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n't figure it out, and can't figure it out.

"The order goes on, the front will step up the harassment, doesn't George Han want to sleep? Let him sleep peacefully."

"Also, notify the forward troops and let them attack better. I will send people to take over the shift according to the time period. Everyone has enough time to rest, so everyone must cheer up for me."

Zhu Yanshuo will observe Yan's color, and seeing Mingyu like this, he immediately announced.

"Yes!"

Several major commanders led the order, and quickly retreated with the little soldier, and went to arrange.

And almost in the deepest part of the mansion at this time, in a dark dungeon, unlike outside them, there is only dead silence.

Mo Yang and the others sat on the damp ground, their faces icy cold.

Sword Twelve, in particular, was holding the iron rod of the cell tightly with his right hand, as if trying to crush the iron rod with the strength of his hand.

But in fact, he turned his head to the side, his eyes filled with resentment, as if to show that this was not the case.

"Brother Knife, why is there such a thing, no one died?"

A faint voice came, but there was a trace of comfort in the voice.

Through the dim light, I saw just now that there was still a person lying in the corner above the ground.

The surroundings of him are far more humid than those around Dao Twelve and others, and there is black liquid flowing around him, but it can be known from the smell that these black liquids are actually human blood.

Mo Yang turned his head, looked at the face that had been defeated so badly in the dark, and said sadly, "Brother Mo Beitian, I am incompetent. Not only did I fail to break through, it even hurt you and..."

Mo Yang didn't say any more. , but the sadness in his heart has already made him cry like a bloody man.

In the breakout battle, in order to let Dao Twelve and others lead the team to break through to save Amelia Su, Mo Beitian did not hesitate to fight against the other two masters with his own strength. This is emotional, but the ending is extremely tragic.

Mo Beitian was almost severely injured and was dying, barely fishing for his life by relying on the small amount of infuriating energy in his body.

“Say it, go on.” Mo Beitian smiled bitterly and asked, “You don’t want to say it, because of my brothers, are they all dead?”

” There were more than 1,000 people, but except for Dao Twelve, Mo Yang, Liu Fang, and Young Master Ruyu, almost all of them died in battle.

The Tianmogong and others led by Mo Beitian were all killed in battle, and none of them survived.

Mo Yang nodded heavily, and Dao Twelve angrily took his head and hit the iron rod with a bang.

Mo Beitian smiled miserably: “These brothers are the closest brothers who follow me. For decades, we have traveled south and north, and we have been embarrassed and prestige.”

“I also said that in the future, I will bring them back to their hometowns and live without food and clothing. A worrying life, but I didn’t expect...”

“I failed them.” When the

words fell, Mo Beitian forcefully gritted his teeth, took off the end of his left hand, and handed it to Mo Yang: “However, I am the devil . Gongshen is one of the four old-fashioned schools of the Demon Race, and obviously there are more than just these families. This is the token of the Palace Master of the Heavenly Demon Palace. If there is a chance, I will trouble Brother Moyang to give it to George Han.”

“With this token, the rest The disciples of the Tianmo Palace will obey him, this is the last piece of family I left to George Han, and I hope George Han can help me take good care of my remaining subordinates in the headquarters.”

“We won’t take this thing. If you want to give it to Han

George Han, then you can take it yourself, and give it to him in person when you see him.” Dao Twelve’s tears flowed lightly, and he gritted his teeth.

Mo Yang also knew that Mo Beitian had already explained his future affairs, and nodded: “Yes, if you dare to die here, then your ring will be buried here.”

Mo Beitian sighed, unfortunately Looking at the ring on his hand: “I also want to persist. I, Mo Beitian, have never been the one who bowed to fate easily, but I know my own body, and I already... can’t do it.”

Hearing this, the knife Twelve raised his head directly to try not to let more tears flow, and Mo Yang also turned his head to the side, unable to bear to look anymore.

“Two brothers, just treat me as begging you, okay?” As soon as he finished

speaking, he was relieved, and Mo Beitian closed his eyes and was about to go to the end.

But almost at this moment, in the dark cell, a light suddenly flashed...

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“Purple Love!” The

two of them looked at each other, and were stunned to find that the light came from the cell where Ziqing was.

However, after that group of sluts held them captive, didn't they feed everyone with a poison that would crack their internal organs as long as they used their infuriating energy?

How could it be on Ziqing's side...

Almost between the two people's doubts, Ziqing was already gushing black blood from his mouth.

"Help me." She hurriedly said.

"Ziqing is a holy body, which is unusual for ordinary people. Everyone try to help her." In the cell next to her, Liu Sha shouted anxiously.

Almost as soon as she finished speaking, there were only bursts of spitting blood in the surrounding cells, but no matter what, there were still traces of light in each cell, and they kept heading towards Ziqing's cell.

Mo Yang didn't dare to neglect, he hurriedly helped Mo Beitian up, and then helped him to sit in front of the cell door. Just after fixing it, a trace of light energy from Zi Qing quickly entered Mo Beitian's body.

As the white light entered the body, the blood of Mo Beitian, who was already dying, quickly recovered a little, and the pale face was barely able to see the slightest ruddy.

"Not enough energy." Zi Qing was dressed in white, and her chest was already dyed red by a lot of blood.

In the other cells that delivered her energy, the blood of a group of people continued to flow continuously at this time. Obviously, due to the miracle, such a loss is actually a huge consumption for anyone.

However, even so, none of the group of people gave up, and no one said a word of pain. Even a person with a low cultivation level like Master Lu almost fainted shortly after he exerted his power, but he was just It fell silently, never affecting anyone.

"I can only barely

maintain his life! But once the energy dissipates, he will soon..." Zi Qing did not continue.

But everyone knows the answer.

"Then let's keep going like this." Knife Twelve gritted his teeth and shouted angrily.

In the next second, only the vigorous voices of everyone responded to what Dao Twelve had just said.

In this way, batches of people fell one after another, but the weak energy has been intermittently transmitted to Ziqing, and then from Ziqing into Mo Beitian's body.

All the time, until the dead of night.

Almost all of them fell down, but Mo Beitian's breathing was reluctantly returned for a while.

Although he is still dying at this time, no matter what, after a whole day of repairs, he will not be injured and die at least for the time being.

Under the toxicity of Qigong San, this is already the maximum limit.

At this time, as the sky

gradually darkened, different changes were also taking place in the fallen city.

I don't know if it's to stimulate George Han, or for some other reason. At this time, the city should be settled with the City Lord's Mansion as the center.

A bustling scene.

In the playground arena in the center of the city, it was dead silence at this time.

Countless soldiers or masters were secretly lurking in the dark, quietly staring at the most central part at this time.

There...probably the only place that makes it less deadly.

George Han's snoring echoes and accompanies the gluttonous glutton of evil, forcibly chiseling a piece of "symphony" belonging to them in the quiet surroundings.

Linlong was completely helpless. From the morning to the present, they had endured at least tens of thousands of sneak attacks and cold arrows. The transparent barrier supported by George Han was almost completely shattered into sand at this moment.

But even so, this damned George Han still slept like a dead pig.

Big brother, this fire is burning to your eyebrows, are you asleep? And it's a whole day to sleep.

Suddenly, right at this moment, George Han suddenly sat up with a clever buttocks, which startled Linlong and made him extremely happy.

And looking at the nervous look on his face, he should seem to be moving.

As soon as this side moved, the enemy troops who were ambushing in the dark could not help but tighten their bodies, but just when they were so anxious that they could even breathe, George Han's next move was directly shown to them. Doubt life.

Lin Long can testify with both hands raised, because his whole body is scratching his head and feeling like a goddamn hell and bullshit!