

Overlord 69

Chapter 69: Heartache

"Sister-in-law, your house is so big; this place must be really expensive," Yang Wen remarked without noticing the unusual look on Qin Yanyang's face. She surveyed the spacious garage, her eyes landing on a clearly valuable red sedan parked inside, and was shocked beyond words.

Qin Yanyang watched her and chuckled, "It's alright. This will be your home too, you can come over whenever you want. Let's go upstairs and have a look around."

As she spoke, she anxiously pulled Yang Wen upstairs with her.

After they carried a heap of large and small packages and placed them in the living room, Qin Yanyang glanced at Yang Fei's room with a heavy expression.

"My brother hasn't come back yet," Yang Wen said.

Qin Yanyang was about to speak when suddenly a suppressed cry of pain reached their ears.

The villa's room decor was meticulously chosen, ensuring outstanding sound insulation, but the painful cry still wafted out from Yang Fei's room, clearly audible to both of them.

Yang Wen's expression changed, and she exclaimed in shock, "That sounds like my brother's voice."

Qin Yanyang hummed in agreement, her expression grave as she walked to the door of Yang Fei's room and reached out to push it open.

The door wasn't locked and swung open at her touch.

"Mmm... Ah..."

The muffled cry of agony was clear.

Looking inside, they saw Yang Fei drenched in sweat, his face twisted in pain, his body convulsing as he rolled on the ground.

The bed was a complete mess, suggesting that he had originally been on it but had rolled onto the floor in unbearable pain.

"Brother!"

Yang Wen cried out in alarm, rushing forward to help.

Qin Yanyang grabbed her, shaking her head, "Don't go over there, it's dangerous."

Yang Wen was startled, looking at Qin Yanyang in confusion, "What danger?"

Her brother was writhing on the floor in pain, and she simply wanted to help him up to inquire about what was happening or to take him to the hospital. She couldn't see any danger in that.

Qin Yanyang's expression remained somber as she slowly shook her head, "Listen to your sister-in-law. Your brother is in very bad shape right now, it's extremely dangerous. His eyes are bloodshot; he has completely lost his sanity, and furthermore..."

She didn't continue, realizing that some things would be pointless to explain to Yang Wen.

"Wenwen, you go outside. I'll help your brother," Qin Yanyang said, noting Yang Fei's increasing agony and feeling the immense energy inside him that seemed ready to burst his body at any moment.

According to the common sayings of Martial World, this looked more like demonic possession!

"No, I can stay and help too," Yang Wen said urgently and with a look of concern.

With a sigh of resignation, Qin Yanyang replied, "I'm sorry."

Yang Wen only felt a sudden strike at the back of her head, her vision blackened, and her body went limp.

Qin Yanyang caught her and brought her to the living room couch.

Then, she quickly returned to Yang Fei's bedroom and closed the door behind her.

"Is this the hidden illness you spoke of?" Qin Yanyang looked at Yang Fei, her expression serious, as she murmured to herself.

After hearing about the significant hidden ailment Yang Fei had, she had been very curious to see what would happen if it flared up.

But now, she regretted it.

Although they hadn't known each other for long, they had become quite acquainted over the past few days.

Yang Fei was an extremely strong person.

Considering it took this much to make him lose his sanity, one could only imagine how terrifying the pain must be.

His face contorted, veins bulging on his forehead, his whole body soaked in sweat, he continued to roll, convulse, and tremble.

Even though he had lost his sanity, he still clenched his teeth tightly, striving to resist the pain, not wanting to be overwhelmed by agony, and refusing to let out cries of suffering.

Qin Yanyang's eyes reddened slightly, and for some reason, she felt a twinge of heartache.

He had been an orphan since childhood, raised in his uncle's family. Even though his uncle treated him well, a child without parents, living in someone else's home, must certainly feel fragile and inferior deep inside.

Why did he still have to endure such pain now?

Does misfortune only seek out those who are already suffering?

Qin Yanyang felt heartache, but was also somewhat angry.

Angry at the unfairness of the heavens!

Without any hesitation, she walked over and extended her hand to support Yang Fei.

As if sensing someone approaching, Yang Fei let out a roar and suddenly slapped his hand towards Qin Yanyang.

Whoosh!

The sharp sound of cutting through the air arose.

The palm wind was cold and fierce, with domineering and hefty Gang Qi sweeping across the bedroom like a violent windstorm.

Qin Yanyang's black hair was blown backward, and her clothes clung tightly to her body, billowing and flying back.

Facing the palm strike from Yang Fei, she gently waved her hand, imprinting her white palm onto his.

"Bang!"

The violent Qi erupted as the two palms touched, exploding instantly.

A terrifying force flung Qin Yanyang backward. She slammed hard against the wall behind her with a thud.

Even though the walls of the villa were thick and sturdy, they still cracked like a spider web from the impact and even dented slightly.

A trickle of fresh blood spilled from the corner of Qin Yanyang's mouth.

Shock and disbelief filled her beautiful eyes.

But there was no time to think. The moment her body touched the wall, she bent her knees, pushed her feet against the wall, and shot towards Yang Fei with lightning speed.

Despite being out of control, Yang Fei possessed a strong sense of awareness. Instinctively, he struck with another palm.

Qin Yanyang, as if anticipating this, maneuvered around his strike to position herself behind him, pressing a hand onto his shoulder.

Yang Fei reacted swiftly, almost instinctively ready to counterattack.

At that moment, a powerful surge of True Qi flowed from Qin Yanyang's palm, through the acupoints on Yang Fei's shoulder, and into his body.

As the True Qi entered him, the violent and chaotic streams of True Qi inside Yang Fei seemed to suddenly find immense relief, gradually calming down.

Qin Yanyang's eyes brightened. Despite being filled with immense surprise and confusion, she did not hesitate to place her other hand onto Yang Fei's back.

As the gentle True Qi entered his body, Yang Fei quieted down.

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Li Xuantong Medical Hall, after sending Yang Fei back, Li Xuantong was resting in his consultation room, still pondering over the matter of Yang Fei's wife.

He thought that no matter what, he had to find an opportunity to advise Yang Fei not to continue down a path of self-destruction.

Just as he was contemplating, Sun Weimin arrived.

"Doctor Li, where is Mr. Yang?" Sun Weimin asked Li Xuantong about Yang Fei as soon as he saw him, and his way of addressing Yang Fei had changed.

Li Xuanton was startled, "Why are you here? Please, have a seat."

Sun Weimin, seeing him about to make tea, quickly stopped him, "No need to trouble yourself, Doctor Li. I came to find Mr. Yang. My son's condition has greatly improved. I came to thank him, and to deliver the consultation fee, as well as to inquire about further treatment."

Li Xuanton laughed: "How is your young master doing now?"

Sun Weimin, excited about his son's condition, exclaimed: "He's much better! He's regained sensation in his lower body and can even move it. Although he's not completely healed, this is a tremendous improvement. Mr. Yang's skill is nothing short of miraculous!"

Li Xuanton said with pride, "I told you so. If Little Brother Yang said he could treat it, then it was surely possible."

"Indeed, Mr. Yang's Medical Skill is simply miraculous, overturning all my beliefs," Sun Weimin gradually calmed down, being a man of high status. He looked at Li Xuanton and said, "Isn't Mr. Yang here? Could you tell me his home address? I ought to pay him a visit to express my gratitude!"