

Clan Cultivation 82

Chapter 82

Accompanied by the magical sound of the blood-turning witch, a blood-colored river rushed towards Ziyang Mountain, smashing everything and obliterating everything.

Boom boom boom!

At this moment, Ziyang Mountain was trembling, as if a giant beast was awake, exuding a trace of terrifying coercion. The six nearby mountain peaks are also trembling, and the killing formation buried in the mountains is also slowly activating.

The seven peaks are connected to each other, and the spiritual energy from the underground spiritual veins is extracted and circulated into the great formation.

Stab it!

Stab it!

A purple light film rose up, showing the shape of a semi-circle, like an upside down bowl, resisting the incoming blood-colored river.

At this moment, along with the sound of a sword, a huge picture scroll of World War I appeared in the void. The picture scroll had a woman with a soft body, long hair like silk, and white clouds under her feet. It's not real.

Around the picture scroll, ninety-nine swords appeared, with bright sword edges, like thunder and lightning in autumn water.

Chi Chi!

Accompanied by the violent sound, the picture scroll was running, and the power of the ninety-nine swords was expanding, sweeping around like a wave of water, spreading to ten miles. Come, drown into the blood witch.

The Blood Transformation Witch let out a long howl, as if the Asura from **** had descended.

Driving the blood-colored river, it turned into a rolling wave, sweeping towards the sword formation.

The river of blood and the sword collided, and the mana was consuming each other, like water and fire fighting each other, it depends on who can last longer.

"The river of blood is filthy, eroding the magic weapon!"

The blood-changing witch is holding the seal in her hand. With the change of the seal, the blood river is tumbling, and the air inside is yin evil, destruction, death, destruction, lore, sinking, etc. Wait, all burst out, eroding the ninety-nine flying swords.

There is filth in the blood river, and it specializes in corroding and breaking the restrictions in magic weapons.

The picture scroll is running, and the ninety-nine flying swords are also changing their formations, absorbing the power of the blood river and tempering the sword's edge.

The confrontation took less than three breaths, that is, the river of blood has shrunk a lot.

The sword formation was running. The ninety-nine swords seemed to be messy, but they formed a terrifying sword formation, which enveloped the blood-turning witch, and the swords stabbed her graceful and beautiful body one after another.

"The river of blood changes!"

The blood-changing witch drives the blood river, the blood river shrinks, changes, and finally turns into a set of armor attached to the body.

The armor is blood-colored, and there is a blood-colored lotus flower in the center of the armor.

brush!

The Blood Transformation Witch stepped on the void, and her footsteps were shaking violently, as if the drums of war were roaring, making a humming sound.

The body was surging, as if the magma was rolling, and the essence of the wolf smoke rose, like a female **** of war punching the flying sword, the flying sword couldn't bear the violent force, and it snapped abruptly. But the next moment, another flying sword stabbed.

boom!

Another blow to blow up a flying sword.

But at this moment, another flying sword stabbed.

One after another, one after another, one after another, assassinated one after another.

Continuous, continuous killing.

But the blood-turning witch is also very sturdy, punch after punch, smashing the flying sword.

One after another, flying swords shattered.

The shatterable flying sword recovered quickly, and it came from an assassination attempt.

Feijian is constantly collapsing, but it is constantly recovering.

It seems to be continuous, trapped in it.

kill!

At this moment, the White Bone Demon Lord slammed into the White Bone Palace and slammed into the formation, which was shaking violently.

Under the violent impact, the formation of Ziyang Mountain was almost shattered.

The White House Palace was counterattacked and kept retreating.

"Jin Xi, I am missing a jade corpse, so I just use your corpse as a specimen!" The Black Corpse Demon Lord sneered, the corpse-controlling flag in his hand was urging, and it kept getting bigger and bigger, turning into a size of ten feet. A huge force impacted down.

Boom boom boom!

When it hit the formation, the purple light flickered, and the energy of the formation was consuming violently.

The three major golden elixir magic cultivators used their methods to attack Ziyang Mountain tyrannically, consuming the energy of the formation.

It seems that the next moment, it will be broken.

"It's over! We're going to die!"

"These are three Jindan demon cultivators. Old Ancestor Jin is powerful, but how can one fight against three? When they reach the Jindan realm, who is much worse than the other!"

"It's a pity that the outside world has been banned, and I can't spread the news out!"

"Haha, I'm waiting to die here!"

"Ziyang Mountain is not auspicious. The Lu family was destroyed decades ago, and now it is about to be destroyed again!"

Immediately, the monks on Ziyang Mountain were panicking, fearful and uneasy.

Some cultivators tried to pass the message, using flying swords to pass the book, but they flew outside and fell on the ground; some cultivators urged the sound transmission, trying to pass the news, but they were blocked. All kinds of ways to convey news to the outside world, but they all failed.

Later, in panic.

"What are you afraid of, all have their own ancestors!" At this moment, Long Xuan's terrifying aura was exuding, and his voice spread to all directions, "If the ancestor dies, you don't want to live. At that time, death will be extremely extravagant. Falling into the three demon cultivators in the case, it is the best ending to be reduced to blood food, I am afraid that the corpse will be refined into a zombie, or become the nourishment of the bone relic."

"Listen to my orders and form a battle formation, you can fight against Jindan cultivator one or two, and even if you can't win, you can also contain the enemy one or two. If there are any who do not follow, the deity will kill them!"

Long Xuan began to order everyone to arrange a battle formation.

The battle formation is just the simplest war, with limited power and serious lack of combat power. But this is also more than a group of scattered sand, but they are slaughtered by Jindan cultivators.

At least before you die, you can struggle and resist, and you can die decently.

"I'll wait for nature and follow Sister Long's arrangement!"

Ye Xue said.

"Naturally, if you want to kill me, you always have to pay a price!"

Another second-generation cultivator spoke up.

"The magic cultivator is attacking, I'll be in the same boat and fight against the crisis together!"

Another cultivator from the Purple Mansion spoke up.

No matter how rebellious they were, they chose to remain silent; even the second generation of Xiu, with a profound background, chose to obey Long Xuan.

At ordinary times, when he contradicts Lord Long Xuan, this Lord will reason and convince people with reason. At this moment, when a demon cultivator is attacking, if it is hard, it will be cut off.

Even if you die, you can't live in peace, and you will be charged with colluding with a demon cultivator.

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