

Peerless 31

[Chapter 31: Pharmacist](#)

But he wouldn't attribute the cause to his greed, but Chen Feng's body all depended on.

"Little bastard, I will be severely punished for what you want to do, right? I won't make you feel better."
The middle-aged man sneered.

Chen Feng walked a long way inside, and finally stopped at the door of a quaint shop deep in the street.

The store is small and the decoration is not luxurious, but it has a simple, natural and antique flavor, which makes people feel very comfortable.

The name of the store is "Yao Shi Xuan".

Chen Feng seemed to remember something, he hesitated for a moment, and walked in.

The shop is very small, with only one counter. There are less than ten jade boxes in it, and I don't know what it is.

An elderly white-bearded man in gray linen was enjoying tea in a leisurely manner.

As soon as Chen Feng entered, his eyes fell on the cloth roll in Chen Feng's hand.

"Sell things?" the old man asked.

"Yes." Chen Feng smiled and nodded.

The old man is very kind and makes him feel quite comfortable.

"Open things. We have very few things to collect. If it is suitable, I will give you a fair price. If it is not suitable, you can take it away." The old man said.

"Okay." Chen Feng nodded and took out the black blood snake skin and martial arts secrets.

Seeing the black blood snake skin, the old man moved slightly, stood up and walked around the snake skin.

"Well, this is a good thing!" The old man whispered to himself: "Very complete, only a little damaged, such a big one, it must be an adult black blood snake, and it has been peeled off for less than two days, very fresh. "

"It's so big, and more formations can be drawn on it. The owner is absolutely satisfied."

The old man's voice was not loud, but it was enough for Chen Feng to hear.

Chen Feng smiled slightly at the corner of his mouth. This old man, acting upright, was deliberately letting himself hear.

As for the martial arts cheats, the old man shook his head and said nothing after reading it.

After a while, the old man turned his head and asked, "All sold?"

Chen Feng smiled and said, "They are all sold, senior, please make a price."

"It's kind of polite." The old man smiled slightly and nodded slightly.

He directly said: "Black blood snake skin, one hundred middle-grade spirit stones. The price is very fair, what do you think?"

Chen Feng was overjoyed. This was similar to what he expected, and even some. He was very satisfied that he was able to sell 90 spirit stones.

He clasped his hands and smiled: "Senior, juniors only need forty spiritual stones."

"Oh?" The old man was a little surprised. I've heard of price hikes, but haven't heard of voluntary price cuts.

Chen Feng pointed to the jade box in the cabinet, and said in a deep voice, "The younger generation hopes to choose a pill from it."

"What a clever little guy." The old man asked with a smile: "How do you know that there is a pill in it?"

Chen Feng looked dark and whispered: "Master told me before his death that Qian Yuanzong's pill is of the best quality among all the stores selling pill of Qian Yuanzong's Waizong."

"Your master?" The old man thought for a moment, and suddenly said, "Are you Yan Qingyu's disciple?"

Chen Feng nodded.

"It turned out to be the son of an old man." The old man shook his head and sighed: "Your master was so amazing that year, but unfortunately...he passed away a few years ago. I was very sad when I heard about it. It was just because of..."

He shook his head and sighed for a moment, it seemed a little unspeakable.

In the end, he didn't say anything. He took a deep look at Chen Feng and said, "What pill do you want?"

"Guyuan Dan." Chen Feng said.

"What level?"

"Level six."

Guyuan Dan is one of the thousands of pill medicines. Its effect is to consolidate the essence and strengthen the realm. Chen Feng entered the territory too fast, and the rocket's general upgrade speed would leave many hidden dangers. It is precisely this kind of medicine that is needed.

If you want to stabilize the six levels of acquired realm, you need a six-level solid essence pill.

"Sixth level is right, okay, I'll find it for you." The old man seemed to be distracted, and replied indifferently. He was about to look for it, but suddenly turned his head and looked surprised.

"You said just now, level six?"

"Yes!" Chen Feng was inexplicable.

"Are you six times the day after tomorrow?" The old man was surprised inexplicably.

He heard that Yan Qingyu's disciple was a **** who couldn't practice. How could he reach the sixth layer of the day after tomorrow so soon?

But when he probed, he found that Chen Feng really didn't lie.

The old man was shocked!

It's incredible! People who can't cultivate can actually cultivate, and the speed of cultivation is so fast?

The old man looked at Chen Feng in surprise, but he didn't ask much.

In addition to being surprised, he was a little relieved.

The disciples of the deceased can accomplish something, which is what he likes to see.

He went to the side of the cabinet and looked for it for a while, took out a jade box and handed it to Chen Feng, saying, "This is a sixth-level solid essence pill. You put it away."

Chen Feng took it and took it away solemnly, and then the old man gave Chen Feng another kit, which contained forty middle-grade spirit stones.

"Senior, don't you want this martial arts secret?"

Chen Feng asked.

The old man took a deep look at him and warned earnestly: "There are some things that you can't show to others, let alone sell them."

"This whip technique, if I read it right, should be a secret book from Qingmumen. My vision is not too bad, but not too good. Some are better than me."

"You said, if Qingmumen knew that the secret book in the door had been sold by a Qian Yuanzong disciple, what would they do?"

"The ten major sects of Danyang County, there are occasional frictions and deaths are normal, but remember, don't get caught, don't be found out."

[Chapter 32: Sister Han Yuer](#)

When Chen Feng heard this, he was shocked, his back dripping with cold sweat.

He understood what the old man meant, he bowed his head and thanked respectfully: "Thank you, senior, for the suggestion."

"Yeah." The old man nodded and waved his hand: "Since you are a disciple of the deceased, I have said a few more words. Hurry up and collect the good stuff and go!"

"I haven't asked the old man's name yet." Chen Feng asked.

"Old man Gu Chanzi." The old man smiled.

Chen Feng thanked again, and then left.

After leaving Yaoshixuan, Chen Feng saw a person walking across from him, who was the middle-aged man who had been holding down the price in the store just now.

Looking at the cloth roll in Chen Feng's hand, the middle-aged man looked ugly.

"Did you sell things?" the middle-aged man asked in a cold voice.

Chen Feng said lightly: "Sold it."

"Dare to sell the things that Elder Chen wants to others, you will wait for me, you will die ugly." The middle-aged man said viciously.

When he saw Chen Feng coming out of the Medicine Master's Pavilion, he knew that this time he couldn't get the black blood snake skin. If it's another store, he might still dare to grab it, but this store, he dare not touch it.

"Master, I'm waiting for your means." Chen Feng sneered.

The middle-aged man said angrily: "Okay, you wait."

Chen Feng ignored him again, turned and left.

The middle-aged man stared at his back, with a hint of resentment flashing in his eyes.

"Chen Feng?"

Chen Feng was walking, and suddenly heard a clear shout from behind.

Chen Feng looked back, and after seeing the person clearly, he smiled and said, "Sister Han."

A young girl walked quickly towards him.

The girl was sixteen or seventeen years old, older than Chen Feng, tall and tall, a head taller than the average man, and even taller than Chen Feng.

She wore a close-fitting outfit, with long legs that were straight and slender. When she walked, she walked in a straight line like a pair of scissors, which showed a sense of skill and agility.

She is not beautiful, but she is also very beautiful, full of wild beauty. She carried a three-foot-long soft whip in her hand, dangling.

Han Yuer, the daughter of Han Cong.

Han Yu'er glanced at Chen Feng and frowned: "Why are you here? How many people in the sect look down on you, don't you know why you should be insulted?"

Chen Feng didn't get angry either, and smiled: "I'll wander around."

"Don't wander around." Han Yu'er said in a bad mood: "I'll take you out to save you from having trouble."

She turned around and said coldly: "Go."

Chen Feng smiled and followed.

Speaking of which, Han Yuer and Chen Feng have no feelings either. She actually looked down on Chen Feng a bit, but she never bullied him. She looked cold, but she was not bad.

Han Yuer didn't want to talk to Chen Feng, and walked quickly in front.

When passing by a booth, she seemed to have seen something, knelt down, picked up an object from the booth and looked at it in her hand.

Then he said a few words to the stall owner, shook his head, put down his things and prepared to leave.

At this moment, the stall owner grabbed her clothes suddenly, and said with a chuckle: "Xiao Nizi, you broke my spirit jade and you want to leave?"

Han Yuer frowned and said coldly: "Don't spit people, who broke your spirit jade?"

"Isn't it broken?" The stall owner pointed to the ground and shouted: "Everyone is here to comment! See if she broke my spirit jade!"

Looking in the direction of his fingers, sure enough, something on the stall was broken in half, but looking at the dust, it was obviously a normal stone.

Han Yuer knew what happened to him.

In the Waizong Bazaar, there are many such people, who specialize in blackmailing others. Breaking one of his stubborn stones can make you lose a piece of spiritual jade.

Moreover, they are generally not low-powered. The blackmailed person is not only indefensible, but also unable to beat him. Not only will he be extorted a large amount of money, but he will also be beaten, which is terrible.

"Let go!" Han Yuer's brow condensed with a sullen air.

The one holding Han Yuer's clothes was a thin man in a white robe in his thirties. He smiled wryly: "I won't let go, what can you do with me?"

"The chick is pretty! So, you can either take a hundred low-grade spirit stones to compensate, or you can sleep with me for ten and a half days!"

Talking lustfully laughed.

The whip shadow flashed, and Han Yuer's whip was slammed on the face of the thin white robe. The thin white robe didn't have time to dodge, so he was taken away directly.

A terrible wound appeared on his face, as deep as an inch, the flesh was rolled, even the bones were exposed, and one eye was directly blown.

The onlookers all around took a breath.

This long-legged girl is really hot-tempered, and she is cruel enough to start. The thin white robe who molested her had the acquired triple level of cultivation, and was flew out by her whip.

The thin white robe covered his face and screamed, Han Yuer turned around and said to Chen Feng: "Go, let's go quickly."

"The one who beat me wants to leave? How can there be such a cheap thing in the world?" A rough voice sounded.

A sturdy man walked out of a storefront next to him. He was two meters tall and he was very sturdy, with strong muscles that seemed to burst.

[Chapter 33: Let her go](#)

He saw Han Yu'er, his eyes lit up, and he sneered: "Xiao Lang has a good-looking hooves! No matter his figure, follow the uncle in the future! Let me take care of the uncle, and make sure you walk sideways in the outer sect. No one dares to mess with it!"

Han Yuer's face was cold and frosty: "What if I disagree?"

"Then this account, we have to settle it." The sturdy man grinned.

"So much nonsense? Then fight!"

Han Yu'er is hot-tempered and doesn't talk nonsense at all. She stretches her body, and the whip in his hand is filled with innocent energy, shaking straight, and stabs the strong man like a sharp sword.

The sturdy man twisted his fists and said with a smile, "Good job!"

He stretched out his big hand like a fan, and grasped Han Yu'er's whip with extreme precision.

Han Yu'er was shocked. He was so fast that he could catch it?

As soon as this thought flashed through his mind, the burly man's fist hit Han Yuer's face, and he immediately shot Han Yuer out.

Han Yu'er hit the ground and spit out a mouthful of blood. Her face was pale, her body trembling, and she was obviously injured.

"Zhang Song's acquired five-fold strength is not for nothing."

"Yeah, that Xiao Ni'er looked at the fifth level of the day after tomorrow, but she obviously just entered the fifth level, so naturally she is not Zhang Song's opponent. It is normal to be defeated by one move."

There was a lot of discussion nearby.

The sturdy man looked crude, but he was actually very fast. His figure flashed and he had already come to Han Yuer, holding her neck with his hand, and said with a lewd smile: "The chick is hot enough, when I make you die, See if you can still be so spicy!"

Han Yuer's face was cold, and he spit on the big man's face with a sigh.

The big man's smile suddenly stagnated, and he said viciously: "You're looking for death!"

His hands gradually tightened, and Han Yuer's breathing became more and more difficult, and her pretty face flushed red.

The white robe thin man's face was full of spiteful pleasure, and he yelled: "Big brother, kill her!"

At this moment, the sturdy man suddenly heard a faint voice behind him: "Let go of her."

Zhang Song was surprised. He didn't expect that someone would dare to speak to himself in such a commanding tone.

He turned around and saw Chen Feng.

First, he was taken aback, and then he laughed, tears coming out of laughter.

"Hahahaha, what did I see? It turned out to be you trash? Oh, trash also wants to learn from other heroes to save the United States? It depends on whether you have this ability!"

Chen Feng said coldly: "I let you let her go!"

A murderous intent flashed in Zhang Song's eyes, let go of Han Yu'er, and walked towards Chen Feng. As he walked, he squeezed his fists and yelled: "You rubbish, you seem to be crazy, so you dare to talk to me like this! Are you looking for death? I will make you perfect!"

As he said, a sudden acceleration, a fist the size of a wine jar slammed into Chen Feng's face.

Han Yuer fell softly to the ground and turned his head, afraid to watch the next scene. The punch just now wounded myself. Chen Feng can't practice at all, and can't be smashed into meat sauce?

However, after she turned her head and waited for several seconds, she did not hear the expected sound of Chen Feng screaming to death.

The people around let out a neat and unbelievable exclamation.

Han Yuer quickly turned her head to look at her, her beautiful eyes suddenly widened.

She couldn't believe the scene she saw before her, but this scene did indeed happen.

Chen Feng opened one hand to withstand Zhang Song's fist, Zhang Song's face flushed, but Chen Feng's palm was like cast iron, not moving at all.

Zhang Song looked at Chen Feng in disbelief, and Chen Feng just stood there so leisurely, seemingly useless.

"How is it possible?" Zhang Song let out a crazy cry.

He stepped back a few steps, looked at Chen Feng with solemn eyes, and shouted in a deep voice: "It turned out to be a master. It was my clumsy eyes and misunderstood your Excellency. Let's take a step back for today's matter. Let's forget it, how about?"

He had realized that he was probably not Chen Feng's opponent, so he found a step down.

Chen Feng said lightly: "You wound my senior sister, so forget it?"

"Then what do you want?" Zhang Song said fiercely.

"For what you don't want, blood for blood, tooth for tooth!" Chen Feng stared at him with indifferent eyes, as if looking at a dead person.

This completely neglected attitude made Zhang Song angrily.

He knew that it must be difficult to be good today, and he suddenly roared, and a khaki light flickered all over his body, forming a khaki mask on his body.

He lowered his head in a strange pose.

Clenching fists with both hands together, leaning forward, fists in front of the head, the whole person is like a bull ready to charge.

Double fists are horns.

Zhang Song roared, strode forward, and slammed into Chen Feng fiercely.

It's like an aggressive bull.

"This is Senior Brother Zhang's martial arts, first-grade yellow, very strong! Under a collision, with two thousand catties of strength, Chen Feng Kendeo is definitely not an opponent."

Someone whispered nearby.

"It's really a mantis arm as a car!"

Chen Feng sighed lightly, without paying any attention, he didn't even use the Immovable Mingwang Seal, only slightly extended his fist.

One punch, just one punch!

[Chapter 34: Elder Zhao](#)

Chen Feng's fist was filled with real qi, and with thousands of jins of force, he easily smashed Zhang Song's strong body shield and imprinted it on his chest.

Zhang Song's chest collapsed immediately, vomiting blood, and was seriously injured.

Everyone was shocked!

How strong is Chen Feng's cultivation base? One punch, only one punch, and without using martial arts, actually severely wounded Zhang Song, who was at the fifth peak of the day after tomorrow!

so horrible!

Han Yu'er also looked incredulous, she felt a mess in her brain.

how is this possible? When was Chen Feng so good?

Chen Feng walked to Zhang Song with a smile on the corner of his mouth, his expression calm and calm.

His posture was an understatement, as if he had just stretched out his hand to hit the mosquito that he had always hated.

"Zhang Song, you injured my senior sister, and you wanted to kill me just now. We have to settle this account slowly."

Zhang Song frantically shouted: "Do you dare to kill me? No, you dare not kill me!"

"You still have a hard mouth? Then you try." Chen Feng's smile turned cold.

Chen Feng walked to Zhang Song and stepped on his face. Zhang Song's face was twisted and deformed. The blood and sweat on his face were mixed and dirty.

As long as he exerts force, he can step on Zhang Song's head and let him go to the west.

"Stop!" At this moment, there was a cold voice behind him.

Chen Feng condensed his movements and looked back.

A middle-aged man in a green shirt with a goatee came over, took a look at the situation in the court, and asked coldly: "What's the matter?"

Before Chen Feng spoke, Zhang Song shouted: "Elder Zhao, this trash Chen Feng and this little girl smashed our spirit treasure. We reasoned with them, and they beat the disciple. You must be the master for the disciple. what!"

His wicked complained first and twisted the facts.

Elder Zhao is one of the elders responsible for managing the Waizong Bazaar and is also his patron. Zhang Song initially established a relationship with Elder Zhao with a generous gift, and since then, he has always offered a generous gift.

So he was rampant in the Waizong Bazaar, and the sect always closed one eye.

As soon as Chen Feng wanted to speak, Elder Zhao reprimanded, "Chen Feng, in full view, you can't help but beat the same brother like this. You are so bold!"

"Go, follow me to the Xingtang!"

He didn't ask questions at all, and directly attacked Chen Feng.

Xingtang is the place where the outer sect specializes in punishing and interrogating disciples who violated the rules of the sect. There are a lot of cruel methods inside.

If you really want to go in and take a walk, you will lose your skin if you die.

Chen Feng was fighting back and defending himself, and it was obvious that Elder Zhao was deliberately fixing him.

Chen Feng showed a clear look on his face, and said faintly: "Elder Zhao, why don't you ask the question, you come up to believe that I did the thing?"

"With so many people around, you don't know how to ask them, what is the truth?"

Elder Zhao blushed when he said, "You hurt Zhang Song, but the old man saw it with his own eyes. You need to ask others?"

A hint of mockery appeared at the corner of Chen Feng's mouth: "Elder Zhao, when Zhang Song just injured my senior sister and was about to kill me, I wonder where you are? I wonder if you saw it?"

"You saw it when I fought back at Zhang Song. Could it be that your blindness just now was cured suddenly?"

Elder Zhao was furious: "Presumptuous, Chen Feng, how dare you talk to me like this?"

Facing him, Chen Feng straightened his body, straightened his chest, and looked majestic.

He is tall and looks down at Elder Zhao: "Why don't I dare? I have the right, but you will only use your old qualifications and power to suppress people! How to make people convinced?"

"What a little beast with sharp teeth!"

Elder Zhao ignored him, saying that he couldn't be more irritated. He was so angry that he stopped at Chen Feng with one paw, and sternly shouted: "Boy, go with the old man!"

Between the palms of his fingers, with a fierce wind and an extremely strong infuriating energy, he directly grabbed Chen Feng.

Chen Feng was shocked to find that he could not move at all, and his whole body was enveloped in true energy.

The feeling of almost suffocating came to his heart.

Completely unable to resist, unable to contend, the strength gap between the two sides is huge.

Elder Waizong, the worst is also the strength of the Nine Layers of acquired Heaven, and some have even entered the Divine Gate Realm.

Elder Zhao is the powerhouse of the gods!

Although he just entered the Divine Sect Realm, the Divine Sect Realm is the Divine Sect Realm, far beyond the ability of the acquired powerhouse.

This is the first time Chen Feng has seen the power of a strong man in the Divine Gate Realm, so that he can't even have the idea of resistance, and his heart is enveloped by a strong sense of powerlessness.

Too strong! so horrible!

Right here, a huge force surged from the side, directly defying Elder Zhao's offensive. Elder Zhao took a step back. After seeing the person, he narrowed his eyes and said with a chuckle, "Who am I? It's Junior Brother Han."

The person who came was Han Cong.

He is dusty and tired, his face is tired.

He ignored Elder Zhao, first glanced at Han Yu'er, quickly passed by, and said with concern; "Yu'er, are you okay?"

Han Yu'er shook her head: "Father, my injury is not very serious. Don't worry."

"That's good."

[Chapter 35: Abolish your cultivation!](#)

Han Cong relaxed, he nodded slightly to Chen Feng with a hint of approval in his eyes, then faced Elder Zhao, and said angrily: "The surname is Zhao, my daughter was beaten like this, haven't you seen it?"

Elder Zhao curled his lips and said indifferently: "How do I know that she is your daughter?"

"Even an ordinary sect disciple can bully at will?"

Elder Zhao was caught by him and couldn't help but stagnate.

When Han Cong arrived, he knew that his plan for today would not succeed. He turned around and ran away, and said something ruthlessly: "Senior Brother Han, Brother, I will settle this account with you in the future."

When Elder Zhao left, Han Cong turned around and looked at Zhang Song.

Zhang Song was cold all over, as if being splashed down by a basin of cold water.

He didn't expect that this hot-bodied long-legged girl turned out to be the daughter of the elder Zongmen. If he had known it, he wouldn't dare to give him ten courage!

"Yu'er, did you hurt?" Han Cong asked Zhang Songhan.

Zhang Song trembled: "Elder Han, you, listen to me..."

"Listen to the ass! I'm going to be beaten to death by your daughter, still listen?"

Han Cong shouted angrily and clicked with his fingers. Numerous small holes burst out in Zhang Song's major joints, and blood poured out like a fountain.

"I will not kill you, but I will abolish your whole body cultivation base, so that you will never be able to practice anymore!"

Han Conghan said.

Zhang Song fainted with pain.

Han Cong did the same, and abolished the thin white shirt.

He said to Chen Feng: "Go."

Chen Feng nodded, supported Han Yuer, and left behind Han Cong.

Soon, the three of them arrived at Han Cong's residence.

As the elder of the Waizong, Han Cong has a separate courtyard on the mountain behind the Broken Arrow Peak of the Waizong. The yard is not big, but it is very clean. There is a pool of bluegrass planted in the yard, and a few clumps of bamboo are swaying in the wind.

Beyond the back mountain, in the thousands of miles of Aomori Mountain, there are the mysterious inner gate and the core sect.

The three of them entered the room and sat down, and Han Yuer immediately said, "Father, it was Chen Feng who rescued me just now."

"What?"

Han Cong's face was full of shock: "What's going on? To elaborate."

He came too late just now and didn't see Chen Feng's move. I just praised Chen Feng for not changing his offensive face to Elder Zhao, but I didn't know that Chen Feng had already advanced by leaps and bounds.

He thought it was Chen Feng and Zhang Song who had a conflict, and then Han Yuer and Zhang Song both lost in order to protect Chen Feng.

He still complained about Chen Feng in his heart.

Unexpectedly, it was Chen Feng who rescued Han Yuer.

Han Yuer recounted the course of the matter, and when she heard that Chen Feng had severely injured Zhang Song, who was the day after five, without using martial arts, Han Cong couldn't help but be surprised and delighted.

He was full of surprise and said: "Chen Feng, what realm are you now?"

Chen Feng touched his nose and said with a smile: "The day after tomorrow's Sixth."

Then added another sentence: "Peak."

"Okay, great!"

Han Cong stayed for a moment, shocked in his heart.

He couldn't believe it. Just a month ago, Chen Feng was still the triple layer of the day after tomorrow, but now he has the sixth layer! This entry is too fast!

But when he thought that he was Yan Qingyu's disciple, he was not surprised.

How high are Yan Qingyu's eyes? If he could be attracted to him, Chen Feng was probably not a waste, but a genius, but no one had realized it before.

Thinking of this way, he let out a hearty laugh.

He got up and walked back and forth in the room, high-five repeatedly, and smiled: "Chen Feng, you are fine. Brother Yan, who knows Quanzha, should be proud of you."

Speaking of Yan Qingyu, there was a bit of sadness in the air.

Chen Feng pursed his lips, his face showed resoluteness, and said firmly: "Uncle Han, rest assured, I will not let your expectations down, nor will I forget how Master died. I will be successful in my cultivation in the future and vowed to repay this. hatred!"

"Do not!"

Han Cong stared at him and said with a serious face: "Your master's hatred, you must forget, at least, now."

Chen Feng understood what he meant, and Zheng nodded his head: "Uncle Master, don't worry, I will remember."

Chen Feng knew that Han Cong must know some information about Master's enemies, but he didn't ask.

Without power, what revenge is there?

"Well, let's not talk about this."

Han Cong waved his hand and said with a smile: "You have arrived at the Sixth Layer of the Day after tomorrow. This is a gratifying thing! The Sixth Layer the day after tomorrow, among all the tens of thousands of disciples of the foreign sect, it should be ranked in the top 100."

"Seeing that the annual foreign sect competition is about to begin, just in time, I will sign up for you."

Chen Feng wondered: "The Great Foreign Sect?"

Han Cong nodded and explained: "The Grand Tournament of the Outer Sect is an annual event of the Outer Sect. In the entire Outer Sect, all the disciples except the Supreme Elder and the elders can participate."

"Of course, the elders will screen all applicants, and will also carry out a series of battles for preliminary screening and elimination."

"Finally, the number of places to participate in the competition is three hundred and twenty."

"Three hundred and twenty people caught each other and killed each other. After five battles, the top ten was decided."

"In the top ten, everyone can get a generous reward, either martial arts, or medicinal pill, or spirit treasure, or weapon... The first champion can get the title of this year's master brother. And get the richest reward."

"The top ten of the Outer Sect Grand Competition, you can enter the inner Sect!"

[Chapter 36: News from the Great Competition](#)

What Han Cong said made Chen Feng excited. Naturally, generous rewards need not be mentioned, and the opportunity to enter the inner sect is extremely rare.

You know, Qianyuanzong's inner disciples and outer disciples are treated differently.

From the perspective of the senior sect, these people of the outer sect are irrelevant, while the disciples of the inner sect are the source of the continuation of the sect's incense.

The inner sect disciples can get a generous amount of resources for their cultivation every month, and even each of them can get a place for cultivation.

This kind of treatment surpasses many elders of the foreign sect.

Chen Feng resolutely said: "I have to participate in this foreign sect competition."

"If you are still the previous strength, I will definitely not let you participate. But you are very strong now, the day after tomorrow Sixth, you have enough strength to participate."

"Even if you can't make the top ten, it's good to increase your combat experience and practice more."

Han Cong smiled.

Han Yuer said: "Father, Chen Feng is so good now, can't make it into the top ten?"

"Among the foreign sects, there are hidden dragons and crouching tigers. Don't look down upon others."

Han Cong urged: "Every year in the Grand Competition of Foreign Sects, there will be a group of amazing and talented people. Not to mention the top ten, the top 50 of each year. The eight-fold one abounds, and the nine-fold one abounds. Rare. Some people have even reached the Nine Peaks of the acquired day, and they only stepped into the Divine Gate Realm."

"This is a strong man at the half-step gods!"

Chen Feng couldn't help but feel moved.

Half-step Shenmen, Nine Layers of the day after tomorrow, this class of powerhouses is still unmatched by him now. He is strong, yes, but those people are stronger.

"It seems that Waizong University is not as simple as I thought, and has to work harder!"

"You don't have to worry about it. I will just report it for you. The junior ones are competitions, and you don't need to participate. You can directly participate in the 320-person race." Han Cong said.

Chen Feng smiled and said, "Uncle Lao."

When Han Yuer heard this, she said suddenly; "Father, I also want to participate."

"If you participate..."

Han Cong was a little embarrassed: "You have only acquired five levels, and your strength is a bit low. And it's difficult to improve your realm in a short time."

Han Yuer gave him a white look, and said, "Isn't it to blame you? I told me to find a secret book for the whip technique for several months, but I haven't found it yet. You can't improve your realm in a short time, but you can use wonderful martial arts. Come make up!"

Han Cong said in embarrassment, "Well, cough, good girl. You don't know that the whip technique is uncommon, and there are few martial arts of the whip technique. You don't like those in the outer martial arts pavilion. I'm going to the market to find it for you."

After hearing this, Chen Feng thought of something, took out the whip technique secret book from his arms, handed it to Han Cong, and said, "Uncle Shi, I have a whip technique secret book here."

"Thirteen styles of soft whip back? Is this the martial skill of Qing Muzong?"

After receiving the secret book, Han Cong took a look, his eyes suddenly became sharp, and looked at Chen Feng: "Where did you get it?"

Chen Feng didn't conceal it, saying: "During the experience in the Aomori Mountains a few days ago, I encountered a few of Aoki Sect's offal and I killed them. This was found from their bodies."

"Okay, good boy! What a means!"

When Han Cong heard the words, the expression on his face became gentle, and he patted Chen Feng on the shoulder heavily, and laughed: "It seems that I still underestimate you."

Chen Feng touched his nose, and asked, "Is Qing Muzong having a big hatred with our sect?"

"This, you will know later." Han Cong said.

He threw the secret book to Han Yu'er, and said with a smile: "Girl, this is a second-rank yellow martial art, or the whip technique, which is very suitable for you."

Han Yuer didn't expect her dream to come true, she was very excited, holding it in her hand, looking at it with joy.

"Thank you Chen Feng? It's rude." Han Cong scolded.

It was Han Yuer who protected Chen Feng before. She couldn't change her role for a while. Where did she come from to thank Chen Feng?

Chen Feng didn't care about this either, and said with a smile: "Uncle Master, you take care of me so much, it's just a whip technique, it's nothing."

Han Cong looked at him and nodded in relief.

Chen Feng said a few words before leaving.

Han Yuer escorted him out. At the door, she lowered her head and said in a low voice: "Chen Feng, thank you."

She seemed a little embarrassed, she didn't dare to look up at Chen Feng.

Chen Feng was startled, and a bright and brilliant smile appeared at the corner of his mouth: "Sister, you are welcome."

As the setting sun went down, the boy's smiling face was pure and sunny, and Han Yu'er looked up and couldn't help but feel a little silly.

When Chen Feng had gone away, she held her hot smiling face and smiled embarrassedly: "The first time I found out that Junior Brother Chen looks really good."

Leaving the Han family, Chen Feng went to the front mountain of the Waizong and headed straight to the Martial Skill Pavilion.

The experience during this period not only increased his strength, but also deeply realized his shortcomings.

He defends well, but lacks offense.

Offensive methods are very lacking, and going back and forth is just a big handprint of light. Although very tyrannical, but very monotonous, there is no change. Moreover, the Guangming Mudra is stronger on defense than offense.

At least the current Fudo Mingwang Seal is so.

Chapter 37: Yellow grade three, rain falling and flying flowers

If it is an enemy weaker than oneself, with this, of course it can be crushed. But if you encounter a strong player, the shortcomings of lack of attack methods and insufficient tactics will be greatly magnified.

Therefore, Chen Feng is very clear that he must practice another martial skill to make up for the lack of offensive methods.

The Grand Tournament of Outer Sect is coming soon, and now every bit of strength is very important to him.

Moreover, it is time to return the Guangming Mahamudra.

According to Qianyuanzong's precepts, the selected martial arts secrets can only be borrowed for one month, and must be returned after one month.

The consequences of violating this commandment are even more serious than killing people in the sect.

From the perspective of the sect, martial arts secrets are much more important than ordinary disciples outside the sect.

Chen Feng came to the martial arts pavilion, and the old man responsible for guarding the martial arts pavilion was still drinking. It seems that every time he comes, he is doing the same thing-drinking.

Chen Feng walked up to her and saluted respectfully: "The disciple has seen the grandmaster and uncle."

"Such a long string, is it troublesome for you to call it? Just call me Lao Wu." The elder Taishen rolled his eyes and snorted coldly.

"Yes, Old Chen." Of course Chen Feng didn't dare to call Old Chen.

"You kid, you are pretty good. What are you doing this time?" Old Chen smiled.

"The disciple is here to return the martial arts secret book I borrowed before, and at the same time, I want to borrow another one of a higher level."

Chen Feng said respectfully.

Old Chen glanced at him up and down, a little surprised: "Sixth the day after tomorrow so soon? Very good!"

"Old Chen, you are absurdly praised." Chen Feng said modestly.

Old Chen didn't show his inner shock, but he didn't think about it, because everyone knew that Chen Feng was Yan Qingyu's disciple.

But the amazing Yan Qingyu who was born out of the sky that year really left a deep impression on them!

They were not surprised at what extent Yan Qingyu's disciples could reach.

In their opinion, it was impossible to surpass Yan Qingyu.

"Go up to borrow it, but return it, you don't have to."

Old Chen winked his eyes at him, a bit old-fashioned, "Why don't I remember that you borrowed cheats from the Martial Skill Pavilion? Anyway, I don't have any borrowing records here!"

Chen Feng's heart was clear, knowing that it was Old Chen taking care of himself.

The Guangming Mahamudra is a treasure that can be unearthed endlessly, and there are many secrets in it that he has not penetrated, and it is of course good not to return it.

He hurriedly smiled and said: "Old Chen, you said this, the disciple remembered it, it may be that the disciple had remembered it wrong. This is indeed the first time that the disciple has come to the Wu Ji Pavilion.

"Russ can be taught!"

Old Chen nodded him and laughed.

He waved his hand: "Go in, you can go directly to the third floor."

Chen Feng thanked him and entered the martial arts pavilion.

This time, he easily broke through the air barrier leading to the second floor, and the air barrier leading to the third floor only persisted for less than ten breaths under his tyrannical true Qi.

Although Chen Feng hadn't reached the seventh level at this time, his true energy was pure and majestic, the quality was high, and the quantity was also large, far surpassing the average acquired powerhouse of the seventh level.

After going up to the third floor, Chen Feng found that the third floor was much smaller than the first floor and the second floor. There were only a few bookshelves. It seemed that the number of cheat books did not exceed one hundred.

Think about it, too, how precious is the third-grade Huang-level technique? If such a third-rank yellow martial skill appeared in the outer world, it would attract various big families to fight for it and set off a **** storm.

The number is certainly not too much.

With the experience of the last time, Chen Feng carefully knocked on the corners of the bookshelves this time to see if there were any interlayers.

After half an hour, he wiped the sweat from his forehead and gave a wry smile.

"Sure enough, such a good thing is enough once. I want to take tricks, but I am a little greedy."

Chen Feng said to himself.

He searched around, but in vain, he stopped making this idea, but began to patiently search for his own application on the shelf.

Outside the martial arts pavilion, Old Chen opened his eyes and said with a smile: "This little guy is really interesting."

Chen Feng searched for almost an hour and turned over almost all the martial arts secrets.

In the end, he chose a third-rank yellow martial skill.

"Yu Luofei Foil Sword Technique!"

Yuluofei's swordsmanship, the sword walks lightly and swiftly, it condenses into falling flowers with sword aura, which hurts people and is powerful.

At the extreme level, together with the sword power, the heavy rain fell. In the majestic cold rain, ninety-nine-eighty-one sword-qi condensed flowers were flying everywhere, wherever they went, blood splashed.

The scene at the time of the murder was as brilliant as a sky full of flowers, and extremely beautiful.

This is an extremely beautiful swordsmanship that has transformed killing into art.

"You are the one."

Chen Feng took the secret book into his arms and walked out of the martial arts pavilion.

When he came out, Old Chen was coughing violently.

It seemed that he was choked by alcohol. He covered his mouth, coughing violently, and trembling all over his body. The intensity of the cough made people wonder if he would cough out his lungs.

Suddenly, there was a twist on his face, showing pain.

There was blood oozing from the cracks between his fingers covering his mouth.

[Chapter 38: Snake gall](#)

Chen Feng was startled, and hurried forward, patted his back lightly, and said with concern: "Old Chen, are you okay?"

Old Chen coughed for a long time before stopping, panting heavily, and waved his hand: "It's a matter of course, it's a matter of course. The old wounds in my youth have been so many years old, and I have been used to it."

With that, he picked up the wine gourd and poured it fiercely.

Chen Feng persuaded: "Everyone coughs up like this, so don't drink."

Old Chen glanced at him sideways: "You know what a shit, if it wasn't for this wine town, the old man would have coughed to death."

"Are you medicated liquor?" Chen Feng awakened.

"Well, this is formulated with herbs that suppress lung injury, relieve cough and remove blood stasis." Old Chen said.

Suddenly, Chen Feng took out a jade box and handed it to Lao Chen: "Lao Chen, take a look, is this thing useful for your injuries."

Old Chen glanced at him suspiciously, opened the jade box, and then his eyes opened immediately.

"This is snake gall? This quality is at least produced from monsters with levels 5 or more acquired! Boy, how did you get it?"

Chen Feng smiled: "How simple is it to kill a snake to get courage?"

"Okay, your kid has some skill! Snake monsters are the most cunning. They can't catch them better than them. They are not as powerful as they can't beat them. The snake bile is always rare!" Old Chen praised.

"This snake gall bladder can ventilate qi and remove blood stasis, remove fire and eliminate phlegm. It may be of some use to your injury, Old Chen, please accept it! It is a bit of filial piety for the younger generation."

Chen Feng said sincerely.

Old Chen took a deep look at him and sighed slightly: "This thing is really useful to me. Chen Feng, I owe you a favor."

Chen Feng smiled and said: "I owe you favor, and even a snake gall can't finish what I owe you."

Say goodbye and leave.

Old Chen was very pleased, looking at his back, and muttering to himself: "There are not many such conscientious little guys now."

Chen Feng returned to his residence.

From a distance, he saw that the hut had disappeared.

The place where the hut was razed to the ground.

The corner of Chen Feng's mouth twitched slightly, which was not beyond his expectation.

Thinking about it, after Elder Sun found out that the person sent to kill him hadn't returned, he should have sent another person. Moreover, they will definitely find traces of the original battle, and maybe they can find the two corpses.

In order to cover up the crime of sending someone to commit the crime, Elder Sun will surely remove all traces.

Chen Feng knew that it was not safe here, and he didn't plan to stay here for a long time. He came back just to see Master.

Some dried fruits, two vegetarian candles.

The grave is quiet, as before.

"Master, I got what you left in the tomb. The disciple's cultivation base has advanced by leaps and bounds. Now it is the sixth peak of the day after tomorrow. You are alive in the sky, and you should be relieved. Master, you can rest assured that the disciple will not fail. You hope that one day, the murderer will be found and revenge for you!"

"Master, I miss you so much..."

He knelt before the grave, whispering to himself, tears in his eyes.

After a long time, Chen Feng stood up.

The tears have dried up, and the only thing left is perseverance.

"Master, don't worry! The disciple will slap those who despise our master and disciple in the face! Some people will come to your grave and kowtow to admit their mistakes!"

After speaking, he turned and left.

Not long after he left, a few people flew over and one of them was Elder Sun.

The others are his disciples.

Seeing the dried fruits and candles in front of the grave, the faces of several people were a little ugly.

"Damn, this kid ran away again!" a disciple scolded.

"Master, don't be angry."

Seeing Elder Sun's face ugly, a tall and sturdy man who was as tall as an iron tower chuckled, "Isn't this the beginning of our Grand Competition? You use some means to get the disciple to get Chen Feng. When the time comes, the disciple will be in full view. Next, let him survive and die!"

"For the young master!"

This person is the number one master under Elder Sun, and he is famous in the foreign sect.

"Iron Fist" Choi Jinshan!

When Elder Sun heard this, he turned his anger into joy, haha and said with a smile: "You are a very good way."

...

Mountains, valleys, before cliffs, on the side of water pools.

As the sun rises, Chen Feng is topless, showing white and strong muscles.

Holding a white object in his hand, he moved slowly, stepping on the mysterious footwork from time to time under his feet, advancing and retreating well, drawing out a responsible line.

He practiced the Yuluofei Foil swordsmanship from the first move, changing the moves, and then the speed became faster and faster.

In the end, he stepped on the seven stars, so swiftly, the whole person looked like a shadow, and he couldn't even see his figure clearly.

After a long time, Chen Feng stopped.

He straightened up, panting lightly, sweating all over his body.

He left the hut that day and came here.

This is a hidden valley in the Aomori Mountains, not far from Broken Arrow Peak. If you drive with all your strength, it only takes half a day.

The valley is ordinary and has no specialties, but it is off the beaten track.

Chen Feng settled down here, studying Yuluofei's sword technique every day.

It has been three days now.

"Basically, I'm already familiar with the tricks of Yuluofei's sword, and now I'm about to start practicing swordsmanship."

"The sword intent of rain falling and flying flowers is dense, like rain, everywhere, everywhere, covering the enemy, nowhere to escape."

[Chapter 39: Six peaks!](#)

Chen Feng gathered his breath and concentrated, and after a long time, a white object in his hand suddenly pierced out.

The white object in his hand is about two feet long, white in size, thick in the lower part, and slightly curved in the upper part. It looks like the teeth of some large animal.

These are the fangs of the black blood snake.

In addition to the snake skin, Chen Feng also brought back three things, all of which were produced by black blood snakes.

Snake gall, crystal core, and the longest and sharpest pair of fangs in the mouth of the black blood snake.

This pair of fangs is extremely strong, tougher than fine iron, and extremely sharp. Chen Feng originally wanted to bring it and sell it as a material, but now he didn't have a handy weapon in his hand, and he happened to use this as a sword.

He pierced with this sword very fast.

The blade and the tip of the sword draw a wonderful arc in the air. The speed is so fast that the infuriating energy cuts through the air and the traces of white lines in the air are too late to dissipate. They actually condensed into a petal.

Of course, this petal is still very different, very rough, like a urchin's graffiti.

That is to say, the outline of a petal can be seen roughly, and there is nothing in the details.

Chen Feng was overjoyed.

The falling flowers condensed by Yuluofei's sword method are extremely complex. Each flower has ninety-nine eighty-one petals, gorgeous and complex, layered on top of each other.

Now he can cruelly condense into a petal. Although his realm is still very low, he at least proves that he is walking on the right path.

Of course, there is still a long way to go, after all, I can't even condense a realistic petal.

Chen Feng rehearsed over and over again, his muscles tense and full of concentration.

I don't know how many times I have practiced. When night falls, the petals he can finally condense are seven points similar to the real petals.

Three days later, Chen Feng was finally able to condense a petal perfectly.

The lines and veins on the petals are the same as real petals, and they look like real flowers. But it is different from all words, it is unique in the world.

The corner of Chen Feng's mouth twitched slightly, revealing a slight smile.

He sighed softly, raised his head and said softly: "Did you see, I'm always moving forward."

It seems to tell myself.

For the next half month, Chen Feng practiced the rain-falling-flying flower sword technique during the day, and at night, he practiced the Bedoro Leaf Golden Sutra to improve and consolidate his realm.

His acquired six-fold peak realm has been completely stabilized.

He didn't eat the Gu Yuan Dan, he thought, he was about to step into the Seventh Layer of the Acquired, and it was only worthwhile to take this solid state until the Seventh Layer of the Acquired.

The way to practice, the higher the place, the more difficult it becomes.

Before, Chen Feng was able to make a breakthrough in a few days, but that was because his realm was too low. Now that the strength and realm are high, it is even more difficult to improve.

Chen Feng knew that after he broke through to the seventh layer of the acquired day, he might stay in the seventh layer of the acquired day for a long time.

At that time, a solid state is necessary.

Another half month passed, and it has been more than a month since Chen Feng came here.

There is still less than half a month away from the Grand Competition.

After half a month of painstaking cultivation, Chen Feng's body was filled with zhenqi, and he was about to move every day, and he might break through to the acquired seventh realm at any time!

Chen Feng knew that he should have broken through.

The rain is pouring, and the endless pouring rain seems to cover the entire Aomori Mountains.

Rainwater gathered on the ground into countless rivers.

The mountain stream soared, roaring and rushing through the valleys.

This torrential rain in the midsummer time came suddenly and fiercely.

Outside the rain, Chen Feng sat cross-legged in a hidden cave with calm eyes.

Compared to when he couldn't practice a few months ago, his whole person seemed to be completely reborn.[novelusb.Com](http://novelusb.com)

His face changed from yellow and dry to fair and shiny, his figure was thin but full of strength, and his hair was draped down to his waist.

Although he is still young, he is already handsome.

Beside him, a few large silvery-gray cocoons were placed on the ground, drum by drum, with surging power in them.

These are the little wolf cubs, after they ate up the black blood snake, they have been sleeping until now.

He formed a seal with both hands, and what he held in his hands was the monster crystal core of the black blood snake.

That's right, today, Chen Feng wants to absorb the power contained in the black blood snake crystal core.

Every monster has a crystal core. The crystal nucleus is where the essence of the monster beast is, and the power of the monster beast is contained in the crystal nucleus.

The rest are in the flesh and fur.

The black blood snake demon crystal is the size of a palm, and the whole body is emerald green, indicating that the black blood snake is a monster with wood attributes.

At this time, it was visible to the naked eye that in the crystal nucleus, a ray of emerald green light was extracted from the crystal nucleus and entered Chen Feng's body.

A touch of green followed his palm to the arm, then entered the meridian, and entered the dantian.

Chen Feng was full of joy at this time.

The black blood snake crystal core contains a huge life essence, and the spiritual energy inside is extremely pure and huge, even far exceeding the middle-grade spirit stone.

After the wood-attributed zhenqi enters the body, it brings a bit of coolness and comfort.

Chen Feng secretly estimated that with this progress, not only would he be able to fully enter the Seventh Layer of the Acquired, but he would also be able to improve.

[Chapter 40: Extremely dangerous](#)

He slowly absorbed the essence in the crystal core, and soon, three hours passed.

The outside of the cave is as dark as ink, and the heavy rain is still torrential.

Chen Feng's face was blue, and the speed of absorbing the essence was happier. The color of the crystal nucleus became a little lighter, and the thick emerald green disappeared a bit.

The essence in the crystal nucleus has been absorbed almost two times.

At this moment, there was a stern and cruel roar from the crystal core, and Chen Feng was surprised when he heard it. He was familiar with this roar, but it was from the black blood snake.

Immediately afterwards, a small phantom appeared on the surface of the crystal core, only three inches long, exactly the same as the shrunk black blood snake!

The black blood snake's phantom suddenly disappeared, and it followed Chen Feng's palm, entered his body, followed his meridians, and sprinted towards his dantian.

Chen Feng's heart tightened.

Looking inside his body, he found that the phantom of the black blood snake was moving fast in the meridians, with extremely fast speed.

It screamed while running, and the essence absorbed by Chen Feng from the crystal core, after the roar came, it shocked one after another.

They have already begun to break away from Chen Feng's control. These essences that have not yet had time to transform, have begun to withdraw, condense, and condense into small snakes.

These little snakes broke through Chen Feng's meridians and drilled randomly in Chen Feng's body.

Countless little snakes tore apart Chen Feng's flesh and blood, and some even opened a blood hole on the surface of his body, and blood spurted out!

Chen Feng seemed to be pierced by ten thousand arrows, and the intense pain came, making him so painful that he could barely resist, and he couldn't help but let out a miserable grunt.

The pounding sound continued to sound, and Chen Feng was opened with dozens of blood holes on his body and instantly became a blood man.

The pain is extremely painful and miserable!

If this goes on, you will have to die if you only bleed!

Suddenly, the phantom of the black blood snake raised his head and glanced up, with an extremely vicious expression in his eyes, proud.

It is mocking Dong Ce!

Chen Feng's heart sank.

The black blood snake actually left a strand of surviving consciousness in the crystal core! And now, this strand of remaining consciousness is coming to strangle oneself!

The aura in his body had already begun to rebel, and he ran wildly in his body, sending out waves of vicious cheers.

And the black blood snake is still marching towards the dantian continuously.

Finally, the black blood snake arrived in Dantian.

The remaining consciousness left by the black blood snake does not have much wisdom. It has only one idea, that is to destroy, destroy, and then destroy!

It saw the ancient ding, the majestic and mysterious ancient ding was full of the breath of ancient times, and the lines on it were extremely ancient. It is like a sacrifice for the ancestors, ancient but majestic.

The black blood snake was a little fearful instinctively, but after all, it was too low-minded, and the fear disappeared in a blink of an eye. With a roar, it actually rushed towards Gu Ding.

Chen Feng ignored the tearing pain all over, watching this scene nervously.

The mysterious ancient tripod was his last hope.

When the black blood snake rushed past, Gu Ding suddenly shook and let out a buzzing sound.

The buzzing was very light, like a cold snort made by a peerless expert when he saw the ant provoking him, full of disdain.

Immediately afterwards, a deep and long dragon chant came from the ancient cauldron.

Obviously it was a very subtle voice, but it was like a giant sky thunder struck down, with the coercion that the whole world changed.

Chen Feng was shocked, his orifices bleed and his skin was cracked.

A strand of the black blood snake's remaining consciousness was almost shattered, and then a great suction came from the ancient cauldron, and the black blood snake's remaining consciousness was wailed and pulled into the cauldron.

Then everything calmed down.

Chen Feng's body, which had been almost collapsed, stopped collapsing, and the essence that had been absorbed returned to calm.

Chen Feng took a long sigh of relief, feeling lucky to escape from the dead.

Thanks to the ancient cauldron, thanks to the drop of dragon blood sealed in that ancient cauldron, otherwise he would die today without a place to be buried.

In the past, every time Gu Ding swallowed something, he would give some to Chen Feng.

But this time, Gu Ding didn't spit out anything. It seemed that this strand of the black blood snake's remnant soul was completely swallowed by Gu Ding, leaving no hair to Chen Feng.

Chen Feng didn't have time to think about it, and quickly accelerated the absorption of the aura essence in the crystal core.

Massive emerald green auras poured out from the ancient tripod, repairing Chen Feng's body.

Wood type aura, representing breeding, used to heal injuries and repair, nothing better.

Chen Feng's body quickly repaired, stopped bleeding, muscle regeneration...

In the evening of the next day, Chen Feng's body suddenly shook, and a large amount of black fishy impurities were squeezed out of the pores. He let out a foul breath and opened his eyes.

At this time, his face was a little pale, and he felt a little weaker.

Chen Feng felt the condition of his body, and a wry smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

He did break through to the seventh layer of the acquired day, but his strength did not increase much, and he still stayed at nine kilojin.

At this time of advancement, his strength has even declined somewhat.