

Cultivation 691

Chapter 691

The road to immortality is the road to longevity and the road to immortality.

The stronger the cultivation base, the longer the lifespan and the stronger the life-saving ability, the more difficult it is to kill.

When you reach the realm of the Dao, not only can you gain some authority of the Dao of Heaven, but you can also use the authority of the Dao of Heaven to hide part of your soul in the source of the Dao of Heaven. When attacked by a powerful enemy, even if the body is broken and the primordial spirit is shattered, there is still a possibility of rebirth.

It's just that after being reborn, losing the heritage of the previous life and rising in a daze, how difficult it is to restore the peak moment, or even impossible.

After Xue Wuhen was killed by him, even if he was reborn, it would be hundreds of years, or even a thousand years later.

At that time, he will either become stronger and invincible, or he will die and die, and he doesn't have to care about that.

kill!

Lu Xuanji mobilized the long saber, and the long saber slashed down, directly in the middle of a large formation, the formation began to shatter, and countless cultivators turned into blood mist. It didn't stop for a long time, but flashed quickly, attacked from another angle, attacked and killed the enemy, and shattered in the big formation.

Wherever he goes, he never stops too much, relying on fast speed, quick battles and quick decisions, quick four break formations, and quick kills of the enemy.

He Dao monks are powerful, but they are not invincible.

The formation formed by those Spirit Transformation cultivators and Void Refinement cultivators has great power, and can cause damage to the Daoist cultivators under the combined attack. However, the formation formed by these low-level cultivators is of course amazing in attack power, but the disadvantage is that it runs slowly and moves slowly.

As long as the speed is fast and not caught in a siege, these formations pose a limited threat to him.

The long knife flashed, Lu Xuanji just opened a large formation, the long knife flashed, the light of the knife flashed, three cultivators, twelve cultivators of spirit transformation, and hundreds of cultivators of Nascent Soul were directly killed.

It is about time to flash and leave here.

In the shadow under his feet, a black figure appeared, wearing a black robe, his body was wrapped in endless darkness, and he couldn't see his true face. .

The hidden extreme position is strange and invisible, avoiding Lu Xuanji's spiritual detection; at the moment of the shot, it was extremely ruthless, from hiding the body to the attack, the timing was extremely precise, it was Lu Xuanji who killed the enemy. , the most relaxing moment.

At the moment when the black dagger came to assassinate and was about to stab the neck, Lu Xuanji urged the supreme supernatural power, and a glazed halo appeared on his body, with runes on it. The runes were like dragons and snakes walking, like birds and beasts flying. , as if the phoenix was dancing, taking on different forms.

Many runes are combined together, and the halo layer after layer, turns into nine layers of defense, and resists.

Jingle Jingle!

The dagger and the glass halo are colliding, the profound meaning and the profound meaning are colliding, the mana and the mana are colliding, and each other is rapidly changing. The strength on the dagger exploded, directly piercing the first halo, followed by the second, third, fourth, one after another, and at the moment of breaking the fifth halo, it was powerless to move forward.

Lu Xuanji held the saber in his right hand, the long saber turned around to defend, the blade was turning, people followed the saber, the saber was slashing at the enemy, and the body was changing,

originally with his back to the enemy. But with the long knife slashing out, it also becomes a frontal response to the enemy.

The long knife flashed and beheaded on the body of the man in black, with one knife in two stages.

There was no blood, only broken black clothes scattered on the ground.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, the man in black had appeared ten meters away, and his figure flashed and disappeared.

Lu Xuanji's spiritual sense probed away, but the man in black disappeared, as if he had left. But Dandan's malice and a trace of murderous aura were locked on him, and it seemed that he could launch a lore attack at any time.

Assassin's way, if you miss a hit, you will escape far away; wait at any time, attack at any time.

The man in black didn't really disappear, but was hiding in the dark, ready to strike him at any time.

"Shadow Demon Race..."

Lu Xuanji thought of an ancient race.

In the Feiyu world, there are the undead and the eight saints, and they are the most famous. There are also some small races, which may have a small number of clansmen, and lack of top-level powerhouses. They are not famous, but they also have their own uniqueness.

Shadow Demons are one of them.

Shadow Demons can hide in the shadow of the enemy and give the enemy a fatal blow.

Shadow Demons have limited combat power at ordinary times, but they are first-class in assassination.

"Master, I left a mark on him, I locked his position, I can give him a fatal blow!" Right here, in the mind, came Xiao Jin's voice. As a Dao-level gold-devouring worm, he hid in Lu Xuanji's cave as a reserve force to guard against unexpected situations.

Only when an unexpected situation arises, Xiao Jin will act decisively.

"Not urgent!"

Lu Xuanji said, "The war has just begun!"

Xiao Jin said, "Master, I am the best at group battles, let me do it!"

Having said that, he subconsciously touched the insect-raising gourd, and his fighting spirit was rising.

Over the years, with the help of the insect-raising gourd, he has cultivated a lot of Insect Soldiers of Nascent Soul and God-Transforming Insect Soldiers, and the number is getting bigger and bigger. The army inflicted heavy damage, killing the enemy's living force.

"No hurry!" Lu Xuanji said, "Xiaojin, now is not the time for you to make a move, you still need to wait patiently. You are one of my trump cards. The first time you make a move, the enemy will hurt the most; in the second time, the enemy will With the moment of precaution, your effect is greatly reduced!"

Xiao Jin was a little dissatisfied, but he could only wait patiently.

"kill!"

Endless flames are rising. Among the flames is a red-haired woman who seems to be a flame elf. She has a long spear in her hand. The spear is more than two meters long. The tip of the spear is extremely sharp.

As the spear trembled, the runes engraved on the spear were activated, and countless phantoms were changing, turning into countless rays of light, directly assassinating, and the spear shattered the universe.

Lu Xuanji's nine-colored long sword was changing, and the long sword beheaded down.

The long knife and the long spear collided together, and the sound of gold and iron was ringing, crisp and sweet.

The long spear was slightly retracted, and it was assassinated from another angle, directly stabbing Lu Xuanji's throat, and the spear stabbed a line. Lu Xuanji urged the long knife, the long knife dialed, the blade collided with the grab pole, and the position where the long spear stabbed gloomily shifted.

The long spear was slightly picked up, and the muscles of the red-haired woman's body were tense. As the spear stabbed out, her body moved and changed rapidly with the spear tip as the radius. She directly opened the long knife and slashed at his heart from another angle.

The long sword came and killed, and the long spear stabbed again.

Knives and guns clashed together.

An inch long and an inch strong, an inch short an inch dangerous.

The long knife is slashing, the long spear is constantly stabbing, the two sides are always moving, and the person is moving with the weapon, and the body is moving rapidly.

After dozens of fierce battles, Lu Xuanji activated the secret technique, his body instantly turned golden yellow, the King Kong would not be damaged, and his defense was greatly improved. With a flick of the spear, the assassination was on the chest. Even a sharp spear couldn't pierce his skin.

On the contrary, under the strong impact, the spear was twisted and deformed.

"cut!"

The long knife in Lu Xuanji's hand was flickering, and the long knife directly slashed down, slashing at the neck of the red-haired woman, and the knife slashed directly. The red-haired woman's body shattered into two pieces, and blood was scattered on the ground.

The red-haired woman was hit hard, but she was not afraid. Instead, she stepped forward, the blood on her body was burning, and the fire of the original source was burning, and she wanted to burn Lu Xuanji into ashes.

"Repression!"

Lu Xuanji activated the secret technique, and a black and white Taiji diagram appeared on the top of his head.

The fire of the source is burning, and the soul inside is erupting.

But it didn't take long for the flames of the soul to go out.

Go to the ruins.

The red-haired woman perished, and another great master of the Dao was killed by him.

Feather World, Immortal Palace.

In the huge palace, there is a huge chessboard. The left side of the chessboard is the Feiyu world, the right side is the Zifu world, with black chess pieces on one side and white chess pieces on the other. Black and white are intertwined, and the number is extremely large, with tens of millions.

These pieces are colliding with each other, tearing each other together.

Every moment a chess piece disappears and disappears from the chessboard; but the next moment, a new chess piece appears and competes to fight.

Sitting beside her was a woman with a crown on her head and a royal robe on her body. She had a mighty and domineering aura. She stood with her hands behind her back, looking at the chessboard indifferently, and said: "The heaven and earth are the chessboard, and all beings are the pieces. Father, you are Good method. The sentient beings in the Zifu world, and we are also in your calculations!"

There was a man in black standing opposite, the man in black had a simple face, looked at the chessboard, and said with a little thought: "Yaoguang, you know, some calculations are in my expectations, but some calculations are beyond my expectations. The victory or defeat on the chessboard does not depend on the level of the player's level, but outside the chessboard, it is at a higher level."

"In my calculations, at this moment, the world of Zifu should be a battle of stars, countless powerhouses are fighting, and Heavenly Dao is also in chaos. But the people of the Immortal Realm intervened and dropped some more pieces on the chessboard, and the attribute situation changed. With the rise of the Chaos Dynasty, many of my calculations have failed, and the calculations have failed! Instead, I have fallen into crisis."

The woman in the imperial robe said, "Father, what are your plans next! The Feiyu World forced its shots, and the timing of the shot was not right. It is extremely unfavorable for us to start a war at this moment. Whether it is the undead or the eight saints, the losses are all Not too small. If things don't work, they may leave early."

The man in black said: "It's okay, as long as you enter the chess game, you won't be so easy to leave. It's just the beginning."

Saying that, the man in black took out a black chess piece and landed it on the chessboard.

The situation on both sides was changing, and the positions of the pieces were changing all the time. The white piece, who had the upper hand, lost the strategic initiative step by step, fell behind step by step, and fell into trouble step by step. Gradually, Bai Zi was no longer able to recover, and finally went to failure.

The woman in the royal robe said, "Father, this is to help the Daoist fortune-telling!"

"right!"

The man in black said: "The chaotic Taoist has a background in the immortal world, he has twelve guardians, and he has the support of ten sects. It seems that the situation is very good, and it seems that the advantage is in me. In fact, at the beginning, it was hidden huge. There are huge hidden dangers in the crisis, and there is only one opportunity to detonate! We just need to speed up the process appropriately and make the time for the crisis to detonate a little faster."

"In this process, Daoist Fortune is a good pawn, it's time to give him some support!"

The woman in the imperial robe frowned slightly and said, "Father, this Taoist fortune-telling, in just a short time, killed two Daoist powerhouses, as well as thirty-six Void Refinement powerhouses, and hundreds of God-Transforming powerhouses. , As for other monks, there are countless. Father, aren't you afraid of raising tigers?"

The man in black sneered: "This person is amazing, but everything is in my calculations. The higher his aptitude, the greater the benefits to me. My demonic avatar can't be too bad!"

The woman in the royal robe nodded and said, "My child understands!"

Boom boom boom!

The explosion of destruction sounded, and the violent roar ripped apart everything.

On the battlefield, it is divided into countless plates, Yuan Ying cultivator, God Transformation cultivator, Void cultivator, He Dao cultivator, etc., fighting together all the time, in a life-and-death confrontation, in a tragic fight. There are monks dying all the time, and monks filling the gaps.

There are also some monks who are high above and control the situation on the battlefield.

Where there are loopholes, there are monks who go to make up for the loopholes; where there are powerful monks, there are strong men who go to kill.

In the Feather World camp.

The tall chariot was golden-yellow, looking mighty and domineering. Four elephants were carved on the roof of the chariot. In front of the chariot, there were nine real dragons pulling the chariot. A monk in cyan armor, sitting on the chariot, his eyes are flashing, and he controls the situation on the battlefield.

Dispatch troops, arrange troops in formations, and make reasonable allocation of troops in various places.

"what!"

At this moment, UU reading www. The man in uukanshu.com suddenly frowned slightly, seeing a certain situation on the battlefield, his expression was slightly surprised.

"A human cultivator, who was about the middle stage of He Dao, killed the Ice Demon Clan Xue Wuhen; and also killed the Flame Demon Clan Yan Ling'er, but it was very powerful. It's just your myth, it's time to end!" The man in A opened his mouth and pointed to a certain location: "Send the order, the eight-pole formation map is dispatched, go and kill that cultivator!"

Saying that, he dropped a token.

"Order!"

The messenger took the token and went to inform some monks.

Soon, eight cultivators of the Daoist Path were dispatched, holding a powerful formation map, to go and destroy a seemingly powerful cultivator.

On the battlefield, those old fritters who are good at hiding their strength can survive. On the contrary, someone relied on his cultivation to be strong and wantonly killed, but his life was short.

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On the battlefield, the fighting continues, blood and fire are burning, and the two sides are fighting fiercely.

There are monks in annihilation all the time.

Lu Xuanji urged the long sword to kill a certain cultivator, but at this moment, he felt inexplicable danger, and his figure flickered and moved ten miles away. It was just too late to breathe a sigh of relief, the danger came again, and a huge array appeared above the head.

At the beginning of the picture scroll, it was only three feet long and half a foot wide. When it could float in the void, it quickly became larger and became ten miles long and wide. The lines on it were flashing, and countless runes Up and down, white dragons, black dragons, blue dragons, golden dragons, etc., one after another, the real dragons are flying on it, and the ten thousand dragons are soaring into the air.

There are ten cultivators standing around the map. They are all powerful, some are burly and domineering; some have long blond hair, handsome and unrestrained; some are wearing armor and are unparalleled; , simple and elegant; some hold a long Ge in their hands, which is powerful and fierce; some have a bird head with a human body and two wings on their back... One after another, the Qi machine is connected together, and the mana is input into the array, and the power of the array is constantly recovering.

How powerful and invincible the monks are, but at this moment, ten of them joined forces, urging the formation map, and directly suppressing them.

Looking at the monks who came under siege, Lu Xuanji sighed in his heart.

Sure enough, the enemy is not a fool.

The enemy is neither mentally disabled nor mentally disabled, but extremely smart.

He won't give away one by one, he just showed a little bit of strength, he just killed an Ice Demon Clan strongman, and also killed a Flame Demon Clan strongman, the enemy immediately adjusted his strategy and tactics. Up to now, there are even ten monks of the Taoist group besieged, and ten of them fight one, and they join forces to besiege, and they pay attention to martial arts at all.

Lu Xuanji's mind was trembling, urging the vertical golden light, the golden light was flickering, moving rapidly, and the speed was extremely fast. However, the power of the array map is even more extraordinary, moving instantly, like a big net catching prey.

After just a few ups and downs, he was enveloped in the great formation.

Wanlong was rising, and the real dragons were resurrecting, turning into phantoms, flashing vertically and horizontally, and slaughtering Lu Xuanji with fast and fierce speed.

Stab it!

Lu Xuanji activated the nine-color divine sword, the light of the sword was flashing, and wherever the long sword went, the real dragon was slain into two pieces; but the next moment, another light

was flashing, and another real dragon was slaughtered. Coming from the bowl, there is a flame rising above the body, burning the void, and turning it into an overbearing lore power.

Another knife flashed, and the long knife cut everything.

The fire dragon was shattering and dissipated directly.

Then, a number of real dragons appeared, and one knife after another appeared continuously.

The long knives are flashing, beheading the real dragons continuously, but these real dragons seem to have immortal bodies. Every time they are opened, they are reborn quickly, killing more and more.

After killing more than a dozen moves in a row, Lu Xuanji gasped slightly, and his mana was depleted.

Motivating Dongtian, the spiritual stones stored in Dongtian are rapidly shattering, turning into aura of spiritual energy, entering into the body, and transforming into its own mana, making up for its own loss.

"Break the universe with one knife!"

Lu Xuanji observed the formation, the long knife in his hand was flashing, the space runes on the knife were undulating and changing, and the power of space was changing, turning into the ultimate power of space, tearing into the endless void. ...

Stab it!

The void was forcibly torn apart, as if a curtain was directly torn open with a large opening, his figure flashed, and Lu Xuanji fled into the void, and was about to escape.

At the position of the crack, a huge palm appeared, and the palm slapped directly.

The long knife and the palm are colliding, the light of the knife is changing, the light is changing, transformed into countless phantoms, the true and the false are changing, the false and the reality

are changing, unpredictable, thousands of creations, annihilating all things; the palm is flashing, countless The shadow of the palm is changing, like the hands of gods and demons, suppressing everything.

At this moment, another spear came to assassinate, the spear broke through the air, and stabbed towards Lu Xuanji's back.

clang clang!

At this moment, a big bell appeared, sounding the sound of time, the law of time was triggered, and the void was temporarily stopped. The assassination spear was abruptly stopped for a moment.

Another big stick fell, the stick was as thick as a pillar, with a mighty domineering force, it slammed down directly.

Lu Xuanji held an axe in his left hand, with a dragon-like pattern on the axe, which was powerful and domineering. The big axe flashed and smashed to the stick.

The two heavy weapons clashed together, the void was trembling, sparks were flying, and they were tearing each other apart.

A sword appeared, stabbing from a strange angle, fast and strange, but it was caught in a golden shield.

Another axe came, but it was blocked by a long spear.

The void is changing, and phantoms appear in the array. One cultivator appears one after another, and they attack from different angles, or urging spears, or urging sticks, or axes. , or hammers, etc., one after another, the weapons bombarded.

The means are domineering, the tricks are ruthless, and the shots are ruthless.

Lu Xuanji is also urging the 33 Days of Treasures, with 33 uses of his mind, his mind is running, and he is perfectly controlling all kinds of weapons, such as Heaven and Earth Gourd, Chaos Map, God-killing Hammer, Optimus Prime, Shadowless Sword, and Immortal. Shield, Sky Mirror, Cave Sky Eye, Tongtian Bridge, Battle Sky Axe, Sealing Talisman, Mysterious Sky Ladder, Escape One

Picture, Time Clock, Door of All Wonders, Cave Sky Spear, Heavenly Secret Ball, Heaven Avoiding Coffin, Wake Up Clock, Chaos Thunder Talisman, Book of the Earth, Heaven Repairing Cauldron, Swallowing Cauldron, Void Heaven Armor, Destiny Lock, Yin-Yang Diagram, Emperor Heaven Realm, Nine-color Divine Sword, Measure Heaven Ruler, Pure Sun Mirror, Four Elephants Pagoda, Infinite Mountain, Fortune Figures, etc., many weapons are used in turn, driving many weapons to counterattack against the enemy, weapons are colliding with each other, various supernatural powers are colliding, and the waves of destruction are wave after wave, as if the tide is rolling.

In the array, the formation is in operation, and the runes are blessed on the top ten cultivators. Their cultivation base has been improved by as much as one layer; with the aid of the formation, they can form a perfect joint attack and kill each other. It looks almost flawless. However, the battle situation was a stalemate.

The two sides fought fiercely together, and for a while, it was difficult to tell the winner.

"He's very powerful!"

"It's a little tricky!"

"Let's use our cards!"

"Go ahead!"

The ten cultivators looked at each other, the qi and machine on their bodies were connected, the mana was smelted together, and turned into a real dragon with golden scales on it. ...

The real dragon is flying, and the dragon's claws are torn.

"Thirty-three days of suppression!"

Lu Xuanji stimulated his breath, and above his head appeared the Thirty-Three Worlds, the supreme immortal realm on the side of Ives, where many mysteries were performing, and endless creation and death were born and destroyed.

Buzz!

In the violent roar, the Thirty-Three Days Immortal Realm directly suppressed it.

At this moment, it is no longer a simple collision of tricks, but the suppression of the world, and the 33 days of immortal world suppression of everything.

Boom boom boom!

In the violent roar, the real dragon let out a mournful cry, and its body was crushed by the world, and it was directly suppressed at the bottom. Then, the Thirty-Three Treasures flashed and turned into streaks of light, entering the Thirty-Three Immortal Realm, each of which suppressed a layer of Immortal Realm.

After receiving the blessing of the treasure, the power of the 33-day Immortal Realm was greatly improved, and the real dragon shattered with the rumbling sound.

The ten cultivators of the Taoist Association suffered heavy injuries and vomited blood on the spot.

"Kill! You die!"

The long knife in Lu Xuanji's hand flickered, and directly killed a green-haired woman, Shensha. The woman was shocked, her body was cut into two pieces, and her primordial spirit died on the spot;

The long knife flashed and slayed another man. The profound meaning of good fortune flashed and turned into the ultimate power of destruction. The man's body turned to ashes and scattered on the ground.

The long knife flashed again, killing another man, the monk's body shattered, but a broken puppet appeared on the spot. As for him, he fled ten miles away with a frightened expression, turning into a stream of light and fled away, like a lost dog.

The long knives are flashing, one knife at a time, like killing chickens and pigs.

Lu Xuanji's expression was icy cold, with no superfluous expressions. Some were most suitable for domineering and ruthless. Wherever the long knife went, it was all destruction. It is possible that these Daoist powerhouses were once supreme powerhouses, and they were all first-class in terms of cultivation aptitude, potential, and combat power.

But at the moment of being defeated by him, they were all frightened, their courage was disappearing, and some were just endless fear and panic.

In the end, the six Hedo monks fell on his fall.

The remaining four used secret techniques to escape, but it was too late to continue chasing and killing them.

"You are too weak!"

Lu Xuanji said with a sullen smile, his left hand transformed into a supreme strength, and he directly grabbed the map.

The array map is flashing, and it is about to escape.

However, he grabbed the picture scroll with his palm, as if he was holding a chicken. No matter how the picture scroll resisted, he was unable to escape.

"let me go!"

The artifact was screaming frantically.

"Noisy!"

Lu Xuanji opened the mouth and said, urging the nine-color divine sword, the light of the sword flashed, beheading on the scroll, the light of destruction flashed, and everything was wiped out.

The tool spirit was directly obliterated.

When Lingbao reaches the later stage, all will give birth to artifact spirits.

Artifact spirit is the condensed spirituality of magic weapon, which can help the owner to control magic weapon perfectly.

Once the artifact falls into death, the power of the magic weapon will drop by more than half.

However, after all, it is an iron treasure, a flowing water artifact.

Since the artifact spirit is not obedient, the artifact spirit will be immediately wiped out, and the power of the spirit treasure will drop. He was impatient and persuaded a certain artifact to surrender.
...

Holding the scroll, Lu Xuanji looked at this formation with a flash of surprise.

The picture scroll is a ninth-grade spiritual treasure, and the mysterious formation is depicted on it, which can be called a supreme treasure. Controlling this picture scroll can perfectly smelt the power of many bottom-level cultivators together, and burst into a powerful force, thus achieving the victory of the weak against the strong.

If there are ten cultivators who are in harmony with the Tao, the saint can kill the cultivator in the early stage of the tribulation, but the general bureau is capsized in his hands.

After putting away the picture scroll, Lu Xuanji urged the long knife, the long knife was flashing, and killed a cultivator, the long knife flashed again, and the great formation was broken again, and ten cultivators perished, as if Like a supreme demon god, the long swords are slaughtering vertically and horizontally, destroying to their heart's content.

The Feiyu Realm cultivator, who was still fierce and besieged, felt the start for the first time and was afraid.

Some virtual cultivators, spiritual cultivators, etc., avoided them one after another.

No longer dare to confront him, dodge everywhere, fearing to be killed on the spot.

You only have one life, cherish life.

Immediately, the formation here fell into chaos, and the monks in Feiyu World began to rout, and they collapsed for thousands of miles.

Zuzhou, in the underground abyss.

The golden dragon and the undead devil are fighting, and the two sides are fighting together, and they are in a stalemate.

One after another golden chains penetrated deep into the body of the undead devil, absorbing his blood essence and his mana, making him always in exhaustion and unable to enter the peak moment. Only a very small amount of mana can be used to fight against the Golden Dragon of Fortune.

The half body of the Golden Dragon of Fortune was dyed by magic, the black part was constantly squeezing, and the golden part was expanding.

The more you fight, the stronger the Luck Golden Dragon.

Boom boom boom!

Goodbye after three days and three nights of fierce battles. The undead Demon Lord seems to be a little tired. The mana on his body begins to dry up, and the momentum of the attack becomes slow, and it seems that he is no longer as brave as he used to be. However, the golden dragon was activating the secret technique, and the magical powers bombarded the undead devil, leaving wounds on his body.

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The injuries are increasing, the golden chains on the Undead Demon Lord are increasing, and the situation is reversing step by step.

hoo hoo hoo!

The golden dragon was roaring, and the attack continued, but there was also a hint of fatigue, and his figure flashed away from here.

Only in an instant, it emerged from the underground cracks and appeared in the sky above Zuzhou. The golden body was shining with golden light, the breath was mighty and domineering, the ripples of destruction were flashing, and only a few parts had a trace of black, which was dyed by magic. Some have not been completely eliminated.

It's just this magical part that doesn't matter anymore.

It seems that it can no longer affect the overall situation.

The golden dragon appeared in the sky above Zuzhou, its huge body was mighty and domineering, and at the same time, the tyrannical mana blessed the monks of the Chaos Dynasty. As long as they were monks of the Chaos Dynasty, their cultivation would increase a lot; The legal net of , the legal net is running and dying, forming a terrifying force of repression.

The monks who came to the Zifu world were all suppressed, and their cultivation bases were greatly declining.

The momentum of the attack like a tide has weakened a lot.

"retreat!"

At this moment, the supreme powerhouse of the undead began to order, and immediately countless demon monks began to retreat, attacking like a tide, and retreating like a tide.

The war between the two worlds has come to an end for the time being.

Only on the ground, there are still some broken walls, broken corpses, and endless evil spirits, which seem to be telling the cruelty of war.

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The thirty-three-day treasure refining formation was activated.

Baoguang was flickering, and dazzling rays of light were evolving. The energy of destruction was rising, and the tyrannical and domineering aura was suppressed. At this moment, Lu Xuanji urged the battle axe, and the lines on the axe were activated. , the axe is growing in size in an instant, becoming a hundred feet in size.

The light on the axe was flashing, directly killing the old man.

The old man waved his hand and slapped it out, the palm of his hand was changing color, turned bronze, and swiped away.

Boom!

The axe collided with the palm, making a sound like gold and iron.

The axe was under enormous force, and the whole was twisted violently, flying backwards.

Buzz!

The void was changing, and a huge hammer appeared. The hammer head was huge, with a heavy force, it made a buzzing sound, and hit his head directly.

The old man waved his fists, his palms were changing, and the bombardment came out.

Boom boom boom!

Then, another ruler bombarded, one weapon after another, bombarded continuously, bombarded down, the old man kept urging the boxing technique, bombarded all around, and the energy of destruction hit the four directions.

The battle became extremely fierce, and the two sides fought fiercely together.

Thirty-three rays of light were flashing, and one after another, the rays of destruction fell directly, tearing at the old man.

The old man motivated the secret technique, counterattacked continuously, and the ultimate move fell out.

Bang bang bang!

In the violent noise, the magic weapons were knocked out one after another, no matter how fierce the attack was, they were knocked open by the old men one after another. Every time the magic weapon was knocked out, the array pattern inside was damaged, but after ten confrontations, many magic weapons were severely damaged.

Along with that, Lu Xuanji was also hit hard.

"Sure enough, this method won't work. After transcending the calamity, it is almost impossible to fight across the levels. I want to fight the 4th level of transcending calamity and the eighth level of transcending calamity. It's almost impossible!" His blood was rising and falling, and he felt the pain in his body.

After the first attempt, I finally tasted how powerful the tribulation-transcending powerhouse is.

Motivating the secret technique, the thirty-three-day treasure turned into a streamer and entered the body, and Lu Xuanji turned into a streamer and escaped.

kill!

The old man smiled indifferently, waved his hand and grabbed it, but in the next moment, the formation patterns around him were activated, ripples were surging, and the large incomplete formation was motivated, and the sword qi rolled backwards like a galaxy, and tilted down directly.

Wave after wave, continuous and mighty like a sky.

The old man activated the secret technique, and the silver qi surrounded his body, becoming more than ten feet thick, making a crisp sound and clashing with the sword qi. During the confrontation, the sword qi was constantly wiped out and disappeared. But in the next moment, sword qi surged out again, and it continued.

Wave after wave of sword qi attacked and killed, and when the old man urged the secret technique to completely break through the remaining formation, Lu Xuanji had already disappeared.

"If Jiandao is at its peak, the island protection formation can easily kill the deity. It's just that Jiandao has been destroyed after all, and the remaining formations have experienced the passage of time, and how much power can they have!" The old man said indifferently. : "Struggle to the death, you won't last long!"

Follow the breath perception and continue to chase and kill.

On the way forward, the incomplete great formations are being driven, and they continue to strangle, wave after wave, and they can be broken open one after another.

Gradually, it went deep into the depths of Sword Island.

Lu Xuanji stood there, as if waiting quietly.

The old man sneered: "Junior, why don't you run away? Why don't you continue to struggle! You can continue to struggle!"

Lu Xuanji opened his mouth and said, "Don't chase after the poor thieves, the senior seems to have forgotten it! Well, let me remind you..."

Saying that, a Broken Sword appeared in his hand, and the Broken Sword had a pure Yang breath on it. This was the Pure Yang Broken Sword. It urged the Broken Sword to combine with the surrounding patterns, and immediately the void exploded, and a black hole appeared in the endless void. , the black hole is expanding, and it seems to lead to the unknown.

The breath of the black hole is constantly expanding, dark and deep, lightning and thunder, and the breath of the catastrophe is surging.

In the black hole, the hidden breath is changing, the alternative rules are rising and falling, and it seems to lead to another dimension.

Motivating the secret technique, the aura on the Pure Yang Broken Sword is exuding, it seems to be a target point connecting to a certain supreme place, and it seems to communicate with a certain supreme existence.

"not good!"

The old man frowned slightly, and anxiety flashed in his eyes.

Just because in that black hole, I felt the breath of the fairy world, it seems that this Taoist fortune-telling wants to use the pure Yang Broken Sword to communicate with a certain supreme existence in the fairy world.

The breath made him uneasy.

Immediately, the aura on the old man's body was rising, the tyrannical and domineering power was surging, the aura of destruction rose up, and he waved his hand to make a move, as if the world was turned upside down.

Still too late.

In the black hole, a terrifying breath appeared, which seemed to be restricted by certain rules, seemed to be hindered by the supreme, the deity could not come down, only a thought came down.

However, just a thought has great power.

In the void, his thoughts continued to condense and transform into a middle-aged man, wearing a blue robe, his face was elegant, and a white sun appeared behind him, standing with his hands behind him, just standing in the void, It is to form a terrifying coercion.

All spirits are surrendered, and endless laws are twisted and gathered around his body.

"What happened to Jiandao... Jiandao was actually broken, and you were reincarnated. It's just that the breath has changed greatly, abandoning the Chunyang Avenue, and embarking on a new path. This is a variable, the variable is very good, and everything is changing. Only change is eternal. As long as there is change, everything has life!"

The middle-aged man said, Shen Nian looked at Lu Xuanji, he could see through some things, but some things could not be seen through.

As for what he couldn't see through, he felt that the world was blocking it and heaven was blocking it.

Everything is as expected.

At that time, he flew to the Immortal Realm and left the Pure Yang Sword in the Lower Realm.

It's just that countless epochs have passed, and the once powerful Sword Island has gone to demise. Even the pure Yang sword he left behind has been broken, and only half is left.

Even the artifact spirit is reincarnated and reborn to start a new life.

The familiar artifact spirits in the past have also become a lot unfamiliar now.

Feeling this artifact spirit, if it weren't for the familiar aura in the soul, he would hardly dare to recognize it.

Some are unfamiliar, some do not know why.

However, because of this, it becomes more real.

"Meet the seniors..."

Lu Xuanji cupped his hands and said, "Senior, save me!"

At the moment of life and death, he thought of the supreme secret technique in the memory of the pure yang sword spirit, which could summon the thoughts of immortals, but it was just that the spirit was not working, and there was no certainty whether it would work or not. Fortunately, he successfully summoned the next immortal mind to come.

As for this immortal, I am still a little familiar, it is the pure Yang Daojun.

Daojun Chunyang used to be an ancient immortal in the Zifu world. Even after countless years, the Zifu world still left his name and forged the pure Yang sword. In the memory of the pure Yang sword spirit, there are many shadows and memories of the pure Yang Daojun.

The arrival of this fairy is a happy event.

But thinking of the ending of the Pure Yang Sword Artifact, and thinking of the immortal mind admitting the wrong person, I couldn't help but feel uneasy in my heart.

After all, the pure Yang sword was unable to give up, and was finally killed by him.

"Save you?"

Pure Yang Daojun's spiritual thoughts flashed, looked at the old man, and said: "Crossing the eighth floor of the robbery, in the fairy world, it is considered a small powerhouse, but this is not a reason to be fierce, junior, let's retire!"

With that said, Chunyang Daojun's powerful aura deterred, and the white sun behind him became brighter and brighter, and it seemed that the next moment was about to deliver a killing blow.

The old man sneered, stepped forward and said: "Daojun Chunyang, an ancient and powerful immortal, if your deity descends, the junior will be killed when he waved his hand; if the senior can descend into the next clone, you can also kill the junior easily. Unfortunately, under the cover of the laws of the immortal world, the senior can only have a trace of thought!"

"Senior, how much power do you still have?"

After speaking, he took another step forward, and said with contempt in his words: "Senior, relying on a little thought projection, it is impossible to scare the junior, but it is impossible. It is said that refining a little immortal's thought is very beneficial. The junior is not talented. , I want to kill the thoughts of the predecessors, and then swallow them up and turn them into their own heritage."

Saying that, the breath on the body is rising, and the light of destruction locks on the pure Yang Daojun, with a trace of greed in his eyes.

devour

How many hardships, how many twists and turns, how many lives and deaths. He was able to get to this point with great courage; he was too timid and afraid of things, and he could not become a calamity-transcending almighty. There is a trace of fear for this Pure Yang Daojun, but it is more of a fighting spirit and endless greed. Kill him and turn him into his own heritage.

Chunyang Daojun nodded and said: "Yes, yes. To be able to reach the eighth level of transcending robbery, whether it is luck, aptitude, understanding, and chance, etc., are all first-class. It's a pity that the pattern of your life, That's it, the eighth level of crossing the robbery is the peak of your life, and it is also the end of your life!"

"As for wanting to become the ninth level of transcending tribulation, there is almost no hope!"

"Many people refuse to accept fate and want to rely on their own hands to fight for the future, fight for a new self, and kill for a new future. It's a pity that in the end, they were determined to kill the thief, unable to return to the sky, my whole life. When I came, I saw a genius who drank too much, thinking that he was extraordinary, but in the end it was like that!"

"Junior shot! Under normal circumstances, you have no chance to become the ninth layer of transcending tribulation. But if you swallow it, there is a possibility of my thoughts."

"Senior, take the call!"

The old man looked contemptuous, but his heart was extremely solemn, and he was extremely cautious when he shot.

Buzz!

Motivating the secret technique, the qi and blood on the body is rising, the huge vitality and endless sources of life in the qi and blood are activated and instilled on the sword in his hand; the mana on his body is boiling, and the powerful mana is like a flood. , poured all into the sword in his hand.

The sword is blooming, and the power belonging to the fairy begins to activate.

The Scarlet Heaven Sword, one of the immortal weapons brought by the young master when he was in the lower realm.

In order to prevent accidents, the big brother asked him to take the fairy weapon to prevent accidents. At that time, he was still a little disapproving, killing chickens with a bull's knife, but at this moment, the immortal artifact was activated, the array pattern on the immortal artifact was activated, and when the aura of destruction rose, some were just lucky.

Qi and blood are burning, turning into huge energy, activating the Scarlet Firmament Sword;

The mana is burning, turning into a huge amount of energy and injecting it into the Scarlet Firmament Sword.

The power of the Scarlet Heaven Sword was abruptly activated by as many as three layers, the sword energy of destruction rose up, the sword energy shot up to the sky, and the scorching rays of light ripped apart everything and destroyed everything. The incomplete formations around were collapsed, the surrounding space was distorted, and time was thrown into chaos.

Destruction and rebirth are evolving, chaos and disorder are changing dramatically.

Holding the Scarlet Firmament Sword, the old man's cultivation base of crossing the eighth level of tribulation burst out.

No longer playful as before, but at the peak moment, all the mana and blood are infused into the fairy.

"Not enough, still not enough!"

The old man snorted coldly, feeling that it is still not enough, and it is burning in the lifespan, and the lifespan is being consumed violently.

One thousand years, two thousand years, five thousand years, ten thousand years... Lifespan is burning, burning for 30,000 years.

Tribulation cultivators have a long lifespan, with a lifespan of at least 100,000 years.

Such losses are enormous.

The power of the Scarlet Heaven Sword was activated, and the power increased from the third layer to the fifth layer. Prosperity is reduced to the ordinary and turned into a red sword.

Like a sword forged from iron.

The breath of the old man is also changing. It is no longer mighty and domineering, but simple and simple. The sword in his hand flashes, and he directly assassinates Daojun Xiang Chunyang.

"good!"

Chunyang Daojun smiled and seemed to appreciate the good work of the younger generation.

The left hand is behind the back, and the right hand slaps out.

The sword collided with the palm, the sword flew out backwards, and the old man also flew out backwards.

A trace of fear and unwillingness flashed in the eyes of the old man, as if he did not expect that the gap between them was so great.

"You're nice, but you're just nice!"

Chunyang Daojun said: "Turn palms into mountains, suppress!"

Saying that, com's right hand was changing, turning into a big mountain, directly suppressing it.

Boom boom boom!

In the violent roar, the old man was directly suppressed under the mountain.

The old man struggled and resisted, the mountain was shaking, but he couldn't break free.

Boom boom boom!

The mountain was changing. At the beginning, it was only ten meters in size, but it gradually became larger and larger, and finally turned into a mountain with a radius of hundreds of miles, suppressing the great power of the eighth-level transcendence.

The Scarlet Firmament Sword flashed, appeared on the mountain peak, and was directly sealed. The runes on it were flashing, engraved on the sword, and the fairy weapon was covered in dust.

Boom boom boom!

One after another, the struggle continued, the ground shook and the mountain shook, and the energy of destruction hit everything, but it was helpless, and it was difficult to shake the mountain peak.

Chapter 695

The majestic mountain is majestic, tall and steep, with inexplicable coercion.

The mountain suppresses everything.

Boom boom boom!

This great power of the eighth-layer robbery is fighting back, but the more the counterattack is, the weaker the counterattack, the weaker the counterattack, and in the end, he simply gave up the counterattack.

Looking at this scene, Lu Xuanji stepped forward and said, "Thank you, senior, for saving your life!"

"It's okay, it's just a small matter!"

Chunyang Daojun said, just talking about this, the body began to become illusory, the breath was becoming weak, and it seemed to dissipate at any time.

"Senior, you are..."

Lu Xuanji opened his mouth and asked, and he felt a little bit of unease in his heart that he had let go of.

"The deity has fallen!" Chunyang Daojun said: "In the fairyland, I encountered a great enemy, fell into a secret realm, and finally fell. There are only a few remnants of souls, which are still retained in some formations. The second encounter with the formation was accidentally summoned by you, and it came down!"

"This trace of divine sense can only last for a while, and it will completely dissipate..."

Having said that, the originally illusory figure has become even more illusory, and it seems that it will completely collapse in the next moment.

Lu Xuanji said, "Senior, you have saved my life. If it is within my power, I will definitely do it!"

Chunyang Daojun said: "The deity has fallen, if your cultivation base is strong to a certain moment in the future, you will definitely take action to resurrect me!"

Listening to this, Lu Xuanji couldn't help sighing: "Senior, you think too highly of me. I'm just a mere cultivator. Whether or not I can become an immortal in the future remains to be seen. As for Senior Resurrection, these are too far away from me!"

Chunyang Daojun said: "Give hope to others, but also to yourself. For mortals, the destruction of their bodies and the destruction of their souls means complete death; but for immortals, as long as there is a trace of remnants in the fairyland, they can use the help of Cause and effect in the dark, come back from resurrection!"

"You don't need to know these things for the time being. When you become an immortal, you will know a lot of things slowly!"

Lu Xuanji nodded, expressing his understanding.

Chunyang Daojun continued: "What do you think of my cultivation?"

Lu Xuanji said: "Senior's cultivation base is strong, even if there is only a trace of remnants left, his cultivation base is sky-high, and he can easily suppress a supreme powerhouse who has crossed the eighth level of calamity."

Daojun Chunyang shook his head and said, "I'm not as powerful as the legends say. After all, my deity has fallen, and there is only a trace of remnant left, like a rootless spring, a water without a source, a tree without a root, and I am very weak. If it is true Fighting together, the monk who crossed the eighth floor of the robbery can easily suppress me!"

"It's just that I used a trick to suppress him."

"The power of the immortal is not only in blood, cultivation, but also in the legal domain. Just now I used the legal domain to suppress him. If it is replaced by other people, it is hard to say... I can only suppress him. That's all, he can get out of trouble after at most three thousand years, or even less time."

"I can't hold on anymore, this trace of spiritual sense can be left to you..."

Speaking of this, the original illusory figure became more illusory. After a while, the pure Yang Daojun disappeared, leaving only a dusty thought, staying in the void.

The naked eye can't see that trace of thought, only the divine sense can scan one or two.

This is the spirit of a fairy.

If it is refined, it will have great benefits.

Lu Xuanji looked at this trace of spiritual thoughts, and a flash of excitement flashed, but the next moment, he was extremely cautious and urged the Heavenly Repairing Cauldron to include it in it.

Motivated the big cauldron to refine and obliterate the excess impurities.

It seems that it is not enough, and it is urging other magic weapons to start refining. The mana continues to be tempered, the fire is burned, and various methods are used to obliterate the impurities. The methods are extremely cumbersome. Just to be foolproof and prevent accidents from happening.

After it was finally confirmed that it was correct, I began to carefully examine this thought.

brush!

At this moment, this thought turned into a stream of light, entered the soul, and merged into the soul.

Immediately, the soul seemed to be baptized, and there was a sense of comfort throughout the body, the body had an indescribable beauty, the dust on the mind seemed to be cleaned, the mind became more sensitive, and the perception of the outside world became clearer. As if the sackcloth wiped the dust off the glass, the world became brighter.

The spiritual soul is being baptized. Lu Xuanji's spiritual soul has been continuously raised, transcending his own dimension, and looking down at the world from a high-latitude perspective, watching every grass and tree in the world, watching the world in all its states, watching All phenomena change, all living beings rise and fall.

Divine Soul looked at the world again, the original jerky laws, the profound meanings that were difficult to understand, various incomprehensible magical powers, as well as the bottlenecks in cultivation, and various problems, etc., were all solved, and everything became clearly visible. The level of comprehension is constantly rising to an unimaginable level.

The comprehension of the Profound Truth of Creation is improving, and the comprehension of the Profound Truth of the Heavenly Sword is improving.

Qi and blood are improving, and cultivation is improving. At the moment when they are about to enter the late stage of the union, they stop abruptly.

Lu Xuanji secretly thought that it was a pity.

Buzz!

At this moment, the trace of spiritual thoughts completely melted and turned into pictures, which carried the memories of Daojun Chunyang's childhood.

Pure Yang Daojun, at a young age, awakened to the root of fire spirit, and also has pure Yang Dao body, the two superimpose the cultivation speed very fast; in addition, his father is a power refiner, and the power of the family is The influence is huge and the strength is quite strong. As a result, he needs a background and background, a network of contacts, resources and resources, and qualifications and qualifications.

The three stages of Qi refining, foundation building, and Jindan were all smooth sailing. Until the Nascent Soul period, the family suffered a catastrophe, the family was shattered, and the father was killed by a powerful enemy.

Chunyang Daojun fled away and began to embark on the road of difficult escape.

Later, many powerful enemies chased and killed, the road was bumpy, and there were nine deaths.

But in the pursuit of powerful enemies, he not only did not die, but instead continued to grow stronger, defeating one strong enemy after another; he also encountered some strong enemies and was defeated. During the training, he became stronger and stronger, and finally he became a master of the Dao and began to take revenge.

Beheaded the enemies of the past, cut grass and roots, and slaughtered without mercy.

In the world of immortality, the name of [Asura Evil God] was left behind.

But it is precisely because the slaughter is too heavy, at the moment of impacting the realm of tribulation, the calamity is extraordinarily fierce.

Under the calamity of destruction, it is just a doom, and the pure Yang Daojun directly fell into the doom. Until later, the Taoist companions used some supreme secret techniques to summon the remnant souls scattered in the heaven and earth for him, forcibly pieced together the incomplete souls, and resurrected him.

But because of the forbidden secret technique, the Taoist companion also fell.

After returning from resurrection, his personality changed greatly. From the extreme, irritable, brutal, and domineering in the past, he began to cultivate himself and became tolerant, generous, and gentle.

Constantly walking around, dissolving the karma and karma on the body, successfully survived the doomsday again and again, and finally flew to the immortal world.

When it comes to aptitude, Chunyang Daojun can't be said to be the strongest, only above the middle, but he is a genius who surpasses many of his peers, and he has risen to the fairy world and opened up a supreme legend.

Refining this spiritual sense, Lu Xuanji seems to be watching a movie, watching the life of Chunyang Daojun, there is a lot of cultivation knowledge, some common sense things, and some understanding of the Dao, etc.;

Of course, some things have also been deleted.

For example, the process of being defeated by a powerful enemy and fleeing in a hurry is only a passing experience.

For example, some extreme events and some dark histories are also passed over.

Looking at these pictures, the memory is constantly flashing and changing, Lu Xuanji is constantly comprehending, and said in his heart: "So it is, so it is... I seem to have taken a detour... I did something wrong in these things... There are also some of these things, but there are some hidden dangers."

The realm of joining the Tao and the realm of transcending the calamity are the last two stages of the cultivation world.

Whether it is a cultivator of the Dao, or a cultivator of the tribulation, they are all standing at the peak of the pyramid.

Some of the handwritten notes, notes, diaries, and some common-sense things about the cultivators of the Dao and the tribulation cultivators were collected as the highest secrets, stored in the secret treasury, and not known to outsiders.

These are the ultimate foundations of becoming a sect.

With these foundations, cultivators can take less detours when they hit these two realms.

But those monks who were born in loose cultivators and born in small sects would take some detours because of their lack of background.

If there is no accident, Lu Xuanji is also a part of the cultivator with a lack of background, and he will take some detours and may fall into some big pits. But these thoughts of Daojun Chunyang have added these backgrounds to him, and he will take a lot less detours in the future.

In the end, the memory in the mind dissipated.

Lu Xuanji opened his eyes, and his eyes became brighter and brighter.

Looking at the mountain in front of him, he seemed to think of something, his footsteps flashed, and he reached the top of the mountain.

The mountain seems to be transformed from the palm of the hand, high in the west, low in the east, and the peaks are meandering and twisting, just like ordinary mountain peaks, but there are dao patterns on it that are flashing and changing, as if a streamer is flashing.

On the top of the mountain, there is the Scarlet Firmament Sword. The spirit of the Scarlet Heaven Sword fell into a deep sleep, and the Scarlet Heaven Sword merged into the mountain peak, turning it into a force of ban, suppressing the mountain peak.

Beneath the mountain peak, the almighty who crossed the eighth floor of the calamity no longer resisted, and seemed to accept his fate.

However, it is just accumulating strength, waiting for a certain opportunity, and then bursting out,

After looking at it for a while, Lu Xuanji flickered and left here.

At the moment of leaving Jiandao, Jiandao fragments moved rapidly in the turbulent void, changing their orientation all the time. Without special means, it was difficult to determine their specific orientation.

Back in the real world, Lu Xuanji felt the secrets of the heavens, the wind was light and cloudy outside, and he seemed to be back to normal again; he could see the changes of the secrets, but he felt that in the dark, the general trend was condensing, and the supreme luck was converging. The Immortal Chaos Dynasty became more and more condensed and became the absolute center.

It can be said that the trend is on me!

Thinking about what happened these days, I was vaguely unwilling.

The void is changing, and a weak air force locks and pulls.

Lu Xuanji's mana was running, and he was about to fight back, but he felt a familiar aura in Dao Mingming. it is good?"

"It's you, Daoist! You are still alive!"

Lu Xuanji had a spell that he had cast, but he stopped abruptly.

"Yeah, I'm still alive!"

Taoist Taishang opened his mouth and said: "When I left, I was chased and killed by a calamity-transcending power. I was killed on the spot, which was extremely miserable. Fortunately, I am proficient in a supreme secret technique. Lost a trace of remnant soul, and fled away!"

"Up to now, I have barely recovered a trace of cultivation, but I don't know how long it will take to restore the peak of Dao!"

Lu Xuanji sighed, "What a pity!"

When you reach the realm of combining Tao, there are many secret techniques for life-saving and escape.

Obviously, Daoist Taishang used some secret techniques to deceive the great calamity transcendence expert and let a trace of remnant soul escape. After escaping, the trace of the remnant soul entered the secret vault, and with the help of the resources in the secret vault to restore his cultivation, he had recovered some of his combat power and began to contact him.

It's just a big loss.

It's just a remnant of the soul, and I don't know how long it will take to restore the peak moment.

Moreover, after the loss of the main body, the powerful physique was lost in the dark, and the loss of one's own luck, and it would fall into a period of underestimation.

The road ahead will become more bumpy and difficult.

The Taoist Taishang said: "It's not bad to be lucky enough to save my life! Everything is just the beginning. I still lack some resources, and I need some help from fellow Taoists! I also need, acacia, pure sun grass, five elements fruit, nirvana fruit..."

He opened his mouth and said more than a dozen materials.

These materials are only suitable for use in Jindan period and Yuanying period.

Lu Xuanji nodded and said, "Okay, fellow Daoist later!"

After speaking, he quickly took out some elixir from the cave and handed it over directly.

"Thank you!"

The Taoist Taishang took over these resources with a rather complicated expression.

If it is at its peak, these resources are nothing, com can fall on the body, and most of the resources on the body are lost; and the many secret vaults, treasures, etc. he set up were also discovered by some people and disappeared. most of them. Up to now, it has only recovered to the peak of Jindan, but if you want to consolidate the foundation, you still lack some resources.

Only to befriend this one.

"Fellow Daoist, be careful, it will take at least a thousand years for me to recover to my peak. After a thousand years, things will be right and wrong, and I don't know what it will look like!" The Taoist Taishang sighed and turned into a cloud of smoke. dissipate away.

Chaos Dynasty, in the palace.

In a corner of the palace, Cangjiu entered the secret room, and saw a corpse in the secret room.

This corpse, after countless years, is still lifelike and clear, as if it had just passed away.

Above the corpse, there is an aura that is too high, which is the Taishang Tao body.

"The Supreme Taoist body is a top-level physique, and it is only inferior to the Chaos Immortal Body... It's a pity that it can only fulfill me now!" Cang Jiu looked at the corpse and thought of some things from the past.

Taoist Taishang was attacked by one of his pursuers, and was finally killed, and the body was completely preserved.

Over the years, I have been comprehending the Taishang Taoism, researching its mysteries, and gaining insight into its roots.

Cangjiu had a different understanding.

Incorporating [Tai Shang Profound Truth] into [Chaos Profound Truth], one's own cultivation base has a whole new level of improvement.

Now, he intends to devour the Supreme Dao Body, smelt it into the Chaos Immortal Body, and turn it into his own heritage.

Chapter 696

Buzz!

Running the chaotic fairy body, the power of the fairy body burst out, the endless chaotic energy permeated the body, and five black holes appeared above the head, in which the five congenital five Tais evolved and died, and the annihilated qi was evolving in the birth and death. Dharma evolves in it, Wuji plays Taiji, Taiji plays yin and yang, yin and yang plays three talents, three talents play four images, four images play five elements, five elements play six elements, six elements play eight trigrams, eight trigrams play nine palaces, and nine palaces play ten directions.

The immortal body of chaos is running, endless chaotic energy surrounds birth and death, and visions are derived one after another, the stars are shining, the gate of space, the black hole is rising and falling, the long river of time, the web of destiny, etc., are all flickering and changing, constantly changing. In the cycle of birth and death.

clap clap!

Cang Jiu pressed his hands on the corpse, and a huge black hole appeared in his palm.

The black hole was running, turning into a terrifying force of devouring, and it began to devour the corpse.

The source in the corpse is fading away, turning into a stream of source energy into the black hole, and after a large circle, it begins to merge into it, and is gradually refined.

With the refining of the snake, it gradually integrated into the chaotic fairy body.

The chaotic immortal body is running, the two colors of black and white are flashing, and the will inside is constantly being wiped out. The divine soul is transforming violently, the chaotic divine soul is changing, and there is a little more ethereal aura, and a little more stalwart aura.

The soul is changing, the aura of chaos and the aura of the Supreme Being are colliding, the profound meaning of chaos and the profound meaning of the Supreme Being are in violent conflict, and the two different attributes are at war, like fire and water.

The way of cultivating immortals is no longer a blog.

The more knowledgeable you are, the more profound meanings you will comprehend. Not only does it take a lot of time, which affects the improvement of your cultivation, but also there is a violent conflict between the profound meanings and the profound meanings.

Boom boom boom!

In the Sea of Consciousness, the Profound Truth of Chaos and the Profound Truth of Taishang are in conflict. The two auras are mixed in the soul, and the two attributes are colliding. In the violent collision, it seems that the soul of Cangjiu will be completely torn apart.

At this moment, he tasted the evil fruit of greed.

If you eat too much, you will be held up.

"Chaos Profound Truth, Suppression!"

Cangjiu snorted coldly, directly activating the supreme secret technique, the supernatural power is in operation, directly suppressing the supreme profound meaning, to swallow and refine the supreme profound meaning, and directly turn it into its own nourishment.

Buzz!

But at this moment, the Supreme Profound Truth is counterattacking, the powerful breath burst out, the impact comes, and it is constantly annihilated, destroying everything.

Under the operation of Chaos Profound Truth, it seems that the grinding wheel is running, constantly melting, but it is like encountering a stone, and it is difficult to make great progress. The Tao of Chaos is not inferior to the Tao of Chaos. It is very difficult to make the Tao of Chaos surpass the Tao of Chaos, at least he can't do it now.

The Supreme Profound Truth is running, constantly eroding, like a raging fire; the Primal Chaos Profound Truth is running continuously, like a river.

The two profound meanings are colliding, colliding violently, taking his body as the battlefield, and a fierce battle is taking place.

Under the violent conflict, the body was constantly being torn apart, drop by drop of donated blood fell, and the soul was also torn apart many times. But Cangjiu is the fifth layer of transcending tribulation, with a strong cultivation base, and it is supported by a strong cultivation base.

It's just that the state is extremely bad, and it seems that the body will be torn apart at any time.

"I'm careless, I shouldn't devour this corpse..."

Cang Jiu's expression was bitter, but a hint of determination flashed in his eyes. There is no medicine for regret in life, so go ahead firmly.

Even if there is an endless abyss ahead, you must walk out of a sunny avenue.

"The profound meaning of chaos, the evolution of all things... Pure Yang Dao Body, Pure Yin Holy Body, Myriad Fire Dao Body, Frost Dao Body, Barbarian Overlord Body, Desolate Ancient Holy Body, Supreme Sword Body, Infinite Dao Body..."

Cang Jiu took a deep breath, and a trace of madness flashed in his eyes.

The chaotic immortal body is changing drastically, the breath is constantly running and dying, and it has reached the extreme moment. body.

The fire is flashing again, the ice is surging, the savage energy is surging, the sacred breath is running, the sword qi is rising, and the infinite breath is rising...

Different Dao rhymes are rising and evolving into different physiques.

Chaos can derive all things, and Chaos Immortal Physique can also derive various physiques. You may not understand the essence of this physique, but it can be transformed with the help of the particularity of Chaos Immortal Physique.

Buzz!

It was only at the moment of extreme transformation that Cangjiu began to try to evolve the Taishang Immortal Body.

The source of chaos is disappearing little by little, and it gradually evolves into the source of the supreme.

It's only halfway through the transformation, it seems that there is something missing, and it is difficult to continue the transformation, just maintaining the [Incomplete Taishang Immortal Body].

Cangjiu looked unwilling and continued to forcibly evolve, but this was a violent backlash, the incomplete immortal body exploded, and half of the body was turned into an endless blood mist. Destroyed away. But at this moment, the immortal artifact above the head appeared, and the aura of life was instilled into the body, and the injury was recovering little by little.

"Forget it, I still failed, I still overestimated myself..."

An unwilling look flashed in Cang Jiu's eyes: "For today's plan, the only thing I can do is to activate that secret technique, yin and yang disillusionment and kill me!"

The breath on his body was rising, and a fairy sword appeared in his hand, which was directly beheaded towards the neck, and his head fell to the ground with a snort.

"I Have a Scroll of Ghosts and Gods"

Immediately, the head fell to the ground, and the broken neck position regrew the head, the chaotic aura was flashing, it was a pure chaotic fairy body, and the cultivation base fell to the fourth level of transcendence;

As for the head that fell to the ground, it turned directly into a human form and turned into another cangjiu. The breath of the Supreme Being was changing. This was the pure Immortal Body of the Supreme Being, and its cultivation was only in the early stage of He Dao.

A main body, cultivating the profound meaning of chaos; a secondary body, cultivating the profound meaning of the supreme.

Two Cangjiu, you look at me, I look at you, with big eyes and small eyes.

His expression was a little weird, as if his left hand was looking at his right hand, as if he was looking at himself in the mirror.

"The Tao is friendly!"

"The Tao is friendly!"

"You are me, I am you!"

"After all, this is the way to go!"

The two Cangjiu looked at themselves and felt cordial, but they also felt a trace of disharmony.

"When Taoism is not completed, we should separate!"

"As it should be!"

Purple Mansion World.

In a certain mountain village, there are pear trees planted in the fields in front of the mountain village, and they are scattered; there is a river at the entrance of the village, left from the mountains in the distance, meandering and rushing towards the distance, mighty and continuous. Absolutely; there is a dirt road at the entrance of the village, full of potholes.

Near the village, the cultivated fields are connected together, and the terraced fields are layer after layer.

At the entrance of the village, some old people sat upright, talking and talking about something.

In the village, there is a large courtyard planted with a huge pine tree, and a lounge chair is placed under the tree.

On the reclining chair, lay a young man, basking in the sun leisurely, humming at the end, as if he was daydreaming.

At this moment, the void tore apart, a welcome appeared, and a storage bag was dropped.

The teenager grabbed the storage bag subconsciously, opened the storage bag, and there were some spirit medicines, some top-quality spirit stones, or other things in it. The things are not too many, but they are quite precious in quantity. It is good for the improvement of the monks' cultivation.

"Fellow Daoist creation, it's still a face! Not bad! With these resources, I can quickly impact the Nascent Soul and recover my strength faster!"

The young man opened his mouth and said with joy, but there was no joy in his expression, instead there was a sullen melancholy.

In that battle, only a trace of spirit escaped.

After the soul escaped, he entered a secret realm and repaired his body.

It's just that the reserved resources in the secret realm are limited. After these years of hard work, they have only recovered to the peak of Jindan. I don't know how much time it will take to restore the peak moment.

"As long as I recover to the Nascent Soul realm, I can use my soul to feed back my body and turn this body into an immortal body. At that time, my cultivation speed will be greatly improved!" The young man thought, got up and left, entering the cave. penance.

Resources are being consumed, and with the rising of breath, the young man has entered the realm of Nascent Soul.

At the moment of entering the Nascent Soul, the aura of the physical body is changing, becoming stalwart and ethereal, and evolving into the immortal body of the Supreme Being.

Too late to rejoice, the young man suddenly became uneasy.

Uneasy, and there is a bad premonition.

"What the **** is going on? Why?"

The young man felt uneasy in his heart, and was about to pinch his fingers to calculate, but at this moment he opened his mouth and spat out a mouthful of blood, and his spirit became sluggish.

The air luck on the top of the head is changing, showing the state of dragon and tiger, the weather is changing and dying, and the huge force of air luck is running and dying. , but in the blink of an eye, as many as nine layers disappeared, and only less than one layer of luck remained above the head.

"No, someone condensed the immortal body of the Supreme Being, and forcibly took away the luck of the nine layers of my body, and the luck is no longer me..." There was a trace of fear in the boy's eyes, and there was a trace of unease, and he calculated with his fingers. A little bit of secret was captured, don't take information one after another.

"Damn, an accident happened. Cangjiu actually devoured my corpse, condensed the immortal body of the Supreme Being, and took away my luck!"

Those special physiques are not only powerful because of their fast training speed, strong combat power, but also some special magical powers, but also because they carry this part of the world's great fortune.

Each special physique carries supreme luck and can be called the darling of heaven and earth. On the way of cultivation, there will be all kinds of adventures, and dangers will turn evil into good fortune. In the absence of special circumstances, when it is not strong enough to a certain point, it is difficult for the special constitution to die prematurely.

With the help of the supreme secret technique, Cangjiu captured the immortal body of the supreme being, not only having a strong physique, but also condensing the supreme fortune.

"One mountain can't hold two tigers. In the same world, in the same era, one kind of constitution can only appear in one person. If it appears in two people at the same time, the conflict of each other's luck will result in a conflict of luck. Under the battle of luck, one person will definitely fall down and become another person's stepping stone!"

Killing intent flashed in the young man's eyes: "I am the Supreme Immortal Body, and he is also the Supreme Immortal Body. We will inevitably have a war. With you without me, with me without you. It's just the Chaos Immortal Body and the Supreme Immortal Body, like water and fire, It must not be able to merge. How did he resolve the conflict? Could it be that the two physiques are perfectly integrated into the [Immortal Chaos Immortal Body]..."

"No, he couldn't suppress the conflict between the two physiques and blended them together perfectly. Instead, he split into two and turned into two physiques, one for the main body and the other for the secondary body. Haha, it's going to be a little fun... so The secret technique, how can there be no hidden dangers!"

"The Daoist Chaos has become stronger and stronger. It is impossible to fight against him by relying on me alone. Only by combining good fortune can there be a chance of winning... However, I must also improve my strength and restore my strength. Only with the strength of Chaos can you be qualified to be an ally of the Daoist Chaos!"

The young man pondered, a look of determination flashed in his eyes.

If it is simply to breathe out the spiritual energy, it will take at least three thousand years to restore the peak moment, and the day lily will be cold by then.

For today's plan, only by entering that secret realm and finding enough resources can you quickly restore your cultivation and take revenge.

There was not much time left for him.

In the blink of an eye, Lu Xuanji disappeared.

The air in his body was hidden, as if he had disappeared into the sky.

The air machine is hidden and becomes invisible.

At this moment, a token on his body was flashing, as if reminding something.

Lu Xuanji opened the token, accepted the information on it, and frowned slightly.

There was a hint of hesitation in my heart.

After hesitating for a moment, he motivated his spiritual sense to evolve a clone, and the clone disappeared in a flash.

The void is changing, and the clone is advancing rapidly. When it reaches the position of the void passage, it directly crosses the barrier and enters the Feather World.

After arriving at Feiyu World, he kept moving forward and came to Turin City.

The city of the Feather Demon Race is still huge and majestic. The city is prosperous, and there are many people entering and leaving, and it seems that it has not been affected by the war at all. But when Lu Xuanji looked here, he felt that the formation in the city was in motion, like an awakened giant, ready to deliver a killing blow at any time.

The outside is loose and the inside is tight, and the guard is heavily guarded.

Perceiving everything here, Lu Xuanji followed the crowd into the city.

Stop and go, and finally arrived near the palace.

Instead of going through the front door, he went to a small door in the back, where only two guards looked after him.

Lu Xuanji took out the token and handed it over.

The guard looked at the token and nodded to pass.

Lu Xuanji put away the token, entered the palace, kept advancing, and arrived at a palace.

"Meet Your Majesty!"

Lu Xuanji handed over and stepped forward.

"My father-in-law!" Turin the Great said.

"father in law!"

Lu Xuanji said sincerely.

Emperor Turin nodded with satisfaction: "How are you doing recently?"

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In the palace, Turin the Great asked gently, and his attitude was somewhat close.

But Lu Xuanji was vigilant in his heart and echoed, "Everything is fine!"

Turin the Great said: "Very good, I don't think so. Let's not talk about other things, just talk about some recent things. Not long ago, there was a war between Feiyu World and Zifu World, and the two sides fought hard. As for the right or wrong of the war, let's not talk about it for the time being."

"At that time, you went to participate in the war and killed many powerful enemies for the Zifu world, which is considered a hero. But how did the Chaos Dynasty treat you as a hero, and directly sent a calamity-transcending power to come to chase and kill. If it wasn't for your luck, you might have already perished if you entered a secret realm once! As a bystander, I feel that everything you do is not worth it."

"They are so ruthless, why should you be persistent!"

Lu Xuanji sighed, looking back on the past, and said, "What if it's not worth it? They can be ruthless, but I can't be unrighteous. You can call me pedantic. But this is my bottom line. How can a person be without bottom line."

Turin the Great said: "Then do you have a plan for the future? Up to now, the situation is extremely unfavorable for you. Now in the Zifu world, Cangjiu, relying on his background and strong qualifications, has integrated the ten sects and countless cultivators. The tribulation cultivators surrendered one after another and gradually chaotic dynasties!"

"The Chaos Dynasty is a dynasty of qi fortune. It can use the qi of all living beings to turn it into its own resources to improve its own cultivation speed; it can also condense the qi of all people and turn it into a golden dragon of qi to fight against powerful enemies. It can be said that the general trend has been achieved, and the time and place are right and everyone is on his side."

"Up to now, I don't see any possibility for you to make a comeback. You are being suppressed by him now, whether it is luck, background, cultivation, etc., you are not as good as him, how do you go shopping with him... Now the situation is right You are extremely disadvantaged. Now join our Feather World, this is the best choice!"

Lu Xuanji said with a smile, "I'm sorry, I don't want to join Feiyu World!"

Turin the Great said: "Son, don't be stubborn. Joining Feiyu World is your only choice and the best way out. Feiyu World's energy level is half a level higher than Zifu World, whether it is a tribulation cultivator. The number, or the number of cultivators, is beyond the Zifu world by a large margin."

"Now, the world of Zifu can barely compete with the world of Feiyu, just because the world barrier still exists, many top powerhouses are suppressed by the world and cannot come. But after a period of time, when the world barrier completely disappears, the two worlds are connected together. , at that time, what will the Zifu World rely on to resist?"

Lu Xuanji said: "Father-in-law, I'm sorry, I can't agree. Don't talk about this matter. I've been a person and things all my life.

The words are still calm, but the tone is determined.

Such a resolute, there will be no possibility of retreat due to the deterioration of the external environment, the crisis of the situation, or even the coercion of a powerful enemy.

Seeing this scene, Emperor Turin sighed in his heart. While he was pity, he was quite relieved, and said: "Okay, let's not talk about this matter for the time being. I need your help to untie my body. Slave mark!"

"Slave mark!"

Hearing these two words, Lu Xuanji wondered in his heart: "Father-in-law, what do you mean! You are a high-ranking powerhouse, the supreme power of transcending the ninth level of tribulation, who would dare to give you a slave mark!"

Emperor Turin listened and couldn't help laughing at himself: "People are in the rivers and lakes, and they can't help themselves. In many moments, it seems that the scenery is infinite, but it is actually just a pitiful worm.

The deity seems to be the Great Emperor of the Feather Demon Clan, with prominent power, powerful cultivation, and a great power in the Eight Wildernesses. But in fact, I am not as beautiful as the outside world imagines. "

"When I was young, I awakened Wang Xue and embarked on the road of cultivation. At the beginning, my aptitude was not good, and my aptitude was only moderately low. Become a Nascent Soul at the age of a hundred, and finally, at the moment of longevity, worthy of becoming a calamity-transcending power!"

"After arriving at the calamity, I began to accumulate a lot of money, surpassed the arrogance of the heavens, constantly broke my own shackles, and finally became the supreme powerhouse of the ninth level of the tribulation. There are many strong people in the Feiyu world, and there are many monks who can cross the calamity nine. There are only less than thirty of the powerhouses!"

"I thought I had a strong cultivation base and could live with dignity, but not long after, the undead devil came and engraved a slave imprint in my soul. From then on, I became the servant of the undead devil, and I couldn't help myself. , but is controlled by the undead devil!"

"If I die, the undead devil will not be damaged in the slightest; but if the undead devil dies, I will definitely die. As long as I use the secret technique, I will have a headache, and my body is like an ant biting. , the pain marks of the body continue to enlarge and fall into extreme pain. At that time, you will find that death is a luxurious and happy thing!"

"Under some special circumstances, the undead devil can temporarily control my body with the help of some secret techniques, and directly grasp it into a temporary clone!"

Saying this, he subconsciously clenched his fists, feeling an unprecedented shame in his heart.

Lu Xuanji asked, "Are there many monks like senior who can leave a slave mark?"

Turin the Great said: "The undead Demon Lord controls the undead. In addition to the undead, there are eight holy clans, seventy-two high-ranking races, and some other minor races. As long as the shackles are broken, it will become the ninth level of transcending tribulation. The cultivator will be approached by the undead devil, leave a slave mark, and automatically become a slave!"

"There are at least thirty servants like me!"

Lu Xuanji's heart skipped a beat, the situation was not good.

This means that even though the Undying Demon Sovereign is sealed, he can still easily mobilize more than 30 elders of the ninth level of tribulation. Once these monks take action, they can cause huge destructive power.

Lu Xuanji said, "Didn't you think about breaking the seal?"

Turin the Great said: "Yes, there are monks in action all the time, using various methods to crack the slave seal, but most of them fail. Many monks can only accept their fate, some simply break the jar, and some monks are not reconciled. , continue to find a way to break it. I am an unwilling cultivator, looking for various ways to break the seal!"

"The moment you came here, I discovered your true identity. But the moment I saw you for the first time, my intuition told me that you could crack the slave mark on me."

Lu Xuanji said, "Is your intuition reliable?"

Turin the Great said: "The more powerful the cultivator is, the more he believes in his intuition. Now that the undead devil is sealed and suppressed by the origin of the Zifu world, the power of the slave seal has dropped to the lowest level. As for you, it has been It is in the middle stage of He Dao, the cultivation base is not too low, it should be able to crack the slave mark!"

"My son-in-law, as long as you break the slave mark in my soul, I will stand by your side and stand for you."

Lu Xuanji listened to Wei Wei's heart. This is a great promise to cross the ninth level of calamity, and it is worth taking the risk: "I'm just experimenting, what can't be guaranteed?"

Turin the Great said, "It's up to you!"

With that said, the Great Emperor Turin stood up and activated the secret technique. Immediately, the formations around the palace began to operate, and the Dao patterns were activated one by one. They were densely packed and surrounded, forming a powerful guardian, enough to withstand the calamity-transcending enemy. invasion. Then he stayed in place in the short-circuit, and his spirit came out of his body and appeared directly in front of his eyes.

The Divine Soul villain, the size of a fist, was displayed directly in front of him.

The soul is the most vulnerable part of a monk.

Once the soul is attacked by spells, the source will be severely damaged, or it will be destroyed on the spot.

No one would dare to expose their soul to the outside world, which is equivalent to exposing the most vulnerable part of themselves.

This is not much different from animals, which directly expose their belly.

Looking at the Divine Soul villain, Lu Xuanji's eyes flickered, but he didn't see the slightest abnormality.

Motivating the thirty-three-day treasure, the power of fortune blessed his eyes, but at this time, he saw that there was a gray mark on the soul of the soul, which seemed to be integrated with the soul, regardless of each other. A gray mark, like a tumor, appeared in the soul.

With the help of the grey mark, you can always control someone's life and death.

In times of crisis, the grey mark can even be activated to devour someone's soul.

Looking at this mark, Lu Xuanji felt numb in his heart, but he still asked: "This slave mark is a little scary! Why does the undead devil only control more than 30 of you, instead of all the tribulation monks!"

Turin the Great sneered and said: "How powerful is the transcended robbery, the general slave seal can be easily broken free, only the special slave seal can control people. Every time you control a tribulation cultivator, it is the soul of the undead devil. Cause a certain degree of pressure. The monk who controls the ninth floor of the tribulation is already his limit!"

"If you don't have enough people's hearts and want to control other tribulation monks, the pressure of the soul formed by the slave mark is enough to make him overwhelmed. Son-in-law, you have a way to crack it!"

Lu Xuanji smiled and said: "Father-in-law, you are very lucky. The chaotic fairy body can evolve all things; the supreme fairy body is good for controlling the authority of heaven. As for my creation, it is good at creation and destruction. Move the profound meaning of good fortune and destroy anything that is visible or invisible!"

"Even the slave seal, the existence between reality and nothingness, is the object I can destroy!"

"Father-in-law, you can just take a look!"

"only..."

Having said that, Lu Xuanji's words deliberately stopped.

Knowing that someone was deliberately losing his appetite, Emperor Turin still said: "What is this?"

Lu Xuanji said: "It's just that I still need to spend a little time, and it may take a long time to break the slave seal. And me, I lack some resources, and I'm short of money recently!"

Turin the Great smiled and said: "My Feather Demon Clan has accumulated a lot of wealth and treasures over the decades, and the poor have only money left. Don't worry about living here, there are enough cultivation resources here, but Provide you with cultivation, you can cultivate here with peace of mind!"

"Don't worry, take your time!"

Lu Xuanji said, "Thank you, father-in-law, I need Boundless Wood, Xuanji Corpse, Forge Fossils, Tianji Stone, Tiandi Xuantie, Taichu Mother Mine, and Nine Great Immortal Gold..."

He said a lot of resources, these are mainly special materials and immortal gold, which can be used to forge the 33-day treasure.

Recently, the cultivation base has improved a bit quickly, and it needs to be stable and not in a hurry to improve the cultivation base. Just to ask the father-in-law for these materials to improve the grade of the magic weapon, the son-in-law asks the father-in-law for money, which seems to be a matter of course and seems reasonable.

"Okay, you'll be later!"

Turin the Great smiled and took out the token to pass the message.

Soon, a lot of materials and immortal gold came one after another, the speed was extremely fast, the preparation was complete, there was no bargaining, and things were done neatly.

Turin the great do things is refreshing.

I'm not afraid of someone's lion's mouth at all, but I'm afraid that someone's lion's mouth is not big.

Greed is nothing.

As long as someone is greedy, they can find a way to deal with it, which is a good solution.

"Cough, cough, cough!"

Seeing that his father-in-law was so cheerful, Lu Xuanji felt embarrassed.

But the Great Emperor Turin asked thoughtfully: "It seems that you want to forge a magic weapon and improve the level of a magic weapon. Your cultivation base is too weak, the forging speed is slow, and the level is not high. You need me to help. You forge magic weapons and improve the grade of magic weapons?"

Lu Xuanji said, "No need, I can do it!"

Just kidding, but don't take it seriously.

The Thirty-Three Days of Treasures is his natal magic weapon. From the selection of materials, as well as the forging of Dao Patterns, he is all hands-on. There is no hint of a fake hand from outsiders. When Wanyi is forged by outsiders, there are hidden dangers in it. At critical moments, problems may arise.

Such risks cannot be taken, and stability is the main thing.

Collect these materials and put them into the cave.

Lu Xuanji said, "Father-in-law, I can treat you now!"

Turin the Great said: "Please!"

It is a bit risky for this son-in-law to expel the slave mark, but he can only do this now, and can only choose to trust his own intuition.

"Thirty-three treasures, refining!"

Lu Xuanji took out the thirty-three-day treasure, the magic weapon was flashing and changing, exuding a bright light, and then wrapped the godsoul villain, the fire of creation was burning, the power of fortune entered the soul like thin threads, and began to drive out slaves print.

Ahh!

The Divine Soul villain just screamed twice and forcibly endured it.

The mana of good fortune is running, and it begins to wrap the gray mark, and it begins to expel it little by little, like scraping bones to cure poison.

The severe pain came, and Emperor Turin felt the severe pain, but he still used the secret technique to forcibly endure it, and then found that the gray mark in the soul was being expelled little by little, and the gray mark was much less.

The slave mark is being expelled little by little, the mark is decreasing

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The thirty-three-day treasure is flashing, and the fire of creation is burning.

The grey mark disappeared little by little.

After three days, the gray mark completely disappeared.

The divine soul turned into a stream of light and entered the flesh. Emperor Turin opened his eyes with a tired look on his face, but there was a flash of joy and a touch of excitement in his eyes.

"Thank you so much!"

Turin the Great said, "I just got rid of the slave mark, my soul has also been severely damaged, and I still need to cultivate. I need to enter the retreat to cultivate my injuries, and I can't talk to you more. This token is left to you, as long as it's not something that is too much, no one will make it difficult for you!"

"With this token, it is immediately safe and worry-free!"

As he said that, he handed over a golden token with the imprint of the six-winged demon on it, and a trace of immortality flashed out from the token, suppressing the void.

After explaining some things, Turin the Great disappeared.

"interesting!"

Lu Xuanji got the token and felt a heavy trust in the token.

The Great Emperor Turin, who can reach the present step by step, become the power of the ninth level of transcending tribulation, and become the master of the Feather Demon Clan, is first-class and powerful in terms of IQ and means. This token is used to win over him, and the price to pay is not too big.

Lu Xuanji said, "What a pity!"

The figure flashed and left the palace.

Quietly, he entered a manor.

The manor is located in the northwest of the city. The terrain here is extremely remote, and there are no luxurious furnishings. Some are just a few simple trees and some courtyards. Around the manor, lines of formations undulate up and down, as if water waves are flowing and changing around.

When he arrived at the villa, Lu Xuanji exuded a breath of air.

The formation of the manor seemed to sense something.

Automatically make way for a gap.

In the gap, a woman appeared. She was wearing a white dress with tiny flowers embroidered on it. The long dress was wrapped around her exquisite and graceful body, with a high chest and a waist. Still slender, buttocks full.

Standing there, slender, with indescribably graceful and graceful curves.

The face is like autumn water, the eyes are charming, and there is endless amorous feelings in the circulation. The face is as delicate as baby skin, without any rouge gouache embellishment, but it is more beautiful and moving than any rouge gouache embellishment.

The eyebrows are like distant mountains, the phoenix eyes are shining, the slender Qiong nose, the cherry-like mouth is red, the slender snow neck is like a swan, the jade legs are extraordinarily slender and straight, and the whole body exudes extravagance, holy, elegant, intellectual .

Behind her, there are a pair of golden wings, and the long golden hair is scattered on her shoulders, which looks unique.

Shi Xue looked at the man in front of him, a flash of excitement flashed, and eagerly stepped forward and hugged him directly.

Shi Xue closed her eyes and said, "Husband, I miss you!"

Lu Xuanji said, "I miss you too, I miss you very much!"

Shi Xue said: "Husband, where have you been recently, why can't I find you, I used the token to send you messages many times, but why didn't you respond!"...

Lu Xuanji sighed. He didn't want to lie, but facing his woman, he had to lie, and said, "Xue'er, there are some things I don't want to tell you, but I have to. Not long ago, I entered a In the secret realm, he successfully entered the realm of Dao, but he also offended some people accordingly!"

"Not long ago, when I was out of the customs, the Great Turin summoned me and asked me to remove the slave mark for him!"

Talking and talking, focusing on some things, but for some things, it is a subconscious choice.

Shi Xue listened, her mind fluctuating. A flash of despair flashed in his eyes: "So it is, the so-called eight saints are the eight slaves. Our eight saints seem to have a high status, but they are pitiful and ridiculous in nature. In front of the undead, there is no dignity. Word!"

Lu Xuanji said: "I have already untied the slave seal for my father-in-law, and my father-in-law is recovering from an injury. After a period of time, he will return to his peak..."

Shi Xue said worriedly: "Husband, if you break the slave seal, the undead devil will know, what do you think the undead devil will choose?"

Lu Xuanji froze for a moment, his uneasiness increased, and said, "Unlocking the slave seal means losing its bondage. It means that the Feather Demon Race is no longer under the control of the undead demon. If you go down, you will definitely kill the Feather Demons to be discouraged and deter some existences!"

Shi Xue said, "Then what do you think will happen to the Emperor Father?"

Lu Xuanji said, "Father, I will choose..."

The more he analyzed it, the more uneasy he felt, and the more fear he felt in his heart.

Shi Xue sighed and said, "Husband, we are not safe here. The Feather Demons are not safe, and Turin City is not safe... Let's leave quickly!"

As if thinking of something, Shi Xue's footsteps flickered and he began to run.

Lu Xuanji followed closely behind and started running.

The golden light was flickering, Shi Xue was already at the cultivation base, the cultivation base was strong, and the flight speed was extremely fast.

After flying continuously, flying for three consecutive days, the Buddha finally arrived at the periphery of the Feather Demon Clan's territory.

Lu Xuanji comforted: "Xiaoxue, the situation won't get worse like that..."

Shi Xue said, "Look, they're already here!"

Lu Xuanji looked up and saw that the sky became black and pressed, and one black cloud appeared one after another, continuously swept in, squeezed above the void, and shrouded the sky above the Yu Demon Clan's territory.

In the dark cloud, there appeared one after another terrifying Qi machine.

That is the aura of transcending tribulation. There are about hundreds of calamity-transcending powers descending here. Among them, there are three auras that are the most terrifying, and they are the ninth-layer cultivation of transcending calamity.

In the void, endless flames were burning, and the battleships were one after another, continuous and mighty. On the battleship stood a group of demon monks, with the breath of flames on their bodies, it was the flame demon monks. They have a domineering aura, with an aura of destruction, descending on the East.

Endless ice is surging, and these ices are surging, which can freeze the void. A group of demon monks wearing ice armor appeared in the west, and it was the ice demon monks.

In the southern position, a group of tall monks appeared. They were generally 1.8 meters tall. The men were heroic and domineering. Demon monk;...

In the northwest position, a group of demon monks appeared. Their bodies were like white jade, crystal clear and bright, and their breath was like beautiful jade. They were the jade demon monks.

The Gorefiends, Spirit Demons, Three-Eyed Demons, etc., one after another, powerful races appeared one after another, descended here, and began to besiege the Feather Demons.

Ha ha ha ha!

In the void, the energy of destruction bursts out, the flames are burning, the ice is freezing, the thunder and lightning are attacking, the wind is attacking, the power of the stars is hitting, the wave of destruction is sweeping, the blood-colored energy is sweeping, and the magic weapon is in the sky. attacking the enemy.

The battle broke out!

The undead, leading the seven holy clans, and many high-ranking races began to attack the Feather Demons.

The fight started soon.

The battle had just begun, and the Feather Demons were retreating steadily, countless monks were killed, countless territories were occupied, and they soon fell into desperation.

The strength of a family against the siege of countless large clans, how can there be a chance to win.

In the cave, Emperor Turin opened his eyes, and there was a hint of despair and helplessness in his eyes.

"Alas, the worst result has come. The situation is more desperate than I expected. When I unlocked the slave seal, I was perceived by the undead demon. The undead demon began to get angry and began to suppress the rebellion. He doesn't allow me to lose control, and he doesn't allow my Feather Demons to lose control!"

"After all, it came to the army and began to annihilate the traitors, and began to suppress and destroy the Feather Demon Race!"

Turin the Great sighed: "It seems that I can continue to be a slave and be able to live. Of course, this way of living is extremely aggrieved, but at least it is alive, it is better to live than to die... But I am not reconciled..."

Boom boom boom!

At this moment, a domineering and tyrannical breath erupted, the profound meaning of ice was sweeping, and the profound meaning of flame was erupting.

The two wings on his back changed, one wing turned red, and the flame mystery condensed, like a burning flame; the other wing turned blue, and the ice mystery was condensed, like endless ice.

Water and fire wings appeared behind him, showing a domineering and destructive aura.

The Great Emperor Turin appeared in the void, running mana and instilling it into the great formation. In the humming sound, the countless textures in the city were being activated, countless runes were flashing, and the air of destruction erupted. Out, the bright light is flashing, as if the dazzling stars are flashing.

The domineering aura began to sweep in, as if a supreme emperor had descended.

The formation of Turin City was activated, and the formation of the Feather Demon Clan's territory was activated, as if a supreme beast began to wake up. With the help of the power of the formation, it can forcibly resist the siege of dozens of tribulation-transcending powers. This is not only the background of the Feather Demon Clan, but also one of the backgrounds of the eight saints.

The defeated Feather Demon monks retreated one after another and began to evacuate to Turin City.

However, only a few elites were evacuated into the city.

About 98% or more of the clansmen did not have time to evacuate. They were besieged by many powerful clans and died in the calamity.

From the beginning of the battle, it is to show its ***** side.

Boom boom boom!

Accompanied by the violent sound, the sound waves of destruction sounded, and the besieging enemy descended near the city of Turin. ...

The black clouds are flashing, directly wrapping the city, with three layers inside and three layers outside, the siege is dead, and there is no chance of escape.

About a dozen tribulation masters showed their true bodies, and some tribulation masters were hiding in accordance with the law, or intercepted at some important positions, quickly rectifying their troops and horses, and engaged in the final battle. The battle is now, and the outcome has been determined.

Just how much to pay.

Boom boom boom!

Eighteen tribulation masters took action, and together they launched a devastating attack, and the violent energy swept in.

The great formation of the city was shaking violently, countless water-like formations were running, and the streamers were fluctuating and changing, which abruptly weakened the strength of the attack, and the violent strength was weakened by an unknown amount.

The eighteen Great Tribulation Transcended Masters glanced at each other, as if they were discussing something and determined the final plan.

The last mighty one took out a sword.

The sword is black, the whole is swarthy, there is no pattern on it, there is no gorgeous pretence, even the sword is not opened, it looks clumsy.

But this black sword is a fairy weapon.

"Go ahead!"

The eighteen tribulation greats glanced at each other, urging the mana, which ran like flowing water and poured into the black swords one after another; the black swords were running, and the ancient breath began to recover little by little, and at the same time absorbed the mana of everyone, transforming them into The energy for terror is constantly accumulating.

At the moment when the accumulation reached the extreme, the black sword burst out, turned into a streamer, and bombarded the city formation.

The city formation of Turin City is shaking, as if the water waves are rippling, as if the sponge is surging, as if the endless black hole swallows everything. Most of the energy was removed, and part of it was absorbed by the city formation, but there was still residual energy bombarding it.

The city was damaged, countless patterns were broken, the eyes were broken, and the flags were broken.

Shaking, the light of the city's grand formation dimmed a lot.

"Go ahead!"

Turin the Great shouted.

Immediately in the void, hundreds of formation wizards appeared, and they all dispatched, went to different corners, took out some materials, and began to depict and repair the broken formation pattern.

At the same time, Turin the Great started to activate the backup formation, and countless formations were activated, countless rays of light were flashing, and the golden rays of light were flashing and changing, and they continued to operate.

The defense formation, which was originally dimly lit, continued to emit bright rays of light, and a domineering atmosphere swept in.

The Feather Demon cultivator cheered, screaming loudly, as if to celebrate something.

It seems to be comforting himself, the Feather Demons can hold on.

The Great Master of Tribulation outside watched this scene, his expression remained unchanged, and he continued to urge the black sword of the fairy weapon. to the city.

Boom boom boom!

Continuous bombardment, countless city formations are shattering, countless spiritual veins are wasting, and countless materials are wasting.

Both sides are at a stalemate, and it depends on who can hold on better.

After more than a dozen consecutive bombardments, even the tribulation monks were exhausted.

Immediately, the eighteen tribulation cultivators stepped back and exited the battlefield; then another eighteen tribulation cultivators appeared and began to join forces, instilling the magic

power into the fairy weapon, activating the power of the black sword, and continuing to bombard come.

On the city, countless ripples are flashing, resisting the attack of the black sword.

Chapter 699

Three days later, the great formation in the city was crumbling.

Persevering until now, the energy stored in the city, the spiritual stones accumulated, and various materials, etc., are all lost in the battle. Many array nodes have been seriously damaged, and many places are full of potholes, suffering indelible losses.

Persevering until now, the Feather Demons are all a little tired, and there is despair in the tiredness.

Turin the Great stood on the city wall, looking down at everything from above, watching the battle between the two sides, watching the loss of the two sides, without a trace of expression, just calculating with his fingers, calculating the strength comparison between the two sides.

Just then, there was a rumbling sound.

Accompanied by a violent sound, a luxurious chariot appeared in the void. It was made of immortal gold. It was luxurious and domineering on the whole. It was engraved with exquisite floats and wrapped in golden satin. Nine black dragons had mighty bodies. Domineering, but at this moment is extremely well-behaved, lying down and pulling the chariot.

The chariot ran in the void, making a humming sound.

On top of the chariot, stood a stalwart man with a body of 1.85 meters. His body was quite burly and sturdy, with a large frame of bones. He had a big head, big arms, big hands and big feet. He was wearing a golden armor. The breath is mighty and domineering, holding a spear in his hand.

The spear was extremely long, measuring three meters in length.

In front of the spear, it is wrapped with golden silk thread, in the middle is wrapped with black silk thread, and finally the position of the spear head is wrapped with blue silk thread, which is majestic and domineering as a whole.

The tip of the spear, which is about three feet long, is extremely sharp and seems to be able to pierce everything.

The visitor is somewhat familiar, it is the immortal young master Bo Xun.

The Immortal Demon King is famous, and he is the master of the Feiyu world. His reputation is famous, whether it is a good reputation or a bad reputation, all the world is shocked.

Relatively speaking, Bo Xun, the heir of the Immortal Demon Gentleman, looked a lot darker under the halo of his father.

But the Great Emperor Turin did not despise him at all. His small reputation did not mean his strength was poor, but he was very powerful.

Bo Xun said: "Tu Ling, why did you betray my father? Under one person, above ten thousand people, isn't this a bad position? Why betray my father?"

Turin the Great sneered and said: "Betrayal, there is no such thing as a betrayal. In the past, I was forcibly left a slave imprint, and I had little loyalty to the undead devil; now, my loyalty to the undead devil is still very little!"

Bo Xun sighed and said, "Do you know what this means? Not only are you going to be killed, but even the Feather Demons will disappear completely. In the long history, some powerful races did not accept me because of their disobedience. Father, in the end, he was executed and killed!"

Turin the Great sneered: "If the undead devil is still the ruler of the world, I am naturally afraid, but now the undead devil has been sealed by the Zifu world and is in trouble. What else is there to fear in this emperor, it is nothing more than shopping. If there is too much fear in my heart, how can I get to this point!"

Bo Xun sneered: "Are you going to be obsessed?"

The Great Emperor Turin said: "Haha, the Feather Demons are not weak. Today they will fight the world bloodily. Let's see how much fighting power your undead have? Bo Xun, you have to be careful, lest you be killed by this emperor!"

Bo Xun said with a sneer: "Since you don't know how to repent, I will kill you completely today. The order goes on, and the Feather Demon Clan will be slaughtered, and the Feather Demon Clan will be killed without any mercy!"

"promise!"

Many monks said in unison.

With the order of Bo Xun, twelve tribulation cultivators appeared with a hammer in their hands.

Buzz!

The twelve tribulation monks glanced at each other, and the vast mana was instilled into the hammer. The golden pattern and the red pattern on the hammer were activated, and the runes inside were activated to the extreme, and the hammer was constantly getting bigger. Become as huge as a mountain.

The huge hammer head was dancing violently, making a humming sound, and smashed directly into the city.

Abandoning all means, some are just violent shocks, just destructive shocks.

Kacha!

The hammer hit it and made a crisp sound. The energy shield on the city vibrated violently and made a crisp sound. After holding on for less than three breaths, it began to shatter, like a broken turtle shell. The long-standing defense formation was completely broken.

Kill it!

With an order, countless monks roared and began to attack the Feather Demons.

"Let's fight ***** everyone! Killing one is enough, killing two to earn one, we have no way out!" Emperor Turin said, and his voice spread to the entire city, with grief and helplessness in front of his voice, as well as the heart of ***** battle.

The Feather Demon Clan cultivators looked at each other with a determined expression, and death flashed in their eyes.

On the road of immortality, there are not too many retreats, and there are not too many choices, only death battles, death battles, and death battles.

As for surrender, don't make a fuss.

Surrendering is not easy. To surrender, you must learn to bear the burden, learn to be humble, learn to kneel down and lick people's shoes, and let your dignity fall to the ground and be trampled on by others. Surrender means to stop being a man from today and start being a dog. Many monks did not have the courage to surrender and were reluctant to lose their dignity.

In many moments, death is actually nothing, and life is better than death, which is an extreme tragedy.

kill!

The Feather Demon cultivator shouted and charged towards the enemy.

Jindan cultivator, Nascent Soul cultivator, Spirit Transformation cultivator, Void Refinement cultivator, Daoist cultivator, and even Tribulation Transcendence cultivator are fighting fiercely with each other. There are monks dying all the time, life becomes extremely cheap, and the lives of monks are squandering and disappearing all the time.

Boom boom boom!

Some Feather Demon Clan cultivators motivated their mana and exploded directly; some Feather Demon Clan monks abandoned their defense and only attacked; some Feather Demon Clan used top-level forbidden secret techniques to perish with the enemy.

The battlefield quickly entered the shopping spree, and the Feather Demon cultivators were quickly dying out at a speed visible to the naked eye.

But every time a Feather Demon cultivator dies, several enemies die.

One husband fights, ten people fear.

During the battle, the Feather Demon Clan cultivators will focus their attack on the Feather Demon Clan and some races that are better than the Feather Demon Clan. The explosion continues, the blood is flowing, the destruction continues, the tragic casualties are wave after wave, the fire of destruction tearing apart the enemies and destroying themselves.

Under such a fight, some monks subconsciously avoided and avoided.

Above the void, Turin the Great looked down, and his expression flashed a trace of unbearable.

It can run Divine Sense, forcibly cut off all kinds of distracting thoughts, and look forward with both eyes fixed on Shaojun Bo Xun.

Shaojun Bo Xun looked at the enemy indifferently, urging the chariot, the golden chariot was rolling forward, like a burning sun, exuding scorching heat and destruction, exuding an air of despair and domineering, directly impacting the front. enemy.

hoo hoo hoo!

The nine black dragons were roaring, making bursts of roaring sounds. The scales on their bodies opened, and the black qi floated under their feet, moving forward rapidly. The domineering aura shocked everything. Holding the golden chariot, they charged at the enemy in front of them. , to tear apart the body of the enemy.

Boom boom boom!

In the roar, constantly approaching the Great Emperor Turin, Shaojun Bo Xun pulled out his spear, the spear was shaking, like a dragon taking off, the spear tip was flashing, and he directly assassinated.

At this moment, enter the state of unity of man and vehicle.

The powerful power of the chariot, the power of the nine black dragons are blessed on the body of Shaojun Bo Xun, and all the power is blessed on the spear. On the spear, there are the profound meaning of sharpness, the profound meaning of space, and the profound meaning of death, and there are terrifying laws. Running, with a sense of certainty.

As long as the spear is pierced, it will inevitably stab the enemy, and the enemy cannot dodge at all, only hard resistance.

The water and fire wings behind Turin the Great were shaking, his body quickly stepped forward, the long sword in his hand slashed out, and the endless bright light was flashing, seemingly turning into an eternal sun.

Spear and sword collided, blood and fire collided.

Stab it!

The spear is shaking continuously, and the terrifying force is blessed on it, constantly changing the angle, and stabbing out from different directions; the sword is shaking, stabbing continuously, and constantly intercepting the spear.

At the moment of the confrontation between the two sides, blood and mana were violently colliding, without the slightest leakage of energy, it converged to the extreme, and it would not affect outsiders, but it was quite dangerous.

The monks around him are bound to open up subconsciously. As for some top-level tribulation elders, they can participate in the battle, but they are also subconsciously avoided.

In the world of immortality, it advocates strength and despises power and conspiracy.

Demons, that's how it is.

Many people are looking at this young lord Bo Xun. If he can suppress the Great Emperor Turin by himself, all ethnic groups will naturally submit, and they will all be in awe; but if his strength is not enough, he cannot win one-on-one, and he has to rely on him. The group fights to win, this young master Bo Xun is just like that.

People are not convinced, no amount of tricks are useless.

clang clang!

The weapons collided, simple and direct, simple and rude.

After confronting dozens of moves, Shaojun Bo Xun seemed a little impatient, urging his heart, his heart was beating violently, a huge vitality surged out of his body, and the endless power of life surrounded his body, qi and blood. It has grown to the extreme, and its body exudes golden yellow.

"Fa Tianxiangdi, suppress Qiankun!"

Shaojun Bo Xun urged the secret technique, and his body suddenly became larger, becoming a body ten feet tall, and the chariot under his feet also grew larger.

As the body became larger, the strength of the arm doubled and tripled on the original basis, and the spear flashed and directly assassinated. It seems that the strength is a little overbearing. When the spear stabbed out, the void buzzed and shattered directly, and black cracks appeared, with terrifying energy turbulence flowing.

"Immortal golden body!"

The Great Emperor Turin urged the secret technique, the ice and fire mysteries on his body were surging, and the huge energy was poured into the body, and there were water and fire textures on the body. The sword also became thick and heavy.

The sword was flashing, and it came directly to kill.

The two sides confronted each other again. It seems that the speed became slower due to the larger body, but the strength and defense soared, and the two started a tragic confrontation like giants.

The energy of destruction swept in, and the domineering energy swept in all directions. Within a hundred miles, there were waves of destruction. Countless low-level monks were affected and died of unfortunate deaths; the monks who were lucky enough to escape also left quickly, as if they were afraid. what.

After confronting a hundred moves, Shaojun Bo Xun was still unable to take down the enemy, and he couldn't help but be slightly impatient.

Under the activation of spiritual sense, a gourd appeared on the top of the head, the gourd was blue, and its appearance was inconspicuous.

But Shaobo Xun bowed to the blue gourd and said respectfully, "Please turn around, baby!"

The blue gourd was ringing, and the mouth of the gourd opened and flew out a stream of light. The streamer light flashed and finally turned into a villain in a red bellyband, holding a flying knife in his hand. At the moment when the primordial spirit villain appeared, a terrifying air force froze the Great Emperor Turin.

Turin the Great wanted to move a little, but couldn't.

The villain of Yuanshen controlled the flying knife and quickly approached the neck of Turin the Great. The flying knife turned around his neck, and suddenly his neck fell to the ground.

Not only the head fell, but the primordial spirit was also chopped in two.

After a while, the primordial spirit villain turned into a streamer and flew back into the blue gourd.

"What a fast knife, it turns out to be a fairy weapon, the soul of a fairy..." With his head on the ground, Emperor Turin looked at the blue gourd, and looked at the primordial spirit villain and seemed to understand something: "The undead devil is really powerful and terrifying, but After all, you underestimate me!"

At this moment, the fallen head of Emperor Turin returned to his neck, and red flames burned on his body. There was vitality in the flames. Erosion according to the above rules. The wound, which was fatal, healed quickly.

The wounds are recovering, and they are recovering little by little from the desperation of mortal death.

"Nirvana Jindan, you are good luck!"

Shaojun Bo Xun was slightly surprised. The Nirvana Golden Pill had the terrifying power of Nirvana, and it could help a monk who had crossed the ninth level of tribulation to recover from dying, which was beyond his expectations.

He wanted to activate the Immortal Slaying Gourd again, but the blue-colored gourd fell into a deep sleep, making it difficult to activate its power.

But it doesn't matter, he has many treasures left by his father, as well as the method of overcoming the enemy.

"Yin-yang grinding disc, kill me!"

Shaojun Bo Xun took out a grinding disc, the bottom is black, with the ultimate pure yin power; the top is white, with the ultimate pure yang power. The combination of the two has evolved into a yin and yang grinding disc, which can obliterate the enemy's soul and body, and disappear into nothingness.

Buzz!

The yin and yang grinding disc swept the Tathagata and directly suppressed it.

The Great Emperor Turin smiled and said, "Fellow Daoists, I'll take you to flying immortals!"

The breath on the body erupted, and a vortex appeared above the head. At the end of the vortex, a bronze door appeared. The bronze door opened, and it seemed that a high-latitude world appeared. It seemed that it was a supreme stalwart world.

Endless mystery, endless creation, is in it.

In the bronze portal, a force of reception descended and wrapped around the Turin the Great.

The body of Turin the Great was flying, flying towards the bronze portal.

However, at the moment of ascension, the power of reception and attraction hit Shaojun Bo Xun, and they were connected with each other and soared together.

Chapter 700

On the battlefield, the wave of destruction was brewing, and the fierce fighting swept through everything.

The fierce battle between the two sides was in full swing, and the fighting was extremely tragic, but because of the vast scene that appeared in the void, they stopped fighting and watched intently.

The void is vibrating violently, the original huge black hole vortex is constantly expanding, the area of the black hole is constantly expanding, the time inside is distorting, the space is distorting, the energy is distorting, the energy of destruction is running and dying, and the tyrannical and domineering breath is in surging change.

The bronze portal was originally a bit illusory, it seemed like the moon in the mirror, but now it is expanding and becoming more and more clear.

Buzz!

The void is changing drastically. In the endless bronze portal, the power of soaring descends one after another, descending on the body of the Great Emperor Turin.

Seeing this scene, everyone was stunned.

That bronze portal is the gate of the fairy world.

Why do cultivators cultivate, not for feathering and soaring?

Not to fly to the fairyland.

Although now, only a few people have ascended to the Immortal Realm, and most of them are just watching the excitement, but it does not hinder their longing for the Immortal Realm and their expectations for a better future.

It's just the particularity of the Feather World, it is destined to fly as a dream...it's impossible.

"Ascension! This kid Turin is going to soar!"

There is a monk standing next to him, his body is like a beautiful jade, and the breath on his body is restrained, like a mortal, it seems that there is nothing special about it, but the monks around look at this scene with awe, as if there is a color of longing. , and a tinge of awe.

He is the ruler of the Jade Demon Clan, the Jade Demon Emperor.

The Jade Demon Emperor is the supreme power of the ninth layer of the robbery. In terms of cultivation and combat power, he is not inferior to the Turin Emperor.

In the end, who is stronger and who is weaker, many times have said that it is not counted, and it will be said after the fight.

Only now, this one is walking in front of him, but he has a high status, and there is indescribable envy in his eyes.

"At that time, we were not too different, but now you are ahead of me!" The Jade Demon Emperor said, "No wonder you choose to betray, as long as you can soar, everything is worth it! It's just that you use What is the way to break the slave mark?"

The rays of light flashed in the eyes, as if calculating something. Many unreasonable explanations in the past have now become reasonable.

Many incomprehensible things have become normal.

"Fellow Daoist, what do you think we should do?"

At this moment, in the silence, a divine sense came and asked.

"Naturally, find a way to break the slave seal!" The Jade Demon Emperor also rumored with spiritual sense: "Although the tribulation cultivator has a long lifespan, the deity can live for millions of years, but it will inevitably turn into dust after millions of years.

Whoever can live is willing to die, but can be bound by the slave mark. We are all slaves in this life, and there is no hope of soaring. I don't know what the Taoist friends of Turin used to break the slave mark! "

That Spiritual Mind continued: "Over the years, I have been looking for answers and using various means to crack the slave mark, but there is no progress at all. But Turin got rid of the slave mark... This is our hope, which proves that the slave mark is not It's unbreakable!"

The Jade Demon Emperor said: "If it is for freedom, for the sake of ascending to the Immortal Realm, everything is worth it!"

That Spiritual Mind continued: "Are we going to continue to hunt down the Feather Demon Clan?"

The Jade Demon Emperor said: "Of course it's a foreign worker, just making soy sauce! What good will it be for us to destroy the Feather Demon Clan? The rabbits die and the dogs cook, leaving some enemies, which can raise thieves and self-respect, and can restrain some people calmly. If Turin the Great succeeds in ascension, it is best to give some face!"

That Spiritual Mind sighed: "Ascension, Ascension! I don't know if we still have the possibility of Ascension in this life?"

The Jade Demon Emperor said; "I am waiting for all the qualifications to go against the sky. If I can enter the ninth level of transcending calamity, there is hope to ascend to the immortal world, but the slave imprint in the primordial spirit has cut off the chance to see us, and the chance of soaring is almost zero. How can I be reconciled? ."

Boom boom boom!

As the gate of the fairyland opened, the thunder and lightning of destruction in the endless void were derived, one after another, flashing silver rays of light. The nature of the robbery is changing,

gradually evolving into a heavenly punishment, and evolving into a silver light that destroys everything, there is no superfluous change, and some are just overbearing destruction.

Just a slight trace can destroy the cultivator and let the cultivator return to the ruins.

The silver thunder light bombarded the Great Emperor Turin, and the electric light was wandering, like a dragon and snake. Even though the mana evolved into astral energy and resisted part of the punishment, the remaining force bombarded down, but the body was charred black. The body was damaged one after another.

Not only that, the silver lightning flashes, one after another bombards Shaojun Bo Xun. This Shaojun is also damaged one after another, and his blood fluctuates.

Heavenly punishment is surging, silver thunder light is flashing, at the beginning, it was only one or two, but gradually it continued to condense and change, and it continued to evolve into hundreds of paths, which were densely bombarded, continuous and mighty.

"Endless Origin!"

Turin the Great urged the supreme secret technique, a vortex appeared on the top of his head, the vortex was constantly changing, the black hole was constantly changing and expanding, turning into hundreds of feet in diameter, constantly changing, and a huge power of devouring surged inside. , seems to be able to swallow everything too much and smelt everything.

Smelting all things into one, turning it into the original energy of the original, and smelting it into itself.

Stab it!

Stab it!

One after another silver lightning was twisting and was directly absorbed into the vortex, transformed from violent energy into gentle energy, and then absorbed and smelted by the body.

The five fingers of the left hand are combined, and the mana is smelted into a unique punch, which smashes the enemy.

"hateful!"

Shaojun Bo Xun's face was ashen, and his breath fluctuated. The golden light on the golden armor on his body was flashing, turning into streaks of qi; The pattern burst out, turning into a blood-colored cloud, surrounding the feet.

Under the continuous bombardment, the bodies of the nine black dragons appeared scorched and severely damaged. Some dragon horns disappeared, some dragon claws disappeared, and some tails disappeared, which can be described as extremely miserable. Can't seem to bear the doom. The nine black dragons turned into a streamer and entered the chariot.

Immediately, nine flying black dragons floated on the chariot, but the floats were somewhat broken and lacked some parts.

Feeling the soaring force in his body, Shaojun Bo Xun only felt that his connection with the immortal world was strengthening.

Ascension to the Immortal Realm is the dream of many monks.

Theoretically, only the most peak cultivator can draw the power of the Immortal Realm and finally ascend to the Immortal Realm, but there are exceptions.

If the power of ascension is drawn to other cultivators, it will bring other cultivators to ascension, but the cost is also huge, and the power of the catastrophe will increase for each additional person. The power of traction was blessed on Shaojun Bo Xun, and the robbery slammed down one after another.

He has to endure more catastrophe and more attacks of silver lightning.

Shaojun Bo Xun said with a livid face: "Tu Ling, you are a good means!"

The Great Emperor Turin sneered: "Young Master, I can't compare to you. Let this Emperor take you to the sky!"

Shaojun said: "If you want to fly with me, there is no way!"

Running the secret technique, blessing on the body, the figure flashes and will disappear in an instant, avoiding the force of the attraction, but at this moment, a vast force of space locks his position. After flashing several times in a row, it was not seen that he did not dodge the power of reception, but instead was besieged by the power of space and failed to dodge.

Instead, get into trouble.

The thunder and lightning under the bombardment have more than seven layers of bombardment on the body.

The two quickly flew high into the sky.

It quickly approached the gate of the fairyland, turned into a streamer, and entered the gate of the fairyland.

Card it!

Card it!

At this moment, the gate to the immortal world is ringing, and the destructive air force is slamming together. The two clash and collide again, and the ultimate move is bombarded together. It's just that compared to the number of calamities that the gatekeeper of the Immortal Realm has descended, it has been reduced a lot.

Endless thunder, and distant rays of light block everything.

Everyone moved their eyes, trying to gain insight into what was happening there, but they couldn't see clearly.

After a few moments, the gate to the fairy world disappeared.

Everything calmed down and nothing seemed to happen.

But everyone present looked at the void, recalling the scene of the battle just now, but their minds were different, and they were no longer in the mood for a fierce battle.

kill kill!

With a scream of killing, the two sides fought together again.

Just in the middle of the fight, start to release water.

At the end of the fierce battle, more than half of the Feather Demon cultivators fled and disappeared without a trace.

As for the cultivators who were wiped out, they were only a few low-level cultivators.

"The battle is over!"

A hundred thousand miles away, Lu Xuanji looked at the gate of the fairyland, watching the scene of the end of the battle between the two sides, his mind was up and down.

Turin the Great soared.

Before ascending, he also took Shaojun Bo Xun to ascend together.

Later, the major races joined forces to besiege the Feather Demon Race. Although such a battle was a tragic fight, it was nothing compared to taking off.

With the help of the Thirty-Three Days Treasure, he also saw something different.

In the process of ascension, the robbery became more and more fierce, and the two of them could no longer hold on.

In desperation, Emperor Turin directly threw the golden sword, black and yellow armor and other magic weapons into the world; Bo Xun seemed to be unable to support it. is thrown into the human world.

After dropping these weapons, the pressure of ascension is much lessened.

But it seems that it is not enough, and the monks, spirit beasts, various spirit stones, immortal materials, etc. living in the cave are directly discarded in the world.

In the end, they were all Chi Guoguo, and they were all cleansed before they successfully ascended to the Immortal Realm.

Ascending to the Immortal Realm, the more things you carry, the easier it is to fail.

The fewer things you carry, the more red fruit you will be, and the safer you will be.

Lu Xuanji pondered: "No wonder the immortals always left behind various treasures and relics in the human world before they ascended. It's not because they are kind, but they simply can't take them away. The cultivators who are close to you, etc., soar to the immortal world together, and the pressure is enough to make the cultivator die on the spot!"

"Xiaoxue, let's go look for the treasure left by Turin the Great!"

Shi Xue said, "Okay!"

Lu Xuanji took Shi Xue's hand, and the two disappeared into a golden light.

In an instant, disappeared.

Following the perception in the dark, I kept looking for it. About a month later, I found a secret realm in a mountain peak.

In this secret realm, the legacy left by Turin the Great was found.

The Great Emperor Turin is a powerhouse of the ninth floor of the robbery. He is also in charge of the Feather Demon Race, and he controls all kinds of treasures, all kinds of immortal materials, divine stones, spiritual fruits, etc., how many are there. Even though this great emperor is a man of

good-natured and healthy people, and likes to disperse wealth, there are still many treasures left behind.

Entering this secret realm, I was immediately stunned by everything in the secret realm.

This secret realm is about 100,000 kilometers in size. It is lush and full of spiritual energy. There are mountains standing in the distance, clouds are floating, rivers are galloping, and spirit beasts are walking; underground, there is a buried There are ninth-rank spiritual meridians, nine eight-rank spiritual meridians, and many seventh-rank spiritual meridians, sixth-rank spiritual meridians, and so on.

Walking here, a random grass and a random tree are rare boutiques in the outside world, or some rare species.

Walking here, looking at the soil on the ground, it is lush and seems to be full of vitality.

Lu Xuanji lowered his body, grabbed a handful of soil, put it to his mouth and smelled it, the soil was fragrant.

"This is the Nine Profound Spiritual Soil. Top-level spiritual planters use many materials, and some spiritual medicines are the main materials. They are cultivated and cultivated, which can help plants grow and develop. It is very beneficial for cultivating spiritual medicines!" Shi Xue looked at the soil and said excitedly.

Putting down the soil, the two moved on.

Walking and walking, com came across a lake with a radius of hundreds of miles. The lake was green, blue on the top and cyan on the bottom. The breath of the law was circulating, and it seemed that it could create all things. Can change everything.

Shi Xue looked at the lake and said excitedly, "This is the three spirits, the spirits, the blood, and the spirits. If the three are separated, they are highly poisonous; but if the three are fused together. , is the supreme spiritual water. Ordinary people bathe in the lake, even if they do not have spiritual roots, they can derive spiritual roots; if they have special blood vessels, they can promote the awakening of blood vessels, increase the concentration of blood vessels, and derive supreme fortune. "

"It is useless to us, but it is extremely important to the monks of the lower three realms!"

The lower three realms are qi refining, foundation building, gold elixir, etc.

To Lu Xuanji and Shi Xue, the monks in the three realms were just a bunch of ants, just insignificant people.

However, no matter how powerful the monk is, he has also risen from the small.

Without a large number of low-level monks, how can one superpower be born one by one; with three spirits and divine water, a large number of low-level monks can be cultivated, which is extremely important for a big power.