

Overlord 122

Chapter 122: Heartache

Nan Liren escaped decisively and, as a high-level practitioner of the Energy Transformation Seventh Rank and a member of the Shadow Organization, assassination and escape were among an assassin's greatest strengths.

However, before he could get out of the range of Yun Mountain Summit, he was caught up with, and after taking two palm strikes from Qin Yanyang, he vomited fresh blood, his internal organs nearly shattered, hanging on to just a thread of life.

"Thump!"

With her slightly frail figure, Qin Yanyang carried Nan Liren's rather burly body back as if he were nothing more than a small chicken, flinging him casually to the ground.

Nan Liren vomited several more mouthfuls of blood.

His face was filled with shock and astonishment, and even more so with deep regret.

In the distance, Xu Yingluo was likewise numb.

Yang Fei had almost crippled him, and he had thought Nan Liren would be able to help him get immediate revenge on the spot, but it seemed that his companion ended up far worse off.

Looking up at Qin Yanyang, and then towards Yang Fei rolling on the ground and wailing miserably, he felt a profound sense of powerlessness in his heart.

Dammit, both of you are so strong, why the hell did you have to pretend?

Isn't this just playing us?

Meng Qian, Daoist Pei, the man in the duckbill cap, and the Yan Family's late-stage Inner Strength master were also too shocked to speak.

Looking at the seemingly delicate silhouette of the woman, each one of them felt their legs trembling, struck with an uncontrollable chill.

How could this happen?

They clearly had the advantage in numbers, clearly had the absolute upper hand, had come prepared, so how had the situation completely reversed, turning them into the lambs ready for slaughter?

Qin Yanyang looked at Nan Liren and asked, "You and Xu Yingluo came specifically for me, right? What was your purpose, to figure out my identity, or to test if I really am in the Realm that legends speak of?"

Nan Liren's mouth twitched, and he clenched his teeth, saying nothing.

He was an assassin, but he had a family, vulnerabilities in the hands of the organization. Since this operation had failed, it could only end with him and Xu Yingluo, without implicating more people.

Seeing his resolution to face death, Qin Yanyang, who had some understanding of the many rules of the Shadow Organization, nodded slightly and lightly placed a palm on Nan Liren's forehead.

At that moment, Nan Liren's eyes bulged with deep fear and unwillingness as he fell to the ground, breathless.

Looking at him, it seemed he had some regrets, as if wanting to say why didn't you keep asking, why didn't you give me another chance.

Xu Yingluo, Meng Qian, and Daoist Pei all inhaled sharply in shock.

This girl looked amiable, but in reality, she was just as ruthless and decisive in killing as her man. Both of them were merciless and hardcore characters.

Qin Yanyang lifted her head, gazing towards Xu Yingluo.

Xu Yingluo's throat moved, and he huffed, "I... blame my lack of thorough investigation, I didn't expect that kid to be so formidable; otherwise, with Nan Liren and I teaming up, even if you were the Heavenly Pride Girl of the Qin Family, we could have at least retreated in one piece."

"The higher-ups of Shadow are quite smart; they wouldn't make such a foolish decision to get involved in this sort of affair. You and Nan Liren acted alone, didn't you? Who sent you?" Qin Yanyang asked, watching him.

Xu Yingluo turned his head away.

Qin Yanyang nodded, understanding his stance.

Then she sent a palm strike through the air towards him.

From meters away, Xu Yingluo was flung by an invisible force of Gang Qi, struggling for a moment upon hitting the ground, before dying, unable to catch a breath.

"Energy released outside the body, you... you're a grandmaster!" Meng Qian and Daoist Pei almost simultaneously exclaimed in shock, their eyes filled with deep astonishment and fear as they looked at Qin Yanyang.

Instantly, a realization dawned upon both of them, and Daoist Pei's expression changed dramatically, terror-stricken, he said, "You... with such a young age, and a woman, you... you are the legendary Heavenly Pride Girl of the Imperial City Qin Family?"

Qin Yanyang nodded, "Yes, my name is Qin Yanyang."

"Pff!" Meng Qian spat out a mouthful of old blood, veins popping with rage, he bellowed, "The Wang Family has deceived me!"

Daoist Pei was likewise clutching his chest, nearly dying from anger, and glared venomously at the man in the duckbill cap, "You... you seek death on your own, don't drag us down with you, why... why did you have to capture her?"

The man in the duckbill cap was still in a state of stupor, shaking his head, he said, "We... we didn't see the kid, so we thought to capture her as a hostage, threatening the kid to come and save her."

"Puh!" Daoist Pei also spat out a mouthful of old blood.

The expert from the Yan Family realized something, but at his level, he clearly didn't know the legendary name of Qin Yanyang. He couldn't help but ask, "Daoist... Daoist Pei, Senior Meng, who... who exactly is she?"

"You shut your damn mouth!" Daoist Pei closed his eyes and cursed angrily.

Idiot, worthless!

More trouble than you're worth!

Why the hell did you have to go courting death by kidnapping this woman?

No, the Yan Family and the Wang Family, you're truly seeking death.

To act against her without even investigating her true identity, don't drag us down with you if you want to court death.

At that moment, Daoist Pei wished he could return to the Provincial City and give those two a resounding slap.

"Miss Qin... Miss Qin, we truly didn't know it was you; otherwise, we wouldn't dare to offend you, even if we had a hundred times the courage." Meng Qian, having calmed down by now, said to Qin Yanyang with a beseeching face, "Please, for mercy's sake, seeing as we didn't pose a threat to you, let us go as unworthy as a fart."

Daoist Pei's body shook, and he immediately knelt on the ground and kowtowed repeatedly to Qin Yanyang, pleading, "Yes, we truly didn't know your identity. If we had, we definitely wouldn't have dared to come here. Please spare us."

Qin Yanyang slowly shook her head, "You know my identity now. And, he is in great pain. It was only when you went after him that he retaliated and ended up in this pain, so you all must die."

Although she was a woman, and her heart was kind, she never killed innocents indiscriminately.

But she was no saint.

Given her understanding of Meng Qian and Daoist Pei, these two had a terrible reputation in the Martial Arts World, always clinging to the powerful and committing all kinds of evil. As long as the price was right, there was nothing they wouldn't do.

Since she had encountered them today, she couldn't let them off easily.

Moreover, it was indeed their appearance that caused Yang Fei to take action, which triggered his old injury.

She was really angry and heartbroken.

Hearing Yang Fei's painful howls, Qin Yanyang felt incredibly distressed. She didn't waste any more words; she directly eliminated Meng Qian and Daoist Pei, as well as the man in the peaked cap and the expert from the Yan Family. She did not spare them either.

The Martial Arts World was not just about friendships and social interactions: its essence was still about fighting and killing.

These people wanted Yang Fei's and her life, so her counter-killing them was guiltless.

Moreover, she didn't want the events of today to spread.

Having eliminated her worries, Qin Yanyang looked towards Yang Fei.

In the hazy moonlight, she could see clearly that Yang Fei's eyes were bloodshot, his face in agony.

That handsome face now carried a somewhat ferocious and horrifying expression due to unbearable pain.

His hands were continuously pounding the areas around certain acupoints on his head and near his chest.

Seeing him endure such torment, the tip of Qin Yanyang's nose felt slightly sour, and her eyes uncontrollably reddened.

She suddenly felt regretful and self-blaming.

She should have taken action earlier. He wasn't able to fully exert his strength, and he had a hidden ailment. Taking action would trigger his condition, yet she hadn't stepped in sooner because she wanted to conceal things from him—causing him to endure such terrible pain once more.

But it was okay.

As long as you don't die, I can cure you.

Having had the experience of helping Yang Fei suppress his pain before, Qin Yanyang felt full of confidence this time.

She couldn't help but remember what Yang Fei had said after waking up last time he was treated: "My wife brings me good fortune."

Her face felt a bit hot, but deep inside, she was also slightly proud.

I am indeed your good fortune.