

PEERLESS MARTIAL SOUL

Chapter 17: Tian Qizhong

Chen Fenghan said: "You dog thief, fart the mountain, you have the ability to see the truth from the bottom of your hand! Do you only use your mouth?"

"Little beast, you are looking for death!" The middle-aged man in the blue shirt was ridiculed by him, his face flashed angrily, and he took off the belt with a touch from his waist, and then stretched out his hand and shook his hand. Black whip. The whip is jet-black, with a faint gleaming gold star on it, which is extraordinary.

"Little beast, die!"

The middle-aged blue shirt gave a violent shout, and the whip in his hand was like a poisonous dragon, with a strong true energy, a giant dragon-like cyclone slammed into Chen Feng.

Chen Feng's heart was stunned. He judged that the middle-aged blue shirt was absolutely powerful.

He also yelled, the wheel-sized golden handprints were condensed and punched out, hitting the dragon-shaped cyclone. When the two collided, Chen Feng snorted and took a step back, a ray of blood leaking from the corner of his mouth. The middle-aged man in the blue shirt just shook his body.

It was obvious that Chen Feng was at a disadvantage.

"I already have three thousand three hundred jin of power, plus the blessing of the Guangming Great mudra, at least three thousand five hundred jin, but still no match for him! This person has at least five thousand jin, ten tigers, he is The powerhouse in the mid-seventh layer of the acquired day!"

Chen Feng was shocked.

The middle-aged man in the blue shirt on the opposite side was also surprised. A flash of greed flashed in his eyes: "Little beast, what technique do you use? You are so strong and domineering! With your mere acquired strength, you can take me Seven blows the day after tomorrow! Hand over the martial arts secrets, or I will cause you to suffer countless pains and die!"

Chen Feng spit out blood, puckered, and sneered: "Want Xiaoye's secrets? In exchange for his life!"

"Little beast, toast and not eat fine wine! Let you taste the taste of my'thirteen styles of soft whip back hitting"! Little beast, you should feel lucky to be able to die under the second-rank yellow martial arts, you You don't deserve to die under my whip!"

It turned out that his whip technique turned out to be a second-rank yellow martial skill!

The middle-aged blue shirt waved his long whip, and the shadow of the long whip overlapped and condensed into a big mountain, pressing towards Chen Feng. Chen Feng did not show any weakness, another bright handprint blasted out, and the mountain of whip was crushed. He also stepped back and vomited blood.

"It can actually block my move, and another move!" The middle-aged blue shirt said slightly surprised.

"Come again! See who can't stop it!" Chen Feng was also aroused, haha laughed wildly.

The blue shirt middle-aged whip technique continued to be used, and Chen Feng bombarded out with a bright handprint. The blue shirt middle-aged whip technique is very complicated, the moves are exquisite, and he is really powerful, far surpassing Chen Feng, every move is powerful. On the other hand, Chen Feng, back and forth is a bright handprint.

However, Guangming Mahamudra was fierce and domineering and unmatched. For a while, even though he vomited blood repeatedly, it did not fall into the wind.

However, the middle-aged man in the blue shirt could see that although this kind of advanced martial arts was powerful, he could leapfrog one another to resist him, but this kind of martial arts was very costly and was bound to not last. He looked at him coldly, waiting for Chen Feng's true energy to dry up, and then he could be easily captured.

But what surprised him was that he had fought violently with Chen Feng for a long time, and the young man showed no signs of exhaustion.

How did he know that although Chen Feng has only the acquired five levels and his realm is not high, his true qi is extremely powerful, and there is no need for the number of the acquired six peaks. In the meridians, the true qi flows continuously, just like the gurgling of a mountain stream. Absolutely.

Chen Feng was about to vomit a mouthful of blood, but he became more and more courageous as he fought, roaring again and again, his eyes showed craziness, and his desire for battle was extremely strong.

He has never played against a master such as the middle-aged blue shirt, and fighting like this is of great benefit to him to increase his combat experience. Even after using the Mahamudra in actual combat continuously, he felt that his Mahamudra realm was improving, and he became more adept and at ease!

The middle-aged man in the blue shirt became more frightened as he fought. He didn't plan to delay any more. He felt that the boy was hitting harder.

Can't get rid of the acquired five? Doesn't it make people laugh out of their teeth?

"No, this kid is too evil, you can't drag on, you have to do your best!" The hideous color flashed in his eyes, and the middle-aged blue shirt shouted violently: "Boa snake roll!"

He was agitated, and the whip in his hand was like a giant python. After straightening it out, it turned back from an extremely tricky angle to form a ring. Around the ring, a ring-shaped cyclone was formed. The cyclone is like a giant python that meets end to end, rolling Chen Feng in the middle, spinning constantly.

Every time the cyclone rotates, it shrinks tightly. In the end, the cyclone dissipated, and the long whip rolled Chen Feng firmly, and Chen Feng roared again and again, but it was difficult to break free.

This is the most powerful move in the blue-shirt middle-aged yellow-level second-grade martial arts'thirteen styles of soft whip back hitting'. It is overbearing and overbearing. The whip wraps up people like a python. This move is difficult to avoid. It's hard to break free.

Looking at Chen Feng, who was hard to break free, the middle-aged blue shirt smiled proudly and wildly: "How about it, little beast, do you know that your grandpa is great? Hurry up and hand over martial arts intensively, otherwise, my whip will be like Like a giant python, it will strangle you alive, bit by bit. Your bones will break, your internal organs will explode, and everything in your body will be squeezed into a pool of rotten flesh. Do you want that?"