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The cultivation of the four masters themselves is not low, and Ye Shijun's strength has risen sharply, which is extremely powerful.

Ningyue and Mo Beitian are such a pair of masters.

Although the Futian side was a little worse, it was actually quite difficult for Qing Ji to face one of the four great masters plus him.

And as their leaders were pinned down, the entire battle situation suddenly began to undergo a huge turn.

The three teams that were already on the verge of breaking through, suddenly met huge resistance and watched their hopes be extinguished. Qingji and Mo Beitian were injured one after another. Although Ningyue had a strong cultivation base, she couldn't hold back Ye Shijun and Venerable Bigfoot. The attack of the two top masters.

After only a few dozen strokes, Ningyue was obviously exhausted, and taking this opportunity, Ye Shijun and Venerable Bigfoot suddenly stepped

up their attacks, and Ningyue was defeated.

"Ningyue, what are we going to do now?"

Qingji and the others, who had finally rushed out, were beaten back to their original positions again, and their bodies were covered with scars. She hurriedly looked at Ningyue, who had also returned.

With blood on the corner of Ningyue's mouth, she coldly glanced at the six masters and the fifty thousand troops who were assisting the attack.

"The enemy's firepower is too strong, and there are masters in the formation. The breakout has become a dead end. Tell everyone to retreat, shrink the line of defense, and defend me." Ningyue shouted in a hurry.

Even though the situation is serious at this time, she still does not panic. She understands that if even she panics, the entire team panics, and their final result can only be a mere mercenary.

"Stop all orders, shrink the line of defense, and even if we die, we will never let the enemy step into us." Qing Ji drew her sword and shouted loudly.

"Never let the enemy step forward!"

Everyone raised their swords and responded in unison!

Suddenly, while the morale increased greatly, everyone quickly shrank, and the terrain formed their own defense line.

There is still bloody battle on Mo Beitian's side. Although he was cared for by the two masters and injured again and again, he definitely did not say half a word.

Unlike them, his mission was to save Amelia Su. Naturally, breaking the siege was something he had to do.

After following Han for more than 3,000 years, Mo Yang's scrutiny of the battle situation was not bad at all. At this time, he slashed over two unsightly enemy troops with a knife in his hand, and shouted at Mo Beitian in a hurry.

Mo Beitian fought and lost, and his mouth was already vomiting blood, but there was no fear in his eyes, instead, the more defeats he became, the more courageous he became.

"These two bastards are handed over to me, and you rush out to save Amelia Su."

Dao Twelve angrily refused: "No, these two people have a very high cultivation base, if there is no one to help you, you will only die here.

"

Hmph, what if I, a Mo Beitian, died? Isn't there still you guys when I die? I'm afraid of being a stinker, let me go."

With an angry voice, Mo Beitian rushed directly to the two masters. .

Heifeng Yaoji's face turned cold: "Want them to go? A fool's dream!" After the

words were finished, it was a fierce attack with the white-faced rain demon at the Demon Beitian.

The two of them want to kill Mo Beitian in the shortest possible time and smash this guy's plan as soon as possible.

"Hmph, is it an idiot's dream, you'll know it after you try it!" Mo Beitian smiled coldly, biting his mouth full of blood, and charged directly at the two of them with a mortal heart.

Between the bangs, there was an explosion, and the two masters set up defensive barriers, which prevented such an explosive attack. On the other hand, this guy, Mo Beitian, seems to be not afraid of the impact of the explosion at all, but he still attacks with this momentum. .

"****, is this guy

crazy? He's dying?"

Seeing the blood-drenched Demon Beitian, even the white-faced rain demon couldn't help but look terrified.

The Black Mountain Demon Girl clenched her teeth. Such a fatal suicide attack was indeed terrifying and powerful. If she hurriedly confronted him, it would only usher in a tragic end.

"Fight while retreating! Hold him!" The

Black Mountain Demon Fairy fell back, and at the same time, she patted the magic energy in her hand.

The white-faced rain demon didn't dare to be careless, and showed a two-way trend with the black mountain demon, and also retreated and fought.

Looking at such a tragic battle in the sky, Mo Yang and Dao Twelve both had their back molars almost crushed.

They knew that Mo Beitian was taking his life to delay them.

“Brothers, either die or rush! Even if the knife is blunt, it will definitely cut a bloody path for me!” After that, Mo Yang took the knife and rushed into Wuyangyang’s enemy formation...

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“Kill!~”

Knife Twelve pulled out the big knife directly, and Xie Xie licked the blood at the tip of the knife, smiled coldly, and went to the next Seconds, also killed directly.

The raging bears will be in a nest, and the fierce nature will be fierce in a nest.

Following the death of his three leaders, a group of subordinates rushed out as though they had suffered heavy casualties.

Although it seems to be hitting the stone with an egg, when the morale is high, why not stab the elephant with a knife? !

A team of 1,000 people, charge once, fail once, and reduce the number of people by 100.

Charged again, failed again, and reduced the number of people by 100 again.

However, just like the leading Dao Shishi and Mo Yang, this team is also desperate.

Fail once, then next time.

If it fails next time, then

next time .

After six consecutive charges, less than 300 people were left behind Dao Shishi and Mo Yang.

This is an ace division, the most elite unit in the Mysterious Man Alliance.

But in the face of the siege of the crowd, it is still difficult to resist.

However, the other party was obviously not much better. The originally thick wall of the crowd was suddenly punched out of a huge concave shape.

Stopped, many battles stopped, and they all stopped and looked here.

Those deserving soldiers within the charge range also slowly put down their knives.

Everyone is afraid of the fierce, but everyone is more afraid of death.

No one wants to be the target of the next charge, because the enemy will die, and so will himself.

Some people are trembling, some people are worried,

but they are all so consistent that no one can block those concave gaps.

Even, the person at the end of the concave gap has begun to retreat slowly.

“These guys...****, what benefit did George Han give them to deserve their hard work?” Ye Shijun was obviously shocked by such a dead man’s spirit, and he frowned incomprehensibly.

It is naturally difficult for someone like him to understand the cohesion and bloodiness of a team, and it is even more difficult to understand that there is something called emotion.

Humans are born great because of beings, and because of beings, people become more explosive and more terrifying.

Futian also gritted his teeth, he hated, hated the injustice of heaven, and hated why the sky gave him such an elite

army of George Han. If these troops were given to them, George Han would have died I don’t know how many times.

“Isn’t it enough for them to die?” Futian said coldly with a cold voice.

“Send people to reinforce, they want to die heroically, so let them be heroic.” Ye Shijun sneered.

“Hey, okay, I’ll make arrangements.”

After he finished speaking, Futian looked back and waved his hand, and several senior officials of the Fujia immediately took the lead, leading a group of Fujia disciples to rush over.

With the reinforcements, the soldiers on the concave side finally calmed down a little, and they lifted the swords one by one.

“If you want to be a ghost under the knife, you will be done.” The general of the family raised the knife and shouted angrily: “It’s just a group of dying people, why should the generals be afraid

?

” Kill it.” The

words fell, and the soldier took the lead, and he went up first when he raised his gun.

With the general leading the way, a group of soldiers regained their morale, and then rushed forward with him.

In mid-air, the last burning of Mo Beitian is also coming to an end. With a desperate energy, he can be brave for a while, but it is absolutely impossible to drag it on for a long time. , the end of Mo Beitian is also in front of you.

On the ground, Dao Twelve and Mo Yang also both fell under the charge of the Fujia general, and the three hundred soldiers behind them also fell one by one under the encirclement and suppression of the enemy... The

blood stained the earth, At this time, it seems that the sky is red.

At this time, Han 3000...