

## Ancient 22

Chapter 22 Huge Treasure

But this time, Ye Feng discovered something extraordinary about the old man.

Last time, Ye Feng just entered the first level of Zhenwu Realm and couldn't notice anything at all.

But this time, Ye Feng not only stepped into the spiritual realm, but his perception was also transformed by the golden elixir in his brain, making him very evil.

He noticed in an instant that the old man in Mai, who was sleeping on his stomach, had a natural sword energy looming in front of him.

This kind of sword energy was so amazing that it was actually transmitted through the breath, surrounding the old man's body, showing his sharp edge. Even Ye Feng heard the faint sound of swords in the air.

"As you breathe in and out, the air flows into sword energy."

Ye Feng's eyes moved.

How frightening is this?

Ye Feng reached out and grabbed it, trying to capture the fluid sword energy surrounding the old man in Mai. He vaguely felt that this would have a huge effect on his understanding of the way of the sword.

However, Ye Feng only had time to grab three special sword energy, and before he could sense it, the sword energy had already dispersed in his palm.

"These sword energy are extremely loose and useless."

I don't know when the old man Mai woke up. He was sitting there, staring at Ye Feng with his old eyes, and said with a hint of surprise: "Ye Feng, boy, I haven't seen you for more than half a month, and you are completely transformed."

Obviously, the old man in Mai was not only praising Ye Feng's soaring cultivation level, but he also saw at a glance that the energy and blood in Ye Feng's body was as powerful as the sea.

Ye Feng knew that this old man in sackcloth was definitely extraordinary and was kind to him. He held his fists as a junior and said: "Senior, I am here this time to ask you some advice about swordsmanship." What I don't understand."

The old man in Mai also seemed to be interested. He stood up suddenly, pulled Ye Feng and walked out of the ancestral hall. He walked in a certain direction and said: "Let's go, old man, I haven't moved my body for a long time, and it happened that Ye Feng, boy You practice with me."

Seeing the prosperous appearance of the old man in Mai, Ye Feng couldn't help but twitch the corner of his mouth slightly. This strange old man is really quite idle.

However, Ye Feng also had some doubts in his heart. Old Man Mai was so extraordinary and must be very powerful. He didn't know why he slept in the ancestral hall all day long.

Moreover, no one knew the old man Mai on the road. It seemed that everyone thought he was just an ordinary old man who looked after the family.

If you can't think clearly, don't think about it. Ye Feng won't try to get into trouble.

Soon, the two came to a huge martial arts arena in the center of the family.

Only then did the old man in Mai let go of Ye Feng. He took out a very ordinary wooden sword from the weapon rack next to the martial arts arena. He pointed the sword at Ye Feng and said: "Come on, pull out your sword and use it on me." "

"Old man, are you sure you want to use a wooden sword?" Ye Feng said with surprise and uncertainty.

Although he knew that this strange old man was extraordinary and might be a master of swordsmanship, Ye Feng was really afraid of hurting this old man when he used a wooden sword that could easily break to fight against him.

The old man in Mai laughed loudly and said: "Hahaha, you brat, I didn't expect you to respect the old and love the young. Don't worry, you can't hurt me even if you practice for ten or eight years."

"That's what you said."

When Ye Feng heard what the old man Mai said, he simply let go.

"Qiang!"

The long sword was unsheathed, Ye Feng held the rusty long sword in his hand, stepped on the ground suddenly, and rushed towards the old man in Mai instantly.

This weird old man talks so arrogantly, Ye Feng is ready to teach him a lesson.

This old man probably doesn't know that he has mastered three perfect levels of yellow-level swordsmanship.

It's a bit difficult to block myself with a wooden sword.

"Mingyue Swordsmanship!"

At this moment, Ye Feng's eyes were like lightning, and he quickly drew out his sword. A cold sword light, accompanied by the bright moon, instantly rushed into the sky.

Clang, Clang, Clang!

This sword light split into thousands of sword lights high in the sky, covering the sky like a rain of light, and instantly stabbed the old man in Mai.

"Great Perfect Moon Swordsmanship? Hahaha, Ye Feng boy, not bad, not bad!"

The old man in Mai laughed loudly, without any panic in his tone.

The old man has a skinny body and holds a wooden sword in one hand. Standing there, he feels very ordinary, ordinary, and even dejected.

But at this moment, he was alone, facing the rain of thousands of bright moon swords pouring down from the sky, but he suddenly moved.

"Qiang!"

At this moment, the wooden sword in the old man Mai's mouth suddenly raised to the sky. A heart-stopping aura and a sharp sword aura suddenly erupted from the old man Mai's body.

At this moment, the old man Mai gave the impression to outsiders that he did not look like an old man, but a majestic and heroic figure!

"Young man Ye Feng, aren't you here to ask for lessons in the art of swordsmanship? Now you have to watch out. I only use one sword, old man. It's up to you how much you can learn!"

The old man in Mai suddenly spoke out, and every word sounded like the clanging of a divine sword.

"boom!"

At this moment, the old man in Mai finally drew his sword. An unparalleled sword force, majestic, vast, endless, but also full of a sky-piercing domineering edge, chopped up the sword rain in the sky and turned it into nothingness.

The momentum of this sword was so terrifying that it was vaguely linked to the general trend of the world. It was like a sword that opened up the world. The black light tore through the sky, causing the bright sun in the sky to flicker.

Although these are just illusions, there is no doubt that this sword is extremely terrifying!

"The end of the sword is not the splendor, but the ultimate edge, the domination that tears the world apart!"

The old man in sackcloth put away his sword and stood up, his sonorous and powerful voice sounded in the martial arts field.

At this time, the bright sun in the sky returned to shining brightly, and the shocking power of the sword disappeared.

It seemed as if nothing had happened just now, and everything had returned to calm.

But at this time, Ye Feng, who was opposite the old man Mai, was holding the rusty sword in his hand, standing there motionless, his eyes filled with endless shock.

At that moment, Ye Feng only felt that facing the sword of the old man Mai, he was like an ant, looking up at the giant wielding the sword, splitting the mountains and tearing apart the mountains and rivers.

That was a shocking sword!

The edge of that sword!

The dominance of that sword!

The monstrous momentum of that sword!

These all brought great spiritual shock to Ye Feng.

Ye Feng didn't want to waste any time, and didn't talk to the old man in Mai. He just sat cross-legged on the ground, thinking crazily in his mind about the shocking sword strike just now, wanting to imprint it in his memory and waiting for him to slowly understand it later.

This shocking sword is equivalent to a huge treasure given to Ye Feng by the old man Mai Yi! But this time, Ye Feng discovered something extraordinary about the old man.

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