

Urban Invincible Overlord

#Chapter 5: How to Make My Wife Fall in Love with Me - Read Urban Invincible Overlord Chapter 5: How to Make My Wife Fall in Love with Me

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Early in the morning, Yang Fei woke up at seven.

He found it strange.

Ever since the fierce breakout a year ago, he had sustained severe injuries and, worried about his whereabouts being disclosed, had always been on high alert, his nerves taut, never sleeping soundly.

But last night, he had slept through until daylight.

"Could it be that after getting married and starting a family, my mindset has changed?" Yang Fei muttered to himself.

After washing his face and brushing his teeth, he came downstairs, having tidied up briefly.

"You're up?" Qin Yanyang's voice came through.

Yang Fei paused, only to see Qin Yanyang untying her apron while carrying two breakfasts out of the kitchen, saying to him, "Just in time for breakfast."

Qin Yanyang was dressed in a beige home outfit, her jet-black hair simply yet casually tied behind her, exuding an aura of a demure housewife.

The simple home wear could not hide Qin Yanyang's striking figure, especially her pretty and bright face; just one glance at her in the early morning could brighten one's entire day.

For a fleeting moment, Yang Fei felt a sense of bewilderment, as if the scene before his eyes overlapped with the post-marriage life he had once fantasized about in his dreams.

"You can cook breakfast?" Yang Fei's gaze shifted to the two meals, which looked tasty and smelled delicious, but he wondered about the taste.

As he spoke, he felt slightly embarrassed, "I'm living at your place, eating your food, and now you even have to make breakfast for me; I really feel quite ashamed."

Despite saying this, he honestly took a seat opposite Qin Yanyang.

Qin Yanyang gave a slight smile and said, "You made supper for me last night, too. I got up a bit earlier, so making breakfast seems pretty normal, doesn't it? Besides, when I'm alone, I still need to make breakfast for myself."

She spoke calmly, and her tone did not suggest she was merely putting on an act.

Moreover, she had no reason to feign virtues like kindness and morality in front of Yang Fei.

Everything was genuine, done freely according to her wishes.

"Eat up, it's not good when it's cold," Qin Yanyang remarked and, without waiting for Yang Fei, started eating first.

All of this seemed somewhat dreamlike and unreal to Yang Fei.

He had just returned to the country and found himself a wife.

Not to mention that she was extremely attractive and well-built, her character was also incredibly open and easygoing, adept both in social settings and domestic life.

This was indeed the perfect picture of a wife.

The only regret was that they didn't know each other well enough yet.

Even though Qin Yanyang was friendly and polite towards him, it was precisely this politeness that made him feel an impassable gulf between them.

Yang Fei could be sure that if he simply continued to coexist harmoniously with her, life would be very beautiful.

But he absolutely should not entertain thoughts of taking it any further.

Under her seemingly approachable and easygoing appearance, there lay a kind of invisible aloofness that kept people at a distance.

"Hmm, not bad cooking skills; it seems I've struck gold. The wife I found through a blind date and a quick marriage is not only beautiful and wealthy but also virtuous and gentle; I must have accumulated a lot of good karma in my past life," Yang Fei complimented after tasting a few bites of the breakfast.

Qin Yanyang's lips curved into a crescent, "As long as you don't mind it."

"How could I?"

Yang Fei ate heartily, finishing the meal on his plate swiftly along with a glass of milk, and then said with satisfaction, "I really want a life like this to last forever."

Qin Yanyang looked up at him.

Yang Fei also stared at her.

Their gazes met and neither of them averted their eyes, just looking at each other.

After a long while, it was Yang Fei who turned away first.

In Qin Yanyang's gaze was a simple, straightforward stare. She looked at Yang Fei and said, "Just like I said yesterday, I don't dislike you, which is why I married you. Although there were reasons to use you as a shield, it's not merely for utilitarian purposes. If possible, let's try to get along slowly and if suitable, it could be for a lifetime."

That was her genuine inner thought.

For someone like her, entertaining the idea of a normal relationship like ordinary girls was impractical.

She wasn't an advocate for remaining unmarried; as a regular woman, she too had fantasized about her other half in life.

If she was going to get married eventually, then she would carefully choose her partner.

"Serious?" Yang Fei asked.

Qin Yanyang nodded.

Yang Fei fished a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and was about to light one when he remembered to ask, "Do you mind if I smoke?"

Qin Yanyang nodded: "It's fine. Although I don't smoke."

Yang Fei thought for a moment and then stuffed the cigarette he'd pulled out back into the pack.

The corners of Qin Yanyang's mouth rose ever so slightly, a subtle smile forming.

"You are a very independent woman, your confidence reaching deep into your bones," Yang Fei began.

Qin Yanyang's eyes sparkled slightly as she looked at him and said, "Oh?"

Yang Fei continued, "You're mature and steady, you handle things just right and consider every aspect. Even things you dislike, you approach with a courteous demeanor, you seem very approachable, making those who meet you want to draw closer."

Qin Yanyang smiled and said, "Go on."

Yang Fei replied, "But someone like you is actually hard to get close to, it's difficult for anyone to truly enter your heart."

"That's because you are outstanding, and in some ways powerful, giving you a confidence that runs to the soul and marrow, a genuine self-recognition from the heart. Compared to those women who only know how to frown and are merely superficially haughty and indifferent, you are the queen among cold, aloof goddesses."

Qin Yanyang was a bit taken aback, as if carefully pondering over Yang Fei's words.

Yang Fei stood up, placing an unlit cigarette in his mouth.

He headed outside, saying, "I should find a job first, otherwise living at your place and eating your food makes me feel like a kept man, a powerless pretty face. With that said, how would I ever muster the courage to pursue you? Ah, my future wife is the queen among cold, aloof goddesses, winning her love is going to be tough!"

Watching Yang Fei walk away and hearing his self-deprecating muttering, Qin Yanyang couldn't help but burst into a radiant smile.

She called out to his retreating figure, "It's not easy to hail a cab from here; there's a car in the garage."

At her words, Yang Fei stopped walking and turned back to look at Qin Yanyang, saying, "Free board and lodging, plus a car, you're making it easy for me to become decadent."

Qin Yanyang laughed as she walked upstairs to get ready for work, saying, "Sure, like I said, I can afford to keep you."

Yang Fei still went out to look for a job.

It wasn't that he feared Qin Yanyang would look down on him but rather that staying at home was boring.

Armed with a traditional Chinese medicine doctor certificate recognized by the United Nations, Yang Fei ran around several hospitals for a whole day but was turned away from each one.

He was frustrated.

Big hospitals not only demanded a variety of qualifications but also asked who had referred him, clearly indicating that to be hired one needed not just the necessary credentials but connections as well.

At around four in the afternoon, Yang Fei walked back toward Binjiang Garden Villa District.

About seven or eight miles from Binjiang Garden, Yang Fei came upon a private practice named 'Li Xuanton Medical Hall.'

A sign at the door indicated they were hiring apprentices trained in traditional Chinese medicine.

The medical hall was large, and there were many people seeking diagnosis and treatment.

Yang Fei considered it for a moment and was about to enter when suddenly, from behind him, a stern voice sounded: "Move aside!"

The voice was as loud as a bell, filled with urgency.

Yang Fei frowned and turned to see a middle-aged man with sharp eyebrows and fierce eyes, anxiously carrying a man in his sixties.

The strong man, despite carrying another person, moved swiftly, his aura sharp and intimidating, deterring others from approaching him.

Yang Fei was initially annoyed, but realizing the man was in a rush to seek medical help, he relaxed his eyebrows and moved to one side.

However, as the burly man passed him, Yang Fei glanced at the sick man and his expression instantly changed.

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Kneeling

Internal injury, and poisoned too!

The elderly man embraced by the burly man had disordered blood and qi, damaged internal organs, and was barely hanging on by a thread.

Moreover, his face was dark, his lips were black and purple, and his body shook like chaff—signs that the poison had invaded his internal organs.

"Divine Doctor Li, please save my master," the middle-aged burly man rushed into the clinic, shouting loudly.

Yang Fei was curious and followed him inside.

An elderly man in gray and white casual clothes hurried out.

Upon seeing the elderly man, the middle-aged burly man's expression brightened, "Divine Doctor Li, please save my master."

The elderly man was named Li Xuanton, the owner of this clinic, a famous traditional Chinese doctor in Binhai, privately even referred to by many as Divine Doctor Li.

Li Xuanton glanced at the patient, furrowed his brows, and said in a deep voice, "What happened, Old Man Qi has been poisoned and has also suffered severe internal injuries."

Yang Fei nodded slightly, impressed with Li Xuanton's medical skill.

The middle-aged burly man nodded anxiously, "Since you can diagnose my master's condition, you must be able to save him, right?"

Li Xuanton was already checking the patient's pulse, somewhat ignoring the burly man's question.

After a moment, he frowned deeply and said in a low voice, "This is troublesome. I have a way to temporarily suppress the internal injury, but the toxins inside Old Man Qi's body are too complex, difficult to identify, and thus I cannot treat him appropriately."

The middle-aged burly man's eyes widened in anxiety, sweating profusely from his forehead, "So, what do we do?"

"Quick, take him to the hospital for a blood test to identify the toxins for a targeted antidote," suggested a bystander who was watching the commotion.

"Yes, go to a big hospital for a blood test. It'll be quicker."

Hearing this, the middle-aged burly man, aware of his master's critical condition, did not move. He knew his master's vital breath was fading, and without immediate treatment, he faced certain death.

"Let him lie flat. I'll start by stabilizing his internal injuries and releasing the pressured qi from his internal organs to buy some time. Xiao Zhou, help draw blood and send it to the hospital for testing as quickly as possible."

The burly man laid the patient on a nearby bench.

Li Xuantonq swiftly applied needles, using his renowned acupuncture technique to stabilize the patient's internal injuries first.

As nine silver needles were inserted into the patient's acupoints, he suddenly expelled a breath of murky air, and seemingly, his spirit improved slightly.

Although still extremely weak, he appeared much better compared to when he was barely clinging to life.

At this moment, Li Xuantonq's disciple, Xiao Zhou, had already brought the necessary equipment and was preparing to draw the patient's blood.

Yang Fei, observing all this, nodded silently to himself at Li Xuantonq's series of emergency measures, but when Xiao Zhou began to draw blood, he couldn't help but sigh and shake his head, muttering softly, "It's too late."

His voice was not loud, but the surroundings were quiet, so many heard him speak.

Li Xuantonq looked up, following the sound and glanced at Yang Fei.

The middle-aged burly man then abruptly stood up, glaring at Yang Fei and barked, "Kid, what did you say?"

Yang Fei glanced at him indifferently and said, "Although Doctor Li managed to suppress your master's internal injuries with the Revitalizing Needle Technique, he could not stop the spread of the toxins. Your master has been deeply poisoned and will die from the poison in less than three minutes."

The middle-aged burly man, furious, his powerful energy bursting forth menacingly, scolded, "You scoundrel, daring to curse my master, I won't forgive you."

Being a relative of the patient, already frantic, how could he not be upset upon hearing someone claim his master wouldn't last three minutes?

"Wait!"

Just then, Li Xuantonq hastily spoke out, looking at Yang Fei in surprise, "Young man, do you recognize this acupuncture technique?"

Seeing Yang Fei, who appeared to be in his early twenties, he was even more astonished.

Such a young man was able to identify his acupuncture technique?

Yang Fei said, "Revitalizing Needle Technique, also known as the Revitalizing Thirteen Needle Technique, but you only used nine needles."

Li Xuanton was shocked, "How did you figure that out?"

Yang Fei was speechless. You inserted only nine needles into the patient, how could I not notice? Moreover, if you had known the remaining four needles, you wouldn't be at a loss with the toxins in the patient's body.

"No, how do you know about the Revitalizing Thirteen Needle Technique?" Li Xuanton pressed for an answer.

Yang Fei asked, "Do you have any more silver needles?"

Li Xuanton hastily had someone fetch it.

Yang Fei's slender fingers brushed over a box of silver needles, pinching four of them between his fingers.

His movements were as fast as lightning; before the crowd could react, four silver needles had already been inserted into the patient.

"Kid, what are you doing? Who allowed you to act recklessly?" the middle-aged, muscular man cried out in panic, unable to resist reaching for Yang Fei's shoulder to stop him.

Yang Fei furrowed his brows slightly and shrugged his shoulders.

The expression of the middle-aged man changed dramatically, and the hand that had grabbed Yang Fei's shoulder suddenly went numb, losing all sensation.

He was terrified and looked at Yang Fei uncertainly, as if facing a formidable enemy.

Just then, Li Xuanton exclaimed in shock, "It's the last four needles... completed... completed..."

Li Xuanton muttered incoherently for a moment, then suddenly came to his senses, looking at the middle-aged man and said, "Your master can be saved now."

Saying that, he looked at Yang Fei with a face full of sincerity and expectation, "Young master, human life is of utmost importance, please save him."

His gaze towards Yang Fei was very naive, filled only with admiration.

Seeing an elderly traditional doctor looking up to him with childlike admiration, Yang Fei felt somewhat embarrassed.

He cleared his throat and said, "Since it is the Revitalizing Needle Technique, the poison in his body can naturally be removed. Watch closely."

As he spoke, he took hold of the ends of three of the silver needles as if instructing Li Xuanton at the scene, and flicked them with his hand.

Hum!

The three silver needles began to vibrate at an ultra-high frequency, emitting a faint sound.

With the vibration of those three needles, the other ten silver needles in the vicinity also appeared to be influenced by some kind of aura and began to vibrate.

"Revitalizing Aura!!!" Li Xuanton cried out in shock, his expression incredibly excited.

The middle-aged muscular man also came to his senses; witnessing this miraculous scene and hearing Li Xuanton's shout, he couldn't help but ask, "What's going on?"

Li Xuanton took a deep breath, excitedly said, "Old Man Qi can be saved. Hahaha, no matter what poison he was afflicted with, the Revitalizing Aura will cause the toxins in his body to be expelled, and there won't be any need to test his blood or match an antidote anymore."

The middle-aged man was inwardly shocked, turning to look at the young man beside him with amazement.

He himself was at the peak of dark energy cultivation, yet he had just had his arm numbed by a seemingly effortless strike from the young man. This young man's understanding and use of dark energy were far superior to his own.

It was unexpected that he also possessed such impressive medical skills.

Who is he?

When did such an extraordinary person emerge in Binhai?

"Quick, look, he is bleeding!"

Following an exclamation, everyone's eyes landed on the patient.

Strings of dark blood flowed out from the patient's body along the vibrating ends of the silver needles, then splattered around.

As the dark blood continued to flow, the patient's trembling body stilled, and gradually, his face began to show a bit of color, and his condition stabilized.

"Thump!"

The middle-aged man, seeing his master's condition improve, immediately knelt down before Yang Fei and Li Xuantong and then clenched his fists in a salute to Yang Fei, saying earnestly, "Young brother, I was too anxious just now and offended you. I hope you can forgive my rudeness. My name is Zhang Long, and I am profoundly grateful for your saving my master's life. I will remember this great kindness and debt."

Yang Fei had just acted to save someone, prompted not only by Li Xuantong's plea but also because as a doctor, he had a compassionate heart and could not stand by and watch someone die.

Initially, Yang Fei had been somewhat annoyed with the middle-aged man, but now that the man was kneeling to apologize and express his gratitude, any little displeasure in Yang Fei's heart dissipated.

He took a good look at the muscular man and smiled slightly.

This person appeared rough on the outside but was actually meticulous. Observing his behavior and demeanor, Yang Fei could tell he was straightforward, valued loyalty, and had a clear sense of gratitude and grudge.

Just then, Li Xuantong suddenly grabbed Yang Fei's hand, enthusiastically saying, "Young brother, could you teach me the last four needles? I... I would like to take you as my master."

Yang Fei was stunned.

Well, another one kneels!