

Winner Takes All Chapter 791-800

Chapter 791

A tense atmosphere steeply filled the ward.

Long Lao raised his hand and pulled Gu Guohua to the corner beside him, turning to gaze morosely downwards.

And Chen Dong, too, put down his bowl and spoon and turned his wheelchair to the window.

It was already late at night.

It was no longer possible for anyone to walk in the small hospital garden.

As Chen Dong and Elder Long gazed, they looked down.

There seemed to be a cold light flickering between the green forest concealment.

It was only because the leaves were concealing the trees, so the cold light was also fading in and out.

“It seems to be fighting?”

Elder Long wondered in astonishment as his gaze looked towards Chen Dong.

He was after all old and his eyesight was not as good as Chen Dong’s.

Chen Dong looked solemn: “It is fighting, but it is a little strange.”

As he spoke.

His gaze locked with Elder Long.

The Chen Family Office and the people from the Hong Society’s Nanming Sect were all inside and outside the hospital, keeping watch.

Several of them were all on the top floor of this hospital again.

Then the person who broke out into a fight

“The mysterious man!”

Chen Dong and Elder Long exited almost simultaneously.

Elder Long immediately pulled the curtains shut as soon as he could, then turned around and headed out.

“Kunlun, go down and check immediately.”

“I’m with Brother Kunlun.”

Fan Lu immediately followed.

Elder Long did not stop.

Although it was imperative to guard Chen Dong and Gu Qingying.

But the battle that erupted below, if it was really the mysterious man and the assassin fighting against each other.

One more person going down would be one more help.

It was better to nip the killer in the bud as soon as possible than to let it arrive on the top floor of the hospital.

Chen Dong’s gaze turned around with a cold expression and slowly reached Gu Qingying’s side.

Seeing Gu Qingying’s face full of fear, Chen Dong gently squeezed out a smile and raised his hand to scratch Gu Qingying’s high nose: “Don’t be afraid, I’m here, sleep in peace, it’s okay.”

The words “I’m here” made Gu Qingying feel a lot more at ease.

However, she did not feel like sleeping.

Her expression eased a little, still the same as Gu Guohua’s, but her brow was always stretched.

There was silence in the ward.

Kunlun and Fan Lu, who had left the ward, rushed as fast as they could to the small hospital garden.

The night was as cool as water.

The night after a downpour of rain, even the wind had become a little bit harsh.

This small garden was isolated and was a place where the patients usually took a walk.

It was late at night and the place seemed much more secluded.

The shade of the trees surrounds it.

The only sound around was the rustling of the leaves in the wind.

“Brother Kunlun, could it be that the young master and the others are mistaken?”

Fan Lu said in disbelief.

If there was really a battle, it did make sense that it would be hard to be spotted in such a remote place, but now that they were both in this place, it would be strange if there was not even a movement from the battle.

“Search it, we can’t be careless.”

Kunlun, with the same frown, pulled Fan Lu deeper into the shade of the trees.

He and Fan Lu had the same doubts.

Let alone an expert at that level of the mysterious man.

Even if it was a battle between ordinary people, it would never be this silent.

But the situation today was so dangerous that he dared not be the least bit careless.

Last time at the Lijin Hospital, Chen Dong’s “cup and bow” had taught him a very vivid lesson.

If Chen Dong hadn’t made the insignificant decision of “a cup of wine and a snake’s shadow” in their eyes, the end of “Black Hand Aros” would have been a different story.

The wind whistled softly.

Kunlun and Fan Lu walked alertly, their eyes quickly searching their surroundings.

The trees were green and bushy all around.

The small gravel road winding through the trees was a little difficult to follow, and the few street lamps were only dimly lit.

Everything seemed quiet and normal.

Click!

In the silence, there was a sudden noise.

Kunlun and Fan Lu instantly looked aghast and looked onto a direction.

Both of them rushed towards the direction where the sound came from at the same time.

Rounding a corner, the picture before them opened up.

But after seeing the situation clearly, Kunlun and Fan Lu were stunned at the same time.

It was a place to rest in a garden.

A small stone paved floor, with a round stone table and a few stone benches in the middle.

And at that moment.

By the light coming in through the cracks in the leaves.

On the round stone table, there were two figures standing.

One of them was the mysterious man.

The other was masked and dressed in black night clothes, as if he were a ninja.

The two men were facing each other, standing on the stone table, but they were sinking their waists and standing on their horses, with their four hands on top of each other, slowly pushing and shoving, their wrists light as snakes, intertwining and wrapping

This scene left Kunlun and Fan Lu dumbfounded.

The mysterious man and the ninja on the stone table were obviously fighting.

But the commotion of this fight did not even look like a fight!

This feeling was beyond absurd.

By all rights, it could not have been discovered by Chen Dong and Elder Long who were on the top floor of the hospital.

Kunlun swept his gaze under the stone table and suddenly found a broken samurai short sword.

“Was it the cold light emitted from this broken blade that was seen by the young master and the others?”

Kun Lun reacted and his pupils tightened to the point of no return.

Both he and Fan Lu's pupils tightened as they stared intently at the 'battle' taking place on the stone table.

Absurdity, confusion, disbelief

The two of them, despite their martial arts realm, felt incredible when they witnessed this scene.

A silent battle.

It was as if it was the morning practice of an old man and woman in a street park.

But knowing well the strength of the mysterious man.

Kunlun and Fan Lu both dared not underestimate the battle before them.

It was as if the mysterious man and the ninja did not notice their arrival.

No, I should say that even if they did, they had no time to care.

The two men pushed and alternated, wrapping and spanning, repeating themselves at a seemingly slow and gentle pace.

"Brother Kunlun, can you read?"

Fan Lu's focused gaze became slightly drifting.

"It's like a push from Yongchun, but"

Kunlun hesitated, "But it also seems too absurd to fight for life and death, and to do it to each other in such a pushing manner."

However.

The words had just fallen.

"Do you still have a sword that you don't intend to use?"

The mysterious man's teasing laughter suddenly sounded out, "If you don't use it, you'll lose!"

In a flash of lightning.

Kun Lun and Fan Lu's bodies shook at the same time.

With the mysterious man's words, both of them had a feeling of numbness in their skulls.

Almost simultaneously.

The mysterious man's soft, shoving hands pushed directly towards the ninja, his soft arms froze and stirred up a whistling wind.

And at the same time as the hands pushed out.

The mystery man's waist and horse sank violently.

Click

The round stone table cracked abruptly.

The sound just now, was the crack from the stone table?

Kunlun and Fan Lu suddenly realized.

The next instant.

Bang Teen!

The round stone table abruptly exploded into two halves and collapsed down towards the two sides.

An unusually calm battle seemed to have abruptly advanced from calm directly to a white-hot stage in this instant.

Bang Teen!

The mysterious man's sheepish hands erupted with a burst of booms in an instant.

In a soft gesture, they swept past the ninja's hands and landed directly on the ninja's chest.

Thud!

With an explosive sound, as the stone table collapsed, the mysterious man landed steadily on the ground, while the ninja was directly sent flying backwards five metres with a muffled grunt under the gentle push of the mysterious man's soft palms.

After landing.

The ninja, however, bowed with his upper body and covered his right hand directly above his chest.

“Hiss~”

Almost at the same time, Kunlun and Fan Lu were struck by lightning, their faces changed drastically while sucking in a breath of cold air viciously.

With the faint light.

With their eyesight, they could clearly see that the ninja’s chest was sunken, incomparably oozing, as if something else had pierced the flesh from the chest and exposed to the air.

And the ninja who stood bowing was slowly dripping blood from his mouth.

It snapped to the ground, forming a pool of blood in the blink of an eye.

Chapter 792

Inside the woods.

There was silence.

The scene before them was like a heavy hammer that ruthlessly smashed into Kunlun and Fan Lu’s eyeballs.

They were horrified and appalled, not daring to believe.

One of the two men was a mercenary king who had once reigned supreme, and the other was a top assassin on the Death List.

The level of martial arts had long since reached the pinnacle.

However, the battle and the outcome of the fight before them still gave them an unparalleled shock.

In the silence of the battle, the opponent was severely injured.

How did manage to shatter a stone table with a seemingly feeble strike?

“You still have a sword!”

The mysterious man stood in place, his tone calm and teasing, but his chest was rising and falling violently.

Obviously, that seemingly peaceful fight just now had consumed him greatly as well.

Click!

The words had just fallen.

A sound suddenly sounded from the ninja who was bowing and spitting blood.

Kunlun and Fan Lu simultaneously changed their expressions.

The sound was the sound of a sword sheath machine expanding.

“You two back up ten meters!”

The mysterious man turned his head and his gaze fell morosely on Kunlun and Fan Lu: “If you have the intention, this blade of his, watching it intently, should help you two with your strength.”

Kunlun and Fan Lu did not dare to be slow.

Immediately, they stepped back ten metres away.

In the dimly lit woods, after backing up ten metres, only two figures could be seen in a blur, not really.

But neither of them dared to be careless, having witnessed the battle just now, and now the mysterious man had made a point of reminding them that if they did not retreat ten metres, I was afraid that something terrible would really happen.

The atmosphere, abruptly solemn, rose.

In the dimly lit woods, the ninja’s upper body slowly straightened up.

With his left hand, he suddenly pressed down hard on the depression in his chest, his left index and middle fingers gouging two broken ribs.

Ka Bang!

With a pull and a pressure, the originally sunken chest actually almost returned to its original shape.

This scene made Kun Lun and Fan Lu’s bodies tremble with sweat.

The same thing, the two of them were of a mind that could do it in a life and death danger.

But being able to do it themselves, and now witnessing this scene with their own eyes, were simply two very different feelings.

It did not diminish in any way the shock they felt witnessing this scene.

“Like this, it won’t catch your ribs either.”

The mystery man chuckled.

“But it will affect my next slash.”

The ninja’s body bowed slowly once more, and with it, his right hand slowly pulled the samurai longsword out of its sheath.

The sound of the blade scraping the inside of the sheath echoed through the deadly quiet and dim woods with a murderous intent that sent chills down one’s spine.

Clang!

Finally, the samurai’s long sword swung into the air, and in an instant the coldness of the blade shone brightly.

A cold light, as the samurai sword was raised into the air, shot out in all directions.

At the same time.

The smile on the mysterious man’s face disappeared and was replaced by a gaze of concentration.

Slowly, he leaned down and picked up the short samurai sword with the hilt that he had shattered earlier.

He waved it twice with reckless abandon, bringing up a cold whistle of light.

Then, he slowly took a step back.

The half of the short sword in his right hand, the back of which slowly slashed across the tiger’s mouth of his left hand, was held in a blocking and defensive stance across his body.

With that.

In the woods, time seemed to freeze.

But Kunlun and Fan Lu, however, looked more and more grave and appalled.

With their realm, they could clearly perceive that in this brief stillness, the invisible killing intent was exploding like a mountain being pulled up from the ground.

A majestic and terrifying killing intent stirred in the woods.

It was as if it could shatter everything, all of it.

“This is perhaps the real sword and light, right?”

Kunlun’s body was a little tight, and he murmured out loud.

The invisible killing intent, as if invisible swords, rampantly stirred across.

In response, Fan Lu nodded in silence.

Both of them were at the peak of their realm, but at this moment, facing the scene in front of them, they still felt a sense of fear and trepidation.

That feeling as if they could be strangled by countless swords at any moment was like a large hand that pressed the two of them into the dust, and the eyes that looked at the mysterious man and the ninja were looking up

“Yaba Style God Chop!”

The ninja’s explosive cry exploded like a great thunderclap.

In an instant, it caused the silence in the woods to thump away.

With the explosive shout, the samurai long sword in the ninja’s hand slashed down brazenly.

Bang!

The ground exploded into a cloud of smoke, completely engulfing the ninja who had slashed his sword.

Whoosh whoosh

At the same time, the sound of breaking wind was heard, causing severe pain to the eardrums.

A gust of wind suddenly appeared out of the smoke, sweeping in all directions and causing leaves to rustle and fall from the trees around the clearing.

A cold light also appeared out of nowhere, stirring the air, as if countless swords were being waved from all directions, reflecting a seeping cold light that made it impossible for people to feel their way.

“This is

Kunlun and Fan Lu’s bodies shook and their faces changed greatly, as if they had seen a ghost.

Boom

In the next second, it was accompanied by a bursting sound.

An even more terrifying scene took place.

Witnessing this scene with their own eyes, even Kunlun and Fan Lu could not help but have their hearts and minds shaken to the core, and their hearts set off huge waves.

“Impossible, how could this happen?”

“This can’t be what a fleshly body can do, this isn’t martial arts!”

In the woods, Kunlun and Fan Lu’s shrieks echoed.

The wild wind howled.

Paths of cold light stirred the long sky.

Countless fallen leaves flew down, and as the wind blew, the smoke that rose up was like a long dragon surging directly towards the mysterious man who was standing still.

From Kunlun’s and Fan Lu’s perspective.

The eight samurai swords were like a blistering rain, bursting out with brilliant cold light, all falling towards the mysterious man in the middle.

But one ninja, how could it suddenly become eight?

The first thing that happened was that Kunlun and Fan Lu fell into an ice cave, their throats tightened and their minds went blank.

The lightning is in the air.

The mysterious man standing with his sword across his back finally moved.

The half of the short blade in his hand, in an instant burst out with blinding cold light, as if a large piece of light was in his hand, being he danced with the sound of the wind exploding like a dream, as if holding a shield of light, directly to meet the front.

Clang clang clang

Suddenly, the sound of metal clashing was like the sound of firecrackers, echoing through the woods.

Each time they struck, a shower of sparks erupted in the air.

One after another, they exploded as if they were fireworks.

Kunlun and Fan Lu were completely dumbfounded.

The cold light in front of their eyes kept flashing and sparks kept bursting.

The wind howled, blowing their robes.

But the two of them paid no attention to it, their eyes rounded, trying their best to see the battle clearly.

But all they could see was the mysterious man defeating eight men with one!

Fear, trepidation and shock were rare emotions that appeared in Kunlun and Fan Lu.

The two wanted to open their mouths to cry out in alarm, but it was as if their throats were being strangled by large hands, not to mention shouting, even breathing had become extremely difficult.

Clang clang clang

The swords clashed and the cold light stirred.

Poof!

Suddenly, a cutting sound rang out.

The white-hot battle came to an abrupt halt.

The blinding cold light stirred and disappeared.

The howling wind also came to an abrupt halt.

The mystery man still stood still with his half-slashed sword, which he held across his chest.

The ninja, with his back to the mystery man, stood bowed and three metres behind him.
Time seemed to freeze again.

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Chapter 793

The silence can listen to a needle.

It was as if the sound of the wind had ended with the battle.

Kunlun and Fan Lu both had their scalps fried and their hearts in their throats as they looked in horror at the mysterious man and the ninja standing back from each other.

The battle had happened so quickly and ended so quickly.

Even the two were not sure who had won and who had lost.

Tick

Suddenly, a sound of water dripping down rang out.

This sound, in the dead silence of the woods, was like a thunderclap.

It also caused Kunlun and Fan Lu to snap back to attention at the same time.

The two of them arrowed towards the clearing directly.

As the distance closed in.

Kunlun's and Fan Lu's pupils shrank violently.

They clearly saw that the half of the short blade that the mysterious man had straddled in front of him was crimson and full of blood, and the sound of water dripping was exactly the sound that the blood made as it dripped off the blade and onto the ground.

The mystery man had won?

The two men wondered in amazement, their eyes simultaneously looking at the ninja whose back was turned.

And just as the two looked away.

The ninja's body shook for a moment.

The bowed body jerked backwards, as if propping up a lazy back, and tensed straight in reverse.

Poof!

In an instant, from the ninja's abdomen, a fountain of blood gushed up into the sky, clattering down to the ground and the forest.

With a poof, the ninja fell to the ground, blood gushing from his abdomen, forming a pool of blood beneath him in the blink of an eye, the blood smell steeply thickened to the point of making people gag.

A real win!

Kunlun and Fan Lu looked uplifted.

Clang clang

Almost at the same time, the half of the short knife held in the mysterious man's hand fell to the ground.

Both of them turned around at the same time and their faces once again changed greatly.

The mystery man's right hand, which was holding the knife, had by now quietly stained his sleeve red, and the sleeve, which had been chopped off, just slipped into his hand and crumpled into a ball.

On the mysterious man's right arm, there was a wound, and blood gurgled and dripped down the arm towards the ground.

"Seniors."

The two men were horrified and hurried forward.

The mysterious man waved his hand, "I'm fine, you guys sort it out here."

After saying that, he was about to leave. |The mysterious man

Kunlun, however, spoke up and called out to the mysterious man.

"Senior, the battle just now"

He knew that the mysterious man was injured and it was inconvenient to disturb him at this time.

But he really couldn't help but ask his curiosity about the battle just now.

Because in Kunlun's lifelong career as a mercenary, he had encountered many difficult, even life-and-death opponents, but without exception, he had not encountered an expert like the mystery man and the ninja.

In other words, the fight between the mystery man and the ninja just now was over the top for Kunlun!

Even Fan Lu, at this moment, looked at the mystery man, because for her was equally over the top.

"The realm is different, and so is the fight."

The mysterious man walked up to a thigh-thick tree, raised his left hand, and pressed it against the trunk.

As Kunlun and Fan Lu watched, his left arm shook violently.

Bang Teen!

There was an explosive sound.

The tree trunk exploded straight through, sending wood chips flying about.

Kunlun and Fan Lu trembled at the same time.

The mysterious man's hoarse voice slowly came out, "There is a difference between strength and power, when you can one day do what I did and shake the inside of the tree trunk into pieces, you will be able to see the battle just now."

Kunlun and Fan Lu froze at the same time.

It was only when the mysterious man disappeared that the two gradually came back to their senses.

Looking at the tree trunk that had been shaken through, both of them had a sense of fear that sent chills down their backs.

With their strength, they could have easily broken the thigh-thick tree, not to mention breaking through it.

But the way the two of them struck was decidedly different from the mysterious man's.

If the two of them had struck, they would have inevitably blasted the trunk of the tree with a loud and powerful blow.

But the mysterious man had just pressed his left hand against the tree trunk, and with a tremor of his arm, he had caused such a great destructive force.

The two men wouldn't have been able to deliver such a force!

Shocked and appalled, the two of them were also in a trance to savour just how dangerous the push between the mysterious man and the ninja standing on the stone table had been.

A master who could exert force to such an extent.

The damage that could be done by even a seemingly gentle pushing of each other's hands would be absolutely life-threatening!

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The top floor of the hospital inpatient building.

Chen Dong was always gazing down from the window.

The distance was too far for him to see clearly.

But just now he clearly saw the dark woods, as if the lights were in full bloom, violently bursting out with a cold white light, and in a short time, bursting out with clusters of sparks.

But everything came and went as quickly as it came.

It was only a few seconds before and after, during which there were several roaring explosions.

The noise was not small at all.

Even though the darkness of the woods had returned to calm, Chen Dong's gloomy expression did not tend to ease in the slightest.

Even from a distance, in those few seconds just now.

He also felt an unprecedented sense of oppression, even as if he was in that dark grove, and his bones were creepy.

"What the hell are those white lights? What was the battle in the woods just now?"

Chen Dong murmured softly, his drifting eyes gradually flooded with raging battle intent, as if they were about to turn into substantial flames spewing out, his eyes filled with longing.

If not for the fact that the situation was too dangerous, and that there could be killing opportunities everywhere, he would have had the urge to rush down and find out what was going on.

Even though he could not see the battle, he could still dimly perceive the horror of this brief battle.

If he could witness it first hand, it would definitely be of great benefit to his strength enhancement.

“Young master the battle seems to be over, Kunlun and Fan Lu should be back soon.”

Elder Long could see the raging battle intent in Chen Dong’s eyes, he had also seen the strange changes down below at the window just now, but he was still a little more old-fashioned compared to Chen Dong: “The commotion for those few seconds just now was quite loud, old slave has already ordered Li Qing Ye to take care of it.”

“Good!”

Chen Dong nodded, with the battle over, his heart settled down, but he was still curious about the battle just now.

Pushing his wheelchair around and glancing at Gu Qingying and Gu Guohua, Chen Dong said, “I will go wait for Kunlun and Fan Lu outside the door.”

“Old slave with you.”

Elder Long pushed Chen Dong towards the outside.

Just.

When the door to the ward was opened.

Chen Dong and Elder Long’s hearts twitched at the same time, and while their faces changed greatly, Elder Long even quickened his steps, pushing Chen Dong down the corridor and closing the door of the ward with his backhand.

In the corridor, there were some ninja’s shuriken bitterless scattered

As if stars were falling, they were scattered all over the place.

A shuriken was nailing a roll of yellow scrolls on the wall where the ward door slanted.

The atmosphere became abruptly stark and stern.

“Is this all the way to the door?”

Chen Dong stared at the scroll on the wall with a morose frown.

Immediately afterwards, he took a coin handed to him by Elder Long.

Whoosh!

The coin flew out and struck the bundle of ropes on the scroll on the wall.

There was a clatter

The bundle of ropes broke and the scroll slid down in one smooth motion.

A few large words in iron-painted brushstrokes came into view.

“The Iga congregation, attend.”

It was also at the same time as these five large characters were presented.

Snap snap

The sound of unhurried footsteps suddenly appeared in the quiet and empty corridor
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The quiet corridor.

As the sound of footsteps rang out, it abruptly became murderous and bitter.

Chen Dong and Elder Long looked in the direction of the stairway entrance at the same time.

A figure was slowly pushing open the staircase door.

The movement was unhurried, as if he was walking idly, and a strong sense of confidence radiated from his body.

A lean man dressed in a ninja suit and wearing a mask that only revealed his eyes, slowly walked down the corridor.

Afterwards.

The ninja walked towards Chen Dong and Elder Long's side, without speed, but his right hand was slowly raised and clenched in a fist, placing it at the position of his heart, and said in a lame tone.

"I, Iga Feijia, the Iga superior ninja, have come to take your, life."

As he stepped forward, even though his lame tone was kind and courteous, the majestic killing intent radiating from his body was overwhelming.

It made both Chen Dong and Elder Long feel like a man's back, with sweat standing up on their bodies.

High hand!

In an instant, both Chen Dong and Elder Long came to a conclusion.

However, looking at Iga Feijia who was slowly walking, Chen Dong spared a quirky smile, "I am really curious, I have no enmity with you ninjas, why do you have to kill me?"

One by one, the hidden forces were killing Chen Dong in a way that Chen Dong hadn't even figured out until now.

The Gu family, a once vanished clan, had a strong killing motive against him, which could perhaps be barely explained by its involvement with the Chen family.

But the Blood Angels, and the ninja Iga congregation that had now appeared.

These had never crossed paths at all before the encounter.

The assassination, for Chen Dong, was also nothing less than an unwarranted disaster.

"No comment."

Iga Feijia said four words in a deep voice.

Chen Dong shrugged his shoulders, "Killing is just a headache, let me die, let me die before I die too, right?"

"The Iga school wants you dead, so Iga Feijia is here."

Iga Feijia's voice was low, and as he spoke, he was already no more than five metres away from Chen Dong and Elder Long.

With that, Iga Feijia stopped.

“It’s useless to talk about it.”

Chen Dong deflated his mouth helplessly.

Clang!

Before the words left his mouth, Iga Feijia abruptly pulled out the long sword in its sheath.

The biting cold light steeply caused the murderous energy in the corridor to erupt to the extreme.

Elder Long’s expression was stern, and he was about to step forward.

A large hand, however, reached out from a slant and tugged at Elder Long.

“Elder Long, you go back to the ward, leave him to me.”

The cold, harsh voice sounded like a cold wind blowing out from the depths of the Nine Mysteries.

Long Lao’s expression changed greatly, looking down at Chen Dong in fear: “Young Master

“I can do it, besides it’s just a delay to wait for Kunlun and the others to return.”

Chen Dong smiled confidently, Kunlun and Fan Lu were just downstairs in the hospital, it wouldn’t take long at all to get back to the top floor.

Even if he fought against Iga Feijia, it would only be a delay for a while, and when Kunlun and Fan Lu came back, the scene would be formed to crush.

“But

Long Lao had a complicated expression and had to argue.

As a slave, this kind of life and death risk, naturally the slave should go first.

However, Chen Dong had a firm expression, “It’s fine Elder Long, I have grown up, I don’t need you to fight for me anymore.”

Elder Long’s expression was choked.

In a trance, he reacted to what Chen Dong meant by these words.

It was as if a hammer had suddenly struck his heartstrings, and for a moment, he had mixed feelings.

Elder Long smiled spontaneously, "Yes, Young Master has grown up, and is no longer the Young Master that Old Slave first met."

"Guard the entrance and protect Little Shadow and the others."

"As you command."

Elder Long turned and went into the ward, closing the door behind him.

In the corridor, the conversation between Chen Dong and Elder Long just now had left Iga Feijia bewildered.

At this moment, the only exposed eyes were also narrowed, looking at Chen Dong with puzzlement and confusion.

"Is Your Excellency humiliating me?"

"What's humiliating?"

Chen Dong raised his eyebrows and looked at Iga Feijia.

Iga Feijia's gaze tightened at once.

He had been ordered to kill a disabled person, which was nothing to him, a ninja following orders, that was his natural duty.

But to kill a target who had so brazenly removed his only protection, did he really think he could resist from his wheelchair?

He was an Iga shinobi, and to be treated like this by a disabled man was, in his mind, ignorant and humiliating!

Just as Iga Feijia frowned and sulked.

Chen Dong laughed teasingly.

His voice echoed in the corridor.

"Or if you think that I am humiliating you by sitting in a wheelchair, then sorry"

As the laughter rang out, Chen Dong braced his hands on the armrests of his wheelchair and slowly stood up under Iga Feijia's horrified gaze.

When he stood up completely, the smile on his face then disappeared.

In its place, there was an endless coldness and sternness.

“I’m sorry, this is not a humiliation to Your Excellency!”

“You, you’re not disabled?” Iga Heijia exclaimed, followed by a curse of “Baka Yalu”.

“Zhuge Kongming was in a wheelchair when he fought in battles, but who really thought he was handicapped?”

Chen Dong rubbed his nose and smiled playfully, “You should know Zhuge Kongming, right?”

“Baka-ya-roo!”

Iga Feijia was furious, and his fury turned into killing intent, like a huge wave, and pressed directly towards Chen Dong.

Almost simultaneously.

With a long samurai sword in his hand, he charged directly towards Chen Dong with a cold light.

The wind whistled.

As Iga Feijia rushed towards him, the fierce wind pounced on Chen Dong, blowing his clothes hunting and rattling.

“Worthy of being a superior ninja!”

Chen Dong’s heart and mind were frozen, restraining all his carelessness.

He had been ravaged by the power of the ninja when he had first fought against Donbon Shingo.

Now that he was facing Iga Feijia, his opponent’s strength, at the very least, would not be lower than that of Donbon Makoto back then.

The next second.

Chen Dong’s body took a step back, his right hand directly grabbed the wheelchair, and with an explosive cry, he brutally and domineeringly smashed the wheelchair directly towards Iga Heijia.

“Break!”

Without dodging, Iga Feijia's long samurai swords held high in both hands burst with cold light, whistling and humming as he cut the wheelchair in half with a blatant slash.

There was a bang!

The wheelchair split into two halves, each of which flew out in two directions.

Just as the wheelchair was cut in half, it flew out.

Chen Dong's cold, stern face was already in front of Iga Feijia.

The biting killing intent made the pupils of Iga Feijia, who was caught off guard, suddenly tighten to the extreme.

"How quick!"

"Many thanks!"

Chen Dong coldly responded to Iga Feijia's startled cry, and his right hand brazenly clenched his fist, like a python emerging from a hole, with a whistling sound, and blasted directly at Iga Feijia's ribs.

However.

Just as the fist was about to reach the side of Iga Feijia's ribs.

At the same time, he quickly drew his samurai sword with his left hand and sliced his arm across the side of Chen Dong's ribcage with determination.

Whoosh!

Chen Dong's face changed and he instantly withdrew his right fist, but he still felt the piercing coldness of the samurai sword that passed against his fist.

In a flash of lightning.

Iga Feijia had already withdrawn and flown back to a place three metres away.

Chen Dong, however, stopped where he was and did not pursue him.

Looking at Iga Feijia, Chen Dong looked serious: "I have experienced a ninja assassin once before, the 18th on the Hidden God of Death list, but compared to you, it is not worth mentioning."

Winner Takes All Chapter 795-796

Chapter 795

A gruff voice echoed down the corridor.

These words came from Chen Dong's heart.

When he had first faced Donoto Shingo, he had indeed felt death approaching at every step.

But this was a time and a place.

At that time and now, his strength had metamorphosed into more than just one grade of improvement.

With Chen Dong's current strength, he could judge the approximate strength of his opponent with just one exchange of blows.

That one exchange of blows just now.

If he were to face Donomoto Shingo, Donomoto Shingo would definitely be able to dodge it as well, but it would definitely not be as slapdash and easy as Iga Feijia's.

"Donbon Makoto is nothing more than a mere chicken and a dog"

Iga Heijia said disdainfully, "Your strength is really admirable to me, and no wonder the chief would go out of his way to send two top ninjas to carry out the mission."

Two?!

Chen Dong's pupils shrank.

Suddenly remembering the battle that had just taken place in the small garden under the hospital, things suddenly became clear.

"A good move to transfer the tiger away from the mountain." Chen Dong said in a deep voice.

Iga Feijia's body slowly stepped back and took an arching stance, holding his long sword in his right hand in front and his short sword in his left hand at the back, his eyes surging with killing intent, "Your Excellency is also good at a move to conceal the tiger from the sea!"

Buzz!

The words had not yet fallen.

Chen Dong's pupils instantly tightened to the extreme.

In his line of sight, the figure of Iga Feijia who was in an attack stance suddenly swayed from side to side.

Then, it disappeared out of thin air!

"Ninjutsu?!"

Chen Dong smacked his lips in shock, although he was not sure what exactly the status of the Iga school was, the scene of the Iga flying armor disappearing out of thin air in front of him was something he had seen countless times in movies.

This was the usual ninja trick!

But wasn't this a deliberate effect of the film?

Does it actually exist in reality?

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh

In an instant, the corridor resounded with the sound of the wind whistling.

A cold and strong wind came in the face.

Chen Dong could not see exactly where the Iga flying armor was, but he could feel that it was rapidly meandering closer.

The feeling that death was approaching and his body was tingling was getting stronger and stronger.

Obviously, Iga Feijia was aware that he only had a short time to kill.

If he didn't treasure the time he had gained by moving the tiger away from the mountain, he would end up putting himself in danger instead of succeeding in the assassination.

A flash of lightning.

Suddenly.

Chen Dong's expression froze.

A cold light suddenly appeared in the slanting air.

It was the result of the refraction of the samurai's long sword by the light of the electric lamp.

Almost instinctively.

Chen Dong moved sideways.

But one foot had just been lifted

Poof!

A sharp pain struck the raised left foot steeply.

“Roll!”

Chen Dong’s face was grim in an instant, forcing himself to endure the severe pain, his left foot kicked out directly across the air.

Bang Teeny!

There was a muffled sound.

The wall that was originally flat was steeply twisted and creased.

There was a clatter

A piece of cloth that resembled a wall cloth slid straight down from the wall, and Iga Heijia, who was dressed in black, slid backwards with the cloth and directly slid out with his feet on the ground with a clatter.

“What terrifying fighting instincts!”

Iga Heijia let out a heartfelt sigh of admiration as he settled into his stance.

As an Iga supreme ninja, he knew clearly that under the ninjutsu just now, even a high-ranking martial artist would be in danger after a successful strike, and he could even manage to end the fight directly with another supplementary slash.

But the moment Chen Dong was injured, instead of retreating, he used retreat as an advance and kicked out directly, stopping his attack with a hard blow.

This was not forged from experience.

Rather, it was naked combat instinct!

It was as if most people, after taking damage, would instinctively dodge and run away.

Chen Dong

“Barricade?”

Chen Dong staggered back a step, but ignored Iga Feijia, instead his eyes burned on the cloth that had slid down from the wall.

It looked like a simple piece of cloth, but it was the same as the wall.

Is this the real Ninjutsu?

At the same time, he exclaimed in shock and horror.

Chen Dong took a deep breath, turned around, and walked over to the half of the wheelchair that had been chopped in half.

Bang Teen!

With a kick, he kicked down the armrest of the wheelchair.

Chen Dong picked it up, then walked over to the other half of the wheelchair, and with another kick, kicked down the armrests.

Holding both armrests in his hands, Chen Dong waved them in the air.

Although they were not weapons, they could still be used as weapons, so they would be just fine.

Facing the Iga flying armour, he wasn't arrogant enough to enter a white blade with his empty hands.

“Can you fight with impunity?”

The battle intent in Chen Dong's eyes stirred like flames, and in an instant, his aura was like a monstrous tsunami, soaring up.

Iga Feijia let out a startled eek, with Chen Dong's words out, he instantly had a feeling like falling into an ice vault, his body sweat hair standing up.

It was as if a person had changed abruptly before his eyes.

A boundless coldness and killing intent came rushing in.

That cold intent, permeated with extreme coldness, profound

It was also at the same time as Iga Feijia's startled eek.

Chen Dong's brows were tightly knitted, his left foot stomped the ground brazenly, his hands gripped the armrests of his wheelchair, and in an instant, like a running thunder, he rushed directly towards Iga Feijia.

The slash just now, although it had injured Chen Dong.

But the wound was not deep and only slightly affected his movement.

It was a flash of lightning.

Iga Feijia, however, did not dodge, holding a samurai long and short sword, his sturdy body burst out with unprecedented speed, as fast as lightning, and directly met Chen Dong.

Clang clang clang

As his body moved, large sparks erupted, as if they were silver flowers in a fire tree.

Chen Dong waved his two wheelchair armrests, bringing up streaks of shadow as he directly shook hard against Iga Feijia's samurai long and short swords.

Both of them were extremely fast, both the wheelchair armrests and the long and short samurai swords brought up residual shadows, and if not for the sparks, it would have been difficult to catch the true trajectory of the weapons.

Inside the ward.

Gu Qing Ying curled up on the bed in fear, but her gaze remained worried at the closed door of the ward.

The sound of metal clashing from outside let her know that her man was experiencing life and death outside.

Elder Long and Gu Guohua's faces were also grave and solemn.

The intense sounds of metal clashing outside, even if they had not witnessed it, were enough to imagine the intensity of the battle.

Every time the sound rang out, it was as if it was a heavy fist, hammering hard on both of their hearts.

Long Lao gripped his mobile phone tightly, and when he entered the house, he had already informed Kunlun and Fan Lu.

But in the time it took for the two to go upstairs, Chen Dong was still needed to face Iga Feijia alone.

His task, on the other hand, could only be to guard the three people in the ward, Gu Qingying.

It was easier to kill someone than to protect them, one active and one passive.

He would be able to deal with Iga Feijia side by side with Chen Dong, but during the battle, once Iga Feijia's mind changed and dealt with the three Gu Qingying, the situation would instantly become complicated and dangerous.

"Elder Long, can you go out and check on Chen Dong for me?"

Gu Qingying suddenly said, "I'm afraid that he's in danger."

Elder Long shook his head dryly, "The young master will be fine, and the old slave will also do his utmost to guard the young lady and Mr. Gu as a couple."

The dry and decisive words did not give Gu Qingying the slightest room to manoeuvre.

The worry on Gu Qingying's face intensified, her shellfish teeth clenching her red lips, and her hands clenched into fists as she hugged her knees.

Just then.

The sound of metal clashing in the corridor outside came to a screeching halt.

It was only a few seconds before and after.

As the sound of metal clashing disappeared, the nerves of Gu Qingying, Long Lao and Gu Guohua inside the house all tensed up.

Had already split the winner?

Chapter 796

The corridor.

The lights are bright.

The walls are full of sores, pits and dents, as well as slash marks, while the floor is sprinkled with thick wall dust.

Chen Dong stands tall, still holding the armrests of his wheelchair in his hands.

However, at this moment, the armrests were covered with slash marks and were trembling vaguely in the air.

Chen Dong's body was also stained with blood. The stormy battle just now had caused him several stab wounds, but nothing serious.

On the contrary, the tiger's mouths on both hands had been ruptured by the huge force of the battle just now, and were now gurgling and oozing blood.

Under the light.

Chen Dong's cold face was stained with traces of blood, both his own and Iga Feijia's.

His eyes narrowed into slits, emitting an endless coldness as he stared at Iga Heijia across from him.

Iga Feijia, on the other hand, was standing five metres away.

Compared to the knife wounds on Chen Dong's body, his body had a few more bruises and swellings, seemingly easy wounds that could actually ripple inside his body.

Like Chen Dong, Iga Feijia's hands, which were holding his sword, were also trembling gently, his tiger mouth cracked and blood gurgling.

The samurai's long and short swords were riddled with gaping wounds.

Compared to Chen Dong's coldness and grimness, Iga Heijia's eyes were still shocked, even though his face was covered to the point where only his eyes were left.

The fighting techniques and systematic training methods inherited from the Iga family had made him far more powerful than ordinary Shinobi after becoming a Shinobi.

He had thought that the assassination was a sure thing.

But from the moment he met Chen Dong, he was in shock over and over again.

Chen Dong's legs were not disabled.

The terrifying battle power that Chen Dong had burst out.

All these, were information that had not appeared in the slightest in his intelligence at the beginning.

A few seconds of stormy killing, but it was Iga Feijia, who had a feeling of fear and trepidation, and even a feeling that this mission was extremely dangerous.

The young man in front of him.

He gave Iga Heijia an unprecedented sense of fear.

It was a feeling like a man's back, a feeling that entered his bones.

He took a deep breath.

Iga Feijia estimated the time in his mind, he knew clearly that this assassination did not have long at his disposal.

The fight in the small garden had been a deliberate breach by his companion, a deliberate attempt to divert the tiger from the mountain.

If the fight was not resolved soon, the situation would become more and more perilous.

"You're strong, but you can't stop your death."

Suddenly, Iga Feijia exhaled a long breath from his mouth.

Almost simultaneously.

His left hand steeply fished out a handful of shuriken from his waist and scattered them directly into the air as if they were iron pearls.

Snapping and snapping

With a whistling sound, the darts shattered all the lights in the hospital corridor with unerring accuracy.

It was as fast as lightning.

So much so that Chen Dong had no time to stop it before his eyes were abruptly plunged into endless darkness.

"Is it time to use Ninjutsu?"

Chen Dong's mind was frozen, squinting his eyes and doing his best to lock onto Iga Heijia's figure in the darkness.

A moment ago, Iga Feijia's jutsu had caused him to feel fear.

When the lights were bright, he was able to sneak up to him with a godly ghost and strike his blade, and now that the entire corridor was plunged into endless darkness, the killing power that that sneaky jutsu could cause would skyrocket infinitely.

But, in the darkness.

Even if Chen Dong did his best, he could only vaguely see the silhouette shadow of a figure of Iga Feijia five meters away.

The next second.

Silently, that sole silhouette figure, too, disappeared.

Silent, dark and secretive

The strong sense of oppression instantly gave Chen Dong a feeling of drowning and suffocation.

The surrounding silence was silent.

But Chen Dong's body sweat hairs gradually exploded, he clearly felt the approaching death crisis

"Where is it? Where the hell is it?"

Chen Dong gripped the armrests of his wheelchair with both hands, frowned and squeezed his eyes, exhausting his eyesight to see the situation around him.

But all around him was nothing but darkness, nothing but emptiness.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a whistling sound of a knife slashing through the air exploded.

Chen Dong's sweat instantly exploded, and almost instinctively he swung out the armrest of his right wheelchair.

Poof!

Clang!

There was a sharp pain in his right arm, and only then did his right hand feel the force of the knife on the armrest of his wheelchair, while sparks exploded.

Chen Dong let out a muffled grunt from his mouth.

But it was at the moment when the sparks erupted that he vaguely saw a figure.

Without hesitation, the muscles in his left hand rose up and in a flash, he gripped the armrest of the wheelchair and swept across it like a python sweeping through the air.

Clang!

There was another sound of metal clashing.

Sparks erupted.

He vaguely saw the Iga Feijia vertical sword in front of him, drawing back and flying back, disappearing into the darkness again in an instant.

“If you fight like this, you’ll be lynched to death!”

Feeling the biting, stabbing pain in his right arm, Chen Dong’s mind instantly came to a verdict on the situation.

The thought had just risen.

Whoosh!

The sound of the wind whistled in his ears once again.

He looked at the sound with all his eyes, but his eyes were still dark.

On instinct, he crossed his arms over the armrests of his wheelchair and blocked out.

At the same time, his feet slammed into the ground and he drew back.

But in the end, he was still a minute too slow.

Poof!

The samurai’s long knife swept across Chen Dong’s stomach.

Chen Dong let out another muffled grunt as the pain struck him.

In the darkness, his breath became sharp and ragged.

Because of the pain.

And from the tension.

This time, it was good that while blocking, he also drew back and flew back, if he had merely blocked, the blade would have not just cut his flesh, it would have disembowelled him directly!

“Hoo hoo”

In the darkness, Chen Dong bowed and kept panting, his chest rising and falling violently.

Eyes squinting vainly, he kept squeezing his eyeballs in an effort to maximize his eyesight.

But in the endless darkness, the effect of his eyesight at this point was really minimal.

His body was covered in cold sweat, and he could even clearly feel every drop of blood from his right arm dripping to the ground.

But just couldn't find the Iga flying armor!

The upper ninja latent ninjutsu, with the help of darkness, was at its best at this time.

It was as if this darkness was the mouth of hell that consumed the living.

Death is infinitely closer.

Rustle rustle

Suddenly, the sound of a knife slashing against the wall behind him rang out.

"Here it is!"

Chen Dong looked stern, instantly turned around and waved the armrests of his wheelchair with both hands, directly attacking like a wild storm.

However.

Poof!

In the darkness, there was a sound of a knife slicing through flesh.

The left thigh, instantly, was surrounded by pain.

Amidst the severe pain, Chen Dong let out an explosive roar and directly backhandedly swung the wheelchair armrest behind him.

Bang!

In the darkness, a muffled grunt rang out.

But when he turned around again, there was no trace of Iga Feijia long ago.

Silence.

A pin drop could be heard.

Chen Dong stepped back and leaned against the wall, so that he could reduce the number of enemies on one side and only need to concentrate fully on three sides.

It was pitch black in front of him.

Vision seemed to be lost in this moment.

Wait!

Chen Dong suddenly breathed, and then laughed: "Since vision is useless, then why am I, still relying on it all the time? It's better to be blind with your eyes open than to be blind with your eyes closed."

As he spoke, Chen Dong slowly closed his eyes

Winner Takes All Chapter 797-798

Chapter 797

"Hmm?!"

Out of the darkness, the startled voice of Iga Feijia suddenly rang out.

This was the only sound he had made until now, when he had lurked.

With the startled eek, the corridor, once again, returned to dead silence.

This time, however, Iga Hida did not attack immediately.

And within the ward.

When they heard the sound of metal clashing again, the three of them, whose hearts were originally in their throats, breathed a sigh of relief.

But what followed was greater worry and tension.

When they heard that Chen Dong was going to fight with his eyes closed.

Even Elder Long's face changed greatly.

Eyes to see and ears to hear, this was a key factor for martial artists when fighting.

Unless one had specifically undergone a long and rigorous training, the so-called listening to sounds and discerning positions was really as difficult as ascending to heaven.

“The young master has closed his eyes, which is the same as having one less perception, even if his vision is greatly affected in the dark, but in the end, it is better than nothing!”

Long Lao looked terrified and lamented, Chen Dong’s move, to Long Lao, was so dangerous that it was like stepping into a ghost gate by himself.

Hearing Elder Long’s lament.

Gu Qingying, whose nerves were already tense to the extreme, even struggled to get out of the bed directly.

“Xiao Ying what are you doing?”

Gu Guohua hurriedly held Gu Qingying, while also sort of blocking.

“I’m going to see Chen Dong, I’m worried about him

Gu Qingying’s eyes were red, and her fiercely white face was filled with panic.

But Long Lao was turning around brazenly.

With a cold and stern look, he scolded, “Going out now will only distract the young master and put him in greater danger, stay within the ward!”

The stern rebuke caused Gu Guohua and Gu Qingying to be stunned at the same time.

One should know that Elder Long had rarely offended Gu Qingying, who was the young lady, in such a manner.

Seeing that Gu Qingying was still hesitating, Long Lao said dryly, “If young madam is obstinate, you can’t blame old slave.”

With these words, it was clear that they were a threat.

Inside the ward, the three were at a standstill for a while.

And in the dark corridor.

As Chen Dong closed his eyes, his ears twitched gently.

In the quiet corridor, at this moment, even the slightest sound of wind was all caught in his ears.

Chen Dong leaned against the wall, not moving a muscle.

His brow was furrowed and his hands held the armrests of his wheelchair in a mid-air posture.

In this way he was always able to swap between attacking or defending at a moment's notice.

From time to time, Chen Dong's head veered in one direction, straining his hearing and taking in more details.

Without the distraction of his vision, he also had one less point of energy to find his target with his sight.

With all his energy poured into his ears at this point, his previously restless and frightened emotions gradually settled down.

Time, it seemed, had become extraordinarily slow.

Whoosh!

Suddenly.

A sound of breaking wind exploded.

"Over here!"

Chen Dong's ears twitched and without the slightest hesitation, the armrest of his right wheelchair buzzed directly and shook out hard.

Clang!

In the darkness, a cluster of sparks exploded with a thump.

At the same time, Iga Feijia's cry of alarm rang out.

In a flash of lightning, Chen Dong's mind was lifted when he struck the blow, but he did not pause for a moment, wielding the armrest of his wheelchair with his left hand and striking it with great force.

Clang!

In the darkness, another cluster of sparks burst out.

"Baka-ya-roo!"

Iga Feijia cursed, but used the force of this second Chen Dong whack to fly straight back.

The corridor was once again plunged into dead silence.

Chen Dong, however, immediately stopped and leaned against the wall, listening with his ears.

Inside the ward.

Gu Qingying, Elder Long and Gu Guohua, who were worried, all froze.

The brief exchange of blows just now, as well as Iga Feijia's curses, even though the three of them had not witnessed it, they probably knew the outcome of the exchange.

"Did, did it? Young master really did it?"

Long Lao's lips mouthed, his eyes rounded in disbelief.

As a martial artist, or a martial artist with a very high realm.

He was well aware of how dangerous it really was to close his eyes and give up a perception ability during a battle.

He also knew how difficult it really was to practice some skill of hearing sounds and discerning positions.

But Chen Dong hadn't practiced at all!

By preference succeeded!

"Little Shadow, you heard that? Dong'er is fine for now, calm down and be good in bed, Elder Long is right, if we go out at this time, we will only cause trouble for Dong'er."

Gu Guohua came back to his senses and hurriedly struck while the iron was hot, calming Gu Qingying.

Gu Qingying's gaze flickered and her red lips mumbled.

In the end, she nodded and returned to the hospital bed.

Only her red eyes were still staring deadly at the closed door of the room.

"Go on, Iga Feijia!"

In the corridor, Chen Dong leaned against the wall and pulled the corners of his mouth, teasing and provoking.

One hit had instantly boosted his confidence.

This was a fight between him and Iga Heijia after the lights in the corridor had disappeared, a fight that he could truly claim to have the upper hand.

It didn't leave Iga Heijia injured, but at least it proved he was right!

Sasha Sasha

As soon as the words left his mouth, the sound of a knife scraping against the wall rang out abruptly in the deadly quiet and dark corridor.

Chen Dong's ears twitched, but did not immediately follow the sound to rush.

Because the sound was still some distance away.

Only, suddenly, the sound of a knife scraping against the wall came from another direction.

沙沙..... 沙沙.....

Chen Dong's eyebrows knitted together.

Strange, how did it come from two directions?

He was certain that he and Iga Feijia were the only two people in the entire corridor.

Just now, Iga Feijia had also admitted that only two upper ninjas had come.

What's more, it wasn't that he was arrogant, for an assassination of this level, apart from an expert of Iga Heijia's level coming, any more ordinary martial artists coming would be for nothing, and it would be impossible to sneak into the hospital without concealing the sight of thousands of people alone.

沙沙 沙沙

The sound of a knife scraping against the wall came again from the initial direction.

This caused Chen Dong, who relied entirely on his ears to discern the direction, to be in a dilemma at once.

It was clear that there was only one person.

But the voices fluttered and alternated from the left and right.

Where the hell was Iga Hida?

Whoosh!

Suddenly.

The sound of breaking wind whistling exploded.

To the left!

Chen Dong instantly decided the direction and swung the armrest of the wheelchair in his left hand and swung out directly and bravely.

However.

Just as he turned around to attack, a wind whistle once again sounded behind him.

The sweat on Chen Dong's back stood on end as the katana ripped through the air and slashed down so hard that he could feel a painful tear in the top of his head.

It was a close call.

“Heh!”

A snort of laughter suddenly escaped Chen Dong's lips.

With that, his body bowed forward violently, pulling away from the katana for an instant, while raising the armrest of his wheelchair with his right hand to directly block upwards.

The armrest of the wheelchair, which had been swung forward after turning to the left, instantly reversed its direction as if it were a gazelle hanging from a horn.

In an extremely bizarre position, it turned in the opposite direction and went out directly behind him.

Clang!

Sparks erupted above the head.

Bang Teen!

The armrest of the wheelchair that Chen Dong waved out with his left hand backhand also smashed into Iga Feijia at the same time.

Iga Feijia let out a muffled grunt and was about to retreat.

But Chen Dong lifted his right foot and kicked the wall, using his strength to bully his way towards Iga Heijia, his right hand blocked the katana's wheelchair armrest, and the katana's blade traveled forward with an ear-piercing scraping sound, erupting a large amount of sparks!

“No, it can’t be! How did you know that?”

In the darkness, Iga Feijia exclaimed, the sparks erupting from the friction between the katana and the wheelchair armrest vaguely illuminating his face, his only exposed eyes, at that moment as if he had seen a ghost.

Snap!

Chen Dong turned around brazenly and faced directly at Iga Feijia.

But with a bitter smile, “In the dark, even with your training, your night vision is definitely not any better than mine, and you forget that hearing sound is not only able to distinguish position, it can likewise determine distance, the sound you make with the rope holding the knife stuck in the wall, the distance has never changed

Chapter 798

“But you, holding a katana scraping the wall at a sound distance, are changing!”

Every word was like a huge thunderclap.

At this moment, Iga Feijia’s sweat stood on end and his pupils followed closely to the extreme, full of horror and trepidation.

At this moment, he was facing Chen Dong up close.

He actually felt a sense of insignificance in the face of the God of Death.

This man, was too terrifying!

“How can you escape when you are close at hand?”

Chen Dong’s voice sounded like a life-threatening Sanskrit voice.

In the darkness, he gripped the armrests of his wheelchair with both hands and blatantly smashed towards the Iga flying armour in front of him like a fierce storm.

“Ah!”

In the darkness, Iga Feijia also suppressed his fear and raised his long sword to slash down in fury.

However, Chen Dong seemed to have anticipated this.

With his left hand, he raised the armrest of his wheelchair and directly blocked it.

With a metal clash, sparks erupted.

But the armrest of the wheelchair in Chen Dong's right hand was like a dragon emerging from its hole, whistling and buzzing as it landed directly on Iga Feijia's abdomen.

Bang!

There was a loud bang.

Iga Feijia's body shook tremendously, and instantly felt his internal organs tossing.

This lurch.

However, it caused Chen Dong to explode into a mountainous succession of attacks.

In an instant, Chen Dong danced his hands around the armrests of his wheelchair and blasted out like a wild storm.

Iga Feijia suffered a sharp pain in his abdomen and paused for an instant, at which point he instantly fell into a disadvantage in the face of Chen Dong's attacks and could only passively defend.

Clang clang

The wheelchair armrests alternately clashed with the samurai long swords, erupting into large sparks.

The entire dark corridor was like an old fashioned movie, with swords and shadows and killing intent.

But Chen Dong, who had the advantage, was sure that every few times he exchanged blows, one of the wheelchair armrests would directly hit the body of Iga Feijia.

The muffled sound was interspersed with the sound of metal clashing, yet it was unmistakable.

Iga Heijia screamed in agony, terrified to the core.

Several times he tried to force Chen Dong back with his long samurai sword and drew back.

But Chen Dong was like a maggot on his tarsus, even though his legs and feet were wounded, his speed burst out like thunder, bullying his way up and not giving Iga Feijia the slightest chance to get out of the fight.

Both of them knew it well.

The battle in front of them was a fierce one.

The distance between the two sides was the key.

If the distance was close, Chen Dong would be able to take the initiative and gain the upper hand, gradually accumulating an advantage with a storm of attacks and blasting the Iga flying armour to death.

If the distance was far, Iga Heijia could then use his subterranean jutsu again to hide in the darkness, like a leopard hunting in the night on the grassland, and choose his opportunity to attack again.

It was because he was clear about this that Chen Dong did not give him the slightest chance to retreat.

Bang!

Chen Dong once again hit Iga Feijia with his club.

“Poof!”

Iga Feijia’s body shook tremendously, and a large mouthful of blood spat out, even part of it sprayed on Chen Dong’s face.

Even so, Chen Dong did not open his eyes.

In the darkness.

He had no training in night vision, and his eyesight was simply no match for Iga Feijia, who was a superior ninja.

Even opening his eyes would become a liability, diverting an extra portion of his energy to focus his eyesight and cause an even greater breach.

Hearing is the key!

As long as the distance is controlled, a furious blast of smash can determine the final outcome of the battle.

Clang Clang

Bang Bang Bang

An electric exchange of blows.

The Iga flying armor had no room to even resist, and could only passively defend, and even so, it was hit by Chen Dong every now and then.

Fear, at this moment, completely enveloped Iga Heijia.

The Iga school's top ninja could no longer remain calm and was almost on the verge of collapse.

“Baka Yalu!”

“Impossible, how could you be so skilful?”

“Without training, your ears could not be this strong, you, what kind of demon are you?”

.....

In the dark corridor, Iga Feijia's terrified roar sounded like the roar of a wild beast.

Bang Teen!

Chen Dong's right hand gripped the armrest of his wheelchair tightly, wrapped in a mountain splitting momentum, leaping up in the air and smashing down on top of Iga Feijia's head with a bang.

Blood instantly gushed out like a fountain.

The stormy and fierce attack came to an abrupt halt at that moment.

Snapping snapping

In the corridor, Iga Feijia stumbled, taking one step backwards, each step incomparably heavy, the sound of his footsteps clearly discernible.

But Chen Dong, however, remained motionless, not opening his eyes, always relying on his ears, to discern the direction.

He pulled at the corner of his mouth and laughed, “I have been in the dark since I was a child, and it is true that I have not been trained, but you somewhat underestimate the potential of a wild dog that has lived in the dark for over twenty years.”

The words were self-deprecating, yet dripping with a strong sense of disdain for Iga Heijia.

“Potential

Iga Heijia staggered back, his head hit hard once, his skull almost exploding, the sky spinning, and his eyes blackening for a moment.

Not from the darkness that caused it, but from the rapid receding of consciousness.

He could feel the blood gushing from the top of his head and flowing all over his face.

All over his body, this moment was as weak and weak as it had ever been.

After murmuring a word, a sharp aura exploded from Iga Feijia's cloudy and confused eyes, "Is this your fighting instinct?"

Chen Dong, who was listening intently to Iga Feijia's trajectory, his eyebrows instantly tightened up.

Was it Combat Instinct again?

It was also at this moment.

In the darkness, Iga Feijia abruptly glimpsed a glimmer of light like a glowing flame coming from the only doorway in the entire corridor.

"Ah!"

There was a desperate roar.

Iga-Hida kicked the wall with a blatant thud, and with a counter-thrust, he rushed straight for the ward door.

"Eh?!"

Chen Dong, who was frowning, instantly gave a startled eek.

He discerned that the direction of the Iga flying armour had suddenly changed towards

Wait!

In a flash of lightning, Chen Dong's heart abruptly rose to his throat.

It was as if the firmament had caved in with trepidation.

"Damn you!"

Chen Dong roared in anger and rushed directly towards Iga Feijia.

On the entire top floor, there was only one ward for Gu Qingying.

At this moment, the heavily injured Iga Feijia suddenly turned, and Chen Dong reacted in an instant of surprise.

Bang Teen!

Iga Feijia, who was the first to rush to the door of the ward, held his sword with both hands and cut the door of the ward open with a brazen slash.

In an instant.

The light inside the ward illuminated a corner of the doorway directly.

“Ah!”

Inside the ward, Gu Qingying’s screams rang out abruptly.

And Elder Long and Gu Guohua even stopped in front of Gu Qingying and Li Wanqing at the same time.

Under the light.

Even though he was wearing a mask, his face was covered with blood, his fierce eyes, his blood-stained face.

Iga Heijia looked like an evil spirit that had crawled out of hell.

Almost at the same time.

Chen Dong also perceived the light.

He opened his eyes suddenly and the light pierced into his eyes.

It instantly made his vision blur.

It was at the moment of blurred vision.

He clearly saw that Iga Feijia, who was originally facing the ward, turned around instantly, and above his blood-stained face, those blood-covered eyes showed a slight look of triumph.

“If you want to touch my woman, you die!”

At this instant, Chen Dong’s vision blurred, relying entirely on instinct, his hands waved the armrests of his wheelchair and blasted directly at Iga Feijia.

Iga Heijia, who had already turned around, laughed heartily and raised his long, cold, shimmering samurai sword under the light and stabbed Chen Dong directly.

Poof!

Fresh blood splashed.

Winner Takes All Chapter 799-800

Chapter 799

“Ah!”

Inside the hospital room, Gu Qingying hissed and screamed.

In an instant, her face was pale and her heart suddenly clenched.

And Elder Long and Gu Guohua, at the same time, were furious, their faces grim to the extreme.

The entrance to the ward.

Blood splashed onto the ward door, a crimson red.

The long, slender samurai sword had viciously pierced through Chen Dong's left shoulder blade, and blood gurgled along the grooves on the long samurai sword, instantly forming lines of blood dripping down to the ground.

This scene was extremely visually striking.

And in the corridor, the lift doors finally opened at that moment.

Kunlun and Fan Lu rushed out of the lift at the same time.

As soon as they saw the scene in front of the ward door, both of them were in a state of great shock.

“Young master!”

“Mr. Chen!”

Kunlun and Fan Lu immediately rushed towards Chen Dong like an arrow off the string.

“Your Excellency is mad for love, alone this, I, Iga Feijia, admire beyond measure.”

Iga Feijia's face was covered in blood, and he was as hideous and terrifying as an evil ghost crawling out of hell: "Then, I ask you to die now!"

In a flash of lightning.

With his hands clutching his samurai sword, he was about to draw it and slash.

But the expected smooth drawing of the sword did not happen.

Instead, he encountered a resistance, as if the samurai sword had pierced through not flesh but rock, and was now embedded in stone.

"Hmm?!"

Iga Feijia let out a startled cry, his face swooning.

Snap!

But at that moment, Chen Dong raised his left hand, dropping the armrest of his wheelchair, and grabbed the samurai long sword directly above it with his empty hand.

Blood immediately flowed in his hand.

Chen Dong's expression was incomparably grim, clenching his teeth and squeezing out a sentence from his teeth, "What qualifications do you have to invite me to death?"

Creak

There was a tiny sound.

The horrified Iga Feijia, however, caught the sound clearly.

"Ah!"

In an instant, Iga Feijia sank his waist and stood on his horse, gripping his samurai long sword with both hands, and violently exploded out a dark energy that passed along the long sword directly towards Chen Dong's shoulder blade.

Boom!

There was a snort.

The clothes out of Chen Dong's shoulder blade were shattered.

The scene that was revealed, however, completely threw Iga Feijia into a state of trepidation and numbness in his scalp.

The muscles around the spot where Chen Dong's left shoulder blade had been stabbed by the samurai sword were slowly squirming and clustering around the blade, like a pushing hand, all the muscles squeezing the sword to death.

With Iga Heijia's strength, he naturally knew that this was Chen Dong controlling the muscles.

The initial hindrance when he drew his sword was the result of all the muscles piling up and squeezing the blade.

But knowing was knowing, witnessing a gnarled muscle writhing as if it were an animal was a very different kind of shock.

"You, have you reached the point of controlling muscles at your realm?"

In shock, Iga Feijia stared at Chen Dong angrily as if he had seen a ghost.

At this moment, his body was tingling, and with Chen Dong's grim gaze gazing at him, it was as if his entire body had fallen directly into the depths of the nine ghosts in an instant.

There was even a blackness in front of his eyes.

With Iga Feijia's alarmed cry.

Elder Long, as well as Kun Lun and Fan Lu who rushed closer in the corridor, all had a tremor in their hearts.

The next second.

"Give me death!"

Chen Dong suddenly opened his mouth and erupted a roar that was like a beast.

The lights shone brightly.

Chen Dong's left hand was clutching the samurai long sword, letting the blood drip out.

His right hand, however, was gripping the armrest of his wheelchair and raising it bravely.

"Baka Yalu!"

Iga Feijia's bloodied face was filled with fear, and in a flash of lightning, he made a split-second decision to let go of his samurai sword and drew back.

Under Chen Dong's muscle control squeeze and left hand restraint, he knew that he would not be able to pull out the samurai sword.

However.

Chen Dong, however, was like a man-thirsty beast, his feet running thunder as he directly bullied his way up.

Iga Feijia had already been seriously injured just now, and he was already fighting back from his death when he was able to pierce Chen Dong's sword through the ward door.

As he retreated, his body was so weak that he was spinning around in the sky.

His speed was not on the same level as Chen Dong's.

Buzz!

Time abruptly became slow.

The armrest of the wheelchair in Chen Dong's hand erupted with an ear-piercing whistle and fell down brazenly.

Bang!

The wheelchair armrest smashed into the top of Iga Feijia's head.

Blood spurted out in all directions.

Iga Heijia's footsteps stopped abruptly.

His features were disintegrating to the extreme.

However.

Chen Dong did not stop, but his eyes suddenly flashed, as if he had thought of something.

He dropped the armrest of his wheelchair with his right hand and grabbed Iga Feijia's neck.

As if dragging a dead dog, silently and swiftly as thunder, he dragged Iga Feijia out of the ward directly.

Iga Feijia was already seriously injured, and with Chen Dong's killing blow, he was no longer able to resist in the slightest.

He was dragged out of the ward like a dead dog, as if his breath was in his throat.

“Finish him!”

Chen Dong casually threw Iga Feijia on the ground.

Kunlun and Fan Lu hesitated for a moment, but the two of them did not move, looking worriedly at the wounds on Chen Dong’s body.

“A small wound, it’s not a problem.”

Chen Dong shook his head.

When the light stimulated his eyes just now, it almost blinded him somewhat.

However, he blurredly saw the Iga flying armour bayonet coming and relied entirely on his instinct to make a slight dodge, allowing the slash that was originally aimed straight at his heart to be moved to his shoulder blade.

“Xiao Lu, go and find a doctor to treat the young master’s wounds, I’ll take care of it here.”

Kunlun returned to his senses and said in a deep voice.

Fan Lu nodded back and turned to head downstairs.

The entrance to the sickroom.

In the blink of an eye, Chen Dong was the only one left.

The samurai long blade on his left shoulder blade was still pierced through his body, but at the critical moment, he controlled his muscles to squeeze the samurai long blade.

This reaction not only prevented Iga Heijia from pulling out the samurai long sword just now, but more crucially, minimised the damage of the slash, to a minimum.

When Chen Dong turned around, he saw Gu Guohua protecting Gu Qingying in front of him, blocking all of Gu Qingying’s sight with his body.

Chen Dong was visibly relieved, and his expression eased a little.

The reason why he had even dragged Iga Feijia out of the ward during the final strike against him just now.

It was at the last moment that he suddenly reacted to the fact that Gu Qingying was inside this ward.

A cruel and bloody scene, he did not want to be seen by Gu Qingying.

With Gu Qingying's ability to withstand.

Even a tiny bit of blood was no small stimulus.

Luckily, father-in-law reacted the fastest and finally blocked the bloody blow just now.

"Thank you dad."

Chen Dong said from the bottom of his heart.

Gu Guohua looked appalled and grave, shaking his head but did not utter a word.

On the side, Elder Long looked at Chen Dong with a grave expression and a complicated gaze, and when his gaze fell on the warrior's long sword on Chen Dong's left shoulder blade, Elder Long's gaze steeply tumbled as if it were a tsunami.

"Husband"

At this moment, Gu Qingying struggled out of Gu Guohua's arms.

Seeing the blood on the floor of the wall, Gu Qingying's face turned pale to the extreme.

When she saw the long samurai sword that pierced through Chen Dong's left shoulder blade, she was even more pearly and her tears came out with a swish.

"It's alright, I'm glad I didn't scare you."

Chen Dong said to Gu Qingying with an indifferent smile.

With that, he turned around and walked downstairs.

What had happened upstairs was not suitable for ordinary people to see, and even if the injuries were to be treated, it would be downstairs, not for Fan Lu to invite the doctor upstairs.

Chapter 800

It was late at night and quiet.

After treating the wounds and pacifying Gu Qingying and Gu Guohua.

Chen Dong then stayed in the corridor with Elder Long and the others.

Li Qing Ye had brought someone to clean the corridor thoroughly, and even re-covered the marks on the corridor walls as quickly as possible.

So much so that the air still carried the strong smell of plaster.

Upon learning what had just happened, Li Qing Ye's entire body was scared silly and her face was as pale as paper.

Immediately, he knelt down in front of Chen Dong.

However, Chen Dong had no intention of blaming him, and even Elder Long and Kunlun did not feel the slightest bit of anger.

Because it was clear to all that whether it was the people from the Hong Society's Nanming Branch or the Chen Family Office, the biggest effect of the fanfare surrounding the hospital was to act as a deterrent, to form a lo sieve, to sift out some stray fish.

And from the very beginning, Chen Dong, Elder Long and the others were ready to deal with an assassin of Iga Feijia's level of assassination.

Elder Long, Kunlun, Fan Lu and the mysterious man in the shadows were the real defence force.

An expert of Iga Feijia's level could easily break through, not to mention avoiding the defensive line formed by thousands of people from the Hong Society and the Chen Family Office, even if it was doubled.

Waiting for Li Qing Ye to leave.

Only then did Chen Dong, Elder Long and Kunlun sit down on the corridor bench.

Chen Dong had a cigarette in his mouth, and his left shoulder blade was wrapped in thick gauze, which was stained with blood.

And Elder Long and Kunlun also sat aside, holding their cigarettes.

The three men were silent, the light stretching their shadows across the corridor.

Only every now and then, Elder Long and Kunlun would steal a glance at Chen Dong with palpitations in their hearts.

The situation just now was indeed too treacherous.

A superior ninja had not only lured away the mysterious man, but also lured Kun Lun and Fan Lu away.

It was paralysis on Kunlun's and Fan Lu's part.

And as Elder Long, who had personally experienced the battle between Chen Dong and Iga Feijia, he had even more mixed feelings.

As a slave, in times of life and death, he was standing behind his young master, who was alone to meet the danger.

Even though Chen Dong had finally finished off Iga Feijia, that sudden return slash at the end made Long Lao's heart feel tight when he thought of it at the moment.

When his gaze fell once again to the location of the wound on Chen Dong's left shoulder blade, Elder Long's gaze was gradually tightening and narrowing his eyes, his eyes becoming complex.

Suddenly.

Chen Dong crushed out his cigarette and asked, "Do you guys know information about the Ninja Iga School?"

Ninjas, anyone knew.

Ever since Chen Dong grew up, he had learned about it through TV dramas and movies.

But the rendering of the TV dramas and the real existence in reality were obviously different.

The Iga school, he was not sure!

Kunlun's eyes flickered for a moment and he said in a deep voice, "Young master, the Iga school is considered a holy sect in the category of ninja."

"Saint sect?!"

Chen Dong's heart was startled.

No wonder Iga Feijia was so disdainful when he heard about Dōbon Makoto.

As an upper ninja of a pilgrim clan in the eyes of all ninjas, his vision was naturally so high that he was smacking his lips.

Even if Dōbon Makoto was the 18th assassin of the Shinigami clan, in Iga Feijia's eyes, he still did not care.

It was like the Chen family, who had never given a second thought to some local gentry, for a reason.

“Well, the ninja was born in that land of the sea, and over the long years many schools have been born, competing against each other, and while promoting the prosperity of the ninja category, they have also gradually formed high and low strengths and weaknesses in the ninja category.”

Kunlun spoke as if he knew these professional categories well, given the experience he had accumulated from his years in the mercenary ranks.

“Having developed to the present day, the highs and lows of the strengths of the major ninja are clearly distinguishable, and the Iga school, being a school that has prospered from ancient times until now, has become the holy sect in the eyes of all ninja.”

“Not only because the heritage has flourished for a long enough time, but also because the Iga school’s ninjutsu is indeed higher than most ninja schools, and even the examinations of the ninja world today are led by the Iga school every year.”

After a pause, Kunlun extinguished the cigarette burning out in his hand.

He said in a serious tone, “I am not deliberately boasting, nowadays, among the Iga school, just one of the upper ninja can be comparable to the head of some small ninja schools, and the establishment of a sect is just a matter of a wave of the hand.”

In the corridor, as Kunlun’s words fell.

It fell into an eerie silence.

Chen Dong’s gaze flickered as he secretly smacked his lips in shock.

The position of Holy Patriarch, dominating the ninja examinations, all of them were evidence of the Iga school’s loftiness and authority.

The battle with Iga Heijia also made him not doubt Kunlun’s last words in the slightest.

He had fought two shinobi, one Donbon Makoto and one Iga Heijia.

But the difference between them was really clear to see.

Even if Donbon Makoto was the 18th ranked super killer on the Hidden God of Death list, he was still a little less powerful than Iga Heijia.

With Iga Heijia’s strength, it would have been easy for him to leave the Iga school and start a separate sect.

The thing that confused Chen Dong.

Where the hell did this inexplicable ninja sect come from to kill him?

I didn't have the time to go to the land of the sea and land and plow the ancestral graves of the Iga school, did I?

"Young master, the Blood Angels are actually similar in nature to the Iga school."

Elder Long suddenly spoke up, his gaze profound.

Chen Dong was stunned and reacted.

The "nature" that Elder Long was referring to was obviously the inexplicable killing opportunity that the two forces had for him.

With the Blood Angels in front of him, the appearance of the Iga School now did not seem so unacceptable.

Rubbing his nose, Chen Dong smiled strangely and said to Elder Long, "Are you trying to persuade me that there are more debts than ticks?"

"Isn't that what life is all about when it's bitter and happy?"

Elder Long laughed helplessly.

Chen Dong and Kun Lun looked at each other.

Indeed, this was how things in the world were supposed to be.

If you don't covet others, someone will always covet you somehow.

Wouldn't it be too tiring if you were terrified at every step and had to immediately think of a reason for everything?

There was a pause.

Elder Long suddenly asked, "Young master, have you already learnt to control the muscles on your left shoulder blade early in the morning?"

As he inquired, he also raised his finger to point at the place on Chen Dong's left shoulder blade.

The expression gradually became a little stunned.

In his mind, however, the scene from earlier came to mind.

The muscles were gnarled and bulging, as if they were alive, all wriggling and squeezing to pierce through Chen Dong's long sword on his left shoulder blade.

This scene was indeed very visually striking.

At the sound of his voice.

Kunlun also looked at Chen Dong in dismay and asked, "I dare say that when Young Master used this tricky method of pushing and squeezing the muscles in both arms to force me to perform the Python Bird Swallowing Dragon, he had actually left some strength behind?"

He had indeed reserved his strength!

Chen Dong understood this in his heart.

However, he was clear about where the force he had left behind when he had forced Kun Lun to perform the Python Bird Swallowing Dragon last time had actually been left behind.

Under the shocked and puzzled gazes of Elder Long and Kun Lun.

Chen Dong shook his head, "No, it was in a critical moment just now, and it suddenly came."

Boom!

A thunderclap of words.

Elder Long and Kunlun instantly froze like wooden chickens, their jaws dropped

Is this an epiphany?