taking up their weapons and charging towards Zhang Zhaoen and his men.

"Hands on your head and kneel down, or else no mercy will be shown!"

"Dammit, I am here on orders from the Imperial City headquarters to capture a criminal, and you dare to assist in his escape?" Zhang Zhaoen bellowed in rage.

Certainly, some of Qin Yanyang's subordinates recognized Zhang Zhaoen, causing them to waver, but the adjutant, recalling the killing intent Qin Yanyang had just shown, steeled his resolve and spoke, "This is the base of the Jiangnan County Military Department. By entering and engaging in combat without permission, you have violated the directives. Our Military Department has the authority to execute first and report afterward. I ask again, will you lay down your weapons?"

Zhang Zhaoen, suppressing the severe pain from his injury, angrily stepped forward, poised to strike, but then the cold glint in the adjutant's eyes flashed, and he pulled the trigger.

The specially designed weapon hit Zhang Zhaoen on the shoulder. Even though he wore specialized protective gear, the powerful inertia still swept him several steps away.

"Woosh!"

Members of the Jiangnan County Military Department on the scene each raised their weapons, ready to pull the trigger without hesitation should Zhang Zhaoen's people dare make a move.

The oppressive atmosphere made the corridors deep within the base feel suffocating and stifling.

Zhang Zhaoen and his subordinates had not expected the people of the Jiangnan County Military Department to be so bold as to lay hands on them, and for a moment they were both angry and afraid, yet they dared not act rashly.

If they started a chaotic battle, it didn't matter if they died, but even if they survived, they would lose their heads afterward.

They had seen the arrest warrant for Zhang Zhaoen from the higher-ups, but they only dared to apprehend individuals without provoking a conflict with Qin Yanyang.

He simply hadn't expected that Qin Yanyang, in order to protect Yang Fei, would dare to resist him.

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Outside the Binhai Military Department base, there were no guards to be found.

Only a military green helicopter was parked in the distance, obviously the transportation that Zhang Zhaoen and others had used to come here.

After seeing Yang Fei out, Qin Yanyang said with a grave expression, "You go first, hide away. Don't contact me until I contact you."

Yang Fei also sensed something was amiss and couldn't help asking, "What's happened? Why are they after me?"

Qin Yanyang shook her head and said, "I will investigate as soon as possible. Unexpectedly, it should be the work of the Hidden Sect."

Yang Fei's pupils constricted, "They have infiltrated so deeply?"

Qin Yanyang's expression became somber as she said, "Put that aside for now, remember to wait for my contact."

Seeing her turn to leave, Yang Fei couldn't help but grasp her, "What about you?"

Qin Yanyang had just openly defied orders to prevent him from being taken away. Although Yang Fei was not involved in officialdom, he knew she had committed a serious taboo.

Qin Yanyang looked up at Yang Fei, smiled and shook her head, "Don't worry, I will be fine."

Yang Fei, unconvinced, said, "If the Divine Continent is no longer safe, you can run away with me. The world is vast, we can roam it together."

Qin Yanyang was touched and even tempted, but after all, she was a heroic woman with the world in her heart. She shook her head and said, "We haven't reached that stage yet. As a citizen of the Divine Continent, how can I let this newly revived great nation be mired in chaos again by those people?"

Before Yang Fei could speak again, the phone in his pocket began to ring.

He took it out and saw that it showed numerous missed call alerts.

They were calls that hadn't come through while he was in the basement due to signal jamming.

The matter at hand was pressing, and he wanted to urge Qin Yanyang further, but his pupils suddenly constricted, and he saw a message flash on his phone's screen: 'Uncle is dead, Yang Hao has been captured, call back immediately.'

The message was from Wang Lei. Although it flashed across the screen, Yang Fei caught it with his sharp senses.

Qin Yanyang instantly noticed a fierce aura being released from Yang Fei and asked, "What's wrong?"

Yang Fei had already brought up the message, which was just as he had seen before.

Uncle is dead?

How... How could this be?

Yang Fei was momentarily unable to accept it.

His uncle had raised him since he was a child and treated him as his own. Now that he had just returned not long ago, before he could properly show his gratitude, his uncle was innocently killed...

A mounting pressure stuck in his chest without release, Yang Fei stood petrified on the spot.

Seeing that he didn't reply, Qin Yanyang's eyes fell upon the screen of Yang Fei's phone and seeing the message, her body trembled, she exclaimed, "Your... Your uncle? How could this happen?"

At that moment, Yang Fei's phone rang; it was Wang Lei calling.

Yang Fei seemed to gradually come back to his senses, emitting an unprecedented aura of violent intent, he answered the call, "Tell me, this isn't true!"

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"I'm sorry, I failed to protect your uncle and cousin," Wang Lei's voice, low and filled with guilt, came from the phone.

Although Yang Fei had been prepared, hearing Wang Lei announce it still made it somewhat impossible to accept.

"Wait for me."

All his emotions were suppressed in an instant, and after uttering just two words, he hung up the phone.

When he lifted his head to look at Qin Yanyang again, his eyes carried a complex expression, "I'm sorry, I wanted to face this trial with you, but now I must leave and leave you alone to deal with unknown troubles."

Qin Yanyang had also seen the message earlier and seeing Yang Fei like this made her heart extremely anxious and even more furious.

Who on earth would want to kill the innocent?

She knew how deep Yang Fei's feelings were for his uncle's family. Now that his uncle had been murdered and Yang Hao had been kidnapped, for Yang Fei, this was an unforgivable deep-seated vendetta, and she couldn't even begin to persuade him to stay calm.

Moreover, if Yang Changjin's murder was, as she suspected, the work of someone from the Hidden Sect, she was equally enraged.

This is utterly despicable!

She wanted to go with Yang Fei to investigate the murder of his uncle but couldn't leave at the moment. She said to Yang Fei, "I will come to find you after handling things here. You... you must keep in touch with me."

Yang Fei seemed calm at the moment, but inside, his killing intent was boiling over, already uncontrollable.

But facing Qin Yanyang, he had more patience than usual, knew she cared about him, and responded, "Hmm, you also be careful. This matter is not ordinary, let's keep in touch."

With such major events occurring, the two could only act separately.

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After leaving the Military Department's secret base, Yang Fei immediately pulled out his phone and dialed Tong Yunshu's number.

Tong Yunshu was thrilled to receive Yang Fei's call.

The last time Yang Fei went abroad, she was supposed to pick him up at the airport upon his return, but Qin Yanyang returned first, causing her and Yang Fei to miss their meeting.

Recently, she had been waiting for a message or a call from Yang Fei, but all had fallen into oblivion. She held back her longing and didn't contact him first, only to find nearly a month has passed without any news.

"Did you finally remember me..." Tong Yunshu's coy voice carried a bit of resentment.

Yang Fei felt a pang of guilt upon hearing it, but his mood was terrible at the moment, so he could only suppress his emotions and said, "Can you arrange a flight to Xiangxi Province for me right away?"

Tong Yunshu, being a smart woman, immediately sensed there was something wrong from Yang Fei's tone. She didn't ask further but promptly replied, "Okay, I'll arrange it right away. Where are you? Should I come to pick you up?"

Seeing that his current location was somewhat remote and tough for hailing a cab, and also because he hadn't seen Tong Yunshu for a long time, he said, "Just arrange the flight first and see when the soonest one is. If there's time, come pick me up; otherwise, I'll head straight for the airport."

"Okay, wait a moment," Tong Yunshu replied and then hung up.

Three minutes later, the phone rang again.

"The earliest available flight to Xiangxi Province is in one hour, and there are no other flights before that. Where are you? I can pick you up just in time."

Yang Fei said, "I'll send you my location."

Half an hour later, a business van appeared in front of Yang Fei.

Driving the van was Qin Hu, who immediately jumped out and greeted Yang Fei with utmost respect.

After all, this was the youngest National Guardian Level powerhouse in Divine Continent Country.

In the Divine Continent Martial World, Yang Fei's fame was immense, an idol worshipped by countless young martial artists.

Seeing that Tong Yunshu had arranged a professional driver, Yang Fei didn't take it to heart and simply nodded at Qin Hu.

The rear car door opened, and Tong Yunshu looked at him with concern, "Get in and we'll talk, there's only forty minutes left before takeoff, we need to hurry."

Yang Fei got into the car.

The van had been modified, with a complete partition between the driver's cabin and the back seats, offering excellent privacy.

After Yang Fei got in, Tong Yunshu pressed a button, and the only soundproofed window connecting to the driver's cabin was automatically covered.

Tong Yunshu looked at Yang Fei with concern, "What happened?"

Although she had a premonition that something bad had occurred, she did not know what it was. Out of concern for Yang Fei, she could not help but ask.

Yang Fei was in a bad mood, but he knew she cared about him and said solemnly, "My uncle is dead."

"Ah!" Tong Yunshu was shocked. She knew something major had happened but hadn't expected this.

"Wasn't my uncle still young? How... How could he have suddenly died?" Tong Yunshu couldn't help but ask.

"Murder!" Yang Fei could no longer hide the murderous intent in his eyes when he uttered these two words.

Tong Yunshu had never seen Yang Fei like this before. Even when provoked and very angry in the past, he had never shown this kind of violent murderous intent. Being soulmates and always honest with each other, she was still taken aback by the uncontrollable fierceness emanating from him, feeling terrified.

But she was not afraid of Yang Fei. Thinking of Yang Fei's pitiful background, she felt pained, grasped his hands tightly, and looked at him sympathetically. She opened her mouth to say some comforting words but realized that anything she said would be futile at that moment. Involuntarily, her heart ached, and she hugged Yang Fei tightly, gently patting his back.

Yang Fei, having left his hometown as a youth, had been well-treated by his uncle and aunt during his younger years, but he had never experienced this kind of comfort as he lacked the love of his parents.

Now, being gently embraced and patted on the back by Tong Yunshu, for some reason, the frenzy and agitation inside him somewhat soothed.

Resting his head against her softness and feeling Tong Yunshu's care and comfort, Yang Fei silently closed his eyes.

Tong Yunshu whispered, "Can I help you with anything?"

Yang Fei remained silent.

Tong Yunshu sighed softly and said, "I know I'm too weak, and I always need your help... but I really want to help you. If it's convenient, I... I will go with you. You promised to introduce me to your uncle's family. Maybe I could help with some arrangements."

Yang Fei knew she was referring to arranging his uncle's affairs after his death.

But thinking of his uncle being murdered, Yang Fei could not accept it.

It was too unexpected and sudden.

His uncle was still so young. After returning, he had just started to provide some help, had not yet properly honored his uncle, or given him some good days, yet his uncle died because of Yang Fei's own troubles.

The pent-up emotions finally erupted at this moment.

Tears slid down from the corners of his eyes.

A man's emotions are often deeper than a woman's, but when true sadness hits, a man's tears are equally worthless.

Tong Yunshu, not getting a response from Yang Fei, felt uneasy and even more disappointed.

Indeed, Qin Yanyang was his wife. Even if it was to help manage his uncle's affairs, it would be more appropriate for her to go. What was she to do there?

Thinking this way, Tong Yunshu felt a bitter taste in her heart and chuckled at herself in self-derision.

But soon, she noticed her clothes were dampened, her heart trembled, and she felt even more pained.

When had this big boy ever shown such emotion in front of her?

Having previously endured the pain of Third Grandpa's passing, now knowing Yang Fei was crying silently, she too was moved and felt even more pained.

Chapter 404: Qin Yanyang Goes Berserk

At the airport, beside the Tong Family's private jet, Yang Fei said to Tong Yunshu, "I have very important matters to attend to, and it's not convenient to take you with me..."

Seeing a flash of sadness in Tong Yunshu's eyes, he knew he had said the wrong thing and quickly tried to make amends, "Qin Yanyang is also in trouble and there might be major issues; she isn't going either. The funeral for Second Uncle won't be held for now; wait for my message."

Tong Yunshu, not one to get angry, felt somewhat despondent that Yang Fei was going to face such a big issue without her, but when she heard that Qin Yanyang wasn't going either, the bit of loss in her heart dissipated, and instead, she asked with concern, "What could have happened to her?"

"It's a long story, and I don't know the details yet, but the situation is definitely not optimistic. You need to be careful as well," said Yang Fei, looking at Tong Yunshu with a hint of worry. "You are all very important to me; now that Second Uncle is implicated, I'm afraid you might be too..."

"Don't worry, I'll be careful. Even if I get implicated because of you, I'll have no regrets," Tong Yunshu interrupted, speaking with resolve in her eyes.

Moved by her words, Yang Fei gave her a deep look and then noticed that her strength seemed to have improved after many days of not seeing her, causing him a silent shock.

The Great Yellow Court of the Tong Yan indeed had some mysterious and miraculous aspects to it. Furthermore, Tong Yunshu's ability to inherit the Great Yellow Court was astonishing. Given time, she might catch up to Tong Yan and, with his help and guidance, even far surpass Tong Yan, reaching heights Tong Yan couldn't even imagine.

"I have to go now. Take care of yourself, cultivate diligently, and strive to become stronger," Yang Fei said.

Tong Yunshu took the words "strive to become stronger" very seriously and nodded, "I will try my best. Be careful on your trip, remember to contact me if anything happens, I will miss you."

Yang Fei nodded, and at that moment, the plane was ready to take off, so they waved goodbye to each other.

Closing the cabin door, the plane slowly moved toward the runway for takeoff.

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Within the Binhai University campus, Zhu Wenjie hurriedly found Yang Wen, and only at the sight of her did he completely relax.

"Come with me," Zhu Wenjie said to Yang Wen.

Yang Wen was startled and asked in confusion, "Come with you, to where? Where is Bingqing?"

"Xia Bingqing is not here; your brother might be in trouble, you need to hide first," Zhu Wenjie said.

Yang Wen's expression drastically changed upon hearing this, "My brother is in trouble? What kind of trouble?"

As she said this, she took out her mobile phone, intending to call Yang Fei, but Zhu Wenjie stopped her, "Don't disturb him while he's working. Just trust me, that's enough. I won't harm you."

Yang Wen was dubious, but she knew that Zhu Wenjie wouldn't harm her, and wanting to know what trouble her brother had gotten into, she left the campus with Zhu Wenjie.

After Zhu Wenjie picked up Yang Wen, he immediately called his grandfather's number and reported, "Grandfather, the person is safely picked up. Where should we wait for you? Okay, uh-huh, don't worry. Unless I die, I won't let her get hurt."

Hearing him say this, Yang Wen couldn't help but change her expression drastically, exclaiming in surprise, "Senior Wenjie, what exactly happened?"

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The Binhai Military Department's sub-branch base.

After sending Yang Fei off, Qin Yanyang promptly returned to the depths of the base.

Zhang Zhaoen and the six subordinates he brought with him were still surrounded in the chamber where Qin Yanyang and Yang Fei had been in a closed-door session earlier.

When Qin Yanyang arrived, Zhang Zhaoen was still loudly berating Qin Yanyang's subordinates, "Damn it all, do you know what you are doing? I am the Deputy Director of the Military Department; you are members of the Military Department, yet you dare to attack a colleague and detain an officer? Step aside immediately, or else letting a wanted criminal escape would mean Minister Qin will be penalized as well. No one can bear such a huge responsibility."

Qin Yanyang's aide, without saying a word, also flashed a look of concern in his eyes.

They hadn't stopped it before because Zhang Zhaoen had a warrant from the Military Department's headquarters, and since Qin Yanyang was in the secret chamber, they didn't have enough time to report before Zhang Zhaoen barged in with his men.

Now that Qin Yanyang had defied orders, had taken action against Zhang Zhaoen, and was keeping him and others under control, the aide and his people realized the seriousness of the situation.

But they were Qin Yanyang's subordinates and part of the Qin family faction, so at this moment, they could only follow Qin Yanyang's lead.

"Heh, quite the arrogance," Qin Yanyang's ice-cold voice came through.

Members of the Binhai Military Department instantly breathed a sigh of relief.

Seeing Qin Yanyang return, Zhang Zhaoen was immediately furious, "Bastard, Qin Yanyang, do you know what you're doing? How dare you help a fugitive escape? You've committed a grave crime. Call your people off at once! If that kid really gets away, you won't be able to bear the consequences."

Qin Yanyang was not the least bit intimidated, coldly staring at Zhang Zhaoen, "A fugitive? Since when did a fugitive appear here?"

"Yang Fei is the one," Zhang Zhaoen angrily said, "This is an arrest warrant, are you blind?"

"Sorry, you didn't show this arrest warrant before, I didn't see it. And Yang Fei is my husband, which is known to everyone. As far as I know, he abides by the law and has done nothing wrong. When did he suddenly become the fugitive you speak of?"

Qin Yanyang coldly said, "Zhang Zhaoen, you're defaming me. Would you believe me if I said I'll take you to military court?"

"It's you who should be taken to military court, Qin Yanyang. Do you really think that just because you are a daughter of the Qin Family you can do as you please? Let me tell you, the Military Department is a vital asset of the country, and it must not fall into the hands of someone like you," Zhang Zhaoen shouted loudly.

Qin Yanyang frowned slightly, her voice cold, "Someone like me? I've been fighting and winning battles for the nation since I was fifteen. What are you, Zhang Zhaoen, to criticize and slander me?"

"Are you really determined to go against everyone's wishes, Qin Yanyang?" Zhang Zhaoen stared at Qin Yanyang, his eyes filled with anger, not backing down, the atmosphere was tense and hostile.

But he and his subordinates had been disarmed. Although their aura was intimidating, they posed no threat to Qin Yanyang and her people.

Qin Yanyang was extremely annoyed about today's incidents and naturally wanted to get to the bottom of it. Pointing to Zhang Zhaoen's subordinates, she said, "Take them away, I want to interrogate them one by one."

"Qin Yanyang, you dare!" Zhang Zhaoen was furious, pointing at Qin Yanyang's face and scolding, "I am a mighty general of the country, a Deputy Minister of the Binhai Military Department just like you, and I am here on orders. What right do you have to detain and interrogate my people?"

Looking at Zhang Zhaoen's finger pointing at herself, Qin Yanyang calmly said, "Put down your finger."

Zhang Zhaoen laughed in anger, "What if I don't?"

"Crack!"

Qin Yanyang's move was lightning fast, as she snapped the finger immediately.

Zhang Zhaoen, a mighty Martial Arts practitioner himself, believed he wasn't much weaker than Qin Yanyang. Yet he had been gravely injured by Qin Yanyang without even managing to fend off a single move earlier and now, thinking Qin Yanyang wouldn't dare to hurt him, he was caught off guard by her audacity.

With his finger broken, he couldn't help but grunt in pain and looked up angrily at Qin Yanyang.

Qin Yanyang raised her hand for a slap.

"Smack!"

Another unexpected hit, Zhang Zhaoen wanted to dodge, but he had not expected Qin Yanyang to move so quickly. The slap landed squarely and firmly on his face.

"Bang!"

Before Zhang Zhaoen could come to his senses, a severe pain in his abdomen came as he was kicked and sent flying by Qin Yanyang, his body crashing heavily against the thick walls of the detention room, feeling his innards nearly shattered.

The members of the Binhai Military Department watching this scene had their eyes wide open but at the same time felt reassured.

The Minister was so badass, she must be fine.

The people brought by Zhang Zhaoen were all red-faced, seething with anger but not daring to speak out.

This was so humiliating.

Both were Deputy Ministers; how could the gap be so huge?

Moreover, Zhang Zhaoen was much older than Qin Yanyang, old enough to be her father, and yet he was beaten up severely, which was truly shameful.

"Take them all away," Qin Yanyang's aide-de-camp, very observant, immediately gave the order. Zhang Zhaoen's people were all taken away, leaving only Qin Yanyang to 'interrogate' him.

Chapter 405: Thunder

"Bang bang bang..."

Muffled sounds came from the confinement room, causing the members guarding outside from Jiangnan County's Military Department to be secretly alarmed, yet no one dared to ask.

After a long while, the thudding sounds ceased, and everything fell silent again.

Inside the room, Qin Yanyang looked at the dying Zhang Zhaoen and said indifferently, "Talk, what's going on?"

Zhang Zhaoen's face was bruised and swollen, and his internal organs were severely damaged. Had he not been a martial arts expert, he would likely have perished long ago.

His heart was filled with terror and resentment as vast as the sea. Staring unwillingly at Qin Yanyang, he could not understand how she dared to treat him this way.

"Not talking?" Qin Yanyang's brows furrowed slightly as a cold intent to kill flashed in her eyes.

Zhang Zhaoen noticed the murderous look in her eyes, and his heart skipped a beat, finally realizing where he was.

Despite her young age and her normally gentle and kind demeanor, always treating people well with a friendly smile, she was actually someone who had been stained with blood since the age of fifteen, having killed before.

Zhang Zhaoen had only one thought on his mind, this mad girl really dare to kill him here.

"What do you want me to say?" Zhang Zhaoen coughed and then spoke.

Qin Yanyang said, "Who sent you to capture my husband? How did my husband, Qin Yanyang's husband, become the fugitive you speak of?"

Zhang Zhaoen said, "It was an arrest warrant issued by the minister. I was just following orders, and I know nothing else."

Qin Yanyang was obviously unsatisfied with this answer and shook her head, "Why didn't the minister notify me beforehand?"

"To avoid suspicion!" Zhang Zhaoen said.

Qin Yanyang sneered and responded coldly, "This is clearly aimed at me, knowing that I would resist, so they intentionally did this?"

Zhang Zhaoen's heart tightened, realizing that despite her young age, not only was her martial arts cultivation unfathomable, but her intelligence was not low either; she could not be deceived.

"You have already resisted, and even let him go, and even assaulted me," Zhang Zhaoen's voice grew louder as he looked at Qin Yanyang and said, "Even if you had great achievements in the past, no one can save you now. Moreover, Yang Fei is the person they absolutely want to catch; no one can guarantee his safety."

A glint of chill flickered in Qin Yanyang's eyes as she said indifferently, "So they have really made a move? They actually dare to go against the agreement, and interfere in government affairs!"

Zhang Zhaoen's face bore a slight sneer as he looked at Qin Yanyang, "You are still too young. You haven't figured out who really holds the power in this world. They are high above because they possess the sufficient foundation and strength to be there."

Qin Yanyang's face showed a look of sorrow, "I knew that they had penetrated deeply, but I didn't expect that even the Military Department could be manipulated by them."

"Bow your head. With your talent and ability, you could marry into a real noble family. Why throw away your future for a mere wild boy?" Zhang Zhaoen advised.

Qin Yanyang looked at him and asked, "The Zhang Family is already their people?"

Zhang Zhaoen nodded without hesitation, "Not only my Zhang Family, who in the Divine Continent dares to say that they are not their people?"

Qin Yanyang said word by word, "My Qin Family is not, and I, Qin Yanyang, am not."

After speaking, she slowly walked towards Zhang Zhaoen, her eyes sparkling, "How can the national treasure be controlled by a bunch of old fools who sit idly by their inherited seats without seeking progress? I, Qin Yanyang, will strive all my life to eliminate this filthy air."

Zhang Zhaoen's heart chilled as he exclaimed in horror, "What... what are you going to do?"

Qin Yanyang struck out with a slap.

Zhang Zhaoen was shocked, "You dare..."

"Puh!"

Qin Yanyang showed no mercy with this blow. Her hands, though seemingly delicate like jade, were in fact as firm as iron. With just one slap, Zhang Zhaoen's sturdy skull could not withstand the impact and was shattered outright.

The door of the confinement room opened, and the deputy standing outside looked inside to see Zhang Zhaoen's headless corpse, his pupils suddenly contracting in unbelievable shock at Qin Yanyang.

Qin Yanyang remained composed and said indifferently, "What about the others, have they been interrogated?"

"Hiss..."

The deputy took a sharp intake of breath, then stood up straight and reported, "Reporting to the leader, the rest are detained separately, waiting for your personal interrogation."

Qin Yanyang hummed in acknowledgment and said indifferently, "Zhang Zhaoen is a traitor who attempted to assassinate me and was killed in self-defense. Clean this up."

"...Yes!"

After ten minutes, two more of the six men brought by Zhang Zhaoen were dead.

Qin Yanyang, with her thunderous and iron-blooded means, purged those with malicious intentions from the Military Department.

She was usually amiable, always approachable, and greeted everyone with a smile. Even her subordinates, who had executed many missions with her, were seeing this side of her for the first time. The fact that the purged included Zhang Zhaoen and members of the Military Department from the North left her subordinates feeling uneasy and anxious.

Qin Yanyang said to her adjutant, "Keep these four people detained here for now, watch them closely. Arrange for a plane, I need to return to Imperial City immediately."

"Yes!"

Seeing Qin Yanyang composed, the adjutant, who had followed her for more than four years and was utterly loyal to her, considered her illustrious family background. Since she dared to act this way, she must have something to rely on, so he suppressed the worries in his heart and went to make arrangements.

As soon as the adjutant left, Qin Yanyang went to the lowest room in the base.

After closing the door, she turned on a special communication channel with a grave expression.

Once the call connected, Qin Yanyang immediately became solemn, her tone respectful, "Old Li, they've made their move. We might have to act ahead of schedule."

After a moment of contemplation on the other end of the phone, a firm voice answered, "Good, you have full authority."

"Yes!"

After hanging up, Qin Yanyang immediately dialed another number and coldly ordered, "Close the net."

...

Yang Fei returned to his hometown with a heavy heart.

His second uncle was dead—Wang Lei would not lie about this—and apart from seeking revenge, his main concern now was the safety of Yang Hao, who had been kidnapped.

At the same time, he was also worried about Qin Yanyang.

With two major incidents occurring simultaneously, and his second uncle dead, Yang Hao being his second uncle's son, he could not allow any more harm to come to him. How would he face his second uncle and how could he ever make it up to his second aunt otherwise?

Regarding Qin Yanyang, he could only hope that with the Qin Family's power and her high status, she would have the ability to resolve the situation.

He would save Yang Hao first, then go to help Qin Yanyang.

The only thing that Yang Fei was hesitant about was whether to call the International Madman to the Divine Continent.

Moreover, he wondered if it was necessary to mobilize the forces of the Xu Family and Zhu Family.

He had just disembarked from the plane when his cellphone started ringing.

It was a call from Wang Lei.

"I'm at the exit, have you arrived?" Wang Lei's voice came through anxiously.

Yang Fei replied in a deep voice, "Yeah, I just got off the plane. Wait for me."

Soon, the two met up at the exit. With just one glance, Yang Fei noticed Wang Lei's diminished aura and frowned, "Are you injured?"

"Minor injuries."

Yang Fei's gaze fell on his left shoulder. Although the wound had been treated, Yang Fei, who was accustomed to the smell of blood, was very sensitive to it.

"Who did this?" he asked directly.

This was not the time for sentimentality, so instead of concerning himself with Wang Lei's injuries, he got straight to the point and inquired about the situation.

Wang Lei summarized the situation briefly and said in a serious tone, "The Duanmu Family's people were definitely targeting your identity as a Taoist Inheritor. The inheritance of the Taoist is too important to the Hidden Sects' various factions. Once your identity as a Taoist Inheritor was exposed, you would no longer have peaceful days."

"They could easily come for me, why target innocent people instead?" Yang Fei's eyes were filled with murderous intent.

His second uncle was dead, and it was his fault. This was a burden he could not bear.

Having known and fought alongside Yang Fei for several years, Wang Lei had never felt Yang Fei's anger like he did at that moment, and he stiffened. In a grave tone, he advised, "For now, stay calm. The priority is to find Yang Hao first and prevent him from suffering any unwarranted disasters."

Yang Fei immediately composed himself and nodded, "Did they leave any message when they took Yang Hao away?"

Wang Lei shook his head, "At that time, they wanted to kill me, so I had to escape to save myself first. But since they've taken Yang Hao, they will surely use him to find you."

Yang Fei felt frustrated; he did not like the feeling of being led by the nose by others.

"How do we get to the Hidden Sect?"

Wang Lei's pupils shrank in surprise as he looked at Yang Fei, "What do you want to do?"

Chapter 406: Coming for the Legacy

"He who kills shall be killed in return. Since the Duanmu Family has murdered my kin, I shall annihilate the Duanmu clan," Yang Fei said harshly.

He wasn't boasting, but rather at that moment, a strong desire to kill welled up within him for the two members of the Duanmu Family clan.

Wang Lei, however, was much calmer. He frowned slightly and said gravely, "I don't mean to discourage you and diminish my own prestige, but the strength of the Duanmu Family is something you and I are not currently capable of confronting. I think the priority should be to find Yang Hao and save him first."

Yang Fei said, "Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun haven't contacted me for so long, am I just supposed to wait?"

Wang Lei replied, "They will definitely contact you; otherwise, what would be the point of taking Yang Hao?"

Yang Fei knew this reason well, but he didn't want to wait long.

Moreover, for him, merely killing Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun was no longer enough to quell the rage in his heart.

His second uncle was dead. Although it was said that a life taken should be paid for with a life, even if Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun were slain by his own hands, it wouldn't dispel the hatred within him.

And if it happened once, it could happen again.

His second aunt, Yang Hao, and Yang Wen were still alive, as were Qin Yanyang and the Qin Family behind him, as well as Tong Yunshu, Zhu Tianshou, and the Xu Family.

All of these people now had ties to Yang Fei. If the Hidden Sect decided to target them in the future to get at him, how could he face these relatives and friends who trusted him?

To prevent such losses from happening again, he needed to make a profound impression on the various powers of the Hidden Sect, to let them know the consequences of harming his loved ones.

"I understand the hatred in your heart is hard to extinguish, but I won't take you to the Hidden Sect now, as it would only harm you," Wang Lei insisted.

Yang Fei was about to reply, irked, when his cell phone rang.

It was an unfamiliar number.

Yang Fei immediately answered.

Over the phone, a cold male voice said, "Is this Yang Fei?"

"It's me. Are you from the Duanmu Family?" Yang Fei asked in return.

"Heh, it seems Wang Lei has already spoken to you. Good, that saves me some breath. If you want your brother to live, come and meet me."

"Time, place."

"Five Thunder Mountain on the outskirts of town, don't keep our people waiting," the man said and then hung up.

Yang Fei looked at the number for a moment and then quickly dialed Li Xuanyu's number.

Li Xuanyu answered promptly, "You finally remembered us, did you?"

Yang Fei said, "Tell Will to help me track a number right away and get me the location."

After saying this, he sent the number that had just called him to Li Xuanyu.

Li Xuanyu, hearing the icy tone in Yang Fei's voice, assured decisively, "Okay, just give me a moment."

While waiting, Yang Fei and Wang Lei hailed a taxi and said they were heading for Five Thunder Mountain.

The taxi driver, hearing they were going to the suburbs, saw it as a big fare for the day and excitedly said, "All right, to Five Thunder Mountain."

A few minutes into the ride, Li Xuanyu sent through a location.

Yang Fei checked, and indeed, the other party was at Five Thunder Mountain.

Since they were in a cab, Wang Lei had a lot he wanted to say to Yang Fei, but he held back.

An hour later, the taxi arrived at the foot of Five Thunder Mountain.

Yang Fei paid the fare, and the taxi drove away.

Five Thunder Mountain was considered a sacred site for Taoists. Although the prominent Taoist orders kept a low profile, there were visitors to the area, which was much quieter compared to Buddhist sites.

According to the location sent by Li Xuanyu, Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun were not at any of the five main peaks of Five Thunder Mountain but deeper within a taller, denser forest.

The two of them started walking up the mountain, and on the way, Yang Fei asked, "How did my second uncle die?"

Wang Lei's expression changed slightly upon hearing this, and he sighed, "He died a terrible death, his body sliced into countless pieces. He didn't have a whole corpse in the end."

Yang Fei felt a sharp pang in his heart.

He had planned to save Yang Hao first and then kill the murderers before holding a memorial service for his second uncle, but he never imagined his second uncle would die such a horrific death.

How hateful!

"Duanmu Hai's control over the power of Heaven and Earth has reached the level of perfection, akin to the techniques of immortality and Taoist magic. He turned the power of Heaven and Earth into a blade, slicing your uncle's body into countless pieces, leaving behind nothing but a pile of mangled flesh. Attempting to piece together a complete body would be fraught with immense difficulty."

Wang Lei, thinking of Yang Changjin's corpse, was also consumed by grief and anger.

Duanmu Hai was too cruel. If you're going to kill, why use such a method on an ordinary person?

This was one of the reasons he left the Hidden Sect.

The people there held themselves in high esteem and regarded the lives of the weak as worthless.

"I will take his life in the same manner," Yang Fei said fiercely.

Wang Lei did not oppose this.

He, too, despised those two from the Duanmu Family to the bone and would've been killed alongside if he hadn't made a quick escape earlier.

However, remembering Duanmu Hai's strength, Wang Lei couldn't help but caution, "I can hold off Duanmu Yun, but in my current state, I probably can't guarantee a victory. You should be careful when facing Duanmu Hai. If things are impossible, act accordingly. Find a way to rescue Yang Hao first – 'With green mountains still there, one need not worry about firewood.'"

Yang Fei paid more attention to the matter upon hearing Wang Lei say this.

Though arrogant and self-assured, he had never considered himself the best in the world.

An outstanding youth from the Hidden Sect would certainly have extraordinary abilities; one must not be careless.

"I understand. Don't worry; hatred will not cloud my judgment," Yang Fei said solemnly.

Wang Lei felt greatly relieved.

Having known Yang Fei for many years and fought side by side on numerous occasions, he understood his character well, knowing he seemed young but was actually cautious in his actions.

In the depths of the mountains, Yang Hao curled up on the ground with a face ashen as death, not daring to move.

He was not usually one to cling to life out of fear, but the shock he received today was just too much.

Qin Yanyang watched as his father was sliced into countless pieces by a terrifying and strange power, dying an unnatural death; his worldview was completely overturned.

Although he had witnessed his cousin's prowess earlier and was aware of the existence of martial artists in the world, he never imagined martial arts could be so powerful.

No, the young man who killed his father was no ordinary martial artist; he was a fearsome person with evil magic.

Their purpose in capturing him was to find his older brother, who, though formidable, would certainly not be their match.

What to do?

Yang Hao felt fear and concern in his heart.

His father was dead, and naturally he was heartbroken, but he was not the master of his own fate now, and his brother was rushing over to save him.

At this moment, Yang Hao felt nothing but deep helplessness and powerlessness.

He could do nothing.

"Brother Hai, after we catch that kid, should we bring him back to the family, or..."

Duanmu Yun asked tentatively.

He did not finish his sentence, but his eyes gleamed with excitement and eagerness.

Duanmu Hai glanced at him and laughed, "Such a big matter, how could the two of us brothers decide on our own?"

"But if we bring this kid back, we will inevitably not be able to conceal it from other powers. It could cause trouble and calamities for the family," Duanmu Yun cautioned.

"Besides, even though bringing this child back to the family would be a great feat for us, we would only receive some resources and recognition at best."

Duanmu Hai was fully aware of what his cousin was thinking. He pondered slightly and said, "Let's not talk about this matter for now, after all, who knows how many secrets that boy knows. Whether we can extract anything from him is also unknown."

Duanmu Yun snorted, "Even if he is as tough as iron, once in our hands, we have ways to make him speak willingly. The true inheritance of the Taoist path is the genuine art of immortality. If we brothers obtain it, who in the family, or even the entire Hidden Sect, wouldn't look up to us?"

Duanmu Hai responded indifferently, "That's just a rumor, after all. It may not be true, nor necessarily so heaven-defying."

Duanmu Yun argued, "That kid began martial arts at thirteen, and after a decade, despite cultivating in this world where spiritual energy is scarce, he has achieved his current cultivation realm. The inheritance he received must indeed be against the heavens, otherwise, it would be inexplicable."

Duanmu Hai was well aware of this point. Just as he was about to speak, his eyes suddenly sparkled, and he said, "They're here!"

Chapter 407: Hidden Sect's Genius

Reminded by Duanmu Hai, Duanmu Yun was startled, "So soon?"

He focused intently and indeed heard some rustling midway up the mountain and even faintly detected two people ascending the slope.

"Hmph, that abandoned son of the Wang Family still dares to come. I see he's with that boy, probably coveting the boy's legacy," Duanmu Yun said.

Duanmu Hai slightly frowned and said, "Although Wang Lei is the Wang Family's abandoned son, his talent is not poor. Had he not left the Hidden Sect World these ten years, with his talent, his strength would probably not be beneath yours and mine. We must not be careless."

Duanmu Yun said, "Cousin, rest assured, I will surely kill him."

Previously, when he sparred with Wang Lei, he clearly had the upper hand but found himself restrained in every exchange, making him feel frustrated as he couldn't fully display his skills. Now, with Wang Lei daring to show up, he had already harbored the intent to kill.

"Brother, run fast, don't mind me!"

Suddenly, Yang Hao mustered his courage, enduring the intense pain in his internal organs, and shouted loudly.

Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun were taken aback, not expecting this boy to have such courage.

They hadn't harmed Yang Hao or tied him up because, as a mere mortal in their eyes, he was as insignificant as an ant, and they thought he couldn't escape. Yet, to their surprise, he dared to warn Yang Fei.

Fuming with rage, a vicious light flashed in Duanmu Yun's eyes, and he was about to kill Yang Hao.

However, Duanmu Hai said with a smile, "It doesn't matter. Since they have come, they will not leave. Even if we are to kill this boy, we shall do it in front of them to make them understand what powerlessness and despair mean."

Thinking it over, Duanmu Yun sneered and said, "Cousin, what you said is very true."

Midway up the slope, Yang Fei, after hearing Yang Hao's call, felt greatly relieved at first, glad that he was still alive.

But his heart tensed immediately, worried about him.

Wang Lei also became anxious.

Yang Fei looked up towards the top of the mountain and said sternly, "I'm here. If you want to know the secrets I carry, don't harm my brother."

Given his nature, he intended to say something to intimidate the other party, but out of concern for Yang Hao's safety, his words came out differently.

"Hahaha, don't worry, your brother's life or death makes no difference to us. We are after you," a voice came from the mountaintop.

Anxious for Yang Hao, Yang Fei no longer held back and hastened his pace towards the summit.

His sudden increase in speed surprised Wang Lei, because Yang Fei's speed was incredibly fast.

As far as Wang Lei knew, although Yang Fei was much stronger than him, he was never this fast.

But Yang Fei had just suddenly accelerated, leaving behind only an afterimage.

Having only parted for less than a month, had his strength increased again?

But it was such a short time; even with some improvements, it shouldn't have been this significant.

Wang Lei was secretly astounded.

Could this Taoist mental method really be so against the heavens?

Just like the legends said, after laying the foundation, the momentum becomes endless, making it easier the further one progresses?

Yang Fei also felt the difference.

He knew well what his speed could achieve before, but now, in his urgency, he gave his all. His feet warmed up as if endowed with endless power. With each step he took, it was farther and faster than before when he pushed his True Qi to the limit.

This change naturally delighted him.

It seemed Qin Yanyang was right; this was indeed the true phase of Foundation Building and Body Tempering.

Feeling the blood in his feet like mercury and his flesh and bones like iron, he grew more confident about rescuing Yang Hao.

Soon, he arrived at the peak.

His gaze swept over to see two long-haired young men warily staring at him. About ten meters behind them, Yang Hao was sitting despondently at the base of a large tree, looking anxious and weak, but not in mortal danger

as he appeared severely injured.

"Brother!"

Seeing Yang Fei, Yang Hao immediately lost control of his emotions, tears streaming down, "Dad... Dad died so horribly."

Then, regaining his composure, he shouted loudly, "Brother, don't worry about me, they... they know demon arts, you run!"

Seeing that he could still speak loudly, Yang Fei completely let go of his worries and gave him a comforting look, "Don't panic. I will avenge our uncle."

After saying that, he fixed his gaze on the two men and said coldly, "Are you the ones who kidnapped my brother and killed my uncle?"

Duanmu Hai previously didn't take Yang Fei too seriously, but now he was showing a hint of solemnity as he looked at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei rarely revealed his strength in the past. His cultivation technique was special, and although the True Qi inside his body was thick and strong, it could be perfectly concealed, usually not noticed by others.

But now, Yang Fei's body was full of sinister energy, and the inner Qi and blood in his body were surging, his powerful realm was fully revealed without any concealment.

As a leading figure among the descendants of the Hidden Sect, Duanmu Hai considered himself extraordinarily talented, and upon seeing Yang Fei himself, seeing such a young man at this level of realm, he was secretly shocked.

At the same time, a strong joy emerged in his heart.

This showed that the youth had received a true Taoist inheritance.

If he could make it his own, his achievements in the future would be limitless.

"Are you Yang Fei?" Duanmu Yun asked.

Yang Fei glanced at him and then set his eyes on Duanmu Hai. Although the realms of these two appeared not far apart, Duanmu Hai was much stronger, putting a certain pressure on Yang Fei.

As for Duanmu Yun, he was at most a bit stronger than the ordinary cultivator at the Innate Realm.

Yang Fei stared at Duanmu Hai and said, "Among you, who killed my uncle?"

Duanmu Yun, seeing Yang Fei underestimate him, couldn't help but rage. His arm shook, and with a low hum from his sword, pointed at Yang Fei and rebuked, "You insolent brat, dare to be so arrogant, let me teach you a lesson first."

"Duanmu Yun, your opponent is me, take a few more of my slashes!"

Just then, a robust voice came from behind Yang Fei. Immediately after, Sword Energy slashed through the air, and a fierce Sword Energy blade directly chopped at Duanmu Yun.

Before the man arrived, the sword was already in action.

Wang Lei's sword, true to his name, was preemptive like a sudden thunder, unstoppable!

"You're courting death!" Duanmu Yun, seeing Wang Lei engage him as soon as he arrived, was instantly furious.

With a demon already in his heart, if he couldn't slay Wang Lei with his sword, obstacles in his future cultivation path were inevitable.

Yang Fei and Duanmu Hai looked at each other, ignoring the tangled fight between Wang Lei and Duanmu Yun.

The forest was filled with strong energy, with the flash of swords and shadows of blades.

Yang Fei stared at Duanmu Hai and said, "I want you dead!"

Duanmu Hai smiled indifferently, "Make your move, let's see how much weight the rising star of the Martial World really has."

"Boom!"

A dull sound suddenly spread, a sensation of mountains crumbling and earth splitting ensued.

Yang Fei's body was like a cannonball, in an instant, he shot right before Duanmu Hai.

Duanmu Hai's pupils suddenly contracted, his heart startled.

Although he was prepared, he had never expected Yang Fei's speed to be so fast.

It was already too late to use the power of Heaven and Earth to stop him. Duanmu Hai's eyes flashed, his Qi sank into his Dantian, with a low roar, he lightly flicked out a palm.

What seemed like a casual move was actually the instant condensation of a powerful True Qi in his palm. With the movement of his palm, the void shattered.

Bang!

It sounded like thunder exploding in the forest.

Two turbulent forces collided instantly. The sound of spurting was incessant as the Energy Fragments flew around, slicing through the trees in the forest like sharp blades; some trees as thick as bowls couldn't withstand the Qi Blade and were cut off at the waist.

Yang Fei's inner Qi and blood were tumbling, pushed back by a powerful force.

At the same time, Duanmu Yun was also sent flying backward, his handsome face pale and his expression one of startled fear, clearly not expecting this outcome.

Yang Fei was equally surprised.

After his cultivation had recovered, he believed himself unmatched in combat power, even in the face of people like Zhang Wenfeng.

Yet he hadn't expected Duanmu Hai, so young, to have such a solid realm and terrifyingly strong inner True Qi.

Truly a prodigy of the Hidden Sect!

In his amazement, Yang Fei's eyes filled with a surge of killing intent.

From just this one encounter, he had gained the confidence to slay him.

Chapter 408: Great Terror

After being blasted away by Yang Fei's move, Duanmu Hai felt a feral and tyrannical True Qi rampaging within his body, and he promptly forced it out of his system.

When he looked up again, he viewed Yang Fei with even more respect and said, "You really are strong, I have repeatedly overestimated you, but it turns out I still underestimated you."

Yang Fei didn't answer, his feet shifted, and his body turned into a phantom, disappearing from Duanmu Hai's sight.

This man killed my second uncle, he must die!

Duanmu Hai's pupils shrank as he silently went on alert.

Yang Fei's speed exceeded his imagination.

How could someone whose Cultivation Realm was almost the same as his own have such speed?

It shouldn't be possible!

But the reality was right in front of him, the opponent's movement speed far surpassed those of the same realm, making him difficult to deal with, but it didn't matter, he was facing himself.

Duanmu Hai shifted his feet and rapidly moved his body using the family's Qing Gong Technique, making sure Yang Fei couldn't lock onto his position.

At the same time, he closed his eyes tight, all his acupoints opened, and as True Qi surged rapidly inside his body, it stirred the Heaven and Earth Power around him, reaching a mysterious state of Unity of Heaven and Man.

Though it may take a while to explain, Duanmu Hai had entered the state of Unity of Heaven and Man within a single breath's time since Yang Fei made his move again.

In the next instant, Yang Fei had locked onto Duanmu Hai's position, and his fists shot out like a dragon, smashing down with a thunderous blast.

Duanmu Hai, with his eyes shut, seemed to sense everything around him as though he could see. He didn't even look as he slapped towards Yang Fei's incoming figure.

Between heaven and earth, countless Power Elements surged, and a massive hand formed from them. Following Duanmu Hai's strike, it went straight towards Yang Fei's body.

A flash of brilliance lit up in Yang Fei's eyes as he stimulated his Divine Thought from the Sea of Consciousness and uttered, "Break!"

Puff puff puff!!!

A series of explosive sounds rang out in the void, the dense Power Elements seemed to be out of control, forming two opposing camps violently colliding with each other.

"Boom!"

Yang Fei charged forward and punched the massive palm print that had formed.

The giant palm shattered.

Duanmu Hai staggered as if struck by a heavy blow, his face instantly turned deathly pale, and a trace of fresh blood spilled from the corner of his mouth.

"Die!"

Yang Fei, though having expended a great deal of Spiritual Power, looked slightly pale, yet his momentum was like a torrential flood. He charged forward, and his tyrannical Fist Power, like a wild dragon leaping from the sea, harshly bombarded Duanmu Hai's chest.

Duanmu Hai had thought his strong control over Heaven and Earth Power would be enough to stop Yang Fei and then crush him, only to find out that his opponent possessed a more formidable Divine Thought than himself, causing the Heaven and Earth Power he was controlling to collapse.

Facing Yang Fei's incoming attack, he could no longer gather a second wave of Heaven and Earth Power to defend and could only forcefully muster his True Yuan in his arms, blocking in front of his chest.

"Thud!"

With a dull sound, there came the faint noise of breaking bones.

Duanmu Hai flew out like a kite with a snapped string, his body breaking several large trees behind him before coming to a stop.

The moment Yang Fei landed, the ground burst open into a deep pit, and his figure turned into an afterimage, once again disappearing from the spot.

In the next instant, as soon as Duanmu Hai landed, his vision blurred, and Yang Fei was already attacking again.

A sense of unprecedented despair rose in Duanmu Hai's heart.

He had thought that the difference in power realm between him and Yang Fei was not significant, so why was the actual combat turning out like this?

It was as if he couldn't take a single hit, getting pummeled and crushed without resistance.

Why?

With deep unwillingness, Duanmu Hai roared, exerting all his will to control the Heaven and Earth Power while pushing his palms forward.

The powerful Combat Skill of the Duanmu aristocratic family still unleashed formidable power despite his injured state, but it still couldn't block Yang Fei's strike.

Accompanied by a loud noise, Duanmu Hai was sent flying again.

This time, even before he hit the ground, his seven orifices bled and his internal organs were seriously damaged.

When he landed, Yang Fei appeared beside him like a shadow, stepping on his chest.

Lying on the ground, Duanmu Hai looked up at Yang Fei, feeling an unprecedented shame: "You... you..."

All of a sudden, Yang Fei exerted force under his foot, Duanmu Hai's chest instantly caved in, and a large mouthful of blood sprayed out from his mouth, smothering any words he might have said.

"In my eyes, you are no more than a clump of grass!"

Yang Fei looked at Duanmu Hai, whose face was full of terror as if he wanted to speak and threaten him, and said word by word.

As the words "insignificant as weeds" fell, he gracefully retreated.

The next instant, sharp noises came from the sky, as if it were being sliced by countless sharp Qi Blades.

"Pu pu pu..."

On Duanmu Hai's body, his clothes suddenly had crisscrossing gaps, and the next instant, those gaps spread downwards, beginning to slice his body.

Skin and flesh were torn apart, and blood spurted out like rainfall.

Duanmu Hai felt unprecedented fear and exclaimed in terror, "You dare!"

Amidst his words, Telekinesis was activated in an attempt to resist, and the True Yuan inside him surged, forming a layer of Protective Gang Qi. The invisible Qi Blades collided with the Gang Qi, producing a hissing noise.

"Die!"

Yang Fei's gaze turned sharp as he exerted all his strength.

"Pu!"

The invisible Gang Qi dispersed.

The next instant, Duanmu Hai's body turned into countless chunks of flesh and blood, even the ground where he lay was cut into numerous fine and deep grooves, looking like a Go board from above.

With deep fear and despair on his face, Duanmu Hai could not understand to his death why he lost to Yang Fei, and even more so, why Yang Fei dared to strike him down viciously.

Without leaving any last words, bloodlines appeared in Duanmu Hai's pupils.

Pu!

Suddenly, a gust of wind blew by, and with a clear sound, his body instantaneously disintegrated into countless tiny pieces of flesh, mixed with thick blood, sliding in all directions, turning into a filthy, blood-stained mess exuding the scent of gore.

Having killed Duanmu Hai, Yang Fei knelt down towards the direction of his old home and muttered remorsefully, "Uncle, your nephew deserves to die for being the cause of your trouble. Now, I have avenged you by my hands, I... I'm sorry!"

Only then did Yang Hao fully come back to his senses.

He had previously witnessed his father's tragic death, and now seeing Duanmu Hai killed by Yang Fei in the same manner, his heart felt the satisfaction of vengeance as he knelt on the ground, weeping bitterly.

The enemy was dead.

But from then on, he had no father.

What was the use of killing more people?

On the other side, Wang Lei battled Duanmu Yun using the Wang Family's Thunder Blade. Duanmu Yun originally had a slight upper hand in strength, and with Wang Lei being injured, the disparity in their strength was even greater. However, Wang Lei's offensive was like a tide, with every move desperate and fierce, not giving Duanmu Yun the upper hand but rather making him somewhat frantic in a short time.

But he was not in a rush, thinking to stabilize Wang Lei first, waiting for his clan brother to take down that kid Yang Fei, at which point Wang Lei would have no way to escape death.

But soon, Duanmu Yun was stunned.

He saw his powerful clan brother being dominated by Yang Fei, the Heaven and Earth Power he controlled being shattered by Yang Fei's punch.

The kid was like a divine being, overwhelming with brute force, and his clan brother's ability to harness the Heaven and Earth Power seemed to be of no use.

In just a moment, his clan brother was beaten and sent flying twice.

Duanmu Yun's mentality collapsed.

How could this be?

Although the rumors said that kid was very powerful, he had only recently entered the Innate Realm, probably no match for him even.

When facing his clan brother, that kid should have had no power to fight back and should have been quickly subdued, so why was the reality completely the opposite?

That shouldn't be!

Distracted, Wang Lei's blade came slashing down, and Duanmu Yun nearly got injured.

When he tactically retreated and looked back at his clan brother's situation, his eyes widened in shock.

He saw his clan brother's body being cut to pieces by an invisible Qi Blade Gathering Net, instantly turning into a pile of mush!

Between life and death lies great terror.

Duanmu Yun finally understood the meaning of these words.

Without the slightest hesitation, he turned and ran!

He had to escape!

That kid was too defying of the heavens.

He must have received a true Taoist inheritance; this information had to be reported to the family as quickly as possible.

Chapter 409: Anger Unappeased

"Yang Fei, he's trying to escape!"

Although Wang Lei was very strong, when he realized that Duanmu Yun was trying to flee, he knew he could not capture him alone and immediately shouted.

Yang Fei suddenly looked up, indeed seeing Duanmu Yun dashing down the mountain, intent on escaping. He immediately gave chase and commanded, "Stay!"

As he bellowed the command, a fierce wind suddenly arose within the forest.

"Cloud Binding Hand!"

Yang Fei growled and reached out with an empty claw towards the distance.

The power of Heaven and Earth was once again manipulated.

An invisible force instantly condensed into a giant grasping hand, and from a distance of over thirty meters, it wrapped around Duanmu Yun.

Duanmu Yun suddenly felt an inexplicable resistance in front of him, his expression drastically changed, and he swung his sword to strike.

Hisss hisss hisss!!!

The concentrated power of Heaven and Earth split apart, Yang Fei's Sea of Consciousness suffered backlash, he groaned quietly, his complexion deathly pale.

But in that moment of delay, Wang Lei had caught up, leaping into the air and landing in front of Duanmu Yun, his hand sweeping back as he brought his sword down.

Just breaking free from the Cloud Binding Hand's restraint, Duanmu Yun saw Wang Lei's sword strike down, and in a fury, he snapped, "You're courting death!"

As he spoke, he also risked his life, his Qi channeled through his long sword; the sword's hum like a dragon, it carried his strongest attack as he thrust it towards Wang Lei.

Wang Lei, intent only on blocking the way, saw the desperate thrust coming and was greatly shocked, using his sword to defend.

When the sword clashed with the sword, the grating noise was accompanied by sparks flying.

Wang Lei was sent flying backwards, clearing the path.

Duanmu Yun had no desire to chase after, merely intent on escaping, but his expression changed drastically yet again.

His strong perception picked up disturbances in the airflow ahead. That young man was once more manipulating the power of Heaven and Earth to entangle him.

Duanmu Yun, both angry and anxious, found this ability to connect with the power of Heaven and Earth through strong volition to be extremely annoying, yet he had no better way to counter it except to concentrate all his strength into a furious blow with his sword.

Thump thump thump!!!

The sound of dissipating Qi bursts spread out.

Duanmu Yun had just broken free from the entanglement when a sharp gust of wind came from behind.

A dread sunk into his heart when he knew it was Yang Fei catching up. Panic-stricken, and with no time to strike back, he immediately rolled forward to escape.

Yang Fei's attack missed, and he leapt up like a swift hare, pouncing toward Duanmu Yun like a lion catching its prey.

Duanmu Yun was just about to get up and continue fleeing for his life when he saw a robust aura sweeping towards him. Filled with fright, he had no choice but to infuse his Qi into his treasure sword and execute a counterattack akin to a backhand strike towards Yang Fei.

Though the story is lengthy, in reality, both men's actions were as fast as lightning, and Duanmu Yun's series of life-or-death responses were precisely accurate.

Alas, Yang Fei was more powerful and would not let him go, quickly catching up.

There was a loud bang, and Yang Fei kicked the long sword that had been charged with True Qi, causing the blade to veer off course.

Duanmu Yun was shocked.

He felt the sword being hit by a tremendous force, the shock causing his palms to sting. But before he could make another move, he was kicked in the chest.

Boom!

Duanmu Yun felt as if the world was spinning, his head about to burst.

That kick was too heavy.

Like being struck by a great mountain, it was suffocating and despairing.

The world spun, his heart filled with terror and dismay, and amidst this despair, his body heavily hit the ground.

Duanmu Yun rolled over, forcibly suppressed the severe injury within his body, and struggled to get up to continue his escape, but he felt a chill on his neck.

He slowly looked up, only to see the cold and resolute face of Wang Lei.

"Thump!"

Duanmu Yun knelt to the ground, begging for mercy, "Don't... don't kill me, I don't want to die!"

Wang Lei's eyes flashed with contempt and disgust as he sneered, "Shut up. A coward like you truly disgraces the face of the Hidden Sect aristocratic family."

Duanmu Yun burst into tears, his body trembling, and he pleaded for mercy, "Wang... Brother Wang, save... save me, I... I really don't want to die, I... I was wrong, I shouldn't have come. But it was all my cousin Duanmu Hai's idea, and he's already dead, you... please spare me."

The high and mighty descendants of the Hidden Sect, faced with the great fear of life and death, promptly bowed their heads to beg for mercy.

Wang Lei felt ashamed, feeling that this person had completely disgraced the face of the Hidden Sect descendants.

Yang Fei, however, appeared very calm.

There are those who are not afraid of death, but young people who can face life and death head-on are indeed rare.

Descendants of aristocratic families like Duanmu Yun, who could have lived a life of comfort and wealth without courting death, how could they not cherish their lives?

"Slap!"

Unable to bear the sight, Wang Lei fiercely struck Duanmu Yun with his knife's side, causing Duanmu Yun's cheek to immediately swell up.

Yet he did not feel the pain; instead, his face showed joy as he continued to plead, "Yes... yes, hit me, I... I was truly wrong. As long as you don't kill me, I'll do whatever you want."

Wang Lei, infuriated, struck his face again with the flat of the blade, knocking out a row of teeth.

Duanmu Yun spat out a mouthful of teeth and blood, his sword tossed aside, devoid of any courage to resist, kneeling on the ground miserably begging for mercy.

Yang Fei stopped Wang Lei with a look, reprimanding, "Shut up, answer my questions."

Duanmu Yun immediately closed his mouth, looking towards Yang Fei with meek agreement.

"Did only the two of you come looking for me?" asked Yang Fei.

Duanmu Yun promptly nodded, "After the family learned of your identity as a Taoist Inheritor, they weighed the pros and cons and sent me and my cousin to find you."

"Is it to capture me and take me to your home, or to kill me?" asked Yang Fei.

"They want the Taoist inheritance from you. If we can force it out of you, we can deal with it accordingly," replied Duanmu Yun with blunt honesty.

Yang Fei snorted coldly and continued, "What about the other aristocratic families and Sects, have they sent people as well?"

"I don't know," Duanmu Yun hastily shook his head.

Yang Fei frowned.

Before coming here, there was a team led by high-level forces to capture him.

Although he had not yet received any news from Qin Yanyang and did not know why the other party wanted to capture him, it was not hard to guess that it certainly had to do with his identity as a Taoist Inheritor.

It seemed that Wang Lei was right; revealing his identity as a Taoist Inheritor really was big trouble.

"The Token is on you, isn't it?" Wang Lei suddenly interjected.

Duanmu Yun nodded decisively, "It is... it's true, my cousin's Token is also on me."

As he spoke, he took out two black Tokens from his chest and handed them to Wang Lei.

Yang Fei glanced at them, not knowing of what material these black Tokens were forged, they looked quite sturdy, and the side he could see bore one character: Hidden.

No doubt, these Tokens represented something originating from the Hidden Sect.

Seeing the two Tokens, Wang Lei's face showed a trace of surprise.

Yang Fei asked Duanmu Yun, "What is the relationship between the Duanmu Family in Imperial City and your family? Also, have you ever heard of the name Duanmu Qing?"

Duanmu Yun was taken aback; even in his current distress, his eyes still flashed with disdain, "The Duanmu Family in the Mortal World, if traced back five hundred years, may have some blood relation with our Duanmu Family. As for Duanmu Qing you mentioned, of course I have heard of her; she is the demonically talented prodigy of our Duanmu Family."

"Is she... still alive?" Yang Fei asked somberly.

Duanmu Yun was again taken aback, looking at Yang Fei with surprise, and shook his head, "She has long been dead."

Yang Fei took a deep breath, and when his gaze returned to Duanmu Yun, it was icy cold.

Although it was possible that he and this man were distant relatives, what of it?

The death of his second uncle could not be appeased by merely killing Duanmu Hai.

Unable to extract more valuable information, Yang Fei raised his hand and struck Duanmu Yun's forehead with his palm.

Duanmu Yun had thought by cooperating obediently, he might have a slim chance of survival, but he never expected Yang Fei to kill him so decisively.

Chapter 410: Guilt

After killing Duanmu Yun, Yang Fei didn't even spare a second glance, and turned towards Yang Hao, who was still in shock.

Yang Hao looked at his cousin, who he had grown up with, only to feel a sense of unfamiliarity.

Although he had always known that his cousin was incredibly skilled in martial arts, the scene he witnessed today was beyond his understanding of martial arts; it seemed almost mystical.

Yang Fei took Yang Hao's wrist and checked his pulse, slightly furrowing his brow.

Yang Hao had first been kicked flying by Duanmu Yun. Although Duanmu Yun had not struck with lethal intent, a casual kick from an Innate Realm expert was not something an ordinary person could withstand, thus Yang Hao had sustained severe internal injuries.

If it hadn't been for his youth and reasonably good resilience, he would likely have already passed out.

Immediately, Yang Fei transferred his powerful True Yuan into Yang Hao's body to help him manage his internal injuries. After a full hour, Yang Fei used Qi Control Needle to stimulate the Revitalizing Needle Technique to treat Yang Hao.

This only took about fifteen minutes, and while Yang Hao's internal injuries could not be fully healed, they were brought under control. His overall condition improved significantly, requiring only some time to fully recover.

"Brother, Dad... Dad is dead, how can I explain this to Mom?" Yang Hao, reminded of his father's tragic death, still couldn't accept the cruel reality. Thinking about how his mother would react upon hearing the news, he felt at a loss.

After all, he was just a twenty-one-year-old young man. Though he had gotten engaged to Huang Qiaoqiao and planned to marry next year, he was still, in reality, just a young lad, not yet ready to handle such grave matters.

Yang Fei also felt a heaviness in his heart, his nose tingling with emotion.

His aunt and his uncle had a loving relationship, and now she was just over forty, a middle-aged widow. Being a simple rural woman, how could she handle the news of her husband's death without breaking down?

But the man was dead, beyond help, and they must arrange the afterlife services.

Thinking this, Yang Fei patted Yang Hao's shoulder and said solemnly, "It's my fault that your uncle died, implicating you all. I will make those responsible pay dearly for my uncle's death. But now that this has happened, we, as brothers, must stand tall and first arrange the funeral for your uncle."

The deceased is paramount, peace found in the soil.

Yang Hao knew this too. Hearing Yang Fei speak like this, he too gradually calmed down, finding something to rely on and nodded, "Yeah, let's go retrieve my dad's body first."

Thinking of his father's body torn into pieces, he couldn't help but feel his eyes redden again.

Before descending the mountain, Yang Fei made a call to Mo Dexiang.

The other party took Yang Fei's call very seriously, and upon learning that Yang Fei's uncle had been murdered in Huangyang County, he trembled with fear, repeatedly saying things like he was sorry for not being vigilant enough, fearing that Yang Fei would blame him.

But Yang Fei didn't blame anyone. With even Wang Lei unable to fully protect his uncle, what could the Mo Family do?

He instructed Mo Dexiang to handle his uncle's corpse, as previously discussed with Yang Hao, to cremate it and bring the ashes back to the village. This way, his aunt wouldn't see the gruesome state of her husband's death, which might make it a bit easier for her to accept.

"Mr. Yang, rest assured, I will arrange everything properly. Where are you now? Do you need me to arrange transportation to pick you up?" Mo Deqiang asked respectfully.

Yang Fei gave the location in Five Thunder Mountain.

With someone like Mo Deqiang involved, his uncle's affairs after death could be neatly managed, which saved them a lot of trouble.

After hanging up, Yang Fei then called Qin Yanyang's number.

It took three calls before Qin Yanyang answered.

She seemed busy on the other end of the line, saying, "Don't worry about me here, but with such a big incident happening, it's going to be busy. How is it on your side? Is your uncle really murdered?"

Yang Fei briefed her on the situation.

Qin Yanyang said in a sad tone, "Your uncle died because of me, I know you're very upset, but you must listen to me, do not act rashly. I'll come to you after I'm done here, and I'll make sure you have a satisfactory explanation."

Yang Fei was touched by her concern, but he had his own principles. Knowing that Qin Yanyang was busy but not in danger, he reassured himself, "You focus on your matters; don't worry about my uncle's situation here. Let's leave it at that for now, goodbye."

"Okay, remember my words, don't be impulsive, I'm here for you," Qin Yanyang warned.

Yang Fei acknowledged her and hung up the phone.

Down the mountain, a gleaming black Mercedes van was parked at the foot of the mountain.

Mo Deqiang was waiting there personally, his expression solemn.

Yang Hao, accustomed to seeing Mo Deqiang in Huangyang County, even Mo Deqiang, in his efforts to inch closer to the Yang Family, had repeatedly invited father and son to dinner, introducing them to many construction site bosses in Huangyang County, helping the Yang father and son expand their connections, and their construction team grew bigger and busier.

At that moment, seeing Mo Deqiang personally driving to pick him up, Yang Hao knew that all this was because of his older cousin and couldn't help feeling touched.

He had once longed for such a life, yearning to earn other people's respect after finding success one day.

But now, he felt somewhat numb.

Although he received Mo Deqiang's care in Huangyang County and his days were getting better, all of this came at a price.

"Mr. Yang, Uncle's body couldn't be stitched up, so according to your instructions, we had the crematorium cremate him. We can pick up the ashes now. Also, I've contacted the people needed for Yang Changjin's funeral arrangements. As soon as the ashes are returned, we can call them to proceed," Mo Deqiang said immediately upon seeing Yang Fei and Yang Hao.

Yang Fei was very satisfied with his consideration and gratefully said, "Thank you, Mr. Mo. I owe you a favor."

Mo Deqiang was thrilled, having cared for the Yang father and son for so long without receiving a word of thanks from Yang Fei. He hadn't expected that Yang Changjin's death would earn him a favor from Yang Fei.

However, he kept a composed facade and instead showed a sorrowful expression, saying, "Death is irreversible, Brother Yang Hao, take care."

Yang Hao nodded blankly, "Thank you, Boss Mo, for your help."

Mo Deqiang patted Yang Hao's shoulder and said, "Let's go, get in the car first."

The group got into the car, and the driver Mo Deqiang had brought drove toward the crematorium.

After collecting Yang Changjin's urn, Yang Hao held it in front of him, tears suddenly falling, he choked out, "Dad, your son is bringing you home."

Yang Fei also suddenly burst into tears.

At the same time, his hatred and desire for revenge grew stronger.

Why target me, why senselessly kill the innocent, why?

...

Two days later, at the graveyard on the hill behind Yang Family Village, a new grave was added next to the grave of Yang Fei's father.

The Yang family, thriving in the village due to Yang Fei's return, and with Yang Changjin and his spouse holding a good reputation in the village, had Yang Changjin's funeral conducted busily and boisterously, with neighbors lending a hand, and the village women continuously consoling Aunt Li Guiju and Yang Wen.

Relatives and friends had gradually left, but Li Guiju and her son and daughter still knelt before the grave, weeping bitterly once more.

After cooling down for two days, Yang Hao had become much steadier. He gave Huang Qiaoqiao a look, hinting for her to support his sister Yang Wen, while he went to pull up Li Guiju, saying, "Mom, stop crying, let dad rest in peace."

Seeing Aunt still not rising, Yang Fei suddenly knelt down, heavily kowtowed three times, and said, "Aunt, it's all my fault. I led to Uncle's tragic death. I will definitely avenge this, and won't let Uncle rest uneasily."

Seeing her elder brother continually kowtowing, Yang Wen's mouth twitched, but she remained silent.

She too found it hard to accept their father's death, especially after learning the cause, she had some resentment towards Yang Fei in the depths of her heart.

Though her elder brother's return had brought significant changes to their family, her father had died because of it.

Even their lives might be threatened in the future.

But to blame Yang Fei, she couldn't do it.

He was their relative, always good to the family, tirelessly caring for them. Could he be faulted?

However, seeing Yang Fei continually kowtowing and apologizing, Li Guiju quickly pulled him up, choked up and said, "Get up, get up. How could this be your fault? It's those damn killers who should die. Yang Hao told me you have avenged Uncle already, you... don't despair anymore, and don't do anything foolish. Uncle was most worried about you, he can't die still worried for you."

Yang Fei didn't expect his aunt to be so understanding, and his guilt deepened.

He verbally agreed, but inside, he couldn't forgive himself more and more.

Off in the distance, Wang Lei, who had not participated in the funeral process, suddenly glanced at Yang Fei.

Even from dozens of meters away, he could still sense the intense killing intent emanating from Yang Fei.

"Sigh!"

Wang Lei sighed, his brow revealing a trace of concern.

He knew this matter was far from over, yet he didn't know how to start advising Yang Fei.