

## Overlord 79

### Chapter 79: Infighting within the Aristocratic Family

"Little Brother Yang, are you really alright?" After leaving the restaurant, Li Xuanton and Yang Fei were sitting in the car owned by Sun Weimin and his wife.

His granddaughter Li Yaqing had other matters to attend to, so she left first.

As for Qi Tai, Zhang Long, and Xu Xingzhou, they had left immediately after leaving the restaurant.

"I'm really fine," Yang Fei said with a bitter smile.

Sun Weimin could tell that Yang Fei truly wasn't dwelling on today's events. Having a certain understanding of the Martial Artist world, he said to Li Xuanton, "Old Li, Mr. Yang doesn't seem like the type to be rash. You can be at ease about how he handles things."

Seeing that Sun Weimin had said so, and given that so many people had stood by Yang Fei today, Li Xuanton gradually relaxed.

He had known Qi Tai for many years and was well aware of the disputes in the Martial Arts World, but it was still unsettling when the incident unfolded before his eyes and involved someone close to him.

At that moment, Tang Qian looked at Yang Fei with some admiration and said, "Mr. Yang is truly brave. I knew about the existence of Martial Artists and had even seen some, but they usually stick to the rules. Mr. Yang's style today..."

"Ahem..." Sun Weimin, fearing she might speak out of turn and infuriate Yang Fei, said, "What Mr. Yang did can be deemed as acting on one's feelings of gratitude and revenge."

Tang Qian rolled her eyes at her husband, "I can speak for myself."

Yang Fei chuckled and said to Sun Weimin, "Shouldn't it be considered using Martial Arts against regulation?"

Sun Weimin chuckled bitterly, shook his head, and said, "Ever since I learned that the Martial Arts World has its own set of rules, I've gradually become numb to these affairs. However, through today's event, I realize having independent rules for Martial Artists is perhaps not a bad thing. Special treatment for special people, right!"

The group chatted for a while, and finally Tang Qian couldn't hold back and asked, "Mr. Yang, about what you said earlier concerning my son Leilei, what exactly is it?"

Yang Fei, having heard her, slapped his forehead and said, "Look at my memory. With all that happened just now, I almost forgot."

Tang Qian said, "Leilei is my son, so I'm more concerned about his affairs, that's why it's always on my mind."

Yang Fei nodded and explained, "Here's the thing, I treated Sun Lei yesterday and managed to open up some of his acupoints. According to the Martial World, it's like opening his acupoints and meridians. If there's a chance, under the right conditions, let him learn Martial Arts after he recovers. His future achievements won't be low."

"Ah?"

Sun Weimin and Tang Qian both exclaimed in surprise.

They hadn't expected that Yang Fei would not only cure their son's illness but also bring such great benefits to him.

They weren't Martial Artists, but having seen plenty of TV dramas, they knew that what Yang Fei spoke of was akin to opening the governor and conception vessels or similar.

Tang Qian couldn't help but exclaim, "So, are you saying my son could be a Martial Arts prodigy in the future?"

Thinking of Sun Lei's situation, Yang Fei nodded and said, "That could be the case. At any rate, he will have much more talent than others."

Sun Weimin's whole body trembled. He pulled the car over to the roadside, turned back, and looked at Yang Fei with an immensely grateful expression, saying, "Mr. Yang, I... I really don't know how to thank you for the great favor you've done for my family and Leilei."

Yang Fei smiled slightly and said, "Let's just say I have a destined connection with your Leilei. To cure him, that special method had to be used, which opened some of his acupoints and meridians as a side effect of the treatment."

Moved by the thought, Sun Weimin said, "Since Mr. Yang you have such a destined connection with my son, how about letting him become your disciple once he is healed?"

Tang Qian's eyes also brightened.

Although the couple had no knowledge of Martial Arts, they understood that both Martial Arts and Medical Skill are more formidable with age.

But Yang Fei, so young and already so capable in both disciplines, could only achieve even greater heights in the future.

If their son could become his disciple, it would be a stroke of luck.

Yang Fei was stunned.

He did not expect Sun Weimin to make such a request.

But he quickly regained his composure and shook his head with a bitter smile, saying, "Brother Sun, you're joking. I'm still someone else's disciple myself, hardly qualified to be someone else's master."

"How could that be? Mr. Yang's medical skill is superb, and his martial arts are strong. He is more than capable of being my son's master," Tang Qian said urgently.

Sun Weimin continued to plead.

The couple was quite serious about this.

But Yang Fei was unwilling to agree.

It wasn't that he wasn't qualified but that he was plagued by a hidden illness. Moreover, he still had many matters to resolve and truly did not have the time or patience to teach someone else.

Seeing that Yang Fei would not agree, Sun Weimin and his wife did not insist, but they had not given up, thinking they would wait for a better time in the future.

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In the old mansion of the Situ family, the body of Situ Yong was carried back and placed on the open ground outside the main door.

Situ Yunde, the father of Situ Yong, showed a face full of grief and rage, with veins bulging on his forehead and eyes nearly shooting fire.

"My son, my poor son, you were the seed of the Situ family, yet you were killed by outsiders. The Situ family will surely avenge you, will surely flay and dismember your enemies, skin them and strip their sinews," a woman cried out while laying on top of Situ Yong's body, crying uncontrollably.

Not long after, a voice came, "The Old Master is here."

Everyone looked and saw an elder with white hair and beard striding forward.

This person looked old, but his complexion was rosy, and his profound eyes emitted two bright lights. He approached with a vigorous aura, his presence sweeping over, making people feel oppressed and unwilling to meet his gaze.

His name was Situ Xian, the current Family Head of the Situ family, and the father of Situ Yunde, Situ Yunxin, and others.

His gaze fell on the body of Situ Yong, and Situ Xian furiously said, "Who did this? In Binhai, someone dared to be so bold as to kill my grandson, Situ Xian's grandson!"

"Father, it was done by a young man named Yang Fei," Situ Yunxin hurriedly replied.

Situ Yunde harshly said, "Father, at the time Yong was killed, the seventh brother was at the scene."

Situ Yunxin's eyes flashed with annoyance, upset that even at this time, his second brother was still thinking about internal conflict, which really disheartened him.

He did not respond to Situ Yunde but explained to Situ Xian, "Father, that young man acted so swiftly, I really couldn't stop him."

The gaze of Situ Xian was as sharp as a knife, already coldly fixed on Situ Yunxin, and he scolded, "You, a martial artist at the Early Stage of Inner Strength, claim you couldn't stop a youngster from killing your own nephew?"

Situ Yunxin, with beads of sweat on his forehead, bravely said, "Father, please see clearly, my words are true. There were also several others with me at that time, they can testify for me."

"Even so, why didn't you kill the murderer who killed Yong and avenge him?" Situ Yunde fiercely said.

Situ Yunxin's face turned red with restraint, and he finally burst out, "Second brother, I know you are deeply hurt by Yong's death, and am I not the same? This time our Situ family might have encountered a formidable enemy, now is the time for us to unite and face the external threat together, yet here you are in front of father, playing these petty tricks, only thinking about internal strife, you... you disappoint me greatly!"

Normally, this second brother was more talented than the other siblings and beloved by their father, his competition for favor and power aside, but even now, he was still scheming against his own family, which really chilled him.

Situ Xian glanced at Situ Yunxin, seeing the helplessness and anger in his son's eyes; he frowned and spoke in a deep voice, "You just mentioned that our Situ family has encountered a formidable enemy, what do you mean by that?"