PEERLESS MARTIAL SOUL

Chapter 18: Gwangmyeong Major Indues!

Chen Feng let out a crazy roar, like a wounded lone wolf. He struggled hard, but the more he struggled, the tighter the whip was tied.

"It's useless!" The middle-aged blue shirt yelled, "My whip is the best Ujin cast made from a thousand-year-old purple and golden vine blend. It is useless if you struggle! Unless you get to the eighth layer of the acquired day, you will struggle with a million catties. not open!"

Chen Feng was crazy on the surface, but he was very calm in his heart, thinking of a way quickly.

Suddenly, his hand touched the three middle-grade spirit stones placed next to him.

Chen Feng grabbed the three middle-grade spirit stones in his hand, and then ran the Bedoro-leaf gold scripture, the true energy spread all over his palm, and the three middle-grade spirit stones disappeared instantly.

In Chen Feng's dantian, three middle-grade spirit stones were absorbed by the ancient ding, and after a while, the ancient ding burst out with aura. As usual, Gu Ding confiscated the general aura, but even so, the aura that was sprayed out was equivalent to a half-medium-grade spiritual stone, and seventy-five low-grade spiritual stones, very mighty!

The spiritual energy was transformed into true energy, and Chen Feng's strength rose steadily.

Three thousand five hundred catties!

Three thousand seven hundred catties!

Four thousand catties!

But it can only stop here, three medium-grade spirit stones, after all, are still too few to allow him to reach a higher realm.

And when his strength reached four thousand jin, suddenly, he felt something broken in his mind.

A trace of Mingwu about the Guangming Mahamudra came to his mind.

"I understand, I understand, it turned out to be like this! It turns out that the second stage of the Guangming Mahamudra is the real start, and it was just an introduction! It turned out that the second stage of the Guangming Mahamudra is like this!"

Chen Feng closed his eyes, feeling excited and constantly experiencing the glimmer of understanding.

At this time, the middle-aged blue shirt could completely kill Chen Feng, but he wanted to torture the secrets of martial arts from Chen Feng, so he didn't take any further action, just standing not far away and constantly humiliating him. Seeing Chen Feng's eyes closed tightly, he thought he was unwilling to accept his humiliation, and sneered: "It's useless if you close your eyes..."

Therefore, he did not notice that Chen Feng's hands moved in a small area, forming a small seal.

Chen Feng continued to experience that based on a glimmer of understanding in his mind, his hands unconsciously formed this seal. At the moment when the Dharma seal was formed, with his two-handed Dharma seal as the center, a majestic and heavy force suddenly radiated. This force was defensive, not attacking, but very strong.

Soon, this force actually formed an inverted bell-shaped protective gas shield around Chen Feng, covering him in the middle, and then constantly squeezing

it outward. The whip that was originally tightly bound to Chen Feng was squeezed out continuously, and it made a creaking sound. Finally, with a loud noise, the whip was directly cracked and broke in two!

"Ah!" The middle-aged blue shirt let out a distressed scream, shocked in his heart, and looked at Chen Feng with disbelief.

He had never expected that Chen Feng would have the strength to break his whip. You know, this whip can withstand ten thousand catties of strength!

"How is it possible? How is it possible?" He cried frantically: "How is it possible? How can you break free? How can I crack my whip?"

He was about to collapse under the excitement.

"Let me tell you how it's possible!" Chen Feng opened his eyes and laughed loudly. After regaining his freedom, he relentlessly launched an offensive against the middle-aged blue shirt. The golden handprints continued to condense, fierce and tyrannical. The middle-aged bang towards the blue shirt.

The middle-aged man in the blue shirt was basically using the whip technique. At this time, the whip was abolished, and his strength was 80%. He was not Chen Feng's opponent at all. He was beaten and retreated in embarrassment.

And if you look closely, you can find that although Chen Feng's big mudra is still fierce and domineering, there are more mysterious changes in it, making it more difficult to deal with.

Finally, the middle-aged man in the blue shirt was hit by Chen Feng's abdomen with a palm, vomiting blood, kneeling down.

"Don't kill me, don't kill me!" The middle-aged man in blue shirt knelt on the ground, crying and begging for Chen Feng, who was constantly approaching. On the ground, begged Chen Feng to raise his hand high.

Chen Feng remained unmoved and continued to approach.

The middle-aged blue shirt howled: "Don't kill me, I will give you the martial arts secrets...I will..."

Chen Feng looked down at him, looked at his ugliness, and smiled coldly: "I'm not rare!"

A palm smashed the Tianling Gai!

He took a deep breath, knowing that this place shouldn't stay for a long time, and searched for the middle-aged in blue shirt. The harvest was quite fruitful, and I got ten middle-grade spirit stones and an old thread-bound book, which should be the secret of the "Thirteen Types of Soft Whip".

Chen Feng didn't have time to take a closer look, put these things away, put away the litter of wolf pups who were still holding pig bones and gnawed away, and quickly escaped.

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Here is a precipice with a cliff standing thousands of feet tall and straight like a knife, making it difficult for birds to cross.

This place has gone deep into the Aomori Mountains for two hundred miles, and has almost escaped from the periphery of the Aomori Mountains. If you go inside, there will be very powerful monsters that are unpredictable.