

Overlord 118

Chapter 118 Qin Yanyang's Surprise

Something was wrong!

Qin Yanyang sensed Yang Fei's surging breathing within, his expression changed, and the image of his last loss of control suddenly flashed through his mind.

Going to lose control again?

Just as Qin Yanyang was secretly anxious and worried, a whooshing sound roared by his ear, followed by another dull noise.

"Ah!"

A scream then shattered the night sky.

Meng Qian's mouth spewed blood violently, his robust body flying out like it had been hit by a motorcycle.

He had confronted Yang Fei in two moves, being sent flying both times.

Moreover, this latter move felt even more domineering and fierce than before, as if a dam had been suddenly opened, the domineering breath surging like a flood, continuous and despairing!

It sounds like a long story, but in reality, from the moment Yang Fei made his move with Qin Yanyang, to now when Daoist Pei and Meng Qian were both knocked down on the ground, barely hanging onto life, barely a few breaths had passed.

Hu Shilong, the expert from Yan Family accompanying him, and the man wearing a duckbill cap holding a short gun, all shivered uncontrollably as if they were in a cold ice cave, trembling with fear.

Too horrifying!

How could this be?

They clearly held the winning cards, how could it turn out like this?

Daoist Pei and Meng Qian were both third-grade masters of the Energy Transformation Realm; both had been notorious for years, with many Martial Arts masters having died at their hands.

Today, the two had joined forces to deal with a young minor, and they ended up being counter-killed?

Even more terrifyingly, that young man was also holding a woman under his arm.

Defeating third-grade Energy Transformation experts single-handedly!

Is there no justice in this world?

Did he grow up eating Immortal Pills?

For a moment, Hu Shilong was completely dumbstruck, unable to speak.

The expert from Yan Family beside him and the duckbill cap man were also trembling like chaff.

A dreadful chill rose from the soles of their feet to the depths of their hearts.

Not just them, even Qin Yanyang was quite shocked.

After treating Yang Fei's injuries last time, she had made an assessment of Yang Fei's strength, estimating it to be around the third grade of the Energy Transformation Realm.

But now, Yang Fei had single-handedly eliminated two third-grade masters of the Energy Transformation Realm.

Forget about others, Daoist Pei and Meng Qian were both bona fide third-grade masters of the Energy Transformation Realm.

And just like that, they were blown away?

Qin Yanyang was immensely surprised inside, feeling that she needed to reevaluate her husband's strength.

However, soon, a smile formed at the corner of her mouth.

It felt a bit like discovering a treasure.

This guy could really bring her surprises.

Wait, the violent breath inside him seemed to have stabilized again!

Whew... whew...

Yang Fei still held Qin Yanyang, standing in the middle of the scene.

He took two light breaths, his True Yuan gradually calming down.

He had initiated the attack just now because he realized that the two opponents were strong, and he knew his own situation; frequent and massive mobilization of True Qi easily triggered hidden dangers.

Moreover, he sensed danger lurking around him, so he had to make it a quick and decisive battle.

Thus, his movements were resolute, and his attacks displayed overwhelming strength.

In such a situation, Daoist Pei and Meng Qian couldn't even employ evasive tactics and were directly suppressed by his dominating assault.

Although he severely injured both of them, rendering them incapable of continuing the fight, Yang Fei also felt a chill in his heart.

Indeed, being a master of the Energy Transformation Third Grade, he faced two opponents alone and tried to suppress them swiftly; his inner True Yuan even showed signs of losing control.

Fortunately, he managed to stabilize it.

"Hu Shilong, you can now tell me, besides the Yan Family, who else gathered these experts today to kill me?" Yang Fei said plainly, his gaze falling on Hu Shilong.

Meeting Yang Fei's indifferent eyes, Hu Shilong finally snapped out of his great shock.

His legs trembled, filled with regret.

If he had known earlier, he would never have gotten involved in this mess.

Although being dismissed from the Martial Alliance was a great disgrace, his life could have been enjoyable for many more years; meeting this little demon today, he didn't know if his luck was more bad than good.

Feeling an extreme dryness in his throat, he opened his mouth and said, "There's... there's also the Wang Family... It was people from the Provincial City Wang Family who hired two Energy Transformation masters."

Yang Fei nodded. He had suspected the Provincial City Wang Family earlier, and now that Hu Shilong mentioned it, it was confirmed.

"Heh, the Provincial City Wang Family?" Yang Fei murmured softly, his tone light, "I thought my grudge with the Wang Family started and would end with Wang Wenxuan, but I didn't expect the Wang Family to come after me so soon."

He had always been clear about debts of gratitude and grievances. It was Wang Wenxuan who wanted to deal with him, so when he went to the Provincial City, he only killed Wang Wenxuan and did not pursue the rest of the Wang Family.

Now that the Wang Family came after him because of Wang Wenxuan's death, it signified a new grievance. When he would attack the Wang Family later, they would have no one to blame but themselves.

On the ground, monk Meng Qian spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, his voice weak as he looked up at Yang Fei and said, "It was indeed you who killed Young Master Wang Wenxuan, cough cough... then my junior brother Wang Zhong must also have died by your hand, right?"

Yang Fei glanced at Meng Qian and nodded, saying, "Correct, Wang Wenxuan and his two followers were all killed by me."

Seeing that Yang Fei didn't hide anything, Meng Qian's gaze hardened and he said, "You killed the descendants of the Wang Family, you... you're finished."

A flash of disdain crossed Yang Fei's eyes as he responded coldly, "Don't worry, I will go to the Wang Family to settle this matter."

After speaking, he swept a cold glance at Hu Shilong and the others; seeing that they didn't have the slightest courage to make a move against him, he suddenly looked up beyond the three towards the deeper part of the dark forest behind them, calling out, "The two of you hiding over there, watching for such a long time, aren't you planning to come out yet?"

The color drained from the faces of Hu Shilong and the others upon hearing Yang Fei's words.

Recovering, Meng Qian and Daoist Pei, their pupils contracting, followed Yang Fei's gaze towards the pitch-dark forest.

Unnoticed by anyone, under Yang Fei's armpit, Qin Yanyang's eyebrows twitched slightly.

On the way to the mountaintop, she had sensed the six people hiding in the shadows.

Four of them, including Daoist Pei and Meng Qian, had already appeared, but the other two had managed to conceal their presence exceedingly well, their breaths intermittently detectable; even she only noticed them due to the distinct Cultivation Technique she practiced, which made her particularly sensitive to various breaths.

She had not expected that Yang Fei would also detect these two people.

At this moment, Qin Yanyang felt somewhat shocked inside.

She realized that she had underestimated Yang Fei's strength slightly.

Although his strength was supposedly just what it seemed as.

Even though he had just swiftly defeated Daoist Pei and Meng Qian, according to Qin Yanyang's estimation, Yang Fei's combat power was at most around Energy Transformation Fifth Grade.

And the two hidden in the shadows were definitely not at this level.

How did Yang Fei discover them?

While everyone was still in shock, a deep sigh came from the darkness, "Alas, I thought I hid well enough, yet you still discovered us; no wonder both the Yan Family and the Wang Family want you dead, lad, you're truly no ordinary person, we all underestimated you."

The voice was tranquil, with a hint of admiration.

In everyone's field of vision, two shadowy figures appeared like ghosts from the dark forest afar, quickly materializing before everyone's eyes.

Under the moonlight, both figures wore black tight-fitting clothes, striding forward with large steps covering meters at a time, exuding a wild and dominant aura.