

Super D. S 499

Chapter 499: Virtual state

On the platform, blood has flowed into the river, and there are countless broken limbs.

And those who watched the war are also far away, because they feel that something big will happen next.

Sure enough, when the masters of the Shangqing Palace were all killed by the people in the magic gate, the sky suddenly plundered a figure and stood in the sky above the platform of the corpse.

In his appearance, Ye Xuan and the black-eyed old man's movements were instantly stiff, and their bodies could not move. What they could do was only blink, and open.

Not only they, but even the masters of the magic gates and the tens of thousands of spectators outside the 10,000 meters are all the same.

The whole world seems to have solidified.

"What happened, how can I not move?"

"I can't move anymore, my heart beats fast."

"Look, there is more than one person in the ring!"

Everyone stared at it and found the white youth who didn't know when to run out of the ring.

The Rakshamen Gate is all black, the Green Ghost League is full of green shirts, and the Shangqing Palace is white, but the people in the Qing Palace are left with only the black-eyed old man alone.

The young man in white, holding a folding fan, looked at Ye Xuan with a strange look, muttered to himself: "Hey, the similarity of blood is so high, hey, it seems to be the illegitimate child of a certain ethnic group. !"

No one knows his words, and no one knows who he is referring to.

However, Ye Xuan understands that this white youth is talking about him.

“噗通!” “噗通!” “噗通!”

Ye Xuan's heartbeat is also blasting at this time. He feels that he has a wonderful connection with this white youth.

"God dilemma?"

Ye Xuan secretly said in his heart.

This white-haired youth can make tens of thousands of people unable to move by relying on the pressure of appearance. His strength is definitely not a perfect situation.

"No, he is not a divine situation!"

The voice of the demon Lord suddenly sounded in Ye Xuan's mind: "I have seen a master of divine circumstances, and have not given me such a powerful pressure, and it is even more impossible for people to move. This white youth is a virtual god. territory."

what?

Virtual reality?

Ye Xuan's double-minded boss, he once saw the master of the divine situation, that is, the middle-aged man who killed the injured dragon in the Tang Dynasty.

However, now he has seen a weak god, and the other person's age is similar to him, which makes him think that it is impossible.

However, it is also true that there is only a master of virtual sacredness. The tens of thousands of people who can be shocked by the momentum alone, even if they are the black-eyed old man who is through the heavens, is standing in the air like a sculpture.

At this time, the white youth suddenly fell to the right hand of Ye Xuan, and said: "Oh? Eight swords of the sword of the gods? I know who you are..."

"Who?"

Ye Xuan's eyes widened.

Eight wild swords, is it the master of the Eight Desert Sword?

"Kid, what is your name?" asked the white-haired youth with a smile.

"who are you?"

Ye Xuan asked subconsciously.

"Hey!"

However, his voice has not yet fallen, his mask is directly broken, and then a pain in the chest, a blood involuntarily sprayed out.

The young man in white changed his face and said, "I ask your name!"

"Good!"

Ye Xuan was so scared that he understood that the white-haired youth could kill him with only one thought.

Such people are invincible!

"Kid, don't talk nonsense, he can kill you even if you don't shoot it!" The Lord quickly reminded him.

Although there are many unwillingness and dissatisfaction in his heart, Ye Xuan will not make fun of his own life. After he cursed the white youth in silence, he is cold and cold: "Ye Xuan!"

When I heard the name, the white youth's eyes glanced and smiled again. "It's really you, I'm still your cousin."

Cousin?

Ye Xuan heart trembled.

Ye Jia, so little people, cousins he knows.

However, this white youth is so powerful and knows the Eight-Day Sword, so it can only be the mother of Ye Xuan.

Ye Xuan's mood at this time has been difficult to describe in words. He did not expect that he could meet his mother's family.

"Who are you?" Ye Xuan asked again.

The white youth smiled and said: "Remember, my name is Jiang Tian!"

Jiang Tianquan!

ginger!

This name makes Ye Xuan understand that her mother was originally surnamed Jiang.

However, the next moment, the words of the white youth are to let him stay.

"The old guy with dark eyes, stab him!" The white youth suddenly turned to look at the black-eyed old man.

what?

The black-eyed old man did not dare to intervene. Now he heard this and he was also stunned. At this time, he found that his body could move.

Tens of thousands of people in the air, only white youth and he can move.

"Yes!"

The black-eyed old man, regardless of the three seven twenty-one, directly stabbed the sword toward Ye Xuan's head.

"The trough..."

Ye Xuan is about to pull his eyes out. What is the situation? His cousin is going to kill him?

At this point, he couldn't move, and he could only watch the long-sword of the black-eyed old man.

He wanted to hide, but he couldn't move. He was desperate. He didn't expect to die in this kind of bird place.

He is not willing!

However, when the long-sword of the black-eyed old man is about to pierce Ye Xuan's forehead, the black-eyed old man's body is fixed again.

Ye Xuan can feel the temperature of the long sword, very ice.

"I let you stab him, not letting you stab his head." White Youth reminded.

This sentence makes Ye Xuan's heart cool. This white youth does not want to kill him, but wants to torture him.

When the voice fell, the black-eyed old man's body could move again. Then, he was a sword piercing Ye Xuan's abdomen.

"Oh!"

The long sword enters the flesh and the sound is very sensational.

Everyone held their breath and even swallowed the water carefully.

They don't understand, what is the situation now?

This white-shirted young Jiang Tianduo and this Ye Xuan really have a similar appearance. The former is a self-proclaimed Ye Xuan's cousin.

However, since it is a relative, why do you let the black-eyed old man stab Ye Xuan?

Although the black-eyed old man does not understand, he knows that this white-shirted youth is absolutely idle, and if he dares to resist, he will die.

"The sound is so nice, come again." The white youth smiled and nodded.

The black-eyed old man took out his long sword and stabbed it in.

"Oh!"

Ye Xuan's brow wrinkled, and this pain, he still couldn't stand it. After all, it's just a pain, and it will recover soon.

"Oh? Is the recovery speed so fast?"

The young man in white was a little surprised. He saw that the wound of Ye Xuan was recovering at a speed visible to the naked eye, and then the cockroaches were not left.

However, after the black-eyed old man will pull it out, this wound can't be recovered.

"What, the blood of the sacred tree of life is suppressed..."