

Overlord 621

Chapter 621: Punching to Confusion

7:40 PM.

Yang Fei silently rose to his feet, ready to head to Yun Mountain for the appointment.

"I'll go with you." Qin Yanyang's voice suddenly came from behind him.

Yang Fei was startled and turned around to see Qin Yanyang walking out of the room.

Her complexion had regained some color, and her overall spirit was much stronger than the night before.

But Yang Fei could still feel that she was very weak.

"You should stay home and rest; I'll be back soon," Yang Fei said to Qin Yanyang.

The appointment to duel with Lawrence was causing a stir on the Underworld Forum. Qin Huai'an, Zhu Tianshou, and the Xu Family, among others, knew of the event. As the Director of the Military Department, how could Qin Yanyang not be aware?

"Let's go, or we won't make it in time," Qin Yanyang said as she walked towards the garage, her actions demonstrating her determination.

Yang Fei, having no choice, followed her to the garage.

After getting into the car, Yang Fei drove towards Yun Mountain while speaking to Qin Yanyang, "Once we get there, you stay in the car so no one can accuse us of ganging up on him."

"He's very strong; you might not be able to handle him," Qin Yanyang said with concern.

Yang Fei chuckled, "I'm pretty strong, too."

"I know, but he's a werewolf. Once he transforms, the power he unleashes is beyond imagination, and his self-healing ability is extremely strong. You have no advantage against someone like that," Qin Yanyang said worriedly.

Yang Fei's face remained calm, but his clear eyes flickered with excitement, "It's exactly such an opponent that can stir up an endless fighting spirit and push me to improve. He hurt you; he must die."

A wave of unprecedented emotion surged in Qin Yanyang's heart.

She knew Yang Fei was enraged because she had been hurt, prompting him to challenge Lawrence and the Cavendish family on the Underworld Forum. This man cared so much about her that it made him angry.

But she also thought that Yang Fei was too impulsive.

Lawrence's strength was far beyond her expectations, and knowing Yang Fei's strength from their Dual Cultivation, she felt there was a certain gap between Yang Fei and Lawrence. Therefore, despite her serious injuries, she insisted on going with him.

If she were at her peak, confident that together they could kill Lawrence, but in her current state...

Perhaps together they would have the strength to fight, at least it might be possible to escape from Lawrence's grasp. If things went south during the battle, focusing on survival shouldn't be difficult.

With this thought, Qin Yanyang relaxed completely and said to Yang Fei, "Okay, I believe you have the strength to fight him. But I don't want to be apart from you, I just want to be with you. Besides, everyone on the Underworld Forum wants to know the outcome of the duel, don't they? If I go as a referee, I can help keep track of it for you."

Yang Fei knew she was still worried about him going alone, but did not point it out. He gripped the steering wheel with one hand and held her soft hand with the other, not dwelling further on the matter.

As they held hands, the True Yuan in their bodies began to circulate automatically.

This state caused Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang to share a smile.

Whether it was their Cultivation Technique, constitution, or temperament, deep down, they both had a sense that they were inherently a perfect match.

At 8:55 PM, Yang Fei arrived at the Top of Yun Mountain with Qin Yanyang.

The night was dark and the wind high, with no tourists left on the mountain.

The two of them arrived hand in hand, and although the mountaintop was desolate, their linked hands made their perception much stronger than at any individual's peak. They quickly locked onto a direction and both looked over at the same time.

In a large tree in the forest, Lawrence felt a chill as he faced their scrutinizing gaze.

At a distance of more than fifty meters, with his abilities, his energy was concealed extremely well; it shouldn't have been easy for them to spot him. So why did they look his way immediately?

The girl couldn't have noticed him; otherwise, she wouldn't have been so passive during his surprise attack.

Could it be that the young man was stronger than he had imagined?

Lawrence narrowed his eyes slightly. Despite the distance of dozens of meters, his gaze fell on the face of the young man.

"Are you Lawrence?"

Yang Fei spoke.

Lawrence was shocked to his core.

This kid actually spotted him at the very first moment!

Since that was the case, there was no need to hide anymore.

Lawrence jumped down from the tree, and in an instant, he was standing more than ten meters opposite Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang.

"Was it you who killed Ganno?" Lawrence stared at Yang Fei and asked.

Yang Fei said, "Yes."

"Then you deserve to die!" A fierce light flashed in Lawrence's eyes. Without a wish for further talk, he was about to make a move when he suddenly shivered inside.

A boom echoed in his head, as if a thunderbolt had exploded.

He was momentarily stunned on the spot.

It only took a moment for him to recover, but when he did, a gigantic fist was looming before his eyes.

"Pff!"

Yang Fei's fist struck hard against Lawrence's face.

Spitting blood from his mouth, Lawrence lost several teeth, and his entire body flew backward as if uprooted from the ground, crashing hard onto the surface more than twenty meters away.

Like Lawrence, Yang Fei was not one for idle chatter either.

Yang Fei had already sensed Lawrence's intent to move and had decisively struck first.

Qin Yanyang said Lawrence was strong, and Yang Fei believed it.

Thus, the moment he struck, Yang Fei used Divine Thought, attacking the opponent's Divine Soul while preemptively taking action.

Lawrence was indeed hit and flung away.

But inside, Yang Fei didn't feel much joy.

The feel of his fist meeting the opponent's skull had, on the contrary, made him more solemn. This guy was indeed not simple.

After his Foundation Establishment, his body's strength was far beyond that of an ordinary martial artist, and his fists were even harder than a large iron hammer. He was confident his punch could instantly kill an Innate Realm master, shattering their skulls.

However, Lawrence's skull was unharmed.

On the other side, Qin Yanyang, who had been left in place when Yang Fei released her, had a glint in her eyes.

Yang Fei's performance once again surpassed her understanding.

She realized that she still didn't know him as well as she thought she did.

His strength was even greater than she had sensed.

The speed at which Yang Fei had just flashed away was much faster than she had imagined.

That day, she also noticed that Lawrence seemed to freeze for a brief moment. Although it was just an instant, the impact was substantial. By the time he came to his senses, it was already too late; Yang Fei had struck.

It must have been the power of the Divine Soul that Yang Fei used.

Such an attack was indeed astonishing.

Qin Yanyang thought silently, placing even more importance on nourishing the soul. At the same time, she discreetly took out her phone and turned on the night shooting mode.

She felt some regret for not capturing that instant earlier. Such an opening would definitely drop jaws everywhere.

Dozens of meters away, a crazed laugh suddenly erupted, piercing straight into the heavens.

Lawrence sprung up from the ground instantly, returning to the middle of the fray.

His expression was ferocious; his facial contours had collapsed to a large extent as if half his face had been obliterated by Yang Fei's fist, the flesh a bloody mess that looked chilling and horrific against the night sky.

Chapter 622: Going All Out Against the Outsider

Seeing the bloody and ferocious face, Yang Fei fell into a brief silence.

Indeed, just as he had perceived, this guy's head was hard to an almost abnormal degree, and his resistance to blows was freaking awesome.

But no matter, if one punch wasn't enough, then he'd throw a few more.

Yang Fei blinked again and rushed forward.

This time he didn't use Divine Soul Power to launch a preemptive attack, he wanted to see how fast Lawrence could react without being bombarded by his Divine Soul.

Although Lawrence was in the midst of a wild laughter, he had developed a certain fear of Yang Fei and took him very seriously. When Yang Fei attacked again, he was well-prepared and swung out with the fastest speed he could muster.

Both of them marveled at the speed in their hearts!

But this time, Lawrence was still somewhat passive, and it could only be considered a block against Yang Fei's attack.

With a loud explosion, Lawrence was sent flying again, but this time Yang Fei was also knocked back several meters.

Lawrence felt as if his blocking arm was about to break, and the immense pain made him let out an angry roar as an expression of his torment.

What Yang Fei felt was still hardness.

This werewolf's body was too strong.

He didn't hesitate and attacked again.

In the dark night, two silhouettes continuously clashed under the moonlight, separating upon contact, then charging at each other again, with wild energy swooping and wreaking havoc wherever they went. Even trees standing tens of meters tall were instantly snapped, with splinters flying everywhere.

Qin Yanyang quietly watched the battle, recording it all on her phone.

Although she hadn't stopped shooting, she was starting to doubt whether her military-modified special phone could capture the full record of their exchanges.

Too fast!

If it weren't for her profound cultivation and exceptional eyesight, she would probably fail to see the details of the two dozen or so collisions in this night-time setting.

These two guys didn't seem like humans at all, but like ancient savage beasts from the primeval times, rampaging across the land, destroying everything around them.

It turned out that her man really hadn't lied; he was truly strong!

Qin Yanyang's recognition of Yang Fei's strength was refreshed once again in her heart.

Thud thud thud!!!

With each clash, a sound like metal colliding rang out, and just from the noises, Qin Yanyang could sense how hard their flesh and bones were.

She was secretly astonished; Yang Fei must have succeeded in Foundation Establishment and Body Refining, turning his tendons and bones iron-like, his blood like mercury, enhancing his muscular tissues to an unbelievable degree.

Such a body was nothing short of perfect.

And in such a situation, that Lawrence could still go toe-to-toe with Yang Fei for so long showed that the body strength of the people from the Wolf Clan had also reached its limit.

On the scene, Yang Fei kept hammering at Lawrence.

Yes, although Lawrence could react every time and meet Yang Fei's attacks, he was always a beat slow and a bit less powerful, constantly being pressed and hit.

If not for his incredible speed of healing his injuries, he would have probably been smashed to pieces long ago.

Finally, after being blasted away by Yang Fei once more, Lawrence was completely enraged. He let out a furious and irritable roar, and in an instant, his body swelled, his clothes tearing apart. Under the moonlight, his skin was covered with a layer of brown fur, his vicious face revealing bloodthirsty fangs, his human features transforming into a wolf's face and mouth, and even his ears elongated a bit, looking abnormal and terrifying.

Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang witnessed all of this, and though they were mentally prepared, they were still somewhat surprised.

It was the first time for both of them to see the transformation process of a pure-blood werewolf.

Yang Fei had seen Ganno transform before, but that was more like a change after some kind of genetic mutation, while Lawrence before them was changing from human to wolf in his entire appearance.

Although he was still erect, his body was slightly stooped, and his tall, massive frame seemed ready to move on all fours at any moment.

Especially his forepaws, with the transformation complete, his arms were now about 1.5 meters long, with long fingers and sharp nails that seemed to glint under the moonlight.

"Young man, you should feel proud, because you are the first in many years to force me into this complete beastly state. You should feel honored to die at the hands of such a state," Lawrence's blood-

red eyes flashed with a deep blue chill, and after his last words, his massive body shot out, charging towards Yang Fei.

The towering stature didn't affect his speed; in fact, Lawrence seemed even more agile now than before, with a distinct advantage in velocity.

As he charged forward, the summit of Yun Mountain was beset by a sudden surge of wind and clouds, as if the void itself was torn asunder. The air in this part of the space seemed unable to yield in time, causing the entire space to tremble violently—such was the testament to his incredible speed.

Qin Yanyang's hand, holding the cellphone, shook, as she entered a state of immense tension, whispering, "Yang Fei..."

She wanted to remind Yang Fei, to suggest they join forces.

"No need!"

Yang Fei, understanding her intent, responded in two words. His body shot out like a cannonball, confronting the more than three-meter-tall werewolf abomination.

"Bang!"

His fist harshly collided with the sweeping, burly werewolf arm.

Overtaken by a surge of great force, Yang Fei grunted, for the first time finding himself slightly inferior in strength as his body was flung back by the sweeping werewolf arm.

But Lawrence too was impacted, his robust frame shaking slightly, stumbling back two steps.

Though Lawrence held a certain advantage, he couldn't help but roar with fury upon realizing that even in his fully transformed state, he didn't have much of an edge in physical strength. He moved quickly to press the attack

He didn't plan to give Yang Fei any chance to catch his breath.

He had said he would personally tear this junior to shreds.

If he couldn't do so, Lawrence's reputation would be greatly tarnished—an outcome he absolutely refused to allow.

As the blood surged within him, Yang Fei silently admired.

True to a top-level fighter from the Divine List, the transformed Lawrence was indeed powerful.

In both speed and strength, he had reached levels unattainable by a normal human. Purely in terms of physical power, this abomination was at the peak, unmatched by humans.

Even himself, having reached Foundation Establishment, was slightly inferior in strength to this man.

He needed to outsmart him!

So, when Lawrence attacked again, Yang Fei used his speed advantage to dodge.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!!!

Lawrence's ceaselessly swinging arms tore through the void, sharp sounds of air being pierced echoed from the mountaintop, but he could no longer touch Yang Fei at all.

After seven or eight failed attacks, Lawrence became incredibly irritable, roaring, "If you're a man, fight me head-on, what kind of hero jumps around like a clown?"

"Then I shall grant your wish!"

Yang Fei's icy voice came through.

Lawrence felt a startle in his heart; that inexplicable sense of fear arose again.

He felt the young man's voice turn into a bolt of thunder, suddenly exploding in his mind, causing his head to buzz.

Damn, it was that move again!

Lawrence felt his thoughts momentarily paralyzed.

The next instant, as he recovered, the scene before his eyes blurred, and the young man's fist was already coming straight for him.

"Bast..."

He didn't even get to finish the word before swallowing it along with a mouthful of blood.

Compared to his own towering figure, the young man's fist wasn't particularly large.

Yet the force behind that punch was still domineering and vigorous, sending Lawrence flipping backward in an instant, crashing heavily onto the ground, shaking the mountain itself slightly.

If physical attacks won't work, then come the mental ones.

Lawrence was not just facing a pure Martial Artist who had cultivated his strength to an extraordinary level, but also a Cultivator who had harnessed the power of the Divine Soul!

Chapter 623: Say and Do

"Ah! Ah! Ah!!!"

After Lawrence was once again punched to the ground by Yang Fei, he frantically tore at the earth around him, sending mud and rocks flying.

Springing to his feet, the wounds on his face healed at an astonishing rate.

His eyes, a deep shade of blue, locked onto Yang Fei and he shouted angrily, "Come at me again, I don't believe you can hit me every time!"

No sooner had he spoken than thunder exploded in his mind.

Shaken, Lawrence roared defiantly, ignoring the terrifying thunderclap in his mind, and closed his eyes to swing his arms violently forward.

"Bang!"

In the muffled sound, Lawrence staggered back seven or eight steps but did not fall.

Yang Fei's body was also swept away by Lawrence's wildly swinging arms.

"Hahaha!"

Laughing maniacally, Lawrence, with a fierce look, pounced toward Yang Fei, "Your influence on me is diminishing, and besides, such tactics must be costing you as well. I wonder how much longer you can hold up!"

Yang Fei's heart sank.

Indeed, as Lawrence had said, he found the Divine Soul attacks becoming less effective against Lawrence.

This guy not only had an astonishing self-healing ability, but his adaptability to external conditions was also terrifyingly strong.

If it were an ordinary Cultivator, with his current Divine Soul Power, one wouldn't say he would have killed him outright, but at least could have inflicted severe damage, yet Lawrence merely lost consciousness momentarily.

This oddity was not immune to mental attacks, but he had a formidable adaptive strength, and his immune status was continuously improving.

Watching Lawrence charging at him, a fierce light flashed in Yang Fei's eyes.

If that's the case, then he had to go all out!

Without dodging anymore, Yang Fei faced the rushing Lawrence and threw a punch right at him.

Po Gang!

The first move of the Sky Splitting Divine Fist!

With that punch, Lawrence felt the void shatter, which sent a chill through his heart, but his expression became even more savage as he swung his arms fiercely.

"Boom!"

In the thud, Lawrence uttered a cry, his burly body unexpectedly flew backward without any advantage.

Similarly, Yang Fei also flew back.

However, this collision surprisingly resulted in an equally matched force.

"How... how is this possible?"

Lawrence stared hard at Yang Fei, exclaiming in shock, "How could you possibly match me in strength without falling short? Impossible, human strength can't be this strong!"

"That's because you've never met me before. Today, I will show you what an Eastern Cultivator is!" Yang Fei's aura surged, spurred to greater strength by Lawrence's power, unleashing a powerful fighting spirit he hadn't felt in a long time.

He was like a born warrior, with no fear in his heart, not thinking about how to outmaneuver Lawrence with tactics, all he thought about was moving forward, defeating this powerful opponent with an invincible stance.

"Die!"

Lawrence roared, launching what he believed to be his strongest punch at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei burst forward, executing the second move of Sky Splitting Divine Fist, Tide!

This strike too, was with full force!

"Boom!"

The two fists collided fiercely.

In the moment of immediate separation, just as Lawrence was shocked by the opponent's strength, which was stronger than before, a chill went through his heart, and an unprecedented fear suddenly emerged.

The surging force, like raging waves, swept over again.

Like ocean tides, as one wave left, the next one arrived.

Moreover, each wave's force was incredibly strong, showing no signs of weakening.

Facing the first wave's strike, Lawrence was only able to match it. When the second wave surged, Lawrence's strength was exhausted, and he simply couldn't gather his strength in such a short time to counter it.

"Puff!"

Blood spurted from Lawrence's mouth.

At the same time, his burly figure, like a kite with its string cut, flew backward and crashed into several large trees behind him.

Yang Fei's complexion appeared slightly pale, but his gaze was resolute as he quickly rushed forward.

Strike while the iron is hot!

In a life-and-death struggle, opportunities are fleeting.

With that previous move, Tidal Power, he was certain Lawrence had sustained internal injuries. Compared to external wounds, even though Lawrence was a werewolf with rapid self-healing abilities, the recovery from internal injuries was certainly not as fast and the impact was much greater.

Indeed, this time Lawrence was much more severely injured than any time Yang Fei had hit him before.

As he struggled to get up from the ground, Yang Fei had already rushed to his front.

A flicker of panic flashed through Lawrence's eyes, and deep inside, for the first time facing this Eastern young man, fear arose.

He had to flee!

Embarrassing as it was, this youngster was too eerie, too terrifying!

If he didn't flee, he might end up dead here.

Without any hesitation, after exchanging one more move with Yang Fei, taking advantage of the force from Yang Fei's punch to create distance between them, Lawrence landed and immediately turned to run.

Yang Fei was stunned!

But the next moment, he picked up speed and chased after him.

If such a formidable opponent was not killed face-to-face, he would be a never-ending threat.

Qin Yanyang excitedly followed.

She was usually not someone who easily displayed emotions but today's battle between Yang Fei and Lawrence had even her, the sole spectator, feeling her blood boil.

Lawrence was fleeing quickly, but Yang Fei was even faster.

Most importantly, Yang Fei was also using Divine Soul Power to continuously bombard and disrupt Lawrence.

While panicking and fleeing, Lawrence was in his worst mental state, coupled with severe internal injuries. Sensing that Yang Fei was getting closer behind him, Lawrence's spirit started to fracture, so when Yang Fei attacked him with spiritual power, the impact was greater than before.

After several consecutive strikes of Divine Soul Power, Lawrence let out a pained grunt, lost his balance, stepped into the air, and fell down the hillside, crashing onto the ground.

Yang Fei, rapidly catching up, leaped forward and threw a punch through the air.

"Bang!"

With this strike, Lawrence didn't even manage to block or counter; his back took the brunt of Yang Fei's airborne punch, and he spat out a mouthful of blood while being slammed onto the ground.

Before Lawrence could get up from the ground again, Yang Fei had already reached him and threw a heavy punch, smashing down fiercely.

Lawrence, indeed a Divine List powerhouse with a pure werewolf lineage, swiftly turned around, his elongated werewolf arm sweeping towards Yang Fei, attempting to resist.

"Boom!"

With the force colliding, the physically depleted Lawrence's burly figure sank into the mud, as if he were being buried alive.

Bang, bang, bang!!!

Yang Fei kept swinging his fists, furiously hammering down on Lawrence.

The solid werewolf body was smashed apart, with blood and flesh scattering everywhere.

As Qin Yanyang approached, she saw Lawrence's body being brutally shattered by the oppressive fist power.

But Lawrence's life force was still incredibly strong, and he hadn't breathed his last.

His face showed deep terror, despairingly looking at Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang.

Yang Fei ceased his attack, his gaze cold as he looked at Lawrence and said, "I told you, you hurt my wife, and I would tear you apart. I keep my word."

Then, Yang Fei turned towards Qin Yanyang and, addressing the still-recording smartphone in her hand, he declared, "Cavendish family, you're next! My things can't be taken away without permission!"

Following this, he turned back, and punched Lawrence in the head.

"Pff!"

Gore splattered everywhere.

The hybrid head of the werewolf, now more beast than man, was completely obliterated!

Chapter 624: Battle to Become a God

The Underworld Forum exploded once again as Madman King Tang issued a new post.

The content of the post contained no text, just an uploaded video clip.

When this post came out, the Underworld Forum went completely mad.

The entire global Underworld trembled.

Lawrence, a werewolf powerhouse long listed on the Divine List, had been killed by a rising Eastern youth who hadn't even been around for ten years.

Ever since the duel between Madman King Tang and Lawrence began, the Underworld had been full of mockery; everyone thought Tang was completely out of his depth to even consider challenging the Divine List powerhouse Lawrence—it was practically seeking death.

Looking back at the comments on the forum since the duel, ninety-five percent of people were doomsaying Tang, with only a small minority possibly close to Tang, or perhaps as young people, hoping for Tang—who represented the younger generation—to win, voicing their support.

But this verbal support was more like an emotional resonance; deep down, no one really believed Tang could win this battle.

"Fuck! Can someone tell me whether this video is real or not?"

"Same request for the tech whizzes. Can we trust this video? Also, has any god-like figure actually seen Lawrence in person? Please let us know if the poor sod getting hammered in the video is really him."

"Yeah, is that actually the real Lawrence? Why does he look so pathetically weak?"

"Pathetically weak? Are you blind, poster above? Please watch the video again carefully. I've watched it over a dozen times and am still unable to grasp many details. The strength of the two combatants in this duel is so immense—it turns my understanding of human speed on its head. With the terrifying speed and power displayed, even though I've never seen Lawrence, I dare to assert that this is indeed him. Only a powerhouse from the Divine List could be this badass."

"Finally, someone talking sense. The guy above is right; we don't need to question the authenticity of the video anymore. Although the image is dim, the combat between the two is too realistic."

"Are you guys sure this isn't special effects?"

"Right, it could be CGI. We need a tech genius to break it down!"

"Same here, we need to know the truth!"

The Underworld Forum completely erupted, heating up like wildfire.

People from the Underworld all over the globe were discussing this topic.

Besides them, the upper echelons of major powers were also paying attention to this event.

Apart from the vast majority of regular folks, practically all special interest groups were bombarded with news of this mighty duel.

The behind-the-scenes officials of the Underworld Forum worked quickly and published a verification explanation for the video released by Madman King Tang in less than an hour:

Upon multiple verifications, Madman King Tang's video was found to be authentic, confirming the person getting pulverized in the video was indeed Lawrence, ranked ninth on the Divine List.

The moment this news was released, the forum exploded once more.

"Shocking! Shocking! Still damn shocking!"

"After lying low for two years, Madman King Tang returns to the Martial Arts World, a battle that propels him to divinity!"

"A few months ago, Sun Luting was killed, and Tang jumped to third place on the Heavenly List. You lot were still skeptical about it, so come on, I invite all the doubters of Tang's strength from before to come forward—does your face hurt?"

"Madman King Tang will forever be my god!"

"Madman King Tang is mighty and powerful, great for my Divine Continent!"

"Madman King Tang is so handsome, I want to have your babies."

As this comment appeared, the tone of the forum gradually shifted.

The shock about Lawrence getting smashed began to fade, and countless female cultivators started discussing Madman King Tang's looks, body, and temperament.

"Speaking of which, Tang seems to already have a wife."

"Oh yeah, he issued his challenge against Lawrence because Lawrence had injured his wife, right~~~"

"Asshole, I'm so jealous of his wife."

"Having a wife is no problem, I can be the mistress."

"I don't need to be the mistress, I just want one passionate night with Boss Tang."

At Binjiang Garden Villa, in the second-floor living room.

Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang were sitting on the sofa, browsing through various discussions on the forum.

Qin Yanyang smiled at the corner of her mouth, giving Yang Fei a sidelong glance, "You've completely blown up."

"I was already hot," Yang Fei replied.

"I mean you're the hot topic in the hearts of those women who lurk in the Underworld, look at this woman named Annis, who is actually Princess Alice of the British Royal Family, she wants a night of passion with you."

"Uh~~"

Sweat began to form on Yang Fei's forehead.

When he saw the abrupt change in the forum's atmosphere, he had already sensed something bad was coming.

However, Qin Yanyang seemed quite gossipy and even joined in the discussions, blending in with those 'indecent' women who wanted to have children with him.

The video was released by him on the Underworld Forum.

But Yang Fei's intention was merely to tell the world that he was back.

He would lead International Madman back into the Martial Arts World and seek justice for the events from two years ago.

It was also a show of muscle to the world, warning people not to provoke him.

However, he hadn't expected to become a topic of public discussion among women.

"Cough cough, honey, you know me, I take relationships very seriously," Yang Fei said as he looked at Qin Yanyang.

Qin Yanyang also looked at him and asked with a smile, "Really?"

A feeling of panic surged in Yang Fei's heart, with the image of Tong Yunshu coming to his mind, but he still nodded decisively in response, "Really."

Qin Yanyang smiled sweetly, "Mm, I believe you. You and I are each other's first love; I can feel your naive and clumsy approach to women. I believe you would never be the kind of man who leaves a trail of romances everywhere."

Yang Fei breathed a sigh of relief, moved to tears.

Thank goodness he wasn't like other urban male protagonists who are seasoned veterans and skilled players in love.

Leaving the impression of a rookie in the realm of love in Qin Yanyang's heart was an immense advantage.

Moved by the moment, he grasped Qin Yanyang's soft hand tightly, looking at her affectionately, "Thank you, honey. Let's practice Dual Cultivation, I'm a bit tired, and your internal injuries need urgent treatment."

Facing his intense gaze, Qin Yanyang's pretty face blushed, sensing clearly that he was thinking of something improper under the guise of helping her heal.

But the two were already married in name and in fact, bonded in heart and soul, and both were at the peak of their youth; such things naturally proceeded as they should, unavoidable.

[Thousands of words omitted here.]

...

Across the ocean, on the top floor of a commercial building belonging to the Cavendish family, a Western woman in a red dress stood before a floor-to-ceiling window, overlooking the city. It was as if she had all of England under her feet.

Her name was Monica Cavendish.

At thirty-one, she had a stunningly beautiful face and a curvaceous figure that could send any man's adrenaline skyrocketing.

But the aura she exuded was not one of sexuality but a serene and leisurely air.

Behind Monica, Willie stood with a grave expression, appearing like a child who had done something wrong, hunching his body as he awaited punishment from an elder.

"Arrange a trip to Divine Continent Binhai for me, I'm going to meet him."

Chapter 625: Taking Root and Sprouting

Five days later, Divine Continent Binhai.

With Yang Fei's help, Qin Yanyang's injuries had completely healed, two days ahead of what Yang Fei had initially anticipated.

This swift recovery was partly due to Yang Fei's remarkable medical skill and partly because the two had practiced Dual Cultivation constantly, which had significantly sped up the healing of her internal injuries.

That evening, after they had dinner at home, Qin Yanyang needed to go to work.

During her time of recuperation, many official duties had remained unattended, especially that afternoon when the laboratory reported that the verification data for the first batch of products had come out, so she still had a lot of work to handle.

"You should go see her," Qin Yanyang said to Yang Fei. "She has considerable prestige and power within the Cavendish family and she came here to meet you on their behalf, having already waited five days, which shows sincere intentions."

Yang Fei looked at her and asked, "Do you want me to meet her?"

Qin Yanyang thought for a moment, then nodded and said, "Given the current global situation, I truly do not wish for you to antagonize a behemoth like the Cavendish family. The inevitable future wars among the three major powers will necessitate many alliances."

Yang Fei sighed inwardly.

With his temperament, if someone from the Cavendish family took his belongings, he would have declared war and fought till the bitter end, just going for it.

However, Qin Yanyang had analyzed the global situation with him these past days, highlighting that the Cavendish family played a unique role, and that a complete fallout with them was not a wise move for Divine Continent.

Glancing at Qin Yanyang, Yang Fei nodded and said, "Alright, I'll meet her."

Qin Yanyang smiled and thanked him.

Yang Fei chuckled, "No need to thank me; I would do anything for you."

Qin Yanyang felt a sweet warmth in her heart and said, "Don't be too good to me, or I won't want to leave and go to work."

Yang Fei laughed heartily, "Then don't go."

"I can't," she replied, "I cannot indulge myself too much in this comfort; I, Qin Yanyang, am destined for greater things." With that, she got up and went to the kitchen, cleaned up, and then drove away.

Yang Fei watched Qin Yanyang's car drive away, pondering her last remark and murmuring to himself, "A person destined for great things, huh... It seems I must also achieve something notable, so I'll truly be worthy of you in the future."

With the chronic illness that had plagued him two years ago now cured and his personal power significantly enhanced, Yang Fei's mindset had gradually changed compared to when he had just returned home a year ago.

Initially, when he returned to his homeland, his thoughts focused on healing and restoring his strength, as his master had advised.

After marrying Qin Yanyang and living together, he found himself enjoying this tranquil domestic life, thinking that even if he couldn't recover his strength, such days were rather pleasant.

Even when he had regained his strength, his mindset was no longer as wild as when he had been overseas; he had no grand ambitions, and if not for the unresolved vendetta of Sky Net and his uncle's murder, he might even have embraced a life of indifference.

After all, who could refuse to live a stable life with a woman like Qin Yanyang?

Especially when his net worth was in the hundreds of billions of US dollars.

He could have easily settled into a comfortable life.

But now, the efforts of Qin Yanyang and the reminders from Tong Yunshu had gradually shifted his attitude.

It seems that to live, one must continually stir up some activities.

"The great currents of the world!"

Yang Fei quietly exclaimed, his eyes flashing with sharp light.

If the global situation is destined to change, then I, Yang Fei, will sail through this era's currents and not be a mere leaf carried by the rushing river.

He took out his phone and called Tong Yunshu.

The call connected quickly; Tong Yunshu was still in Bear Mountain City, together with Duanmu Wentong and Duanmu Song.

"Tell my grandfather to take you to the Hidden Sect," Yang Fei said to Tong Yunshu.

Tong Yunshu was overjoyed.

Since she had brought up this matter previously, Yang Fei had been worrying about her and had not agreed until now, but with his consent, she was naturally filled with excitement.

After all, this was not only a chance for her to change her fate but also signified that a seed she had planted in Yang Fei's heart was beginning to sprout.

Tong Yunshu had always wanted, not for herself to be much better or more excellent, but for her only man to be grand in this world.

The man of Tong Yunshu was certainly not someone any woman could depend on but rather the strongest and most outstanding woman in the world could only depend on him.

Once her plan succeeded, that woman surnamed Qin would no longer be as unapproachable as she currently was in her presence.

...

After hanging up the phone, Yang Fei sent a message to the number that had called his mobile five days ago and then drove out of the Binjiang Garden Villa.

Half an hour later, Yang Fei appeared at the most luxurious hotel in Binhai.

This was a foreign-owned global chain hotel.

The biggest capital behind the hotel belonged to the Cavendish family.

Monica had already been waiting for him here for five days.

Originally, Yang Fei had not planned to meet this woman, but Qin Yanyang's attitude made it necessary for him to come.

Since his wife wished to make peace and quiet things down, he would come and see the other party's attitude.

In the hotel lobby, Monica personally waited for him there.

Seeing Yang Fei appear, and looking at this unfamiliar young Eastern man whom she had only seen once before in a video on the Underworld Forum, a touch of amazement flashed in the depths of Monica's eyes.

This man looked even younger than he had in the video.

He also possessed more of the charm typical of Eastern men.

Both his face and physique were impeccable.

Key was the combat strength he had displayed when he crushed Lawrence, which was truly astonishing.

Monica found it hard to imagine how such a young Eastern man could contain such tremendous energy within him.

Yang Fei had never met Monica before, but as he eyed this elegantly dressed and charming Western woman in the hotel lobby, even though he had encountered countless famous beauties overseas before, he found it hard to take his eyes off her at the moment.

This was a woman different from other Western women.

She was very beautiful, with exceptional facial features and figure; key was that she didn't give off the usual open and sexy first impression that Western women left on Eastern people but exuded a kind of dignified elegance, a serene and graceful beauty.

Yang Fei thought of a phrase.

Classical beauty.

The beauty of Western classical style was epitomized in this woman.

With an appreciation for beautiful things, Yang Fei's gaze lingered on Monica for a while longer, but quickly he pulled it back.

He was a married man and, up to now, he had always considered himself not to be fickle-hearted, not the kind of man who could not walk away upon encountering different beauties.

Monica saw the amazement in Yang Fei's eyes and saw that his gaze lingered on her for quite some time.

Initially, she thought this man was the same as all other men, but then his gaze politely withdrew, and she realized that his gaze on her only carried an appreciation for beautiful things and contained no aggressiveness.

This sparked Monica's curiosity. She approached with a smile, extending her hand, and said, "Hello, Mr. Tang, I'm Monica."

Yang Fei was startled, and he turned back to look at Monica again, confirming that she was talking to him, and puzzled, he asked, "Monica from the Cavendish family?"

"Yes, Mr. Tang."

Yang Fei corrected, "You can call me by my nickname 'Tang' or use my real name, I am Yang Fei."

Monica smiled gently, "Sorry, my mistake, Tang. I like this name. I'll use it to address you."

"Fine," Yang Fei nodded slightly.

Monica quickly invited, "Thank you for keeping the appointment. I know you Divine Continent people like to discuss official matters over dinner, and I have arranged a lavish dinner upstairs. I hope our first meeting will be very pleasant."

Chapter 626: Charming Eye

"The scenery here is really nice," Yang Fei praised.

Standing in front of the huge floor-to-ceiling windows of a luxurious suite at the top of the hotel, he looked down upon the city's just-activated nightscape.

This was the city center where the hotel building, owned by foreigners, was one of the tallest buildings in the area. From the top floor, one could overlook the scenery all around the city. It was indeed beautiful and could imbue a person with a king-like confidence.

"Mr. Tang, if you like this place, I can give this floor to you," Monica said, smiling.

Yang Fei smiled slightly and shook his head, "Although the scenery is beautiful, it's amidst the noisy city. I now prefer a quieter life."

Monica nodded, "Yes, living in the fast-paced city life for too long seems less interesting. A quieter place indeed feels more inviting."

Yang Fei smiled and returned to sit down in the dining room.

A table was set with a lavish dinner; Yang Fei's gaze swept over it, and he couldn't help but smile, "You really came prepared, even knowing what I like to eat."

"This dinner was prepared according to your recent habits after you returned to Divine Continent. I hope you like it," Monica said.

Yang Fei waved his hand, "I do like it a lot, but I just had dinner with my wife at home. Let's talk business instead."

Monica looked at Yang Fei and said, "I haven't eaten yet."

Yang Fei was taken aback, then pointed at the lavish dishes on the table and said, "Then eat, don't starve yourself. We can talk after you've eaten; I can wait."

Monica smiled slightly and shook her head, "Although I'm not from Divine Continent, I do know that to do so would be very impolite to Divine Continent people."

Yang Fei sincerely said, "I really wouldn't mind; after all, you've already waited for five days. It's okay for me to wait a little longer."

Monica took the opportunity to steer into the main topic, saying, "I've been waiting because a young renegade arose in our family. He's young and foolish and did something that offended you. So, I specially came to offer my apologies. Don't mention waiting for five days; even fifty days would be justified."

Yang Fei chuckled, looking into Monica's eyes.

Monica had blue eyes, vibrant and enchanting. On closer inspection, they seemed to be able to speak, comforting the soul, giving Yang Fei a sense of complete relaxation, an utmost comfortable feeling.

It was as though this was a world belonging solely to the soul, where one's spirit could experience unprecedented freedom, solace, and pleasure, making it difficult to extricate themselves, hard to control themselves.

But at the same time, those profound depths of her gaze resembled an abyss, tempting one to plunge right in.

Yang Fei felt a chill in his heart, his body hair standing on end as he quickly withdrew his gaze.

He shifted his attention to the dishes on the table and noticed that the previously steaming dishes seemed to have cooled.

Was that single glance really so long ago?

A sharp look flashed in his eyes as he looked at Monica again.

Seeing how quickly Yang Fei had escaped from her 'Charming Eye,' Monica wore a look of shock.

In the spacious room, a fierce and terrifying murderous intent hung over Monica's head like numerous sharp swords, as Yang Fei stared at this Western beauty with a cold voice, "You repeatedly speak of coming to apologize, yet you try to deal with me using despicable means. The credibility of you Westerners is truly laughable."

Sensing the terrifying murderous intent, Monica felt goosebumps all over her body, and a fear she had never felt before deep inside her. She hurriedly shook her head, explaining, "I didn't mean to target you; it's just that when you look into my eyes, it triggers my 'Charming Eye.'"

Yang Fei's gaze firmly locked onto Monica, he could clearly sense that there was no hint of power fluctuation in this woman.

Ever since he first saw this woman, Yang Fei had been observing her, unable to detect any dangerous aura from her, which is why he had been relatively relaxed.

At that instant, he had unexpectedly fallen into some sort of soul trap, but fortunately, he woke up quickly enough.

"Charming Eye?" Yang Fei looked at Monica, asking in confusion.

Monica nodded and said, "Yes, I possess the Charming Eye. Apart from that, I don't have any other special abilities that could harm you. You can be at ease, as my visit this time is sincerely meant to apologize on behalf of the younger members of my family who have erred, and I bear no ill intentions."

Yang Fei recalled their interaction, and realized that since meeting, she had indeed been very friendly. Given her prestigious status as an important member of the Cavendish family, she had always conducted herself with great humility towards him.

He suppressed the murderous intent in his heart.

Monica let out a sigh of relief and felt a shock deep inside her heart.

She had encountered many different beings, even seeing a few among the super-strong on the Divine List.

Yet, the person in front of her, this young man from the Eastern region, was the first to passively trigger her Charming Eye.

Moreover, this fellow was able to free himself from the charm of her Charming Eye so quickly.

Could this guy freely enter and exit the effect of her Charming Eye?

"What is the Charming Eye?" Yang Fei asked.

Monica said, "It's a special ability that can trap someone in a sort of soul illusion."

Yang Fei thought carefully about what had just happened and silently nodded.

"Is there any harm in falling into your Charming Eye?" Yang Fei asked.

Monica said, "Those who fall into my Charming Eye come under my control."

Yang Fei grew tense and looked at her.

Monica thought for a moment and said, "You are somewhat special. Actually, when my Charming Eye is not activated, there are no issues and it brings no trouble to anyone. But earlier, when you were carefully looking into my eyes, it activated my Charming Eye."

"Are you saying that I activated your Charming Eye?" Yang Fei asked.

"Yes, the Charming Eye was passively activated just now," Monica explained.

Yang Fei looked at her skeptically, finding it somewhat absurd.

You possess the Charming Eye but it was passively activated after I merely glanced at it?

Are you too weak, or am I freaking too awesome?

"Indeed, it was due to you that my Charming Eye was passively activated, please believe me. If I really had ill intentions, I would not have come to meet you in person," Monica continued to explain.

This was Yang Fei's first encounter with Monica, yet for some reason, he felt an inexplicable sense of trust in what she said.

"Alright, you don't need to explain further. Just tell me the purpose of your visit," Yang Fei said, waving his hand to indicate that he no longer minded the earlier incident.

Monica nodded and continued, "Aside from apologizing on behalf of the younger member of our family, my main purpose for coming here is to establish a close collaboration with the Divine Continent Official. The Cavendish family has survived a thousand years by having numerous friends; naturally, becoming a friend of the Cavendish family also brings significant benefits. We never betray our friends."

"We do not know each other, surely there's no basis for cooperation," Yang Fei said with a smile.

Monica shook her head and said, "The new product that you Divine Continent folk have developed will revolutionize humanity's future. Such a big matter cannot be solely managed by the Divine Continent. It could even bring great disasters to the Divine Continent. If the Cavendish family were your ally, working together to develop this and change humanity's future, the matter would surely go much smoother."

She spoke eloquently, her words filled with strong confidence.

Chapter 627: Sincerity

Monica spoke as if she were discussing an utterly commonplace matter, with an earnest and focused expression as if it were just natural.

Yang Fei, however, was infuriated into laughter and couldn't help but retort sarcastically, "So what you're saying is that the Cavendish family is more powerful than the entire Divine Continent Country? That if the Divine Continent Country were to work on this kind of thing alone, it would bring infinite disaster, yet as long as your Cavendish family is involved, everything would be just fine?"

Monica nodded and said, "Yes."

Yang Fei was at a loss for words and let out a humorless laugh.

He truly didn't know what to say.

He considered himself to be arrogant, but he hadn't expected the woman before him to be even more so.

What's more, this woman appeared to be in her thirties.

How could she still be spouting such childish nonsense?

She seemed like a naive fool who had just stepped into society and experienced little of the world.

"Fine, let's say everything you said is true. Since you are so confident and came to seek cooperation with the Divine Continent Official, why do you insist on meeting me? You should be meeting with the top officials of the Divine Continent." Yang Fei didn't want to waste his breath on this delusional woman any longer.

Monica gave a slight smile, shook her head, and said, "As far as I know, your wife is the official representative, and moreover, you were the one who spearheaded the production of this product. Your wife is fully in charge of this matter, so by finding you, I have found the source. If both of you, no, or should I say, if you are willing to cooperate with us, then this matter can succeed."

Yang Fei felt that this woman's mind was a tad more sane. He shook his head and said, "I can understand that you're interested in my work and looking to cooperate, but why should I work with you? Just because you're beautiful?"

Monica was taken aback for a moment before regaining her composure, her expression serious as she said, "I've already made it very clear. Once this kind of thing is exposed, it will inevitably cause a global sensation. At that point, all the major powers will vie for it, and relying solely on your own side will not be enough to keep it safe. You need a powerful ally."

"Heh, I've already said, what's mine is mine, and no one will take it away for nothing. Your Cavendish family has already angered me, and you are about to pay a heavy price," Yang Fei's gaze became piercing once more.

Although Qin Yanyang had expressed a desire to cooperate with the Cavendish family, Yang Fei believed that he could take Qin Yanyang's views into account, or he could dismiss them.

That would depend on the Cavendish family's attitude and sincerity.

Perhaps Yang Fei's words made Monica think of Lawrence's death, her expression became more grave as she looked at the young Eastern man before her and spoke with a heavy tone, "I know you are powerful, but no matter how strong an individual is, in the end, they are isolated and weak. There is an adage in the Divine Continent that goes 'The few cannot withstand the many, and two fists can't defeat four hands.' Surely you understand this better than I do?"

Yang Fei stood up, his expression indifferent and his tone icy as he said, "I thought you were here to apologize, but unfortunately, I haven't seen any sincerity from your Cavendish family."

Monica quickly stood up, stepping in front of Yang Fei to block his way out, her azure eyes gazing at him as she said, "My coming here in person is already the greatest act of sincerity."

"Heh, but I don't see any sincerity. Although you are a direct lineage member of the Cavendish family, perhaps your authority..."

"To the Eastern World, I have the right to decide in a single word in my family," Monica hastily said.

Yang Fei's expression shifted slightly.

Monica added, "Ever since my family decided to establish allies in the Eastern World five years ago, I have been in charge of the Eastern region."

Something clicked in Yang Fei's mind, and he asked a question that took Monica by surprise, "Who is your cooperation partner in Japan?"

Monica was briefly startled, then after a moment of contemplation, said, "That is a secret of our family, but since you've asked, to show my sincerity, I can tell you. The Dove Faction."

On hearing the words 'Dove Faction,' a change crossed Yang Fei's face.

He was starting to believe what Monica had said earlier.

The woman who seemed inexperienced really did speak for the Cavendish family in the Eastern World.

"Why not the Hawks? Aren't they more in line with your family's ideology?" Yang Fei asked.

Monica smiled slightly, "Are you testing me? Actually, whether it is the Hawks or the Dove Faction, their relative strength is not my focus, and you are right—if it were someone else from the family handling this, they would probably choose the Hawks, not the Dove Faction, as our partners in Japan. But I'm different."

Yang Fei looked at her, didn't interrupt, and waited for her to continue.

Monica went on, "I'm more optimistic about peace. The future global reshuffle is inevitable, but in the end, it will still return to tranquility. Victory will surely belong to those who hold love in their hearts and yearn for peace."

After a moment of silence, Yang Fei said, "I caused a bit of a stir in Japan recently. Don't tell me you're saying your partners in Japan are from the Dove Faction just because of that incident?"

Monica shook her head with a smile, "Of course not, you really are quite conceited. In fact, I made a very good friend in Japan three years ago, her name is Chiba Susumu, a very special person."

Yang Fei nodded, "Indeed, she is very special."

Just a unfortunate soul taken over by Body Seizing.

As far as Yang Fei was concerned, the so-called Guardian God was nothing but the Body Seizing and Rebirth Technique.

Monica looked at Yang Fei and said, "Therefore, our family is very sincere about this cooperation, and I hope you will consider it carefully."

Yang Fei said, "I have already stated at the Underworld Forum that you will pay a price."

"On that account, our Cavendish family can make concessions; we won't let you lose face," Monica articulated with preparedness, "I'll personally release an apology, and make the responsible person issue a public apology as well."

"Oh?" Yang Fei was taken aback.

He had not expected her to say this.

For the Cavendish family, their millennia-old reputation was far more important than his personal face.

After he had initially made threats against the Cavendish family, they had also made fierce statements.

Now the Cavendish family was ready to issue a public apology—should they actually do so, the sincerity would indeed be substantial.

Yang Fei had a nature that responded better to gentleness than to force.

If you were to oppose him head-on, even if it led to a bloodbath, he would stubbornly hold his ground to the end.

But if you were polite to him, preserving his dignity, he would become an amiable gentleman, very easy to talk to.

He originally felt disinclined to meet Monica, but Qin Yanyang had informed him of the importance of the Cavendish family, so he came.

Now Monica demonstrated sincere intentions, and even the Cavendish family was willing to apologize publicly to him—his face had been fully saved.

Furthermore, when Chiba Susumu spoke to him about the future world order and the prospect of the three great hidden territories entering the world in force, he felt it was indeed necessary to make some allies.

Moreover, although Monica spoke of cooperating with the Divine Continent Official, she was actually looking for him.

The friendship established with the Cavendish family in the future would largely be his own personal relationship.

Considering this, Yang Fei sat back at the dining table, looking at the dishes that had cooled a little and said to Monica, "After talking with you for so long, I'm getting hungry again. How about we have the kitchen warm up the food, and we'll eat while we talk?"

A radiant smile appeared on Monica's face, "Sure."

Chapter 628: Rebel

Perhaps because she had enjoyed her conversation with Yang Fei, Monica had a good appetite and ate a lot.

Ten minutes later, Monica wiped the corner of her mouth, and Yang Fei also put down his chopsticks. He had eaten dinner at home with Qin Yanyang before coming and was not hungry, he was merely keeping Monica company.

"Is Sky Net associated with your family?"

The two moved to the living room and sat facing each other, Yang Fei looking at Monica as he asked.

Monica said, "I don't think so. Although our family is involved in various industries, we would not engage in industries that could clearly cause trouble."

Yang Fei smiled slightly, "Sky Net is swiftly developing and very powerful, now influencing major countries worldwide. What trouble could such an industry face?"

Monica said with a smile, "It appears limitless and glorious, but it's too high-profile and too easy to offend people. Such an organization will not last long; it will inevitably cause major trouble. For instance, now they are troubled because they provoked you before."

Yang Fei laughed at himself, "Me? Haha, Sky Net certainly doesn't regard me as a threat."

"Maybe that was true in the past, but after Lawrence died by your hand, the situation has changed," Monica said as she looked at Yang Fei. "The significance of an expert from the Divine List is enough to give the top level of Sky Net a headache."

Yang Fei smiled slightly and asked, "What about Heaven?"

Monica was taken aback.

Yang Fei continued, "What is your family's relationship with Heaven?"

"Allies, I suppose," Monica replied after a brief hesitation. "Since ancient times, the Cavendish family has been closely connected with Heaven, and we have always been on good terms."

"Since you have Heaven backing you, you couldn't possibly fear me, a newcomer on the Divine List, could you?" Yang Fei asked Monica.

Monica's beautiful blue eyes scrutinized Yang Fei, a faint smile appearing on her face, "It seems you still doubt my sincerity."

Yang Fei shrugged helplessly, "Can't be helped. We didn't know each other before, and there's been no foundation for cooperation. With such significant matters, caution is necessary."

Monica thought for a moment, then said, "Alright, the public apology I mentioned before will first be posted on the Underworld Forum, and I will ask Willie to personally come and apologize to you. The item taken from you will also be returned intact."

"Many were lost on this operation in the Military Department," Yang Fei said.

Monica's heart tightened, "Willie and the others involved in this operation will pay for their actions."

"Good, as long as I see your sincerity, we can discuss cooperating," Yang Fei said.

Monica's expression changed slightly, "Mr. Tang, our Cavendish family going this far is already showing the utmost sincerity and compromise. If this cannot bring about deep cooperation with your country, I will be unable to explain it to my family."

Yang Fei looked into her sincere eyes, considered Qin Yanyang's advise, and after a slight pause, nodded, "Good, as long as you do what you've promised, I will cooperate with you."

"There is a saying in Divine Continent that goes 'A promise from a gentleman is unbreakable.' I believe you are truly a gentleman," Monica said.

Yang Fei chuckled lightly, "I am certainly no scoundrel, you can be assured of that."

Monica, in front of Yang Fei, took out her phone and dialed a number. Once the call was connected, she said, "Express regret for this mistake immediately on the Underworld Forum, and bring those involved in this affair to the hotel personally, remember to bring that item with you."

"Little miss..." a reluctant voice came through the phone.

"That's an order."

Monica spoke in a low voice, appearing frail and weak, but at this moment, she exuded an undeniable authority. Yang Fei could see a kind of angry flame in her deep blue eyes.

Yang Fei felt inexplicably uneasy, recalling the situation he had previously been trapped in an illusion.

This woman seemed harmless, but she was probably very dangerous, otherwise, she couldn't possibly represent the Cavendish family in the Eastern regions.

"Are all these people in Divine Continent?" Yang Fei asked Monica as she hung up the phone.

Monica nodded, "Yes, this is our family's sincerity."

Yang Fei smiled slightly, "It's also your family's strength, isn't it? Being able to easily take things from the Military Department and now return to Divine Continent without anyone noticing, the Cavendish family indeed has significant power."

Monica smiled without speaking.

Five minutes later, the doorbell rang.

Monica opened the door, and Willie appeared at the doorway with two men.

One of them was Pusi, ranked fourth on the Divine List, and the other was a middle-aged Western man who looked about fifty years old, very ordinary. Even though he stood next to Willie, he was easily overlooked.

After scanning the three men, Monica suddenly turned her gaze back to the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man, seemingly fearful of Monica's stare, hung his head, avoiding eye contact.

Monica found it strange.

She felt this man was dangerous, yet even standing right in front of her, he gave off an illusion of being virtually nonexistent.

Suddenly, she disregarded his presence.

"Little aunt," Willie, holding a black briefcase, entered the room and greeted Monica respectfully.

Monica nodded and pointed at Yang Fei, "Go and apologize to Mr. Tang."

Willie looked up at Yang Fei, then showed a look of terror, walked over, placed the briefcase on the table, and bowed deeply to Yang Fei, "I'm sorry, Mr. Tang... boss, I apologize for my prior actions. I was unaware of your involvement with this item, and had I known, not even ten times the courage would have made me act recklessly."

Willie appeared genuinely fearful, with beads of sweat even forming on his forehead, clearly very afraid.

Yang Fei watched him, his expression calm.

But Willie felt a chilling spine, and the beads of sweat on his forehead became denser.

"Did you orchestrate all this?" Yang Fei asked.

Willie trembled all over and nodded, "Yes... yes, I'm sorry, Mr. Tang, I genuinely didn't know this item was related to you. Please, for the sake of my little aunt, forgive my previous ignorance."

Yang Fei chuckled, extended his hand, and patted the black briefcase, "Is the item inside?"

"Yes, untouched," Willie quickly nodded.

Yang Fei said, "Open it."

Upon hearing this, Willie's expression shifted slightly, but he immediately stood up, and gestured behind him, "Come over, help Mr. Tang open the briefcase."

Pusi and the middle-aged man stepped forward quickly.

"You open it yourself," Yang Fei told Willie.

A flicker of rage shot through Willie's eyes as he leaped backward, waving a large hand, "Kill him!"

"Stop, Willie, what are you doing..." Monica's expression drastically changed as she scolded loudly.

Moving swiftly, Willie retreated next to Monica, grabbed her throat with one hand, his face ferocious, "The dignity of the Cavendish family cannot be violated, my dear little aunt, you have made a grave mistake, you no longer qualify to be the family's spokesperson in the Eastern region."

Chapter 629: Enchanting Eyes Reboot

"What... what? Are you insane?"

Monica was stunned, her deep blue eyes revealing a profound shock and disbelief.

This was her own nephew.

He actually wanted to kill her?

Had he not considered the impossibility of explaining this to the family after killing her?

And he was facing Boss Tang.

A powerhouse who soared into the Divine List with his latest combat achievements, his battle had consecrated him as a legend.

In that brief instant, many thoughts flashed through Monica's mind.

Apart from the Charming Eye, she had no other cultivation techniques; although Willie's strength wasn't very strong, once he had her by the throat, she still couldn't resist and felt a terrifying scent of death.

Her gaze could only seek help from Yang Fei.

Just as Willie took a step back, Pusi drew a cross-shaped sword and stabbed at Yang Fei with his fastest speed.

Just a week ago, as the fourth-ranked fighter on the Divine List, Pusi was very discontented with being overtaken by Yang Fei for the third spot.

However, the fight between Lawrence and Yang Fei had made him realize the reality.

His decision to strike at Yang Fei had been carefully considered.

Just from the video of the fight between Lawrence and Yang Fei, he could tell that Yang Fei's strength was far superior to his own, but he couldn't disregard Willie's command.

As someone nurtured by the Cavendish family, he dared not disobey their orders.

At the same time, he still harbored a stroke of luck.

In a surprise attack, he might just have a chance to land a fatal blow.

If he could kill Yang Fei, his reputation would greatly increase, not only would he regain his third position on the Divine List, he might even advance further.

Moreover, Willie had brought in a mysterious assistant to help.

Considering all these factors, Pusi chose to risk an attempt.

Since he was striking, it was naturally with all his might, holding nothing back.

His sword was exceedingly fast, yet Yang Fei's movements were faster.

Just as the sharp sword was about to pierce Yang Fei's face, Yang Fei raised his right hand.

Pusi didn't see any weapon in Yang Fei's hand, only a fist that swung out.

The fist struck the blade of the sword.

"Duang!"

In the booming sound, an incredibly strong force traveled along the blade.

Pusi saw his sword bend and deform, skewing into the air beside him, but Yang Fei made no further moves after that punch.

Pusi only saw a smiling face and a pair of clear, captivating eyes.

Then, Pusi experienced a fear inside him like never before.

When the inexplicable fear swept over him, he felt as if his consciousness had detached from his body, and his mind went blank.

Boom!

It was as if thunder had exploded deep within his mind.

The next instant, this Western fighter, who fancied returning to the fourth rank on the Divine List, spewed blood from all seven orifices and collapsed to the ground, lifeless.

One glance killed a man!

After a major battle with Lawrence, Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang had engaged in dual cultivation for a week, and although his realm hadn't ascended, his Divine Soul had grown stronger.

Pusi, unprepared, was directly annihilated by the bombardment of the Divine Soul.

Without a glance at the fallen Pusi, Yang Fei stood up and fixed his gaze on a middle-aged man: "Who are you?"

Like Monica, he hadn't noticed this middle-aged man at first, who seemed to naturally possess some special ability to be ignored under any circumstance.

But the perceptive Yang Fei immediately sensed that this person was very dangerous.

"You certainly have never heard of my name," the man said to Yang Fei, speaking in the common language of the West.

His profound eyes looked at Yang Fei, his face showing a trace of admiration, "At such a young age, to possess such a high Cultivation Realm, you really are a rare genius."

"Thank you for the compliment," Yang Fei said indifferently, his expression becoming even more solemn.

Behind the middle-aged man, Willie still had his grip on his cousin's throat, his face displaying a blend of madness and murderous intent. But as his gaze fell on Pusi, a hint of terror flickered in his eyes.

Willie knew Pusi's strength; how could such a strong man be instantly defeated by Yang Fei the moment they met? How strong was this guy really?

Could the situation slip out of control?

Shocked, Willie looked up at the middle-aged man and said in a deep voice, "Senior, please kill him for sure, otherwise, I... I am finished."

Yang Fei looked up at Willie.

The middle-aged man's figure flashed, blocking Yang Fei's view of Willie.

Hum!

A booming noise suddenly resounded within the room.

The void began to tremble.

Two invisible forces of spiritual power clashed in the void, causing Yang Fei's expression to drastically change as his Sea of Consciousness underwent a massive upheaval.

At the same time, the Western middle-aged man also changed expression, his face showing shock before becoming extremely solemn.

Simultaneously, both men swung their hands.

Yang Fei threw a punch, while the middle-aged man seemed to casually swat an arm, flinging a slap.

The room was as if instantly engulfed by a tornado, a fierce storm enveloping everything within, tearing objects apart into shattered fragments with its ferocious power.

Crash!

The interior fixtures were destroyed as easily as rotten wood, doors and windows shattered, debris flying everywhere.

Apart from the load-bearing columns, the rest of the suite's walls were demolished, turning the large suite into a vast, open flat.

By the time Yang Fei and the middle-aged man reappeared, they were more than fifteen meters apart.

Willie and Monica, meanwhile, had already been blasted far away by the powerful shockwave.

Willie, spitting blood, emerged from the debris with a dirt-smudged face.

Monica lay amidst the rubble, her body bleeding in several places, her face displaying fear while a trace of fascination flickered in her eyes.

After getting up, Willie, suppressing the fear in his heart, hurried over to Monica.

For him, even if he couldn't kill Yang Fei this time, he definitely couldn't let his cousin leave alive.

His cousin had died at the hands of Madman King Tang.

The murder of an important member of the Cavendish family during negotiations would result in an irreconcilable deadlock. After her death, the family would have to elect a new representative in the East, giving him a good chance.

After all, many within the family supported him; otherwise, this mysterious strong man would not have appeared by his side.

Monica, feeling pain all over, struggled to rise from the wreckage.

Then, she saw her nephew, his eyes bloodshot and his face ferocious, charging towards her.

Monica was in immense pain internally.

She dearly loved her nephew; kinship and family were very important in the depths of her heart, and she never imagined such a thing happening to her.

Her deep blue eyes began to change color.

Her eyes filled with blood.

Willie's gaze met those blood-filled eyes.

In an instant, Willie stopped his forward charge, his entire being falling into madness, his hands tearing at his own body as he let out agonized screams, as if his conscience suddenly awoke, disgusted with his own actions, hating his own soul so profoundly that he wanted to tear his own body apart by his hands.

Willie's sudden transformation attracted the attention of Yang Fei and the middle-aged man.

Both glanced at Monica.

Then, they saw a swath of crimson blood; the world in front of them seemed to change, no longer in the suite turned into ruins from their confrontation.

Chapter 630: Shattering the Illusion

Klein had heard about a genius from the Cavendish family who possessed the Charming Eye, but regarding the Charming Eye, this legendary special talent, his understanding was not very extensive.

From the beginning, Klein had reserved a bit of caution for Monica, guarding against this woman using her Charming Eye, but once he saw Yang Fei's strength, he could no longer afford to be distracted.

This youth from the Divine Continent who had killed Pusi in an instant was indeed a genius, worthy of his full effort.

Indeed, reality was as he had expected.

The young man's strength was truly formidable, his Physical Body Realm power was almost on par with his own.

However, he hadn't anticipated that when Willie went to kill Monica, he triggered her Charming Eye, and just by glancing at those crimson eyes, he fell into their trap, unable to extricate himself.

Yang Fei was also trapped by the Charming Eye.

This was the second time Yang Fei experienced the Charming Eye.

The first time was when he looked at Monica's eyes, then Monica claimed she had passively activated the Charming Eye. At that time, Yang Fei felt as if he had seen an abyss, and then he suddenly sensed something terrifying gazing back at him within the abyss. When he startingly woke up, he found that the time of a cup of tea had passed.

This time, however, Monica had actively used her Charming Eye, and he saw only her eyes before he was engulfed in a world of crimson.

A sea of blood-red fury, and in this world seemingly wrapped in a bloodbath, Yang Fei saw Willie and the Western middle-aged man he was exchanging blows with.

Blood fury transformed into countless blood worms, frantically devouring Willie's body. In an instant, Willie's body was riddled with holes, as countless dense, dark red worms burrowed into his flesh, gnawing away. In just a moment, bare bones could be seen, as organs were torn apart, and filth poured out, only to be devoured clean by those blood worms.

In just a few breaths, Willie became a mere blood-colored outline, and then that figure collapsed, turning into nothingness in the blink of an eye and vanishing without a trace.

His stomach churned, and despite having seen many big scenes, Yang Fei felt extremely uneasy at this moment, nearly vomiting.

Klein's situation was the same as Yang Fei's. He was first shocked, then became terrified, his throat moving as he threw up.

Then, the surrounding blood qi seemed to have found its next target and surged towards him.

Yang Fei felt his scalp tingle.

His first thought wasn't to spectate but how to escape from this place.

Klein watched as the surging blood qi transformed into thousands of blood worms and devoured him, his whole body going numb, but he quickly realized something was amiss.

This was not reality.

"A mere illusion can't trap me! Break!"

With a roar, Klein shouted loudly, swinging a palm to sweep across.

The blood-colored waves churned, seemingly split to both sides by the force of Klein's palm.

But the next instant, even more blood worms surged towards him.

Klein's eyes were filled with terror; he kept waving his arms, seemingly exerting a powerful force to keep sweeping these blood worms made of blood qi aside, but this was a world draped in blood. The blood worms were endless, regrouping as soon as they were dispersed.

Yang Fei watched, dumbfounded.

Was this an illusion or reality?

It should be an illusion.

But why did it feel so real?

Wait, first it was Willie, then Klein, didn't that mean it was his turn next?

A feeling of apprehension surged through Yang Fei, as if he had suddenly awoken and decided to flee.

He looked around, only to find that blood walls surrounded him, blood within reach.

He dared not touch these blood worms, fearing that once he did, he would provoke a swarm.

This was an illusion, the world of Monica's Charming Eye.

Yang Fei took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

He remembered that was how he had escaped from the Charming Eye before.

However, when he opened his eyes again, he was still enveloped in the blood-colored world.

Couldn't escape?

Monica had said that the last time she activated the Charming Eye was passive, activated by Yang Fei's gaze.

Or to put it another way, Yang Fei had actively entered and exited her Charming Eye.

But this time was different; he was passive.

So, am I trapped?

Yang Fei was internally shocked and slightly anxious.

He wasn't afraid because he felt that Monica probably wouldn't harm him.

At least, since entering the illusion, both Power and the middle-aged man had been attacked, while he had not.

Clearly, the consensus on cooperation they had reached earlier stopped Monica from attacking him.

But this feeling of being under someone else's control made Yang Fei very uncomfortable.

He had to leave.

"Pfft!"

Blood worms were slapped into bloody powder, and Klein found himself in an endless sea of trouble.

However, his strength was indeed formidable, the myriad of blood worms enveloping him couldn't get close to his body, always repelled by a layer of Gang Qi.

And as time passed, the overwhelming bloody aura seemed to become much weaker.

As Klein swept away the surrounding blood worms once more, a brief void appeared in this blood-red world.

It seemed as if a rift had been torn in the entire bloody world.

But that void was instantly filled up with bloody aura again.

Klein, however, noticed this and, with bright eyes, laughed loudly, "Hahaha, I said it, this mere illusion can't imprison me."

Buzz!

The bloody aura writhed, and a giant face emerged in front of Yang Fei.

It was Monica.

"Help me!"

The giant face opened its mouth, seemingly uttering a phrase.

The words 'help me' appeared in Yang Fei's mind.

His heart stirred, and he quickly rushed towards Klein.

Klein believed he had found a breakthrough, but Yang Fei's sudden assault forced him to commit all his efforts.

Palm against palm, it felt as if they were fighting in reality, solid and tangible.

Surrounding bloody qi surged, and the whole blood-red world shuddered constantly with the clash of the two.

"Kid, both of us are trapped in this illusion, with our lives and deaths at that girl's whim. Why not join forces first, then settle our fight once we're out?" Klein shouted loudly.

Yang Fei ignored him and continued to attack.

Matching each other in strength, and with Yang Fei focused solely on the entanglement, Klein couldn't distract himself to break through the blood-red world's cover, so he could only fight Yang Fei with all his might.

Inside the collapsing building.

Many of the hotel guests and staff members, who were unintended victims, frantically scattered, but some bold and curious onlookers came over to watch the excitement.

When their gaze met Monica's crimson eyes, one after another, they stood still like they were under a spell, their expression blank, looking foolish.

Monica also stood still, not moving an inch.

Willie lay in a pool of blood; he had torn countless gashes into his own body, bleeding profusely, yet was unaware, his eyes only showing deep terror.

Yang Fei and Klein also stood rigidly, both looking towards Monica, their gazes locked with Monica's blood-red eyes.

Monica's body suddenly trembled, and then, sweating profusely, she seemed to be enduring an unbearable, immense pain.

Gradually, her face paled, she gasped for breath, and her entire body shook uncontrollably, like she was sifting chaff.

"Pfft!"

Suddenly, a mouthful of blood sprayed from Monica's mouth, her bloodshot eyes gradually lost their color, returning to normal.

Simultaneously, lucidity returned to the dull eyes of Yang Fei and Klein.

Klein grunted, spitting out a large mouthful of blood, but upon opening his eyes, he didn't attack Yang Fei or Monica, instead, he quickly rushed out of the building.