

## Overlord 741

### Chapter 741: Instigation

Duanmu Wentong's voice scattered through the night sky, carrying far.

Those living nearby were marginalized branches and relatives of the Duanmu aristocratic family, most of whom had been oppressed by the main branch in the past, especially in the neighboring courtyards, which were mostly inhabited by Duanmu Wentong's brothers, cousins, and their descendants.

For these people, it had been many years since they had enjoyed the substantial cultivation resources provided by the Duanmu Family. They resided at the bottom of the family hierarchy, doing the hardest work with the least compensation. Many children in these families with better martial talents also did not receive as many resources as other children of their age within the family.

Even many of them lived worse lives here than the children of ordinary people outside.

Especially the line of Duanmu Wentong which, due to the incident involving Duanmu Qing over twenty years ago, had been the most miserable in the entire Duanmu Family for years.

At this moment, Duanmu Wentong raised his arm and called out, asking if they were willing to join him, and many people clearly showed signs of being moved.

"Staying here, it's hard to see a day when we can rise up. We might resign ourselves to this fate, but our children at home are gradually becoming like slaves, without proper opportunities for development, ruining their futures. It might be better to try our luck outside,"

"Exactly, I'm fed up with these oppressive days. Once outside in the secular world, with our skills, we might even manage to enjoy some good days,"

"It's the family that wronged us first. Since the family no longer needs us, we should just leave,"

At that moment, many who had long been fed up cried out loudly.

Most of them were from the line of Duanmu Wentong.

Of course, there were also other oppressed people.

A thousand-year-old aristocratic family could not possibly take care of all branches and relatives sufficiently. In the cruel internal struggles of the family, the losers lost not just a massive tilt in cultivation resources but also their dignity, being suppressed and targeted by their former rivals.

"But... but doing this is like betraying the Duanmu Family. They will hunt us down when they come back."

"Yes... yes, they're too powerful. We won't be able to escape."

"What if they catch up with us? According to the family rules, we will be executed."

Some supported the idea, and naturally, some opposed it.

For these people at the lowest echelons within the Duanmu Family, who were oppressed and bullied, the world was filled with darkness, and life was hopeless.

They feared that even if they left now, they would later be pursued by the family's upper echelons.

Listening to these discussions, Duanmu Wentong nodded solemnly. "That's right. Once the decision to leave is made, it signifies a betrayal of the family. However, this family has long since abandoned us. It was their first lack of humanity."

"Many of the elders here should remember my daughter, right? What a prodigy she was, a true Heavenly Pride Girl who should have been protected by the family. Yet, the family was forced to execute her with their own hands. Such a lack of kinship, such failure to protect one's own people, what is there to miss about such a family?"

The matter of Duanmu Qing was a long-sealed past event of the Duanmu Family, and many of the younger generation had never heard of this incident, not knowing that such an exceptional person had once existed.

Those older generations, following the incident, were strictly forbidden by the family's upper echelons to speak of Duanmu Qing, not allowing the name to be passed down to the next generation, attempting to forever seal and cover up the matter of being forced to kill their own outstanding family member.

But for the line of Duanmu Wentong, this was an unforgettable pain that could never be forgotten.

Moreover, following the incident, the family did not console the people of this line but instead harbored a grudge because they had strongly opposed killing Duanmu Qing, suppressing them to the lowest level.

To the line of Duanmu Wentong, their hearts were filled with extreme disappointment and even despair towards the family.

Thus, many who were undecided also showed signs of being moved.

Just then, a woman's voice came through: "Husband, why... why are you mingling with them too? Have you gone mad?"

This woman's voice was full of force, surprised and angry, also carrying a hint of fear and trembling.

She was none other than Mu Sujing, the wife of Duanmu Cheng, originating from the Mu Family.

The Mu Family was also a prominent aristocratic family within Hidden Sect, and although their overall strength could not compare to the Eight Great Forces, they were still considered top-tier powers just below them.

As soon as she appeared, many members of the Duanmu Family finally came back to their senses.

Indeed, Duanmu Cheng, the former Duanmu Fourth Master, why did he betray the family alongside Duanmu Wentong and his son?

Had he gone mad?

Although he had been replaced in the family's hierarchy following his disappearance, he was still Duanmu Wugou's grandson, and his wife also came from the Mu Family; as long as he didn't do anything foolish, he still held a high status within the Duanmu Family.

Everyone was puzzled as to why he would betray his own family.

Xu Jian looked at Mu Sujing, his face showing a complex expression.

After returning to the Duanmu Family as Duanmu Cheng, his wife was exceptionally good to him. In order not to be suspected, he had shared the bed with Mu Sujing multiple times, which resulted in Duanmu Cheng, who had kept several concubines outside and had rarely lived a happy married life with his original wife due to too many external affairs, recently becoming more affectionate towards Mu Sujing. So much so that Mu Sujing's feelings for her husband deepened, and she cared for Duanmu Cheng meticulously during this period.

Xu Jian was somewhat moved by this.

But at this point, Xu Jian could no longer stay. He looked at Mu Sujing and said, "I am not mad, but rather considering the future of the Duanmu Family. The actions of the ancestors and others are too reckless. Their way will only harm the Duanmu Family and lead the entire Duanmu Family to complete ruin.

There's a common saying that one should not put all eggs in one basket. Our Duanmu Family is a great clan, able to last a thousand years not merely through collective family efforts, but also because we have always had multiple plans for every major event throughout the millennia.

However, this time the ancestors acted too hastily and made only one choice.

If it fails, the entire family will be destroyed.

Therefore, I decided to take some of our clan members and follow another path, so that, in the future, no matter which choice is correct, we can continue the legacy of the Duanmu Family."

Yang Fei and Wang Lei listened to Xu Jian's nonsensical rants and were somewhat speechless.

However, after Duanmu Cheng finished speaking, the crowd around fell silent. Then some elders nodded in agreement with his view, and gradually more and more people started to think he was right, leaving Yang Fei and Wang Lei dumbfounded.

Could it really be like this?

Among the crowd, Mu Sujing looked into Duanmu Cheng's eyes for a long while before striding over to him.

She stood beside Duanmu Cheng, took his hand, and loudly said to the people of Duanmu Family, "Fellow clanspeople, for the past decade or more, my husband has been in charge of the major and minor affairs of the Duanmu Family. He has managed every aspect from top to bottom perfectly. Since my husband took charge of the family affairs, our family's finances have greatly improved, and this is something you all have witnessed."

As her voice fell, the crowd nodded in agreement.

The contributions of the former Duanmu Fourth Master to the Duanmu Family were indeed evident to all.

Although his cultivation talent was not high, he was indeed skilled in management, and now, the majority of the senior ranks in the Duanmu Family had very good personal relationships with him; almost all had been taken care of by Duanmu Cheng and owed him favors.

This was undeniable.

But now, what Duanmu Cheng was proposing was to split the family, and his views were severely against those of the Duanmu Family's upper echelons, even looking to incite some clansmen to betray the family, which was utterly rebellious.

Therefore, even though some felt a resonance with Duanmu Cheng's previous statement about not putting all eggs in one basket, no one dared to stand up and follow him.

Yang Fei glanced around. Frankly speaking, he did not care at all whether anyone from the Duanmu Family would follow.

Although Duanmu Wentong and Duanmu Song, father and son, were indeed his mother's relatives and they had suffered too much oppression from the Duanmu Family and wanted to leave, he had no choice but to agree.

Seeing as Xu Jian wanted to use Duanmu Cheng's identity to split the Duanmu Family, but the effect did not seem very good, he lost his patience and said, "Grandfather, uncle, let those who are willing to leave pack up immediately. We are departing."

"Ha ha ha ha, young man, what do you think the Duanmu Family is? A place you can come and go as you please?"

Just then, a vigorous and powerful voice came from deep within the mountains behind Duanmu Manor, like the legendary morning bell and evening drum, shaking the soul, causing one to lose control of their Primordial Spirit Consciousness, and horrifying to the core.

#### Chapter 742: Duanmu Chou

The voice seemed extremely distant, yet it appeared as if it suddenly rang right beside Yang Fei's ears, causing his mind to waver, feeling as if a stormy sea had been stirred up in his Sea of Consciousness.

Such strong Divine Sense!

Yang Fei was secretly shocked and immediately guarded his mind, while at the same time he let out a loud and clear long howl, shouting, "Who is hiding and playing tricks? If you have the courage, come out and fight me!"

As his voice spread, the violent waves in the Sea of Consciousness gradually calmed down, and the impact of that previous voice dissipated.

At the same time, his companions Wang Lei, Xu Jian, Helian Rong, and the others from the Duanmu Family also regained their composure and steadied their minds.

"Who... who is it?"

"Didn't all three ancestors leave? There is no powerful being overseeing the family; who could this person be?"

"Could it be that there's a senior member of the family we didn't know about remaining behind?"

For a moment, the hearts of the Duanmu Family members were pounding with excitement.

Today, these outsiders had broken into the manor, forcibly rescued people, and tried to bewitch everyone here to split the Duanmu Family — for the vast majority of the family's loyal descendants, it was a great shame.

Now, with a powerful being emerging from within the family, they were immediately boiling with excitement, filled with anticipation.

An old man, not very strong but of advanced years, looked towards the direction of the back mountain with eager eyes and loudly asked, "Is it a senior member of our clan?"

"Hahaha, Duanmu Xin, we are of the same generation; I dare not be called your senior," the strong and vigorous voice came again, as a grey figure soared from the direction of the back mountain into the night sky.

The night was too dark, and even though the manor had lit its lamps, the faint light falling on this person's face was still too weak to let people discern his features from such a distance.

But quickly, the person crossed the void and appeared near Duanmu Wentong's residence. He wore a gray robe and sported flowing silver-white hair, with his hands clasped behind his back. He floated in mid-air, his body rising and falling slightly with the minor fluctuations of the Heaven and Earth Power condensed by his powerful Telekinesis beneath his feet.

For the Duanmu Family's members, the way this person appeared, as if a deity had descended to the earth, was an awe-inspiring and reverent sight.

The elder known as Duanmu Xin, who had asked earlier, set his eyes upon this person's face, and his pupils suddenly contracted: "Is... is it you? You're still alive? How... how?"

At the same time, several other exclamations followed.

"How is that possible? He... he was said to have died over fifty years ago, wasn't he?"

"Yes, how could he still be alive?"

"After the battle with Wu Zheng, the previous generation Sect Master of the Qingtian Sect, they were both severely injured. He returned with grave injuries and was said to have passed away not long after. How... how is he still alive?"

Many of the elders looked up at the silver-haired man suspended in the sky, each showing a look of horror. Many thought they were seeing a ghost.

"Grandfather, who... who is he, is he from our Duanmu Family?" asked a girl beside Duanmu Xin, her curiosity piqued.

Many of the younger people around also pricked up their ears, looking at him.

Duanmu Xin took a deep breath, his voice filled with excitement as he said, "He is the true genius of our Duanmu Family, the once supreme being who aspired to the pinnacle of the Hidden Sect, Duanmu Chou."



Wow!

It was as if a depth charge had been dropped into a placid lake; the Duanmu Family crowd erupted into a massive uproar, filled with shock and exclamations.

"It's actually Elder Duanmu Chou?"

"Isn't his spirit tablet displayed in the ancestral hall? How can he still be alive?"

"Has... has it become haunted?"

"What exactly is going on?"

The crowd was in continuous uproar. Not far from Yang Fei, Duanmu Wentong's face turned red, his body trembling. He looked up at the figure in the sky, disbelievingly saying, "Uncle Six... is it really you? You're still alive?"

The man in the sky's gaze grew heavy, falling upon Duanmu Wentong. His face had been somewhat smiling, but as his eyes landed on Duanmu Wentong, his smile gradually faded, and a flicker of reminiscence and nostalgia reflected in his deep eyes.

"You look so much like him. You must be the child from Third Brother's family, right?" Duanmu Chou looked at Duanmu Wentong and slowly asked.

Duanmu Wentong's eyes reddened as he nodded, "Yes, I am Wentong. It's been over fifty years since I last saw you. I... I am now an old man, too. Uncle Six, you don't even recognize me."

Duanmu Chou responded with a faint smile but soon after his gaze turned stern, and he said harshly, "Do you wish to betray your family and abandon them?"

Duanmu Wentong felt a jolt in his heart, facing Duanmu Chou's piercing eyes he still stiffened his scalp and said, "Yes, Sixth Uncle, the Duanmu Family can no longer accommodate us, I have decided to leave."

"Heh heh!"

Duanmu Chou let out a cold laugh, his gaze shifting to Yang Fei, instantly sharp as twin blades.

"Boy, you've got some nerve, daring to break into my Duanmu Family's estate time and again to wreak havoc, truly thinking that the Duanmu Family has no one capable?"

Yang Fei stared solemnly at the other party and said in a deep voice, "It is your Duanmu Family that lacks virtue and righteousness. Given the deeds of those old things of the Duanmu Family, I, Yang Fei, wish nothing more than to exterminate them all. Today, I have come to rescue my woman and take my grandfather's family away; whoever dares to stop me, I will kill."

"Hahahaha, what big talk, boy, do you really think you are invincible?" Duanmu Chou burst out into manic laughter.

Yang Fei's momentum was overwhelming. He handed the unconscious Tong Yunshu to Helian Rong and, holding that dark wooden stick, looked solemnly at Duanmu Chou.

This man's presence was too powerful.

Yang Fei was no stranger to top warriors of the Hidden Sect.

But even standing before him, Helian Zhan and Wang Chunyang had never given him such a great sense of oppression.

Of course, neither Helian Zhan nor Wang Chunyang had ever targeted him with the full force of their Qi, nor did they ever regard him as a real enemy.

The Duanmu Chou before him, however, had locked all his Qi onto Yang Fei from the moment he appeared, giving him the illusion of being bound by an invisible force.

Setting aside how advanced this man's Physical Body Realm was, merely the oppressive feeling that his powerful Divine Soul Thought Power gave was enough to make him the one with the strongest Divine Sense Telekinesis among all the formidable people Yang Fei had encountered.

Those with powerful Divine Soul Thought Power are the true warriors.

This was something Yang Fei believed without a doubt.

So at this moment, although Yang Fei was verbally defiant, he was actually very cautious at heart, his combat power gathering continuously, preparing to go all out.

"Junior, today I shall let you know that there are always stronger people out there, and higher heavens above!" Duanmu Chou's gaze grew intense as he spoke sternly.

Duanmu Wentong moved swiftly, stepping between Yang Fei and Duanmu Chou and said loudly to Duanmu Chou, "Sixth Uncle, please show mercy, he is my grandson, my only grandson. The Duanmu Family has already wronged him, you cannot lay a hand on him again."

"Get lost!"

Duanmu Chou's gaze hardened as he rebuked.

Following his rebuke, Duanmu Wentong's body was struck as if hit by an invisible force and flew to one side.

The next instant, Duanmu Chou reached out through the air towards Yang Fei.

Meanwhile, the tall wall beneath Yang Fei's feet collapsed with a thunderous crash and, under the immense reaction force, his body shot towards the sky like a cannonball.

"Overconfident fool!"

Duanmu Chou's pupils shrank slightly, taken aback by the wild fighting spirit and terrifying speed shown by Yang Fei.

He snorted coldly and pressed down with the hand that was reaching towards Yang Fei.

Winds raged fiercely.

A wave of invisible Qi swiftly converged into a giant palm and slapped viciously down toward Yang Fei's body.

In the dark night, the giant palm appeared both hidden and visible.

Yang Fei charged headlong towards it.

He swung the wooden stick in his hand, striking ferociously.

"Pfft!"

Qi dispersed, creating a hole in the giant palm formed by the power of Heaven and Earth, and Yang Fei's body, like an arrow, continued its trajectory undiminished, charging towards Duanmu Chou.

Duanmu Chou's expression remained unchanged, his silver hair whipping about wildly as he flipped his palm and pressed down again.

Another force rapidly converged, and this time the palm formed was ten times smaller than the previous one, yet its solidity was frighteningly high, like a true palm descending from the heavens, it slammed down hard.

## Chapter 743: Formidable Enemy

"Duang!"

The hand the size of a human body, yet incredibly solid, collided once more with the dark wooden stick Yang Fei was wielding.

In the muffled boom, Yang Fei felt his arm sink, a numbness swiftly spreading throughout his body, while at the same time, a terrible force descended from above his head, like Mount Tai pressing down.

Two beams of light burst from his eyes, his face showing a terrified expression.

How terrifying was the force of his own strike, yet the hand formed from the elements of heaven and earth hadn't been crushed?

He saw huge cracks appearing on the hand, about to shatter, but in the next instant, some mysterious force coalesced and swiftly repaired the cracks.

A terrifying pressure weighed down from above.

Yang Fei roared and threw a punch.

"Bang!"

With a loud noise, the hand bounced once, rebounding into the sky.

Yang Fei's body, as if struck by a heavy hammer from high above, fell thunderously to the ground, creating a deep pit on the solid earth.

Though it's a lengthy description, the whole process from the moment Yang Fei made his move to when he was struck to the ground was completed in the blink of an eye.

Many people hadn't even realized what had happened, having only heard several loud noises, followed by the ground shaking and Yang Fei hitting the earth, sending dust flying into the air.

"Not worth one strike!"

Duanmu Chou hovered in the air like a deity, his gaze coldly fixed on Yang Fei, changing his palm to a finger sword, he remotely pointed at Yang Fei, "How will you block this sword?"

As his voice fell, a transparent sword body condensed in the void.

The sword wasn't very large, but it was over two meters long, initially appearing faint, but as it descended from the sky, it became more solid, and by the time it reached above Yang Fei's head, it was like a real sword.

Turning the ethereal into solid, gathering Qi into a sword!

This was a divine skill of cultivation, recorded in the Taoist scriptures.

Yang Fei had seen many veteran Divine Travel Realm experts achieve the transformation of the ethereal into solid, but he had never seen anyone as realistic and effortless as Duanmu Chou before.

The key was, whether it was the hand or the sword body, both were solid physical attacks, containing terrifying power.

Yang Fei had never seen such a strong ethereal-to-solid attack before.

Even though he considered himself exceptionally talented and was confident in the strength of his Divine Sense Telekinesis, he felt he definitely couldn't reach Duanmu Chou's level at present.

But Yang Fei was not afraid.

He had his advantages.

As he deployed his Protective Gang Qi, Yang Fei swung the wooden stick in his hand and smashed fiercely.

He could have dodged the other's sword, but he chose to face it head-on.

He wanted the world to know that today's Yang Fei was vastly different from the Yang Fei who had been trapped by the Hidden Sect before.

"Be careful!" Helian Rong couldn't help but cry out in alarm, reminding him.

Wang Lei gripped the steel blade in his hand, his body trembling.

Facing such a sword, he didn't know if he dared to withstand it directly.

After stepping into the Divine Travel Realm, the increase in the Physical Body Realm was limited, and Wang Lei didn't believe that Yang Fei's body was much stronger than his own. So, watching Yang Fei contend head-on against the sword, his heart was in his throat.

"Bang!"

The dark wooden stick brutally collided with the sword body over two meters long.

The sharp sword body, surprisingly, couldn't pierce into the dark wooden stick.

Not only that, but the incredibly solid sword body began to crack from the tip.

At the same time, a violent shockwave spread outwards.

Onlookers standing within thirty meters couldn't withstand the force of the shockwave and were blown away.

Below Yang Fei, the ground caved in, and dust flew up.

The sword, carrying terrifying power, forcefully nailed Yang Fei's body more than a meter deep into the ground.

"Buzz!"

A muffled sound echoed as intense vibrations emanated from the ground.

The terrifying power of that sword was mostly diverted by Yang Fei through clever means to the ground. The area around his body fractured, creating a massive deep crater with a radius of four to five meters.

His body rippled with a faint golden glow, and the Protective Gang Qi still stubbornly clung around him.

Although Duanmu Chou's sword was immensely powerful, it failed to breach Yang Fei's defenses.

After the sword was filled with cracks, with a low roar from Yang Fei, violent True Yuan transferred through the Fusang Wood onto the sword, causing it to instantly shatter into countless Energy Fragments that flew in all directions.

Some unfortunate members of the Duanmu aristocratic family were struck by the Energy Fragments, screaming in pain as they fled farther away.

Yang Fei held the Fusang Wood, a slight thought stirring in his mind.

At that last moment when he activated the True Yuan with the Fusang Wood to crush the sword, he sensed that the Fusang Wood had absorbed many Power Elements from the dispersing sword.



This reminded him of the scene when he confronted Zhuge Cang at Yunwu Mountain's Base.

Back then, the Fusang Wood also seemed to have shown a craving for pure natural Power Elements.

High above, Duanmu Chou's face displayed a hint of surprise as he looked at the unscathed Yang Fei. He was astonished by the young man's strength, and his gaze then fell on the half-a-meter-long dark wooden stick in the young man's hands.

It was just a common-looking black piece of wood, so why was it so hard that even his condensed sword couldn't damage it at all?

"What is this thing?" Duanmu Chou asked.

Yang Fei gathered his thoughts, looked up to meet Duanmu Chou's gaze, and coldly said, "Just a broken piece of wood, and your condensed sword isn't that impressive either. It couldn't even damage a wooden stick."

A flash of anger appeared in Duanmu Chou's eyes as he snorted, "Ignorant junior, just now, I was merely showing mercy considering your grandfather's friendship, but since you have some real skills and still act so arrogantly, today I will suppress you and let you learn what true cultivation is!"

Feeling the terrifying killing intent, Yang Fei's heart tightened. He didn't hesitate as his Divine Sense concentrated and blasted towards his opponent.

"Hmph, overestimating yourself!"

With a shout, Yang Fei felt a stifling sensation in his chest, a buzzing in his mind, and his Sea of Consciousness began to tremble and stir.

His face turned pale with shock, and looking up, he saw a hint of amusement on Duanmu Chou's face, who used his finger as a sword, pointing at him from afar.

Another sharp Sword Qi swiftly condensed and, while speeding towards Yang Fei, formed into a long sword at an astonishing rate.

This sword, like any ordinary long sword, didn't carry the terrifying oppressive feeling of the previous sword, but it possessed a light and agile quality.

As Duanmu Chou's finger moved, the sword transformed into a Flying Sword, shooting through the air like a meteor, continuously striking towards Yang Fei's body.

Yang Fei's attempt at a Divine Sense assault had failed, and instead, an opponent's shout had left his spirit disturbed. As the opponent controlled the Flying Sword to attack him, he could only instinctively dodge and swing the Fusang Wood to block.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!!!

The sharp sound of cutting through the air kept ringing beside his ears.

Yang Fei pushed his advantages to the limit. His body, having undergone Foundation Establishment, reacted much faster than any regular Innate Realm, combining potent True Qi with physical strength to reach a peak.

However, the Flying Sword's speed was insanely fast, and despite numerous swings of his Fusang Wood attempting to knock it down, he missed every time.

Not only that, as the sword moved around his body, he found that even his Protective Gang Qi had been slashed open several times.

"Puff..."

Suddenly, the sound of flesh being sliced open could be heard.

Followed by a fiery stabbing pain.

Blood spattered into the void, and Yang Fei's back was slashed open with a wound.

"Puff, puff, puff!!!"

Multiple sounds followed, entering his ears.

His body was instantly slashed with four to five wounds, both before and behind him.

They were only flesh wounds, not fatal nor debilitating to Yang Fei's strength, yet such injuries felt more like Duanmu Chou's mockery and humiliation.

This was undoubtedly the most formidable adversary Yang Fei had faced since his strength had soared and his cultivation had significantly advanced.

#### Chapter 744: Sudden Assault and Achievements

Ever since his dual cultivation with Qin Yanyang, Yang Fei's strength was restored and continuously improved. He even discovered the Foundation Establishment Realm, completing yet another tempering of his body.

Furthermore, by nurturing his Primordial Spirit Thought Power, Yang Fei believed that, even when facing a cultivator at the peak of the Divine Travel Realm, he would not be significantly inferior.

Especially due to the advantage of Foundation Establishment in his body, he possessed unparalleled defensive capabilities, capable of prolonged combat. In a life-and-death struggle with an opponent of the same realm, the advantage lay with him.

However, now he couldn't even get close to Duanmu Chou's body, as he was thrown into disarray by the sword body formed from the Heaven and Earth Power controlled by the other party. His body was even slashed with numerous wounds, leaving him feeling completely suppressed and extremely frustrated.

Indeed, this world was full of hidden dragons and crouching tigers; the supreme powerhouses from the three great cultivation lands were truly deserving of their reputations.

Yang Fei thought that Duanmu Chou was toying with him, humiliating him, but in reality, Duanmu Chou's heart was already in turmoil high in the sky.

After feigning death for more than fifty years and rigorously practicing the Qingtian Sect's sword techniques, he had thought his cultivation was complete, and he would be invincible upon returning to the world. Yet, he had not expected to struggle somewhat against a junior.

Not to mention the previous probing clashes, just now, that young man unexpectedly launched a surprise attack using his Divine Thought and Divine Sense.

Although it wasn't successful, the fact that such a young man possessed such strong Divine Sense Telekinesis was a rare talent seen once in a thousand years.

And now, as he controlled the Qi Sword to break the other's defense, he managed to shatter his Protective Gang Qi and even wound his body. However, it was just a wound.

It wasn't that he was toying with Yang Fei; rather, the sword body he controlled with his intention only had so much power.

There was something strange about this young man's body.

His skin was coarse, seemingly like copper skin and iron clothing attached to his body, making it very difficult for his sword body to penetrate and slice deeply.

He even suspected that if it weren't for the astonishing speed of the sword body he controlled, it would be difficult to break through the opponent's defense.

Looking at the pale golden light shield swirling around the young man, Duanmu Chou couldn't help but think of a legendary cultivation realm.

Golden Body Realm!

Also known as the Undying Vajra!

It was said that some cultivators constantly forged their bodies, making their bodies reach an indestructible level akin to that of a vajra, possessing the strongest defensive system in the world.

But such a path was not the main way of cultivation.

The recognized orthodox path of the cultivation realm focuses on Divine Cultivation as the primary and body training as secondary.

Just like him, although his body was only at the strength of the Innate Realm, he had mainly cultivated Primordial Spirit Thought Power and the Qingtian Sect's sword techniques over the years. Now, he could easily control the Heaven and Earth Power, as if directing his arm to form the sword body, and even kill enemies from afar without them noticing. Such means were the true divine skills of cultivation.

The onlookers gaped, not daring to blink even once, and even their breathing slowed down countless times.

Such techniques were truly shocking and awe-inspiring.

This was the legendary flying sword!

In this world, could there truly be someone who has mastered the Sword Control Technique?

Wang Lei's body trembled.

Helian Rong, holding Tong Yunshu, trembled as well.

Even though she was the daughter of Helian Zhan and the closest disciple of Ouyang He, with her extensive experience, she had never seen a divine skill like this where someone could control a Qi Sword from dozens of meters away to suppress a powerful individual like Yang Fei.

Duanmu Wentong and his son Duanmu Song were nearly on their knees.

Yang Fei was Duanmu Qing's only son; if he were to die at the hands of Duanmu Chou, it would be an absolute disaster for the father and son.

They were supposed to be blood-related kin, yet now they engaged in a life-and-death battle, harming each other.

How could this be happening?

Xu Jian, looking at Yang Fei being suppressed by the Seven Swords, his eyes emitted two sharp beams of light.

Duanmu Cheng's body talent was too poor, making it very difficult for his body to cultivate to a stronger state.

However, Duanmu Cheng's Divine Soul was no longer present; it was his, Xu Jian's Divine Soul Consciousness that dominated everything.

He once cultivated his Divine Sense Telekinesis to a very high level. Although he now inhabited a different body, most of his divine thoughts were preserved. With diligent cultivation, he could recover to his peak, or even become stronger.

Duanmu Chou's performance showed him another path.

However, at the same time, he knew that the most important thing was to leave alive with Yang Fei and the others.

Qin Yanyang had not anticipated the Duanmu Family concealing such a powerful individual, and, assuming the identity of Duanmu Cheng, he had already committed acts of betrayal against his clan.

If he couldn't escape, he would inevitably face severe punishment according to the clan's rules, even possibly losing his life.

This was something that the newly reborn Xu Jian absolutely would not allow to happen.

His gaze intently fixed on the Duanmu Chou in the void, Xu Jian was gathering his strength, waiting for the right moment.

He had to strike true with one shot, effectively with one hit, or else he would be the one to die.

With Duanmu Chou's Divine Sense being so tremendously powerful, Xu Jian's scrutiny made him wary, causing him to sweep his gaze over.

When he saw it was Duanmu Cheng, he withdrew his gaze, focusing all his attention on confronting Yang Fei.

However, it was at that moment that a terrifying sense of crisis suddenly rose within him.

Almost at the instant he shifted his gaze away from Xu Jian, Duanmu Chou felt a fearsome power brazenly invade his Sea of Consciousness.

It was like a sharp sword, moving rampantly throughout his Sea of Consciousness Space.

"Damn it, courting death!"

With a roar, Duanmu Cheng's gaze fiercely shot towards Xu Jian.

"Pff!"

Suddenly, Xu Jian clutched his chest, a large mouthful of fresh blood spewed out, and his body staggered backward several steps. His face turned as pale as paper, and he nearly fainted, but thankfully Wang Lei was quick to support him.

"What happened?"

Wang Lei was somewhat baffled, seeing Xu Jian suddenly suffer a severe injury. His expression changed dramatically, and he hurriedly asked.

"...Go, run quickly!"

After speaking, Xu Jian then fainted.

Meanwhile, on the ground, the Fusang Wood brandished by Yang Fei viciously struck the Qi Sword.

The body of the sword immediately burst.

Duanmu Chou was hit by backlash once again, his complexion instantly turned deathly pale, and large beads of sweat rolled down from his forehead.

At the corner of his mouth, a trickle of fresh blood seeped out.

He never imagined that there was a cultivator with strong Divine Sense Telekinesis hidden among the opposing camp.

Previously controlling the Qi Sword against Yang Fei had already taken his full effort. Suddenly ambushed by another cultivator of the Divine Travel Realm, his Sea of Consciousness suffered a tremendous shock, and he was seriously injured.

Under these circumstances, with Yang Fei shattering the sword he was controlling, it dealt him another heavy blow, aggravating his injuries.



"Let's go!"

Free from the constraint of Duanmu Chou's Flying Sword, and upon hearing Wang Lei's exclamation and seeing Xu Jian faint, coupled with the sudden slowdown of the Flying Sword Duanmu Chou had been controlling, Yang Fei vaguely guessed that Xu Jian had launched a surprise attack on the enemy, aiding him.

He did not hesitate and decisively ordered a retreat.

An incredibly powerful expert had appeared on the opponent's side, and with Tong Yunshu and Xu Jian both unconscious, staying to continue the fight would only put them in danger.

Yang Fei did not know the extent of Duanmu Chou's injuries. He did not want to take any risks and only wanted to lead everyone to safety.

Helian Rong and Wang Lei promptly nodded in agreement. Each carrying one of the unconscious, they quickly gathered towards Yang Fei's position.

Duanmu Wentong and his son Duanmu Song also regained their senses. Duanmu Song shouted to his family members, "Follow me."

Meanwhile, the cautious Duanmu Wentong gazed at his pale uncle in the void with a deeply complicated expression.

He worried his uncle might make another move to hinder them, and he was also concerned about his uncle being injured too severely.

Seeing Yang Fei and the others running towards the outside of the manor, the Duanmu Family members grew anxious. Many lifted their weapons, ready and eager.

Some even charged forward directly.

However, the vast majority looked towards the void, hoping the powerful elder from their clan in the sky would give instructions, or anticipating that this formidable family member would personally take action and suppress these enemies outright.

#### Chapter 745: Tong Yunshu Wakes Up

Yang Fei covered the retreat, staring intently at Duanmu Chou.

Wang Lei and Helian Rong, each leading one person, forged ahead. Although there were brave men from the Duanmu Family who tried to stop them, they could not compete with the two and were quickly slaughtered, creating a bloody path.

Duanmu Wentong, Duanmu Song, and other clan members who were willing to follow them didn't bother to pack their belongings and followed in haste.

Among these people, perhaps some were reluctant to leave, but since Duanmu Wentong and Duanmu Song had already departed, staying behind would only implicate them. Even if the family didn't hold them accountable, their lives within the clan would only become more difficult.

Of course, the vast majority were willing to follow because, after all, they were close relatives, and for over twenty years, their branch had been oppressed and humiliated, with many growing weary of it.

As such, the number of people following in the group quickly reached more than thirty.

Half of these were women and children, and the others, mainly young and middle-aged men, were not very strong.

Duanmu Song walked at the back. Seeing that his close relatives had followed, he glanced around and saw no one else joining. He, too, followed the group and dashed towards the outside of the villa.

Yang Fei followed behind Duanmu Song, vigilantly watching Duanmu Chou.

In the sky, Duanmu Chou was first ambushed by Xu Jian, his Sea of Consciousness heavily damaged. Afterwards, his control over a Flying Sword was disrupted by Yang Fei, leading to a backlash on his Divine Sense, further injuring his Sea of Consciousness.

Such attacks and injuries were fatal for a cultivator like him, who severely cultivated his Divine Sense Telekinesis, causing him to be dazed for a long time. By the time he stabilized his Sea of Consciousness and regained his senses, the group including Yang Fei had nearly escaped the villa and reached the foothill.

Around him, the people from the Duanmu Family looked at him anxiously, expecting him to pursue or waiting for his command.

Duanmu Chou sighed inwardly.

Among these descendants left to defend the family, although many were brave, their cultivation was too weak to detain those experts, even in greater numbers.

Especially Yang Fei.

This man not only possessed powerful Divine Soul Thought Power, but his Physical Body Realm was also incomparably strong. Even he found it difficult to kill Yang Fei, let alone the clan's younger members who hadn't even reached the Innate Realm?

"Ancestral Grandfather, what should we do?"

As Yang Fei and the others were about to escape the villa, a middle-aged man from the Duanmu Family bravely asked Duanmu Chou.

Duanmu Chou glanced at him faintly and shook his head, "Among them are several strong ones, and you cannot detain them. Moreover, they are also our Duanmu Family members, running in their veins the blood of our family. How could we ever truly strike them down with lethal force?"

Upon hearing this, many did not understand and felt that letting go of those who betrayed the family so easily was too naïve and overly merciful.

But some nodded secretly, thinking Duanmu Chou made sense. After all, blood is thicker than water, and they were all descendants of the Duanmu Family.

Even more, a few who considered themselves wise thought that since Duanmu Chou was Duanmu Wentong's uncle, the traitors today were all from Duanmu Chou's lineage; thus, letting them go was nothing but natural.

Yet no one considered that Duanmu Chou's refusal to pursue was because he had already sustained severe injuries. With his current state, pursuing them could trouble Yang Fei and the others, but might not necessarily detain them.

Moreover, through the previous fight, Duanmu Chou had gained a certain understanding of Yang Fei's strength and was very wary of him at this moment.

Thus, without Duanmu Chou personally pursuing, nobody in the Duanmu Family dared organize a team to chase after them, and they could only watch as Yang Fei and others rescued Tong Yunshu and took away many clan members from Duanmu Wentong's lineage.

Not only that, soon someone discovered that Duanmu Cheng's lineage had also left, including some who had good relations with Duanmu Cheng, or those who had been greatly supported by Duanmu Fourth Master, also disappeared.

For such an aristocratic family with a lineage of a thousand years, unity is not always possible.

Throughout the millennia, overt and covert struggles for power were constant, and with some ascending, others inevitably fell. As Duanmu Cheng was once a person with a high status within the family, naturally, he had many close followers; now that he had betrayed the family, those related or associated with him had also made their choices.

Of course, not all associated with Duanmu Cheng had betrayed the Duanmu Family; just a part of them had.

Mu Sujing was a very clever person; she realized something was different when her husband returned after disappearing, but the current Duanmu Cheng was good to her, and moreover, being his wife was an unchangeable fact. Now that Duanmu Cheng had betrayed the family, not following him would only result in her being judged by the clan. Rather than facing such an ordeal, it was better to follow this man and sink or swim together.

Thus, under her secret arrangements, many clan members followed her and took the chaos as an opportunity to leave the villa.

However, the departure of these people was not considered a significant loss for the vast Duanmu Family, as none of them were experts above the Innate Realm.

By dawn, Yang Fei and the others had already fled more than two hundred li in the southwest direction.

The team was too large and, coupled with some elderly and children, they couldn't speed up.

Fortunately, there were no pursuers attacking as they had feared.

Moreover, some people had taken horses with them during the escape, which helped care for some of the elderly and children.

Xu Jian no longer needed Wang Lei to carry him; instead, his 'son' was carrying him.

The group led by Mu Sujing was even larger than that of Duanmu Wentong's clan, numbering more than sixty people. This was understandable since Duanmu Cheng, a previous authority in the Duanmu Family, had access to more resources, and his lineage was more prolific.

They caught up with Yang Fei and his group while they were circumventing Muyun City.

With no pursuers behind and having fled through the night for more than two hundred li, the majority of the people in the group were extremely tired, so Yang Fei decided to rest on the spot.

Wang Lei voluntarily went to the rear to guard against any pursuers.

Helian Rong took this opportunity to remove toxins similar to Soft Muscle Powder from Yun Shu's body and discovered, besides being poisoned, she had several major acupoints sealed with a profound technique, which Helian could not undo, so she informed Yang Fei.

Upon checking, Yang Fei found that several crucial acupoints in Yun Shu's Martial Meridians had indeed been sealed with domineering True Qi, rendering her cultivation useless and even inducing a comatose state. Such methods severely damaged the foundation of a martial artist, and could even destroy someone's cultivation over time.

It was indeed malicious.

A chill flashed through Yang Fei's eyes.

The only ones capable of such tactics were the three brothers, Duanmu Wugou, and no others.

He vowed to personally take their heads one day.

Though angry, Yang Fei quickly adjusted his emotions and used Qi-guided Needle with his powerful True Essence Cultivation to unseal those blocked acupoints for Yun Shu.

This process lasted for an entire hour.

When those acupoints in Yun Shu were cleared, she finally awoke slowly.

Upon opening her eyes and seeing Yang Fei, she was stunned for a moment and rubbed her eyes.

Seeing her incredulous, thinking she was still dreaming, Yang Fei felt a pang of heartache and said softly, "It's me, you're safe now."

Hearing this familiar voice, Yun Shu's eyes instantly reddened, and she threw herself into Yang Fei's arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

She had experienced a lot in her life, and since Third Grandpa Tong Yan's death, Yang Fei had been her greatest support.

The last time she had willingly joined the Hidden Sect was because she wanted to do something significant, to strengthen herself through her own efforts, to help Yang Fei build a force in the Hidden Sect World, and to have some leverage in her future competition with Qin Yanyang.

But what she didn't expect was that upon entering the Hidden Sect World, she would have her acupoints sealed by Duanmu Wugou and be drugged, remaining unconscious, confined in a dismal underground cell.

Seeing Yang Fei again, she felt both the joy of a narrow escape and a deep sense of self-blame and guilt in her heart.

Yun Shu, from beginning to end, had never been able to help the man she loved; instead, she had repeatedly become his burden, making him come to rescue her again and again.

Compared to Qin Yanyang, she was always far too lacking.

Chapter 746: 745

Yang Fei thought that Tong Yunshu was crying because she was frightened. Little did he know that she was blaming herself and inwardly comparing herself with Qin Yanyang.

He gently patted Tong Yunshu's back, trying to comfort her with a gentle tone, "It's okay now, I'm here, nothing will happen again. Plus, I promise you, I will definitely avenge you."

Helian Rong was quietly observing the two, focusing her gaze more on Tong Yunshu.

She noticed that this woman, although very beautiful, was not as attractive as Qin Yanyang.

Compared to Qin Yanyang, this woman seemed more ordinary.

The only difference was that she seemed more fragile.

Suddenly, she realized something and gave Yang Fei a complicated look.

It seems that sometimes it's not good for a woman to be too strong.

For men, deep down, they always harbor some male chauvinism, always wanting their women to be more fragile?

No, not fragile, it should be gentle.

Yes, gentler, more feminine.

This woman named Tong Yunshu, compared to Qin Yanyang, seemed to lack in many aspects, but she possessed something Qin Yanyang did not—femininity.

Helian Rong felt that she now understood men better.

Yet Yang Fei had no idea about the chaotic thoughts going through Helian Rong's mind; under his comfort, Tong Yunshu soon adjusted her mindset.

Upon learning that Helian Rong had accompanied Yang Fei to rescue her, Tong Yunshu immediately thanked her, but looking at this stunningly beautiful woman who seemed to have stepped out of ancient times, Tong Yunshu's heart couldn't help but skip a beat.

Such a beautiful woman, taking great risks to go with Yang Fei to rescue her, how highly must she regard Yang Fei.



At that moment, Tong Yunshu felt immense pressure.

First, there was Qin Yanyang, a mountain so huge she felt suffocated and saw no chance of winning; now, there was also this stunning beauty, adding to her anxiety.

Seeing Tong Yunshu awake and starting to converse quietly with Helian Rong, Yang Fei was relieved and walked over to Xu Jian.

Xu Jian was lying flat on the ground, his head resting on Mu Sujing's legs, while she massaged his temples. His several sons stood by, each wearing a look of concern.

Observing this scene, Yang Fei's lips twitched.

Xu Jian had stumbled into a wife for no reason and even acquired several grandsons along with it.

This situation, it's unclear whether it's a gain or a loss.

Getting a wife out of the blue isn't necessarily a loss.

Besides, he hadn't raised these sons, and they hadn't been much trouble and now seemed quite filial; it seemed like a gain.

Seeing Yang Fei approach, Mu Sujing and Duanmu Cheng's sons all gave him complex looks.

Yang Fei said, "Let me see his condition."

Mu Sujing pondered for a moment, then nodded and helped Xu Jian sit up.

Yang Fei felt Xu Jian's pulse and after a while noticed that his body was not in grave danger; his pulse was balanced and his breathing steady.

However, this fainting state was caused by a huge shock to his Sea of Consciousness.

After pondering for a moment, he released his Divine Sense to knock on the door of Xu Jian's Sea of Consciousness Space.

After several attempts, Xu Jian indeed showed signs of response.

Originally suffering from Duanmu Chou's divine soul attack, which damaged his Sea of Consciousness, his Sea of Consciousness instinctively closed off to protect its space.

Now, stimulated by Yang Fei's Divine Sense, Xu Jian's inner Sea of Consciousness sensed it and revived on its own.

Upon opening his eyes and seeing Yang Fei, he breathed a sigh of relief, looked around, and after briefly understanding the current situation, asked, "Did we all escape?"

Yang Fei nodded.

Xu Jian finally felt relieved, but soon thought of something. His gaze swept around and spotted Mu Sujing and his several "sons" and "grandsons."

This damn family all followed him.

It really was a case of the more children, the more blessings.

Seeing the "wife" beside him looking at him with concern, Xu Jian quickly steadied his emotions and said, "I've dragged you all into this."

Mu Sujing spoke firmly, "To follow the husband like a hen follows the rooster, or a dog if married to a dog. I have been your wife for many years, we are one and the same. Now that you've made this decision, if we don't leave with you, staying with the family would only bring us harm."

Xu Jian nodded, glanced at Yang Fei, then at the 'relatives' around him, and felt a bit of a headache.

Many things are inexplicable.

Fortunately, Mu Sujing did not ask him about them.

And the sons and grandsons of Duanmu Cheng, also seeming daunted by Duanmu Cheng's once severe tyranny, dared not ask.

However, he still saw something in Mu Sujing's eyes.

Although this woman was willing to follow him away from the Duanmu Family, deep inside she still harbored doubts about his actions.

Even, she might have doubted his identity.

But now was not the time to tackle these issues. He stood up, glanced around, and, noticing the team was surprisingly large—with hundreds gathered together—he frowned and said to Yang Fei, "Isn't such a large group too conspicuous?"

Yang Fei replied, "The target is indeed too large, but there's nothing that can be done about it. We can't just abandon them, can we?"

Xu Jian silently nodded.

Yang Fei said, "Don't worry too much, you need to properly recuperate from the impact on your Divine Sense. As for the security of this troop, leave it to me and Wang Lei. Don't forget, Helian Rong and Tong

Yunshu are here too, and they are not that weak. Moreover, in the current Hidden Sect World, the real experts are all gathered together, likely in a great battle, and no one will pay attention to us."

"But we can't be careless either. We should find more horses to get them out sooner rather than later," Xu Jian reminded.

Yang Fei nodded, looked around, and called out, "We have rested for quite some time. Let's endure a little longer and move on."

The group, aware of the situation, stood up and continued on their journey together. Only by leaving the Hidden Sect World would they be safe.

While passing through a village, Yang Fei had people buy many horses.

The Hidden Sect World was rich in resources, and with concentrated spiritual energy, the horses here were generally robust. Even ordinary horses could match the calibre of a renowned strong horse from the outer world.

With the horses and horse-drawn carriages, the speed of travel greatly increased.

They did encounter some blind robbers along the way, but even the Late-stage Energy Transformation Realm experts among the robbers were no match for this troop.

From start to finish, no pursuers came after them.

Several days later, when passing through the territory of Giant Sword Manor, the team was more cautious, fearing an attack. But, in the end, everything remained calm and safe.

Apparently, Giant Sword Manor, just like the Zhuge family and the Duanmu family, had almost all their top experts leave the sect, showing no interest in the team that had rebelled from the Duanmu Family.

Another two days later, the team finally arrived at a teleportation channel entrance.

This teleportation channel led directly to the Kunlun Mountain Death Valley.

Actually, going out from the teleportation channel of the Zhuge family would have been a bit closer, but that could only take one to Imperial City Meishan Mountain, which was under the Chu Family Faction's control, a much riskier area. Thus, he decided to leave through this teleportation channel.

However, this teleportation channel entrance was guarded by a Divine Travel Realm expert and several Innate Realm masters.

The Divine Travel Realm expert guarding here was Mo Li, hailing from the Mo Family, a second-rate aristocratic family of the Hidden Sect. It was even due to his advancement into the Divine Travel Realm that the Mo Family rose to be a second-rate family.

As for those Innate Realm masters, they also came from other second-rate aristocratic families or some Loose Cultivators.

The two Divine Travel Realm experts who were supposed to be guarding here with Mo Li, Chen Liangzhong and Zuo Wenjun, were nowhere to be found.

Chapter 747: Messages from All Parties, The Battle Has Been Decided

Several days ago.

Ouyang He, Huang Chengcheng, and Zhao Wuji had just returned to the Hidden Sect World through the transference passage in Kunlun Mountain Death Valley when Mo Li, Chen Liangzhong, and Zuo Wenjun sensed their arrival immediately.

Seeing the three people stationed here appear, Ouyang He showed no fear.

Even within the Divine Travel Realm, there are levels of strength.

Ouyang He, with his combat power ranked in the top five of the Hidden Sect World, was certainly not someone Mo Li, Chen Liangzhong, and Zuo Wenjun could match.

Moreover, he had the support of the vast Poison Sect behind him, whereas these three hailed from second-rate aristocratic families with no significant backing.

Furthermore, Huang Chengcheng and Zhao Wuji were also powerful experts in the Divine Travel Realm. Even if these three were to take action, in a three-on-three situation, their side had a greater chance of victory.

However, when Mo Li and the others saw that it was Ouyang He who had appeared, they were momentarily stunned, then quickly showed a respectful demeanor and greeted him.

Ouyang He glanced at the trio and asked in a deep voice, "Have you been guarding this place all along?"

The three nodded.

Ever since Qin Yanyang last stirred up the Hidden Sect, they greatly valued this portal and sent the three of them to stand guard here.

Zuo Wenjun couldn't help but ask curiously, "Brother Ouyang, how did you come in from outside? I don't remember you ever going out, did you?"

Mo Li and Chen Liangzhong were also curiously fixated on Ouyang He, filled with doubts themselves.

Ouyang He's gaze briefly swept over Chen Liangzhong and Zuo Wenjun. After a slight pause, he said, "There's been a major incident. The Zhuge family has a passage leading to the outer world, and they've been colluding with the Duanmu Family and Giant Sword Manor in secret, infiltrating the Divine Continent through another transference passage, leading to its fragmentation. Now, they have secretly returned to the Hidden Sect World, attempting to team up to besiege the other forces." Ouyang He stated outright.

"What?"

Shock gripped Mo Li, Zuo Wenjun, and Chen Liangzhong, as well as the other Innate Realm experts who were with them, guarding the place, leaving them agape and incredulous.

Aren't there only this one portal connecting the Hidden Sect World to the outside world? Why has another one suddenly appeared?

And how could forces like the Zhuge, Duanmu, and Giant Sword Manor be so reckless as to join forces to target the other powers one by one?

After the brief shock, Chen Liangzhong couldn't help but ask, "Brother Ouyang, are you certain this information is accurate?"

Ouyang He snorted, "I have personally stepped through that passage with Wang Chunyang and Helian Zhan from the Zhuge family. Could something I've experienced myself be false?"

As he spoke, he took a jade token from his chest, a gift from Wang Chunyang, and showed it to Chen Liangzhong, "You're a retainer of the Langya Wang Family, do you recognize this jade token from Mr. Wang?"

Chen Liangzhong's pupils contracted, and he immediately nodded, "Indeed, this object is worn personally by Mr. Wang, how did it end up in your hands?"

Ouyang He briefly explained the situation, saying, "The Langya Wang Family will likely be the first to be hit and suffer a surprise attack from the enemy coalition. We must quickly get this message back to them."

Chen Liangzhong, as a retainer of the Wang Family, was one with the family and loyal to them. Upon hearing this, he could no longer remain seated and urgently said, "There's no time to lose, we must hurry back to the Langya Wang Family."

Ouyang He's gaze then swept toward Zuo Wenjun.

Zuo Wenjun hailed from the Zuo Family, which was situated at the intersection between the Zhang and Ji Families in the Hidden Sect, and had very close relations with them.

Based on his estimations, the forces of the Zhuge, Duanmu, and Giant Sword Manor might try to bring Ji and Zhang Families over to their side, forming an alliance with these five families to jointly tackle the Wang Family, Poison Sect, and Qingtian Sect.

Therefore, a trace of fierceness was evident in Ouyang He's look toward Zuo Wenjun.

Zuo Wenjun felt a chill in his heart.

He sensed the murderous intent from Ouyang He.

To complicate matters, Chen Liangzhong was also looking his way.

Zuo Wenjun immediately grasped Ouyang He's concerns and hastened to say, "Brother Ouyang, rest assured, I, Zuo Wenjun, will definitely not take sides. The Zuo Family has limited power and dares not rashly choose sides. Moreover, you should know well that I, Zuo Wenjun, am strongly opposed to anything that could harm the peace of the world."

Ouyang He stared at him for a moment, then slowly nodded.

As fellow Divine Travel Realm experts, they were somewhat familiar with one another. Zuo Wenjun and Mo Li were known to be honorable men. If they weren't men of great integrity and righteousness, they wouldn't have been appointed to safeguard this portal.

Besides, now that he had returned to the Hidden Sect World, even if Zuo Wenjun were to signal the enemy, it wouldn't harm his own side—the Wang Family, Poison Sect, and Qingtian Sect.

After all, once the enemy forces were aware that they were prepared, they might be reluctant to launch one-by-one attacks. In that case, with both sides openly arrayed against each other, his own side had nothing to fear.



The key now was not to let their three families be defeated one by one by the opposing Alliance Army.

Having spent these days in close company with Mo Li and Zuo Wenjun, Chen Liangzhong had developed a deep friendship with them. Hearing Zuo Wenjun say this, he said to Ouyang He, "Let's get the message back first. I trust Brother Wenjun's character."

Ouyang He nodded, and immediately he, along with Huang Chengcheng, Chen Liangzhong, and Zhao Wuji, hurried towards the direction of the Langya Wang Family.

From start to finish, Huang Chengcheng hadn't spoken a word, minimizing his presence.

Not long after they had left, a master from the distance shouted, "Senior Zuo, you have a message from a carrier eagle."

The Hidden Sect didn't have the convenience of modern communication, but had trained a type of eagle that could fly thousands of miles in a day, specifically for delivering messages.

Hearing this, both Zuo Wenjun and Mo Li's expressions changed.

They were still struggling to digest the message Ouyang He had just shared, finding it shockingly unconventional.

Now, with the arrival of a message from a Zuo Family's carrier eagle, they couldn't help but consider a possibility.

That everything Ouyang He had said was true.

War was indeed about to break out in the Hidden Sect World.

"Bring it here," Zuo Wenjun said in front of Mo Li.

A person quickly approached, holding a cage in his hand, inside which was an Iron Eagle.

This Iron Eagle's wings were marked with a small seal character for "Zuo," painted with a special fuel ink, identifying it as a messenger eagle from the Zuo Family.

Zuo Wenjun opened the cage and untied a scroll attached to the eagle's leg.

Scanning the contents quickly, Zuo Wenjun's expression flickered several times.

Mo Li had guessed what the situation was but didn't ask.

For a small clan like the Mo Family, getting involved in such a major event was not advisable.

Yet, after a moment of contemplation, Zuo Wenjun said, "Brother Mo, it's true, as Brother Ouyang said, a great war is about to erupt in the Hidden Sect World."

Mo Li silently nodded, looking at Zuo Wenjun and asking, "Has Brother Zuo's family already made a choice?"

Zuo Wenjun sighed, "One cannot control one's fate in the Martial Arts World. Brother Mo, this is farewell for now, until we meet again!"

Mo Li returned the gesture with a clasped fist, "Brother Zuo, take care on your journey!"

"Farewell!"

Having said this, Zuo Wenjun turned and left.

Suddenly, Mo Li narrowed his eyes.

He noticed that the direction Zuo Wenjun was heading in was towards the location of the Langya Wang Family, not the Zuo Family's position.

Was it as Ouyang He feared, that the Alliance Army formed by those forces wanted to eradicate the Langya Wang Family first?

Although carrier eagles were fast, even if this place was not too far from the Langya Wang Family, a normal journey would take about five days, and it would be even slower for an army.

Now that Ouyang He and Chen Liangzhong had already left to inform the Wang Family, they should be able to avoid a surprise encirclement by the Alliance forces.

But the division of the Eight Great Forces of the Hidden Sect into two factions, and the inevitable outbreak of a great war, had become a settled matter.

Mo Li sighed silently.

At that moment, someone came to report, "Mr. Mo, Qian Wenzhi from the Giant Sword Manor has left with several disciples who were responsible for staying here."

Hearing this, Mo Li remained silent for a while, then waved his hand, "Let them go."

He thought of the prophecy about the millennium calamity and bitterly smiled to himself.

What was destined to come would always come; no one could change it!

#### Chapter 748: Passage

Carrying a heart filled with unease, Mo Li still stood his ground at the entrance of the transmission channel, waiting quietly.

For several consecutive days, people had been leaving every day.

Those who left had all received messages from their respective aristocratic families or sects.

Mo Li did not ask why these people were leaving; the answer was obvious.

The great war of the Hidden Sect was about to erupt, and the Eight Great Forces had already split into two factions. The various second and third-tier aristocratic families and minor alliances had also chosen sides and joined the fray.

Compared to the year when the Taoist sects were destroyed, this war was fatal for the Hidden Sect World, as it would enmesh all forces. Mo Li had already foreseen a future where the Hidden Sect World was riddled with countless wounds, with living beings suffering immensely.

The wars of martial artists had far-reaching negative effects.

The vendettas fueled by blood feuds would persist for generations, leading to incessant small-scale conflicts and wars throughout the Cultivation World.

For the cultivation civilization, this was extremely detrimental.

However, Mo Li felt powerless to change any of it; after all, he was a man of little influence.

It was already a stroke of luck that he and the Mo Family were not drawn into the conflict.

That afternoon, Mo Li opened his eyes from a quiet meditation session.

He looked towards the east and then stood up with a solemn expression, walking over to meet whoever was coming from that direction.

The upright individuals who were stationed there with him had also sensed something and got up to follow, with one asking what had happened.

Mo Li spoke in a deep voice, "A strong figure is approaching."

The guardians became vigilant.

Their duty was to guard this place and not allow members of the Hidden Sect to leave easily, so as not to cause conflict between the Hidden Sect and the Divine Continent Country.

Now that the situation in the Hidden Sect was unstable, the strong figure arriving at the transmission channel—did they intend to leave the Hidden Sect for the Divine Continent?

A moment later, a look of surprise appeared on Mo Li's face.

His Divine Thought had caught sight of a familiar figure, and shockingly, there was a group of more than a hundred people following behind him.

Soon after, he 'saw' a woman he hadn't expected to be with the young man, and he was greatly surprised. How could she be with this lad?

Before long, the group approached.

The person in the lead was Yang Fei, the Taoist Inheritor once pursued by various forces of the Hidden Sect, and with him was the Poison Sect's Sacred Maiden, known as Immortal Yan.

Of course, Mo Li knew that her real name was not Immortal Yan but Helian Rong. She was the daughter of Helian Zhan, a princess of the Hidden Sect World in her own right, backed not only by Helian Zhan and Ouyang He but also the immense support of Qingtian Sect and Poison Sect.

Among her generation, none had a stronger background than she.

"Senior Mo Li, we meet again," Helian Rong was the first to speak.

Seeing Mo Li from afar, accompanied by a few guarded individuals, she approached with a smile, clasping her hands in salute and cheerfully addressing him as senior.

Mo Li quickly responded, "So, it's Aunt Helian. What brings you here..."

He purposefully trailed off his question, pausing midsentence.

Helian Rong said, "My father and master instructed me to escort these people out of the Hidden Sect along with Young Master Yang."

As she spoke, she playfully winked and looked at Mo Li, asking, "Didn't my master pass through here?"

Mo Li nodded and said, "He suddenly returned from the outside world a few days ago, giving me quite a fright."

Upon hearing this, Helian Rong said, "In that case, Senior Mo Li, you must know about some of the events occurring in the outside world, right?"

Mo Li nodded, not concealing anything, and sighed, "The world is in chaos, and the suffering of living beings is inevitable."

Helian Rong expressed regret, "Yes, senior, always a man of valor, you wouldn't want to see both the Hidden Sect World and Divine Continent suffer, and then be invaded by foreign races, would you?"

Mo Li nodded without hesitation, his eyes emitting two sharp beams, "I, Mo Li, am too insignificant to prevent internal clan wars, but if foreign tribes think to invade the Divine Continent as they did a hundred years ago and plunder the descendants of Yanhuang, even if it costs me my life, I will do my utmost to stop them."

Helian Rong once again bowed in salute, saying, "Your nobility is admirable, senior."

Mo Li gestured with his hand, "There's no need to praise me like that. Since ancient times, even though the Hidden Sect has stood above worldly matters, all of its people carry on the bloodline of Yanhuang. We and the people of the Divine Continent are of the same lineage; the principle of mutual dependence is something we all should understand."

Helian Rong nodded and said, "Senior is absolutely right. However, currently some people are ambitious and determined to unite the world under their rule, starting devastating wars to achieve this. Senior must understand that these internal conflicts will severely weaken our clan's strength. No matter who emerges victoriously in the future, our overall might will be diminished. How will we then face foreign invasions?"

Mo Li and those around him deeply agreed and nodded in unison.

Helian Rong continued, "That is why we must now strive to minimize the losses of the internal conflict."

A glint of sharpness flashed in Mo Li's eyes as he asked, "Do you have a way?"

But then he shook his head.

No one could change the current situation.

Not Helian Zhan, Wang Chunyang, nor Ouyang He, and how could a mere young girl?

Yet, Helian Rong nodded resolutely and said, "Please, senior, do not stop these people from leaving. They belong to the Duanmu Family, and they are also discontented with the Duanmu Family's collusion with the Zhuge family to instigate a war within the Hidden Sect. They wish to break away from the Duanmu Family and head to the Divine Continent to aid in its reunification to the best of their modest ability."

Mo Li's gaze swept toward the people behind Helian Rong and recognized several elders from the Duanmu Family.

For Duanmu Wentong and Duanmu Cheng, Mo Li was quite familiar with them. Seeing them now, he gave a fist salute to the two, devoid of any arrogance that might befit a powerful being of the Divine Travel Realm.

Duanmu Wentong and Duanmu Cheng (Xu Jian) hurriedly returned the salute.

"Won't so many people going out cause panic in the outside world and aggravate the tension between the Divine Continent and the Hidden Sect?" Mo Li asked.

Helian Rong smiled at this and stepped aside.

Yang Fei stepped forward, saluting Mo Li, "I've seen senior before. You should know who I am. If I lead them out, there surely won't be any issues. Moreover, I will have two members of the Military Department stationed here to report in advance.

After sending these people out, I must rush to the Langya Wang Family, hoping to be of some help."

Mo Li felt a stir in his heart at these words and nodded, "In that case, have the personnel from the Military Department go out and inform them."

"Thank you."

Yang Fei saluted with his fist, then turned to give a look to Xu Jian and Wang Lei, signaling them to proceed with caution and vigilance. Afterward, he sprinted toward the two members of the Military Department near the portal.

The two experts from the Military Department stationed there recognized Yang Fei and immediately saluted him.

Yang Fei briefed them on the situation, and both men nodded. One of them immediately stepped through the teleportation portal and left.



After only three minutes, the person returned, telling Yang Fei, "Permission has been granted; these people may leave."

Yang Fei couldn't help but ask, "Was it your minister who permitted this?"

The Military Department expert glanced at Yang Fei and slowly shook his head, "It was Mo Yinpeng who agreed."

"Where is your Minister Qin?" Yang Fei asked.

He hadn't been in contact with Qin Yanyang since their phone conversation days ago, and now, separated by only a teleportation portal, he felt an urge to go out and meet him immediately.

"I haven't seen him," the man answered honestly.

He didn't know whether Qin Yanyang was still in command outside since he and his colleague had been stationed in the Hidden Sect World for several months, unaware of the outside events.

Yang Fei pondered briefly, then said, "Let's send these people out first."

He hadn't planned on leaving, but considering that Tong Yunshu was also going out and would meet Qin Yanyang, he wondered if Qin Yanyang would give Tong Yunshu any trouble.

Besides, so many from the Duanmu Family were leaving all at once. Although most of them had a low Cultivation Realm and wouldn't pose a significant threat to the Military Department, it would be safer for him to accompany them to avoid unnecessary misunderstandings or conflicts.

Following Yang Fei's command, the people from the Duanmu Family filed out one by one, leaving behind the familiar world where they were born and raised.

Chapter 749: Bring that girl over

Kunlun Mountain, deep within Death Valley.

After coming out with the Duanmu family, Yang Fei saw Mo Yinpeng and some familiar faces from the Military Department.

The number of Military Department members stationed here and the military elite was more than ten times greater than last time.

At a glance, tents filled the vast Death Valley almost completely.

All sorts of high-tech weapons were displayed around the transportation channel, aimed at the entrance, as if ready for a large-scale battle at any moment.

The sudden emergence of so many Martial Artists from the Hidden Sect World, even though most of them were not very strong, still exerted a certain pressure on Mo Yinpeng since they were all warriors.

She asked in a low voice, "Yang... Mr. Yang, are you sure there's no problem with these people?"

Yang Fei replied, "There shouldn't be any problems, if there are, you can deal with them by military law, don't worry about me."

With those words, Mo Yinpeng had a moment of realization and nodded her head.

Yang Fei asked, "Where is your Chief?"

Mo Yinpeng looked around and, seeing no one else, lowered her voice, "She's not here."

"Ah? I was in contact with her a few days ago, and she was here then," Yang Fei said.

Mo Yinpeng replied, "The situation is changing rapidly; the Chief has too many things to manage and is very busy."

Yang Fei felt some distress and asked, "Where has she gone?"

Mo Yinpeng was slightly silent before shaking her head, "I'm sorry, that is top secret."

Yang Fei almost spat blood.

I'm your Chief's husband and a special member who has been recruited into the Military Department, and yet you're telling me that my wife's whereabouts are a secret to me?

"Cough cough..."

Mo Yinpeng knew about the marital issues between Qin Yanyang and Yang Fei, and seeing Yang Fei's speechless expression, she couldn't help coughing and said, "Mr. Yang, please don't make it difficult for me, I really can't say."

Yang Fei sighed and nodded, "Alright, move these people to a safe place first."

Mo Yinpeng asked, "Do they need to be watched?"

Yang Fei pondered for a moment and affirmed, "Keep an eye on them in secret, to prevent any troublemakers with ill intentions."

"Yes, I understand," Mo Yinpeng replied with a nod.

After giving the instructions, Yang Fei was ready to return to the Hidden Sect.

Tong Yunshu stopped him, saying that she wanted to go with him.

Yang Fei smiled bitterly, "Your strength is still not enough, and the place I'm going to is extremely dangerous; you should not follow."

Tong Yunshu saw his determined attitude and did not insist any further.

She had already caused trouble for Yang Fei once and did not want to become his burden again.

Yang Fei turned to Duanmu Wentong, "Grandfather, please take care of Yun Shu for the time being."

Duanmu Wentong replied, "Don't worry, even if it costs me my old life, I will not let anyone harm her."

Duanmu Song also added from the side, "Yes, you can rest assured. As for you, if you intend to intervene in the Hidden Sect's great battle, you have to be careful not to overdo it and take care of yourself."

Yang Fei nodded in agreement.

On the other side, Xu Jian was entrusting some matters to Mu Sujing.

Wang Lei and Qi Hongshao were conversing quietly by themselves, with Qi Honglei joining them. Standing alone near her sister and brother-in-law, she watched the two bid each other farewell. Coming to this strange world, she felt a profound anxiety.

It was not only Qi Honglei who felt anxious; many people from the Duanmu Family also found this world with its scarce Spiritual Energy to be a poor environment. Adding to that the unfamiliarity and the fact that they could never return to their old homes again, many of them were filled with nervous unease.

Yang Fei looked over them and sighed to himself.

Whether it's the Cultivation World of the Hidden Sect or the secular countries, when war breaks out, it is always these commonfolk at the very bottom who suffer the most.

After about a half-hour delay, Yang Fei, Xu Jian, and Wang Lei re-entered the Hidden Sect World.

Helian Rong and Mo Li were waiting for them there.

As for Xu Jian and Wang Lei, Yang Fei originally didn't want the two to follow him, but they insisted repeatedly.

Wang Lei said that although he had been expelled from the aristocratic family, he still had the blood of the Wang Family in his veins. How could he stand by if the Wang Family could be under siege?

Xu Jian's rationale was even more compelling.

He said escaping from under Duanmu Chou's watchful eye this time would have been very difficult without his help.

He also mentioned that sparring with experts in the Hidden Sect World is the only way to refine one's state of mind and become increasingly stronger.

A martial artist who trains in isolation will never be as powerful as one who has been tempered by constant warfare.

Nor will they grow as quickly.

Of course, warriors who combat in wars face much higher risks of death compared to those who undergo solitary training.

After Yang Fei, Wang Lei, and Xu Jian left, Mo Yinpeng came to a tent.

Qin Huai'an was sitting inside.

Mo Yinpeng reported the situation to him.

Qin Huai'an sighed and said, "Let it be."

He knew that Yang Fei had come out, but he did not go to meet him.

Qin Yanyang was his most cherished granddaughter, even more dear to him than a few grandsons he had.

Yet such an outstanding granddaughter had been hurt in matters of love and marriage.

Qin Huai'an quite liked Yang Fei from the bottom of his heart, but since Yang Fei had hurt his dearest granddaughter, Qin Huai'an decided not to meet him.

Mo Yinpeng was about to leave when suddenly Qin Huai'an said, "Wait a moment."

Mo Yinpeng turned around, looking at the old general with confusion.

Qin Huai'an said, "Bring that girl over, I want to have a look at her."

Mo Yinpeng's heart tightened, worried that Qin Huai'an might hurt Tong Yunshu.

Qin Huai'an frowned slightly and chided with a laugh, "What, do you think this old man is capable of doing such disgusting things?"

Mo Yinpeng blushed and quickly said, "Subordinate dares not. I... I will summon Miss Tong."

Mo Yinpeng found Tong Yunshu and said coldly, "Miss Tong, someone wishes to see you."

Tong Yunshu was startled upon hearing this, then her expression changed, and she became nervous, "Is... it her?"

Mo Yinpeng held disdain for this homewrecker of her superior's marriage and snorted in response, "You'll know once you go."

Tong Yunshu didn't get angry at Mo Yinpeng's icy attitude since she was aware of how she was unwelcome among Qin Yanyang's subordinates.

It might be good to meet them.

She nodded and said, "Lead the way."

Duanmu Wentong and Duanmu Song stood up to guard in front of Tong Yunshu. Duanmu Wentong said to Mo Yinpeng, "What are you planning to do?"

Mo Yinpeng replied, "Someone wants to see her."

Mu Sujing also came over and said, "If they want to meet, have them come here. Why should she go there alone?"

Mo Yinpeng frowned, irritation showing on her face. She was about to speak when she saw Tong Yunshu saying, "I will go with you."

Then Tong Yunshu nodded to Duanmu Wentong, Duanmu Song, and Mu Sujing, thanking them, "Thank you all for your kindness. I'll be fine, I'm just meeting an old acquaintance, don't worry."

"Be careful. If anything happens, just shout. Even if I have to risk my life, I will protect you," Duanmu Wentong said loudly.

As he spoke, he deliberately showcased the strength of a Peak Late-stage Energy Transformation Realm.

Mo Yinpeng inwardly tensed up.

Although Duanmu Wentong was just at the Peak of Late-stage Energy Transformation Realm and not considered a first-class master in the Hidden Sect World, in the Divine Continent's civilian world, he was indeed a powerful and strong martial artist.

Most of the elite in the Military Department were of this realm, and some had not even reached it.

Many people who came from the Hidden Sect World were at the Mid-stage Energy Transformation Realm, with the least powerful being masters of Inner Strength.

If these people were to riot, it would indeed be troublesome.

Of course, Mo Yinpeng was not particularly worried.

The place was a Military Department station with the ace special forces teams of various war zones on guard, and Old General Qin Huai'an was personally in charge, so these people could not threaten the stationed troops.

Thereupon, Mo Yinpeng snorted coldly, ignoring Duanmu Wentong's threat, and said to Tong Yunshu, "Come with me."

Tong Yunshu immediately followed.

Upon arriving at a tent, she saw only an old man waiting there. Tong Yunshu paused slightly, then quickly composed herself, bowed, and said respectfully, "Junior has seen Old General Qin."

Chapter 750: Tong Yunshu's Persistence

Qin Huai'an carefully sized up the girl in front of him and nodded secretly.

No wonder she could lead his beloved granddaughter to wear the "green hat"; the girl before him truly had innate beauty.



In terms of beauty, she was a match for his own granddaughter, and she also possessed a distinct feminine quality that his granddaughter did not have.

As a man, although Qin Huai'an was now old and had long lost much interest in romantic affairs, he had been young once and knew all too well how much allure Tong Yunshu's unique quality could have on a normal man.

Just as he was about to avert his gaze, Qin Huai'an suddenly had a thought and intensively reexamined Tong Yunshu, then exclaimed in surprise after a moment, "Have you practiced the Great Yellow Court Technique?"

Tong Yunshu was secretly surprised, not expecting Qin Huai'an to be so knowledgeable about the Great Yellow Court Technique. She did not hide it and nodded, saying, "Yes, Elder."

Qin Huai'an couldn't help but stand up and after observing carefully for a moment, he asked, "What Realm are you at now?"

Tong Yunshu thought for a while and replied, "Energy Transformation Realm Sixth Rank, nearly Seventh."

Qin Huai'an couldn't help but his pupils constricted.

He had previously learned about Tong Yunshu's information, knowing she was a business genius of the Tong Family, but aside from Tong Yan, others in the Tong Family were too low in martial talent, and no good prospects had emerged. Tong Yunshu, walking a business path, thus had not received much martial cultivation resources, and had always been at External Strength Cultivation level, good enough to strengthen the body and offer some self-defense capabilities for ordinary people.

Thus, Tong Yunshu's ability was inherited from Tong Yan's Great Yellow Court, meaning, it was passed to her only when Tong Yan died.

How long has it been?

The more Qin Huai'an thought about it, the more astonished he became. He took a deep look at Tong Yunshu and pointing at a chair opposite him, he said, "Don't be formal, sit down. After all, I've been an old friend of your Third Grandpa for many years."

This sentence bridged the distance between them, and Tong Yunshu's nervousness dissipated a lot. She nodded and walked over to sit on the chair.

Suddenly, the tent fell somewhat silent.

Qin Huai'an didn't know how to start.

Initially, he had just felt humiliated that his granddaughter had been cuckolded and wanted to see who the other party was.

But now that he had met her, he felt that his actions were somewhat rash and impetuous.

Why should he, an old man, meddle unnecessarily in the emotional entanglements of young people?

However, as Tong Yunshu gradually calmed down, she regained her usual confidence and took the initiative to say, "Elder, did you call me here to inquire about the matter with Yang Fei?"

Qin Huai'an was somewhat embarrassed by the question.

Tong Yunshu continued, "Indeed, I was wrong in this matter, and so was our Tong Family."

Qin Huai'an was startled, not expecting her to admit her fault so candidly.

"The Tong Family has always relied solely on Third Grandpa, yet he was attacked and killed prematurely. He did not want to see the Tong Family decline, so he planned for the future with me, thus deceiving Yang Fei," Tong Yunshu explained the past events.

Tong Yunshu concluded, "Therefore, Yang Fei is not to blame; he was also a victim of my scheme and lost his chastity to me unknowingly. To Qin Yanyang, he was not truly unfaithful."

Qin Huai'an heaved a deep sigh.

Tong Yan wanted to tie Yang Fei to the Tong Family for the future of the family, which as a family head like Qin Huai'an, he could understand.

But did it really have to be this way?

He looked at Tong Yunshu and asked, "So, your involvement with Yang Fei is not out of genuine feelings but for the sake of the Tong Family's future?"

Tong Yunshu trembled all over and slowly shook her head, "Honestly, if it were only for the future of the Tong Family, I wouldn't entrust my life to a stranger, but he... Yang Fei has a fatal attraction to me. I truly like him, which is why I cooperated with Third Grandpa's plan."

Qin Huai'an sighed heavily.

He had already seen it; this girl, just like his own granddaughter, truly loved Yang Fei deeply.

This inexplicably agitated him.

What's so good about that guy?

Uh... he seems indeed quite outstanding.

But... his character isn't that great.

Even if he was manipulated by Tong Yan and Tong Yunshu and forced to be with Tong Yunshu, couldn't he have honestly told my granddaughter in person?

At that time, although the two of them were married, they had not yet consummated their marriage. If Yang Fei had been honest, Qin Yanyang might have divorced him and cut off all ties right away.

Or, because of Yang Fei's excellence, as long as he promised not to associate with Tong Yunshu anymore, she might have forgiven him.

However, this possibility was somewhat low.

Knowing his own granddaughter well, Qin Huai'an knew she was a person who could not tolerate any deceit. Even if the betrayal wasn't originally Yang Fei's intention, since Yang Fei was already involved with Tong Yunshu, Qin Yanyang would probably decisively step back and support Yang Fei and Tong Yunshu being together.

Yet, at the time, Yang Fei did not confess everything to Qin Yanyang.

He chose to hide it.

And later, he even harbored ambitions of having them both, wanting to enjoy the blessings of both women.

As a man, Qin Huai'an understood this kind of 'ambition' from Yang Fei.

But as the grandfather of Qin Yanyang, who was his most beloved granddaughter, he could not tolerate Yang Fei being so 'ambitious.'

However, now that Qin Yanyang and Yang Fei were truly husband and wife, Qin Huai'an understood even more that deep down Qin Yanyang couldn't let go of Yang Fei, loving him to her very bones.

Plus, considering the current situation from Qin Huai'an's perspective, he did not wish for them to split over this.

But still, there was Tong Yunshu in the middle of everything.

And this time, for Tong Yunshu, Yang Fei even risked entering the Hidden Sect to rescue her.

Given Yang Fei's character, he probably wouldn't give up Tong Yunshu for Qin Yanyang.

Of course, he wouldn't give up Qin Yanyang for Tong Yunshu either.

This guy is indeed greedy, wanting both.

"So if senior intends to persuade me to step back from this relationship, please forgive me as I cannot agree," said Tong Yunshu resolutely, lifting her head to look at Qin Huai'an.

Qin Huai'an looked at her and saw a kind of tenacity and persistence in her bright eyes.

He couldn't help but say, "So in your heart, even knowing he has a wife, you don't mind?"

Tong Yunshu bit her lip hearing this, and after a long pause, she nodded firmly: "I won't give up. Unless he tells me to my face that he doesn't love me."

Compared to Qin Yanyang's pride, Tong Yunshu was more accommodating towards Yang Fei. She too wished for Yang Fei to love only her, but she also understood that this man had a place in his heart for Qin Yanyang, a place that was irreplaceable.

She also knew Yang Fei truly cared for her, so even in this era, she was willing to bear the stigma of being the other woman and would not back down voluntarily.

Even deep down inside, she thought if Qin Yanyang couldn't accept this relationship and couldn't forgive Yang Fei, then the ultimate victor would be her, Tong Yunshu.

Even if such a victory was not glorious, devoid of the joy of a fair competition, she wouldn't care.

Since Third Grandpa Tong Yan passed away, Yang Fei had become her world, the biggest support for the Tong Family to continue with dignity.

Looking at the woman's firm gaze in front of him, Qin Huai'an suddenly became worried.

He didn't doubt his own granddaughter's feelings for Yang Fei, but he was concerned that the girl was too stubborn, too obstinate, possibly leading her to lose out to the Tong family girl in front of him, thereby losing Yang Fei.

But the feelings of young people were something he, as an old man, also found somewhat incomprehensible. He had once tried to persuade Qin Yanyang, but to no avail.