

Clan Cultivation 83

Chapter 83

Boom boom boom!

The three magic cultivators attacked Ziyang Mountain, and Ziyang Mountain was crumbling. It seemed that Ziyang Mountain was about to break open in an instant.

At this moment, Old Ancestor Jin revealed his true body, his footsteps flickered, he had already left the mountain protection formation and was outside the formation.

Many monks were stunned for a while.

Shouldn't Old Ancestor Jin rely on the great formation of mountains and rivers, resist the three demon cultivators, and wait for rescue? Why do you want to go outside the big formation, give up your advantages, and use your own weaknesses to attack the enemy's strengths?

Standing outside the formation, under the summons of Old Ancestor Jin, the Su Nu sword formation was immediately put away, and the blood-changing witch escaped from the predicament.

Brush brush!

The White Bone Demon Lord and the Black Corpse Demon Lord, who originally attacked the great formation, put away the attack, and the two leaned against each other.

The blood-turning witch was also approaching, standing on the left of the White Bone Demon Lord, looking at Old Ancestor Jin with a solemn expression.

The two sides stood above the void, eyeing each other, and the distance was less than a kilometer.

Old Ancestor Jin said: "Three little devils, step back! You have not yet achieved your magic skills, and you are not my opponent. Blood-changing witch, your qualifications are the best, and the future Nascent Soul can be expected. It's a pity that the undead demon body is only Condensed three layers, still very weak, not worthy of being my opponent."

"The White Bone Demon Lord, he only comprehends the fur of the innate White Bone Dao, but he fails to comprehend the essence. He only comprehends the essence of death, but he fails to understand the way of life. The golden pill is your end."

"The Demon Lord of the Black Corpse is an unreliable thing. He is blindly addicted to killing, but he doesn't know that killing is not the end, but only the means. Mistake the means as the end."

He opened his mouth to comment, pointing at the mountains and rivers.

It seems that the seniors are teaching a few incompetent juniors a lesson.

The White Bone Demon Lord snorted coldly, "When the deity is proving the Tao, you are still a doll."

"Looking for death!"

Old Ancestor Jin opened his mouth, stretched out his hand and grabbed it, five fingers forming a mountain, five fingers like five sharp swords, and they slashed down in the air.

Stab it!

Stab it!

Along with a burst of sword cries, the five fingers evolved five types of sword techniques. Some sword qi was as thick as a mountain, some sword qi was as thin as the sea, some sword qi was as thin as grass, some sword qi was hot as fire, and some sword qi was as hot as fire. The air is as sharp as coming.

It turned into a ten-zhang-sized palm, and it was suppressed by the sky.

"Great magical power - five swords form a mountain!"

The White Bone Demon Lord sneered, and the mana was instilled into the White Bone Palace. Immediately, the lines on the White Bone Palace were activated, and the gray rays of light flickered above the void.

Boom!

The five swords formed a mountain and the White Bone Palace collided.

The magical powers of the two sides were fighting, but in the moment of the confrontation, the White Bone Palace uttered waves of lamentation, the pattern inside was shattering, and some white bones were shattering, heading for destruction.

Click it!

Click it!

Not only that, under the huge impact force, the White Bone Palace slammed into the body of the White Bone Demon Lord.

One person and one palace fell to the ground like a meteorite.

The ground was shaking violently, the White Bone Palace fell to the ground, and the earth was shaking violently.

The White Bone Demon Lord, defeated in one move.

"Little Void Swordsmanship!"

Ancestor Jin disappeared, and the next moment he appeared in front of the blood-changing witch, stabbing at the heart with a sword.

The river of blood in the hands of the blood-changing witch appeared and swept over.

Boom!

During the violent collision, the sword energy surged like a tide, piercing eighteen swords in a row. The blood river was shaking, like a horse training, and it turned into a huge impact.

The two sides were fighting fiercely, and in the blink of an eye, dozens of moves were being fought.

The attack speed is fast and the attack frequency is high.

When everything dissipated, Old Ancestor Jin stayed where he was.

But the blood-turning witch took ten steps back, and there was a blood hole between her eyebrows, a blood hole on her chest, and a blood hole on her shoulder.

The wounds on her body healed quickly at a speed visible to the naked eye.

"The Book of Blood Demons is really mysterious, but it's a pity that you are not at home!"

Old Ancestor Jin continued to move forward, and a vision rose above his head, which evolved into a world, a world of swords.

In the world of swords, there is nothing other than the sword.

The sword of destiny, the sword of karma, the sword of reincarnation, the sword of five elements, the sword of yin and yang, the sword of death, the sword of life, the sword of stars, one divine sword after another, about three thousand swords gathered in Together, it becomes a vast world.

This is the vision of Patriarch Jin - the world of three thousand swords.

Brush brush!

The vision flickered, and the sky suppressed it, as if three thousand swords were stabbing the blood-turning witch.

"Endless sea of blood!"

The witch of blood transformation is always activating secret techniques, and the river of blood is transforming into a **** ocean, resisting the front.

Stab it!

The world of Three Thousand Swords is originally a vision, a rootless source and a rootless tree.

But at the moment of the assassination in the sea of blood, it made a chi-chi sound, but the illusory sword hurt the real sea of blood.

Boom!

After a stalemate for a while, the sea of blood burst open.

The body of the blood-changing witch was suppressed by the vision, and the three thousand swords were wiped out in turn.

It motivates the incomplete river of blood and resists annihilation, but the river of blood is rapidly dissolving.

"Blood turns into a witch, just stay here!"

Old Ancestor Jin grabbed it with his right hand again, forming a mountain of five swords to suppress Qiankun.

Brush brush!

The figure of the White Bone Demon Lord flickered, approaching the back of Old Ancestor Jin, and a white bone sword stabbed his back.

Old Ancestor Jin slapped his palm, as if Haohai was surging, forcibly suppressing him.

Boom boom boom!

With the violent noise, the White Bone Demon Lord flew out.

brush!

The Black Corpse Demon Lord flashed his suffocating energy, waved his hand and shot out flying needles, which turned into a torrential rain and attacked.

It was the White Bone Magic Needle, which was specially designed to break the qi Old Ancestor Jin slashed out with a sword qi, the sword qi burst and came, and the white bone needles shattered one after another.

"I'll wait until we join forces. Only by joining forces can we kill her!"

"This stinky woman is too powerful, I'll join forces."

"Kill her!"

The three major demon kings communicated with each other, reached an agreement quickly, and joined forces to besiege Jin ancestors.

Only by joining forces is the way out. With the power of one person, with three punches and two feet, Old Ancestor Jin was defeated.

Boom boom boom!

In the void, the blood-colored cloud qi, black corpse qi, pale bone suffocating qi, and sharp sword qi, etc., four forces clashed together, collided together, the tide of destruction collided, melted with each other, and went to exhaustion. toward death.

The residual energy hit the ground with potholes, as if being bombarded by artillery shells.

Fortunately, fighting at high altitudes, the aftermath of fighting on the ground will be more violent and the impact will be even more terrifying.

At this moment, Long Xuan urged the mountain protection formation.

The seven-star lore formation was in motion, as if a giant beast had woken up from the ground, and the purple mask kept flashing, resisting the aftermath of the flying energy.

"It's amazing, is this the ancestor of Jindan?"

Lu Xuanji thought about it, and his heart was full of envy.

At this moment, in the violent energy impact, a blood-colored cloud flew out and fled towards the northwest; another black corpse cloud flew towards the south; another white bone cloud emerged and flew towards the north.

The three Great Demon Lords have already been defeated and are running in a panic.

The figure of Old Ancestor Jin appeared in the void. She held a jade-like arm in her left hand and the Palace of White Bone in her right hand.

Printed the seal, sealed the arm, the White Bone Palace, etc., and threw it into the Seven Star Sword Formation to suppress it.