

## **Urban Medical 1731**

Chapter 1731: 1 sword wants to cut for 9 days!

As for the figure of the white-clothed man, Ye Chen was the only one left.

Ye Chenqiang endured the shock in his heart, opened the door and walked in!

Stabbed!

The door was opened, Ye Chen looked around and found that there was nothing around him. After a stick of incense, an illusory figure suddenly appeared in front of him.

Extremely young.

"I was the King of Iron and Blood tens of thousands of years ago. You can fight with me!"

In a word, Ye Chen's face changed drastically. He had never heard of the name of the Iron-Blooded Saint King.

It's just that the existence that can become a holy king is the highest pinnacle of Lingwu Continent.

The eternal holy king is like this.

He was also sure that this group of people really had the same way as the eternal holy king!

Ye Chen swept across the realm of the youth phantom with his spiritual thoughts and found that there was only the peak of the Hunyuan realm, so he was slightly relieved.

It seems that the Iron-Blooded Saint King is not that strong at his age, otherwise a Saint King could crush him with a finger.

Ye Chen took out the Hedao artifact and held it in his hand, his eyes filled with fighting spirit, and there was a hint of vigilance.

Who can become a holy king, who is not a peerless Tianjiao?

"Years kill the sword!"

Ye Chen raised his arm slightly, the law of time continued to flow, and the terrifying aura burst out continuously, which was a killer move!

In the face of the existence of the once holy king, Ye Chen must deal with it carefully!

"war!"

The word Jagged Saint fell, the speed reached the extreme, a pair of iron fists were like the sharpest weapon in the world.

At this moment, the fist burst out, and the sharp fist made Ye Chen's robe make a noise.

Ye Chen frowned, and the pressure around him poured frantically on him.

Zheng! Zheng! Zheng!

The sword in Ye Chen's hand made a humming sound, and the sword pierced the surrounding air.

The spiritual energy in the body was vented wildly, and the sword light poured out dazzling light.

The ultimate sword!

One sword wants to cut nine days!

There was no fear in the eyes of the Jagged Saint King, but there was a hint of excitement.

He longs for a battle!

This battle made him extremely excited, and the blood in his body couldn't help beating.

boom!

The moment the two touched each other, a terrifying explosion erupted, like thunder!

Ye Chen could see to the naked eye that the iron fist of the Iron Blood Saint King had sword marks, and it was nothing more than a drop of blood.

Abnormal defense!

The Jagged King has rushed over and came to Ye Chen's side!

Although a pair of iron fists hadn't arrived yet, the fists had already pierced Ye Chen's cheeks!

Ding!

Ye Chen raised his arm to block it with the Hedao artifact in his hand.

Pedal!

The tremendous strength made him unable to help taking two steps back, and the blood in his body surged.

Ye Chen's eyes were full of shock. The Iron-Blooded Saint King tens of thousands of years ago was so strong when he was young!

You know, his strength can kill the peak of Hunyuan in seconds, but in front of the Jagged King, he can't get any benefits at all, and he is even vaguely suppressed!

Naruto!

When Ye Chen retreated, a phantom phoenix appeared behind him!

Fiery flames spewed out, and the phoenix phantom rushed in front of the Jagged King like lightning!

He must win this battle. This is only the first level. There are five floors in this hall. I am afraid that only after all levels are cleared can it be done!

The Jagged King is on the first level, but the weakest existence, if it can't overcome, how to face the next battle.

Now he has no retreat, only one battle!

Facing the figure of Phoenix, the Jagged Saint King opened his arms and suddenly grabbed both wings with both hands.

Click!

With a crisp sound, the phoenix phantom was torn in half and disappeared into the void.

When Ye Chen saw this scene, the corner of his mouth couldn't help twitching fiercely, and he tore the phoenix with his hands. The Iron-Blooded Saint King was probably a strong flesh tens of thousands of years ago.

It is impossible to say that the Iron-Blooded Saint King is in full bloom, and he can really compete with the Phoenix Divine Beast.

"I'm not happy, can I fight my flesh!"

The Iron-Blooded Saint King stared at Ye Chen with a pair of war-intent eyes, this kind of battle made him unhappy at all.

Only the most primitive battle can inspire his strongest fighting spirit!

"it is good!"

Ye Chen agreed without any hesitation, he had his own pride.

What about the strong tens of thousands of years ago, he believes he is no worse than anyone!

The strength of the Jagged Saint King will not obliterate his fighting spirit, but will only make him stronger!

The real powerhouse, stepping on the bones of countless Tianjiao!

During the same battle, Ye Chen was not afraid of anyone!

His way will not bow to anyone!

Ye Chen put away the Hedao artifact in his hand, clenched his fists, and the two of them fought with their bodies alone!

"war!"

Ye Chen roared, and then rushed to the front of the Jagged King.

With clenched fists, the two directly blasted out, and the two directly used the most primitive battle!

boom! boom! boom!

One punch after another, the bones rang one after another.

Ye Chen's arms were numb, and the bones in his fists didn't know how many pieces were broken.

The flesh-colored fist had already turned scarlet, and the blood in his body was constantly surging.

Ye Chen's physical strength has not been bad, but facing the Iron-Blood Saint King, there is still a feeling of powerlessness.

boom!

The Iron-Blooded Saint King hit Ye Chen's chest with a fist Ye Chen forcibly resisted the pain, and continued to fight with his teeth!

The Iron-Blooded Saint King held Ye Chen's fists with one hand, and suddenly raised his foot, Ye Chen did not show weakness! The two forces collided.

The Jagged Sage screamed in pain, and couldn't help taking two steps back.

At this moment, Ye Chen drew a distance from him directly, and the figure stood a little unstable.

If this continues, Ye Chen is the only one who suffers, but he doesn't have any timidity.

Stabilize your body, but dash forward bravely!

Clenching his \*\*\*\* fists, as long as he can walk, he will not give up.

Ye Chen's way, only to die in battle, never admit defeat!

Ye Chen didn't even use any hole cards!

The reincarnation cemetery, the eyes of the devil, everything is useless!

He has to fight against the genius tens of thousands of years ago by himself!

Strong willpower plays a role at this moment.

When the Jagged King saw this scene, there was a soft flash in his eyes.

"Your will is not enough. The power of the physical body is only the eternal will on the surface. Even if the physical body dies and the will is immortal, you are an immortal existence."

The Iron-Blooded Saint King opened his mouth, and without hesitation, he punched Ye Chen on the body.

"what!"

Ye Chen couldn't help but yelled out, this punch seemed to be not only physical pain, but also soul trembling.

"war!"

Ye Chen gritted his teeth, a pair of blood-red eyes, like a madman.

At this moment, he forgot what he was doing, and forgot everything, only the fighting spirit remained in his heart.

Not crazy, not live!

Every punch of the Jagged King hit Ye Chen's body.

Every time I hit a punch, I have to endure a heart-wrenching feeling.

The speed at which Ye Chen waved his arm became slower and slower, and the power on his fist continued to decrease.

Now he was like a blood man, and only punches were left in his mind.

Chapter 1732: Nightmare swallowed!

boom!

The two extreme forces collide!

Ye Chen hit the ground heavily!

With a move of Ye Chen's finger, a heart-piercing pain was heard all over his body.

Now every one of his bones is not intact.

At this moment, the Iron-Blooded Saint King came to Ye Chen and gave him a sad look.

"You don't deserve to be my opponent now!"



As soon as the Jagged King's voice fell, he clenched his fists and decided to hit Ye Chen with a fist on his chest.

With his fist about to fall, Ye Chen suddenly burst into a terrifying breath at the moment of life and death.

This breath, even if it caused the Iron-Blooded Saint King, could not help but retreat.

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boom!

There was an explosion in Ye Chen's body, and the blood in his body was surging like a sea.

At this moment, he suddenly understood what the Iron-Blood Saint King said.

Before, he just relied on his own body and never thought about what willpower could do!

As long as your will is immortal, it is an eternal existence in itself!

His bones were reborn again after experiencing destruction.

Every time of destruction and rebirth, his physical body became stronger, and there was only a line from the breakthrough.

At this time, Ye Chen's body was transforming, breaking through the cocoon and becoming a butterfly!

Click! Click!

Inside Ye Chen's body, there was a clear sound.

At this moment, Ye Chen stood up slowly, the aura on his whole body reached a terrifying level.

"The will is immortal, the flesh is immortal!"

Ye Chen murmured in the corner of his mouth, at this moment he suddenly woke up.

The Jagged King watched from the side with a gratifying smile in his eyes.

"One more battle!"

Ye Chen's piercing eyes stared at the Iron-Blooded Saint King, his whole body's fighting spirit erupted like a volcanic crater.

"it is good!"

The Jagged King suddenly rushed over, his speed reached an extreme.

Ye Chen's expression remained unchanged, his eyes closed, and then he clenched his fists and raised his arms.

A fist fell instantly, and the moment the two touched, the Iron-Blooded Saint King let out a muffled noise and couldn't help taking two steps back.

A trace of blood overflowed from the corner of Ye Chen's mouth, and in a blink of an eye, he rushed over, and with the help of the power of the ground, he jumped up.

At the moment of jumping in mid-air, the two hands clenched together and smashed down instantly!

Boom boom boom!

At this moment, the iron-blooded king's complexion remained unchanged, and his pair of iron fists never thought of retreating.

He stretched out his fist and killed it recklessly!

The two collided with each other, and the floor of the entire palace was smashed into a big hole by Ye Chen.

In the big pit, the state of the Iron-Blooded Saint King was not much better, his chest collapsed with his \*\*\*\* fists.

The breath of the whole person is dying!

Ye Chen looked at the Iron-Blooded Saint King, with his unchanging eyes, he could not see any emotions.

"You are very good! My age is not your opponent!"

At this moment, the Jagged King completely recognized Ye Chen!

"Thank you, senior."

As soon as Ye Chen's voice fell, he stooped slightly, if it were not for the Sage King of Iron Blood, he himself didn't know when he would be able to comprehend it.

"This is your own ability. I am waiting here for tens of thousands of years, and I should disappear completely."

"Say hello to the Eternal Saint King, the one he chose, that's right."

After the Jagged King said these words, the figure of the whole person was constantly illusory, and disappeared completely in the blink of an eye.

With respect in Ye Chen's heart, in Lingwu Continent, the powerhouse of tens of thousands of years has already disappeared in the long river of years.

After the Saint King of Iron and Blood disappeared, a corridor appeared in the empty palace.

Ye Chen stepped into the corridor step by step.

In one room, beside the white-clothed man stood the Hundred Fighting Spirit King.

In front of the man in white, there was a mirror, and Ye Chen's back was in the mirror.

"That old guy is really going to win, he is very good!"

The Hundred Fighters Spirit King suddenly spoke and exclaimed.

Every warrior who can enter the Samsara Ship is a peerless arrogant, but most of them can't even pass the first level.

It's not that Peerless Tianjiao is too weak, but that they don't understand a truth.

You may die here, but you can also get the supreme chance.

Danger and opportunity will always coexist.

If Ye Chen didn't rely on the power of the flesh to fight the Iron-Blood Saint King, even if he defeated the Iron-Blood Saint King, he would not get any benefits.

Whether the opportunity can be obtained, all of this is related to Ye Chen's choice.

"It's really good, but it's not that easy to come out. Don't forget, the last one suppresses the existence of an era."

As soon as the white-clothed man's voice fell, a look of nostalgia flashed in his eyes.

At the beginning, he was not suppressing an era, but after these tens of thousands of years have passed, who knows him?

Of those powerful people, only the Eternal Saint King is still struggling to support Lingwu Continent.

That nightmare will eventually swallow the eternal holy king.

If you want to live, you can only find an existence that can resist that person.

...

For all this, Ye Chen didn't know at all, there was no difference between going to the second floor and the first floor palace.

Ye Chen sat down cross-legged and waited quietly, believing that it won't take long for a strong man to appear.

There are such terrifying powerhouses on the first level, and the second level is definitely more terrifying.

Ye Chen must be careful After waiting for a stick of incense, someone appeared.

Ye Chen stood up and glanced at what turned out to be a woman.

The woman wore a red dress, enchanting body and peerless face, all over the country.

"Are you the kid who made the bet by the Eternal Saint King?"

"Not so much."

"The old guy peeked at this seat when he was young. Since he brought you, I won't be polite."

"This Red Lotus Saint King, fight with me!"

The red lotus holy king's voice opened lightly, like a moving note in the world.

However, at this moment, Ye Chen's face suddenly turned pale, and a mouthful of blood came out.

When the Red Lotus Sage King finished saying these words, a psychic power suddenly broke out in his mind.

"The power of the soul?"

Ye Chen frowned, and in just an instant, the red lotus holy king, the power of the soulless soul, entered his mind.

The Red Lotus Saint King is a strong man with the power of the soul, and the attainments of the soul is absolutely superior to him.

"Your power of the soul is too weak!"

There was a hint of sarcasm at the corner of Honglian Saint King's mouth, his expression full of disdain.

Ye Chen couldn't see any changes on his face, but the vigilant look in his eyes became more and more serious.

If he is not careful, he will become an idiot or a madman.

The Red Lotus Saint King stood there quietly, and then a force of soul rushed directly into his mind.

At this moment, the power of the soul of the Red Lotus Saint King turned into red ribbons, madly attacking and killing.

Compared with Ye Chen's soul power and Honglian Saint King, the two are very different.

There is no comparison at all.

At this time, he could only passively defend, control his soul, and prevent the Red Lotus Saint King from invading.

Chapter 1733: Only 11 existences who dare to fight against the heavens

Ye Chen knew in his heart that it wouldn't last long to continue like this, and Saint Red Lotus would break his defense sooner or later.

The defeat is only a matter of time, he must find a way to fight back.

Ye Chen and Honglian Saint King stood by, there was no movement in their bodies, but a fierce confrontation had already begun in their minds.

The Red Lotus Saint King's attack was very sharp and did not give Ye Chen a chance to breathe.

Ye Chen's mind kept falling, leaving only the last place, trying to calm his heart down.

The more flustered, the easier it will be to lose.

Ye Chen thought of a lot of methods in his mind, but there were too few methods of the power of the soul.

"Now you admit defeat, maybe I can leave you a whole body."

At this moment, the Red Lotus Saint King said in a cold voice, Ye Chen didn't have any backhand ability in front of her.

"Want me to admit defeat? Impossible!"

Ye Chen gritted his teeth, controlled the power of the soul, and rushed crazy.

If you continue to defend, there is no effect, it is better to give it a go.

He gave up the defense, instead using the power of the soul madly, he kept rushing past.

Ye Chen's soul power turned into a sword and slashed towards the Red Lotus Saint King.

Stabbed!

The Red Lotus Saint King easily avoided the past, and the power of the soul exploded frantically.

Ye Chen was caught off guard, spitting out a mouthful of blood, and it was already difficult to bear it in his mind.

"The power of the soul is just a means to the enemy in your eyes, or it is just used to explode a thousand soldiers."



The Red Lotus Saint King spoke in Ye Chen's mind, her soul power invaded and was able to absorb Ye Chen's memory.

Ye Chen didn't speak, and the Red Lotus Saint King was right. He still cultivated for the physical body, but the power of the soul, seldom practiced, and everything was reckless.

"The will represents your body, but the spirit represents your soul!"

The Red Lotus Saint King only said a word, but Ye Chen suddenly felt a sense of realization.

There are so many similarities between the words of the Red Lotus Saint King and the Iron Blood Saint King, and Ye Chen can draw inferences about it.

Since the will is immortal and the body is immortal, the spirit is immortal and the soul is immortal!

In a word, there is quite a feeling of enlightenment.

Ye Chen glanced at the Red Lotus Saint King gratefully, and he suddenly felt that this challenge was more like the teaching of each Saint King.

This group of people does not have any bets with the eternal holy king!

Instead!

They are the same as the eternal holy king! Bet on yourself!

I hope to grow myself and fight against something!

But what is the confrontation?

Ye Chen didn't know.

There is a crisis here, but in Ye Chen's view, the opportunity is even stronger.

The soul is immortal, the body is immortal, who can kill him then!

He is an immortal existence!

Ye Chen had a whim, and condensed his soul power into a lotus flower.

At the moment of condensing, the lotus flies and rushes towards the red lotus holy king.

"burst!"

At the moment when Lianhua rushed to the Red Lotus Saint King, it suddenly exploded.

This blow was definitely Ye Chen's soul power, the most terrifying.

Gathering the power of the soul and then exploding in an instant, the effect produced is not as simple as one plus one.

"Yes, but if you want to kill me, it's not enough."

A look of admiration flashed in the eyes of Saint King Gulian.

Ye Chen's attack was only able to cause a little damage to her, and it couldn't even reach the severe damage.

"How can you imagine my spirit!"

Ye Chen raised his brows and looked mad, and the power of the soul in his mind continued to condense.

At this moment, the Red Lotus Saint King looked up, his pretty face turned into a look of shock.

Ye Chen actually condensed the power of the soul into a heavenly thunder calamity!

Even the Red Lotus Saint King, tens of thousands of years ago, did not dare to use the power of the soul to condense the way of heaven.

This is a kind of scramble to heaven!

Heaven will never allow this kind of existence!

boom!

Outside the ship of years, a dull sound erupted from the sky, and Heaven was angry! Roaring!

He is a unique existence of Heavenly Dao, and now there are people who come to condense Heavenly Dao.

This is undoubtedly hitting him in the face!

Boom boom boom!

With a deafening sound, the earth began to burst, the sea was surging, and the wind was blowing, like the end of the world.

People looked terrified, the thunder flickered above the void, vowing to lower the thunder robbery to destroy Ye Chen.

Ye Chen didn't know anything about it, but he didn't care either. It wasn't once or twice to provoke Heaven.

"Cohesion of Heaven? No! He is not worthy!"

Ye Chen's words were shocking, the power of the soul condensed into heaven, but it was not over yet!

Above the heavens, a figure suddenly condensed, and the Red Lotus Saint King saw that this was exactly what Ye Chen himself looked like.

"hiss!"

"You are crazy!"

The eyes of the Red Lotus Saint King were full of shock!

Ye Chen's approach completely surpassed Heavenly Dao, and his feet stepped on Heavenly Dao!

Who in the world dares to say that it is above heaven!

Even if she is a holy king, she dare not say that she stepped on the heavens!

Although the way of heaven here is different from the outside world.

Not a level at all.

But no one dares to do this here!

The martial artist has a fear of heaven!

Ye Chen's approach completely slams Tiandao's cheeks.

The white-clothed man and the Hundred Fighting Spirit King outside showed a bitter smile at the corners of their mouths, this Ye Chen was really bold.

"Master Nine, this way of heaven!"

The Hundred Battle Spirit King glanced at the top, meaning it was self-evident.

The aura of heaven's destruction has already been seen by the Hundred Fighters Spirit King.

"Don't worry, we are just disappearing samsara. On the samsara ship, we are not afraid of any existence."

There was no expression on the faces of the Nine Masters, not even a trace of fear of Heaven.

...

"Martial artist is going against the sky, so what about the way of heaven, as long as it is strong enough, one day, the way of heaven will be stepped on by me."

Ye Chen murmured at the corner of his mouth, a pair of crazy looks in his eyes.

The red lotus holy king didn't say a word for a long time, and didn't know what to say.

"In this life, I want to stand on the highest peak of the mountain, looking up to the world, invincible!"

This is Ye Chen's spirit and his will!

Ye Chen's phantom, grasping the heavenly way here, smashed at the Red Lotus Saint King.

The corners of the Red Lotus Sage King's mouth twitched fiercely, and Ye Chen actually used Heaven's Path as a weapon, he was a complete lunatic!

boom!

The power of the soul exploded in an instant, and the red lotus holy king standing in place suddenly bleeds from the seven orifices!

With a single blow to the Red Lotus Saint King, he was severely injured and no longer had the ability to fight back!

Ye Chen opened his eyes and glanced at the Red Lotus Saint King, respectfully!

Regardless of the ending, the Red Lotus Saint King is worthy of respect!

"You are very good, I am not as good as you at the same time!"

"The old thing who peeked at me in the shower didn't choose the wrong person."

"Although the heavens here and the heavens outside are not of the same magnitude, at least, you have proven yourself."

"You are also the only existence that has dared to fight against the Dao of Heaven for tens of thousands of years."

Chapter 1734: Can you take me a sword?

The Red Lotus Saint King was once a well-known powerhouse. When he was young, he was also a peerless arrogant man, but compared with Ye Chen's same period, he was inferior to him!

Ye Chen didn't have any joyful expression on his face. If someone else could defeat the existence of the Saint King level at the same time, he might be able to brag for a lifetime.

The figure of Honglian Saint King gradually disappeared, and Ye Chen sat on the ground.

The battle of the power of the soul, finally rushed through without danger.

In the back, it is not clear what Ye Chen will encounter. He can only recover his body as soon as possible and reach a state of heyday before he can cope with the next test.

Ye Chen decided to step into the stairs when he was resting for the three sticks of incense.

...

At the same time, it was turned upside down outside.

Because the blood soul clan powerhouse came out of the demon saint secret realm!

And following Ye Chen's breath, he came to Blood Fiend Island for the first time!

The leader is a powerful person in the fifth-tier heaven of good fortune!

The methods of the powerful in the fifth-layer heaven of the good fortune realm were extremely terrifying, and the old man Niu and others resisted together, and were seriously injured, barely resisted.

After all, their current realm is weaker than this blood soul clan powerhouse!

It's just that this is only temporary. The blood soul clan powerhouse will definitely attack. When the next attack, what will they use to resist?

Moreover, the powerhouse of the Blood Soul Race had already surrounded the entire Blood Fiend Island.

Once they run away, they will be found out the first time.

You can't get away if you want to run!

At present, they had no other way but to wait for Ye Chen to appear.

Ye Chen had no idea about all this, he was still on the Samsara Ship.

Ye Chen was covered with scars, dragging his body and stepping into the fifth layer step by step.

Originally, when he was on the fourth floor, Ye Chen was going to take care of his body. His injury was too serious, but the rules inside didn't allow it.

Ye Chen had no choice but to drag his seriously injured body into the fifth layer.

Fortunately, the strong on the fifth floor did not appear immediately. Ye Chen raced against time to take out the healing medicine and put it in his mouth.

After an hour, Ye Chen finally had the ability to resist.

Hum!

There was a wave of fluctuations in the fifth floor space, Ye Chen stood up and looked up.

A cold and arrogant young man, holding a sword in his hand, Ye Chen actually felt a lonely look in his eyes.



Looking at it, Ye Chen felt the sharp sword light, piercing his eyes!

Strong!

This was the first feeling for Ye Chen, even in the face of Good Fortune Realm Immortal Venerable, it did not give him a feeling of powerlessness.

It seems that any method has no effect in front of him.

"I, once suppressed an era, known as the Sword Sovereign!"

In the sword sovereign's voice, he was extremely indifferent and did not seem to have any emotions. He stood there like a peerless sword!

The most shocking thing in Ye Chen's heart was Jian Zun's words, suppressing an era!

In the era of Sword Sovereign, he was the strongest in Lingwu Continent, no one, anyone would be suppressed in his hands.

Any peerless Tianjiao must look up to his back!

This is the dream of billions of warriors!

Ye Chen originally thought that suppressing the existence of an era, only in the legend, did not expect that tens of thousands of years ago, someone could actually do it.

Divine Sense swept across and saw that the realm of Sword Sovereign had reached the half-step Immortal Sovereign level, and it would break through the realm of good fortune only a little bit.

You know, these condensed phantoms are all the same age as Ye Chen.

In Ye Chen's twenties, Jianzun had immediately broken through the realm of good fortune.

If Ye Chen were one year late, he would definitely not face Half Step Immortal Venerable, but Good Fortune Realm Immortal Venerable.

"Do you understand the immortal will, the immortal spirit, the immortal fighting spirit, the immortal soul, can you understand the immortal sword in my hand!"

The sword sovereign's voice spoke, like a mountain!

Ye Chen experienced the four-story palace, and all realized that he was immortal. Although his realm is the sixth level of the Hunyuan realm, if he explodes with all his strength, the Half-Step Immortal Venerable has the qualification to fight.

Of course, the gap between Jianzun and the ordinary gods was still too big.

Outside the palace, the Nine Great Masters and the Hundred Fighting Spirit King, a pair of eyes filled with fire.

For tens of thousands of years, only Ye Chen had reached the fifth floor, and whether he could obtain the real inheritance was the last step.

This is also the reason why they have guarded for tens of thousands of years, looking for true inheritors, and preserving the last vitality of Lingwu Continent for those terrifying existences in the future.

For them, time has become less and less, and the Nine Masters guessed that those existences will come back in less than a hundred years.

That man will do something to them!

A hundred years, for them, is just a momentary matter, and they have no time to wait any longer.

"Master Nine, do you think Ye Chen can pass?"

Doubt and excitement were mixed in the voice of the Baizhan Spirit King.

For tens of thousands of years, there will be someone who can pass by just one step. How can he control his inner excitement?

"I do not know!"

"Go ask the Eternal Saint King, he brought this kid, there must be a reason The Nine Masters gave a wry smile, and then shook his head. fear.

Whether the Jagged Saint King or the Red Lotus Saint King, they were all born in the same era as the Sword Sovereign.

This is their luck and their sorrow.

It was lucky enough to be able to see the strongest figure, but the sword master alone suppressed them for an era.

Let none of them look up in front of Sword Sovereign, and some are just in deep awe and terror.

Sword Sovereign is not the name of Immortal Sovereign of Good Fortune Realm, but Sword Sovereign!

In that era, no one could catch the sword sovereign!

On the fifth floor of the palace, Ye Chen didn't speak when facing Sword Sovereign. His understanding of kendo was not bad, but facing the person in front of him, he looked like a child.

The Sword Sovereign stopped speaking, just took out the sword he held in his chest.

Stabbed!

The sword box opened, and a long sword was held in the hands of the sword master.

"Can you take me a sword?"

Jian Zun's words were not overbearing, on the contrary, there was an imploring tone.

He stands on the top of the mountain, as a strong man who suppresses an era, no one can take him a sword.

No one is even qualified to fight in front of him!

The strong is lonely! He longed for someone to catch his sword, longing for the taste of being defeated!

Ye Chen remained silent, holding the bleeding magic sword, immortal spirit, immortal soul, and immortal will burst out at this moment.

In the hall, there is a breath of immortality, what is immortality? Eternal life will last forever!

Although Ye Chen's immortality hadn't reached the point of immortality, he finally took the first step.

Boom boom boom!

The blood in Ye Chen's body surged, and the terrifying aura filled the hall.

The devilish energy of the Blood Demon Sword entangled Ye Chen's body.

Ye Chen at this moment, like a demon \*\*\*\* descending into the world!

Chapter 1735: Sorry, I chose you!

A pair of blood-red eyes, murderous in his body, he knew that the sword sovereign was very strong!

At present, he may not be able to catch a sword, but he will never admit defeat!

This is his will!

Even in a situation where there is no doubt, we must do our best.

"You! Too small!"

The Sword Master raised his arm, the long sword in the air.

Buzzing!

The Blood Demon Sword in Ye Chen's hand suddenly showed a timid look. He was just about to swing the sword, and he had to let the Blood Demon Sword surrender.

"Years kill the sword!"

The law of time erupted wildly, and a sword intent rushed into the sky.

Since he is called the Sword Sovereign, Ye Chen will defeat him with the sword in his hand!

The pride and stubbornness in Ye Chen's bones didn't convince anyone!

How about Jian Zun suppressing an era! In the future, he can do the same!

Stubbornness not to admit defeat!

The Sword Master was expressionless, his eyes were immortal, he waved his hand and cut out with a sword.

This sword is not fancy, ordinary, and even makes people think that it can be broken with a single blow.

Ye Chen looked solemn, and he could clearly feel that this sword had an immortal sword intent.

What is immortal sword intent? A sword is swung out, it will never die, it will remain in the world!

Immortality means eternity!

Even if the world is destroyed, his sword aura still exists!

The moment the two sword auras touched, the sword aura of the Sword Master directly crushed the years of killing sword, and a sword struck!

This sword was so fast that even Ye Chen couldn't keep up with his spiritual thoughts. In a hurry, Ye Chen used the Blood Demon Sword to block it.

However, his speed was still a little slower, and a sword suddenly crushed on Ye Chen's chest.

boom!

Ye Chen's body hit the palace directly, and the entire palace was crumbling.

On his chest, there were deep wounds, scarlet blood was spilled without money, not only that, the immortal sword intent constantly destroyed the vitality in Ye Chen's body.

He has pale cheeks, without any blood, and without any strength.

Sword Sovereign was dying with just one sword, which caused him to be seriously injured and dying!

At this moment, Ye Chen couldn't even say a word, his teeth were full of blood.

Fortunately, Ye Chen understood the immortal will and the immortal soul, otherwise the immortal sword intent would destroy vitality in an instant.

In the room, the faces of the Nine Masters and the Baizhan Spirit King dimmed.

The strength of Jianzun was still too strong, Ye Chen couldn't hold it with a single sword.

"Hey, this kid is defeated!"

"Eternal Saint King is defeated!"

"We are all defeated!"

The Nine Masters sighed helplessly, already predicting that Ye Chen might be in a different place next time.

Even Jianzun was invincible when he was young!

Ye Chen closed his eyes, and the breath on his body became weaker and weaker.

Sword Sovereign walked to Ye Chen step by step, and then said, "Does the sword in your hand kill the enemy or treat it as a friend?"

"Is the sword in your hand just a weapon for you to kill the enemy? If you can comprehend the immortal sword intent, even with a branch in your hand, a sword can kill the Immortal Venerable in seconds."

Jian Zun stayed beside Ye Chen for a while, then revealed a look of disappointment, turned and stepped out.

The moment Jian Zun turned around, Ye Chen suddenly opened his eyes and said, "I haven't lost yet!"

Originally, the Nine Great Masters had already prepared to turn off the mirror, and there was no point in looking further.

"My lord, look at Ye Chen!"

The Baizhan Spirit King suddenly spoke, a pair of shocked expressions in his eyes.

The Nine Masters looked up and found that Ye Chen actually stood up slowly. It was not here that shocked him the most.

There was a hint of immortal sword intent wrapped around Ye Chen's body.

"This....."

The Nine Masters have seen so many peerless arrogances in these hundreds of millions of years, but no one has been able to comprehend the immortal sword intent so quickly.

Is it only so? Not really!



When Sword Sovereign was young, he was invincible in the same period, and no one could catch a sword.

What can Ye Chen stand up for now?

A sword representing the sword sovereign, he is next!

For tens of thousands of years, no one has done it before, but the scene before him has actually happened!

Ye Chen, a man who creates miracles!

No one has done anything for tens of thousands of years, he has done it!

Ye Chen looked at the back of Sword Sovereign. Although there was blood in his teeth, he slowly stood up and smiled grimly.

Jian Zun turned around, looked at Ye Chen with a pair of eyes, and suddenly a smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

"If I can catch a sword, I am defeated!"

In the eyes of the sword master, the sword in his hand can cut everything, and someone can catch his sword, which also represents a complete defeat.

"No, I want to beat you!"

Ye Chen said something amazing!

Being able to catch the sword master undefeated, is proud enough, and now wants to defeat the sword master.

"Come to fight!"

The Sword Sovereign held the sword in his hand tightly, his eyes filled with fighting spirit.

He longs for a defeat!

Ye Chen's current state is not good, because the sword sovereign's immortal sword intent enters his body.

Let him feel the smell of immortal sword intent, but the damage caused to the body has never been reduced.

Sword Sovereign has his pride, Ye Chen also has his own backbone!

To catch a trick to win? It can only be regarded as an insult to Ye Chen.

He wants to be upright and defeat Jian Zun!

"war!"

Ye Chen roared, his current state is all supported by immortal will.

boom!

The immortal will rushed straight into the sky, and the blood demon sword in his hand showed a trace of immortal sword intent.

Ye Chen raised the Blood Demon Sword in his hand and cut it casually. He gave up any move, any technique!

A bland sword light suddenly cut out!

From the road to the simplicity, return to the basics!

"Not bad!"

Jian Zun exclaimed, he was able to suppress the existence of an era, how high his vision was, but he had to admire Ye Chen's talent.

To be able to comprehend the simplicity of the great road so quickly and return to the basics!

Sword Sovereign faced this sword light and slashed out at Ye Chen!

The existence of the two kendos can only be determined by the sword.

These two sword lights are approaching an extreme speed like dawn!

At the moment when the two were in contact, there was no sound, not even a trace of waves.

The moment the two sword lights touched, they shuttled past each other.

Stabbed!

The sword light pierced Ye Chen's arm, and he spouted a mouthful of blood, and the sword sovereign backed two steps, slightly pale.

The two of them had no resistance.

"Your immortal sword intent has already been shoulder to shoulder with me at the same time."

The words of Sword Sovereign made the Nine Great Masters and the Hundred Fighting Spirit King feel a touch of shock!

Ye Chen's growth rate is too fast!

"not enough!"

Ye Chen shook his head, wanting to defeat the Sword Master, the power of Immortal Sword Intent was not enough!

Only the immortal sword intent surpassing the sword sovereign can be defeated.

The Nine Great Masters and the Baizhan Spirit King were worried in their hearts, can Ye Chen really break the myth?

Break the invincible capital of the sword sovereign?

Now they are not clear in their hearts and can only continue to watch.

At the same moment.

Not far from the Samsara Temple, an old man with a slightly drunken face and asleep holding a hip flask suddenly opened his eyes.

There is a trace of vicissitudes in his eyes, and a touch of comfort.

He took a sip of wine slowly and murmured: "Ye Chen, I chose you for this game of chess, sorry."

"Your destiny has completely changed."

"You have to bear too much."

"But... we really have no choice."

"Because there is not much time left for us."

"Ever since ancient times, you are the only one who can resist those guys."

"Hey."

...

Chapter 1736: immortal!

Chen Feng assembled the disciples of the killing sect, and within an hour, the disciples of the killing sect were assembled and waited in the martial arts field.

Ye Chen walked up step by step, looking at all the disciples of Killing Sect who wanted to go to battle to kill the enemy.

They can have today, have abundant resources and the dignity of men, all of which are given by Ye Chen.

It is not an exaggeration to say that they did not hesitate to say who Ye Chen asked them to kill.

As long as Ye Chen is here, the Killing Sect will never perish!

"Today, the Blood Soul Race surrounds the Blood Fiend Island and treats us as lambs to be slaughtered. What should we do!"

Ye Chen's voice is not loud, but it can be heard by every disciple.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

The Murder Sect disciple's eyes were filled with anger. During this period of time, they couldn't see it, the Blood Soul Race thought that it would take them down and was not in a hurry.

Murderous like a dragon, straight into the sky!

Duan Muyan was aside, looking at Ye Chen and the disciple below.

Although the killing sect currently has no scale, even if there are not many top powerhouses, this terrifying cohesion is incomparable to any sect.

As long as Ye Chen doesn't die, the killing of Zong will skyrocket for 90,000 miles sooner or later!

Duanmuyan just came to kill Zong, and didn't have much sense of belonging, so naturally he didn't understand!

Most of these murderers are casual cultivators, no school or faction, and no one has given them resources.

Even if they are powerful, they will always be inferior to the disciples of the big sect.

It is difficult for the poor to make the strong, and the resources of this world are always in the hands of the big forces.

They want to become strong, and they can only obtain resources by themselves, because Ye Chen's shelter allows them to have a home!

Ye Chen also brought them resources and dignity!

No matter how people were not convinced of Ye Chen, especially Ye Chen's terrifying talent, any Western Region warrior would be clear.

Everyone believed that as long as Ye Chen did not die, he would eventually become the strongest in this continent.

Ye Chen had a pair of eyes with a smile. After so many years in Lingwu Continent, he finally felt a sense of belonging.

These disciples regarded Killing as their home, so why not Ye Chen?

"Okay, let me go out and kill the blood soul race!"

Ye Chen waved his hand and guarded Qi Lao beside him. Now Niu Lao is seriously injured.

Chi Yan Huo Qilin will never allow Young Master to be killed!

The mighty murder of the disciples caused some small families to fear.

The Blood Soul Race has been surrounded recently, which has already made them panic. Fortunately, there is a Killing Sect, and the Blood Soul Race has not yet entered in a big way.

The blood soul race quickly detected the movement on the killing sect. After all, there were so many people in the killing sect, and it would be impossible not to attract attention.

"Master Feng, there is movement on the side of the killing sect, as if to break through."

At this moment, in a room, a servant of the Blood Soul Race came back to report.

Feng Xiaotian is a third-tier heavenly expert in the good fortune realm guarding the blood soul clan base camp.

At the beginning, the blood soul clan powerhouse of the fifth layer of the good fortune realm was fighting against Niu Lao, and he was also seriously injured, so he was sent to guard.

"A group of humble human ants, still want to break through?"

Feng Xiaotian gave a cold snort, in their eyes, Human Race was just a lamb to be slaughtered.

The existence of random killings, and now Human Race dares to resist, how can he not get angry?

"Go, I want to see how big waves these ants can make."

Ye Chen and the others chose to attack from the east, because they are the closest to Killing Sect, and if there is any accident, they can return as soon as possible.

This time, Ye Chen did not choose to break through, but to kill!

Blood Fiend Island is a good place, and also found a place related to the blood of reincarnation, how could Ye Chen evacuate.

Only do this when it comes to life and death!

The top powerhouses of the Blood Soul Race have not yet awakened, so what if this group of powerhouses who awakened first knew their position?

How about besieging yourself!



At present, relying on the strength of killing sect, enough to protect himself.

The blood soul race has been paying close attention to the movement of the killing sect, and the blood soul race that surrounded Raksha Island soon condensed in the east.

This time, the opportunity to kill the sect was completely destroyed, and Feng Xiaotian would never let it go.

Feng Xiaotian didn't want to let Ye Chen go, and Ye Chen didn't want to let him go either.

Before the war, there was a roar of violent wind, and the disciples on the killing sect's side, the condensed killing intent, went straight into the sky and filled the entire Blood Fiend Island.

Ye Chen squinted his eyes and looked up, and found that the blood soul clan warrior was standing behind him, and in front of him was a powerful man of the third layer of the good fortune realm.

These blood soul clan warriors showed fierce gazes one by one, not only that, but also jokingly looking at the eyes of the disciples of the killing sect.

The weak are ants, and they have already been engraved in their hearts.

"Haha, I thought how strong the killing sect was, but I didn't expect the leader to be the Hunyuan realm."

Feng Xiaotian could tell when he looked at Ye Chen's realm, it was just an ant in the mixed element realm.

Which one of his warriors is not Hunyuan Realm?

Ye Chen squinted his eyes and smiled without saying a word. As for the disciple of Killing Sect, he was already so angry.

You can insult them, but you can never insult Ye Chen!

"Can you take me a sword!"

At this moment Ye Chen suddenly looked at Feng Xiaotian with a pair of eyes.

Since acquiring the Immortal Divine Body, Ye Chen himself doesn't know how strong it is now. A strong man in the third layer of the good fortune realm in front of him, just enough to let him experiment.

Feng Xiaotian looked at Ye Chen like a fool.

Are the ants in Lingwu Continent so proud and arrogant now?

Hunyuan Realm also dared to take action against Good Fortune Realm, knowing nothing about life and death!

There was a roar of laughter from the blood soul clan, as if to hear the funniest joke in the world.

The Hunyuan Realm's attack on the Good Fortune Realm, how problematic is it in the brain to say this?

Old Qi looked at Ye Chen with a solemn expression, and said, "Young Master, do you want to think about it again."

It's not that Old Qi looked down on Ye Chen, and mainly challenged the realm of Good Fortune from the Primordial Realm, which was too far-fetched.

In the entire Lingwu Continent, no one dared to challenge Good Fortune Immortal Venerable in the Hunyuan Realm.

"It's okay, even if I can't fight, I have the ability to protect myself."

Ye Chen knew that at present, it would be difficult to defeat the third-tier heavenly powerhouse in the good fortune realm, even if the opponent had only a part of its strength, but relying on the current state, he had a certain ability to protect himself.

When Elder Qi heard Ye Chen's words, he couldn't say anything more, so he could only watch it a little while.

Once Ye Chen is in danger, he will immediately rush to support.

"How about one sword? Don't talk about one sword, even a hundred swords are fine!"

He was in a good fortune realm and was challenged by the Hunyuan realm. If he should not fight, what face would he have.

Feng Xiaotian stepped forward, without any defense on his body, even the defense technique was useless, just stood like this and let Ye Chen attack.

Ye Chen stepped out and took the bleeding magic sword, without any aura showing from his body.

"This sword, without any name, is immortal!"

Ye Chen murmured in his mouth, and raised the Blood Demon Sword in his hand. This sword was not fancy, and even felt that it was too weak to pose any threat.

Chapter 1737: It should have disappeared long ago!

Although I don't know why this is so, Ye Chen feels this is a good thing.

He doesn't know how strong he is now, I'm afraid I have to find someone to fight.

Moreover, this power seems to be bound by something.

Is it related to the Reincarnation Xuanbei?

Pedal!

At this time, there was the sound of footsteps, Ye Chen looked up and found that it was the Great Spirit King.

There was still no expression on the face of the Hundred Battle Spirit King, and he said indifferently: "Since you have come out of the Universe Furnace, let me see the Nine Masters."

Ye Chen nodded slightly, then turned and followed behind Baizhanling King.

After walking for half an hour, he came to a room, and the King of Spirits opened the door and left by himself.

Ye Chen walked in and found that the Nine Masters were still sitting on the rattan wooden chair as before.

"Boy, you are now truly embarking on the path of immortality."

Ye Chen could feel the change in physique, as for what the immortal divine body was, he didn't quite know.

Seeing that Ye Chen didn't speak, the Nine Masters continued to speak: "For tens of thousands of years, you alone have passed the test and obtained the immortal divine body. If one day, your physique can break through and no one can kill you."

"The only thing in this world worthy of the blood of reincarnation is the Immortal Divine Body."

The words of the Nine Masters completely shocked Ye Chen. No one can kill?

What kind of concept is this? As long as the immortal divine body can achieve great success, he is suppressing the existence of an era.

"You become the inheritor, and there are some things, naturally, I have to tell you."

As soon as the Nine Masters' words fell, he stretched out his hand and pointed, and a beam of light rushed into Ye Chen's mind.

At this moment Ye Chen suddenly saw an eternal battle.

It's just that I don't know whether it is a problem with my own cultivation level or something, and the picture is a bit fuzzy.

But a figure is extremely clear.

That is a man above the dragon.

The man has a stalwart figure, and his body is full of powerful pressure. A glance at him is daunting.

He just looked at everyone indifferently, the corners of his mouth were disdainful, very indifferent.

The man above the dragon seems to order countless strong men.

It also seems to suppress everything by force.

He ordered the breath of these strong men to be terrifying, and the strength of each strong man seemed to be able to kill the whole world with just one punch.

Every strong man constantly shook his fist, and every punch took everything away.

At this time, the picture turned, Ye Chen saw the Red Lotus Saint King, the Iron Blood Saint King, Jian Zun and others.

There were thousands of these holy kings, and the war was about to break out, and the entire Lingwu continent was plunged into darkness.

A holy king fell, and behind them countless creation realms, as for the He Dao realm, it was as weak as an ant.

Seeing the invincible capital of the sword sovereign, Ye Chen went down with a sword as if the entire Nine Heavens had been cut off.

Every sword harvested the lives of countless strong men, and the \*\*\*\* battle did not know how many years it broke out.

The entire area of Lingwu Continent was dyed scarlet, and the Hedao and Good Fortune Realms on the battlefield were completely ants.

The picture turned again, and the corpse of a saint king was placed, and the body of the sword was scarred, and the breath of the whole person was extremely weak.

Ye Chen could feel that Sword Sovereign was afraid that it would not work!

The Sword Sovereign stood on the mountain, his eyes still cold, and the sword in his hand.

Under the mountain peak, behind a saint king, I don't know how many strong people.

"I am the Sword Sovereign, and the Sovereign of Ten Thousand Swords. We seal everything with our own blood forever."

Behind the sword master, an altar, the sword master clenched the sword in his hand, and directly sprinkled the blood of his own on the altar, bursting out bright light.

Jian Zun was not dead, but instead let blood erupt, and time passed bit by bit.

There was no blood on Jian Zun's face, the whole person was like a corpse, and finally lost his life.

One by one, the strong, like moths fighting the fire, fell on the altar.

These powerhouses, randomly take out one, are the strongest on the Lingwu Continent.

These strong people can live for hundreds of thousands of years without any problems, but they give their lives one by one, just to suppress those strong ones.

"Things that do not live or die, your move just delayed my plan."

The man above the dragon snorted coldly and disappeared completely.

As if it never existed.

...

At the end of the screen, Ye Chen's eyes were already somewhat moist.

These endless years of powerhouses have all contributed their lives to retain the spirits of Lingwu Continent.

The vicissitudes of life, these disappearing years, completely lost in the long river.

Now the creatures of Lingwu Continent, I'm afraid no one remembers this gloomy time.

"The endless years have passed, and the original seal has been extremely weak. I am afraid that it will not be long before that guy will make a comeback."

"The people behind him can shake the world, and the power of heaven is the power."

The Nine Masters sighed, and just in case, they left the reincarnation ship to find the true descendant.

How long can the peace of Lingwu Continent last?

"Senior, if they kill them back, I will fight to the death!"

Ye Chen knew that the more the inheritance, the greater the responsibility he faced in the future.

The Nine Masters smiled comfortingly, and then said: "If there is no accident, there are still ten thousand years before that person's plan. Within these ten thousand years, you must find a way to cultivate to the highest level, and this is the only way can stop everything."

"This time may be advanced. Try not to contact that man."

"You are not qualified yet."

Ten thousand years is just a period of retreat for the strong.

There is not much time left for Ye Chen!

"Nine Masters, how can the Immortal Divine Body become great?"

Ye Chen knew nothing about the immortal divine body.



He didn't even know the blood of reincarnation.

The Nine Masters smiled slightly: "The Immortal Divine Body and the reincarnation bloodline complement each other. Whatever the reincarnation bloodline needs, the Immortal Divine Body needs everything."

Hearing these words, Ye Chen subconsciously said: "Reincarnation Profound Monument?"

"I don't know! You feel it yourself."

The Nine Masters shook his head slightly, revealing a mysterious smile, as if to let Ye Chen guess.

There has been a legend about the existence of the immortal divine body for tens of thousands of years. Even they don't know whether the immortal divine body can cultivate.

The Nine Masters are very fortunate that he can still see the immortal body born!

Ye Chen gave a wry smile. Since the Nine Masters didn't say anything, he wanted to cultivate the Immortal Divine Body, and he had no way of starting.

Only pay attention to the reincarnation monument.

"The path of the immortal divine body still needs you to walk by yourself. If one day, you cultivate to great achievement, between heaven and earth, you will be an immortal existence."

Regarding the immortal body, it is just a legend, even tens of thousands of years ago, no immortal body was born.

Ye Chen nodded slightly, he didn't think much about the immortal existence.

There is no one strong in this world who dares to say that he is immortal.

Birth, old age, sickness and death, time cycle!

"You can take the Qiankun Furnace away. As for us, we should have disappeared between heaven and earth long ago."

"Help me say hello to the Eternal Saint King. Over the years, he has been struggling to support himself, and we have all seen it."

Chapter 1738: Annihilation is here!

The Nine Masters didn't have any sad look on their faces, and there was a hint of relief on their faces.

His mission has been completed, and the dust will return to the dust.

For this world, they no longer have any nostalgia, they should disappear tens of thousands of years ago.

Ye Chen stood by, not knowing what to say, his heart was slightly heavy.

These strong men deserve his respect!

Give your life only for the souls of Lingwu Continent!

Ye Chen asked himself, he might not be so noble, he just wanted to protect his relatives and friends.

boom!

The entire Samsara ship made a dull sound, and the figures of the Nine Masters became more and more empty.

"Senior, go all the way!"

Ye Chen bowed deeply, the Nine Masters smiled, and then said: "I haven't seen my old friends for tens of thousands of years, and I don't know what they are like now."

After the Nine Masters finished speaking, the figure completely disappeared in the world.

The reincarnation ship also disappeared, as if everything had never happened.

On the ground, only one Qiankun furnace was left, and Ye Chen walked to the Qiankun furnace.

At this time, the universe shrank by less than three centimeters, and there was no hot atmosphere outside the furnace, as if it were an exquisite accessory.

Ye Chen carefully put it away. The Qiankun Furnace is definitely a treasure. The Nine Masters didn't say the effect, it seems that they can only explore it by themselves in the future.

Ye Chen finally returned to the original place, he had too many doubts in his heart.

The eternal holy king is still sleeping with his hip flask, as if he was a okay person.

Judging from what happened just now, Ye Chen felt some clues.

The eternal holy king knows these people, and these people have existed for a long time.

In the endless years.

In that battle, this group of people was completely destroyed, but the eternal holy king was struggling to support it.

Is the eternal holy king waiting for himself?

Ye Chen came to the front of the Eternal Saint King. Just when he wanted to speak, the Eternal Saint King stretched out and stood up: "Boy, how do you feel about coming out so soon."

"It seems that you have realized the immortal body."

"not bad."

Ye Chen couldn't help but said, "Yong Lao, how exactly did that battle go? Why do strong men of your level fear those people?"

"Also, I saw a man above Shenlong in a blur...What is this man..."

Hearing these words, the eternal holy king suddenly shrank, and interrupted: "Don't ask if you shouldn't ask!"

"Some things, you will naturally know from now on."

"Now I know, it won't do you much good."

The eternal holy king seemed to realize that he was too harsh, and calmly said, "Thank you."

Ye Chen: "???"

Ye Chen was stunned. He never expected that the Eternal Holy King would suddenly say thank you. He just wanted to ask, the Eternal Holy King said again:

"It's almost time, let's go up. Instead of caring about these things, I think you should care about your killing sect!"

Ye Chen was startled: "What's wrong with Killing Sect?"

The eternal holy king did not reply, and went outside while drinking.

When he arrived at Blood Fiend Island, Ye Chen smelled a strong blood.

His heart sank.

"Boy, it seems that those blood soul races who have been sealed have smelled of you and came to the door."

"It's not convenient for me to shoot. I'm not sure if those guys are watching me. I will disappear for a while. When necessary, I will naturally appear."

"As for the Ten Thousand Sword Emperor Palace, it is not yet imminent. You can go after the tail."

"that's it."

The Eternal Saint King left a few words, and the figure turned into stars and disappeared in front of Ye Chen.

When the Eternal Saint King disappeared, Ye Chen said: "Yong Lao, you are superb, can you temporarily suppress the blood soul seal?"

The Eternal Holy King did not answer.

Ye Chen was not in the mood to care about the affairs of the Eternal Saint King either, he hurried to the direction of Killing Sect.

When he arrived at the place of killing sect, Ye Chen frowned. There was no warrior of killing sect around, and there was a \*\*\*\* smell floating in the air.

Something is wrong.

Duanmuyan, who had just taken over, saw Ye Chen and rushed over.

"Young Master, something seems to have happened!"

Duan Muyan's face changed slightly. He has been ordering people to open mines, and he has no idea what happened on it.

"let's go!"

Ye Chen waved his hand, and took Duanmu Yan to the Killing Hall.

...

At this moment, in the hall of Killing Sect, Chen Feng and their faces were extremely ugly.

The Blood Soul Race surrounded the entire Blood Fiend Island, if they wanted to go out and escape, they had no way.

Now that Old Niu is injured, and Duanmuyan and Young Master are not there, the group of them can't make up their minds.

"It really doesn't work, let's kill it out."

Qi Lao (Chi Yan Huo Qi Lin) has a violent temper. If this continues, it is simply not a solution.

If you wait for the powerhouse of the blood soul clan to come over, none of them can escape, you might as well rush out, maybe there is still a chance.

"Old Qi, wait two more days to see if the young masters will come back, if they don't come back we will rush out."

Chen Feng spoke from the side.

Everyone knows that if this continues, they will all be trapped to death.

When everyone was talking about it, Old Qi suddenly felt Ye Chen's breath.

"Young Master is back!"

At this moment, Mr. Qi spoke and everyone looked out the door.

The moment they saw Ye Chen's figure, everyone's hearts became completely settled.

As long as Ye Chen is still there, it will be like Dinghai Shenzhen.

When Ye Chen came back, he sat directly in the first place, and said in a cold voice, "Old Qi, what's the current situation!"

When rushing to the main hall, Ye Chen also saw the Blood Soul Race surrounding the entire Blood Fiend Island.

If it weren't for worrying about killing the sect, he would have rushed over. At present, his internal fighting spirit is high and he can't wait to fight now.

"Young Master, Niu Lao is currently severely wounded by a powerful person in the fifth-tier Heavenly Creation Realm of the Blood Soul Race. The Blood Soul Race outside surrounds the Blood Fiend Island, and a powerful person in the third-tier Creation Realm is sitting in town."

Hearing Qi Lao's report, Ye Chen frowned, Niu Lao was seriously injured, and the powerhouse of the Blood Soul Race might not be much better.

"Young Master, I suggest rushing out directly, this is not the way to continue."

For these two days, Mr. Qi has been holding back his anger, wishing to vent it.

"Really when I killed no one in the sect, I didn't want to interfere with the blood soul race. Since they are looking for death today, I will let them be destroyed here!"

There was a fierce look between Ye Chen's eyebrows, since the blood soul clan wanted to eat them to kill the sect, he had to pay the price of blood.

They kill the sect, but they are not bullying!

With Ye Chen's words, everyone was boiling, and they couldn't make up their minds for the past two days, and their hearts were filled with anger.

As for worry?

They didn't have any in their hearts. In the eyes of the killer, Ye Chen was like a god.

Chapter 1739: This sword is immortal!

Chen Feng assembled the disciples of the killing sect, and within an hour, the disciples of the killing sect were assembled and waited in the martial arts field.

Ye Chen walked up step by step, looking at all the disciples of Killing Sect who wanted to go to battle to kill the enemy.

They can have today, have abundant resources and the dignity of men, all of which are given by Ye Chen.



It is not an exaggeration to say that they did not hesitate to say who Ye Chen asked them to kill.

As long as Ye Chen is here, the Killing Sect will never perish!

"Today, the Blood Soul Race surrounds the Blood Fiend Island and treats us as lambs to be slaughtered. What should we do!"

Ye Chen's voice is not loud, but it can be heard by every disciple.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

The Murder Sect disciple's eyes were filled with anger. During this period of time, they couldn't see it, the Blood Soul Race thought that it would take them down and was not in a hurry.

Murderous like a dragon, straight into the sky!

Duan Muyan was aside, looking at Ye Chen and the disciple below.

Although the killing sect currently has no scale, even if there are not many top powerhouses, this terrifying cohesion is incomparable to any sect.

As long as Ye Chen doesn't die, the killing of Zong will skyrocket for 90,000 miles sooner or later!

Duanmuyan just came to kill Zong, and didn't have much sense of belonging, so naturally he didn't understand!

Most of these murderers are casual cultivators, no school or faction, and no one has given them resources.

Even if they are powerful, they will always be inferior to the disciples of the big sect.

It is difficult for the poor to make the strong, and the resources of this world are always in the hands of the big forces.

They want to become strong, and they can only obtain resources by themselves, because Ye Chen's shelter allows them to have a home!

Ye Chen also brought them resources and dignity!

No matter how people were not convinced of Ye Chen, especially Ye Chen's terrifying talent, any Western Region warrior would be clear.

Everyone believed that as long as Ye Chen did not die, he would eventually become the strongest in this continent.

Ye Chen had a pair of eyes with a smile. After so many years in Lingwu Continent, he finally felt a sense of belonging.

These disciples regarded Killing as their home, so why not Ye Chen?

"Okay, let me go out and kill the blood soul race!"

Ye Chen waved his hand and guarded Qi Lao beside him. Now Niu Lao is seriously injured.

Chi Yan Huo Qilin will never allow Young Master to be killed!

The mighty murder of the disciples caused some small families to fear.

The Blood Soul Race has been surrounded recently, which has already made them panic. Fortunately, there is a Killing Sect, and the Blood Soul Race has not yet entered in a big way.

The blood soul race quickly detected the movement on the killing sect. After all, there were so many people in the killing sect, and it would be impossible not to attract attention.

"Master Feng, there is movement on the side of the killing sect, as if to break through."

At this moment, in a room, a servant of the Blood Soul Race came back to report.

Feng Xiaotian is a third-tier heavenly expert in the good fortune realm guarding the blood soul clan base camp.

At the beginning, the blood soul clan powerhouse of the fifth layer of the good fortune realm was fighting against Niu Lao, and he was also seriously injured, so he was sent to guard.

"A group of humble human ants, still want to break through?"

Feng Xiaotian gave a cold snort, in their eyes, Human Race was just a lamb to be slaughtered.

The existence of random killings, and now Human Race dares to resist, how can he not get angry?

"Go, I want to see how big waves these ants can make."

Ye Chen and the others chose to attack from the east, because they are the closest to Killing Sect, and if there is any accident, they can return as soon as possible.

This time, Ye Chen did not choose to break through, but to kill!

Blood Fiend Island is a good place, and also found a place related to the blood of reincarnation, how could Ye Chen evacuate.

Only do this when it comes to life and death!

The top powerhouses of the Blood Soul Race have not yet awakened, so what if this group of powerhouses who awakened first knew their position?

How about besieging yourself!

At present, relying on the strength of killing sect, enough to protect himself.

The blood soul race has been paying close attention to the movement of the killing sect, and the blood soul race that surrounded Raksha Island soon condensed in the east.

This time, the opportunity to kill the sect was completely destroyed, and Feng Xiaotian would never let it go.

Feng Xiaotian didn't want to let Ye Chen go, and Ye Chen didn't want to let him go either.

Before the war, there was a roar of violent wind, and the disciples on the killing sect's side, the condensed killing intent, rushed straight into the sky and filled the entire Blood Fiend Island.

Ye Chen squinted his eyes and looked up, and found that the blood soul clan warrior was standing behind him, and in front of him was a powerful man of the third layer of the good fortune realm.

These blood soul clan warriors showed fierce gazes one by one, not only that, but also jokingly looking at the eyes of the disciples of the killing sect.

The weak are ants, and they have already been engraved in their hearts.

"Haha, I thought how strong the killing sect was, but I didn't expect the leader to be the Hunyuan realm."

Feng Xiaotian could tell when he looked at Ye Chen's realm, it was just an ant in the mixed element realm.

Which one of his warriors is not Hunyuan Realm?

Ye Chen squinted his eyes and smiled without saying a word. As for the disciple of Killing Sect, he was already so angry.

You can insult them, but you can never insult Ye Chen!

"Can you take me a sword!"

At this moment Ye Chen suddenly looked at Feng Xiaotian with a pair of eyes.

Since acquiring the Immortal Divine Body, Ye Chen himself doesn't know how strong it is now. A strong man in the third layer of the good fortune realm in front of him can just give him a test.

Feng Xiaotian looked at Ye Chen like a fool.

Are the ants in Lingwu Continent so proud and arrogant now?

Hunyuan Realm also dared to take action against Good Fortune Realm, knowing nothing about life and death!

There was a roar of laughter from the blood soul clan, as if to hear the funniest joke in the world.

The Hunyuan Realm's attack on the Good Fortune Realm, how problematic is it in the brain to say this?

Old Qi looked at Ye Chen with a solemn expression, and said, "Young Master, do you want to think about it again."

It's not that Old Qi looked down on Ye Chen, and mainly challenged the realm of good fortune from the Primordial Realm, which was too far from the fantasy.

In the entire Lingwu Continent, no one dared to challenge Good Fortune Immortal Venerable in the Hunyuan Realm.

"It's okay, even if I can't beat it, I have the ability to protect myself."

Ye Chen knew that at present, it would be difficult to defeat the third-tier Heavenly Power in the Good Fortune Realm, even if the opponent had only a part of its strength, but relying on the current state, he had a certain ability to protect himself.

When Elder Qi heard Ye Chen's words, he couldn't say anything more, so he could only watch it a little while.

Once Ye Chen is in danger, he will immediately rush to support.

"How about one sword? Don't talk about one sword, even a hundred swords are fine!"

He was in a good fortune realm and was challenged by the Hunyuan realm. If he should not fight, what face would he have.

Feng Xiaotian stepped forward, without any defense on his body, even the defense technique was useless, just stood like this and let Ye Chen attack.

Ye Chen stepped out and took the bleeding magic sword, without any aura showing from his body.

"This sword, without any name, is immortal!"

Ye Chen murmured in his mouth, and raised the Blood Demon Sword in his hand. This sword was not fancy, and even felt that it was too weak to pose any threat.

Chapter 1740: Shenlong destroys the world!

A sword light, as if weak to the extreme, rushed over.

"Haha, dare to use such a weak attack."

Feng Xiaotian glanced at him, completely relieved, originally he thought Ye Chen would play tricks, who knows... really weak enough.

On the side of Killing Sect, Duan Muyan showed a weird look. The feeling that Ye Chen came back at the time gave him a kind of depression. Could it be a fancy?

Now Duan Muyan can't figure out what's going on!

Ye Chen smiled without saying a word, a trace of immortal sword intent burst out of his body.

The immortal will, the immortal spirit, the immortal soul, and the immortal battle intent are all combined to create an immortal divine body, but the immortal sword intent is the sharpest attack in his hand!

When Jianguang was only ten centimeters away from Feng Xiaotian, his entire face suddenly changed drastically.

This sharp sword light was terrifying, he wanted to resist, but it was too late!

Jianguang bombarded Feng Xiaotian's body!

Click!

Feng Xiaotian's body heard a crisp sound, and the whole person spit out a mouthful of dark green blood, and the figure flew out instantly.

At this moment, the scene quieted down instantly, no one thought that such a strange scene would appear.

Qi Lao and Duan Muyan opened their eyes and even rubbed them with their hands.

This sudden change is so fast!

Let them not react!

What is the situation with this Nima!

Everyone was dumbfounded. Could Ye Chen's strength have been able to kill the third-tier heavenly powerhouses of the Creation Realm?

Ye Chen's current strength, of course, could not crush the third layer of the good fortune realm, but Feng Xiaotian was too arrogant and injured.

If Feng Xiaotian pays attention to it, this trick will at most make him suffer a little injury.

boom!

After a short silence, the killer side suddenly roared frantically.

"Young Master mighty!"

"Young Master mighty!"

There were deafening noises, as if to break this world.



The surprise Ye Chen brought to them was too great!

The Hunyuan realm had a trick to hit the good fortune realm Xianzun, never before in Lingwu Continent.

Ye Chen's battle has been enough to be recorded in the annals of history and spread for thousands of years!

"Ah, you beast, I will kill you completely!"

Feng Xiaotian flew back, his eyes filled with anger.

The people of the Blood Soul Race looked at them, although they wouldn't say anything in front of him, secretly, who knew what to say about him.

Ye Chen completely lost his face!

The furious Feng Xiaotian exuded a terrifying aura, Old Qi originally wanted to make a move, and directly asked Ye Chen to stop it.

He now wants to verify his strength and what point he has reached.

Facing the violent rage coming from Feng Xiaotian, Ye Chen didn't have any look of fear on his face. He raised the Blood Demon Sword in his hand, and his figure rushed past with lightning speed.

Ye Chen raised a sword casually, every time there was no fancy, hacking, slashing, or stabbing, just like an apprentice who just used the sword.

The simple moves made Feng Xiaotian a headache, and every move of Ye Chen contained the meaning of the great road.

Feng Xiaotian will inevitably be a little frantic, in the eyes of the disciples of Killing Sect.

Ye Chen's current state is to crush Feng Xiaotian, and in an instant let their morale reach a peak.

Morale is something that is unclear, but it is real.

Old Qi looked at the momentum of the killing sect and waved his hand to directly let everyone rush to kill him.

If you don't shoot now, when will you stay?

"kill!"

The disciple of the killing sect, like a fierce hungry wolf, rushed towards him frantically.

The blood flowed into a river for an instant, and the war broke out at this moment.

The disciples of the killing sect, one by one, were not afraid of death, completely making the blood soul race panic.

The blood soul race is certainly a powerful seal, but also has its own emotions and desires, and also fears death, rather than a killing machine without emotions.

Old Qi did not make a move, always paying attention to Ye Chen.

Feng Xiaotian had adjusted from the initial panic, after all, if the good fortune realm had no means at all, it would not be worthy of being called the Xianzun.

Feng Xiaotian held a golden and purple spirit stick in his hand, beating wildly with a great opening and closing momentum.

Ye Chen didn't change, he fought Feng Xiaotian, just to verify his own strength.

Ye Chen had no such idea at all to defeat Feng Xiaotian.

"Years kill the sword!"

Ye Chen murmured in his mouth, the law of time gushed out, and the immortal sword intent rushed into the sky.

Feng Xiaotian looked in his eyes, secretly surprised, he couldn't understand Ye Chen's sword intent.

A sword seems to cut all the glory of the world!

The sword light came, and Feng Xiaotian did not hesitate. He raised his arm and blocked it with the golden purple spirit stick in his hand.

At the moment of blocking, his figure kept retreating.

Ye Chen finds the right time, flying shots usually come to Feng Xiaotian, slap them out!

Feng Xiaotian reacted extremely fast at the moment it was shot, and he used his other arm to blast out with a fist.

boom!

There was a muffled noise, and Ye Chen saw that the opportunity had been lost, and distanced himself from Feng Xiaotian.

The flesh body of the Blood Soul Race is very hard. Once in close combat, Ye Chen will not be able to ask for any benefits, he may even put himself in danger.

When he retreated, a blood dragon phantom rushed out of his body and hovered in the void.

Shenlong destroys the world!

The blood dragon ghost shadow behind Ye Chen blasted away at Feng Xiaotian in the blink of an eye.

At this moment, Feng Xiaotian even ignored it, waving the Golden Purple Spirit Cudgel in his hand, and rushing over frantically.

Ye Chen furrowed his brows, and had to keep pulling away.

At the moment when the phantom of the blood dragon was about to make contact with Feng Xiaotian, the golden purple spirit stick swung out and exploded in an instant.

Feng Xiaotian rushed out from the scope of the explosion, staring at him with fierce eyes.

Up to now, Ye Chen has not been taken down, and his old face is almost lost.

If it weren't for hurting yourself and underestimating the enemy, you wouldn't be so embarrassed!

Feng Xiaotian's speed reached an extreme, and Ye Chen's current speed was still far behind the Good Fortune Realm.

I saw the golden purple spirit stick in Feng Xiaotian's hand bursting out with a terrifying aura, hammering at Ye Chen's head.

If this stick continues, Ye Chen will be seriously injured even if he does not die.

Without any hesitation on Ye Chen's face, he raised his arm and blocked it with the Blood Demon Sword.

boom!

With a heavy muffled sound, Ye Chen's entire figure slid in the air. Not only that, his arms tremble constantly, the veins violently violently, and a trace of cold sweat appeared on his forehead.

The blood in his body surged, and fortunately he cultivated into an immortal divine body, otherwise, this blow would be enough to seriously hurt Ye Chen.

"Little bastard, you die for me!"

Feng Xiaotian roared, the golden purple spirit stick kept lifting up, and then slammed it down heavily.

The anger in his heart can be imagined, and he can't get a trash in the Primal Realm for a long time. How will others evaluate him in the future?