

Clan Cultivation 72

Chapter 72

Puff!

The cauldron fell to the ground, making a crisp sound.

At this moment, Lu Xuanji felt a little numbness in his arms, some meridians and muscles were stretched and ruptured, and his whole body was slightly sore.

From breaking the great formation to killing the black-robed demon cultivator, it took less than five seconds.

But the intensity of the battle is unprecedented.

This feeling is like a 100-meter sprint.

All kinds of magic weapons, all kinds of unique skills, crackling, crackling, nothing hidden, all of them exploded, smashed out all at once, without a trace of holding back.

"Brother, he is dead!"

Ye Feixue said.

"Dead, but it's not safe here!" Lu Xuanji thought back.

The fierce battle was short, but it was a little thrilling.

If it wasn't for his sudden attack, the enemy was caught off guard, the opponent couldn't react, and he didn't have time to use all kinds of killer moves, or he would have killed him.

It might be him who died.

After the battle was over, Lu Xuanji opened the storage bag and began to search for some treasures.

The white bone spurs, white bone swords, white bone knives, zombie bells and other magic weapons are directly destroyed.

There are also 8,000 spirit stones, which are directly stored in the storage bag.

There are also red iron, gold essence, black iron, mithril, etc., totaling more than a hundred kilograms. It seems that he is preparing to refine the materials, and it seems that it is used to make magic weapons, which is also attributed to him.

There are also five bottles of medicinal pills. After checking it, he can also use it, so he can keep it.

Finally, there is the second-grade peak spiritual weapon, the White Bone Banner, which is quite powerful. It can trigger zombie attacks, trigger ghost attacks, and devour spirits to improve cultivation. It is a good magic weapon.

But Lu Xuanji just hesitated for a moment, just urging the fire of the sky, constantly violently destroying it.

Click it!

Click it!

The grievances above made a screeching sound, and they were all burned to ashes.

Then, the formations above, as well as the talismans, were all destroyed.

He activated his true essence again and attacked with all his strength. The white bone banners shattered into seven or eight sections, scattered on the ground, and finally buried in the ground.

Finally, check out this town.

After experiencing the magic repair, the village was slaughtered, and there was not a single living person.

Leaving here, Lu Xuanji went to the nearby county town, informed the family, and came to deal with the funeral.

At night, Lu Xuanji looked at the storage bag, looked at the five thousand spirit stones, some medicinal herbs, and some refining materials, with an indescribable joy in his heart.

People are not rich without windfall, and horses are not fat without night grass.

Relying on the cultivation of alchemy at home, he only earns three or five hundred spirit stones a year; but here, if you kill a demon cultivator on the fifth floor of the foundation, you will immediately have 5,000 spirit stones in your account. If you add other property, at least 8,000 Spirit Stone.

It's no wonder that cultivators like to slay demons and slay demons, not because of their sense of justice, but because of too much profit and too much money.

Every devil is a treasure boy.

Killing a demon is equivalent to ten years of income.

Just thinking of the more than 5,000 civilians who were killed in the small town, there was a hint of sadness, and that sense of joy disappeared.

Half a day later, at Changyuan Mountain.

The Great Elder looked solemn, and there was a letter in his hand, which was exactly what Lu Xuanji told Mo Xiu.

"There is a magic cultivator near Qingshui County. It's still on the fifth floor of the foundation building. It seems that there is a big problem!"

The Great Elder looked solemn, and a trace of unease flashed in his eyes.

For demon cultivators, the Danyang School's rule is to see one kill another, and show no mercy.

Every demon cultivator wants to grow up, he has to keep killing.

What's even more frightening is that the magic cultivator is escalating extremely fast during the slaughter.

The immortal way attaches importance to the foundation, and the magic way attaches great importance to the speed.

The cultivator of the Demon Dao has built the foundation for ten years, the Purple Palace for one hundred years, and the Golden Core for two hundred years. The upgrade speed is faster than that of Tianlinggen. In the early stage, there was a lack of foundation, but in the later stage, the robbery was rapid and the number of people fell, resulting in the number of magic cultivators entering Jindan far less than that of immortal monks, and the number of magic cultivators entering Nascent Soul was even rarer.

But they can't stand the large number. If the magic cultivator is not controlled, it will bring disaster to the immortal realm.

The first elder was writing with a pen, reporting to the Danyang faction about the demon cultivator, and suddenly thought of something.

Write the letter directly and put it in the flying sword.

Brush brush!

Feijian grew a pair of wings, turned into a streamer and disappeared.

This technique is called Feijian Chuanshu.

The speed is kilometers per second, and it only takes three hours to reach the Danyang faction.

In a certain cave in the wilderness, evil spirits gather and demonic energy rises.

About twenty demon cultivators gathered together, each with a sullen spirit, but they were jealous of each other.

Of these magic cultivators, the worst is also the Foundation Establishment cultivator.

One of the leading demon cultivators exuded an aura of destruction. He had already stepped into the realm of the Purple Mansion half a step, but he was almost unable to enter it completely.

This realm is called Banbu Zifu.

This old devil's surname is Fang, and the world calls him Fang Laomo.

At this time, Fang Laomo was holding a flying sword with a pair of wings on it.

The wings fluttered, but it was difficult to break free from Old Demon Fang's palm.

brush!

With a touch of the palm, it was immediately sealed by Jianfeijian.

"There is a demon cultivator in Beichen County, and the people of the Lu family have already reported to the Danyang faction, and there is not much time left for us." Fang Laomo said, "The Lu family is also a big family in the former Zifu, with cultivators in the Zifu sitting in the town, and they are very famous. There are countless demons and demons, and I don't know how many fellow demon cultivators died tragically at his hands. Now that the Lu family is weak, it's just the moment when I wait for the demon cultivator to go all out, and it's the moment when my blood is used to build my foundation!"

"This deity intends to take action against the Lu family and destroy the Lu family. com Who approves and who opposes!"

Fang Lao Mo opened his mouth and said, revealing his white teeth, as gentle as a scholar.

But the demon cultivators present said, "I would like to listen to the seniors!"

Fang Laomo said, "There are only five monks in the Lu family, one of whom has built the foundation on the eighth floor, and the old man will deal with it; the remaining one has built the foundation on the third floor, and the other has built the foundation on the fifth floor; and two little dolls have just built the foundation. , in less than ten years, it may still stay on the first floor of the foundation. After half an hour, there will be a magic cultivator attacking Beichen County."

"Here, sign the Netherworld contract, if anyone violates it, they will be burned by the Netherworld Demon Fire!"

As he spoke, he took out a piece of animal skin, which was based on animal blood, depicting an ancient talisman, a stylus pen and a silver hook, which seemed to communicate with a great being.

The Nether Contract, one of the supreme contracts of the magic way.

Most cultivators are selfish and selfish. When fighting, they don't want to go hand in hand. Instead, they want to pull back and harm their teammates. At the moment of the confrontation with the immortal monks, it is often collapsed at the touch of a button, and the losses are heavy.

Later, the great power of the magic road set up a ghost contract, which can constrain the cultivation of the magic cultivator, so that at the moment of battle, they can work together to deal with the enemy together.

On the animal skins, there are written division of labor and cooperation, distribution of benefits, etc., and the rules are extremely perfect.

"If there is no objection, you can sign it directly!"

Fang Lao Mo directly scratched his finger and wrote his name on it with blood as ink.

The blood stains melted into the ink and disappeared.

Then, another demon cultivator stepped forward and wrote his name on it.

At the end, Fang Laomo pointed his finger, and the animal skin immediately ignited without fire, disappearing into the sky.

But many demon cultivators felt a supreme bondage, restricting everyone.

If it is violated, it will attract a thunderous blow.