

Overlord 90

Chapter 90: Suppression

Hearing Situ Xian's command, the people of the Situ family no longer hesitated and rushed toward the center of the field.

Among them, Situ Yunzhong, with one person, charged at Xu Xingzhou, while Situ Yunde, suppressing his internal injuries, glared at Xu Xingzhou with venomous eyes and charged up as well.

Three against one.

The other two Situ family Inner Strength Martial Artists went straight for Yang Fei.

Xu Xinghai also rushed towards Xu Xingzhou and said to Situ Yunde, "You go kill that kid, leave Xu Xingzhou to me."

With the assistance of three Situ family Inner Strength Martial Artists, he believed that taking down Xu Xingzhou wouldn't be a problem.

Seeing Xu Xinghai take on Xu Xingzhou, Situ Yunde immediately nodded and turned to charge at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei was the one who killed his son, and all Situ Yunde wanted was to personally take revenge for his son.

On the other side, Situ Xian, whose realm was inherently higher than Xu Mao's, and with Xu Mao's right leg injured, could have taken down Xu Mao early on.

However, due to the identity of Xu Mao and the Xu Family, Situ Xian did not start off in earnest.

Now, seeing Situ Yunde injured, he couldn't help but become furious, and with another palm strike, his power greatly increased.

Xu Mao fought using his Poison Skill, but Situ Xian had taken an antidote in advance, so his poison did little to enhance his combat strength.

After only a couple of exchanges, Xu Mao was slightly unable to keep up with Situ Xian's pace. Following the third strike, although he barely blocked Situ Xian's punch, he tasted salt in his throat and spat out a mouthful of fresh blood with a sound, his body flying out like a kite with its string cut.

A well-known figure for many years, Situ Xian, at the Peak of Late Stage Internal Strength, indeed possessed extraordinary strength.

Just as Situ Xian got serious and quickly ended the battle with Xu Mao, a scream reached his ears.

His heart trembled, and he hurriedly looked up to see a son being flung away with a slap from Yang Fei, rolling on the ground afterward and convulsing a few times without managing to get up again.

Situ Xian's pupils shrank as he stared fiercely at Yang Fei.

Although his son was only at the Early Stage of Inner Machine and had just crossed the threshold of Inner Strength, he was a bona fide Inner Strength Martial Artist. Could this person named Yang Fei really send him flying with a slap and injure him so grievously?

This kid, indeed, was somewhat sinister!

"Boy, I'll kill you!"

Situ Yunde happened to give up attacking Xu Xingzhou and charged at Yang Fei. Seeing his family member flung away, he was immediately enraged, roaring as he attacked Yang Fei.

Situ Xian felt a shock in his heart and urgently said, "Yunde, be careful!"

However, it was already too late.

As Situ Yunde charged at Yang Fei, Yang Fei had already kicked another person who had charged at him, then with a sidestep, moved like a ghost to meet Situ Yunde extending his slender fingers, pointing at Situ Yunde's throat like lightning.

"Crack!"

Before Situ Yunde could throw his punch, Yang Fei, like a ghost, closed in and jabbed his throat with his fingers.

Amidst the crisp sound of breaking bones, Yang Fei stepped back.

Situ Yunde's charging body seemed to have abruptly struck by some enormous force. His whole body trembled, and he stood motionless.

The next instant, his pupils suddenly narrowed, and he hurriedly withdrew his hands to cover his throat.

From the corners of his mouth, a copious amount of fresh blood uncontrollably gushed out.

Filled with deep fear, Situ Yunde's body fell forward stiffly to the ground, lifeless.

"Yunde, Yunde..." Situ Xian rushed over, desperate to save his son, but it was already too late.

He quickly lifted his son, only to see Situ Yunde with blood flowing from all seven orifices, and blood continuing to spurt from his throat.

Situ Xian frantically tried to stop the bleeding, only to find that Situ Yunde's throat was shattered.

Not even immortals could save him!

"Ah!"

Watching his loved son die before his eyes, powerless to intervene, Situ Xian's heart was filled with boundless desolation that then transformed into a tempest of rage.

He suddenly rose to his feet, his face twisted, eyes sharp as knives, staring fixedly at Yang Fei and said, "Kid, no matter who you are, today I will personally tear you to pieces for the lives of my son and grandson!"

Yang Fei looked at the old man who had lost his beloved son, his face devoid of any hint of pity, "The Situ family has failed in its discipline, allowing its disciples to be arrogant and overbearing, bullying the weak. Situ Yong died at my hand; he got what he deserved. If today your Situ family seeks revenge, my visit to extinguish the prestige of the Situ family is in self-defense. The moral high ground is mine."

This was Yang Fei's principle of survival.

If the moral high ground is mine, then I can have a clear conscience.

If you want to kill me, then I will kill you first, preempting unnecessary trouble.

Situ Xian, however, would not accept Yang Fei's reasoning, and he said angrily, "In the Martial Arts World, the victor is king, the loser the outlaw. My grandson and son died by your hand because they were not skilled enough. Today, if I kill you, it's because you too have it coming."

Yang Fei sneered, and in his eyes when looking at Situ Xian, there was only a cold intent to kill.

Stubborn and unrepentant, blind to their own faults.

Clearly, due to poor family discipline, they had brought disaster upon themselves, and now they still make excuses.

A family like this, continuing to exist, will only violate the law with martial force, becoming a social scourge.

On the other hand, as Xu Xinghai and several other Situ family masters joined the fray, Xu Xingzhou immediately became flustered, and comparatively inadequate.

Nevertheless, he gritted his teeth and struggled on, refusing to easily call for Yang Fei's help.

Thus, he chose to fight using hit-and-run tactics, trying his best not to be surrounded by the enemy. He would strike and then move, constantly roaming around the area.

Even though the enemy outnumbered and outflanked him, he could best any single opponent in a one-on-one fight. Opting for this mode of combat, Xu Xinghai and the others couldn't surround him for the time being, nor could they do anything to him.

In the arena, Situ Xian was staring intently at Yang Fei, but he did not rashly attack.

He had seen with his own eyes how Yang Fei had killed Situ Yunde and sent his two other sons flying. He had recognized that Yang Fei truly possessed formidable strength and was no weakling.

His heart was filled with both sorrow and dread.

How could someone so young possess such combat power?

Who on earth was he?

Could it be that he was the disciple of some powerful master from a major Sect?

Situ Xian, as the head of the household, hated Yang Fei to the bone, yet he had to consider the bigger picture for the future of the entire Situ family.

He fixated his gaze on Yang Fei and spoke in a deep voice, "Young man, are you truly unwilling to reveal your master's identity?"

Yang Fei sneered and said, "I've told you, you are not worthy of knowing."

Situ Xian felt a chill in his heart, his suspicions mounting, but since Yang Fei was not revealing anything and was so dismissive of him, anger swelled in his heart, and he retorted, "Then prepare to die."

As he spoke, the profound Inner Strength within him filled his entire body, causing his robes to billow without any wind, making a rustling sound. Around his body within a three-meter radius, an invisible field of Gang Qi took form.

The next instant, he took a forceful step and approached Yang Fei.

No fancy techniques, just the sheer overwhelming pressure of his Realm and power.

A Peak Inner Strength Master going all out was suffocating, like a mountain bearing down on one's chest.

A hint of excitement appeared on Yang Fei's face. He thought about how some of his strength had recovered and wondered what would happen if he directly resisted this man's move.

With that thought, Yang Fei stepped forward to meet Situ Xian.

"Courting death!"

Situ Xian, seeing Yang Fei's move, had a fierce glint in his profound eyes as he pushed his palm out horizontally.

An ordinary palm strike, yet it had the overwhelming power similar to collapsing mountains and surging seas.

Faced with this palm strike, Yang Fei smiled and also reached out with his own palm.

"Smack!"

Their palms collided.

A violent blast of Gang Wind radiated from where their palms met, instantly spreading outwards in a shockwave.

Situ Xian's expression drastically changed as his body was flung backward like a cannonball, flying seven or eight meters before landing. On impact, he struggled to stand firm, stumbling back three steps before he finally stabilized his stance.