

# **Everlasting Dragon Emperor #Chapter 81: Eight-game winning streak - Read Everlasting Dragon Emperor Chapter 81: Eight-game winning streak**

## **Chapter 81: Eight-game winning streak**

Biquege , update the latest chapter of Emperor Long Dao as soon as possible!

But in four weeks, nearly thirty disciples of the law enforcement hall surrounded him.

In an instant, all kinds of attacks rushed to Lu Ming.

Simply avoid it!

"Blood burst!"

Without any hesitation, Lu Ming directly exploded his blood.

The outbreak of blood, so that Lu Ming's combat power has been greatly improved.

He directly ignores most of the attacks, as long as he avoids the long sword, the physical attack of the sword will do.

boom! boom! boom!

Sword qi, Daogang, and boxing power all blasted on Lu Ming, but Lu Ming's body just flicked slightly, and then the Star Sword continued to cut out.

Streamer swordsmanship is extremely fast, and dozens of swords are cut out instantly.

what! what! ...

The screams kept coming, and a series of seven or eight figures were shot, all injured seriously, and fell to the ground.

"kill!"

Lu Ming was mad, and his true qi condensed like substance, constantly bursting out.

His bloodline level is now four, and his bloodline burst time is only five breaths.

In these five breaths, he was extremely powerful.

call out! call out! ...

The star sword continued to slash out, screaming continued, and silhouettes flew out one by one.

bump! bump! ...

The disciples in the Law Enforcement Hall fell like sandbags and kept falling on the ground.

All around, the disciples in the four courtyards almost glared their eyes.

"Monster, monster, is this Lu Ming too strong? How long did he get started!"

"And did you see it? He actually ignored the attack!"

"He must have a defensive treasure, otherwise it is impossible to resist so many attacks."

"Yes, there must be a defensive treasure, Lu Ming is not so strong. He relied on the defensive treasure and hit a surprise in the law enforcement hall. You see, he was injured."

The old disciples in the four courtyards all had a lot of discussions. Although Lu Ming thought that he should rely on defensive treasures, his eyes still shone with shock.

Boom!

At this moment, Lu Ming spit out blood.

Five breaths had passed, and more than 20 disciples of the Law Enforcement Hall were seriously injured by him, unable to fight anymore.

But he resisted so many attacks. Although he devoured 50% of the attacks, he was still injured.

"He was injured, kill!"

The remaining disciples of the law enforcement shouted and continued to pounce on Lu Ming.

when!

A tall and thin young man confronted Lu Ming. Lu Ming shivered and took a step back.

Warrior Nine Heavy!

In the law enforcement hall, the master of the martial artist Jiuzhong finally shot.

Lu Ming retreated, and others rushed up again.

During this process, Yao Tianyu didn't mean anything at all, still standing aside, watching indifferently.

It seems that Lu Ming is not worthy of letting him take his own shot.

Next to Yao Tianyu, there was a young man, who was extremely strong, like an iron tower, and did not shoot.

"What about Wushu Jiuzhong? Kill!"

Lu Ming attacked more than ten swords in a row, retreated several others, and then fought with the master of the warrior Jiuzhong.

In an instant, the two met a dozen tricks.

Teng! Teng! ...

After more than a dozen moves, the young face of Wu Shijiu changed dramatically and retreated a dozen steps.

Uh!

Lu Ming stepped out and rushed towards the red robe.

"Now, it's you!"

Lu Ming's eyes were cold and the murder flashed.

The soul of the red robe youth is flying outside the sky, so many masters of the law enforcement hall can't stop Lu Ming, how is this possible?

He couldn't help shouting, "Brother Yao, save me!"

Yao Tianyu frowned and said silently: "He Tie, shoot!"

"Yes!"

Behind him, the youth resembled an iron tower, and then his legs slammed on the ground.

boom!

The ground was shocked, the hard floor cracked directly, and the body of the young tower was shot like a shell.

Fast, very fast, actually faster than Lu Ming's dragon snake step, and instantly came to Lu Ming.

With a punch, the fierce and violent punches rushed to Lu Ming frantically.

"So strong!"

Lu Ming felt a shock in his heart. The young man of the iron tower gave him a very dangerous feeling.

Without hesitation, all the true energy erupted, and he slashed a sword towards the iron tower youth.

boom!

The fist of the iron tower youth slammed heavily on the star sword.

At this moment, Lu Ming seemed to be hit by a mountain. This force was irresistible, and Lu Ming's body was violently shaken, and he was directly hit and flew out.

After flying more than ten meters, Lu Ming landed. After receiving the landing sound, he stepped back continuously for eight steps. Every step of the floor made a roar and cracked.

After eight steps, Lu Ming stopped his body and a spit of blood spewed out directly.

"He Tie, He Tie shot!"

"He Tie is an eight-game winning genius on the bronze platform. He is not far from the bronze list. With his shot, Lu Ming is considered to be planted this time."

"Yes, Lu Ming and He Tie are too far apart."

Someone shouted in shock when he saw the young tower shot.

"Is the bronze eight-game winning streak? Sure enough."

Lu Ming looked solemnly at He Tie in front.

The disciples of the Xuanyuan sword faction want to be on the bronze list, they must go to the bronze platform and accept the challenge.

Only ten consecutive victors can be on the bronze list.

And He Tie has reached an eight-game winning streak, as long as he wins two more in a row, he can be on the bronze list.

Of course, it's not that easy, because the harder it gets, the stronger the people you meet.

However, eight consecutive victories, the strength is also very strong.

"You can take a punch with me, that's good, but I advise you to take it as soon as possible. You and I are too far apart."

He Tie said lightly.

"Haha, if you want to fight, fight if you want me to fight, impossible!"

Lu Ming wiped away the blood from his mouth and laughed.

"Stubbornness!"

boom!

He Tie rushed to Lu Ming, and punched again.

This punch is more powerful than the punch just now.

Lu Ming's pupils shrank and there was no hard connection, and the dragon snake stepped forward, avoiding to the side.

"You can't avoid it."

He Tie stepped hard, the floor burst, and he was like a wild beast, rushing towards the landing.

Another punch came out.

Very fast.

This punch cannot be avoided at all.

If you can't avoid it, it's hard.

Lu Ming drove Zhanlong's true recipe to the extreme.

The star sword, and He Tie's fist blasted together again.

boom!

Lu Ming's Jian Qi was defeated in an instant, the gap was too great, and it was not at a level.

He Tie's combat power is too strong, although he is also the training of Wu Shi Jiu Zhong, but ordinary Wu Shi Jiu Zhong is \*\*\*\* in front of him and can be defeated with one punch.

With Lu Ming's current combat power, he can fully compete with the ordinary martial arts master Jiuzhong without the outbreak of blood, but compared with He Tie, it is too far away.

bump!

Lu Ming was slammed backwards and drove back a few tens of meters in a row before stopping.

puff! puff!

Lu Ming spit out several blood in a row, his face pale, his body staggered, as if he might fall at any time.

"Is this the strength of the Xuanyuan Sword School's true genius? Sure enough!"

Lu Ming secretly sighed.

## **Chapter 82: Persistent battle**

Biqige , update the latest chapter of Emperor Wandao as soon as possible!

When the newcomer tried, he swept the other geniuses and won the newcomer king.

At that time, he felt that other geniuses were just like that, but now he was wrong.

The other geniuses in the newcomer are not too weak, but too immature and have not grown up yet.

Maybe in a few years, some people will grow very strong.

"Take it down!"

He Tie waved.

Lu Ming has been seriously injured and no longer needs him to shoot.

"Look now how do you resist?"

More than a dozen disciples from the law enforcement hall walked towards Landing Ming, with a stern expression.

Lu Ming actually injured more than 20 of them. They were terrified and hated Lu Ming.

"Ha ha!"

Supported by a long sword, Lu Ming glanced around, sneering again and again.

"Well, what a smile, when you come to the Law Enforcement Hall, there is something nice about you."

A skinny monkey-like young man grinned sternly, grabbing at Naruto's head.

He will push Lu Ming's head down to humiliate him.

but--

call out!

A sword light flashed, a few blood water shots/shots, and there were five fingers in the blood water.

The skinny monkey stared blankly at his bare palm, then issued a scream of tears.

"Ah, my finger, Lu Ming, I want you to die!"

Just now, of course, that sword was cut by Lu Ming.

"Go, let's go together."

Others shouted.

There are ten people in total, including a master of the warrior Jiuzhong.

Attacked one by one, attacked the landing.

Lu Ming reluctantly raised his true energy and waved his sword to resist.

when! when!

After several consecutive strokes, Lu Ming's body kept receding, squawk, he got a sword in his body, and blood flowed immediately.

"Lu Ming, get down on me and take it!"

A young man in a law enforcement hall shouted.

"dream!"

In response to them, there are only two simple words.

"Then hit you down."

...

After attacking one after another, he kept rushing towards Lu Ming.

The disciples in these law enforcement halls are masters.

Lu Ming was seriously injured at this time, and it was difficult to resist at all. After a few strokes, there were more wounds on his body, and blood was flowing.

Lu Ming was stained with blood all over his body, his steps were vain, and he seemed to be likely to fall at any time.

However, he was still standing, standing tall, his eyes still firm and persistent.

At this moment, the scene was silent, and the air seemed to freeze at this moment.

No one spoke, all stared at that figure in a daze.

"Brother Lu Ming!"

Those new students at Suzakuin, clenched their fists one by one, their eyes red.

Their eyes were filled with guilt.

Feeling guilty that they didn't stand up and talk.

They all know that the reason why Lu Ming came here and demolished the Xingyue Tower was to avenge Pang Shi.

For the sake of friends and brothers, this can be done, this is the real man, really big husband.

Compared with Lu Ming, they felt that they were too bad.

"You stop, you stop!"

The thin boy shouted and rushed up suddenly.

Snapped!

The young man in the red robe suddenly rushed out, slaps the thin young man in a slap, and said with a high toe: "Go away and wait for you to look good."

Then, looking at Lu Ming again, he laughed: "Lu Ming, weren't you just arrogant? Why? Now it's not working, no strength, come and beat me, ha ha!"

bump!

As soon as the red robe youth's voice fell, he slapped heavily on his face.

This slap is extremely loud and extremely fierce.

The body of the young man in the red robe turned continuously for several laps before he stopped. His face was almost smashed, and his teeth were spurting blood.

He was stunned directly, and for a time he even forgot to scream.

Leng Leng looked at the person who beat him.

A woman, an extremely voluptuous and \*\*\*\* woman, has a good figure.

However, at the moment her face was very cold.

"Mu...Muran!"

A name flashed in the mind of the red robe.

Muran finally arrived, and no one could see how she arrived.

"Since you are begging yourself, I will definitely fulfill you!"

Muran's cold voice came out, followed by a wave.

Snapped!

Another slap, this slap, directly on the other side of the red robe youth.

It was still a blood spurt, because the teeth had been sprayed.

The young man in red robe didn't fly out. He was pulled by a force and turned a dozen circles on the spot before stopping. It can be seen how heavy this slap is.

As soon as he stopped, he saw Muran's cold face again.

He shuddered in his heart, almost scared, and yelled, "Fu (no) laugh (to)."

The mouth was full of air, and the ligatures were unclear.

"go away!"

bump!

Muran kicked out, kicked the young man in red robe for ten meters, screamed, and passed out.

Not far away, Yao Tianyu, who had been very calm, did not calm down, and looked at Mulan with a solemn face.

The people in the Law Enforcement Hall did not dare to start anymore, and looked at Muran solemnly.

Muran didn't look at the others. He walked to Lu Ming and showed a concerned expression, saying: "Are you okay!"

"It's okay, I can't die. This time, I owe you a favor."

Lu Ming smiled slightly.

"You still laugh, take this pill medicine quickly."

Muran took out a panacea and handed it to Lu Ming.

Lu Ming was also polite and took a swallow.

The elixir immediately melted into the mouth, and then turned into a burst of energy, penetrating Lu Ming's body.

His wound quickly stopped and there was no bleeding.

This medicine has a strong effect, and the grade of this healing medicine is definitely not low.

At this time, Mulan turned his eyes to Yao Tianyu, and said coldly: "You are very good, dare to do my disciples in Suzakuin!"

"Elder Muran!"

Yao Tianyu looked ugly, clenched his fists, and said: "Elder Mulan, we are impartially enforcing the law. Lu Ming relied on his cultivation to be high-strength. He injured dozens of people in Xingyuelou for no reason, and also demolished Xingyuelou. Regulations, wanton behavior, and our law enforcement hall must of course be severely punished."

"But Lu Ming was frustrated, not only refused to arrest, but also injured so many people in the law enforcement hall. Such people, in any case? Should be severely punished. Elder Muran, you are the chief elder of the Suzakuin. I hope you dont take cover. he."

"nonsense!"

The thin young man's face was swollen and swollen by the red robe youth. At this time, he resolutely walked out and said, "It is clearly Xingyuelou who bought the materials for our new entry disciples at the Suzakuin. He also wanted to beat people, Brother Lu Ming. This is to fight for us, to get justice, where there is a violation of the door rules."

"Yes, Brother Lu Ming is seeking justice for us!"

A few new disciples from Suzakuin came out.

When Muran came, they were so emboldened that they couldn't help but tell the truth.

"nonsense!"

Yao Tianyu said in a deep voice: "How could Xingyuelou do that kind of thing? If there were, the law enforcement hall would have punished them for a long time, and you said it was just forcing you to buy a house in your Suzakuin, which is ridiculous, Xingyuelou. Is there any hatred against your Suzakuin?"

"I think it's clear that several of you have colluded with Lu Ming and want to frame Xingyuelou."

### **Chapter 83: not qualified**

Biqige , update the latest chapter of Emperor Long Dao as soon as possible!

"No, no, no, we are telling the truth."

Several disciples at Suzakuyuan quickly explained.

"All right!"

Mulan waved his hand and then looked at Yao Tianyu, saying one by one: "Now, I tell you clearly, I don't care who Lu Ming hit or demolished his house. I don't care about these things. I said Lu Ming is not guilty. , He is not guilty."

I said he was not guilty, he was not guilty!

So strong, so domineering, this is Muran, strong, completely unreasonable.

"you..."

Suddenly, Yao Tianyu blushed with a blushing face, almost holding back an internal injury.

Mulan didn't play cards according to common sense, but he couldn't help Mulan.

"Elder Muran, although you are the elder of Suzakus and the granddaughter of Dean Yan, you can't bully people? Here, there are so many disciples watching."

After holding back for a long time, Yao Tianyu held back such a sentence.

"I'm just bullying, what's wrong?"

Mulan replied faintly.

At this sentence, the angry Yao Tianyu shivered.

"Okay, okay, since that's the case, I will report this to the elders of the law enforcement hall, let's go!"

When Mulan arrived, Yao Tianyu knew that it would be impossible to win Lu Ming today. When he put down a harsh word, he would turn around and leave.

"Who said let you go?"

Muran's cold voice sounded.

Yao Tianyu looked at Mulan and gritted his teeth: "Elder Mulan, what else can I tell you?"

"You hurt people, you just want to leave, and it's too cheap? Leave medical expenses? I see such injuries, at least one or two million or two silver is enough to heal it."

Mulan's eyes wandered around Lu Ming slowly.

"Medical expenses? One or two million two?"

All around, the onlookers were stunned, and some people took their ears violently, thinking they had heard it wrong.

Even Lu Ming was a little dazed.

Muran is completely a lion.

Sure enough, Yao Tianyu couldn't bear it anymore and shouted: "Medical expenses? Muran, don't go too far. Lu Ming hurt so many of us? I didn't even ask him for medical expenses. I want medical expenses, impossible, I tell you, impossible!"

"Who hurts you? That's their deserve. I tell you, if you don't pay medical expenses today, you can. I don't mind breaking your bones."

Muran said coldly.

Too strong, too domineering, not giving face to Yao Tianyu at all, no, not not giving face, but not paying attention to him at all.

Yao Tianyu's face was ugly and he was going to die.

Although he is a genius on the bronze list, no matter how genius he is, he is just a bronze disciple. If he starts with Mulan, he will definitely be slapped to death.

His face was blue and white for a while, and if he served softly today and accompanied the medical expenses, he would have lost his face.

"Haha, Muran's niece, as I see it, just let it go."

At this moment, a thick voice came from the sky, a figure descended from the sky.

This is an old man in his sixties, wearing a silver robe, with a kind smile on his face.

This is a silver robe elder.

Seeing this old man, Yao Tianyu was overjoyed and shouted: "Elder Ming, you must make the decision for the disciples. Elder Mulan is too much."

This silver robe elder belongs to Qinglong Academy.

Muran's face also sank, and said: "Old Ming, I advise you not to do much business."

The people who looked around were dumbfounded. Muran was too awesome. Was he calling a silver-robed elder an old man?

But Elder Ming did not show any signs of anger. He still smiled and said: "I have heard about the cause and effect of this incident. I think there is a big misunderstanding in this matter. According to my speculation, the fault is all in Xingyuelou. "

"Xingyuelou Qiang bought disciple's materials, Lu Ming grieved and hurt Xingyuelou's disciples. Yao Tianyu, as the people in the law enforcement hall, saw Lu Ming hurt the person, so naturally they had to ask, and all caused it. This is a misunderstanding in a battle. Since there are injuries on both sides, this matter, I think so."

Lu Ming felt awkward in his heart that this was a car abandonment, this elder Ming looked kind, but in fact he was a traitor, and in a word, put all the responsibility on Xingyuelou.

In this way, Yao Tianyu naturally does not need to accompany medical expenses, and Yao Tianyu they have nothing to say to the elders of the Law Enforcement Hall.

Yao Tianyu's face was gloomy and he didn't speak.

If this matter is really checked, Xingyuelou Qiang's purchase of materials for the new entry disciples at Suzakusho will certainly not be concealed, so it can be pushed on Xingyuelou.

Mulan's eyes flashed slightly.

This elder Ming, but the elder Yinpao, if she wants to protect Yao Tianyu, she can do nothing.

"Oh? Since it's Xingyuelou's fault, it must be heavily punished, otherwise the disciples of the four courtyards will not be convinced."

Mulan's eyes flashed and he smiled slightly.

"This nature, Xingyue Tower, must be severely punished, and all materials must also be returned in full."

Elder Ming smiled slightly and then said to Yao Tianyu: "Tianyu, haven't brought the disciples of the Law Enforcement Hall back to heal."

"Yes!"

Yao Tianyu clenched his fists and ordered the uninjured disciples to lift those injured disciples and go back to heal.

"Lu Ming!"

Later, Yao Tianyu glanced at Lu Ming, his eyes were extremely cold, and then turned around and left.

"Yao Tianyu!"

Lu Ming called out suddenly.

Yao Tianyu took a physique, turned around, and watched the landing cry coldly.

Lu Ming stared at Yao Tianyu, and said, "Yao Tianyu, you call some siege to besiege me, what is the skill? With the ability, you fight me, I am now challenging you, you, dare not Challenge?"

As soon as this remark came out, the audience suddenly fell into silence.

Lu Ming actually challenged Yao Tianyu? how is this possible? Is he an opponent of Yao Tianyu?

"You, challenge me?"

Yao Tianyu asked back.

"Good!" Lu Ming's decisive response.

Yao Tianyu's mouth showed a sneering smile, disdainful: "Lu Ming, I am a disciple on the bronze list, you, what is the right to challenge me?"

"Still waiting for you to become a disciple on the bronze list, and then challenge me, now, you are not qualified."

In Yao Tianyu's eyes, there is a high and disdainful look.

After finishing speaking, turned and left.

Lu Ming's eyes narrowed.

"Do you disdain to accept my challenge?"

Lu Ming's fists clenched together involuntarily.

"Lu Ming, don't think too much. This is the rule of the Xuanyuan Sword School. If you want to challenge the disciples on the bronze list, you must also be on the bronze list to be eligible. Otherwise, there is no power to challenge."

Seeing this, Mulan explained it to Lu Ming.

"It turns out so!"

Lu Ming whispered.

But Yao Tianyu's high and disdainful eyes just now lingered in Lu Ming's mind.

"Bronze list? I will reach it soon, Yao Tianyu, you wait for me."

Lu Ming clenched his fists tightly and his eyes were firm.

"Lu Ming, are you okay?"

"Lu Ming, how are you?"

At this time, Feng Wu and Hua Chi rushed out breathlessly.

## **Chapter 84: Healing**

Biquge , update the latest chapter of Emperor Wandao as soon as possible!

"I'm fine!"

Lu Ming smiled.

But the two looked at Landing with shock.

Because Lu Ming was completely soaked in blood, and looked completely like a blood man.

Especially for Huachi, in addition to shock, there are complex colors in his eyes, and his eyes are deeply moved and admired.

"Oh, how is Pang Shi?"

Lu Ming asked with some concern.

"He's okay, Master Dan has already boned him and fed the healing medicine, it should be fine."

Huachi Road.

"That's good!"

Lu Ming smiled slightly, and suddenly, his body shook and his face became pale.

"Lu Ming, what's wrong with you?"

Mulan, Fengwu and Huachi were all shocked.

Lu Ming smiled bitterly and said, "It seems to be healing in situ."

Immediately, Lu Ming sat on his knees, running the dragon's real trick, and began to heal.

"hateful!"

Hua Chi growled.

Lu Ming couldn't even go back and healed the injury, showing how many injuries there were.

Immediately, Hua Chi, Feng Wu, and Mu Lan all stood near Lu Ming to protect him.

The people watching around watched for a while, and also left.

The news about this battle spread throughout the Xuanyuan Sword School at the speed of the whirlwind.

After hearing this news, the response was different.

Some people sneered, thinking that Lu Ming was a reckless man, impulsive to do things, regardless of the consequences, knowingly losing the enemy, but also fighting a battle, is really unwise.

However, some people praised Lu Ming very much, believing that Lu Ming was sentimental and righteous, the path of martial arts was firm, and he had the intention of advancing forward and courageously.

The path of martial arts should have been fearless, and you should do what you should do. If you encounter anything, you must look after the east and the west, and even fear the head and tail, and swallow your nerves.

Anyway, there are various opinions.

Of course, Lu Ming didn't know about this. He was working hard to heal.

This healing passed directly for six hours.

When Lu Ming opened his eyes, it was already evening.

"Lu Ming, are you better?"

Muran first discovered that Lu Ming woke up and asked quickly.

"much better!"

Lu Ming smiled.

After six hours of healing, the injury has basically stabilized, and as long as it persists for a while, it can be cured.

Feng Wu and Hua Chi also hurried to Lu Ming.

Lu Ming felt warm in his heart. He knew that while he was healing, several people had been standing beside him.

However, there was a thin boy, and one did not leave, looking at it not far away.

"Let's go back!"

Lu Ming said.

Then he went to the thin boy and asked, "What's your name?"

"Lu... Brother Lu, my name is Li Yi."

The thin boy said excitedly.

"Li Yi! Thank you this time."

Lu Ming smiled.

"No, no, Brother Lu Ming, I should thank you."

Li Yi hurriedly said.

"Let's go back to Suzakuin together!"

Lu Ming smiled slightly.

A few people went to Suzakuin together.

Soon, Lu Ming and others had returned to the dormitory.

After Lu Ming came back, instead of returning to the room, he walked into Pang Shi's room.

Pang Shi, lying on the bed, was covered with bandages, and cast on his legs and arms.

At this time, Pang Shi was already awake and saw Lu Ming coming in, struggling to get up, shouting: "Brother Lu Ming, are you okay!"

"Don't move, lie down and rest!"

Lu Ming hurriedly stopped Pang Shi from unrest and smiled: "Relax, I'm fine!"

"Brother Lu Ming, I'm sorry, it was me who hurt you so badly."

Pang Shihu eyes tears.

Obviously, Lu Ming also heard about that battle.

After all, more than six hours have passed.

"It should be me saying I'm sorry, Yao Tianyu's goal is me, but it's involving you."

Lu Ming said.

"No, no, it's not about Brother Lu Ming's business. I blame my strength for being too weak, otherwise it won't hurt Brother Lu."

Pang Shidao said, his eyes were filled with self-blame and firmness.

"Okay, big stone, don't think about it, take a good rest."

Lu Ming smiled slightly, patted Pang Shi, and then walked out of Pang Shi's room.

After returning to his room, Lu Ming entered the Supreme Temple.

"Red-scale snake armor, it's all broken like this."

Taking off all the clothes, looking at the ragged red-scale snake armor in his hand, Lu Ming smiled bitterly.

This time, if there is no red scale snake armor as a heavy protection, he may be injured more seriously.

Changed a set of clothes, Lu Ming went out to fetch water to rinse his body clean, and then returned to the Supreme Shrine to continue the exercise and healing.

The time flickered, and seven days passed quickly.

Seven days later, Lu Ming played a set of punches in the yard and exercised his muscles and bones.

"After seven days, the injury has healed."

Lu Ming felt it for a moment, and secretly said in his heart, his eyes flashed with joy.

He found that the true qi produced by Zhanlong's true tactics is not only strong and condensed, but also has very good healing effects.

It would take at least a month for an ordinary person to recover from that kind of injury, and it took him only seven days.

The god-level exercises are indeed endlessly useful.

Squeak!

At this time, the door of the courtyard was pushed open, and Feng Wu walked in.

"Lu Ming, how are you recovering from your injury? I brought you some medicinal wine. Would you like to try it?"

Feng Wu smiled slightly, showing a bright smile.

"I have recovered."

Lu Ming laughed.

"what?"

The smile on Feng Wu's face froze, and a monster-like look at Landing Ming said, "It's only seven days, have you recovered?"

"Yes, what's so strange? Don't you know that I am a genius?"

Lu Ming waved his palm and cut through the air, making a violent roar, then looked at Fengwu Road with a stinky face.

"Genius? Will genius be beaten like this?"

Feng Wu scorned his lips, but in the depths of his eyes, there was still a shock.

He was healed in seven days, really a monster.

"Oh, Feng Wu, can you tell me about the bronze list? How strong are the geniuses on the bronze list?"

Lu Ming asked.

"Bronze list? Very strong!"

Speaking of the bronze list, Feng Wu's face became solemn and said: "You also know that the bronze list must have ten consecutive wins on the bronze platform before it can be on the bronze list. If you want to win ten consecutive games, it is not easy. Later, the greater the difficulty."

"For example, after you have won eight games in a row, in the ninth game, you have to face an opponent who has also won eight games in a row. After winning nine games in a row, you have to face an opponent who has also won nine games in a row. So, Its really difficult to win ten straight games."

"So, the geniuses on the bronze list are extremely powerful. It is as simple as defeating the warriors of the same level. It is as simple as eating and drinking. I heard that most of the geniuses on the bronze list have successfully cultivated at least one. Profound martial arts skills."

"Even if you haven't successfully practiced the mysterious martial arts skills, you will have mastered some secret technique, and even someone has practiced the way of refining."

Feng Wu explained Lu Ming in detail.

## **Chapter 85: Pistol**

Biquege , update the latest chapter of Emperor Long Dao as soon as possible!

"How many people are there on the bronze list?"

Lu Ming asked.

"Fifty-six people, with the exception of the Kirin House, the geniuses in the four courtyards who made the bronze list, a total of fifty-six people." Feng Wu said.

"Is there only fifty-six people?"

Lu Ming whispered.

The Xuanyuan Sword School recruits a group of disciples every year. As long as they are no more than 30 years old, they are considered to be at the disciple level. Over the years, the Bronze-level disciples of the Xuanyuan Sword School have exceeded 50,000.

More than fifty thousand people are only fifty-six geniuses in the bronze list.

You should know that those who can join the Xuanyuan Sword School are all heavily evaluated. They originally represent talents, and they have gone through hundreds of miles.

This shows how talented the geniuses on the bronze list are.

"Yao Tianyu, what is the ranking?"

Lu Ming asked again.

"Fifty one."

Feng Wu's eyes flashed, and he watched Lu Ming carefully, saying, "You wouldn't really want to challenge Yao Tianyu? I tell you, Yao Tianyu's talent is terrible. He joined the Xuanyuan Sword School two years ago. , I heard that when the newcomer tried, he was still a strong competitor of the newcomer king. Although he failed, his talents should not be underestimated!"

"Although he is ranked 51th, his strength has improved very fast. I believe that he will continue to rise. Lu Ming, if there is another year, you will have no problem defeating him, but this year, it is too early."

"Fengwu, you don't believe me so much, how about we bet? Within four months, can I beat Yao Tianyu."

Lu Ming smiled slightly.

"Oh? What bet?"

Wind dance road.

"What bet? Let me think about it!"

Lu Ming touched his chin, and then his eyes rose up the wind dance body, from the upstream to the bottom, and then from the downstream to the top.

From time to time, a sigh of exclamation sounded.

Feng Wu's pretty face suddenly turned red, glaring at Lu Ming, and shouted: "Lu Ming, you...you are shameless, you don't think about it!"

"Feng Wu, what do you scold me for? You want to be crooked, I just want to bet on a big meal to see if you have so much money. Look, isn't your thinking pure?"

Lu Ming said with a surprised expression.

"you..."

Feng Wu's face was even more red, and when she reached the root of her ear, she stared at Lu Ming fiercely and said fiercely: "Okay, I bet, I won't slaughter you, then I won't call Feng Wu."

After all, he threw a jar of medicinal liquor to Lu Ming, and then he hummed away.

"Hahaha!"

Lu Ming laughed, and occasionally molested the wind and dance beauties. Was it interesting?

Opening the wine jar, gurgling a few gulp, Lu Ming began to consider the next path of cultivation.

"The basic gun tactics are too slow to practice. If you go on like this, you don't know when you can practice the gang gun tactics. You must use external force to accelerate the cultivation of the basic gun tactics."

If you want to be on the bronze list, you must master the martial arts.

"Yes!"

Lu Ming thought, and suddenly his eyes lit up.

Immediately gurgling, drinking a jar of medicinal liquor.

Really good wine, but unfortunately it has a medicinal taste and a lot less flavor.

Lu Ming pouted, then walked out.

Where he first went, he contributed the temple.

The two million and two silvers were replaced with contribution points, for a total of 20,000 contribution points.

Only a dozen thousand or two silvers were left on him.

Including the previous contribution points, there are a total of 25,500 contribution points.

Then began to exchange monster blood.

He now wants to exchange the blood of the second-level eight monster monsters.

The second-level eight-fold monster blood, a contribution of up to 800 points.

Lu Ming exchanged 20 copies and went to 16,000 contribution points.

It was so expensive that Lu Ming's heart twitched fiercely.

He originally wanted to redeem some of the second-level ninth monster monster blood, but the second-level ninth monster monster blood required 1,600 points to contribute.

Lu Ming smiled bitterly, only temporarily.

After exchanging the blood of the monster, Lu Ming left the Xuanyuan Sword School and headed east.

The layout of the Xuanyuan Sword School is rather peculiar. The four courtyards occupy the most majestic four peaks in the four directions of southeast, northwest.

The central part is a wider area.

In this area, not only the Kirin Academy, but also the Mission Hall, Contribution Hall, and Bronze Terrace are the most important places of the Xuanyuan Sword School.

In the northern part of Xuanwuyuan, there is the core of the Xuanyuan Sword School, because the head of the Xuanyuan Sword School, the elders of the golden robe, the disciples of the gold class, and some elders of the silver robe are all in this piece. Regional cultivation.

It is the core of the power of the Xuanyuan sword faction.

In the east of Qinglongyuan, there is a vast mountain range.

This mountain range, known as the coastal mountain range, is vast and endless, and there are endless monsters and beasts living in it.

It is said that the coastal mountains pass by, and that is the endless sea. It can be said that the raging empire is in the easternmost part of the entire Shenhuang Continent.

What Lu Ming is going to is the coastal mountains, looking for a favorable position and practicing the marksmanship.

Lu Ming cannot go deep into the coastal mountains, just outside.

Two days later, Lu Ming went about two hundred miles.

Rumble!

A waterfall rumbling, the water flow fell from the height of thousands of meters, forming a huge impact, and the vibration of the earthquake was a few hundred meters.

"This is it, I will use this waterfall to practice."

Lu Ming's eyes lit up.

Later, Lu Ming took out the fire pattern gun and slowly walked towards the waterfall from the side.

The silver water column fell from a height of thousands of meters. The sound was extremely terrifying. The closer you are, the more you can feel the majestic power.

"To practice guns, the first thing is to practice the guns. Only when the guns are stable, can you catch some other basic gun skills."

Then, Lu Ming grabbed the gun with one hand, straightened his hand, and extended the gun into the waterfall.

When the body of the gun was washed by the water of the waterfall, Lu Ming felt a strong pressure on the gun, his wrist bent, and the spear was thrown down.

When the qi burst, he pumped violently and drew back the spear.

"A strong force is not stable at all, but this is also a good place to practice, continue!"

Lu Ming's eyes were bright and firm.

Continue to extend the spear, the real energy is continuously input into the spear.

This time, after holding two more breaths, the spear was thrown down by the waterfall.

"carry on!"

"carry on!"

...

Lu Ming was not discouraged and practiced again and again.

Lu Ming found that the cultivation of the end guns in this way was extremely horrible for the consumption of true energy. Every time he practiced, Lu Ming had to go to the side to run the real dragon recipe and restore the true energy.

Of course, this is also beneficial. After squeezing the true qi every time, it will be cultivated and added back, which will make the true qi more condensed and the foundation more stable.

During this period, Lu Ming occasionally devoured and refined a demon's essence blood, and cultivation was rapidly improving.

Seven days later, Lu Ming had been able to stick his gun in the waterfall for more than ten minutes, but it was very unstable. The spear was dangling in the water of the waterfall.

However, this is already a great progress.

In another seven days, the spear was in the waterfall, and the bottom of the test was steady. How did the water of the waterfall impact, the spear remained immobile.

## **Chapter 86: Lingnan Fire**

Biquge , update the latest chapter of Emperor Long Dao as soon as possible!

At this step, Lu Ming practiced basic gun tactics and made rapid progress.

He stabbed with a shot, steady as a mountain, and even stabbed a fly flying in the air.

On the third seven days, Lu Ming even tied a hundred-jin stone under the gunpoint.

Carrying a hundred-jin stone, Lu Ming practiced the gun in the waterfall.

In this way, a month passed.

After a month of hard training, Lu Ming finally cultivated the basic gun skills to a very deep level.

Holding a spear in his hand, he didn't move like a mountain.

And after such a month of intensive cultivation, at the same time, all twenty demon beast essence blood has been refined, and Lu Ming's cultivation is rapid progress.

It has reached the peak of the seventh division of the martial artist, not far from the eighth division of the martial artist.

Since the twenty parts of essence blood were devoured into one month to devour and refine, Lu Ming's cultivation practice was without any slight void, and was still very stable.

"Now, it's time to start practicing the gang gun tactics."

Lu Ming entered the Supreme Temple, took out the "Gunfire Gun Tips", and began to watch carefully.

Gang gun tactics, belonging to the fire attribute gun tactics, are divided into six strokes.

"The fire dance, broken armor, the moon, chase the power, chase the electricity, landslide, explode!"

Six strokes, except for this one, the other five strokes have no strengths or weaknesses, just different usages of the spear, only the strength of the fire, and the strength of strength.

After watching carefully, Lu Ming began to practice.

At the end of the staircase, the looming palace kept chanting sounds, which made Lu Ming's mind very clear, and learned the martial arts very quickly.

...

Buzz...

The sound of the lance piercing the air, and the sound of the lance itself shaking, resounded through the Supreme Temple.

Such cultivation takes half a month.

Mountain forest.

Lu Ming's figure was vertical and horizontal, and a fire gun flew in his hand, as if a flaming dragon was tumbling.

..

Lu Ming suddenly stabbed.

"Gunfire Tips-Broken Armor!"

The spear pierced the air and was so fast that it struck a boulder over two meters high like a lightning bolt.

At the tip of the gun, there is a force of rotating cutting.

bump!

This boulder, like tofu, was directly pierced by a fire gun.

"Gunfire Tips-Landslide!"

Suddenly, the fire pattern gun shuddered, the gun body flicked, and a force of vibration was generated.

boom!

The boulder exploded directly from the middle, and the crushed stone flew.

"The gun gun tactic finally reached the first level, and a glimpse into the path."

There was joy on Lu Ming's face.

It is worthy of Xuan-level inferior martial arts, and its power is extremely powerful, but it is only cultivated to the first level. Lu Ming feels that the power has surpassed the streamer swordsmanship.

After all, the streamer swordsmanship has remained at the fifth level and is difficult to break through.

The first level of the Gang Gun Juice is equivalent to the sixth level of the streamer swordsmanship.

Generally speaking, it is difficult to succeed in practicing the martial arts of the Xuan level without the master martial arts.

Like Zhu Bing's ancestor Zhu Bing, it took several decades of practice to barely reach the first level.

Lu Ming, in just half a month, cultivated to the first level.

This is inseparable from the role of the chanting sound.

Of course, without Lu Ming's hard work on the basic gun tactics the previous month, it would not be possible to practice the Gang Gun tactics so quickly.

Then, continue to practice.

Seven days later, Lu Ming sat cross-legged on a bluestone and frowned.

"It's always a bit worse, it doesn't feel smooth!"

After practicing during this time, he found that the practice of the gun rifle tactics seemed to be a little worse, and he did not understand the essence of the gun rifle tactics.

If you practice in this way, even with the help of the chanting sound, the progress of the cultivation has not reached Lu Ming's satisfaction.

"Perhaps it is the environmental reason. The gun rifle tactics belong to the fire attribute. I should practice in a place full of fire attribute aura, in order to get the water like a fish, and then combine the sound of chanting to improve faster."

"Where is the fire attribute aura? Right, Lingnan Fire Field!"

Suddenly, Lu Ming's eyes lit up and remembered a place.

The Lingnan Fire Area is to the southwest of the Xuanyuan Sword School. There is a volcanic eruption area. The volcano covers a thousand miles and is filled with flame and fire.

It is just right to practice the gang gun tactics there.

The point is, that area not only has a large number of fire monsters, but also produces a kind of spirit grass called Yanjing grass.

Yan Jingcao is just one of the precious materials needed to practice the third layer of War Dragon's True Secret.

This is a more precious material than Ninglingguo and blood smoky stone. If it is exchanged at the Xuanyuan Sword School, Lu Ming estimates that at least 10,000 or 20,000 points will be contributed.

Going to the Lingnan Fire Territory can be said to be more than one thing.

Immediately, Lu Ming returned to Xuanyuan Sword School and visited Pang Shi.

After so long, Pang Shi has been healed already, and he has worked harder.

Seeing that Pang Shi was okay, Lu Ming was relieved, and then exchanged some detoxification pill at the contribution point to restore the true qi, and went to Lingnan fire area.

On the way, Lu Ming caught a second-level four-fold popular lion walking instead.

The popular lion is extremely fast, and it is faster than the green scale horse. I don't know how much.

Five days later, Lu Ming came to the Lingnan fire area.

Before entering the fire area of Lingnan completely, you can feel a scorching heat coming from the face.

Let go of the popular lion, Lu Ming walked on foot, into the fire area of Lingnan.

There are no volcanoes outside the fire area of Lingnan, and the ground is dark, like scorched rocks.

There was a burst of heat coming out of the ground.

...

Sometimes, there will be a gas rushing out of the ground, which is extremely hot, and ordinary people will be burned when they touch it.

It didn't take long for Lu Ming to go in, and occasionally saw some figures.

These people have a name called the stone picker.

There are many volcanoes in the center of the Lingnan fire area. These volcanoes will emit an ore called flaming stone.

Flame stone can be refined into flame iron, which is an excellent material for forging spirit soldiers.

However, people who come here to pick up stones are usually low-level repairs, even ordinary people.

The Lingnan fire area is full of danger. The ground will spray hot gas from time to time, and sometimes even spray magma, flames, etc., even if the martial arts master, if it is sprayed, it will be seriously injured and even fall.

The flame ore, after all, is only the ore, and the price is not expensive, so it is rare for the strong to repair.

In the peripheral area, Lu Ming did not stay too much.

He is going to the central area, where there are a lot of fire monsters, and the fire aura is also stronger, where is the place for cultivation.

Soon, Lu Ming passed through the outer area and came to the central area.

In the central area, the air is hotter, as if in a steamer.

The stones on the ground are all flaming red, and you can even hear the sound of .

Lu Ming looked around and occasionally saw a burst of magma rushing out of the ground.

This area is even more dangerous, and almost no one is here.

Lu Ming turned his real energy around his body, resisting the heat from the outside world, and concentrated on it, observing the surrounding ground.

So as not to be hit by lava.

## **Chapter 87: Disciples**

Biquege , update the latest chapter of Emperor Long Dao as soon as possible!

Then he walked inside. After about ten miles, Lu Ming stopped.

Because a tiger with red flames appeared in front of him.

The Red Flame Demon Tiger, a second-level eight-fold monster, belongs to the fire monster and usually lives in a place where the fire aura is very rich.

Roar!

The Red Flame Demon Tiger roared suddenly, his mouth screamed, and a pillar of fire spewed out of his mouth, screaming toward the landing.

"Good to come!"

Lu Ming's eyes flashed with light, and the fire pattern gun shot.

"Gunfire Tips-Broken Armor!"

With a single shot, the power of the rotating cutting burst out, destroying the fire column ejected by the red flame monster.

Then, Lu Ming rushed towards the Red Flame Demon Tiger, and the spear directly hit the Red Flame Demon Tiger.

"Gunfire Tips-Landslide!"

The rifle pressed down and made a violent roar. The Red Flame Demon Tiger seemed to feel the crisis, and his red hair was rooted up, and a hot flame radiated from the hair.

These flames condensed a huge fireball in the air, blasting towards the fire-print gun, trying to block the fire-gun's attack.

But everything was in vain, the fire pattern gun was unstoppable, just a slight shock, the fire ball collapsed, and the fire pattern gun continued to fall.

bump!

The rifle hit the head of the Red Flame Demon Tiger, making the sound of a broken bone, and the Red Flame Demon Tiger's forehead was directly slammed into the depression.

Chiyan Mohu's huge body rolled back dozens of meters before stopping. There was no breath at all.

Lu Ming went over and manipulated the bloodline to \*\*\*\* out the blood of the Red Flame Demon Tiger.

The essential blood of the second-level eight monster monsters, Lu Ming will not miss it. In the Xuanyuan Sword School, it needs eight hundred points of contribution.

It took a while to run the Spirit Blood Vessel, and the blood of the Red Flame Demon Tiger was swallowed and refined. Lu Ming's cultivation practice was improved, but it was still a bit worse if he wanted to break through the eighth layer of the martial artist.

"Here the flames are strong, let's practice the gang gun tactics here."

Immediately, Lu Ming's mind sank into the gun gun tactics and began to practice.

...

Buzz...

The gun shadow is vertical and horizontal, full of energy, and Lu Ming feels extremely smooth as soon as he cultivates. He runs the gun tactic without any trace of hindrance, as if he wants to blend into the surrounding environment.

Sure enough, the environment has a great influence on practicing martial arts.

"Smooth, so smooth!"

Lu Ming's eyes shone brightly and he devoted himself to this feeling.

After six hours of practice, Lu Ming stopped.

Huh...

Lu Ming breathed heavily and practiced here. He needed to run the True Qi bodyguard at all times. He also needed to observe whether there was magma or flames rushing out around him. It was very expensive for True Qi and mind.

But Lu Ming's eyes were full of excitement.

It took only six hours to practice, and Lu Ming felt that the gun rifle had made great progress.

Immediately, Lu Ming retreated back to the surrounding area to restore his true energy.

After the true energy was restored, Lu Ming entered the Supreme Temple again, and with the help of the chanting sound, he continued to realize the feeling of practicing in the central area just now.

Sure enough, in the chanting sound, the feeling of cultivation just now was clearer, and the understanding of the gang gun tactics was one step closer.

A few hours later, Lu Ming entered the central area again to practice the gang gun tactics.

In this way, Lu Ming practiced in the central area. After the true energy was exhausted, he returned to the external area to recover, and then combined with the sound of chanting, he learned the gang gun tactics.

Lu Ming's comprehension of the gang gun tactics is rapidly improving.

In just half a month, Lu Mings gun rifle tactics broke through and entered the second level, with a slight success.

Moreover, in the past half month, the fire-type monsters killed by Lu Ming also had no less than ten heads, five of which were second-level and eight-level, and even one was only second-level and nine-level.

Others are all below level two.

After swallowing and refining the blood of these monsters, plus half a month of hard cultivation, Lu Mings cultivation practice finally broke through again and reached the eighth level of the martial artist.

This practice is already a very high position among the bronze class disciples of the Xuanyuan Sword School.

Huh...

Once again, Lu Ming exhausted his true energy and returned to the surrounding area to meditate in a secluded pile of rocks to recover.

When Lu Ming's true energy recovered to about half, he suddenly heard a loud noise not far away.

"No, what are you doing for me? I'm just an ordinary person. I can't help you if I don't cultivate."

"I'm just a samurai's triple cultivation, and can't help you? Let me go."

...

The sound of begging for mercy came over.

"Shut up, what's the noise? I said that if you can help, you can help. I can help my disciples of the Ten Fangjian School. It's a blessing you have cultivated in eight lifetimes."

A cold drink sounded, listening to the sound, is a young man.

"The young heroes of the Ten Fang Sword School can help you. That will definitely help, but you want us to enter the central area, even close to the internal area. It is very dangerous there. Take my cultivation as an accident. You will be burned to death, and ask the young heroes to spare me."

Someone begged for mercy.

Snapped!

Immediately, a slap sounded.

The young voice said again: "What nonsense, what do you tell you to do? What do you do? Then nonsense, you are chopped with a sword."

Calm down there.

Suddenly, the sound of breaking the sky sounded, and a figure appeared on the pile of rocks.

It was a 17-year-old youth who saw Lu Ming at a glance.

"Haha, brother, there is still a person here."

The young man laughed, and then looked at Lu Ming: "I really would hide, but do you think it's useful to hide here? Get out of here quickly and help us to explore the way to the central area."

Lu Ming frowned, interrupted his return to half of his true energy, and stood up.

"Boy, come out quickly, don't bother, the uncle has no time to rub against you."

The young man said, grabbing directly to the landing throat.

Obviously, in his thought, it was like catching a chick to throw Lu Ming up and throw it out, but obviously, he was disappointed.

Not only disappointed, but also dismayed.

Because Lu Ming also stretched out a hand, grabbed a claw towards him, and was faster than him, more accurate than him, and grasped his wrist.

The strong force penetrates the bones of the young man's wrist, and the painful heart pain makes the young man yell.

"Ah! Little bastard, you dare to hurt me, to death!"

The young man's other hand slapped towards Lu Ming.

"roll!"

Lu Ming drank coldly, and his anger broke out. The arm holding the young man's wrist flicked, and the young man's arm directly made the sound of 'card wipe card wipe'. The bone of one arm broke into several pieces. , Fell heavily on the ground.

"Ah! Ah! Little bastard, you are dead, you dare to beat me, do you know who I am?"

The young man struggled to get up, holding his arm and shouted.

"Isn't it a disciple of the Shifangjian School? Is it amazing?"

Lu Ming pouted.

## **Chapter 88: Marksmanship**

Biqige , update the latest chapter of Emperor Long Dao as soon as possible!

"Since you know that I am a disciple of the Shifangjian School, I have not knelt down to apologize."

Cried the youth.

"What an idiot!"

Lu Ming was speechless.

Are all Shifangjian factions like this, since Lu Ming knows that he is a disciple of Shifangjian factions, and dare to take action, obviously he is not afraid of his Shifangjian factions, he actually told Lu Ming to kneel and apologize, this is not What is an idiot?

Lu Ming shook out the mess of rocks.

At this time, several figures hurriedly came.

All of them are young people. At a further distance, there are five young people who surround a dozen or so people who are here to pick up the flaming stones here with ordinary people.

"Brother Zhao, what's going on?"

Asked a man who was running fast.

"Brother, this little bastard, he dared to attack me, and you will abolish him for me,"

The young man shouted before.

"Boy, you are so brave that you dare to hurt my disciples of the Fangjian Sect. Now, let me abandon your cultivation, and then help us to explore the way inside, maybe you can retrieve a little life."

One of the chubby Shifangjian sent his disciples.

A high expression, looking at Landing Ming indifferently.

Lu Ming touched his nose silently. Is this the disciple of Shifangjian School? How to be a virtue, a high-looking look.

The Shifangjian faction is indeed the first major sect of the scorching empire, but dont you have to put a high expression on everyone?

"Boy, I talk to you, are you deaf?"

Fat youth drinks coldly.

"You asked me to go inside to find a way, and still caught so many ordinary people, what on earth did you want to do?"

Lu Ming did not answer, but asked some curious questions.

"Nonsense, is this what you can ask? Observe the way, obediently!"

The fat youth said indifferently, and then punched at Dan Tian who landed.

The fat young man has the practice of Qizhong, a martial artist. This punch is extremely powerful. If it is bombarded, it can definitely defeat Lu Mings cyclone and destroy his repair.

This is the Ten Faction Sword School, which is extremely domineering.

"Ten Fang Jianpai, huh, anyway, sooner or later, let's charge some interest first."

Lu Ming's eyes cooled completely.

Lu Yuntian probably fell into the hands of the Shifangjian faction. Lu Ming had no good impression of the Shifangjian faction.

Now, worse.

boom!

The Yanlong fist blasted out, and Lu Ming's fist was faster and more ruthless.

With a punch, it accurately hit the belly of the fat young man, and the eyes of the fat young man protruded in an instant. Immediately, a screaming scream was made. The fat figure, like a ball, flew away from a distance, He flew nearly twenty meters before falling to the ground, then rolled several more circles before stopping.

"Ah, ah, did you abolish my cultivation? You actually abolished my cultivation, beast, hybrid."

The fat young man screamed sadly.

"Only you are allowed to abolish my practice, will you not be allowed to abolish your practice?"

Lu Ming said indifferently.

"Boy, look for death!"

The remaining two young men shouted, their long swords out of their sheaths, and two sharp sword lights burst out, striking Lu Ming.

Both of these men were trained in the later stages of the seventh division of the martial artist.

"Gunfire tactics-Lan Yue!"

As soon as the hand moved, a fire gun appeared, and a gun swept out. In the air, a fiery red light flashed like a moon.

bump! bump!

The two ten-party swords sent young people, without the slightest resistance, they were swept away by long spears and vomited blood in the air. After falling, they had no breath at all.

They were shot by Lu Ming, their bones had been broken, and their internal organs had been shattered.

The fat young man and the previous young man froze, his face pale, his body trembling.

Lu Ming looked at the broken-handed young man.

"No, don't kill me!"

The young man shouted in horror.

But Lu Ming was unmoved, and the spear was raised.

"stop!"

At this time, five disciples of the Fangjian Sect, who had surrounded a dozen stone pickers, rushed towards this side, and one of them yelled out, revealing the intrepid repair behavior of the eighth peak of the warrior.

"what!"

The broken-handed young man shouted in horror and ran desperately towards the five disciples of the Fangjian Sect.

but--

call out!

Lu Ming flicked, the spear in his hand shot out, caught up with the young man who broke his hand instantly, passed his chest through his back, and nailed him to the ground.

"Dead! Die! Little bastard, not only you are going to die, your family and your friends are going to die!"

The disciple of the Shifangjian sent from the eighth peak of the warrior sent out angry roars and rushed towards the landing.

"Look who will die first!"

The dragon snake stepped out, and Lu Ming turned into a gust of wind, rushing towards the five ten-squared sword factions, and passing the broken young man's side, pulled out the fire pattern gun.

Both sides are approaching quickly.

"Crazy waves!"

The warrior's eight-layered Shifangjian sent his disciples to yell, holding a giant sword with palm width in both hands, the sword light chopped towards the landing like a storm.

Buzz!

The striated gun flicked and swept forward.

when!

The gun and the sword intersect, and Mars shoots out, making a huge roar.

The disciples of Shifangjian School shuddered and retreated a dozen steps backwards, while Lu Ming just shook his figure and shook it slightly.

"kill!"

At the next moment, the war swords of the other four disciples of the Fangjian Sect sent to Lu Ming one after another.

Among the five major sect gates of the scorching empire, only the ten-party sword school and the Xuanyuan sword school are distinguished by their swordsmanship, and the two are good at swordsmanship.

The swordsmanship practiced by the Ten Fang Swords is biased towards being strong, wide open and wide, and extremely powerful.

Four disciples of the ten-party sword school, two martial artists eightfold, two martial artists sevenfold, united together, the sword was like a storm, and swept toward the landing.

At the same time as the attack, he also showed a burst of bleeding veins, which was more powerful.

However, they are facing Lu Ming, who has cultivated Xuan-level inferior martial arts skills to the second level of Lu Ming.

"Look at the moon!"

Lu Ming's eyes were shining, and his true energy was completely exploded.

boom! boom! boom! boom!

Four consecutive roars, and at the same time, four consecutive screams.

The disciples of the seven martial arts ten-square swords were directly shocked and flew away.

The two martial arts youths were not much better. They flew more than ten meters, fell heavily on the ground, and suffered a heavy coughing blood.

One shot, two deaths and two injuries, which shocked the disciple of the Shifangjian School of the eighth peak of the warrior.

But Lu Ming wouldn't give him any chance to breathe, rushed forward a few steps, and then his body jumped high, and the fire pattern gun fell down.

"Landslide!"

The spear was hit with a wailing roar, and the disciples of the Ten Fang Jian School turned pale, bursting out the strength of the whole body, turning the power of the bloodline to the extreme, and the war sword was cut upward.

when!

The spear hit the war sword, and the force screamed out, forming a gust of wind that swept in all directions.

boom!

The stones at the feet of the disciples of the Shifangjian School burst into pieces, and it was difficult for him to stand on his knees, and he knelt down directly. Where the knees fell, the stones burst into pieces.

## **Chapter 89: Extinct volcano**

Biquege , update the latest chapter of Emperor Wandao as soon as possible!

He coughed up blood and fell to the ground like a pool of mud.

This shot directly shattered his arms, and the powerful impact force also shattered his internal organs, which is definitely dead.

The power of Xuan-level inferior martial arts finally appeared, and Lu Ming only cultivated to the second level, but the power was twice as strong as the sixth level of Huang-level inferior martial arts.

"How...how could it be so strong? Who are you... exactly?"

The disciples of Shifangjian School kept coughing up blood and asked unwillingly.

It was unbelievable in his eyes, and he was defeated by a stroke with the training of his military master Yaejo Peak.

The practice of Lu Mingzhan revealed that it is only the eighth layer of the martial arts master.

"Xuanyuan Sword School, Lu Ming!"

Lu Ming said faintly.

"Xuanyuan Sword School?"

The young man whispered, and then his eyes fell apart, with no vitality.

At this time, the other two masters of the eighth master of the martial arts were also extinct.

They were also shattered by Lu Ming.

The marksmanship, although not as varied as the swordsmanship, is more violent, more direct, and more domineering.

At the scene, only the fat young man remained.

At this time, the fat young man's face was pale, without the slightest blood color, his body was trembling constantly, and his face was cold and sweaty.

Lu Ming walked towards the fat youth step by step.

"No, don't kill me!"

The fat youth yelled in horror.

"Say, what do you want to do with the ten stone sword factions and so many ordinary stone pickers?"

Lu Ming asked coldly.

"I want to say yes, but you have to promise not to kill me."

The fat young man's eyes rolled and shouted.

"Oh? Don't you say so? Then you die."

Lu Ming looked cold and raised the spear in his hand.

The fat young man's scared souls were almost gone and shouted: "I said, I said, I said!"

Lu Ming looked at him coldly, waiting for his following.

"We followed Brother Zheng, and Brother Zheng said he would take us to find treasures, and we would come."

"Brother Zheng said that in the ancient books recorded by his ancestors, he knew that there was an extinct volcano with treasures in the Lingnan fire area near the inner area."

The fat youth hurried to explain.

"Then why are there so many ordinary stone pickers?" Lu Ming asked.

"Because the surrounding surrounding the extinct volcano is very unstable, from time to time magma, flames will burst out, and even the ground will sink. People must go to find the way to find a safe way before we can enter the interior of the extinct volcano."

The fat young man was afraid of death, and said one by one.

Lu Ming frowned, and this was to take the lives of those who picked up the stone to find a way for them.

This is the martial arts strong, ordinary people's lives in their eyes, like ants.

Lu Ming never treats the enemy softly, but tells him to ignore the lives of others for his own sake, and he can't do it.

Lu Ming thought for a while and then asked, "What treasure is there in that extinct volcano?"

"I don't know about this. Brother Zheng didn't tell us. I said everything I know. Can you spare me now?"

The fat young man begged, but he was thinking about how to ask Brother Zheng to kill Lu Ming after he got out.

"Wait a minute, I have another question. What is your brother Zheng cultivation? Is there anything stronger than him?"

Lu Ming asked again.

The fat young man honestly replied: "Brother Cheng is a famous genius of my ten-party sword school. He has already won eight straight victories on the bronze platform. Brother Cheng is the strongest."

"Is the bronze list eight straight wins?"

Lu Ming whispered.

The five major sect gates of the scorching empire are almost the same for the classification of disciples. They are divided into three levels: bronze, silver, and gold.

Similarly, in each sect, there are bronze lists and silver lists.

The rules are exactly the same.

"Okay, you want me to say it, I said it all, can you let me go?"

Fat youth said.

"Let you go? When did I say I would let you go?"

Lu Ming said indifferently, then, a spear pierced and pierced the fat young man's heart.

"Bronze eight-game winning streak? Don't know how strong the ten-party sword sent the bronze eight-game winning streak?"

Lu Ming's eyes showed a strong fighting intention.

At the beginning, he was spitting blood from He Tieyi's boxing. He Tie was the eighth straight win of the Bronze platform of the Xuanyuan Jian School.

It is also a bronze bronze eight-game winning streak, but it belongs to two different schools. The strength cannot be the same, but it will not be too different. Lu Ming has made great progress during this time, and he can just check the results.

Then, Lu Ming devoured all the blood of the disciples of the Shifangjian School and found a place to refine it.

As for the stone pickers, as soon as the disciples of Shifangjian faction were killed, a swarm of bees fled.

Two hours later, Lu Ming's true energy completely recovered and reached its peak.

Then, Lu Ming ran toward the direction of the dead volcano that the fat youth said.

...

Lingnan fire area, deep in the central area, close to the internal area, there is a tall extinct volcano.

This volcano, I don't know from what age, the eruption has stopped, but the temperature around the dead volcano is still alarmingly high.

The ground is red.

A few kilometers away from the extinct volcano, there are more than 20 young people, needless to say, are all disciples of the Ten Fangjian School.

Twenty dozen disciples of the Fangjian School surrounded more than 30 stone pickers.

More than thirty stone-picking people gathered around, panicking and trembling.

"You young heroes of the Ten Fang Sword School, I beg you, there is really dangerous, you let us go to find the way, that is to die, I am old, and there are small, I beg you to let me Let's go back."

A man in his fifties bent over to salute and pleaded.

call out!

The sword flashed, and the big man's head flew high.

"Noisy, I want to go, I'll take you on the road now."

A disciple of a ten-party sword sent the sword back to the sheath, coldly said.

The other stone-picking people were suddenly silent, and they dared not speak anymore, but the despair on their faces was even stronger.

"You, hurry up to find the way, if you are lucky to be walked over by you, you can still leave a dog."

A disciple of Shifangjian School pointed to a dark-skinned man.

The big man's eyes were suddenly desperate, his body trembling.

"Do not go, then die now!"

The disciples of the ten-party sword faction were cold.

"I go, I go!"

The big man trembled.

Then he walked out trembling.

Go out and explore, maybe there is still a way to live, otherwise, it is death.

This great man should have practiced martial arts, but he didn't awaken the bloodline, only the warrior's practice.

He walked forward cautiously, and soon, he walked out more than two hundred meters.

Huh, suddenly, a magma rushed out of the ground, directly submerging the big man.

The big man screamed, turned into a ball of fire, and after a few breaths, it became a ball of coke.

The temperature of magma is terrible high.

## **Chapter 90: Weak like ants**

Biquge , update the latest chapter of Emperor Long Dao as soon as possible!

A big living person turned into coke in an instant. This scene is really terrifying.

The other stone-pickers saw it, shaking in shock.

But those disciples of the Ten Fangjian sentiments were very calm, even indifferent.

"Mark the place you just walked by."

Among the disciples of Shifangjian School, a young man with dark skin and ruthless face ordered.

This ruthless young man is Brother Zheng, who was a disciple of the former Shifangjian School, Zheng Qian.

He didn't look at the stone pickers. The stone pickers in his eyes were nothing but ants and tools for use.

His eyes stared at the dead volcano ahead, fiery.

"According to the records left by the ancestors, it is true here, Fire Spirit Milk, I must get it, as long as I get Fire Spirit Milk, my flesh will definitely be able to practice to Second Grade. In that way, my strength will increase greatly Able to win ten consecutive victories on the bronze platform and get on the bronze list."

"I haven't even broken through the second-grade flesh, but I can take it to a higher level. Three hundred years ago, my ancestors got fire spirits here. Now, three hundred years later, the amount of fire spirits must have accumulated a lot. If there is enough Its not impossible to break through the third-grade flesh with a large amount. Haha, then, to what extent can my combat power be improved?"

Zheng Qian thought enthusiastically.

"Yes, Brother Zheng!"

The disciples of the Shifangjian School responded, and then a bunch of white powder was thrown and sprinkled on the place where the big man had just passed, forming a safe route.

"Now, you, go find the way."

The disciples of Shifangjian School pointed to a young man in his 20s.

The young man's face was pale, desperate, and cold sweating, shouting: "I beg you, let me go, I beg you."

"Ahai, young heroes, please let him go, let me replace him, he is still young!"

An old man with gray hair stepped out and knelt on the ground with a thump, kowtowing.

"Grandpa, don't, you can't go!"

Cried the young man.

"Let me come, let me come, please let go of Ahai, he is still young!"

The old man seemed to hear no words from the youth and continued to kowtow.

"Oh? A pair of affectionate grandpas and grandpas, okay, the grandpa will be on the side of the net, old man, let's explore the way!"

A student with a collapsed nose and ten square swords waved his hand.

"Grandpa, Grandpa, don't go."

The young man's tears stayed and shouted.

"Ahai, Grandpa is old, it doesn't matter, but you must live."

The old man urged the young man, and then headed forward, without knowing his head.

The youth looked desperately.

Two hundred meters ahead, the old man walked past, very safe, the old man passed smoothly.

Walking here, the old man carefully avoided the place where the magma was before and moved on.

But he hadn't walked out for a hundred meters. When the old man stepped on it, the ground suddenly cracked and the old man fell off.

Immediately, there was a scream of sternness, and after a few breaths, there was no sound.

"grandfather!"

The young man shouted in despair.

The other stone-pickers were in a state of confusion, and their faces were bloodless.

"make a mark!"

Zheng Qian continued to order.

Uh! Uh!

A mass of white powder was thrown out, marking the road to safety, and the dangerous place.

"You, your turn, go up!"

Disappointed disciples of Shifangjian sent a finger to the former youth.

The young man's complexion changed and shouted: "Just now, my grandfather has taken over for me. You guys... why do you still call me to go?"

"Go for you? I never said that he went for you. He asked him to go first. Of course I have to satisfy him. Now it's your turn."

The disciples of Shifangjian sent their noses coldly, with a hint of playfulness on their faces.

The other disciples of the Shifangjian School looked at them indifferently.

"No, no, you can't do this, you can't do this, I don't go, I don't go."

The young man shook his head nonstop, hissing.

Other stone-picking people were stunned. They did not dare to say a word, for fear of being noticed by the disciples of Shifangjian School.

"Don't go?"

The disciples of Shifangjian sent their noses cold, and grinned: "If you don't go, don't go, now you will be sent to the road to accompany your grandfather."

The war sword waved, and the cold murderous opportunity enveloped the youth.

There was a panic in the youth's eyes, and eventually he shivered forward.

When the young man walked forward dozens of meters, he suddenly fled to the side insanely.

"Want to escape, to death!"

Disappointed Shifangjian sent his disciples to scream, exhale, and held the sword in both hands, slashing towards the young man who had fled.

call out!

A sword qi burst out, instantly spanning a distance of tens of meters, cutting the escaped youth into two halves.

"I said, you obediently went to find the way, and you still have a chance to live. You want to escape. There is only one way to die."

The disciples of the Shifangjian sent their disciples to sneer, then pointed again and said, "You, look for the way."

The pointed person walked out desperately, trembling forward, hoping that he would be lucky and able to come to an end.

But the result is still dead.

In this way, one by one picked up the stone and went forward to find the way, one by one died in the flame magma.

But the safe route was also slowly detected.

The closer to the extinct volcano, the more dangerous, the more unstable the underground.

More than 30 stone-picking people died in a flash.

At this time, there are still about 100 meters away from the extinct volcano.

Several people were called to investigate, and finally, a complete and safe road appeared.

"You guys, can we go now?"

There were ten stone pickers left, someone asked quietly.

"Go? Where do you go? The news here can't be leaked."

Zheng Qian, who had never spoken, said.

"Wh... what? What do you mean?"

The stone picker's face changed a lot.

"What do you mean? You are all going to die!"

The nose-folding Shifangjian sent his disciples to grin.

"No, no, you said that as long as you find a safe way, let us go. You can't do this. You are disciples of the Ten Fangjian School, and you have to talk about credit."

"I beg you!"

"No, I don't want to die, I curse you, not to die!"

More than ten stone pickers had already given birth to hope, and at this time they looked desperate again and shouted frantically.

"Curse us? You also know that we are disciples of the Ten Fangjian faction, who dares to kill us."

The disciples of the Fangjian sword sneered.

"Huh? There's someone there, who's coming here."

Suddenly a disciple of the Ten Fang Swords cried out.

The rest looked over there involuntarily.

At the back right, a young figure is coming here step by step.

This figure, about fifteen or sixteen years old, has a slender figure and a clear face, but his eyes are very cold and terrible.

This young man is naturally Lu Ming.