

## PEERLESS MARTIAL SOUL

### Chapter 5: Select martial arts

"Chen Feng, it's hard for me to hide it!"

Leaving the crowd and walking on the mountain road of Waizong, Han Cong smiled at Chen Feng.

However, he didn't mean to blame, he was very happy for Chen Feng.

"Sorry, Uncle Master, I didn't mean to hide it..." Chen Feng apologized.

"I know, I know, for fear that the tree will attract the wind." Han Cong laughed: "It's okay, no need to explain, I'm very happy for you. But..."

He solemnly said: "Your master made countless enemies before he was alive. He thought you were a trash and didn't bother to do anything to you. Now you have changed the way others think about you, I am afraid it will be even more dangerous. Listen to my words, you must be careful. Act."

Chen Feng felt warm in his heart and said, "Uncle Master, don't worry! I will pay attention."

"Then what are you going to do now?" Han Cong asked, "Do you still go to the Resource Hall to get the spirit stone?"

Chen Feng shook his head: "Don't go now. If you want to go, you will definitely be in conflict with Elder Sun, Master. Over the years, I have accumulated a lot of spirit stones, which is not bad. Wait for my future strength. If it is strong enough, I will look for Elder Sun's bad luck."

Han Cong nodded in relief.

He was very pleased that Chen Feng could take a step back. The real strong cannot blindly play sideways and relentlessly. How many of those mighty men who dominate the party are going smoothly?

"Uncle Han, I want to go to the martial arts pavilion to choose a martial skill. Master has been teaching me the practice but never taught me martial arts." Chen Feng said.

"Okay, I'll take you there." Han Cong smiled and said, "It just so happens that the person in charge of the martial arts pavilion is an uncle who was in charge of the martial arts pavilion when I first started.

The two of them descended from the avenue and followed a small path to the Martial Arts Pavilion. Behind the Martial Arts Pavilion was a cliff, surrounded by mountains and flowers blooming, and green trees hidden, and it was quiet. Along the way, I ran into a few disciples from the outer sect, holding a thread-bound book in his hand, leaving it as if it were a treasure. They all selected exercises from the martial arts pavilion, came out in a hurry, and rushed to practice.

When several people saw Chen Feng, they all showed mockery, but when they saw Han Cong beside him, they didn't dare to speak.

At the entrance of the martial arts pavilion, an old man leaned on the steps and was drinking. His beard and hair were messed up, and he looked sloppy. The wine gourd's \*\*\*\* was upturned, and the wine was rolling down, and he swallowed, with the wine overflowing from the corner of his mouth. A long distance away, you can smell the strong alcohol from him.

Han Cong walked forward and whispered: "Uncle Taiguru, the disciple brought someone here. He is the disciple of Senior Brother Yan Qingyu. He originally thought he was a trash, but now he can cultivate, and it will be the day after

tomorrow. The third level, according to the rules of the sect, at the third level, you can choose a martial skill."

The old man hummed twice, not knowing what he was talking about, Han Cong turned around and said, "You go in. Don't stay too long, come out early."

"Thank you, Uncle Master." Chen Feng did not ask much, walked to the door, and saluted the old man again: "Thank you, Uncle Grandmaster."

After saying this, he walked in.

The martial arts pavilion is very large, with a radius of several hundred meters, and rows of bookshelves are filled with various exercises and martial arts, at least tens of thousands.

The martial arts pavilion of the outer sect is only for disciples of the outer sect, and the disciples of the outer sect are basically in the acquired realm. The martial arts in the martial arts pavilion, the highest level, is only the third grade of the yellow rank.

Martial arts practice, step by step, the day after tomorrow from the first to the third level, can only be selected on the first floor, reaching the fourth level, you can enter the second floor. When you reach the seventh floor, you can enter the third floor.

Chen Feng wanted to walk directly to the stairs leading to the second floor, but he couldn't even look at the martial arts on the first floor. Although it has not reached the fourth level, the acquired fourth level has a strength of a thousand catties, and he has reached eight hundred catties, he wants to try.

As soon as he stepped onto the first step, he felt his body was blocked, like a transparent air barrier on the stairs, blocking his way forward.

Chen Feng was not surprised. His whole body was full of true energy, and he poured out, fighting against the air barrier, trying to fill it in. He walked forward

step by step, pressing the air barrier to sink back, but the air barrier was extremely tough, and in any case, it would not break. Chen Feng was sweating profusely on his forehead, and his meridians were already painful due to excessive stimulus of true qi, but he still gritted his teeth and moved forward desperately.

At this moment, there was a light pop, like a bubble burst, and the air barrier disappeared without a trace. Chen Feng quickly stopped his steps, otherwise he would bump his head on the stairs.

He was a little surprised, but he didn't expect to rush in like this.

Chen Feng didn't think much, and quickly walked up to the second floor.

"The goal is clear, with tenacity, and a good seed. Good seed, of course I want to make it easy."

Outside the martial arts pavilion, the drunken elder Taishang said softly, with bright eyes, how can he be half drunk?

Han Cong saluted: "Thank you, Grandmaster Uncle."

"His master back then, it was a pity..." The Supreme Elder sighed.

Chen Feng chose martial arts on the second floor. He already had the Golden Scriptures of Bedoro leaves for his techniques, so he didn't need to find anything else.