

PEERLESS MARTIAL SOUL

Chapter 9: Anti-kill!

The two were about to break through the window, and suddenly there was a loud shout behind them. The ground behind them suddenly burst, and a figure flew out from it, infuriating, and a pure golden palm appeared in the air with a fierce mark. The chest of the younger brother among the two. After being hit by a force of 1,200 jin, the junior screamed and flew out, with blood running wild in his mouth.

The brother immediately backed up two steps, his face was guarded, and said angrily: "Who? Get out!"

Chen Feng walked out of the night with a cold smile on his mouth: "Senior Brother Cheng, didn't you come to me? Why, don't you know him?"

"It's you?" Senior Brother Cheng screamed in disbelief: "You trash can hurt Senior Brother Zhang with one palm? What martial arts do you use? How could it be so powerful?"

Is this still that waste?

"I want to kill me, but I don't even know the details. I deserve to be here today!" Chen Feng said with a cold laugh.

"Sneak attack, you mean!" Senior Brother Cheng said angrily.

"Aren't you ready to attack and kill me? If I hadn't prepared, I would have been killed by you! Despicable? You are the real devil."

These two people came to kill themselves, and Chen Feng wouldn't tell them anything honest, he just wanted to attack, anyway, the purpose of killing each other, the method is not important.

He dug a dirt pit next to the hut beforehand, then lay down the whole person, and buried himself with soil, revealing only a small gap for breathing, and then the whole person slowed down his breathing, letting himself lose his life as much as possible.

Sure enough, the two people didn't find him, and he stole him straight!

"Haha, so what? You rubbish, thinking that if you hurt Junior Brother Zhang, what can you do to me? Tell you, **** is rubbish, you will not be my opponent for the rest of your life, die!" Senior Brother Cheng grinned and pulled out With a long knife around his waist, he flew up in the air and looked at Chen Feng with a single knife.

He is one of Elder Sun's proud disciples, and he is already an acquired five! Two levels higher than Chen Feng.

The acquired five tiers have a power of two thousand catties, which is equivalent to the power of four tigers!

Chen Feng didn't take it hard, and kept backing away. Senior Brother Cheng arrogantly laughed and said, "Waste, why don't you pick it up? Waste is waste. I don't have the courage to connect me with a single stroke!"

Chen Feng pursed his mouth and said nothing. He kept backing up, and Senior Brother Cheng kept moving forward. It seemed that Senior Brother Cheng had lost his patience. Suddenly, his true energy gushed out and shouted, "Die!"

In a flash, he cut eighteen knives in a row!

Chen Feng is a bit familiar with this trick. It is the Huang-level first-grade technique he once saw in the martial arts pavilion, with eighteen knives intertwined!

Cut out eighteen knives in an instant, fast and windy, making people unable to resist. But the disadvantage is that the power of each knife is not particularly strong, not as good as those cut before.

Chen Feng pursed his mouth, this time, he did not advance but retreated!

The Guangming Mahamudra was launched, and the golden palm bombarded the two sword lights, and even shattered the two sword lights!

"How is it possible?" Senior Brother Cheng opened his mouth in disbelief.

"Why is it impossible?" Chen Feng laughed, and came to him with a flash, the golden palm was directly printed on his chest without the obstacle of the light of the knife. This palm directly collapsed the chest hit by Senior Brother Cheng, his tendons broke and blood spurted out of his mouth.

Senior Brother Cheng fell to the ground, blood coming out of his mouth and nose, and blood coming out of his chest.

He looked at Chen Feng, who was approaching step by step, with great fear in his eyes. He propped up and backed away, begging: "Don't kill me, don't kill me..."

"If it's you, will you let me go?" Chen Feng smiled coldly, stamped a palm on the cover of his heavenly spirit, and directly killed him.

Then he slapped Junior Brother Zhang to death.

"It is not suitable to stay here for a long time. When Elder Sun finds out that the two disciples have not returned for a long time, he will definitely come over. He is at the lowest level the powerhouse of the 7th layer. I am definitely not his opponent. In fact, if there is no big handprint, the 5th layer of the acquired Martial artist is struggling to deal with it."

"I still leave here quickly and go hunting monsters in the Aomori Mountains. You can experience yourself or hunt monsters to compete with each other.

The monster crystal cores are very precious, you can exchange for spirit stone resources, or you can exchange martial arts skills with others. Weapons and so on... kill two birds with one stone. After Uncle Han comes back, I will come back here again!"

Chen Feng collected all the belongings of the two of them. Unfortunately, the two of them came out to kill, and they didn't carry anything on them. They added up to ten spirit stones.

Chen Feng threw the two corpses into the river. The river had a lot of water and the flow was fast. By tomorrow, the corpses would not know where they were washed, and they could not be found. He eliminated the traces of the battle on the spot, so as not to be caught by Elder Sun. People killed themselves, Elder Sun knew very well, but he could not find evidence.

After doing this, Chen Feng packed all the spirit stones into his bag and left.

The Aomori Mountains are densely forested with high mountains and numerous monsters.

In the dense forest of a valley, there was the sound of gusts of wind and thunder, with golden light gleaming.

Sweating like rain, Chen Feng practiced the Mahamudra over and over again. At this time, his Mahamudra had been practiced to the extent that he could master his hands, move with his heart, and reach the point where he could see his hands, almost blending with his body.