

A Killer 143

Chapter 143: Qisha

"How did you do what I asked you to check? It's best not to let us come here for nothing. If that's the case, you should know the consequences."

The yellow-haired man suddenly stared at the thin man.

The thin and tall man nodded quickly: "It's almost checked."

"We have found out the address of that person. He is in Kyoto City."

Hearing these words by the thin and tall man, the scary yellow-haired man showed a sneer at the corner of his mouth. He slowly turned the knife-like outline to look at the strange blood tattooed on the head beside him who had not spoken. The bald guy with the lotus pattern: "Bloodpan, it seems we will find (shadow) through him soon."

There is a bald blood-headed blood pan with the same weird name, with a slight smile at the corner of his mouth, and a mouthful of white teeth: "Okay."

The unspeakable voice is not like the masculine and domineering man should have, but a bit of femininity, like the strange feeling that wants to seep into the human bones.

"The two idiots, Xiaopo and Chihu, were killed by (shadow) after chasing so far. To be honest, I'm more and more curious about how capable this woman is." Xue Pan continued to squint in a grim voice. Said with eyes closed.

Who is the woman they are talking about?

(Shadow) Who is it? If you haven't forgotten, you must know that Li Tian's future wife and that cold assassin are (Shadow).

And her name is: Situ Ningbing.

From occasionally inadvertently this bald and **** head and the other yellow-haired wrist can clearly see a black weird tattoo symbol.

All of them carried a "swastika" pattern on their right wrists.

If I remember correctly, the "卍" tattoo on their wrists, Situ Ningbing also has one, and the poison that used to hunt down Situ Ningbing, as well as the red tiger have such a "卍" tattoo on his body.

Could it be that they are here?

The mysterious organization "Qingsha" is coming?

"Even if she escapes to the end of the world, she will not be able to hide from our pursuit. I think we may be able to quickly overcome this matter here this time." The yellow-haired man said loudly.

Wearing a platinum skull stud on his ear, he blinked and dazzled.

Such weird two people undoubtedly shocked Duan Mu Lei and even the people next to him. They didn't dare to say a word, and they didn't even dare to speak out.

"We don't seem to have a place to live yet?" The **** lotus tattooed on the head suddenly looked at Duanmu Lei with that kind of feminine voice.

Duan Mulei quickly wiped the cold sweat on his face, with an awkward smile on his face: "Already, it has been arranged."

"Two people please here, please here." Duan Mulei suddenly put down his worth and bowed and bowed to the two people like a little second.

The yellow-haired man and the bald-headed **** sneered and strode towards the outside of the airport.

That Duan Mu Lei trot all the way to lead the way.

There are three sassy Mercedes-Benz cars parked outside.

The yellow-haired man and the bald-headed bloodpan sat in the second car, the Duan Mu Lei and the thin and tall man sat in the first car, and the remaining car was his little brothers.

The car started and drove into the distance.

Only after getting in the car did Duanmulei calm down his nervous suffocation, and wiped the cold sweat on his face due to tension with his arm, as did the thin tall man next to him.

"These two are the Heaven and Earth Shuangsha in (Qisha), right?" Duan Mulei said, looking at the thin tall man next to him with an ugly face.

The tall thin man nodded.

"You and I must pay attention to one thing, you must not provoke these two uncles. Let's help them with the Kyoto City affairs as soon as they say, then it will be easy for us to enter (Qisha)."

"Hey, of course I dare not care." Duanmu Lei thought of the strange and terrifying face of the blood pan, a horror that had never been seen in his heart.

"To be honest, I have only heard of (Qingsha) before. As for the people in (Qingsha), I have never seen it. This is the first time today." Duanmu Lei said.

The thin and tall man smiled awkwardly with a pale face: "Me too."

"Fang Hai, did you say that we entered (Qisha) this time wrong or right?" Duan Mulei suddenly asked a strange question.

The man called Fang Hai was the thin and tall man, and shook his head.

"I don't know, but things have come to this point. Can you and I get back? Since I killed my own father and hid the possessions, I have nowhere to go."

"Brother Lei, aren't you the same as me? Now your Duanmu family is chasing you behind your **** and wants to catch you back. It is estimated that if you return to your mysterious family, you will die sooner or later."

"Hehe, it seems that the two of us are hard brothers." Duanmu Lei said with a melancholy smile.

It turned out that Duan Mu Lei and this guy named Fang Hai were desperate to join an organization that has always been known as a legend. The name of this organization is (Qisha).

Fang Hai is the son of a real estate developer in a southern city. It is a pity that this kid killed his father to hide money for the sake of property, while Duanmu Lei was wanted by the Duanmu family. The two were forced to have nowhere to go, so they prepared to join (Qisha).

But the prerequisite for joining (Qisha) is to help people do something big, isn't this? The two will be arranged to go to Kyoto City to find one's trace.

"Fang Hai, you said that the person they want us to find has nothing to do with the (shadow) mentioned earlier?" Duan Mulei suddenly asked, wondering.

Fang Hai shook his head: "How the **** do I know."

"But the person we are looking for is an old man on the road. In the 1960s and 1970s, he played a role in the underground world of Kyoto."

"But now what are they looking for an old guy for?" Duan Mulei has been confused.

"Who knows this fucking, but you and I should just do what they said."

Fang Haidao said.

Duan Mulei's face was sullen, thinking silently in his heart, but he didn't say too much.

The car scurried forward, suddenly Duan Mu Lei's cell phone rang at this moment.

Duan Mulei took out his cell phone and checked the number. It was his own.

Picked up: "Hey..."

"Mr. Duanmu, it's not good, something has happened." A panicked voice suddenly rang on the phone.

Suddenly hearing his subordinates say something important, Duanmu Lei's face suddenly turned ugly.

"Tell me slowly, what's wrong?"