

Valkyrie Domination

Chapter 5

When everyone else saw this knife, except Qin Yuechi, their eyes flickered.

This sword and tiger gave birth to wind, and the power was amazing. It did have a bit of skill, which made people feel cold.

But Madam Zhao was still dissatisfied. She felt that the guard shot was too conservative. It should not be aimed at Qin Chen's arm, but his head.

Even so, everyone seemed to see Qin Chen's blood all over, begging for mercy in pain.

but--

Ding Ding Ding!

The expected scene did not happen, Qin Chen's long sword suddenly burst into three cold lights in an instant, and then the voice of Jintiejiaoge sounded.

The guard had not had time to understand what had happened. He only felt that there was a flower in front of his eyes, his palm was numb, the handle of the knife in his hand was trembling, and the sword could hardly be held, and he almost broke out.

He urged his vitality, and then he firmly held the sword in his hand.

Then just prepared to fight back.

In the next instant, a long sword full of cold light had already reached his throat.

The cold touch, like death's sickle, controlled his life, making him feel chills, scalp numb, like a nightmare, and stiff body.

In an instant.

Everyone around them stared at their own eyes, and could hardly believe their eyes.

If it is said that the previous guard was succeeded by Qin Chen because of carelessness, then this guard had already made an all-out effort just now, but the result was still shocking.

Even the guard really couldn't understand how Qin Chen, who was the only one in the early stage of human rank, blocked his poisonous dragon's message? Hold the cultivation base of the later stage of others, and have the upper hand?

"This little beast, unexpectedly..." Madam Zhao's eyes were cold, and she was taken aback, and blurted out, "Qin Chen, you are so brave, you don't want to put down the sword."

She was full of anger and awe-inspiring. At this time, she still had the power of Qin's mistress.

"Let it go?" Qin Chen grinned.

Seeing a cold ray of light in his eyes, the long sword in his hand slammed and then pulled.

"Master Chen, don't..."

Seeing this, the guard felt cold and hurriedly asked for mercy, but it was too late.

puff!

A stream of blood was like a fountain, splattered from his neck and spilled all over the ground.

The corpse fell to the ground feebly.

"Want to kill me, but also want me to spare him?!"

Qin Chen always had a smile on his face, looking in the eyes of people, but making everyone cold, like a demon.

For a while, the entire Qin Mansion was silent.

"And you!" Qin Chen turned his head to look at Zhao Qirui, his eyes narrowed slightly, like a wolf staring at its prey, and coldly said: "If you dare to beat my mother again, be careful I can't help but kill. about you."

Zhao Qirui's face suddenly showed anger, just about to get angry, but after seeing Qin Chen's eyes, a chill rose from the soles of his feet inexplicably, his face turned pale, and he could not speak for a while.

He looked at Madam Zhao and snorted coldly: "Mrs. Zhao, is this what you called the negotiation?"

Madam Zhao hurriedly explained: "Prince Qi, there is a misunderstanding in this, wait for me to explain it to you."

Immediately afterwards, she stared at Qin Chen fiercely, trembling with anger, and the hairpin on her head couldn't help shaking, pointing to Qin Chen and said: "Okay, okay, little beast, you have the courage, even Prince Qi Dare to threaten..."

Her eyes were fierce like a snake, and she turned her head to look behind her.

Many people outside the house heard the movement and rushed to see the lively servants, so they shrank their necks and quietly stepped back.

In the end, she set her gaze on an old man who was always behind her, and said bitterly: "Qin Yong, what are you doing in a daze? You won't give me this little beast!"

"Yes, ma'am."

The old man named Qin Yong answered and walked out of the crowd.

This person was wearing a secluded blue robe, his hands tucked behind the wide sleeves, his eyes were indifferent, but with a hint of cold air, he had been watching the situation in the room coldly before, and his expression had never changed.

At this moment, after he walked out, everyone's eyes fell on him.

Everyone's pupils shrank, including Qin Chen.

From this person, he felt an extremely dangerous breath.

"A prefecture-level master." Qin Chen said in a deep voice, his eyes colder than ever.

"Master Chen, you are too much. The old slave doesn't want to do anything with you. Master Chen should still catch his hands. Obediently listen to his wife's hair." Qin Yong said lightly, staring at Qin Chen coldly with two emotionless eyes.

Qin Chen's expression remained unchanged, and he smiled coldly: "If you want me to catch it, it depends on whether you have this ability."

Only a prefecture-level master, if you fight to the death, it is not without resistance.

Qin Yong frowned and said, "If this is the case, then the old slave has overstepped."

When the words fell, Qin Yong's figure suddenly resembled a goshawk, and instantly threw out. In an instant, a terrifying wind swept the entire room, and Qin Yong claws his hands and grabbed Qin Chen instantly.

This blow was several times stronger than the previous two guards. The strong aura suppressed Qin Chen's breathing difficulty, and his bones creaked.

"Qin Yong, you dare to move the dust and try it."

Qin Yuechi, who was always paying attention to his son's condition, rushed out at this moment and stopped in front of Qin Chen.

But Qin Chen shook his figure before holding Qin Yuechi behind him again with the sword.

His eyes were cold, and he just waited for Qin Yong's claws to fall, and he was about to violently move. Although the Earth-level warrior was strong, he boasted that when the opponent hit him, he could kill him in one fell swoop.

At first sight, Qin Yong's claws were only a few feet away from him.

At this moment, a loud voice suddenly came from outside the house, shaking people's eardrums, "Stop it all."

A middle-aged man wearing a brocade robe, purple cloud boots and a three-fingered gold-rimmed python belt at his waist walked into the house like a tiger.

Qin Yong's claws stopped one foot above Qin Chen's head abruptly, and then hurriedly moved to the side, bending over respectfully.

"Master Hou!"

Everyone in the room bowed and saluted and spoke respectfully.

The visitor was Qin Chen's uncle, Anping waiting for Qin Yuanhong.

Madam Zhao hurriedly came to Qin Yuanhong's side and said angrily: "Master Hou, you are here just right. Today, this little beast is just the opposite. Not only did she kill two guards, she also dared to threaten Prince Qi. If you don't promote your home today, Fa, some people may be going to heaven."

"Enough." Qin Yuanhong yelled coldly, his expression gloomy, and said, "Are you still not making enough noise?"

"What?" Madam Zhao was startled, her small eyes were round, staring at Qin Yuanhong and said, "Master Hou, it's not that I'm making trouble, it's this little beast..."

Qin Yuanhong yelled angrily and said, "Shut up, little beast, little beast, is this your appearance as the mistress of the Qin clan? He is your nephew, if he is a beast, what is the Qin clan?"

Madam Zhao's face flushed and she was trembling with anger. She wanted to refute, but seeing Qin Yuanhong's gloomy face, she immediately suffocated what she wanted to say.

Seeing the Patriarch's anger, the other servants all knelt on the ground, their faces pale and silent.