

Clan Cultivation 71

Chapter 71

Whoops!

Whoops!

Along with the sound, the dead corpses on the ground stood up one after another. Their bodies were stiff, like zombies. Their flexibility was greatly reduced, but their strength and defense were greatly improved.

"Damn!"

Lu Xuanji's eyes flashed a bit of suffocation, and his spiritual sense said: "Xiaoxue, the Thousand Corpse Formation belongs to the pure yin formation, and is most afraid of sky fire, sky thunder, etc. You can use the sky fire art to attack! Let's rush to kill together and get out of the formation. !"

"Okay!" Ye Feixue nodded.

A fiery red sword appeared on Lu Xuanji's palm, as if there was a phoenix texture on it, as if a phoenix was about to fly out.

In the dantian, the twelve talismans representing the Heavenly Fire Art are running. After running a circle in the meridians, they enter the Lihuo Sword, which turns into the power of Heavenly Fire and burns on the sword.

brush!

At this moment, a zombie pounced, clumsily and quickly.

Clumsy, referring to slow steering.

Fast means fast.

The speed is fast, reaching 200 meters per second, and the speed is no less than that of the Foundation Establishment cultivator.

The movements of zombies are very clumsy, and the means of attack are also very simple, that is, to bite with teeth and grab with hands, but the speed is too fast, and the fast speed is enough to make up for any shortcomings.

brush!

Lu Xuanji slashed out with a sword, and the power of Heavenly Fire blessed Lihuo Sword.

Stab it!

The head of the zombie was shattered, but the zombie continued to slaughter, and the combat effectiveness did not drop because the head was gone.

At the same time, zombies from other directions were besieging from all directions.

brush!

On Lu Xuanji's palm, the flying sword was flickering, like a dragon and snake swimming around. It seemed to fluctuate and change, as if it was dancing to the fullest. It was continuously assassinating in the void, and the bodies of zombies burst open one after another. Stop moving on the ground.

But at the same time, some zombies' bodies were shattered, but they were still powerful and continued to bombard.

Kill kill!

Lu Xuanji moved the flying sword, the flames were flickering, the phoenix was flying, killing zombies one by one.

Boom!

Along with the violent noise, zombies fell to the ground one after another. Some were burned by the sky fire and turned to ashes.

After using the second sword, he killed the zombies.

Keep killing zombies, one, two, three, and soon hundreds of zombies are killed.

But Lu Xuanji's real essence also consumed as much as five layers, and his body was a little tired.

Zombies are not difficult to kill, but hundreds or thousands of them are surrounded by them, but they are enough to exhaust the true essence of the Foundation Establishment cultivator.

Boom boom boom!

At this moment, Ye Feixue squeezed the seal, arousing the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, and suddenly a fire cloud with a radius of 100 meters appeared in the void, falling from the sky and burning the zombies.

Fire Cloud, a large-area destructive spell.

But when the fire cloud technique dissipated, only less than fifty zombies were burned to death, and the remaining zombies were severely burned, and they continued to slaughter them while roaring.

In terms of cost performance, group killing spells such as Fire Cloud Art are not as good as single spells in terms of lethality.

"How to do?"

Ye Feixue struggled a little and said, "These zombies are a little hard to kill, the main corpse pill will not be destroyed, and the zombies will not die. But the position of the corpse pill moves freely on the zombie's body, unless the zombies are burned to ashes, otherwise it will be very difficult. Kill the zombies!"

"I was careless!"

Lu Xuanji's breath fluctuated slightly, and he took a vitality pill to make up for the loss.

He was calculating in his heart, how to destroy the Thousand Corpse Formation.

"There is!"

Lu Xuanji's eyes lit up, and he suddenly thought of something, urging his mind to summon.

In the dantian, the Heaven-Modifying Cauldron appeared, but the palm-sized cauldron quickly grew larger, becoming ten feet in size, and opened its mouth to absorb it frantically. A zombie was sucked into it, one after another, entering the big cauldron one after another.

At the same time, the sky fire was burning in the big cauldron, and the zombies who entered it were burned to ashes.

The zombies were like moths to the flames, without the slightest fear or evasion, they entered the cauldron one after another.

Huhuhu!

Soon more than 1,000 zombies were collected by Dading and directly refined.

Knowing no pain and no fear, this is the biggest advantage of zombies, but at this moment it becomes a fatal weakness, and they are all worthless towards death.

When the last zombie was burned to ashes, Lu Xuanji breathed a sigh of relief.

what!

At this moment, it was suddenly discovered that the body of the zombie that had been burned to fly ash appeared streaks of gray gas. These gray gases had a strong vitality and vigor, and seemed to have a supreme fortune.

These gray gases were about to flow out, but when they met Ding Gai, they were abruptly blocked.

Lu Xuanji felt that his body was trembling slightly, as if he had a strong desire for these gases.

brush!

With a thought, Lu Xuanji put the Tianbuying Ding in his dantian.

A gray gas entered the body, moisturizing each other's bodies. It was as if raindrops had fallen in the dry fields, and he felt indescribably comfortable. The dark diseases and various minor injuries that remained on his body were healing little by little.

When the cultivator was fighting and fighting, he left a series of dark wounds on his body. Even if he healed the wounds afterwards, or took medicine pills, the wounds would heal. But this kind of recovery only treats most of the injuries, and some minor injuries cannot be cured at all.

It's like a broken bowl. After being repaired, it looks intact on the outside, but it's only intact on the surface, and there are all kinds of tiny cracks inside.

The existence of these dark wounds also affects the cultivator's lifespan.

The lifespan of a foundation-building cultivator is two hundred and forty years, but because of the dark wounds in the body, many foundation-building cultivators have a lifespan of at most 200 years.

But under the influence of these gray gases, these dark wounds are healing little by little.

Before I could think about why, the gray fog began to dissipate.

As thousands of zombies were killed, the great formation naturally broke apart.

brush!

At this moment, the black-robed demon cultivator appeared with a cold expression, as if he was looking at two prey: "Yes, yes, you actually broke the thousand-corpse formation composed of five thousand mortal corpses, which is enough, but After the hard battle, how much real energy do you have to fight."

"Die now!"

The black-robed demon cultivator sneered urging the white-boned flag, and the white-boned sword qi came to kill one after another.

Brush brush!

At this moment, a pair of blue wings appeared behind Lu Xuanji, like the ocean, like the sky, exuding an air of freedom.

It disappeared in the blink of an eye.

The next moment, a sword was drawn towards the neck of the black-robed demon cultivator.

Stab it!

The white bone flag trembled, wrapped around the Lihuo sword, a white sword qi clashed with the red sword qi, collided, canceled each other out, and annihilated each other.

bang bang bang!

At this moment, a big cauldron appeared in Lu Xuanji's hands.

He grabbed a tripod foot with his left hand, and danced and smashed down the tripod, like a brick, hitting his head.

The black-robed demon cultivator was stunned, but he was not panicked. His right hand was changing drastically. The dry right hand turned golden, as if it was made of gold.

boom!

The golden hand faced the cauldron, and the two sides collided, making a humming sound.

However, the black-robed demon cultivator suffered a huge impact and took three steps back, releasing the force from the impact. The force fell on the ground, and a huge footprint appeared.

Lu Xuanji raised the tripod again and slammed it down again.

The black-robed demon cultivator resisted with his golden hands.

Smash it again and again!

Simple and violent.

There is nothing that can't be solved by one tripod. If it doesn't work, then another tripod.

After smashing it ten times in a row, the golden hand faded, and the arm was abruptly broken.

Click it!

A tripod hit the black-robed demon cultivator's head, and the watermelon shattered.

It seemed that it was not safe, and they continued to smash, one after another, until the corpse turned into flesh, and he was completely relieved.