

ANCIENT GOD

Chapter 3 Second Miss



In situ.

The first guard was holding his throat, shaking all over, and almost peed in fear.

At that moment, he was so close to death.

Beside me, my companion sighed with emotion: "We in the Ye Clan are really full of talented people. Even the boy who feeds the horses is better than us..."

At this time, in the ancestral hall.

The spiritual tablets of the Ye Clan's seniors were placed on tall vermilion sandalwood shelves.

Candles were lit on the surrounding pillars, and the atmosphere was solemn and solemn.

Ye Feng stepped in, without looking at the spiritual tablets, and just walked towards the inner courtyard of the hall.

There is a huge martial arts arena in the inner courtyard. There is a table on the edge of the martial arts arena.

Ye Feng walked to the table, looked at the old man sleeping on the table, and knocked on the table several times. ??

"Who is it? It's so early, old man, I don't even have a chance to take a nap."

The old man muttered and opened his eyes with some complaints.

But the moment he saw Ye Feng, the old man suddenly stood up and faced Ye Feng. He seemed to have discovered something and was very surprised.

The old man stretched out his hand and started groping around Ye Feng's body, pressing here and squeezing there, murmuring, "Impossible, this is impossible..."

Ye Feng's eyes were strange, and he quickly took a few steps back and said to the old man: "Senior, do you still need to touch the bones to verify your cultivation in the True Martial Realm?"

"Uh? Haha, no, old man, I'm just curious. You have a special aura about you, and you're in good health, great."

The old man in coarse linen clothes stared at Ye Feng with his old eyes, looking up and down, and making a "tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk" sound from his mouth, which made Ye Feng feel a little scared.

"Is he an old man with some weird quirks?"

Ye Feng thought in his heart, and immediately released the aura of his first-level cultivation in the True Martial Realm, got the identity token of an official member of the Ye Clan, and ran out of the ancestral hall.

The old man in coarse linen clothes smiled slightly when he saw Ye Feng slipping away so fast. A gleam of light bloomed in his old pupils. His tone actually contained a trace of sigh as he murmured, "Are you finally starting to wake up? That's great." ..."

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Ye Feng hurriedly ran out from the ancestral hall.

"Brother, wait a minute!"

The guard who almost pissed himself just now came up and placed a sparkling spiritual stone in Ye Feng's hand in a flattering manner.

Ye Feng held the hard spiritual stone in his hand, his eyes puzzled, and asked: "What does this mean?"

The guard chuckled and said, "What I did just now is because I am ignorant of Mount Tai and offended you, my brother. This middle-grade spiritual stone is worth one hundred low-grade ordinary spiritual stones. It is my filial piety to you, old man."

Don't want it for nothing.

Ye Feng put the sparkling middle-grade spiritual stone into his arms and walked towards the distance.

"Brother, I'll treat you to dinner another day."

The guard shouted to Ye Feng.

"No need."

Ye Feng waved his hand and disappeared into the buildings of the Ye Clan's mansion in a blink of an eye.

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Half an hour later.

In the dilapidated hut on the edge of the Ye Clan's mansion.

Ye Feng sat cross-legged and closed his eyes tightly. The middle-grade spiritual stone in his hand had been drained of its spiritual energy.

The golden energy in his body has grown a lot.

But it is still far from reaching the second level of Zhenwu Realm.

Ye Feng opened his eyes, and a faint golden light flashed through his pupils.

"Practice is too expensive."

Ye Feng looked at the powder in his hand after the spirit stone was sucked dry, and the corner of his mouth

He couldn't help but smile bitterly.

Although the Divine Art of Creation allowed me to make rapid progress, to have strong Qi, and to have a strong body, every practice cost a huge amount of money.

The spiritual energy contained in a middle-grade spiritual stone is enough for an ordinary True Martial Realm warrior to absorb for more than half a month.

However, Ye Feng discovered that he had absorbed the entire middle-grade spiritual stone in just half an hour.

"I don't know how to make the golden elixir in my mind actively release its spiritual energy and transfer it to me."

Ye Feng thought secretly in his heart.

He felt that this golden elixir must hide a big secret, but he was temporarily unable to open it.

After all, this was something that his father Emperor Ye Qing, an unrivaled god emperor with heavenly cultivation, risked his life to bring out from the "above the sky", the number one restricted life zone in the spiritual world.

Ye Feng still vaguely remembers what his father looked at him seriously and whispered in his ear: "This magical elixir is enough for you, Feng'er, to live as long as the sun and the moon, and to live as long as the heaven and the earth. "

Live with the sun and the moon!

Live with heaven and earth!

What a shock!

Even the Supreme God Emperor cannot live as long as the sun and the moon, and live at the same time as the heaven and the earth.

Ye Feng thought about it for a while. The golden elixir released pure spiritual energy before at the critical moment when he broke through to the first level of the True Martial Realm.

"Could it be that only at the most critical moment of my breakthrough, this golden elixir will release its pure spiritual energy and help me break through in one fell swoop?"

Ye Feng secretly thought and guessed.

If this is really the case, then it seems that my practice cannot rely entirely on the golden elixir in my mind.

Ye Feng closed his eyes again and began to run the Divine Art of Creation, continuously circulating Qi and blood in his body.

As the Great Zhoutian circulates one by one, the golden energy reaches directly into his body.

Limbs and bones, flesh and blood.

Now Ye Feng just wants to break through the realm quickly and let the Divine Art of Creation enter the first level.

"The God of Creation Secret is very miraculous. Those who practice it must have the direct bloodline of the royal family of the God of Creation."

"But I am reborn in this new body as the adopted son of the Ye clan. Why can I practice the Divine Art of Creation?"

"Strange, strange..."

Ye Feng couldn't help but murmur at this time.

But he couldn't figure it out, so he didn't think about it that much.

The most important thing to consider now is to improve your cultivation strength.

"My father once told me that with the evolution of the Divine Art of Creation, every time the Divine Art of Creation breaks through a level of heaven, the cultivator will be able to awaken a very terrifying and special accompanying talent."

Ye Feng was very curious about what would be the first accompanying talent he would awaken when he entered the first heaven after practicing the Divine Art of Creation?

He still remembered that the accompanying talent that his father, Emperor Ye Qing, awakened in the first heaven of the Divine Art of Creation, was a very powerful divine sword called the Heavenly Tribulation Sword.

Ye Feng once saw with his own eyes that his father, Emperor Ye Qing, used that sword to kill a majestic ancient dragon!

And while Ye Feng was silently practicing in his hut.

The center of the Ye Clan's mansion is in a huge inner garden.

On the green grass, Chen Jiu knelt on the ground in horror, kowtowed to a girl in front of him and said: "Second Miss, I know I was wrong! I shouldn't have buried Li Si without telling you! Don't kill me, don't kill me!"

In the end, Chen Jiu didn't hide it, and the second lady Ye Ziling found out the truth.

At this time, the girl standing in front of Chen Jiu was wearing a pink dress, with waterfall-like long black hair scattered on her snow-white shoulders, and

a red gem dotted on her forehead. She looked like she had a natural of nobility.

This girl is the second young lady of the Ye clan, Ye Ziling.