

I. Family 1420

Chapter 1420:

"Hehe..."

At this moment, the giant ghostly apparition swept towards Chu Qingyi.

A swirling magic cloud of ghost energy seemed to seal off this realm, obscuring the sky and shrouding the sun in darkness, utterly terrifying.

"Go!"

Lu Changsheng saw this and immediately signaled the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng to rush over.

Although Chu Qingyi was a sword cultivator with a superior grade golden core and formidable combat strength,

this ghostly apparition's aura was on par with that of the White Peak Immortal from years past.

Faced with two Nascent Soul cultivators, including that enchanting beauty, Chu Qingyi might not be their match.

Moreover, I came here to seek an explanation from the Yiming Ghost Sect.

If we can suppress these two Nascent Soul cultivators now, it will be much easier later.

"Hmm?"

Lu Quanzhen, standing by, watched as the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng suddenly flew off in another direction, surprised as he looked towards his father.

"Just happened to encounter a friend."

Lu Changsheng glanced at him and explained.

"A friend?"

Lu Quanzhen was taken aback, his expression a bit odd.

Does my father really have such a wide circle of friends?

Can he bump into a friend even at the Yiming Ghost Sect?

It makes one wonder whether this friend is male or female...

A moment later, he saw a heavy shroud enveloping the sky ahead.

Even from a distance, there was a feeling of suffocating oppression.

Realizing that there's a Nascent Soul cultivator engaged in combat here!

"Boom, boom, boom—"

He then saw strands of seven-colored radiance erupting from the dark magic clouds, like beams tearing the pitch-black sky apart.

"Ah, ah, ah—"

Shrill, piercing cries of agony echoed, both male and female, old and young, like a deathly Brahma sound, with an invisible ghostly hand gripping one's throat, infusing the heart with horror and despair.

The next moment, a figure burst forth from the swirling magic clouds into the sky.

Yet, on top of the swirling magic clouds, gruesome, horrifying skulls formed, biting towards the figure.

Even for someone accustomed to slaughter, Lu Quanzhen felt a chill seeing this scene.

Not because the scene was too horrifying,

but the supernatural abilities and techniques of a Nascent Soul cultivator, every move capable of interfering and impacting others' mental spirits.

Facing these skulls, Chu Qingyi didn't linger in battle.

The seven-colored sword light flowed around her, exuding a terrifying, sharp Qi mechanism, seemingly set to shred everything to pieces.

However, just as several skulls were shattered by Chu Qingyi, the magic cloud and ghost energy formed figures, ghostly apparitions, or even fierce beasts, continuing their assault.

"Golden Peng."

Lu Changsheng stood tall and poised on the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng, signaling it to directly attack.

"Whoosh—"

The Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng streaked like a golden ribbon, charging straight into the swirling magic clouds.

The enchanting beauty sensed a dangerous aura from the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng, her expression turned towards horror as she quickly evaded.

Yet at this moment, suddenly, she felt as if her soul was violently struck, her face went pale, clutching her forehead in pain.

"Pfft!"

The next moment, she was tightly grasped by the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng's talons, coughing up blood, unable to struggle.

"This..."

Lu Quanzhen, witnessing this scene, was astonished.

Even knowing his father's extraordinary prowess and the Golden Peng Bird's immense combat strength, having previously subdued the Tremble Heaven Demon in an instant,

seeing the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng capturing a Nascent Soul Immortal so effortlessly left him in awe.

Because it was truly astounding!

After all, this was a Nascent Soul Immortal!

A Nascent Soul Immortal, just like a tiny chick, completely helpless in its grasp.

Not only him but even Chu Qingyi from afar was stunned by this scene.

Though confident she could defeat the enchanting beauty in a one-on-one confrontation,

she could never achieve such an easy suppression.

Glancing at the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng and the two figures, she didn't hesitate at all, preparing to escape through the air.

"Qing Yi."

However, at this moment, a gentle voice sounded in her mind.

"Huh!?"

Chu Qingyi was suddenly startled upon hearing this familiar gentle voice.

Then she looked at Lu Changsheng on the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng with a face full of disbelief.

If it weren't for her Sword Heart Clarity, confirming that this was the other party transmitting a message via Divine Sense, she would even suspect it was some Demon Path method, stirring up interference with her Mental Spirit.

Otherwise, how could it be such a coincidence!?

She came to the Jin Kingdom and encountered him...

"Who are you, why do you oppose my Yiming Ghost Sect!"

At this moment, amid the swirling ghost fog, a raspy voice that was unclear whether male or female sounded, like sandpaper grinding metal, extremely piercing.

Lu Changsheng did not speak, signaling the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng to swiftly finish the battle.

Now with the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng, he himself was too lazy to make a move.

Then he transmitted a message to Chu Qingyi: "Qing Yi, I'll handle the situation first, we can catch up later."

"Be careful, this person is from the Yiming Ghost Sect..."

Chu Qingyi immediately wanted to speak up to warn, indicating that this person's strength was not ordinary.

But the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng had already made a move.

"Hundred Thousand Eight Thousand Feathers!"

Surging demon qi rushed forth, numerous golden runes flowed.

At this moment, the killing intent of this world was astonishing, countless golden divine feathers appeared.

Each feather was like an unparalleled divine sword, shining with radiant light, spewing forth intensely fierce killing intent, sharp, intimidating, leaving people trembled at the sight.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh——"

"Whizz whizz whizz——"

The Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng spread its wings in mid-air, stirring up fierce gales, countless golden feathers shot out, bursting forth with dazzling divine light.

"Thud thud thud——"

In an instant, the ghost fog was pierced by the golden divine feathers into tatters, scattered all over, echoing the shrieking and wailing of ghosts and wolves between heaven and earth.

"This Ghost Shadow True Immortal cultivates the 'Myriad Ghosts Technique', can transform into myriad ghosts, all this ghost fog are his incarnations."

Chu Qingyi saw the shattering ghost fog reuniting, immediately reminded Lu Changsheng.

When fighting this Ghost Shadow True Immortal, if one cannot find his true body, it is very easy to be drained of mana.

"How dare you! Coming to my Yiming Ghost Sect territory with impudence, you will pay!"

Ghost Shadow True Immortal roared, voice raspy and piercing.

Although he could transform into myriad ghosts, these ghost shadows all required his nurturing and gathering.

Now under the Hundred Thousand Eight Thousand Feathers of the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng, more than half were directly annihilated, causing his battle power to decrease significantly.

However, despite his harsh words, he immediately rolled up the ghost fog and fled towards the direction of the Yiming Ghost Sect.

"Transform into myriad ghosts?"

Lu Changsheng heard this and slightly raised his brows.

Then his gaze became like a torch, bursting with golden light, scrutinizing the ghost fog ahead, seeing countless ghost shadows flickering within.

After several breaths, he saw a ghost shadow inside distinct from the others, relatively more solid, and immediately signaled the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng.

The Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng's pupils blazed like two scorching suns, also perceiving some of the situation.

Instantly, a dense barrage of golden divine feathers rushed towards Ghost Shadow True Immortal, forming a daunting golden ocean infused with unparalleled killing intent, leaving people trembling at the sight.

"Thud thud thud——"

Indeed, as the ghost fog was forced away, besides the piercing howling, blood also splattered out.

Lu Changsheng immediately saw a seemingly indistinct ghost shadow attempting to escape.

"Trying to leave? Yin Yang Qi Grasp!"

Lu Changsheng's expression remained calm, his eyes blazing, Qi Ocean Core, Yin Yang Great Dao Golden Core trembled once, rising with boundless radiance.

A mysterious Yin Yang Qi shot up from Lu Changsheng's head, straight into the clouds, instantly forming a hundred-zhang sized hand of flowing Yin Yang, grasping the escaping ghost shadow.

"This..."

Lu Quanzhen and Chu Qingyi saw this scene, both were full of shock, speechless.

Especially Chu Qingyi.

She had investigated the Yiming Ghost Sect thoroughly during this time, knowing the Ghost Shadow True Immortal had a sixth-level Core Formation cultivation level, and cultivated the 'Myriad Ghosts Technique', even late-stage Core Formation cultivators found it difficult to kill him.

But now, this Ghost Shadow True Immortal was easily subdued by Lu Changsheng!

The entire process was so fast that she barely had time to react.

Chu Qingyi looked at Lu Changsheng's Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng, realizing it was no ordinary Demon King, already reaching third-rank late-stage!