

## Overlord 120

### Chapter 120: Unleashing the Big Move

Hearing Yang Fei compare the two of them to dogs, Xu Yingluo and Nan Liren were both infuriated. Nan Liren looked at Yang Fei with surprise and sneered, "What a big talk for a junior, you dare to compare yourself to us?"

After putting down Qin Yanyang, Yang Fei took two steps forward, stood facing the wind and looked at Nan Liren and Xu Yingluo indifferently, "Do you want to come at me one by one, or together?"

"Hahaha, truly arrogant." Xu Yingluo laughed heartily, his sinister gaze fixed on Yang Fei. He licked his pockmarked face with his tongue and advanced first, "Let me send you on your way."

Hum!

Qi emanated from Yang Fei's body.

An invisible breath spread in the night, dust scattered across the ground, and weeds flew wildly.

Xu Yingluo's pupils shrank suddenly.

"Bang!"

The ground where Yang Fei stood burst apart, and amid the flying debris, a deep pit appeared, his figure vanishing from sight.

"Good timing." Xu Yingluo's eyes glinted with excitement, his face flushed with exhilaration, and he roared, swinging his palm down.

A pungent scent filled the air.

Nan Liren quickly retreated several steps, holding his breath.

"Boom!"

Their fists and palms collided fiercely, their overwhelming strength crashing against each other. Yang Fei and Xu Yingluo both changed colors, feeling that the other's blow was endless in strength, fierce and tyrannical, like a flood bursting forth.

The two separated immediately after contact.

Yang Fei flipped backward and landed where he started.

Xu Yingluo's body was propelled out, and upon landing, he stumbled back a couple of small steps.

"Poison Palm? You are from the Xu Family?" Yang Fei stared at Xu Yingluo, his eyes flashing with insight.

Xu Yingluo was also full of surprise. His gaze fell on Yang Fei's right hand, seeing that the hand had not changed color, and his complexion was normal, his breath steady, not like someone who had been injured by his attack, which made him inhale deeply, "You can actually withstand my palm?"

Indeed, the inner energy within Yang Fei was calm, but his joints were slightly aching, especially in a few acupoints, which felt as though they were being pricked by needles.

In the clash with Xu Yingluo just now, he had nearly exerted all his strength, and the result was only that they were evenly matched.

But he knew his own condition well.

If he frequently mobilized True Qi and exerted all his power, he feared he would lose control again.

And this time, if he lost control, the situation would definitely be much worse than before.

Therefore, before he completely lost control, he had to kill Nan Liren and Xu Yingluo first, and it would be best to eliminate Hu Shilong and the others as well, otherwise there would be a chance of death after he lost control with any enemy left here.

"Kid, you can temporarily withstand my Poison Palm relying on strong Inner Strength, but you won't last long, take another palm from me," Xu Yingluo snorted coldly, counterattacking Yang Fei.

Previously, he was slightly at a disadvantage because he thought that Yang Fei was on the offense, and he was a bit passive.

Now it was his turn to attack, and he planned to take the initiative to pressure Yang Fei completely.

Seeing him coming, Yang Fei didn't waste words, he was more eager for a swift conclusion.

The two moved as fast as lightning, instantly crashing into each other.

The speed was so fast that it shocked Hu Shilong and the Yan Family expert beside him.

Even Meng Qian and Daoist Pei were inwardly astonished.

They hadn't expected Yang Fei's strength to be so formidable; fortunately, Xu Yingluo and Nan Liren had arrived, otherwise they would have undoubtedly died here today.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!!!"

Everyone saw two figures colliding numerous times like specters, separating every time after impact but rejoining in the next instant.

They fought at high speed, clashing with unyielding hardness.

There was no fancy showmanship, only straightforward, head-on, solid clashes.

After several exchanges, Xu Yingluo's forehead was beaded with sweat, his inner energy greatly depleted.

While the Qi within Yang Fei was still extensive, each all-out effort made his True Yuan struggle on the verge of losing control.

The pain in his joints and Martial Meridian acupoints was growing more evident.

Signs of disorder were starting to emerge in his True Yuan.

He had intended to dominate with speed and overwhelm his opponent with his tyrannical posture, but he hadn't expected that Xu Yingluo's Poison Palm would be so powerful that he could withstand five or six blows from him.

Yang Fei was anxious.

If the fight dragged on like this, it would be greatly disadvantageous for him.

Because even if he defeated Xu Yingluo, there was still Nan Liren waiting on the side.

Besides, Hu Shilong and that expert from the Yan Family, as well as the man wearing a duckbill cap and wielding a gun, were all Inner Strength Martial Artists.

Moreover, once that monk and the Taoist regained their strength, they could accumulate some power and exhibit some fighting capacity.

Yet he was alone and had to protect Qin Yanyang.

The fight had to be swift and decisive.

He needed to kill Xu Yingluo and Nan Liren as quickly as possible—only then could he turn to the others. Even if he lost control, there might still be a sliver of a chance for survival.

With this thought, a fierce glint flashed in Yang Fei's eyes.

At that moment, Xu Yingluo also lost his temper and counterattacked.

"Die!"

Xu Yingluo's tyrannical Poison Palm, released with all his might, seemed to incinerate the air into dust with its terrifying poison.

The rampage of the Palm Force stormed towards him like a hurricane.

Yang Fei raised his hand and punched out, "Po Gang!"

Sky Splitting Divine Fist, the first move, Po Gang!

Boom!

As Yang Fei's punch blasted out, the void in front of his fist shattered.

The domineering Qi from Xu Yingluo's palm and the poison contained within were instantly crushed, scattering with the wind.

"Bang!"

Their fists and palms collided once more.

An intensely powerful Qi, unstoppable like a bamboo splitter, demolished Xu Yingluo's Palm Force, piercing into his arm and brutally slamming into his internal organs.

"Puff puff puff!!!"

A series of explosive sounds rang out.

Xu Yingluo was sent flying like a kite with a snapped string.

As he floated in the air, his body burst forth with over a dozen streams of blood as the imposing energy that surged through his veins burst multiple nodes of his Martial Meridians.

"Thump!"

Xu Yingluo's body smashed heavily onto the mountain ground, making a dull sound.



"Aaah!"

A scream of agony echoed over the hills.

But this scream did not come solely from Xu Yingluo—it also came from Yang Fei.

Nan Liren shuddered, his pupils constricting sharply.

Seeing Xu Yingluo being struck and his Martial Meridians bursting open, he felt a chill run down his spine.

How could this be?

He was already shocked that the young man could match Xu Yingluo blow for blow, but he was certain that the young man was doomed to fail because he knew Xu Yingluo's strength very well.

But now, Xu Yingluo had been sent flying by a single punch, with several of his Martial Meridians shattered. Such damage would render him useless if not fatal.

Fear filled Nan Liren's heart, and the thought of retreat budded, but then he heard a painful scream coming from Yang Fei.

He quickly looked up, and his eyes widened in shock.

There he saw Yang Fei, after sending Xu Yingluo flying, clutching his head with both hands, seemingly tormented by some unbearable pain that made him scream miserably and smash violently onto the ground, rolling continuously.

This...

What's happening?

After a brief stun, Nan Liren's mind clicked, and he understood.

The young man was struck by Xu Yingluo's Poison Palm. Matching Xu Yingluo in strength, after so many exchanges, the poison from Xu Yingluo's Poison Palm had already seeped into his body and begun to take effect.

He couldn't help but draw a sharp breath.

The Xu Family Poison Skill was truly tyrannical!

"Cough... cough cough, he's been hit by my Poison Palm and the poison has acted, kill... kill him!"  
Although Xu Yingluo was enduring immense pain, seeing Yang Fei screaming in agony rolling on the ground immediately rekindled his spirit. Suppressing his pain, he spoke to Nan Liren.