

PEERLESS MARTIAL SOUL

Chapter 3: Oppress

April 15th.

The 15th of each month is the day when Qian Yuanzong's disciples receive resources.

In the Longmai Continent, the warrior is respected. The warrior absorbs spiritual energy, condenses into true energy and even further true essence, the pinnacle of martial arts, can destroy the world, and has supreme power.

In addition to obtaining aura directly from the heavens and the earth, there is also an important way to absorb aura from the spirit stone. The spiritual energy content in the spiritual stone far exceeds the average amount between the heavens and the earth, and the absorption of the spiritual stone can increase the cultivation speed extremely fast.

The disciples of Qian Yuanzong's outer sect can receive three spiritual stones every month.

As a disciple of the Outer Sect, Chen Feng is no exception.

On this day, he packed up and went to Qian Yuanzong's outer sect.

Qianyuanzong occupies seven or eight peaks on the west side of the Aomori Mountains. The Broken Arrow Peak where the outer sect is located is more than 3,000 feet high, straight into the sky, and the palace on the mountain is continuous. The higher the place, the more noble the identity of the people living. In addition to the house on the mountain, a small town was formed at the foot of the mountain, in which many servants and guards of the disciples of the foreign sect lived.

Chen Feng followed the mountain road to a square. The square was very lively with people coming and going. Passing through the square, it was the mountain gate of the Waizong.

"Chen Feng." A gentle voice came from behind.

A smile appeared on Chen Feng's face and looked back. The speaker was a middle-aged man in his thirties with a very ordinary appearance, looking at Chen Feng with a smile.

Chen Feng walked up to him and bowed respectfully: "Uncle Han."

He is Han Cong, and like Yan Qingyu, he is also the elder of the Waizong. He was Yan Qingyu's younger brother, and he admired this amazingly talented brother at the beginning, but even if Yan Qingyu fell into dismay, he had a good relationship with Yan Qingyu. After Yan Qingyu died, he took great care of Chen Feng. Without him, Chen Feng would not know what would happen in the past few years.

Han Cong smiled, sighed again, and said, "Chen Feng, I am afraid I can't take care of you anymore with regard to the allocation of resources in the future."

Chen Feng was surprised: "What's wrong?"

"I was transferred to another place to work and no longer be in charge of the Resource Hall."

Previously, Han Cong was in charge of the Resource Hall and was responsible for the monthly resource allocation for the outer sect disciples. Han Cong took good care of him and assigned him some high-quality spirit stones every time. It is difficult to say whether he will take care of him in this way if he is changed. He was a little sad, but it wasn't because he couldn't get a good-quality spirit stone in the future, but he was reluctant to be the only uncle who was good to him.

Han Cong saw that his thoughts were coming. He smiled and comforted: "Don't worry, although I am no longer in the Resource Hall, I am still in the Foreign Sect. We can meet in the future."

He lowered his voice again and said, "Now Elder Sun is in charge of the Resource Hall. He was taught miserably by your master at the beginning, and he has long held a grudge against your master. His son also had conflicts with you, so you should be more careful in the future. He might embarrass you."

Chen Feng felt a heavy heart and nodded heavily.

It doesn't matter if you are under the eaves, you can lower your head temporarily, wait until your strength is strong, and then get back everything you deserve!

Speaking of Cao Cao Cao's arrival, at this time, Chen Feng suddenly heard a joking voice behind him: "Look at who is here. Isn't this the trash apprentice of Master Trash? Why, is we wasting the resources of our outer sect again?"

When Chen Feng turned his head, he was talking about a sixteen or seventeen-year-old boy in Jin Yi, who was very handsome, but his lips were thin, a little frivolous, and a bit mean. Beside him is a middle-aged man in his forties.

This young man is Sun Xin, and next to him is Elder Sun, one of the powerful figures in the elders of the foreign sect.

Before Chen Feng spoke, Han Cong stared at Sun Xin and said coldly: "Sun Xin, you say it again!"

The gaze was like a cold needle, so that Sun Xin lowered her head and dared not look directly at Han Cong.

"Huh..." A cold snort came, and Elder Sun sneered: "Junior Brother Han, you really are getting better and better. Even the juniors are bullying. What kind of skills are you? No wonder the seniors in the sect can't believe you and let me come. Management Resources Hall. Haha!"

He looked at Han Zong, laughing wildly, extremely proud.

Elder Sun has always hated Yan Qingyu, and even has hatred for Han Cong and Chen Feng.

Han Cong took a step forward and said coldly: "Elder Sun, I don't have the abilities. If you say it, let's see the real chapter! Do you dare to compare with me?"

When Elder Sun heard this, a flash of fear flashed in his eyes, and he couldn't help taking a step back.

He knew very well that his cultivation was not as good as Han Cong, so how could he dare to fight Han Cong?

But at this time, in front of so many people in the square, if he dare not fight, he will have no face, and he will have no face to stay in the outer sect in the future.

At this moment, a voice came from the side: "What's the matter?"

The voice is indifferent and without emotion.

After seeing the people clearly, everyone saluted, Han Cong and Elder Sun were no exception.

The one who came was an old man with white hair and beard. This person was Su Zhaodong, the Supreme Elder of the Waizong, with a distinguished position and one of the best in the Waizong. His indifferent gaze swept across Han Cong and Elder Sun, his brows frowned slightly, and he said, "You two are also elders of the foreign sect. How do you feel like this in front of so many

juniors? Especially you , Han Cong, you still take the initiative to engage in a battle, and you have nothing to do, right? It seems that I transferred you from the resource hall to be responsible for the hunting of monsters and beasts. It is really right. Nothing!"

"And you, you trash, staying at the grave of your trash master without being honest, what are you doing here to cause trouble?"

Su Zhaodong obviously favored Elder Sun and Sun Xin. Elder Sun showed a smug and sullen smile, looking at Han Cong.

Han Cong was reprimanded in public, his face flushed, and his whole body was shaking. He has been in charge of the Resource Hall for these years, being fair and unselfish, acting magnanimously, but now he is said to be worthless.

But he didn't dare to talk back. The other party was a super elder, and his strength was unpredictable, and within one move, he could leave his bones dead.

Chen Feng lowered his head, gritted his teeth, and there was flames burning in the dark.

"Su Zhaodong, today you gave me the shame of my Uncle Han, I must ask it back!" He gritted his teeth in his heart.

Su Zhaodong gave a cold snort, took a deep look at Han Cong, and turned to leave.

Elder Sun looked at Han Cong with shame and arrogance, and said in a negative test: "Han Cong, I promise, you will become more and more miserable. I tell you, you will be killed alive! Maybe someday with the demon. When the beast fights, it will be killed by a knife that does not know where it came from!"

"And you." He looked at Chen Feng again: "From now on, your resources will be gone every month! You trash, when Han Cong is dead, I see how you can be mad!"

"You!" Han Cong said angrily: "Don't go too far."

At this moment, Chen Feng suddenly chuckled, his face showing disdain.

Elder Sun said angrily: "Trash, what are you laughing at?"

"I laugh at you as a waste!"

Chen Feng called him disdainfully, and sneered: "Back then, you relied on your old age and high cultivation level to provoke my master and be beaten by my master. Later, even if my master's meridians were all broken, you were not his opponent! I only dare to play majesty in front of my junior, haha, so amazing, really amazing!"

"Also, over the years, my master died, and no one taught me to practice. Your son Sun Xin, it's good to have you teach yourself, he wants to come to his cultivation base! You keep saying I'm a waste, but if I defeat Sun Xin, then you and your son, are they trash?"

"What, you beat me?" Sun Xin glared at Chen Feng, then laughed very funny, and shouted at the surrounding crowd: "I heard it right, this **** said to beat me! To beat The three-fold me the day after tomorrow!"

The disciples of the foreign sect who were onlookers also gave out a burst of ridicule and disdain.

"Chen Feng really knows how to live and die, a waste that hasn't even broken through the first level of the acquired realm, and still wants to challenge Sun Xin?"

"Yes, not only has Sun Xin reached the acquired triple level, he is also regarded as a middle-level powerhouse among the disciples of the outer sect,

but also has been carefully taught by Elder Sun. I heard that he has mastered many advanced martial arts!"

"Chen Feng is looking for death!"

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It was as if Chen Feng hadn't heard these remarks. He just smiled, tore a piece of fabric from his clothes and threw it to Sun Xin, which represented a challenge.

"Sun Xin, dare to fight with me?"