

Overlord 48

Chapter 48: One Move

Yang Fei was pushed into the villa by Xu Xingzhou.

After the driver, Wang Wenxuan, and several others entered, they closed the big door and withdrew, waiting in the car.

"Brother Xu, you handled this matter beautifully. I owe you a favor," Wang Wenxuan sat on the sofa, lit a cigarette, and said to Xu Xingzhou.

Before Xu Xingzhou could respond, Yang Fei walked over and sat down on the sofa opposite Wang Wenxuan, saying, "Give me one."

Wang Wenxuan looked up in astonishment, staring at Yang Fei.

Wang Zhong was also surprised; he squinted at Yang Fei, who seemed to pose no threat, and couldn't help but laugh, "Haha, so you're throwing caution to the wind now that death is at your door?"

With a sigh in his heart, Xu Xingzhou thought, don't blame me, I'm also compelled by the circumstances of the martial arts world.

"What are you waiting for? I'm out of cigarettes, give me one," Yang Fei urged.

Regaining his composure, Wang Wenxuan, with a puzzled look, asked Yang Fei, "Are you talking to me?"

Unlike Wang Zhong, Wang Wenxuan was not a martial artist; hence, seeing Yang Fei's abnormal behavior, he didn't let down his guard just because he couldn't sense any threat coming from Yang Fei.

He had better perception than Wang Zhong; he could tell that Yang Fei's calm demeanor was neither feigned nor a desperate last resort.

This guy's fearlessness was truly abnormal.

Wang Wenxuan turned his head toward Xu Xingzhou, his gaze inquiring.

Xu Xingzhou felt a momentary temptation.

He wondered if he, together with Wang Zhong, could kill Yang Fei.

But as soon as this thought emerged, he immediately suppressed it.

Even if Wang Zhong was slightly above him in realm, with the enhancement from his poison skill, he was still instantly defeated by Yang Fei; even with Wang Zhong added, it probably wouldn't be enough against Yang Fei.

Better not court death.

Xu Xingzhou said, "Why are you looking at me? I don't smoke; just give him one."

A glint flashed in Wang Wenxuan's eyes; he chuckled and said, "Brother Xu, are you joking with me?"

With a soft sigh, Xu Xingzhou shook his head and said, "I'm serious. Just listen to me and cooperate."

Smiling at the words, Wang Wenxuan really took out a cigarette and threw it to Yang Fei.

Yang Fei caught the cigarette, lit it, and after taking a few puffs, he looked up and said to Wang Wenxuan, "The Chen Family trying to kill me, that was your doing, right?"

He had to clarify that matter first.

Wang Zhong realized something was off, and approached Yang Fei with a cold expression.

Yet Wang Wenxuan waved his hand, saying to Wang Zhong, "Brother Wang, hold on. I'd like to see what kind of game they're playing."

Turning to Xu Xingzhou, he said faintly, "Brother Xu, I consider you a friend; is this how you treat a friend?"

Xu Xingzhou shook his head helplessly.

Seeing Xu Xingzhou had no intention of explaining, Wang Wenxuan squinted at Yang Fei and said, "Kid, I don't know how you convinced Brother Xu, but do you think this will turn the tables? Hehe, you underestimate me, Wang Wenxuan."

Yang Fei took a drag from his cigarette, frowned, and replied, "Stop the nonsense, just answer whether it's true or not."

Wang Zhong was furious, "Kid, are you courting death?"

Wang Wenxuan held back Wang Zhong, looking at Yang Fei with a smile, "Yes, I had Chen Hongbo go after you."

"The car accident before that, too?" Yang Fei asked.

Wang Wenxuan didn't hide it, nodding and saying, "Yes, that was all my doing."

"Why? We are strangers with no grievances. So, you're just fulfilling someone else's request, aren't you?" Yang Fei asked, looking at Wang Wenxuan.

Wang Wenxuan laughed, not answering directly, but said, "You seem quite confident, which even confuses me a bit. As far as I know, you come from a poor background, from a small place with no connections or strength. I'm really curious, what makes Brother Xu cooperate with you like this."

Yang Fei frowned, "There you go rambling again."

Looking at Xu Xingzhou, he ordered, "Break one of his arms first."

Xu Xingzhou twitched the corner of his mouth, thinking, so he really treats me like a lackey.

Internally cursing, he decisively stood up and advanced toward Wang Wenxuan.

Wang Wenxuan raised an eyebrow.

He hadn't expected Xu Xingzhou to be so compliant with Yang Fei's command.

Knowing that Xu Xingzhou was a distinguished young member of the Xu Family, someone whom even he would try to befriend with utmost sincerity, he wondered, why would Xu Xingzhou act so subserviently to Yang Fei? What was going on?

While Wang Wenxuan was shocked, Wang Zhong stood up, his body erupting with a violent aura that suddenly dropped the temperature of the entire hall considerably, making it chillingly cold.

Xu Xingzhou felt immense pressure.

Yang Fei glanced up at Wang Zhong, "If you don't want to die, don't move."

Wang Zhong, furious, laughed, "Hahaha, where did this juvenile come from? So ignorant of the vastness of heaven and earth, daring to threaten me, Wang Zhong, you're literally asking for death!"

As he spoke, with a murderous aura, he strode directly towards Yang Fei.

Yang Fei sat there, smoking a cigarette, squinting at him.

Xu Xingzhou, well aware of Yang Fei's abilities, had made his choice to follow Yang Fei, and had to show his stance now.

So he immediately moved to confront Wang Zhong.

Yang Fei said, "Don't bother with him, do as I instructed."

Xu Xingzhou paused, then swiftly rushed towards Wang Wenxuan.

Wang Zhong's expression changed.

His primary task was to protect Wang Wenxuan, so he immediately abandoned Yang Fei and intercepted Xu Xingzhou.

Just then, Yang Fei raised his hand and flicked the cigarette butt at Wang Zhong.

Whoosh!

The sound of breaking the air spread.

Wang Zhong's heart chilled, his pupils suddenly contracted, and he quickly leaned back to dodge.

The cigarette butt grazed by Wang Zhong's face and struck the wall behind him with a snap.

A glass-framed painting hanging on the wall was punctured with a hole.

Wang Zhong was greatly alarmed.

He had not felt any fluctuation of inner energy from Yang Fei, thinking him to be no threat, so why could this youngster display such fierce techniques?

While shocked, a hand reached towards his neck from the side.

Wang Zhong responded very quickly, hastily reaching out to block.

But it was already too late!

His neck tightened, now gripped by that hand.

"Crack!"

Wang Zhong felt his soul scatter, clearly hearing the sound of his own throat being crushed.

He widened his eyes, disbelievingly looking towards Yang Fei, his face full of despair and horror!

How could this be?

How could this man be so fast?

He, a mighty Martial Artist in the Inner Strength Middle Stage, nearly stepping into the Late Stage Internal Strength Realm, couldn't even manage a single exchange with this person?

What kind of strength was this!

Carrying immense fear and confusion, Wang Zhong felt all strength being drained from his body, a profound darkness sweeping over him.

"Thud!"

Yang Fei released his grip, and Wang Zhong's corpse fell to the floor.

He sat back down on the sofa, as if nothing had happened.

When determined to kill, Yang Fei was always decisive, ending it with one move if possible, never wasting energy.

Moreover, his current physical condition was sensitive, as using True Qi frequently could unpredictably bring on severe pain.

If that happened, let alone Xu Xingzhou, even Wang Wenxuan might be able to kill him.

Thus, facing opponents like Xu Xingzhou and Wang Zhong, who required using True Qi for elimination, Yang Fei was decisive, always aiming for quick resolutions.

Wang Zhong's death was too sudden, Wang Wenxuan was dumbfounded on the spot, his face finally showing terror, losing all his composure.

Xu Xingzhou had known that Wang Zhong would be killed by Yang Fei, yet he was still stunned, because Wang Zhong died too quickly.

He couldn't help but take a deep breath of cold air.

Now thinking back, Yang Fei had shown mercy to him previously, otherwise he would already be a corpse.

Without any hesitation, while Wang Wenxuan was still shocked by Wang Zhong's death, Xu Xingzhou decisively grabbed his right arm, twisting it forcefully.

"Crack!"

"Ah!"

Amidst the scream, Wang Wenxuan's right hand was dislocated from the shoulder, the entire arm twisted grotesquely.