

Cultivation 211

Chapter 211

Swipe!

Between a few ups and downs, back to Ziyang Mountain.

After the war, Ziyang Mountain was seriously damaged and dilapidated, and more monks were killed in action.

"Senior, this time my Ziyang Mountain has suffered a huge loss..."

When Long Xuan appeared, she was about to introduce the loss.

But the green-clothed woman smiled and said, "These, just ignore them, don't bother me!"

Long Xuan nodded and could only leave.

Walking and walking, I came to a living room, urging the magic to isolate everything.

The woman in green asked, "My name is Qinglian."

"Meet the ancestors of Qinglian!"

Lu Xuanji bowed and said, "Why, I feel familiar with Senior, but it is extremely unfamiliar."

"You junior, you are very sensitive!"

Qing Lian smiled and said, "I am a clone of Jin Xi."

"what!"

Lu Xuanji was surprised.

[Nine Transformations of Fish and Dragon] is a top-level incarnation technique, which can be transformed into a clone to assist in battle with the help of true essence.

Such a clone has a limited duration, and it will dissipate if it is too far away from the deity.

In addition to incarnations, there are avatars.

A clone is a clone that is cut out by using some secret techniques outside the deity. The clone has its own character, thoughts, and shares the memory with the deity, and can be practiced alone.

If the deity falls, the clone will turn into a separate individual and become a new deity.

Qinglian said with a smile: "Back then, the deity obtained a secret technique called [Two Instruments Disillusionment Body]. With the deity as the foundation, I cut out a clone, and I am the clone. To a certain extent, I am Jin Xi, Jin Xi is me!"

"But I feel that you are not her, and she is not you!"

Lu Xuanji said.

"That's because I dominate absolute rationality, and she dominates emotions. I do things to maximize profits; but she thinks too much about doing things, mother-in-law!" Qinglian sneered, "But now, the deity is dying!"

The figure flickered and led Lu Xuanji to a cave.

When I opened the cave, I saw a woman frozen on Xuan Bing, who was Old Ancestor Jin.

Old Ancestor Jin was in a very bad state. At this moment, his face was pale, and there was a trace of blood on his chest.

"Ancestor Jin, what happened?"

Lu Xuanji asked, his heart aching slightly.

"Under your guidance, she began to attack the ninth turn of Jindan, and the result was half successful and half failed. Half successful, it means that she broke the fate, turned the impossible into possibility, and forcibly reversed her own Qi number, condensed the nine-turn golden pill; half of the failure, it is said that the spirit and energy are insufficient, resulting in serious injuries and dying, almost dead!"

Qinglian smiled and said, "If she dies, I will be the deity!"

"Ancestor Qinglian, what are you doing with your anger?"

Lu Xuanji said directly: "Invite me here, I think there is a way to cure it!"

"I can't say yes, I can only say luck!" Qinglian said with a smile: "According to the calculation of [Plum Blossom Yishu], there is a chance of life in a certain secret realm. As for what it is, it can only depend on luck! You are lucky, maybe Get some opportunities in the secret realm, and find the next lifeline for this deity."

"That is to say, you are not sure, it's like rolling the dice and gambling luck!" Lu Xuanji said angrily; "You won't die trying to murder the deity, and then your clone will kill the deity, and turn to the deity yourself! After all, the clone Born to be crushed by the deity!"

"You are talking nonsense, I will harm anyone, and I will not kill myself. If it wasn't at the moment of crisis, I used Xuan Bing to freeze the body of the deity, and the deity would not be able to support it any longer, and it would have been over!" Qinglian gasped Said, "The two instruments are disillusioned. They are usually separated. When they can hit the big bottleneck, they can be combined into one. Breaking through the big bottleneck can increase the probability of two layers! Once the deity dies, or the clone dies, it will affect the future path. It will cause a huge impact. If the deity is destroyed, I will only be a clone of Qinglian, and my qualifications will be limited. The peak of Nascent Soul is the limit, and it will be cut off in the future. The price is too great, I can't afford it!"

Lu Xuanji frowned slightly, still suspicious.

"This is the original manuscript of [Two Instruments Disillusionment Body]!"

Between Qinglian's fingers, a jade slip of the sword was handed over.

Lu Xuanji took the jade slip, flipped through the information, and frowned slightly.

[Two Instruments Disillusionment], you can cut off half of your soul, put it on a certain spiritual object, and turn it into a clone. At ordinary times, the avatar and the deity practice separately. The avatar has the power of the eighth layer of the deity. When the deity is destroyed, the avatar can continue to survive. Equivalent to a person, with two lives, you can add a little insurance for yourself.

At the moment of breaking through the big bottleneck, the clone and the deity are combined into one, and the combat power is greatly improved, which can increase the probability of two-layer breakthrough.

As for the shortcomings, cultivating this secret technique will lose half of the lifespan.

Old Ancestor Jin was a Jindan cultivator with a lifespan of one thousand years, but now his lifespan is only five hundred years.

"This evil is so big, it's crazy that you are still cultivating!"

"Not only that, the clone will be restricted by the level of spiritual items. When the Qinglian clone was cut out, a fifth-grade Qinglian was used, which also led to the upper limit of Qinglian's potential, which is only the peak of Yuanying. The deity is destroyed, how to take revenge just by relying on the clone!"

"The Jin family has been destroyed, the hatred is so great that the water of the Nine Heavens Galaxy can't be washed away, what is the price?" Qing Lian gritted her teeth and said A trace of madness flashed in her expression.

Lu Xuanji was silent.

"The deity, life and death are divided, you can save it or not!"

Qinglian asked.

"save!"

Lu Xuanji said.

"Okay, as long as the deity comes alive and enters the rank nine golden pills, everything is easy to say." Qing Lian smiled and said, "Do you like Liu Rumeng or Long Xuan? If you like that woman, I can decide to give it to you. you!"

"You, is it her after all!"

Lu Xuanji sighed, "She wouldn't say such a thing!"

Qinglian said: "What else do you have to let go? If you want to pay in advance, I can ask them to accompany you!"

Lu Xuanji said: "Zhao Lei, destroying my Lu family, the depth of this hatred is unforgettable. The ancestor Qinglian should kill him and avenge me!"

Thinking about it now, the Lu family has probably been killed by the Law Enforcement Hall!

"Can!"

Qinglian nodded and said, "However, there is no need for revenge, because the Lu family has not perished."

"How is it possible, other than me, the Lu family can resist the cultivator of the Law Enforcement Hall!"

"Yes, Ye Wanyi can do it!" Qinglian said with a smile: "You don't think that you are the only genius, and the rest of the monks are useless! Only you can fight, everyone else is useless! After the Frozen Soul Scripture], he was driven by the [Ice Soul Divine Lightning] to injure Zhao Lei... Zhao Lei was almost killed!"

"As for the other law enforcement disciples, she also killed one of them. Ye Wanyi condensed two visions, the ice spirit root, and the top ice-type supernatural power. She is a first-class genius, you wouldn't think that She's still a vase!"

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Qinglian smiled and flicked her fingers, and a water curtain appeared.

In the water curtain, just when Lu Xuanji was rescued by Bai Linger, a figure of ice and snow appeared, urging the God of Ice Soul to bombard Zhao Lei's body.

Zhao Lei's original battle with Lu Xuanji had a huge loss of his true essence. He had withstood such a fatal blow there. Although he had a shield to resist and relieved most of his strength, he was still injured and fled.

As for the disciples of the Law Enforcement Hall, they were killed by Ye Wanyi and the Great Elder together.

Then, Ye Wanyi and the first elder led the Lu family cultivator to disappear and hide.

The whole process was neat and tidy, without the slightest sloppiness.

Lu Xuanji was silent.

Perhaps, this is the real Ye Wanyi!

Ye Wanyi often said that her aptitude is not good, her understanding is average, and her potential is very low. But in fact, Ye Wanyi is a cultivator of Erling Root, and her aptitude is higher than that of many cultivators. Her so-called aptitude is not good, only for Heavenly Spirit Root, Variant Spirit Root, and top Er Ling Root.

It's like someone who often says that I make less money, and I only make 300 million a year.

Later, after she forged the high-grade Zifu, from the water and fire two spiritual roots to the ice spiritual roots, her aptitude and potential have been greatly improved, and her combat power has also been improved accordingly.

But Lu Xuanji subconsciously regarded her as a vase.

"That means me, my Lu family is safe!"

Lu Xuanji said.

"Yes, it's safe!" Qinglian said.

"thanks!"

Lu Xuanji said.

"I want you to thank me even more!" Qinglian smiled and said, "Let's go, I will take you to kill people. It is not too late for a gentleman to take revenge for ten years, and a villain and a woman take revenge from morning till night. Now we will kill Danyang. Pai, take revenge!"

"But here, if you lose your seat, there will be no danger!"

Lu Xuanji was worried.

"What danger can there be? As long as I am alive, Ziyang Mountain is safe." Qinglian smiled and said: "Remember, you must trust your subordinates, your subordinates and your wife. Without you, they are still alive and well. Man. Be confident, be confident in your life for 300 years, change your life against the sky and condense golden pills. But you can be so confident that it is wrong not to believe in anyone!"

"Some people are very powerful, and they can stand alone. It's just that they are blocked by some people, and they seem ordinary!"

"Let's go!"

As he said that, the golden light flashed under his feet, it was the [Longitudinal Golden Light], but whether it was speed or skill control, it was first-class.

It's just that in less than a quarter of an hour, it came to the Danyang faction.

At this time, the Danyang Sect was caught in a tumultuous tumult, the formations were being opened, one formation followed by another, continuous, like a huge tortoise shell, slowly opening.

"Who is Your Excellency?"

At this moment, an ancestor of Jindan asked.

"My deity, Qinglian, was invited by Jin Xi to protect the Dao, but it's a pity that a few little devils were killed with three punches and five feet." Qinglian spoke, and thunder rolled on: "There is also a devil cultivator, He directly seized Tianjiao Zhao Lei, and this demon cultivator led the cultivator of the Law Enforcement Hall to go to the Lu family to destroy the family!"

"Poor, Zhao Lei and Lu Xuanji are good friends, brothers of life and death, but they were taken away by the demon cultivator and helped Zhou to abuse him. Now, please ask the Danyang faction to hand over that demon cub directly and let Lu Xuanji avenge Zhao Lei."

"Danyang faction, hand over that demon cultivator!"

Boom boom boom!

Not only that, but there is also a trace of destruction, emanating and suppressing.

"Zhao Lei, he was taken away by the magic cultivator, how could I not know!"

"If it hadn't been taken away by the demon cultivator, how could he have gone to destroy the Lu family's whole family!"

"Poor, Zhao Lei was taken away by the demon cultivator like this!"

The discussion continued, but it didn't take long for the discussion to come to an end.

Soon, a Zifu cultivator was thrown out, it was Zhao Lei.

At this moment, Zhao Lei's body was sealed and his mouth was sealed, like a pig and sheep waiting to be slaughtered.

"Lu Xuanji, you can go and avenge your friend!"

Qinglian smiled.

"Thank you!"

Lu Xuanji stepped forward, walked over to Zhao Lei, and said, "The devil, kill my friend, I will avenge him today!"

Pulling out the Lihuo Sword, he slashed out with one sword, and the head fell immediately.

Zhao Lei died.

Qing Lian asked, "Are you in a good mood?"

"I'm in a good mood!"

Lu Xuanji said.

It feels good to refer to a deer as a horse.

In front of a real person, directly name someone a fake person.

In the name of revenge for Zhao Lei, it feels really cool to directly kill Zhao Lei.

Is it because the demon cultivator seized the house, can't those Jindan ancestors see it? They can see it, but they still choose to default to Qinglian ancestors' statement.

In the world, it doesn't matter what happened, what matters is what happened in the world.

"Let's go!"

Qinglian said.

Lu Xuanji nodded.

In this way, the two disappeared. Only Zhao Lei's body was still there. After a long time, the cultivator came out, cleaned up his body, and then threw it into the burial mound.

What happened to the Zifu cultivator, and what happened to the golden core seeds, they were still the pawns who tried to test Old Ancestor Jin. Since the test failed, the chess pieces also became abandoned pieces, which were just used to abandon the pawns to protect the chariot.

Back at Ziyang Mountain, Lu Xuanji suddenly asked, "I'm not like Zhao Lei is a chess piece. If it is useless, I will be regarded as an abandoned piece and thrown away?"

"Yes!"

Qinglian said coldly, she could have said no, but the moment she spoke, she gave Lu Xuanji the cruelest answer.

"Do you feel aggrieved, unfair, uncomfortable?"

Qinglian asked again.

"Yes!"

Lu Xuanji asked.

"The deity values you because you have the value of use. You have the hope of entering the Nascent Soul Transformation in the future, and you are qualified to become the fellow Daoist of the deity!"
Qinglian said: "There is the value of utilization, the value of becoming a chess piece, at least there are There is a chance to rise, at least someone is willing to be your backer and shelter you!"

"Because of your usefulness, the Lu family has been able to live a stable and prosperous life in these years, even surpassing the peak of the past."

"Do you understand?"

"Understood!"

Lu Xuanji smiled.

It's like when Jing Ke stabbed the King of Qin, the Crown Prince Dan treated Jing Ke with courtesy, and the money and beauties were sent directly to him. Why did he treat a low-level wanderer like Jing Ke so much?

One day, while watching the singing and dancing, Jing Ke praised the beautiful hands of a woman who played the qin. When Prince Dan found out, he even had the woman's hands chopped off and presented to Jing Ke on a plate.

If Crown Prince Dan really valued Jing Ke, it would be fine to directly give the violin girl to Jing Ke. Why did he cut off the dancer's hand and send it over in such a ***** manner? Isn't it not that Crown Prince Dan was warning Jing Ke.

In essence, Jing Ke and Qin Nu are the same. When there is value in use, they will come to play the piano, and when there is no value in use, their hands will be cut off.

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Seeing through the essence of the world, this is nothing.

But after seeing the nature of the world, it is human nature to change from a dragon slayer to an evil dragon; after seeing the nature of the world, some people still love the world, and this is the truth of life.

Patriarch Jin valued him, and Prince Dan valued Jing Ke, and Liu Bei valued Zhuge Liang, so why not.

Otherwise, Jing Ke is only a commoner at the bottom, so why should Prince Dan be treated more politely?

Otherwise, Zhuge Liang was just a mere villager, so why should Liu Bei make three visits to the thatched cottage?

Otherwise, why should a foundation-building cultivator treat Old Ancestor Jin so well?

If the monarch regards his subjects as brothers and feet, he will treat him as his heart; if he treats his subjects like dogs and horses, he will treat him as a countryman; if he treats his subjects like soil, then his subjects will treat him as his enemy.

In order to repay the kindness of Prince Dan, Jing Ke chose to repay it with his life; in order to repay Liu Bei's kindness for Sangu, Zhuge Liang devoted himself and died.

And what he should do, has already come to a conclusion.

"Patriarch Jin is in trouble, and I will naturally repay it." Lu Xuanji asked, "What should I do?"

"This deity is practicing the [Two Instruments Sword Art] of the Ancient Sword Sect. The complete Two Instruments Sword Art consists of nine volumes, representing the ultimate in the world, reaching the realm of immortals. But a long time ago, the Ancient Sword Sect was invaded by a powerful enemy. The island collapsed and turned into countless fragments. At that time in Zhongzhou, a [Sword Island Fragment] appeared, attracting countless powerhouses to fight and fight, and even a virtuous powerhouse shot, and finally the [Sword Island Fragment] was smashed. , into the void."

"In those days, an ancestor of the Jin family obtained two volumes of exercises in [Sword Island Fragments], one volume was named [Two Yi Sword Art], the other volume was named [Four Elephants Sword Art], and these two volumes were All exercises can be cultivated to the peak of spiritual transformation, but there are special requirements for spiritual roots. To practice [Two Ritual Sword Art] requires two spiritual roots of gold and soil, and to practice [Four Elephants Sword Art] requires four spiritual roots of gold, wood, water and fire."

"Just two hundred years ago, this deity discovered a certain [Sword Island Fragment]. Over the years, monks have been sent to this fragmented space, but all of them died in it. Among them, there were thirty-two foundation-building and four Zifu. , there is also a golden core. Over the years, the

deity has calculated that after entering the Nascent Soul, he originally planned to enter this [Sword Island Fragment], but now there is an accident, and you can only enter!"

Lu Xuanji asked: "Where is the [Sword Island Fragment]? What are the restrictions on cultivation bases!"

"Two hundred years ago, Jindan cultivators were allowed to enter, but now only Zifu cultivators are allowed to enter. If Jindan cultivators forcibly enter, they may be torn apart by the turbulent flow of space... After all, the turbulent flow in space is torn apart in the void. In front of him, Jindan is just a little bit bigger."

Qinglian said.

"Okay, let's go now!"

Lu Xuanji nodded and said, "If I am unfortunate and die inside, please take good care of the Lu family and protect the Lu family for a hundred years!"

"If you die inside, I will accept Ye Wanyi as my apprentice!"

Ancestor Qinglian said.

"Go to that secret realm now!" Lu Xuanji said, "Please lead the way!"

"You don't have to lead the way, the entrance to the secret realm is in this Ziyang Mountain!"

Ancestor Qinglian said.

Getting up and walking around Ziyang Mountain, Lu Xuanji followed closely.

Walking and walking, we arrived at the back mountain.

Here is a medicine garden. There are spirit medicines planted in it, and a formation is set up. Outsiders are forbidden to enter. It is said that some rare spirit medicines are planted here.

At this moment, under the leadership of Ancestor Qinglian, he opened the formation and entered it.

Buzz!

I saw that there was a void vortex in it, which was constantly running, but it was fixed by a formation, and it was rare to see any movement.

"Back then, when the deity arrived in the state of Chu, I sensed the aura of [Sword Island Fragment] here, so I settled in Ziyang Mountain... Otherwise, how could this deity be qualified to settle down in a mere Ziyang Mountain!" Qing Lian said with a smile.

"More than 200 years ago, that was the moment when my Lu family was destroyed by Yanyang's ancestor!" Lu Xuanji said with a frown.

"Yes, it was that period!" Qing Lian sighed: "At the end of the cultivation of immortals, many times it is not about qualifications, but luck is more important. Those monks with great luck often have various treasures, opportunities, etc. , gather around him. [Shard of Sword Island], why did it appear in Ziyang Mountain, it may be attracted by your luck!"

"[Shard of Sword Island], attracted by the luck on my body... What are you kidding?" Lu Xuanji laughed, he didn't think his face was so big and the luck was so powerful.

Qing Lian smiled and said, "I don't know if it is, but you will know when you go in! If you are lucky, you will get the fortune in it; if you are unlucky, you will die in it! Fellow Daoists, please!"

"Okay!"

Lu Xuanji said that he was about to enter the vortex.

and then disappeared.

"be careful!"

Qing Lian said, a trace of worry flashed in her eyes.

With the flashing light, Lu Xuanji still felt weightless, and Lu Xuanji looked for his eyes.

I saw undulating mountains all around, tall trees, and spiritual grass growing, lush and lush, and there was a lake in the distance, and it seemed that there were birds of ten feet long flying by in the air.

"This is the Celestial Spirit Grass, at least a thousand years old!"

"This is the Nirvana flower, which has three thousand years of age!"

"This is pure sun grass, with two thousand years of age!"

"This is a hydrangea. com has a fifteen-hundred-year-old age!"

I looked at it casually, and I saw weeds, weeds, etc. growing on the ground. The years were even worse than a thousand years. Here, you can find some elixir for foundation building, elixir from Zifu.

These spiritual medicines, which are hard to seek outside, are like weeds and weeds, growing on the ground at will, and they are extremely worthless.

Thinking about the time and hard work he spent in order to refine the Pure Yang Pill and ripen the elixir, and then look at the weeds on the ground, it is bitter in my heart.

Taking a deep breath, he didn't pick up the weeds on the ground.

Instead, open [Baidu Map], and the field of vision on the map is expanding, expanding to a panoramic display.

Irregular space debris appeared in the void, with soil, mountains, elixir, herbs, and running monsters, and others, covering an area of about 100,000 square kilometers.

How big is 100,000 ordinary kilometers?

It is equivalent to an area of Zhejiang!

All of this is just a fragment formed after the ancient Sword Island was broken.

Perceiving everything here, there is a strong spiritual energy here... In terms of aura attributes, it has a wild aura, which is suitable for monsters to grow.

In such an environment, the monsters absorb the spiritual energy here, the cultivation speed is fast, the upgrade speed is fast, and it is almost twice the result with half the effort. This is almost a paradise for monsters.

Tweet!

At this moment, there are monster birds in the sky, shaking their wings, and screaming.

There were about a dozen black-feathered giant eagles, passing through the void in the distance, with waves of coercion, each of them had the realm of Zifu, and they immediately slaughtered them when they saw Lu Xuanji.

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With the sound of birdsong, black eagles slaughtered down one after another.

Lu Xuanji urged Li Huojian, and the battle broke out.

Boom boom boom!

The two sides fought together.

Stab it!

With a crisp sound, a black eagle was killed on the spot, the body shattered, and blood spattered into the sky.

"It's too weak!"

Lu Xuanji frowned slightly, feeling that something was wrong.

Another sword light flashed, and a Zifu monster was killed.

The sword lights came one after another, tearing everything apart, and the black eagles died one after another, and they were killed one after another.

In less than a moment, fifteen Zifu monsters were killed one after another.

After killing fifteen black eagles, Lu Xuanji had a false feeling.

During the battle at Baihu Mountain, all the demon generals of the Zifu in Baihu Mountain were able to fight well, and their lethality was astonishing.

When more than a dozen black eagles from the Purple Mansion came, Lu Xuanji was ready to retreat. As a result, during the battle, the combat effectiveness of these monsters was almost beyond the expectations of the world, and it was terrifyingly low.

With a wave of hands, the corpses of these monsters were collected into the Heaven-Mending Cauldron and moved on.

While walking, I encountered a white tiger monster.

But in less than three moves, the white tiger monster was killed.

It continued to move forward again, and encountered many monsters, but the combat power was terrifyingly low, almost fell to the level of the sewers, and was easily killed.

These Zifu monsters, without refining the horizontal bones, can't speak; they can't change shape, and they don't have powerful attack and killing techniques.

Not only that, but mentally it is even more muddled, like a beast, fighting and biting by instinct.

During the battle, Lu Xuanji killed the Zifu monster again and again.

These Zifu monsters have the realm of Zifu, but they have no IQ, no strong intelligence, no ability to speak, no powerful magic weapons, and their real combat power is the level of the outside world.

The combat power of these monsters is so low that they are almost used to deliver meat.

...

Tweet!

Accompanied by a sound, a black eagle king appeared, his wings spread out like a blade.

Lu Xuanji urged the [Dun Ground Golden Light] to move up and down continuously, dodging and slaughtering.

The Black Eagle King slaughtered several times in a row, but it was all culled.

At the next moment, Lu Xuanji appeared on the top of the Black Eagle King's head, with runes condensed in his palms, and 30,000 Yuan Magnetic runes gathered together, turning into a [Yuan Magnetic Heavenly Sword] and slashing in the air.

Boom!

The huge eagle head fell, and the Black Eagle King struggled and fell to the ground.

Lu Xuanji reached out and grabbed it, and suddenly a round golden pill fell into his hand.

"I actually killed a Jindan monster!"

Lu Xuanji frowned.

This golden elixir monster can't speak, has no magical powers, can't control the vitality of heaven and earth, and his head is muddled, just relying on the instinct of the beast to fight.

In the middle of the fierce battle, a counterattack was staged like this, and a Jindan monster was forcibly killed by a second-floor cultivator of the Purple Mansion.

Funny and ridiculous.

At this moment, Lu Xuanji felt a terrifying aura coming, urging the breath-holding technique to restrain his own aura and integrate with the surrounding scenery.

Tweet!

At this moment, a 10-foot-long Flood Dragon flew past in the void, and a terrifying aura pressed in all directions. The surrounding monsters shivered, dormant on the ground, not daring to move a bit.

The Jiaolong glanced at him and seemed to have seen through his [breath-holding technique], but he ignored him, or rather ignored him, and flew away.

"This is a Nascent Soul monster, but it can't change shape, can't speak, and even its IQ is muddled!"

Lu Xuanji frowned as he sensed the disappearing Jiaolong in the distance.

In Shiwanda Mountain, some base-building monsters can be transformed, but here the Nascent Soul monsters cannot.

"This Nascent Soul is a little weak, but I can't deal with it..."

Lu Xuanji restrained his breath and opened the [Baidu Map]. At this moment, he changed the color of the dots on the map. On the map, the ones with the lowest cultivation base were all the monsters in the foundation building, the monsters in the Zifu were densely packed, and there were some golden elixir monsters. Beasts are running rampant, and occasionally there are twenty Nascent Soul monsters running rampant.

There are a lot of monsters.

At this moment, some traces of humans appeared on the map.

Some human monks appeared on the [Sword Island Fragment], hunting and killing monsters excitedly, and the monsters died.

On the [Baidu Map], there are traces of individual human monks, including building Qi, building foundation, Zifu, and Jindan. Obviously, they also entered this [Sword Island Fragment] through corresponding channels. After experiencing the initial panic, he began to hunt monsters.

After all, there are too few monsters so weak and easy to hunt.

A large number of monsters were hunted and killed, but they also alerted the Jindan monsters, the Yuanying monsters, and attracted the counterattacks of the monsters.

In this area of 100,000 miles, there was a fierce battle, with monsters dying, and human monks dying.

After the death of the monster, the body of the monster was taken away by the human monks; after the death of the human, the body was eaten by the monster directly.

The battle scene is extremely **** and cruel.

The seemingly useless [Baidu Map] is playing a huge role at the moment, allowing Lu Xuanji to be familiar with the terrain, familiar with the distribution of monsters here, and avoid the golden elixir monsters. Avoid Yuan The baby monster is heading towards a certain position, and there are no dangers along the way.

After walking about 5,000 miles, when they reached a certain position, they saw a stone tablet erected in front of them.

There are three words written on the stone tablet.

【Lingshan Garden】

Looking at the three words, Divine Sense probed the stone tablet, and a series of messages came from the stone tablet, introducing the situation here.

Lingshan Garden is the place where the [Ancient Sword Sect] raises monsters and regularly provides meat services for monks.

The Zifu Monster Beast, Jindan Monster Beast, Yuan Ying Monster Beast, and even the God-Transforming Monster that grow here are regularly captured by the monks of the Ancient Sword Sect, taken away into the kitchen, shaved for blood, and made into various pieces. kind of food.

The water source here contains [Juiling San]. Many monsters will also consume [Juiling San] when they drink water. As a result, the IQ of the monsters here is muddled, unable to give birth to spiritual wisdom, and unable to transform into shape. Talking, let alone practicing supernatural powers.

Swipe!

After a few flashes, I came to a small river.

Take out a bowl of water and check it carefully, there are traces of medicinal powder in it.

Long-term use can prevent monsters from giving birth to wisdom.

Even if the ancient sword sect was destroyed and the sword island was turned into countless fragments, the Jue Ling San still exists here.

The demon beasts born with intelligence can practice exercises, awaken the supernatural powers of life, temper blood, refine alchemy and make talismans, and establish demon civilization and kingdom. Humanity is on one side.

But there are no monsters born with intelligence, they can't speak, they can't change shape, they are scattered and disordered, like beasts, they are not only low in combat power, but also easy to be defeated.

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It is to check the water sources in other areas, and the water contains Jue Ling San.

After taking Jue Ling San, the monster will not change shape, nor will it have spiritual wisdom, so there is no psychological burden to eat monster.

At this time, I opened the [Baidu Map] and saw the battle between monsters and humans.

After some monsters killed human monks and devoured human corpses, the chaos in the eyes of some monsters became less, and their eyes became clearer, it seems that their IQ has improved, and they need to open their intelligence.

"broken!"

Lu Xuanji's heart skipped a beat, and his anxiety was increasing.

Originally, the water source had absolutely spiritual powder, and the monsters could not open their spiritual wisdom when they reached the realm of transformation. If it devours a human monk, even if it is suppressed by Jue Ling San, it will still be able to unlock spiritual wisdom.

Those monsters who awakened their wisdom began to capture and devour human monks. The battle scenes became **** again.

The monsters who have awakened their intellect have not only become smarter, but have also comprehended various supernatural powers and secret techniques, their combat skills have also become smooth and smooth, their combat power has doubled, and their efficiency in hunting human cultivators has improved.

One, two, three, four...

Hunter and prey, the status is reversed.

Before the birth of spiritual wisdom, human monks could easily kill monsters with ease; but after the birth of spiritual wisdom, it became difficult for humans to kill monsters, and they were often counter-killed.

The hunt continues.

On the [Hundred Maps Map], some Nascent Soul monsters awakened their intelligence and began to command the surrounding monsters to hunt and kill human monks on a scale and in an organized manner.

An individual human monk began to be hunted.

The base-building cultivator, the Zifu cultivator, and even the Jindan cultivator were all found, killed and swallowed.

The scene was terrifying, bloody, almost appalling.

With the help of [Baidu Map], Lu Xuanji avoided the hunting of monsters, danced on the tip of the knife, and moved carefully in various search areas. Fortunately, those Nascent Soul monsters have not awakened to explore secret techniques, or they have just awakened their intelligence, their IQ is not too high, or Lu Xuanji is lucky.

Escaped the hunt of monsters again and again.

In the blink of an eye, three months passed.

There was a cave buried ten feet deep underground. In the cave, Lu Xuanji opened his eyes and turned on his mobile phone.

On the mobile phone, the [Baidu Map] appeared, as well as related information statistics.

There are about 100,000 human monks who came in, but now there are less than 100 survivors, and the rest are reduced to food for monsters and tools for monsters to awaken their intelligence.

If it was at the peak of the ancient sword sect, the Nascent Soul Monster Beast and the God-Transforming Monster Beast were all broilers on the table, but now a human cultivator strayed into it and ended up being eaten.

Suddenly, Lu Xuanji saw that all the monsters seemed to be summoned, and they all gathered somewhere.

In less than half a day, on this [Shard of Sword Island], there are thirty-two Yuan Ying monsters, one hundred Jindan monsters, ten thousand Zifu monsters, and one million foundation-building monsters, all of them. Gathering together, using animal blood as the material on the ground, the test depicts the formation pattern and determines the formation eye.

About a day later, an ancient demon formation formed, vaguely communicating with another world.

boom!

boom!

One after another, the demon spirit treasures were put into the formation and communicated with the big formation. Suddenly the void was distorted, and a colorful light gate appeared in the void, looming and seemed to dissipate at any time.

One after another, the corpses of monsters were put into the formation, absorbed by the formation, and turned into pieces.

At the same time, the wizard light gate above the formation is getting brighter and brighter, and it seems to be turned into reality.

But still not enough.

The thirty-two Nascent Soul monsters glanced at each other and began to hunt and kill the foundation-building monsters. The Zifu monsters were thrown into the formation and turned into a source of power for the formation.

The corpses of monsters were thrown into the formation, thousands of them, densely packed.

Just here, the colorful light gate changed from illusory to reality.

Buzz!

The colorful light gate flashes brightly, and it seems to lead to a whole new world.

"Finally got through!"

"I can finally leave this [fragment]."

"The ancient sword sect used our captivity as food, and now we can finally escape and ascend to heaven!"

"Finally going back to the main world!"

"I don't know what the situation is in the Zifu world? Is it the demon clan that controls the world, wantonly keeping humans in captivity, and treats human beings as food; or is the human clan suppressing the world, causing the demon clan to tremble!"

"It's hateful. After taking Jue Ling San, I have been in a hurry for hundreds of years. Now I have awakened my wisdom, and I can finally leave. It's a pity that the ancient sword sect has been destroyed. I want to take revenge, but I don't know where it is!"

The Nascent Soul monsters present were all overjoyed, excitement flashed in their eyes, they seemed to be extremely excited, and tears flowed from their eyes.

The world restricts them. If it weren't for the incomplete laws of [Shard World], they would have advanced to God Transformation, or even higher.

Accompanied by the sound of joy, a Nascent Soul monster stepped forward first and entered the Seven-Colored Light Gate, but at this moment, a space tear came, and the Nascent Soul monster was torn on the spot and turned into flesh.

"impossible!"

"I have already set up a gate, why can't I send it over!"

Some monsters were terrified.

A Nascent Soul Monster Beast grabbed a Golden Core Monster Beast and threw it into the gate.

As a result, the body of the Golden Core Monster Beast was torn apart and died on the spot.

"Impossible, how could it fail!"

"Did something go wrong there!"

The demon beasts present exclaimed, unwilling.

"Because, there is still something missing!"

At this moment, an indifferent voice came, and an old man with silver hair and gray robes stood in the void, standing there like a mortal but with an intimidating aura, It seems to be the center of the world.

"You are a human race... No, you turned into a shape!!"

A Nascent Soul monster said.

"You are... a great demon!"

Another Nascent Soul monster opened his mouth with a look of astonishment.

Here, there is a god-turning monster dormant. If it hadn't been actively exposed, many monsters might not be able to detect its existence.

"At that time, the old man was just a wolf demon, only the Zifu cultivation base, weak and pitiful. At that time, a human cultivator broke into this place and was eaten by the old man. After eating him, the old man became enlightened, awakened his wisdom, and then Begin to rise along the way and become a demon beast!"

The old man smiled with a cruel expression: "Here, there used to be eight god-transforming monsters, but unfortunately they were suppressed by Jue Ling San, and they lived in ignorance. After the old man advanced to the gods, he ate them all and turned them into old men. In the past

two hundred years, this old man has deliberately exposed this [Sword Island Fragment], just to attract human monks to explore this secret realm!"

"So, every human cultivator came to explore with pretentiousness, and they were all killed by the old man!"

"Now there are enough millions of human souls, enough to open the gate!"

Saying that, a light ball appeared on the palm of the hand, and there was a human soul on the light ball, struggling and roaring, with a ferocious and terrifying expression.

Waving these souls into the formation.

The formation made a screeching sound, and the human souls melted away.

Originally, the color of the colorful light was changing, turning into a dark portal.

Chapter 216

Boom boom boom!

These millions of human souls melted away and turned into nourishment for the gate.

"Not enough, still not enough!"

The silver-haired old man frowned and said, "The gate of the realm can pass through Nascent Soul powerhouses, but not enough to pass through God Transformation powerhouses, not enough, still not enough... Wait, you can be willing to become a sacrifice for this deity!"

The Nascent Soul Demon Xiu and Jin Dan Yao Xiu who were present were stunned. They subconsciously gathered together and asked, "Senior, what does this mean?"

"what for?"

The silver-haired old man said: "The gate of the realm is enough for the Yuanying cultivator to pass through, but not enough for the god-turning cultivator to pass through. Please blood sacrifice the gate of the realm!"

"Kill! This old beast wants to sacrifice us in blood, kill him!"

"I am a white tiger, how can I be afraid of this old beast!"

"Kill him and seize the gate!"

"What about the gods, I'm waiting for twenty-five Yuan Yings, and together, we will definitely be able to go up against the sky and kill the gods!"

"There are too many wolves, and they can kill a tiger, and there is only an old dog who transforms into a god!"

"kill him!"

The Nascent Soul demon cultivators who were present were furious, their eyes were blood red, and with endless killing intent, they attacked the silver-haired old man.

A Jiaolong opened its mouth and spit out endless cold air, turned into an ice sword, and stabbed it;

Under a white tiger's mouth, the power of Gengjin condensed and turned into a thunderbolt of Gengjin.

A golden eagle shot, and the feathers broke away from the body, turned into sharp swords, and slashed down.

A Xuanwu spurred the tortoise shell, turning it into endless Xuanming Qi, sweeping over.

A rabbit moved its eyes, turned into a power of charm, and swept over.

The other Nascent Soul Monster Beasts also attacked one after another, and all kinds of ultimate moves attacked in a continuous manner, as if they were about to drown the silver-haired old man.

"Silver Wolf Howling to the Moon!"

The silver-haired old man smiled, with a look of contempt, as if he was looking at a group of ants. No matter how many ants, how could they be able to compete with the dragon.

No matter how many ants there are, they are still ants.

A giant silver wolf appeared behind it, and above the ground, a silver moon appeared, exuding eternal light.

[Silver Wolf Howling to the Moon Diagram], the original vision of the silver-haired old man.

hoohoo!

The vision swept over, suppressing the Nascent Soul monster present.

The silver moonlight fell, suppressing the monsters present.

Those Nascent Soul monsters felt as if their bodies were being suppressed by a big mountain, and the tenth-level attack power was abruptly weakened to the seventh level.

Under the silver wolf's mouth, countless attacks were swallowed up.

"Too weak, go to hell!"

At this moment, the silver-haired old man smiled and grabbed a Jiaolong with his palm.

The Flood Dragon was frightened, its figure flickered, and it was already a hundred miles away.

But before he could breathe, he felt a huge palm falling from the sky and pinching his body.

Click!

Severe pain came, and Jiaolong was pinched to death.

The silver-haired old man waved his hand, and Jiaolong's body was thrown into the black gate and turned into nourishment for the gate.

The color of the gate became deeper and darker.

"Not enough, still not enough!"

The silver-haired old man pinched a Nascent Soul monster again. At that time, a golden eagle was faster.

But he was still pinched, pinched to death on the spot, and reduced to a sacrifice to the world gate.

"I'm waiting to fight!"

The other Nascent Soul monsters were terrified, and they used their ultimate moves, but they were all easily resolved by the silver-haired old man.

But every time the silver-haired old man made a shot, it was an understatement, but it was able to crush a Nascent Soul monster to death.

There were no accidents, no miracles, and the silver-haired old man easily suppressed the heroes.

Once again interpreting how tyrannical the powerhouse is.

There may be Yuanying monks who kill Huashen with group beatings; there may be Yuanying monsters who kill Huashen against the sky. However, the demon cultivator present couldn't do it.

When the eighth Nascent Soul monster was pinched to death, the rest of the monsters fled, and they no longer had the courage to besiege.

But the silver-haired old man's expression remained unchanged, and he waved his hand to capture, one after another, the Nascent Soul monsters were captured one after another, and then pinched to death, blood sacrificed to the gate of the world.

When all the Nascent Soul monsters were pinched to death, the moment when the blood sacrificed to the gate, the silver-haired old man frowned: "Not enough, not enough, still not enough, just half completed, still need sacrifices."

The silver-haired old man took action and began to hunt and kill the golden core monsters. About 350 golden core monsters were sacrificed in blood.

"Jiemen, just completed the seventh floor!"

"We still need to hunt down the Zifu monster!"

"But there are hundreds of thousands of monsters in the Zifu. It takes time to capture them. It's not as good as the blood sacrifice plane!"

The silver-haired old man said calmly, and began to arrange a large formation, the plane of blood sacrifice.

In the void, a silver-haired old man flew through the void, quickly depicting the pattern, and the speed was extremely fast.

"This is the plane of blood sacrifice!"

Lu Xuanji sensed the mysterious changes contained in the pattern, and seemed to think of something.

This is a small world of 100,000 square kilometers, equivalent to an area of Zhejiang Province, and the number of monsters growing in it is as many as several million.

However, in the eyes of the silver-haired old man, they were just ants.

At this moment, the blood sacrifice plane is required.

Can he stop it?

can not!

Just as the silver-haired old man flew by, he noticed the formation here and his trace, but he ignored him and ignored him directly.

A mere human cultivator in the Purple House is just an ant.

Humans walk on the road, will they pay attention to the ants on the ground, not at all.

Boom boom boom!

At this moment, the formation pattern on the plane began to move, and the blood-colored light rose up, accompanied by the surging blood light, countless blood lights surging, countless foundation-building monsters began to die, and even some purple mansions began to die. Monsters are also dead.

"Am I going to die here?"

Lu Xuanji sat on the stone tablet engraved with the three characters [Ling Shan Yuan], feeling a little bored.

The blood-colored rays of light attacked, but were easily blocked by Lu Xuanji, but this was just the beginning.

Buzz!

The formation is running, the blood is surging, and the origin of the entire plane has been extracted. Originally, the entire fragmented world was lush and lush, with a large number of spiritual herbs growing, and a large number of monsters in it. reproduce. But as the source of the plane was extracted, the elixir and the herb withered to death.

The broken plane has completely come to an end.

Click!

As if the broken house was shaking, the plane began to shatter, and the power of countless space cutting surged and tore.

The plane is going to collapse step by step.

"Haha, the gate has become!"

The silver-haired old man smiled, and his figure flashed into the gate.

After he entered the gate, about ten breaths later, the gate shattered.

Click!

Click!

In order to condense the gate, too much source power of the plane is extracted, and the plane is shaking, being impacted by the power of the void, and heading towards destruction.

Stab it!

A force of void cut through, and Lu Xuanji dodged, but he still cut a blood hole on his arm, and the blood dripped on the stone tablet.

After ten breaths, the plane completely collapsed.

The void is shattered, the power of endless destruction, tearing everything apart and destroying everything.

Even if there are a few cultivators of Zifu and Jindan cultivators who escaped the capture of the silver-haired old man, they are forever buried in the turbulent void.

Void turbulence, tearing everything apart, destroying everything, even if the transformation ***** falls into it, it is certain to die, only the cultivator of the void has a chance.

The next moment, a force of void shattering, tearing out, destroying everything.

Lu Xuanji's eyes darkened and he lost consciousness.

I'm dead!

Chapter 217

What is death?

Death is the eternal darkness.

At the end of death, there is nothingness, eternal darkness, the darkness drowns everything and loses any perception.

After the endless darkness, a ray of light illuminated the world, Lu Xuanji opened his eyes and looked at the world, "I am not dead!"

Standing up and opening his eyes, he saw that there was a turbulent void around him, with a terrifying power of space strangulation, tearing everything apart and destroying everything, enough to make the Nascent Soul cultivator fly into annihilation and doom forever. However, it was blocked by a large amount of ash and a hazy light, blocking the impact of the turbulent void.

At the foot is a stone tablet.

There are three words [Lingshan Garden] engraved on the stone tablet.

"It was this stone tablet that saved me!"

Lu Xuanji breathed a sigh of relief.

The stone tablet is like a lone boat, traveling in the endless void, traveling in a certain direction.

This stele is a treasure, and its grade may not be known.

Perceiving the stele, trying to determine the grade of the stele, determining the function of the stele, and trying to communicate with him, but to no avail, the stele did not respond at all.

He could only let the stone tablet walk around with him alone.

Click it!

Click it!

At this moment, there was a sound from the stone tablet, and there were signs of damage on the stone tablet.

Not only that, the gray mask around it also became dim, swaying, and seemed to be shattered at any time.

The heart that had been put down was brought up again, and the anxiety and fear in my heart were increasing.

The stone tablet shuttles through the void, resisting the impact of the turbulent flow of the void, resisting the tearing power of the void, and consuming a huge amount of power every moment. Once the power on the stone tablet is exhausted, Lu Xuanji loses the moment of protection. , will be completely destroyed.

Click it!

Click it!

The cracks on the stele are increasing, and the mask is shrinking.

At this moment, an isolated island appeared in front of me. It was said to be an isolated island, but it actually looked like a continent.

Because the area is too large, a full one million square kilometers,

But this island has amazing wounds, it seems that it was cut in two by a sword.

The island in front of me is only half the size of its original size, and some parts are still eroded by the power of the void, constantly heading for destruction, and the area of the island is constantly shrinking.

Buzz!

The stone tablet traveled through the void and brought him down to the island.

"Is this the Sword Island?"

Lu Xuanji's mind was heaving.

"This is Sword Island!"

Right here, a voice came, and the stone tablet shattered, and a broken sword appeared in the stone tablet.

This sword, only the upper half exists, the lower half disappears.

There is a strong pure yang energy on the broken sword, exuding a scorching light, as if a pure yang sun is about to rise.

On the hilt of the sword, the two words [Pure Yang] are engraved.

"Thank you senior for saving your life!"

Lu Xuanji said gratefully.

"It's okay, you won't thank me later!" At this moment, Broken Sword blocked an indifferent voice.

"Senior, it's a pure Yang sword artifact!"

Lu Xuanji asked.

"Yes!"

Chunyang Sword Spirit opened his mouth and said: "This deity is Chunyang Sword Artifact. Once Chunyang Sword was sent by Jiandao Town, but now the sword is broken. In the battle that year, the deity was seriously injured by Chunyang. Broken into two pieces, one of them disappears, and the remaining part is hidden in the stone tablet to heal."

"I was going to sleep until the end of the world, but your [Pure Yang True Blood] awakened the deity, and the deity woke up from nothingness. The deity took you to Sword Island."

Lu Xuanji said: "Wait a minute, I remember that the old demon of Hehuan made a magic weapon called Chunyang Sword, but it's a senior!"

"No!" The pure yang sword spirit sneered: "This pure yang sword is not the pure yang sword. Back then, Jiandao was split open by the sword of the old Hehuan demon, and the deity was also cut off by the pure yang sword. , has been in a deep sleep."

Lu Xuanji smiled and said, "Senior, but you must recognize me as the master, and let me inherit the inheritance of Sword Island!"

"No, no, you think too much!"

"This deity was a top-level magic weapon back then. How could you recognize a mere cultivator of Zifu as the master? Are you worthy? Just because you have a big face?" Chunyangjian sarcastically said, with contempt in his words.

"Senior, what are you going to do?"

Lu Xuanji asked with a smile.

"Naturally, I will take you away!"

Chunyang Sword Artifact sneered.

"Senior, why is this?" Lu Xuanji asked in confusion, "Could it be that people and magic weapons can't live in harmony?"

"who do you think You Are?"

Chunyang Sword Spirit sneered: "What qualifications do you have, let me let you be the master, rather than accepting you as the master, it is better to take you away and use your life to start a new legend!"

Lu Xuanji said, "I've heard that there are five laws of squatting. "First, a cultivator can only **** a squat once in his life, and he will surely die the second time. Second, if you want to seize the house, only the cultivator of the Zifu, or even a higher realm. Third, at the moment of looting, the attributes must match. "

"Fourth, after taking the house, there will be a mismatch between the soul and the body. This kind of mismatch is invisible at the moment when the realm is low. But at the moment of impacting the realm of the Nascent Soul, the heavenly calamity is more ferocious than the normal calamity. Many times. Most of the monks who seized the house could not achieve the Nascent Soul, just because the catastrophe was too fierce This is also destined, the monks who seized the house can only be the purple house monk and the Jindan monk. Practice The Qi Foundation is too weak, the Spiritual Soul is too weak, and unable to seize the body; but the Nascent Soul cultivator is the strongest, and he disdains to seize the body."

"Fifth, after winning the house, the luck is particularly bad, and there will be all kinds of bad luck, dooms and so on."

"Senior seizes me, there are disadvantages but no advantages!"

Chunyang Sword Spirit said: "You only know one of them, but you don't know the other. A cultivator can only seize the house once, and that means the Jindan cultivator and the Yuanying cultivator. But after reaching the gods, the shackles of heaven and earth are broken in the dark, and it has been You can take home three times."

"You are a pure yang Taoist body, I am a pure yang sword spirit, the attributes are the most suitable, the most suitable for seizing the body, the perfect fit with the physical body, and there will be no rejection of the soul and the physical body. As for the violent calamity, bad luck and the like, I practice the secret technique of deceiving the heavens, which can blind the perception of heaven!"

"The so-called rules can only bind the weak. Do you think the deity will care about those rules?"

Chunyang Sword Spirit said: "It is your greatest luck to meet me. Soon, I will walk the world in the name of Lu Xuanji, and Lu Xuanji will shake the world and turn it into an eternal legend!"

After speaking, the pure Yang sword spirit turned into a white streamer, entered Lu Xuanji's eyebrows, and began to seize the house.

Artifact Spirit, subject to the body of the magic weapon.

The body of the magic weapon is powerful, and the spirit of the tool is also powerful; if the body of the magic weapon is damaged, the spirit of the tool will also be damaged.

Recognize that a junior is the master, I don't know when and what month can I recover.

If the younger generation dies in the middle, they may lose all their early investment.

Instead of pinning your hopes on this junior, it is better to rely on yourself and start your life again after taking the house.

Buzz!

The pure Yang sword was transformed into a stream of light and began to seize the house.

Chapter 218

Buzz!

The pure Yang sword spirit transformed into a stream of light, entered Lu Xuanji's eyebrows, and began to seize the house.

First, erase Lu Xuanji's wisdom.

Then, the spirit of the tool spirit began to merge into Lu Xuanji's spirit and became one.

At that time, they will reunite the Hunyuan with each other.

It is said to be a home grab, but in essence it is fusion.

Only this fusion can deceive the way of heaven.

He is very confident about winning the house.

After that war, he suffered heavy losses, and his spirit was less than 1% of the peak moment, but after all, he was a top-level magic weapon, and his spirit level was equivalent to the peak of Nascent Soul.

How could it fail to seize a junior from the Purple Mansion.

The plan is completed little by little, and the house grab is broken and continued, and it will be successful.

At this very moment, one after another of gray rays of light flickered, eroding the divine soul of the tool spirit and obliterating the divine soul of the tool spirit.

"No, what is this?"

"This is the treasure of the soul."

"It's just a treasure of the soul, how can this deity be afraid."

"This is no ordinary soul treasure!"

"No, it's eating my soul!"

"No, I'm not reconciled."

The tool spirit fought back, but the more the counterattack was, the weaker it became. The gray light eroded its divine soul, and the divine soul was rapidly dissolving, turning into a little starlight and dissipating away.

At the moment of death, the artifact seemed to understand.

"It turns out that this is my doom!"

"I thought that I was cut off from the pure Yang sword. This is my doom. I didn't expect that the real doom is here!"

Qi Ling was enlightened.

At this moment, I feel the soul.

Above the divine soul, there is a terrifying calamity, surrounded by calamity, without knowing it.

"He is my fate!"

Perceiving the dissipated divine soul and the amount of qi dissipated by itself, the tool spirit smiled bitterly. At the moment of death, he saw the robbery qi in his soul and completely understood it.

Once he felt the calamity, it was the calamity of becoming an immortal.

Cross the past, you can become a fairy.

Can't get over it, turned into ashes.

At that time, he thought that the pure yang sword was his doom, and they had similar names to each other, so they were bound to fight with anger.

But now it seems that it is not because of doomsday, which not only affected Jiandao, but also caused himself to be cut off.

Later, he fell asleep in the stele and met Lu Xuanji. This was his lifeline.

If he recognized Lu Xuanji as the master, he might not be able to regain his peak moment, or even become an immortal weapon.

But that chance of life was cut off by himself again.

He thought that by relying on the secret technique of deceiving the heavens, he could deceive the way of heaven and escape the doom;

boom!

At this moment, the spirit of the tool spirit collapsed, and light spots merged into the soul, nourishing the spirit of Lu Xuanji.

In the dizziness, Lu Xuanji suddenly heard a voice.

It seems to be from the mobile phone.

[Dear, virus is invading]

[Whether to enable antivirus.]

[If the host does not answer, the phone will automatically turn on antivirus sequencing.]

【In antivirus】

[Antivirus is completed, the virus has been removed]

A voice came from the phone, Lu Xuanji opened his eyes, and next to him lay the broken Pure Yang Sword.

The tool spirit has completely disappeared, turning into nourishment for his soul.

"This is the third time to seize the body, and the pure Yang sword spirit was unsuccessful!"

Lu Xuanji said

The tool spirit failed to seize the house, and a trace of the soul source began to merge into the soul. It seemed that there were a lot of soul sources, and the head was dizzy. He stood up, swayed and walked unsteadily. As a last resort, he had to lie down again.

At the same time, messy memories surged, as if to drown out the original memories.

After all, in his past life and this life, he only lived for two hundred years, and his memory is only over two hundred years old.

But the pure Yang sword spirit, from its birth to the present, has a full three million years, most of which have been dormant, but it has been active for 100,000 years.

One hundred thousand years of memory, flushing two hundred years of memory, was enough to make him lose himself.

You can only seal these memories, subconsciously forget them, and only in a specific environment will you wake up the needed memories.

The power of a cultivator is not only strong in his memory and unforgettable, but also has a terrifying ability to forget, subconsciously forgetting a lot of unnecessary information.

Otherwise, the memory is too good, and everything is remembered. This is not a good thing, but it is very painful.

After three days and three nights of adjustment, most of the memories of the tool spirits were forgotten, and only a very small part of the memories were left.

The mobile phone is being purified, the pure soul source is improving, the soul strength is improving, and the spiritual root level is improving.

After going through the war that year, only the soul of the Yuan Ying level was seriously injured, but even so, it was a great supplement. Lu Xuanji felt that the soul was growing, and the spiritual root was growing, but it was more dormant in the depths of the sea of knowledge. It takes a hundred years to be completely digested.

There are also some memories.

The above records why the ancient sword island was broken.

In my memory, when the ancestor of Hehuan was in Yuan Ying, he forged a sword named Chunyang Sword, which happened to have a name collision with the supreme treasure of Jiandao, Chunyang Sword.

After learning the news, the inner disciples of Jiandao drew their swords angrily and stabbed the old demon Hehuan, thinking that he had blasphemed the Pure Yang Sword.

The old demon Acacia also fought back.

The two sides fought together, and during the fierce battle, the disciples of Jiandao's inner sect were killed.

So, after stabbing the hornet's nest and killing a Jiandao cultivator, the Jiandao cultivators kept chasing and killing them one after another.

The contradictions became bigger and bigger, and finally the battle of life and death.

During the fierce battle, the old demon of Hehuan mobilized the Pure Yang Sword to kill Jiandao's top power, and even smashed Jiandao with one sword.

Looking at the grievances between the Hehuan Lao Mo and Jiandao, they have no hatred for killing their father nor hatred for stealing their wife, no clan annihilation, and no way to fight for the road. Even in the way of kendo, there is no conflict. But it is because of the collision of names that the two fight to the death.

"not worth it!"

Lu Xuanji smiled bitterly, feeling that it was not worth it.

Just because of the collision incident, even a life-and-death battle, is not worth it.

As far as Lu Xuanji is concerned, there are not 100,000 or 80,000 monks in the world called Lu Xuanji.

He couldn't allow others to use that name just because his name was Lu Xuanji.

Or simply kill all the cultivators named Lu Xuanji.

"However, just because the magic weapon's name hits its name, it means drawing a sword to kill, and the Jiandao cultivator is too domineering." Lu Xuanji sighed. If he encounters someone's magic weapon, called Li Huojian, called Butian Ding, or swallowed Tian Ding, will he kill someone because his name hits a car?

No, it's not worth it.

In the memory of Chunyang Sword Artifact, there are many top-level exercises [Two Instruments Sword Art], [Four Elephants Sword Art], [Five Elements General Art], [Canghai Sword Art], [Heart Demon Sword Art], [Yuanshen Sword Art] Wait... It's a pity that Lu Xuanji only glanced at it roughly, but didn't bother to read it.

He is not a swordsman, so he is not interested in swordsmanship.

In terms of my savvy and aptitude for swordsmanship, he is very average.

Back then, Old Ancestor Jin taught him swordsmanship for a while, but he finally gave up.

Dead wood cannot be carved.

When it comes to alchemy and weapon refining, Lu Xuanji can be regarded as the top, but when it comes to swordsmanship, he is only rotten wood.

Although there is a [Li Huo Sword] in his hand, the Li Huo Sword is more used to be arty, or even to deceive the enemy. At the critical moment, he still relies on the [Original Magnetic Sky Saber] to decide the outcome.

Chapter 219

There are many monks in the world, and when they can refine the magic weapon of life, the first choice is the sword, the second choice is the tripod, the third choice is the armor, the fourth and fifth choices are the others.

The first magic weapon used by a monk is often a sword;

The first magical power a monk learns is often swordsmanship.

First of all, cultivators use swords in a dashing and calm manner, with extraordinary bearing. There are flying swords in the world, but there are no flying cauldrons, flying swords, and flying towers;

Secondly, the material requirements for swords are low, the lower limit of sword-type magic weapons is low, and the upper limit is also high. It can be made into ordinary magic weapons with very little material loss; it can also be made into top magic weapons with a large amount of material loss.

As for tripods, towers, palaces, armors, etc., there are many materials that lose the same grade.

Only the wealthy and big family can refine such a heavy weapon.

Half of the monks in the world are using swords as weapons. Even if they have poor aptitude and comprehension, and they are not materials for practicing swords, they should take out a sword and dance a few times. Use it.

With a sword in hand, who would dare to say that I am not a sword cultivator?

Back then, when he was on the third level of Qi refining, the first gift his father gave him was the Qiushui Sword;

The first natal magic weapon that was refined after the foundation was established was also the Lihuo Sword.

Although in the later test, under the guidance of Old Ancestor Jin, he also understood that his talent in kendo was very poor and belonged to the dead wood, but he was the first to fight with the Lihuo Sword in battle.

Buzzing!

But just after the refining device spirit and soul, the memory of swordsmanship came like a tide, almost occupying all the memory space.

Lu Xuanji could only take the seal, subconsciously forgetting many kendo memories, and just left some general catalogues.

First of all, there are hundreds of volumes of kendo exercises, which can be cultivated to a ***** at least, and three of them are left by the ascended immortals. A random scroll of them can be passed down to a family, and it can be passed down for thousands of years.

Then, there are many kendo perceptions, changes in sword intent, sword intent of two ceremonies, sword intent of four images, sword intent of five elements, sword intent of fast, sword intent of slowness, sword intent of time, sword intent of space, sword intent of destruction, and sword intent of life. Extinguishing Sword Intent, etc., there are about 18 kinds of Sword Intent.

Accepting these sword intents, Lu Xuanji became a top kendo master overnight.

At this moment, if you open the altar to preach, you can tell the truth, and the hype will fall. Many sword cultivators kneel and worship, and one exclaims as a god.

But that's it!

These kendo memories can change many people, but they cannot change the essence of his [kendo dead wood].

Mainly because he lacks a sense of piety, lacks piety and reverence for kendo, and lacks spiritual inspiration for kendo.

"Jianxiu resonates with the way of swordsmanship. You should be obsessed with the sword, live for the sword, and die for the sword. Just like Ximen Chuixue, for the sword in his hand, he gave up women. But I can't do it, there are women who are happy to play with the sword. If there are ten women to accompany me, I can throw the Lihuo sword under the cliff now."

"I don't have any spiritual affection for Kendo. It's as if a rich man spent tens of millions of dollars to buy a famous painting by Van Gogh. It's just forcing, it's not about love, it's more a means of packaging yourself, a weapon to pretend to be forceful."

"It's as if a rich man would donate tens of millions of dollars to help African people after seeing the disaster area, but would he be worried and sad about the African people? Not at all, because it's none of his business and he hangs up high. These are all people with whom I have no relationship and no reason, and I will not have any extraneous feelings."

Lu Xuanji sighed slightly.

Of course, he can forcibly hypnotize himself, hypnotize the resonance of his heart, and hypnotize his emotions, but this is meaningless.

Concentrating his mind, he headed towards Jiandao, taking the opportunity to collect some treasures,

On the Sword Island, Lu Xuanji began to search for treasures.

After the war, Jiandao was cut into two pieces. The Jiandao in front of him was just a larger fragment of the original Jiandao, but even so, there were some rich resources in it.

At the peak of Jiandao, there were eight tribulation cultivators, more than 20 joint Taoist cultivators, 500 virtual cultivators, 8,000 spiritual cultivators, 300,000 Yuanying cultivators, and Jindan cultivators everywhere. Go, as many as ants.

This is still the main line. As for other affiliated forces, there are more monks and more disciples.

When Sword Island was at its peak, the king came to the world, and he was the leader of the world's righteous path. He suppressed the demon clan to hide in their ancestral land, and made the monks tremble. The monks all over the world were shocked.

However, at the most prosperous moment of Jiandao, it was a deadly fight with the old devil of Hehuan.

At that time, Jiandao cultivator killed countless demons and didn't care about a mere little devil.

But who could have imagined that, in the end, the old demon of Hehuan shot and destroyed Jiandao.

It is said that when the fierce battle reached its peak, Jiandao cultivator used the technique of inviting God and invited an immortal clone to come down, trying to suppress the old Acacia demon, but was killed by the Acacia old demon. com At the end, Sword Island was also chopped into pieces and disappeared into the turbulent void.

On Sword Island, there are still incomplete formations. Under the erosion of time, the power is less than 1/10,000 of the peak moment. However, to kill Jin Dan, Yuan Ying is still not a big problem.

It's just that Lu Xuanji couldn't be bothered by all this.

In the memory of the tool spirit, there are various memories of the Jiandao formation, the flaws of the formation, the weak points, and the loopholes in the operation, etc., all of which are very familiar, and they are familiar like their own home.

It's not like my home, but this is my home.

With these memories, Lu Xuanji easily bypassed the formation, passed through some weak points, and headed for the depths of Sword Island.

Walking and walking, a treasure trove gradually came into view.

At its peak, such a treasury was heavily guarded, with cultivators of the Dao in charge, and guards of a ninth-level formation, even the Great Tribulation Transcendence could not enter it. But after that battle, the formation here was shattered, and it was washed away by time, and in terms of power, it was only able to kill the Primordial Infant cultivator.

Motivating the secret, there was a loophole in the formation, and Lu Xuanji entered it.

The treasury is divided into six floors. Entering the first floor, there are some treasured swords, as well as some medicinal pills, materials, talismans, array plates, and so on.

But Lu Xuanji stepped forward and just touched the flying sword. The fourth-grade spiritual treasure was immediately smashed and turned into powder and scattered on the ground; when he opened the medicine gourd again, the knotted gold pill inside gave off a stench, and it was completely rotten. take.

He was also checking other magic weapons, medicinal pills, etc., all of which were rotten and disgusting.

Time is the biggest enemy. After hundreds of thousands of years, many medicinal herbs have long been rotten and cannot be taken, and magic weapons are rotten and shattered when touched.

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At this level, there is no gain.

Entering the second floor, there are Infant Jetting Pills, Infant Transformation Pills, Fifth-Rank Good Fortune Fruits, and Fifth-Rank Spirit Treasures, etc., but they are all rotten and broken and cannot be used.

Entering the third floor, this place is completely empty, without any medicinal pills, spiritual treasures, talismans, array plates, array flags, etc.

The fourth floor is empty.

The fifth floor is empty.

The sixth floor is empty.

The seventh floor is empty.

Because the old demon of Hehuan attacked, with the greeting of the elder Taishang, some treasures in the treasury were rewarded in advance to the monks who participated in the war.

If the battle is won, it is a reasonable reward, but it should improve the combat effectiveness of the monks participating in the battle.

If it is defeated, it is useless to keep the treasure house, so can't it be possible to send loot to the enemy?

As a result, the back five floors were completely empty.

Walking on Jiandao, Lu Xuanji was looking for the remaining treasures.

When we arrived at the Pill Hall, there was an alchemy furnace. The grades of these alchemy furnaces were fifth-grade, and a few were still sixth-grade, but Lu Xuanji just tapped it with his palm. There are also some remains of medicinal pills, but they have been decayed for a long time.

Opened the medicinal gourd on the side, there was a seventh-grade medicinal pill in it, which could last for five thousand years.

But when the gourd was opened, there was a stench, and the seventh-grade medicinal pill inside was already rotten and could not be taken.

In the training hall, I found some rough embryos of magical treasures, and some formed magical treasures, but just a tap and these magical treasures shattered.

In the Spirit Beast Garden, there used to be monsters, cranes, white tigers, and nine-tailed foxes, all of which could be used as mounts, but now it's empty.

In the hall of making talismans, the talisman ink in it has long been dry, and even the stone tablets of the strong hall are corroded and disrespectful.

There used to be a mouthful of precious swords on the top of Jianshan Mountain, but he pulled out a mouthful at will, and only slightly knocked, and the precious sword shattered.

Lingbao needs to be maintained, nourished by qi and blood, and nourished by true temperature. However, due to the long-term isolation and lack of effective insurance, after tens of thousands of years, the spirituality of these spirit treasures has disappeared, and the power is constantly declining. He just knocked it easily. It shatters when hit.

When I arrived in the medicine garden, I wanted to find some elixir, and there were only some medicine ashes on the ground.

Over the long years, the elixir has also been boiled to death and turned to ashes.

I started to pack up the ash, they are all good fertilizers, which can be used to cultivate soil fertility.

"I'm still late!"

"If I came here hundreds of thousands of years ago, I could still find some intact medicinal pills and intact magical treasures; but now, under the erosion of time, the medicinal pills are rotten and the magical treasures shattered, and they can no longer be used after all." Lu Xuanji sighed, walked on, and reached the patriarch's hall.

In the patriarch's hall, there are enshrined the top bosses born in Jiandao over the past dynasties.

If you want to enter the Patriarch's Hall, you must at least have a cultivation level of the same way.

Entering the Patriarch's Hall, I saw a statue placed inside, enshrined above.

There are three statues, the most conspicuous, in the center, more than double the height of the other statues.

These three statues are Daojun Chunyang, Daojun Liangyi, Daojun Feiyu

Chunyang Daojun, dressed in elegant robes, looks like a Confucian scholar, and is also the owner of Chunyang Sword. Standing there, he has a gentle personality, like a modest gentleman. In historical records, this Daojun has the best personality and the most gentle personality.

Daojun Liangyi, standing there, with a domineering aura, like a generation of sword kings in the world, with the most terrifying breath, in his era, Jiandao entered the peak era.

Daojun Feiyu, on the other hand, is a woman, wearing a blood-red robe, like a female evil star, a female devil.

At that time, Jianzong had already begun to decline, barely maintaining the situation of the top ten immortal gates. After Daojun Feiyu was born, he first began to kill in Jiandao, then in Xiandao, and again in the line of magic. Kill ring.

Wherever he went, the blood flowed into rivers, this is a real big devil.

"The three patriarchs, as well as the patriarchs of all dynasties, Xuanji pays respects to all of you, although I am not a disciple of Jiandao, nor a sword cultivator.

Lu Xuanji said, and directly took out three sticks of incense.

The cigarettes lingered, and the mist filled the air.

Lighting it and inserting it into the incense burner beside him, he bowed his hands three times.

Then, turn around and leave.

"Junior, stop for a while!"

At this moment, a voice came, and the voice was soft.

"who is it?"

Lu Xuanji said in surprise, looking in all directions, but could not find the source.

"Look behind you, I am the Daoist of Liangyi!"

The voice continued.

Lu Xuanji looked back and saw that the statue of Daojun Liangyi seemed to be "alive", he spoke,

"Senior, it's Daoist Liangyi!"

Lu Xuanji asked.

"It's this old man!" Daojun Liangyi said, "After Jiandao was destroyed for countless years, there are still monks who came to Jiandao and worshipped Jiandao. It's a pity, but we can talk about it! Are you the remnant of Jiandao?"

"no!"

Lu Xuanji said, "I just happened to enter here."

Daojun Liangyi asked, "Are you a swordsman?"

"No!" Lu Xuanji said, "A senior once pointed me to me, but afterwards I was judged as a sword [Kendo Dead Wood], I lack sincerity and passion for kendo, as long as it is useful, swords, sticks, long Whether it is a knife or a cauldron, as long as it can defeat the enemy, it makes no difference."

"A kendo rotten wood, but it is on the sword island, it is interesting and interesting!" Liangyi Daojun smiled: "At this moment, the deity just finished the practice, felt the incense worship, followed the cause and effect, felt your breath, So there was a breath. You are interesting, I felt the breath of the fish hook on Lei."

"Causation is the thread, desire is the bait, fishing is like catching someone, and the wisher is hooked. In you, I can feel no less than ten lines of cause and effect... Some people are calculating, and there are quite a few, some I can see through, some I can't see through it, but it's interesting! Interesting!"

Lu Xuanji frowned slightly, and was about to ask who was plotting against him.

Daojun Liangyi said: "On the eighth floor of the treasure house, there is a void treasure chest left by me before I ascended. There are some small gifts in it, just for you!"

Lu Xuanji frowned and said, "You won't be rewarded without merit, why is this senior?"

Liangyi Daojun said: "This deity just dropped a chess piece at random. This chess piece may hang in the Nascent Soul period, or it may fly into the sky, depending on your fortune. Success is also joy, loss is not much loss. . As for whether you take it or not, it's up to you!"

"Senior gave the opportunity, don't you need a test?"

Lu Xuanji asked.

"The test?" Daojun Liangyi smiled: "The test is meaningless! Over the years, I have seen too many people with aptitude against the sky, people with amazing comprehension, people with perseverance, and many people with amazing luck. As a result, many of them remain in obscurity. People are not as good as the heavens, and the heavens are not as good as not."

"Many immortals really think that Taoism is profound, and there are many branches of fate that can be calculated, but the more they don't know, the more unknown they are, the less they can see the future."

"Everything goes according to the circumstances!"