

D. Hero 671

The Domestic Hero - Chapter 671

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A round sunset, close to the horizon, dyed the sky and sand dunes in the distance a deep red.

The weather is clear and there is no sand.

On the edge of the desert, under a gray, wind-eroded mountain rock, seven or eight sand-yellow tents surround an ancient well, forming a temporary nomadic camp.

In front of the tent, a wedding of a Berbers is lively.

The bonfire stained the surrounding area with fiery red, camels sniffed not far away, a dozen relatives and friends sat on the ground in front of the bonfire, a pair of Berber newcomers in front of them, jumping among the relatives and friends traditional dance.

The air is filled with the aroma of wood burning, as well as the food and drink, and the cheerful taste.

“Yan, you are my most respected friend of Mohammed, come and taste the most precious food of our Berbers.”

The bridegroom’s father is a middle-aged man with a big beard and a handsome face. At this moment he smiled happily, under the thick black beard, a few white teeth were exposed, looking happy and very happy.

This handsome young man whom he called “Yan” was naturally the flaming son Wang Yan who disappeared again in the qualifiers.

After leaving the two saints, he disguised again. After a long journey, he was tired and thirsty. He happened to meet two Berber families and was holding a wedding for their children.

Wang Yan simply pretended to be a lost traveler, and by the way gave the two newcomers a gift of one hundred lambs as a gift.

In Africa, the price of a lamb is actually very cheap, the lowest is only 80 yuan, but it is a precious gift for nomadic people who cannot cultivate in the desert and can only rely on nomadic living and have no economic source. .

Not to mention that one hundred lambs of the highest quality were given at a time, which is more than the property of these two families combined.

When Wang Yan took out a stack of coins, all the warm and hospitable Berbers were mad and crazy. He immediately regarded him as the most distinguished guest, and the bride came out to welcome him.

In the eyes of these Berbers, this oriental visitor is more than a local tyrant, it is simply a local tyrant gold.

Wang Yan did not regard himself as an outsider. He simply decided to live here for the last two days and nights of the qualifiers, taste the Berber cuisine, and enjoy some exotic leisure time.

Using a line he used to see in a TV series, the most important thing in life is happiness.

As for why not continue the qualifiers?

God, do n't laugh, now that the qualifiers are coming to an end, it is estimated that all the contestants are in a crazy score, and at least half of them want to trouble themselves.

If they are traced by them, they will have to exhaust themselves. Besides, they have enough points to advance. Instead of exhausting, they should save their strength and wait for work.

At this time, Wang Yan put on a traditional Berber costume and didn't notice anything strange if he didn't look carefully.

In addition, he has not dealt with the Berbers once or twice. After the genes have been strengthened, he has improved all aspects of his qualities, and it has become easier to learn languages. Now he can understand and use some Berbers. Native language.

He picked up the wooden bowl and tasted the rich goat milk. On the blanket in front of him, he filled the distinctive lamb and grilled buns, as well as some desert-specific fruits.

But now the precious food handed over by the host has attracted his attention deeply.

“this is.....”

Wang Yan looked at the wooden plate handed in front of him, which contained two round meatballs. After a simple roasting, the two meatballs were dark on the surface and still had bloodshot eyes on them.

The smell is very strong, the stale smell of goats, you can smell it without coming close.

With such a combination of shape and smell, Wang Yan immediately thought of something, and his brow jumped uncontrollably.

How does this look like that one, there is a special part of the male goat that has just been slaughtered.

“Yan, this only distinguished guests and male talents are eligible to eat.” The bearded male host smiled and patted Wang Yan’s shoulder with a very sincere expression. “This is a good thing. The man eats it and is strong!”

It really is a special part of the male goat!

At the thought of that special part, Wang Yan couldn’t breathe, coupled with this thick sullen smell, he just whispered it when he heard it. This must be eaten, and surely not spit out?

“Well, I’m afraid it’s not good to eat?” Wang Yan smiled awkwardly.

“Okay, okay, you eat the best. You are our most distinguished guest. You must try the most precious food of our Berbers.” The host thought Wang Yan was embarrassed and more enthusiastic now.

Wang Yan sniffed closer and sniffed.

Although the elementary school teacher taught to respect the customs and culture of other ethnic groups, but this, vomiting, heavy taste, wouldn't it really want to eat?

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While Wang Yan was enjoying the joy of the Berber wedding and the precious food, the entire Sahara really fell into a frenzy.

A total of 1,500 contestants, nearly one-third of the contestants have so far chosen to withdraw from the game because of serious injuries, collapse, or difficulty in perseverance in a difficult situation.

With the departure of a large number of players, it means that a large number of points have disappeared. It also means that each remaining player is an elite who can stand the test, and each is a difficult competitor.

There are only two days left. If you do not accelerate to knock down your opponents and get more points in this last time, it means that you cannot advance to the competition. You also need to be guarded to avoid becoming a prey for other players.

Time seems to start to accelerate.

Tension and anxiety began to spread among each player.

The audience in the venue of the Youth Conference also tightened their nerves and became excited. With every change in the game, the mood fluctuated.

With the advent of the fifth day of the qualifiers, the group also made a heavy decision.

“From now on, the points ranking system will be closed, no one outside or on the court will be able to check the points ranking, and the player's point refresh time will be halved!”

The host Sean announced in a loud voice that the whole venue was watching the crowd and exploded.

Many soft-hearted spectators began to shout cruelty at the competition system, and more spectators expressed their excitement.

Unable to check the points, which means that the players who were originally in the promotion rankings can no longer determine their own rankings, nor can they determine their own rankings. Have they been crowded out by other players.

Players who are not in the promotion rankings are even more stressed. They simply can't know how many points they still have before they can advance.

Coupled with halving the point refresh time, this means that all contestants now have only one choice left.

That is fighting!

Only constant fighting, constantly knocking down opponents, and constantly squeezing out your last strength can ensure that you will not be eliminated or become a stepping stone for other players.

The already hot qualifiers seemed to be fueled by the competition team, and the atmosphere suddenly became white-hot.

In the desert, the contestants who received the notice completely boiled.

Some players who experienced setbacks and emotions even turned to the drone and yelled at the team for being mad.

Of course, as the organizer of this competition, the chairman of the Super League, Emmons, will not care about the complaints of these players. The big brothers on the podium are also very willing to see the miserable appearance of the players.

In their words, today's young people are just too squeamish, and they can't make up for it.

It was the son of the flame who couldn't keep it up all the time, which made them feel very sorry.

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A cold and silent night sky in the desert suddenly flashed a dazzling arc of thunder.

“Click!”

A clear thunderbolt pierced the sky, and two members of the Australian Superpower Council were lying on the ground by lightning arcs. Their electric lights flashed, and they seemed to have been paralyzed by lightning, and they could no longer act.

“Wow.”

With a strong wind, a young man with white wings behind him hung in the night sky.

His blond hair fluttered in the wind, handsome and unattractive.

“Woo, Lei Biao, we are wrong, we should not watch Dongying and other countries circumvent your National African Affairs Bureau, and follow up to make up your knives. Let's admit defeat and let us go?” Two Australian members, with hairs Standing upright, lying on the ground and begging for mercy.

“Humph, late!”

A sharp female voice sipped coldly, like the sharp edge of a long sword, crossing the night.

Gao Mingyue, who was standing under the sword before the sound had fallen completely, had no idea when he appeared beside the two on the ground.

A team followed the two of them, and the orderly members of the National African Affairs Bureau quickly surrounded them from behind.

At the beginning of this qualifier, Dongying Alliance could not wait to encircle Wang Yan and the entire National African Affairs Bureau. It is for this reason that the solid cohesion of the National African Affairs Bureau once again exerted a powerful force.

The scattered members quickly formed a team, and then led by top powerhouses such as Lei Hong and Gao Mingyue, not only smashed the encirclement and suppression of many countries, but now divided into several teams and launched an offensive against those alliance organizations.

Burst Bear and Yuan Rourou led another team at this time to launch a counterattack against the Indian organization.

Of course, this is also due to Wang Yan's containment in one fell swoop and finally wiped out the main result of the Dongying Alliance, otherwise the National African Bureau will inevitably be robbed this time.

But even so, there are still many members of the National African Bureau who are unwilling to succumb and beg for mercy.

Many people could not forget the scene of the tragic scene.

“Slap, pop!”

Gao Mingyue was angry and cold, and swept away. The two Australian members flew out like sandbags, their eyes flashed, and they fainted.

“This is the price to start with our National African Bureau!” Gao Mingyue's tone was cold and full of majesty.

She then drew her gaze and looked around the members of the National African Affairs Bureau. “We have two days to go. We have to let those guys taste it. The anger of our National African Affairs Bureau!”

“Roar!” Thirty or so members of the National Bureau of African Affairs, all made a powerful cry.

Lei Hong looked at him, his whole body was full of high fighting intent. He slowly raised the thunder urgent gun in his hand, and spit out a word coldly: “War!”

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Almost at the same time, a bright moon hangs high in the remote and dry desert.

Earlier, Wang Yan and the corpse of Miao Yi were destroyed together, and later they were planted by the curse of the Dongying League players, and they came out of the ruins one after another.

They were silent one by one, and some of them looked dull, staring at the night sky when they came out, and kept silent for a long time.

Others sat lonely in the corner, covering their faces with both hands, and wept bitterly.

It seems that under the influence of the old king, the corpse Miao Yi can clearly see the cunning nature of the new human beings. The curses given to these people are estimated to have turned out new tricks. Each one of them is cursed.

At this time, even several A-level leaders were pale and lost their souls. It seemed that if this vicious curse happened, it would cause them more pain than letting them die.

“Dididi!” Reminds the watch to have the latest reminder.

Several A-level leaders raised their wrists, glanced at them, and scolded them almost at the same time, “Damn the child of flames! Damn big team!”

“What should I do now? I can’t see the points, I will be eliminated if I don’t pay attention.”

“What should we do? If we were all eliminated because of the encirclement and suppression of the Son of Fire, it would be a shame!”

Several A-level leaders present at each other glanced at each other. Finally, Dong Ying's ruthless Hongyin monk made a proposal, how could it be better than being eliminated, it is better to start with members of his own organization!

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Before Dongying Alliance and others left the ruins, Sun Youmiao and Zhang Weidao had left the ruins without stopping.

Relying on Sun Youmiao's powerful tree spirit guards, the three of them are hiding in the desert, looking for the Pharaoh while swiping points in a low-key manner.

As for the two banshees, they also left early. At the end of the qualifiers, not only they, but all the contestants have made great efforts to prepare for the final sprint.

The means of use are varied and omnipresent.

For example, at the same time, the other end of the boundless sand sea.

A brutal man from South America, a young girl with short hair and a weak, fell to the ground, approached with a smile, just about to reach out a big hand, the watch in the hand came the prompt of the latest decision of the big team.

"What? Mother, do you want anyone to live in this game?" Dahan yelled in his throat, but despite the hard work these days, it is definitely an excellent compensation to get this lovely girl in front of me.

Even if there is a drone surveillance, it is always possible to take advantage of it and rub it a few times.

"Hey, little sister, how dangerous is it for you to take part in the competition alone, or follow me later, your uncle can be great." Dahan grinned and concentrated on his face, lying on the poor **** the ground.

The girl's fragrant shoulders were half exposed, her legs were long and slender, and her skirt appeared weak and boneless.

The big man smiled even more. Such a lovely girl couldn't let her go.

He approached step by step, and at that moment, there was a silent ripple in the air behind him.

Suddenly, a sharp hand knife, as if appearing out of thin air, fell on his back neck at once.

Without a hum, the big man collapsed to the ground.

The invisible air shook again. A face of West Asia, wearing a tight night suit, a lean man with a very sly smile, appeared out of nowhere behind the fainted big man.

If there is a player who has participated in the Maya women's gambling nearby, you can recognize him at a glance. He was the salt pig assassin who was stealing the female power at that time.

However, his origins are not small.

He himself is a power awakener who can change the optical refraction, and at the same time he is the heir of the Tianshan old man. So far he has practiced alone. This time he joined the casual repair team to participate in this youth competition.

"Mu Mujiang, is there any injury?" The salt pig hand assassin stepped forward to support the girl in the end, just his concerned smile, how to see how insignificant, holding the girl's hand on the shoulder, and took the opportunity to rub.

This young girl named Mu Mujiang, formerly known as Suzuki Haru, is a male player from Dongying, with a C-level strength and looks very second-dimensional.

Of course, his appearance is slightly different from that of ordinary men. Usually people will call this kind of male a pseudo-mother, and the voice of the speech is also called a pseudo-tone.

After being lifted up, Suzuki Hara clapped cheerfully and shouted, "I'm fine, Brother Willie Hassan, we made a lot of money again, great!"

“Hum, but it’s just some small fish, let your brother take you to promote smoothly.” Assassin Willie raised his head proudly, then the surrounding light refracted, and his figure disappeared again. “You go to the next place, Time is running out, we continue to score. “

“Okay!” Father Suzuki replied arrogantly, holding up the skirt with both hands, running to the distance again, and continuing to act as a bait for their fishing.

It was only in the eyes of outsiders that Suzuki Haru flashed a hint of cunning.

At the same time, a voice full of masculinity sounded in her heart, hahaha, stupid uncle assassin, so stupidly took Master Ben all the way to advance!

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Compared to the sad story that happened to Assassin Willy, what happened elsewhere is more serious.

The desert at night is cold and cold, and the cold moonlight falls on the ruins of a broken old city.

The dilapidated walls that have been eroded by the wind and sand appear desolate and lonely in the vast desert.

In the shadow of a truncated wall, a woman with short voluptuous hair wearing a black tight leather jacket leaned against the wall.

The black breath around her made her seem to melt into the shadows around her. A poisonous needle like a scorpion tail swayed gently behind her, revealing a strong sense of danger.

If Wang Yan is near here, the people hidden here can be recognized at a glance, it is the famous night witch of the National African Bureau, Wuya Ange.

In the previous duel with the Queen of Spiders, the two have not yet achieved a victory or defeat, but because of the increasing movement and momentum, they have attracted many abilities organized by other countries.

In order not to be profited by other fishermen, the two women met in the rematch and then left.

At this time, Wuya Ange also received a notice from the competition group, looked at his watch, and snorted coldly: “Even in the qualifiers, I don’t plan to lose to you stinky woman.”

As she said, her eyes kept tightening, and she looked far into the distance. Two super shield players with high morale were walking towards this ruined wall.

Wuya Ange leaned back slightly, just like diving into the water, gradually melting into the dark shadow behind him.

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Unlike some players who pursue rankings, Huanglian Nanlian, who has always been a high-spirited character, looks much more bland.

After fighting with the long winter hunting ***** Berissa Nova, she has walked all the way to the edge of the desert in these five days.

All the contestants encountered on the road, except for the members of the National African Bureau, have become her points.

At this time, she was sitting alone on a weathered mountain rock, with long black hair, simply scattered on her shoulders, above the night sky, the moonlight as clear as water, set her beautiful face, set off more beautiful and fair, let her see It seemed like a fairy who walked out of Guanghan Palace as cold and noble.

Beside her, a few African lions lay on the ground docilely, like a domestic cat, cuddling her intimately.

This is a unique ability that only the top powers can possess. Top powers like Huangfu Nanlian, in the eyes of these lions, are no different from the king at the top of the biological chain. No matter how fierce the lion can’t resist the power of this king, Instinct’s surrender is at Nanlian’s feet.

The fresh breeze blew away, and Huang Fu's thoughts of Nanlian drifted away.

Usually, even if they are also ice abilities, their abilities and skills are often very different.

But that long winter hunting ***** Berissa, not only matched her, but also was very close to her in every aspect, which made her very concerned.

“Perhaps, only by defeating the opponent in the rematch will you get the answer you want.”

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At the end of the qualifiers, secretly brewing far more than Huangfu Nanlian alone.

Far in the middle of Sahara, a holy light like a giant sword swept across the vast sea of sand.

Several contestants who fled, immediately issued a scream, was blasted to the ground, and lost their ability to act.

The display of such exaggerated light of judgment is that the magnificent majestic Lulu hovered in midair.

After removing the demons in the Xinxinlian platform, and in a certain way “yin and yang” with Wang Yan, Lulu did feel that his state of mind had been greatly improved, and his control of power was smoother.

Just the thought of being pitted by Lao Wang again, and being taken advantage of by Lao Wang, the points were also brushed back to him, so she didn't get angry in her heart.

And she always has a feeling of inner privacy, peeped by the pharaoh.

“Hate!” Lulu complained, cheeky, “Damn the old king, don't be met by me in the rematch!”

“That's right, the old king is too bad. In the rematch, Angel Ben will help you beat him together!”
The little angel Babe waved his fist in excitement.

“Huh, but we can’t lose to him in points, we continue to score points!” One person a day, waving his wings, disappeared into the distance again.

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In this endless desert, the Dark Lady Catherine also opened the mode of scoring.

She leaned back on the broad and sturdy shoulders of the sheep-head demon Buff, sweeping away all the contestants she encountered.

She also understands that in the questioning heart lotus platform, she triggered the heart demon she had never dared to touch.

The intense pain made her feel terrified till now.

But thanks to that painful transformation, she was no longer afraid of facing her past, and her mood had changed a lot. It seemed that she felt and controlled her power more smoothly.

Just the thought of the Son of Flame not only took advantage of himself, but also seemed to have some kind of “yin and yang to communicate with Thailand” with himself, especially the painful memories that have been hidden in my heart for a long time.

This complicated feeling was stuck in her heart, and Catherine did not know how to describe it, but she now has a very clear idea, “That is to beat Wang Yan hard!”

“Anyway, he has to be responsible for this matter!”

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Two days passed quickly, and with the end of the seventh day of the qualifiers, a huge space carrier slowly started to fly towards the Sahara.

The fierce qualifiers finally ended at this moment.

“Buzz!”

The low, heavy roar from the turbine blades resembled a thunderous thunder, resounding above the meeting point in central Sahara.

Suddenly, the originally clear and cloudless sky suddenly became dark.

An inch of shadow covered the ground, and the strong wind pressure swept to the ground immediately.

There were a lot of contestants waiting for a long time on the ground. Under the eyes of many eyes, a huge sky fortress, like a giant steel whale that crossed the surface of the water, slowly crossed the bottom of the stratosphere, and then continued to fall until it hovered. Hundreds of meters above the desert.

“Super Shield, Super Shield!”

Many contestants gathered on the ground were all surging and looked up.

In the face of this overwhelming killer, all the contestants on the ground felt like facing a giant starry sky, with a strong sense of oppression, as if the mountains were pressed on top of their heads, some of them were timid, and even the atmosphere Don't dare to come out.

Really enough domineering.

This huge space carrier exudes metallic luster throughout. After being suspended in the air for a few minutes, helicopters and gene warriors wearing power armor stepping on flying skateboards flew out one after another.

“The organizing committee of the contest is here to pick us up!”

The contestants gathered at the meeting point were almost everyone injured, their faces haggard, their clothes damaged, and they looked miserable. Many people saw the arrival of the person who came back from their homes.

Some of them were not firm enough, but they couldn't hold back at once, and wept bitterly.

“It's over, it's over, the experience is so cruel, woo ...”

This qualifier completely simulates the battlefield of real power players. The players not only have no food and no water, but also face intense frontal battles at all times and prepare for enemy attacks that will come at any time.

Among them, conspiracy traps are endless, and players who can insist on completing the qualifiers have almost all taken off.

However, it must be said that after the tempering of this qualifier, each player has a deep understanding of the battle between the abilities and the handling of difficulties.

Some players' long-term practice shackles have also been loosened in this competition, and it will no longer be difficult for them to be promoted again shortly after returning.

“Angang!”

Just as many players cried with joy, a camel's scream appeared near the meeting point.

The crowd around turned around, the noise stopped for a few seconds, and then more people wept and wept.

“Woo, I feel like I am dying, why is he so moist?”

“He, he still has meat to eat! There is wine to drink! How is his life so good?”

“Ooooo, so envious, I’m so envious!”

It turned out that the handsome young man who came from afar on a camel was Wang Yan, the son of flames dressed in Berber costumes.

Before the end of the contest, he said goodbye to that Berber community. With the mark left on the camel Xiaohuang on the road, he found it, so he walked leisurely to the meeting point.

“Okay Xiaohuang, your boss has reached his destination, so go back.” Wang Yan dropped the camel and patted his head.

Xiao Huang shouted “Angang”, his head intimately rubbing Wang Yan’s palm.

But Xiao Huang said in his heart, although you go, boss, don’t come back to harm Ben Xiaohuang, Ben Xiaohuang almost died of you in the past few days, Ben Xiaohuang will also become the king of camels, Sprinkle the seeds on the whole desert.

“Xiaohuang goodbye.” Wang Yan raised his wings and flew towards the space carrier hovering at high altitude.

“Woo, Ang.” Xiao Huang’s eyes, with tears in his head, hissed a few times, and when he saw Wang Yan flying away, he slipped away and ran away.

Boss, take care, and goodbye, boss.

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In order to accept the contestants scattered throughout the desert, the Super Shield spaceship stayed over the Sahara for about three hours, and then proceeded all the way to the main venue of the competition.

During the seven or eight hours of travel, all the contestants seemed to be reborn, some people could eat and cry when eating, and some people could cry after taking a shower.

For the first time, these contestants who had exhausted their hardships experienced their daily life, which was so beautiful.

This journey has passed unconsciously.

Do n't look at this magnificent spaceship, the noise is huge outside, but when you really enter the interior, you ca n't hear any noise, and the flight is very smooth, you ca n't even feel the bumpy feeling.

With the huge shadow, once again covering the upper part of the venue, the long-awaited audience at the scene gave a very warm cheer.

The colorful flags fluttered on the spot and the balloons were carried forward. Those contestants who stood above the deck unconsciously had a new feeling in their hearts. After the war, they returned with a sense of glory.

This is indeed the case. For most abilities, being able to experience such an experience will be a valuable asset in the future life and ability training.

“Let's welcome the returning elite with the warmest applause!” Moderator Sean was also intent on this intention. He raised his arm, pointed to the sky, and made an inviting gesture.

“Wow!”

Applause at the scene sounded like a wave, cheers and whistles came one after another.

“Thank you for the wonderful events you brought to everyone, and I invite you to gather at the center of the venue!” Sean continued to guide the returning contestants.

After this period of rest, all the abilities of the participating contestants have recovered a lot of their complexion and status. They jumped off the space carrier one by one and gathered in the center of the venue.

In the process of this collection, many audiences on the scene began to speculate and discuss.

“So many people, who is the top three hundred players who have advanced?”

“I don’t know. The means of the competition this time is too great. I still can’t see the ranking of points.”

“I think at least the strong A-level can advance?”

“It’s really hard to say, you don’t think about it, the players of the Four Nations League headed by Dong Ying, the Son of Flame, don’t know what means to use to wipe out the whole team, and there are two days left in the end, they still have zero points, maybe this time The A-class powerhouses of the League of Four Nations will be eliminated. “

“No? The A-class powerhouses will be eliminated. Gee, that’s too shameful.”

In the meeting, the crowds of viewers had a lot of comments, so that the A-level leaders of the Four Nations League headed by Dong Ying had a blue face and a white face.

Although they are confident that after brushing the scores of their companions, they can be promoted to some extent, but in the face of the world, the matter of being destroyed by the children of flames is really shameful.

The key to the reason for the group’s destruction is that it can’t be said in one word.

But this kind of hot topic, once opened in the crowd, can’t stop it.

“Oh, you see, their four-nation alliance, more than two hundred contestants, plus six A-level strongmen, and two A + class strongmen, such a strong strength, even if it is a half-step S-class opponent, There is no way to fight against them. Why did that child of flames wipe them out? “

“Yes, no matter how strong the Son of Flame is, it will be exhausting to fight one by one? How did he do it?”

“Shaun! Shaun! Quickly help us to ask, how did the players of the Four Nations League, in the folds of space, get wiped out by the team?”

Hearing the comments from the crowd around the venue, several A-class leaders of the Four Nations League suddenly twitched their hearts, and their eyes were straight.

There are also many members of the League of Four, all shaking, as if remembering something that is painful and terrible.

“Cough.” Moderator Sean is naturally full of interest in this kind of mysterious and very powerful news event.

He looked around, and found that compared to other fierce male A-level players, the appearance is beautiful and the gentle and graceful flowers and trees should be more accessible.

“Ms. Hua Muying, may I ask, in the folds of the space, how did you get wiped out by the sons of flame? This is of great help to the development of future abilities.” Sean’s voice was elegant, and he was very polite And handed it to Hua Muying.

Unexpectedly, after listening to Huamuying, the pretty face instantly turned white, and a pair of water-like eyes were filled with fear.

She looked straight at the microphone in front of her eyes, her pupils dilated, and her lips twitched slightly, as if remembering something terrible.

Just as everyone was surprised, a short knife with a sharp cold light was already carried by her in her hand.

At the same time, the chilling murderous intention began to spread around her, coupled with her crazy posture, as if who was asking more, she would stab someone with a knife.

“His!” Sean’s back tightened, and he took a breath of gas, scared and quickly backed away.

Thinking how such a beautiful girl became so scary in the blink of an eye, what did she experience that she could not say?

Many on-site audiences were also surprised, and there was much discussion.

“No? Why is her reaction so intense?”

“Is it possible that I was traumatized by the venomous hand of the king in the folds of the space, but could not speak for the sake of chastity?”

“Hey, don’t talk nonsense, she looks at you, it’s terrible!”

Sean wiped the cold sweat on his forehead, thinking that women were not good, so he asked a man to ask himself, and was still a lower-ranked man.

Can’t men always be poisoned by Pharaoh?

Feeling feasible, he immediately stepped on the flying skateboard and slowly moved towards the rear of the team. Soon a C-level warrior bowed his head and looked straight, attracting Sean’s attention.

Sean stretched the microphone towards the warrior, but he hadn’t spoken yet, and the warrior started shaking.

“No, don’t force me, me, I won’t say it!”

“Uh, this gentleman, don’t be so excited, it’s just a simple news interview ...”

“Ah !!! I’m not alive !!!” Unexpectedly, Sean’s words didn’t finish. The warrior suddenly screamed loudly and pulled out his saber. He would stab him in his stomach.

Sean’s scared hairs exploded.

The honest warrior collapsed in his mind. What did the son of flame do to them in that space fold?

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“Brother, calm down! Calm down!”

Sean vowed that he had never encountered such a horrible thing in his life, and he was so scared that he even lost his microphone, and his hands clasped the samurai’s hand holding the knife.

This Dongying warrior is really not a blow. It is really unreasonable to say that the abdomen is really cut and the work style is too unreasonable.

“Then do you still ask?” The warrior raised his head, his eyes were full of vicissitudes and despair, as if he had experienced humiliation and torture. This scene really shocked Sean.

“Don’t ask, I really don’t ask this time.” Sean sweated coldly. How dare he ask this time, the other party will die to show him in minutes, can’t be killed because of a problem, right?

Hearing Sean’s answer, the samurai’s hand holding the sword finally loosened.

Sean let out a long sigh of relief, carefully took the knife down, and carefully inserted it back into the scabbard. This wiped his forehead cold sweat, waved a few hands, and left the group of frustrated contestants.

He was afraid to interview this news again.

Seeing this scene, the audience at the scene was a bit ignorant.

This Dongying warrior is really cruel to himself, terrible, it is really terrible, they all say that some Dongying people will have a strange personality, but they did not expect it to be so strange.

“quiet!”

Seeing that the contestants had assembled, the Super League President Emmons shouted, the sound seemed to be sullen thunder, sweeping the audience.

The noisy crowds in the whole venue quieted down in an instant.

Emmons is an S-class powerhouse. According to Hua Xianguo, S-class is a legendary figure like a land fairy. Everyone in history is a person standing at the top of the world.

The gap is far from A level, even A + level players can compare.

All of the abilities that can reach the A level are all dragons and phoenixes in the world, and the arrogance of the sky in one side of the field. However, these arrogances of the sky that reach the A level are very likely to not touch the edge of the S level in a lifetime.

S-class is like a gap, separating the distance between heaven and earth.

To reach the S level, the control is no longer pure abilities, but the laws that are constantly running in this world.

Once mastering the power of a certain rule, a character like Emmons, the president of the Super League, can even be powerful and domineering even with a cry. Raising your hand and throwing your feet can spur Tianwei, and it's natural.

If you really start, it will be the power of moving mountains and reclaiming the sea. In ancient times, it would even be worshipped as a god.

This kind of strength is also the highest realm Wang Yan has always longed for and longed for.

“Yes, the newcomers to this competition are really good.”

Emmons stood at the front of the rostrum, standing with his hands behind his back, a starry robe that was silky like a dense satin, and swayed slightly with the wind, a little starlight was gleaming brightly between the corners of the clothes. Obviously.

He looked down, as if overlooking the living beings, looking down at the entire venue below.

This year's contestants, regardless of their personal qualities or the number of qualifiers completed, have made him very satisfied. Despite the fact that there were only 1,500 players participating in the competition, there were only about 800 remaining players who insisted on completing the competition, which was far beyond his expectations.

It seems that this is the most ambitious and largest number of participants in the Global Youth Capabilities Conference, which will finally be realized by him.

As long as this conference is completed as smoothly as he expected, he will definitely leave his name in the history, and Starry Sky Academy will certainly get the chance to rise again.

At this point in his thinking, he was not only a bit heroic, but also looked like a kind elder, sweeping over the contestants who gathered in the center of the venue.

Suddenly, his eyes narrowed and his heart tightened.

"It's him!"

It turned out that when Emmons glanced across the collection area of the National African Affairs Bureau, he happened to see Wang Yan, who had changed to a simple T-shirt, talking and laughing with people around him in a low-key manner.

Can this stunned wind and rain make it low-key?

He killed Emmons, he didn't believe it!

Now even if he is like him, when he sees Wang Yan, he always makes a whisper in his heart, and his ability to cause trouble is too strong. What kind of master really does he have, what kind of apprentices he teaches.

Looking back, I didn't want to do anything, and then I might have trouble.

"It's just this method, it's difficult." Emmons sighed. He is the president of the Super League, the organizer of this competition, one of the members of the Global Disaster Response Committee, has a heavy burden on his shoulders.

“Huh ...” Emmons exhaled deeply, calming down and returning to his majestic appearance again.

After looking at all the contestants, he said aloud: “All the players who have completed the qualifiers will get a D-level essence provided by the big team! The top three hundred players will get a C-level essence! “

Hearing such news, most of the players who completed the qualifiers were happy and broken. D-level essence is also a great asset for some abilities who are still in the C-level.

The point is, there is a reward for completing the qualifiers. Where can I find this good thing?

And those players who did not stick to it, one by one, repented, because no matter what, once you give up, there is nothing.

Emmons did not pay attention to the boiling in the venue, and continued to announce: “The top three in the qualifier, the competition group rewards a piece of holy equipment or equivalent materials! The fourth to ninth, rewards the second holy equipment or One equivalent material! The following will be announced by the host, the top three hundred in this qualifier. “

“Wow!”

Hearing this kind of news, the whole meeting place suddenly boiled.

“Holy grail! I have never seen a holy grail in my life!”

“Oh my god, is this a big bleeding in the competition group? If it’s redeemed within the organization, how many merit points will it take?”

“Woo, how can you be so arrogant? I want to feel it ...”

“This is the qualifier to reward the holy weapon? I have no dreams? Quickly slap me to see.”

“Snapped!”

“Oh, hey, do you really smoke me? See me not killing you!”

“...”

Not to mention the C-level and B-level abilities on the scene, even some of the top strongmen who have reached the A-level, may not have a holy equipment.

Sacred-level equipment is completely different from some Aura-level equipment that can be exchanged within the organization. Each piece of holy equipment is a crystallization of the founder's hard work, and has powerful and special power. The materials required are rare and cherished. Now there is nowhere else to look.

It is a pity that most of today's holy weapon-level equipment, the manufacturing process has been lost, even if you want to build it may not be able to make it.

What remains in the world today are all unique and unique products. Each one has passed through historical heritage and is full of legends. Some are even symbols of some sect or nationality. They can be described as very precious and not seen in ordinary times. .

Of course, if so many treasures were all produced by Emmons alone, he estimated that he would have to wake up in the middle of the night.

Fortunately, all the awards and expenses of the competition are jointly borne by major organizations around the world. Although many big brothers will hurt a little, but they are not sure that their love will be able to regain better prizes. Like investment, it is more balanced.

Amidst the heated discussion in the crowd, Emmons smiled deeply and famously, and returned the host of the conference to the host Sean.

Sean immediately used a passionate voice to read the names of the top three hundred players who successfully advanced.

The ranking is not in order. Once the name is pronounced, a lot of cheers and tears of joy are heard from the crowd.

“Yes, there is me!”

“There is me too!”

“Wow haha, great, I’m in the semi-finals!”

Suddenly, moderator Sean read out the name of a member of the China National Bureau of African Affairs: “SCUD!”

Originally thinking that he would definitely not be able to promote the SCUD, he suddenly raised his head, then with an exaggerated expression, he cheered up in the sky and said: “Pharaoh, burst bear, you see! I, I only have five points, I can even qualify! Wow! Haha ... “

“Haha, congratulations, you are already a top-level master in C-level abilities, I wish you a foot in the B-level field as soon as possible.” Bursting Bear took his shoulder and congratulated with a smile.

Although there are few C ranks among the three hundred ranks, it is not without them. However, every C-level player who can advance has their own skills, such as the scud that strives to improve, and the pseudo-sister Haru Suzuki who successfully ranks high by sacrificing the hue and the like.

“I’m really worthy of being a leg brother, and I have to treat you when I turn back.” Wang Yan also put on the other shoulder of the SCUD, which must be knocked.

“Please, definitely please, all of you want to do tonight, I’ll take care of it!” Scud patted his chest with a heart.

Of the 300 advancing players, how many can be C-level abilities? Now he is one Scud, glory.

“Then come to our Caier health foot bath shop, there are women’s day group and big yacht.” Zhang Weidao reached out and handed out a beautifully made membership card and handed it to Scud, “As a brother, this membership card I’ll give you a 20% discount! “

“Amitabha, this is good, the little monk wants to spend with wine, and the little monk misses the gentle and kind female demon.” Wu Wubaobao was solemn, but smiled meaningfully.

“It’s good, but the women’s day group is also expensive ...” The scud, who had just been happily, looked blank.

His dramatic changes also caused laughter from surrounding members of the National African Affairs Bureau.

“Cut, a group of unscrupulous guys, the whole world is full of flowers.” Zhang Yan, the small Yan Zhan standing at the end of the SAFE team, glanced contemptuously at Wang Yan and others.

Speaking of this, although Zhang Huang regarded Wang Yan as a deadly enemy, in the qualifiers, he stood firmly on the side of the National African Affairs Bureau and rescued many members of the National African Affairs Bureau under siege from other countries.

Listening to the conversations of Wang Yan and others, Zhang Huang’s eyes unconsciously fell on the edge of the venue, a hot bikini banshee.

Zhang Huang was imprisoned in the demon prison for nearly two years. The power of the wild in the body has already reached the point of bursting. At this glance, his heartbeat suddenly accelerated and he swallowed.

“Since you decide to defeat Wang Yan, you will know yourself and others. It seems that you have to follow me tonight!”

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“Quiet, please be quiet.”

In the center of the venue, the host Sean was in formal attire, stepping on a flying skateboard and hovering in front of the teams of contestants from various countries.

He cleared his throat, deliberately lowered his voice, and in a tone full of mysterious emphasis, announced: “Next, I will announce the fourth to ninth qualifiers, and finally the top three of the holy tools!”

The audience was full of excitement, but it quickly subsided.

All the crowds who watched the game listened and listened, especially among the 300 top-ranking players, some of the top strong players with stronger strength and points were extremely nervous at this time.

Now the standings are still not open, which means that every top strongman is likely to enter the top nine. Even if you can't get the holy weapon, as long as you can enter the top nine, the reward is also sky-high.

Time seemed to stand still, the surroundings were quiet, and even the wind from the sea could be heard clearly.

Everyone was anxious and annoyed, but they had to keep quiet, patiently, waiting for the host to announce.

Some eager viewers are already crazy in their hearts, “Where is the trick learned in this competition group? The competition not only shuts down the point system, but now it is so appetizing and really fun!”

“Winning the qualifiers, the ninth place is ...” The host Sean intentionally paused for a few more seconds, seeing the effect is almost the same, then smiled slightly, and slowly said, “From the Australian Superpower Council, Scarab, 254 points, Harris! “

“Mr. Harris, please come forward!”

“Wow!” There was enthusiastic applause immediately at the scene, and the entire Australian viewing area was boiling.

Amidst the hustle and bustle, Harris walked out of the queue, his whole body wrapped in scarlet beetle-shaped armor, the wing of the back slightly vibrated, and slowly fell behind Sean.

At this time, Harris' body armor shone with silver, and the sun shone like a human-shaped beetle. It looked mighty and powerful, as if it had infinite power.

"I know him. Harris is 42 years old this year, a beetle gene mutant, and he has reached the level of A + three years ago. He is powerful, and he is also a talented physicist and inventor." The audience of Harris shouted excitedly.

"I heard that his armor, which uses scarabs as a template, is a product of his own research and development. It contains a variety of weapons and equipment, which makes his powerful defense and penetration capabilities reach a metamorphosis. So far, His defense has not been broken by anyone! "

"His, so defensive?"

Wang Yan can naturally hear the conversation on the sidelines and can't help but sigh, "It seems that Harris, as the core pillar of the young generation in Australia, can get the ninth place and deserve it."

"There are indeed strong organizations in other countries, but Pharaoh, you and Lei Hong, Nan Lian, An Ge and Gao Mingyue are not weaker than them. There must be someone among you who can enter the top nine!" The cognition and perception of power already has its own set of standards.

"Amitabha, the little monk believes in the strength of our National African Bureau." The same is true of Wu Bujie.

"I also believe that our State-African Bureau is the best!" Armed with saplings on the side, Sun Youmiao also raised a powder fist, his voice full of energy echoed.

The morale of the members of the National African Affairs Bureau is high, and the readout of the host, Sean, on the other side did not stop.

"The eighth place comes from the casual repair team, the Tianshan assassin who scored 267 points, Willie Hassan!"

“Hey, hey ... everybody, everybody!” The mighty Hassan, who was wearing a tight night suit, came out from the end of the team and waved his hand with a smile.

Especially when he saw Suzuki Haru in Dongying’s team, he even shouted specially, “Mu Mu Jiang, I’m here!”

Naive, he thought that after 40 years of being single, he finally ushered in the spring, and he could deliver such a pure and lovely loli girlfriend, which can be said to be a nostalgia for God.

However, he was far from aware that Suzuki’s bright eyes flashed a dark belly.

After all, it is harder for a otaku who has been practicing alone in Tianshan for thirty-two years to distinguish between a pseudo-girl who sells more cute than a girl, and a real girl.

“Huh, how could such a person get the eighth?”

“You look at him, the smile is so frivolous! The expression is so good ~ Flow!”

“Gosh, is God blind, no, wait, the old lady can’t look anymore, the old lady’s eyes are almost blind.”

The crowds watching the game at the venue, one-sided negative talk, especially the female audience, Jane reached the point of full of indignation.

Should n’t it be the tall and handsome male with a good appearance who won the high ranking? Why is this humble guy?

The SAA team also complained and questioned, but Wang Yan spoke a different voice.

“Don’t underestimate him, like this kind of large-scale melee, he has an advantage over assassins who are good at hiding and ambushing sneak attacks.”

Nowadays, Wang Yan has become more and more mature in grasping battles and strength. He knows that certain battles cannot really be won by being handsome, nor can he judge the winning or losing of a battle just by looking at the strength level.

The level of power can only represent the strength of the power possessed by the power, the power is dead, but the person who uses this power is alive.

Low-level abilities, defeating or even killing abilities that are stronger than their own. Such deeds are numerous in history. Wang Yan 's own experience of nine deaths and a lifetime is a good example.

In response to the complaints from the crowd, Sean announced the seventh place.

“The seventh advancer, with 279 points, is from the European Super League, known as the witch hunter, the captain of the European Union, the monster butcher, Denov!”

Genov's silver-gray hair was simply tied behind his head, and there were two shocking scratches on his left face, which were both vicissitudes and serious.

He was wearing a brown leather coat with two long swords behind him. It is said that one was a silver sword mixed with mithral silver, which was used to slaughter the demon, and the other iron sword was used to kill people. There was a set of crossbows and silver daggers hanging around his waist, which looked like a hunter from ancient times.

He was silent, stepping out of the queue, and exuded a dangerous breath all around him. He simply glanced around, which caused a lot of people watching the game to sweat.

“I am obedient that he has a real ability. He was originally a nobleman from Poland. When his parents were offended when he was young, he was attacked by a witch-controlled monster and the whole family was slaughtered.”

“Huh, it's so miserable, the last fire even with the family's corpse capital could not be found.”

“I heard that he was wounded by an old butler who was seriously injured and sent to a monastery to survive. Later, he taught himself the ancient means of demonization and vowed revenge to kill all the witches and monsters who committed crimes.”

The dialogue between the crowd watching the match naturally came to the ears of Wang Yan and others.

In the queue of the National African Affairs Bureau, the thunder and thunder that had been silent and cold, the eyes narrowed slightly, nodded, and agreed to spit out the word: "The strong."

"It looks like a means." Wang Yan also looked at it a few times, and found that the other party was fierce in appearance, restrained, and did not have any extra movements on his way. The whole body implied a strong explosive force, and he knew him at a glance. This skill is exactly the result of fighting with monsters all the year round.

Like Assassin Willie, in the vast Sahara, dealing with most inexperienced contestants should be easier for him than dealing with cunning monsters.

Dénov walked quietly, and the sound of the entire venue seemed to be suppressed because of his appearance.

The eyes of all the crowds who watched the game followed him, as if still imagining what a thrilling story was behind him.

Suddenly, two icy eyes swept onto Denov's body, and the atmosphere at the scene suddenly became dignified.

It turned out that on the left and right sides of Denov were the two camps of the Light Holy See and the Dark Council. At this time, the two sons standing at the front of the team just turned their eyes on Denov.

The crowds watching around the game seemed to feel the change of atmosphere, staring breathlessly and watching quietly.

Just when the audience was caught by surprise, Jenov's eyes swept the two sons left and right, his face suddenly softened, and he chuckled and laughed.

"Oh, Stuge, Wright, come here and smoke a cigarette. I was lucky this time and got the seventh place. I'm really embarrassed."

He also took out a box of Marlboro from the weapon bag in the lower back, handed one to the two sons, and said, "If the younger brother has a task, he will walk to the two realms, and it will be troublesome for him to walk."

"Your smoke, it's a little bad." Bright Son Wright, taking a sip with the fire from Denov, squinted and said, "Go back and try the camel brand, the smoke is good."

On the other side, the Dark Son slowly breathed out smoke, glanced at Jenov in front of him, and waved his hand, "Okay, let's go, busy you."

"Okay, okay, brother, take a step first." Genov waved goodbye with a grin and walked all the way behind the host Sean, leaving countless crowds watching, stunned at the scene.

"He turned out to be such a strong man!"

The whole venue was quiet, and the audience was stunned.

In the lineup of the National African Affairs Bureau, bursting bears and Scuds, etc., also had rounded eyes, wide open mouths, and petrochemicals on the spot.

This strong contrast between before and after, not only made the audience unexpected, Jane reached the point where the fart rolls.

"Uh, this, how much is a kind of ability." Wang Yan's mouth twitched awkwardly.

If you want to survive and develop, you can't have individual strength alone, you still have to have power behind it. The European Union is sandwiched between the Light Holy See and the Dark Parliament. It's really not good to pretend not to be a younger brother.

Feeling the changes in the scene, and the attention of the people, the two sons have a sense of superiority in life, and they are born.

Inadvertently, the two looked at each other, nodded to each other, and chuckled.

The laugh of the two sons was terrible, and the crowd watching the whole scene was ignorant.

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“Gang, Gam.”

The small country of China is rented within me.

Uncle Pao nibbled peanuts, sipped Erguotou, looked at the screen on the notebook, and smiled meaningfully: “Little Feifei, that son of your family is really interesting, they don’t really have any stories?”

“Can there be any story?” Pope Guangming glared at Uncle Gun, munching a peanut, and complained with resentment, “Isn’t it a good thing your baby apprentice did? Can he fight the holy war without him? That cruel holy war, my son can ... “

Originally, he wanted to say a sympathetic one, but he couldn’t say anything to his lips.

Sorrow with the dark son of the enemy camp? Pooh! What is this?

“Yo, dare to love the jihad that you fought, and blame Wang Yan, an outsider?” Uncle Cannon glanced at the bright pope and threw a peanut in his mouth, chewing angrily, “Go back to you If Family Son is really bent, would n’t it be the fault of Wang Yan? “

“Where did he bend? Cough cough ...” Pope Guangming was excited and coughed straightly. “Wright’s child is kind, but just a little tired recently.”

“Hehe.” Uncle Cannon nodded, smiling without saying a word, as he all understood.

“Yes, I’m too lazy to tell you.” Pope Guangming felt depressed again. He felt that he would get entangled in this kind of problem again, and he would get high blood pressure. Then he picked up the glass and knocked on the table. “Continue watching.” “

“Continue watching.” Uncle Cannon also picked up the wine glass and touched with Pope Guang.

“Wow.”

“Fucked!”

The two old men started drinking again.

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“Cough.”

The host Sean pushed his glasses and coughed intentionally, breaking the strange atmosphere of the scene.

“The sixth advancer is announced below, with 305 points, from the African Ancient Witch Alliance, the inheritor of King Solomon’s magic, the youngest prophet, Saladin Nuha!”

It is precisely because of the long-time ***** of Wang Yan and the Double Saints in the qualifiers that led to many shots not being broadcast to the venue in time.

Therefore, almost no one in the crowd watched the game. Although this newcomer known as the prophet had some discussion, he was more questionable.

“Have you never heard of this name, is he new?”

“The name of the newcomer is so big, it’s almost death.”

“Only he will use King Solomon’s magic? Certainly bragging.”

The audience at the scene had not seen the Prophet, but the legend is still heard.

In ancient religions and real life, a prophet originally meant someone who knew or accurately predicted the universe, human society, or natural sciences, not a wizard who simply predicted the future.

During that period, the prophet would not only criticize reality and guide the ruling class, but also use ethics from gods to educate the people and have a high status.

But with the rapid development of human beings, those ancient things have long been lost in the long river of history.

What remains is just some fake names and gimmicks, although this name is still influential in some places.

In the crowd's curious eyes, in the queue of the African Ancient Witch Alliance, in the Arab region, a young man riding a flying carpet slowly rose.

He is a typical Arab youth. He looks in his early thirties, with a white and handsome face, and a line of masculine mustache on his lips. At first glance, he is uninhibited and thought he was a catwalk model.

He wore a traditional white turban on his head, instead of a large traditional robe, he wore a custom suit.

The most striking thing is that on his ten fingers, eight of them were wearing thick gemstone rings and three strings of gold inlaid gemstone necklaces on his chest, which looked rich and bold.

After watching the crowd on the spot, after watching it for a while, more doubts also sounded.

“This is the Prophet? Surely it's not an upstart?”

“If you have money, you can be a prophet? Then I can do too.”

Saladin ignored the reaction at the scene, raised his mouth slightly, reached out into his arms, and scattered a large amount of US dollars.

In his words, “In today’s world, banknotes are more useful than scriptures.”

Sure enough, a lot of banknotes were blown to the entire auditorium with a magic air flow. All the audience on the scene wowed and boiled.

“Wow haha! Prophet! I think he must be a prophet!”

“It’s cool, it was so cool to be beaten by a banknote!”

“I heard that they are Arab, each has an oil field, and they bathe with banknotes every day, it seems true!”

The bikini banshees who had been conscientiously selling things also went crazy.

The banshees shone brightly in their eyes, screaming excitedly while picking up a lot of banknotes.

“Prophet, why!”

“Brother the Prophet, please use your money to smash me!”

“Uncle Prophet, I will learn the devil with you tonight! Dharma!”

The young prophet standing on the flying carpet smiled slightly and his expression was kind. If he exchanged a large amount of money in his hand for an ancient scripture, it would look exactly like the prophet in the ancient portrait.

The crowd of people watching the game around him, bursting with joy.

The SAFE queue, like the contestants from other organizations, was all stunned.

“True local tyrant, this sprinkle is at least several million?” Even Wang Yan opened his eyes wide and patted Zhang Weidao beside him. “I think he is a real grandfather.”

“I, I, I can scatter!” Zhang Weidao was a little stunned, and a little dissatisfied, but then thought about it wrong, “Bah, I don’t scatter when I have money! I, I want to marry a wife!”

“Amitabha, Pharaoh, I think we should make friends with him.” Once a kind and innocent little Buddha did not abstain, a flash of light flashed in his eyes, and he said the true meaning of everyone’s heart.

“It makes sense!” The people all gave thumbs up. “Such a prophet, we have to make friends with him!”

The lively and cheerful atmosphere lasted for a few minutes. Saladin still cared about the order of the conference, and he spread millions. Then he waved to a group of fans around him and came to Sean in a low-key manner, deep in merit and fame.

After a short hustle and bustle, the host Sean announced the fifth promotion.

“The fifth advancer scored 372 points, the long winter hunter from the Polar Bear Secret Service, Berissa Nova!”

There was a loud applause and cheers at the scene.

Berissa is a very well-known veteran strongman in the world in recent years, with a large group of fans and supporters, and won the fifth place. For many audience members on the scene, she can get the fifth place, deserved.

In the center of the venue, Berissa rode away from the queue slowly, riding the white giant bear Reynolds.

The cold radiated from her body, under the sunlight, shining with the stars and stars, making her take every step forward, as if wearing a snow and glamorous.

Many male and even female audiences at the scene were overwhelmed by her noble and cool temperament.

However, Balissa's eyes never stayed for them.

She walked slowly through the line-up area of the National African Bureau, with clear eyes like glaciers, locked directly on another female ability who was also an ice.

The female ability who was watched by her, black hair like a waterfall, slender and graceful body, was the ice queen, Huangfu Nanlian, who was comparable to her before.

Nan Lian's eyes also looked at Berissa through the sunglasses.

The two women's eyes met in the air, and a ring of cold air quietly spread between the two women.

The noisy hustle and bustle of the crowd seemed to be automatically cut off. Time seemed to slow down at this moment. The whole world seemed to have only two people looking at each other, and the cold cold air between them was like water. .

In a few moments, Berissa raised her lips and moved the white bear Reynolds, and continued to move forward.

Nan Lian also slowly withdrew her gaze, a layer of frost seemed to linger intent, and she had already fainted under her eyes.

After Berissa left, Sean cleared his throat and continued to announce: "The fourth advancer scored 389 points, the golden lion sword from the Super Shield, August!"

Auguste is also a well-known veteran strongman. Midi also used his image to make cartoons in China. At this time, when he played, many observers were boiling.

"Oh, it's the golden lion sword! I also collected his model hands!"

"He is more handsome than the comics, look at his temperament."

Some women have even started screaming, "Brother Lion Sword, I want to have a lion cub for you!"

In the noisy cheers of the crowd, August walked out of the queue with a smile.

At this time, he was wearing a red combat uniform, a silver alloy sword with bright silver back, and long golden hair. He walked with the pace and fluttered with the wind. Under the public attention, he was like a great shore **** of war, with a strong spirit.

August enjoyed the cheers of the crowd very much and waved his hand all the way until he came to the queue of the National African Affairs Bureau, but he stopped specially, as if showing off, and greeted Wang Yan and others before saying goodbye.

So far, the fourth to ninth promotion players have been announced.

Six advancing players stood side by side under the podium steps, enjoying the cheers and attention of the audience.

Each of them is full of energy and spirit, and their eyes are full of pride.

This is a moment full of honor. It is enough to prove that they are the top of the young abilities among the world's abilities.

“The above six players will all get second-class equipment later, or a copy of equivalent materials!”

The host Sean stood in front of these six players, facing the audience in the whole venue, and introduced with a passionate tone.

“Next I will announce that the top three advancers in this qualifier will receive the holy equipment or equivalent materials provided in this contest!”

“Holy grail, the holy grail must come out!”

The mood of the crowd watching the game was like a boiled water, and was suddenly culminated. They opened their eyes one by one and raised their ears, fearing they would have heard a name wrong.

Who can be so lucky to receive a rare treasure as a reward? Such a question is like a silk thread around the heart, pulling their hearts tightly.

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The tense atmosphere also spread to the SAFE queue.

Everyone was silent, and in this atmosphere, time seemed to be stretched invisibly.

So far, no one from the National African Affairs Bureau has successfully advanced to the top nine. This kind of sad mood is like a stone stuck in everyone's heart.

In a few moments, Zhang Weidao gritted his teeth and could n't help but complain: "If it 's not Dongyinggou 's four-nation alliance, coupled with multi-national harassment, with the strength of our National African Bureau, at least two can qualify. Can get a first name! "

Zhang Weidao said that it is not unreasonable that the Chinese non-bureau of the qualifiers was harassed by the Dongying Alliance and many countries, Lei Hong, Gao Mingyue and many other masters were busy with the siege, and there was no effort to score points.

Huangfu Nanlian was indifferent by nature, and after obtaining enough points for promotion, he did not take the initiative to hunt for points.

Another top strongman, Uya Ange, was also entangled with the Queen of Spiders of the Super Shield for a few days, always thinking about killing each other, and always guarding against being attacked by the other party, thus missing a lot of hunting points. opportunity.

The most important thing is that no one knows that there will be so many young masters in the world, and the rewards will be so good. This is not clear from the competition team. It is simply a trick to rectify these newcomers, using two words to describe, pit father!

“If the qualifiers are real battlefields, then everything is possible.” Wang Yan touched his nose, comfortingly, “We are not fully prepared at the moment, the National African Affairs Bureau has indeed suffered a little, but it is also an excellent one Lessons and hardening, as long as you can break through the semi-finals, I believe that the rewards and achievements will be more abundant! “

Wang Yan said that he went into the hearts of the members of the National Bureau of African Affairs.

Lei Hong and Gao Mingyue flashed a gloom in their eyes, but then they ignited a higher fighting spirit.

Uyaan, who had been silent in the queue, turned his face away at this time. She is also not satisfied with her performance. If she is not only concerned about her personal grievances, she will not be able to enter the top nine.

Huangfu Nanlian was also thoughtful, and the people around him began to fall into a little reflection and silence, but their eyes became clearer and clearer.

As Pharaoh said, good drama is yet to come.

In the eyes of the crowd, the host Sean looked at the palm-shaped micro-display, and once again made mysteriously elongated intonation, solemnly announced: “Everyone pay attention, the next third place winner is ...”

“Have seven hundred and eighty-two points, the bright saint from the Bright Holy See, Lulu Cao!”

The audience immediately gave warm applause and cheers.

“I really deserve to be a sage of light, and the points are as high as 782 points, more than double the previous one!”

“This is needless to say? The Holy See and the Dark Council fought three days of jihad, and most of the points were taken away by the two saints.”

“That’s also an exaggeration. In the end it’s a big force, a real cow.”

The bright Saint Lulu, who had put on a luxurious robe of sacrifice, walked slowly out of the queue in the cheers of the crowd.

After enjoying the attention of many people, Lulu’s mood finally eased, and a graceful smile was raised again at the corner of his mouth. The temperament was sacred and beautiful, as if every step of the way, the bright sunlight around it would turn around her.

Just walking around, the subject that the audience discussed changed.

“Did you just hear the host call her Lulu Cao?”

“No? Is she really Lulu Cao?”

The bright Saint Lulu’s smile suddenly stiffened, a pretty blue face turned into anger, and she stared at Wang Yan, who was not far away, and then quickly walked behind Sean.

Wang Yan felt a strong hostility, his brow jumped, and thought, I am innocent, your name is Lulu Cao, why do you still blame me?

“The second place qualifier in this qualifier was 799 points, the Dark Lady from the Dark Council, Catherine!” Sean immediately announced the second place qualifier.

“Wow!” The voice of the audience was louder, and the voice of discussion followed.

“The points earned by the Dark Lady are even higher than the Bright Lady!”

“The Dark Maiden’s abilities are more powerful, the attacking power is stronger, plus the assistance of the sheep head demon Baffer, in terms of fighting and collecting points, it is indeed more advantageous than the Bright Maiden.”

“However, in terms of healing, blessing, and defense, the Bright Lady surpassed the Dark Lady. Who is stronger or weaker, they really can’t say.”

Catherine raised her lips slightly, and she looked very good.

She didn't care what the audience said, she only knew that she was a little more than the bright virgin, which was enough to despise the other party.

Catherine walked out of the queue alone. The sheep-headed demon had been taken back by the seal of her left eye due to her large size and heavy anger.

At this time, she put on a beautiful black pleated skirt and wore a black top hat. She looked like a noble man from a famous European painting. She was noble and gentle.

Walking gracefully all the way behind Sean, he stood deliberately beside Lulu, a pair of bright and mysterious eyes, looking at each other unabashedly.

Lulu is naturally not a fuel-efficient lamp, staring back at him without showing any weakness.

The two virgins who have been inconsistent with each other have their eyes colliding with each other in the air, and there seems to be a strong smell of gunpowder floating in the air.

The ears of the crowd at the scene seemed to sound a "crack" blasting sound. The strong and domineering momentum made many male audiences on the scene shocked.

In the National African Bureau queue, Zhang Weidao wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, pulled Wang Yan in front of him, and whispered: "Lao Wang, I really convince you now, I watched the video on the way back, and you can fly in the world. The two virgins are still safe. "

"Quietly, can I say, is that just an accident?" Wang Yan looked innocent. "Actually, it was just a misunderstanding."

"Ha ha."

Everyone around the National African Affairs Bureau, Qi Qi glanced their eyes elsewhere, "Accident? Misunderstanding? Who believes!"

“The first place qualifier in this qualifier is!” The host Sean announced with a very passionate voice, “Break through the highest record in history, get 956 points, from the flame of the China National African Bureau Son, Wang Yan! “

The whole meeting place was “wowed” and boiled.

“Nine hundred and fifty-six points? My God, I thought the two virgins were already in the sky. I can’t think of the son of the flame, the real cow!”

“Actually, it ’s no wonder that a strong A + level player has 100 points in one swipe, a strong A level has 50 points, so many top players in Dongying League, plus the points of two Saints, he I brushed it once, and I do n’t want to be underdeveloped. “

“The son of flames is so great that most people cannot dream like this.”

The audience at the scene was boiling, and the two sons who were pitted off the field were bitter.

It was because of this Wang Yan that they were killed in the jihad, and they still lost points in the last three days. They almost failed to qualify for the qualifiers.

And those masters of the Dongying Alliance were even worse by Wang Yankeng.

At that time, many masters of the Dongying League were completely wiped out. At this time, in addition to a few top masters and a few junior players with a little luck, each member of the organization advanced to the semi-finals, but there were more than a dozen, all with a face Tired and exhausted.

It is miserable to put this situation and this scene in this vocal meeting place to the extreme.

At this moment, the players of the Dongying organization saw Wang Yan as if they saw their father killing their enemies. They gritted their teeth one by one, and their eyes were almost staring out.

Even on the rostrum, the bigwigs of these major organizations saw Wang Yan’s heart stagnation, blood pressure rose, and he was too angry.

They originally planned to unite, humiliate Yan Zun's apprentice, and then suppress the rising China National African Affairs Bureau to suppress it. For this reason, he did not hesitate to carry a shameful infamy.

But the result was completely annihilated by the whole army. Such a result is undoubtedly in front of the whole world, drawing them the big mouths of these gangsters, and they can't say a word.

At this time, to describe their mood, only one word is needed, that is, "hate".

Wang Yan glanced at the scene and didn't care about the eyes of the hostile forces. After celebrating with the members of the surrounding State and African Affairs Bureau, he smiled and walked under the podium with a low key.

The two saints immediately projected their eyes on Wang Yan.

Things finally calmed down, and Wang Yan didn't want to mess with the two saints anymore. She had to smile and greet the two saints friendly, and then kept a low profile.

When Emmons saw Wang Yan and the two saints standing in a row on the rostrum, his forehead sweats came out.

This can be kept low-key, he Emmons turned around and surnamed Wang with the son of flame!

When the next trot seemed to go, he quickly walked down the stairs, and he waved a hand to signal the etiquette of more than a dozen hand-held prizes to follow. Now that the prizes have been awarded earlier, he can breathe a sigh of relief.

Now that he is afraid of not paying attention, he will lead a world war of power world to the son of Wang Yan at the venue.

"Senior Emmons, I think you have sweat on your forehead. Are you very hot?" Wang Yan asked with a concerned expression.

Emmons listened tightly, thinking that if he didn't know what you caused, he really thought you were a simple and polite guy.

“It’s okay, the climate in the Pacific is a little hot and humid.” Emmons took out his handkerchief, wiped the sweat from his temples, and raised his head again. He had reverted to the former, majestic and stable Super League president.

“Congratulations to all of you for your excellent rankings, and hope that through the awards of this conference, you will help you reach the summit as soon as possible and become the pillar of our world.” He glanced at the nine advancers in front of him, and said in a concise language, To make a long story short, then according to the order of priority, the prizes will be selected first, and you will come first.

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Wang Yan responded politely and walked a few steps forward to the etiquette holding a dozen boxes.

The size of these boxes is different, and the materials and appearance are different. It can be seen that they are prizes provided by major organizations, which have been taken up intact.

Wang Yan’s eyes glanced over the boxes, and the emotions of the audience at the scene also fluctuated up and down with the change of Wang Yan’s line of sight.

These are all holy objects and materials of the same level, and treasures that you can’t usually see. For many audience members, even if they can’t get them, it is a pleasure to look at them.

However, these sacrificial objects are all covered with a magic circle and prohibition to prevent the breath from being exposed. At this time, even if Wang Yan is only a few meters apart from them, he can’t feel any breath.

It seems that if you want to choose, you can only open one piece at a time, when Wang Yan is about to make such a request.

Suddenly, a trace of pure flame breath came to his heart.

He glanced at it, the pure flame breath came from a rectangular wooden box about five feet long.

The wooden box has a long history, and the appearance of the pulp is reddish brown and oily. The surface is also engraved with Dongying's traditional marine decoration, which looks very delicate and beautiful.

“Senior Emmons, I want to see this first.” Wang Yan pointed his finger at the rectangular wooden box.

As soon as this requirement appeared, all the players from Dongying had their eyes widened, and even the leader of Dongying, Mitsui, who was sitting on the podium, straightened his body on the seat, and his eyes were full of panic.

“It's worthy of being a son of flames, and has such a strong sense of flame elements, good eyes!” Emmons praised it, and waved with one hand, the rectangular wooden box opened.

“Ban”, the long-lasting atmosphere in the wooden box spread like water mist.

The red mist, floating quietly in the air, made the scene around the wooden box become as colorful as the evening glow.

“It's so beautiful ...” Many of the audience at the scene were already intoxicated by this wonderful scene.

“These mists are all the purest flame elements in nature. They accumulate in a wooden box for a certain period of time and form a cloud of fire.”

“In the end it's a holy weapon. If the light is naturally still, it can attract such a large amount of flame elements. If it is really used, what kind of power will it have?”

“Woo, so beautiful, I really want it!” There were already a lot of flamboyant abilities on the sidelines, who were crying because of a lot of Huoyunmei.

Wang Yan took a deep breath. This kind of flame breath is indeed rich. Although it is slightly worse than the pure Yang real fire in his body, these flame breaths are, after all, only the most primitive flame elements in nature, which can achieve this. This kind of exaggerated richness is enough to see that this holy weapon is not trivial.

Soon the fire cloud gradually dissipated, and Wang Yan looked up into the wooden box.

The wooden box is also covered with very expensive gold silk brocade, and a simple sword is lying quietly inside the brocade.

The long sword is more than three feet long, and it is pure white from top to bottom. The body of the sword is like the blade of the calamus, the middle is thicker, the edge is very sharp, the sword handle is flaming, and there are many links in the grip part, just like an animal. The back bones are the same.

Although the long sword lies quietly in the brocade box at this time, it is faintly giving people a kind of illusion like living creatures, and it is always full of powerful deterrent force.

“Son of Flame, you will indeed pick.” Emmons smiled and walked to Wang Yan, and took the initiative to explain to him, “Do you know the origin of this sword?”

Wang Yan shook his head. He had never studied this kind of antique treasure.

“This is the originator of Dongying’s flame weapon, a symbol of strength and conquest, a national treasure-level holy weapon, a pheasant holy sword!”

When Emmons said this, the audience in the whole venue exploded.

“So this is the Holy Pheasant Sword!”

“Who on earth has such a great ability to let Dongying organize this national treasure as a prize?”

“My God, I’m so excited, my heart can’t stand it anymore.”

At this time, even sitting on the sidelines, several half-step S-level seed players were not calm.

They need to know that there will be such prizes in the qualifiers, and they will not be seed players.

Of course, Emmons has promised them in advance, as long as he enters the 16th and 8th quarters, there will be corresponding prizes to ensure that they will not lose.

Otherwise, these half-step S-level players are unwilling to sit on the field as seeds, after all, this is a rare holy weapon in the world, they also want it!

“It is indeed a good sword!” Wang Yan glanced away, and couldn’t help but admire.

This weapon just lay quietly in the box, like a living creature, full of aura. It is indeed a rare treasure in the world, plus its historical significance, it is not an exaggeration to say that it is a national treasure.

It’s just that I don’t know how far its flame element can reach.

The fire-like holy sword seemed to feel Wang Yan’s thoughts. Suddenly a “buzzing” sound made a pleasant trembling sound. The long sword jumped up and hung above the wooden box.

The original white sword body turned into a fiery red at once, and a red flame like lava appeared above it.

The flames were burning fiercely, and the blazing momentum seemed to burn all the surroundings.

“The fire is burning, the holy weapon resonates with Wang Yan!”

The crowd at the scene was boiling again, and many people were already shocked.

Even the Super League Emmons was taken aback by this sudden scene.

It is very rare that the sacristy will resonate with strangers unless the two have reached a point of great understanding.

But this fierce holy sword is now like a girl eager to marry someone, even voluntarily devoting herself to Wang Yan.

He Emmons was sure that as long as Wang Yan held it up, and then do some simple rituals, this holy weapon is probably able to recognize Wang Yan as the master, and no one can touch it even if he turns around.

“Son of Flame! Son of Flame!” The name of “Son of Flame” echoed from the crowd for a long time.

The scene in front of them shocked them so much. In addition to the son of flames, who else can let the light stand there, can make such a holy weapon resonate so strongly?

“Pharaoh, this holy weapon is the best, no need to pick it!”

“Xiao Yan, go get the sword!”

In the queue of the National African Affairs Bureau, Wang Yan’s friends are more excited than Wang Yan at the moment, and they all reminded loudly.

Even the little ferret in the audience shot the head of the hairy crab with excitement, as if saying that Xiao Xue had been identified, and brother Wang Yan went to get it.

Compared with the boiling of the National African Affairs Bureau, the queues and stands of Dongying organized Jane to the point of hysterics.

Many Dongying players have panicked. This is a legendary symbol of their country. How can it be taken by the flame son of the China National African Affairs Bureau in this way?

Especially Ito Yoko one who is good at using swords, his eyes are almost staring out of his eyes, and his face is excited and shouted: “No!”

The original plan of the head of the Dongying organization, Mitsui, was to let many masters of the Dongying alliance humiliate Wang Yan, eliminate the State African Bureau, and then in the

qualifiers, take this national treasure holy weapon back, or even temporarily give it to him. Toyoko, the end of the youth conference.

But now the result is that he was almost eliminated by Wang Yan, and this national treasure-level holy weapon, even actively resonating with Wang Yan, even if he died, he could not accept it!

“It’s a bit interesting.” Wang Yan narrowed his eyes slightly. This aura-filled holy weapon successfully attracted him. He planned to get closer to see what happened.

As he stepped forward, this move, which could take away the childish holy sword at any time, completely defeated the psychological defense line of Mitsui, the head of the Dongying organization in the stands.

He couldn’t accept it anymore. His plan failed, even with the national tragedy and the tragedy of being taken away by the hostile forces.

If this kind of thing really happens, what other face does he have to face other members of Dongying organization?

Seeing Wang Yan getting closer and closer to the fierce holy sword, Mitsui finally couldn’t take it anymore. Suddenly he snapped the tabletop, stood up, and shouted loudly: “Don’t touch it!”

An overbearing but fierce momentum suddenly rushed out, and the original hustle and bustle scene was broken in a flash.

The atmosphere of the whole venue, after a deep drink, fell into a strange quiet.

The atmosphere of the conference suddenly fell.

Everyone’s eyes were fixed on Mitsui. In particular, the momentum of some S-class powerhouses was overwhelmed by Mitsui’s heart, and some could not breathe.

“Cough!”

Han Hongbo, director general of the National African Affairs Bureau, coughed twice and squinted while drinking tea, “Mitsui, could you regret donating the Pheasant Holy Sword and want to take it back?”

Han Hongbo’s remarks made Emmons’ face suddenly change, and glared at Mitsui, as if he had something to do with a word.

Mitsui sweated straight, grinning dryly and said twice: “Don’t get excited, grown up. But the sacred sword of fire is the famous holy weapon that I have inherited for a long time, and it is a bit out of control. We donated it as a prize Of course, I will not regret it, and let the president grow up. “

“Well, you better have this kind of consciousness.” Emmons withdrew his coercion and waved to Wang Yan. “Son of flame, don’t be influenced by others. No one can stop you if you want this holy weapon. . “

“Thank you President Emmons.” Wang Yan bowed his hand politely and said seriously, “I want to take a closer look and make a decision. After all, the chance to get the holy weapon is rare.”

“Yes, you have the power to choose.” Emmons waved calmly.

Under the eyes of all eyes, Wang Yan carefully looked up and down on the Holy Pheasant Sword. Its sword is slender and magnificent, exuding pure and rich flame elements. The flaming flame is like a flame elf, roasting the surrounding air. It’s hot.

“Dirty child of flame!” Dongying Jianhao Yi Hengyi’s face became extremely distorted. It was as if it was not the Holy Pheasant Sword, but his wife, Higashi Ito, and Wang Yan was looking at his undressed wife with a wretched look.

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Indeed, this holy pheasant holy sword was originally a target for Ito Yoko.

His plan is very good, the joint master brush Wang Yan, including other people's points, can make him far ahead. Even, he can brush the points of his samurai to hit the top three.

Through "special channels", Ito Yoko knew that the top three would reward the holy weapon. Even if Ito Yoko won the first place, he could discuss with the other two to get the Pheasant Sword.

But now, because of Wang Yan, everything has been destroyed.

And because of Wang Yan, he was also cursed by the corpse Miao Yi, who was extremely vicious and cruel. As long as you think about the curse, he will stand upright and feel uncomfortable.

Woo ~ Why is Ito Yokoichi's life so miserable?

Wrong, wrong, all are the fault of the son of flame!

In the end, he and some masters of the League of Four Kingdoms left the temple ruins. At the last minute, some points were scored, barely rushing to more than a hundred, not to mention the holy items, not even the second one, only a bottle of C-level essence.

That kind of low-level stuff, maybe those D-level and C-level low-level superpowers will be regarded as treasures, but for the powerhouses of this level, Ito Yokoichi has almost no effect.

Seeing Wang Yan's hand, he was slowly reaching out to the Pheasant Sword, and the flame of the Pheasant Sword instantly became full of energy, and he seemed to like Wang Master very much.

For a time, Ito Yokoichi's heart hurt even more.

This kind of feeling is like the goddess in your own heart, under the enticement of the enemy, spring ~ affection ~ Yang, ready to feel at any time fart and fart actively take the road with people.

This is indeed the case.

For the Fire Pheasant Holy Sword, Wang Yan's breath of flame is even better than the pure Yang real fire, which is really very attractive.

As for the holy objects, the spirits are somewhat awakened. The fire pheasant holy sword, even in the holy weapon, can be regarded as a good existence. Its cleverness is very nimble, and it is obviously aware that following Wang Yan will bring great benefits to it.

If Wang Yan values it, as a baby, he often keeps him warm, and after a long time, it may be promoted to the level of sub-artifact. Worldwide, sub-artifacts are extremely rare and rare equipment.

"Oh, Xiao Yan still has some vision." Director General Hongbo Han was holding a cup of tea and teasing, and showed a gratified expression. "This pheasant holy sword is among the fire holy artifacts, which is quite good. This flaming pheasant sword is definitely more powerful. Mitsui, thank you for your donation from the Eastern Guard. Looking back, I will let Xiao Yan thank you very much. "

"puff!"

Mitsui almost spit out old blood, which was too disturbing. At that time, Ken donated the Holy Pheasant Sword because he had thought about how to get it back. Unexpectedly, after meeting Wang Yan with a good plan, he directly declared bankruptcy.

So far, Mitsui couldn't figure out what happened in that space fold? How could it be that way! Chuanyin asked Ito Yoko one, but the other party refused to say.

Well now, the Pheasant Sword is about to fall into the hands of China's Flame Son.

This depressed mood, coupled with Han Hongbo's sarcasm, made Mitsui almost cry. If it was not because he couldn't beat Han Hongbo, he would have already started. Ooooooooooooooooooooooo bad, your people took the Pheasant Sacred Sword and tried their best to ridicule them and sprinkle salt on their wounds.

People also have dignity.

"Son of flames, congratulations that you have been recognized by the Holy Pheasant Sword. It seems that it has a lot to do with you." Emmons, the president of the Super League, said with a

smile on his face, “The Holy Sword of the Fire Department is a child of flames. The sword is a hero, and it deserves its name. “

Not bad!

Many people at the scene agreed with this point very well. The properties of this sword are very suitable for the son of flame, and the shape is quite popular.

Just when Emmons thought that Wang Yan would choose this pheasant holy sword, and was going to declare his prize as the pheasant holy sword.

Wang Yan withdrew his hand and shouted, “Wait!”

“Wait”!

At the same time, the two saints fluttered and looked at each other at the same time. Before them, they were on Wang Yan’s tactics. Waiting again and again, let him turn the game.

So that when they heard Wang Yan saying these two words, their hearts had strong fluctuations and had some bad hunches. Could it be that this guy is going to make a move again?

The twin saints’ eyes fixed on Wang Yan firmly.

Wang Yan shrugged and said, “I don’t want this fire pheasant holy sword.”

“what!?”

The whole audience was shocked. Was this guy’s brain pumped? Among these treasures brought out by Emmons, the Fire Pheasant Holy Sword is the most valuable and most suitable for his attributes.

Even Emmons was surprised and touched his chin wonderingly: “Wang Yan, could you have fancy other holy objects or materials?”

“No, it’s that the fire pheasant holy sword is of average quality,” Wang Yan said lightly. “It sells well and has spirituality. It’s just that its flame is not pure enough, and it has some dark atmosphere.”

Wang Yan is absolutely telling the truth. Compared with his warhammer, perhaps this flaming pheasant sword will prevail in its current power. But when it comes to long-term development, I definitely don’t know how much my warhammer is higher.

Rather than wasting time on the Fire Pheasant Sword, it is better to nurture your own life hammer.

As a result, the Pheasant Holy Sword is nothing more than a tasteless taste. Rather than choosing chicken ribs, it is better to pick something else.

“puff!”

Mitsui on the rostrum and Yoko Ito in the auditorium suffocated his entire face with internal injuries and almost vomited blood.

In their eyes, the ultimate flame is a holy weapon, one of the symbols of the nation, was even so rejected by Wang Yan? What is flame not pure enough? What is yin breath? You are just picking bones in the egg.

Although they are extremely reluctant to choose Wang Yan to choose the Pheasant Sword, he can’t allow him to defile their holy sword. Can’t you be so disgusted with babies that others can’t think of?

Ito Yoko was very hurt. The goddess she loved and was not good enough to go to other men regardless of shame was enough to break his heart. The man who was so humble ~ also raised his nose against the goddess of his house, disgusting and dissatisfied.

It’s simply unbearable.

“Humph!”

The two saints groaned in their hearts and raised their chin slightly. Wang Yan's eyes were quite high, and even the Pheasant Saint Sword couldn't see it. However, in their hearts, it was vaguely felt that the Fire Pheasant Holy Sword was not worthy of Wang Yan.

That's because Wang Yan's pure Yang real fire is so pure, even, they feel that Wang Yan's breath is more pure than the legendary pure Yang breath.

This is reflected in their cultivation.

Only after spending the night with Wang Yan in Xinxinlian Taichung, and having his pure yang breath in yin and yang, their cultivation practice has taken another big step forward, and even the bottleneck is loose.

How powerful is this?

You know, they go one step further, they are half-step S-level. Their age has been promoted to a half-step S-level, and their history is very rare and rare.

As a result, Wang Yan couldn't see that the Pheasant Phenomenal Sword was also reasonable.

But other people do n't understand the door, especially Dongying people, their faces are as ugly as their dead father and mother. Heads-up, they asked Wang Yan to apologize.

Of course, no matter whether it is a heads-up or an apology, Wang Yan will not ignore them at all. After dealing with the Dongying people several times, their wolf son's ambitions became apparent.

Just as Wang Yan withdrew his hand and was about to select other holy artifacts, or holy artifact materials, strange things happened.

The Pheasant Sacred Sword suddenly erupted into a strong light, and the fiery flame rose like a dragon, the flame was like a dragonbeard and dragon claw, and the terrifying and powerful flame power erupted from the claws of the open teeth. The coercion of the law of flames.

The flame went straight in front of Wang Yan, among the flaming flames, it seemed that there was a figure waving his fist towards Wang Yan.

“Angry! The Fire Pheasant Saint Sword is angry.” Dongying’s superpowers were shocked and gloated. Wang Yan, let you pretend to make you irritate the spirit of the fire pheasant holy sword, is this underdress too much?

“Good job.” Ito Yokoichi’s eyes also ignited hope. “Holy Pheasant Sage, use storm-like flames to teach Wang Yan, a gangster who knows nothing about heaven and earth, give him a look . “

Wang Yan was also slightly surprised. He touched his nose and said to the Pheasant Sacred Sword: “It’s a well-known holy weapon. In the long evolution, the spirit has grown so smart?”

“Boom!” The arrogance of the Pheasant Saint Sword once again arrogant, the little humanoid figure in the flame seems to be somewhat smug, as if to say, bad boy, do you now know that this Holy Sword is powerful? So that you do n’t know Taishan with your eyes, do n’t hurry to say good things, coax this holy sword, maybe this holy sword is happy, and can forgive you again.

“It’s a pity, it’s a pity.” Wang Yan shook his head and said with a sigh, “The spirits bred from the Holy Pheasant Sword are good, but the flame is too shady, not pure enough, and there is limited room for growth. Ganba ~ Father ~ “

Wang Yan made a cheering gesture to him, then sighed and walked to the side.

At this moment, the pheasant stayed on the spot, and the flames of the teeth and claws seemed to freeze and petrify instantly.

The next second, the flame rose again, swooping over to Wang Yan overwhelmingly, and the accompanying cries, as if screaming angrily ~

This scene.

Some people are calm and calm, some are gloating, and some are worried.

Even the two virgins who were the closest to Wang Yan changed their face slightly, and subconsciously stepped forward half a step to prepare for the shot. They just stopped a moment after a slight movement.

Because they thought that Wang Yan was the son of flames. Although the Pheasant Sword is so powerful, it is very difficult to harm Wang Yan without a strong master.

Sure enough, Wang Yan faced the fierce flame, he waved it, and a pure and domineering pure Yang real fire sprang out of the body, and the flames were under the flames, blocking the fire pheasant.

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Today, Wang Yan's pure yang true fire, although far from evolving to the ninth level, is already a rare flame in the world. But in terms of the level of flames, it is necessary to surpass the Pheasant Holy Sword.

As if the power of the upper flame was sensed, the pheasant's momentum weakened, and the thick flame dissipated a bit.

But it was only weak for a moment, and it immediately wrapped in the pure Yang real fire, and rushed down to Wang Yan's arm along the pure Yang real fire.

It was like a crimson spirit snake, wrapped around his arms, his head and tail were raised high, and they all looked proud.

"Son of flame, be careful." People who cared about Wang Yan shouted.

"Fire Pheasant, good job." Mitsui on the rostrum said, waving his fists. "Show your strength, let the arrogant boy see how strong you are."

Dongying people's mentality is very strange. If Wang Yan likes the Fire Pheasant Holy Sword and wants it, but one by one like Wang Yan snatching their wives, they can't wait to fight with Wang Yan.

But now Wang Yan says he doesn't like the Fire Pheasant Holy Sword, don't want it. But one by one he jumped upright, as if Wang Yan refused to request the Pheasant Holy Sword, he was humiliating them.

To interpret this mentality to such a person, I am afraid that there is only Dongying people, this is a typical self-esteem to the ultimate inferiority.

Wang Yan on the stage was also crying and laughing because of the Fire Pheasant Holy Sword. This guy is quite arrogant, but he just disliked it and chased it up, showing his strength to him. .

Wang Yan shrugged, secretly funny, this pheasant is still like a child.

“Okay, you are angry, so go back quickly.” Although Wang Yan did not choose it, because of his own attributes, he still had a good impression on the creatures of the flame attributes, waved and said, ” So many people are watching, we have to be a little reserved. Besides, it's not too early, everyone has to pick the baby and go back to rest. “

“Wow!”

The flame at the tail of the pheasant swayed a few times again, and then snuggled up and turned on Wang Yan's arm. Its meaning is very clear.

This holy sword is a baby, you choose me quickly, choose me quickly.

This scene made the melon-eating crowds burst into laughter, and the admiration for the son of flames increased by a few points. I really deserve to be the son of flames, so that the Fire Pheasant Holy Sword can take the initiative to please.

However, the Dongying people did not think so, especially Ito Yokoichi, his heart seemed to be inserted with countless knives, and then sprinkled with tons of salt.

Sorrow is inexplicable!

The fire pheasant holy sword, but the goddess above him. People do n't want you, but do n't scratch your head so shamelessly and take the initiative to please?

Many Dongying people's hearts are as broken as Ito Yoko.

“Uh, forget it, you and I have no fate.” Wang Yan touched his nose and said helplessly, “If I don't have the right weapon, I must choose you. But now, I can't use two weapons at all?”

As soon as these words came out, the flame breath of the pheasant dimmed for a moment, and he shook and climbed down Wang Yan's arm slightly. It looks like a puppy abandoned. No, it should be a courtship girl who was ruthlessly rejected.

It is sad, heartbroken, and hates to meet Lang Jun late.

Everyone gave birth to some sympathy for the pheasant, which is really pitiful, it would be nice if Wang Yan could be met earlier.

Ugh!

Many people sigh gently.

Just as the fire pheasant was about to climb down Wang Yan's arm, it suddenly turned back, and the flames screamed. It felt like he was saying that the Lun family was very unconvinced. Can you show me your weapon?

See how good and beautiful it is, so that I can die.

“Uh ...” Wang Yan looked at it helplessly. Why is this pheasant so stunned, but he understands this emotion, after all, the holy weapon is also dignified.

But is it really okay to show off your weapons in full view?

Just as Wang Yan was hesitant, the melon-eating crowd began to shout again: “Son of flames, light weapons, light weapons!”

Ha ha, since the masses were so enthusiastic, coupled with the poor expression of Huo Pheasant's flames, Wang Yan was also a little embarrassed to refuse. As soon as he flipped his hand, his ugly

and heavy warhammer appeared in his hand, and he also saved the hammer with a very coquettish manner.

“Wow ~ really ugly!” The scene was full of uproar.

In the previous video, I also saw Wang Yan fighting with this warhammer, but it can be smashed and bombarded, and the power is very fierce. However, at that time, most of them were accompanied by the image of flaming flames.

Today, in its true colors, it is released on the large screen after the close-up of the lens. All the people really appreciate its rough and ugly, simple hammer handle and iron bump-like hammer head.

In fact, the image of Warhammer has improved a lot compared to when Wang Yan first got it. At least, after Wang Yan has taken time to warm up the flying sword from time to time, after constantly raising it, it is evolving in the direction of the flying hammer.

Its texture has become somewhat moist and transparent, and there is a touch of fluorescent light on the surface, which looks slightly better.

But even so, its sales appearance is somehow worse than the Fire Pheasant Sword. It is like the Pheasant Holy Sword is a distinguished royal lady with a distinguished family background and complete appearance. But Wang Yan's warhammer is a miner with muscles working in the mine.

Regardless of the appearance of identity, it is heaven and earth, and the difference between cloud and mud.

“call!”

The flame of the pheasant rose into the air and danced slyly. The presence of the Warhammer deeply stimulated it. It was very excited, and the flames danced wildly.

It's no wonder that if Wang Yan came up with an extremely powerful holy weapon, the fire pheasant would be fatal, but he would also admit his fate. But what about this ugly hammer?

The Son of Flame chose this broken hammer that did not even contain the spirit of the device, but abandoned it. Can it bear it well?

“Hoo hu hu ~”

The fire pheasant is desperately waving its flame tentacles, as if it is a strong protest like Wang Yan. It's also drunk, is there something wrong with this human brain?

“Don't be excited, don't be excited, won't you? So many people are watching.” Wang Yan hurriedly reached out to appease it. “Although this warhammer hasn't yet bred an organ spirit, it has accompanied me along the way, feeling It 's very deep. Besides, I believe that with its texture and my persistence, I will soon conceive an organ spirit and grow into a holy vessel. “

“Oh ~” Huofei yelled dismissively twice, that seemed to be mocking Wang Yan, a weapon wants to grow an organ spirit, how could it be so easy? You are a Chinese cabbage when Qiling is on the streets, so give you another chance to choose me! Choose me! Choose me! I will forgive you.

Its arrogant appearance resembles some proud princes who are distinguished and high in status.

“Don't!” Wang Yan still refused indifferently, stroking his baby warhammer, “In contrast, I still choose it. Go back quickly, don't waste everyone's time.”

As soon as these words came out, the flames of the pheasant's teeth and claws instantly extinguished by half, and the rest was still standing on the spot like petrification. It didn't expect that, at this point, Wang Yan would still choose the ugly warhammer with no spirit.

And that tone was still so ruthless.

Heartache.

If the pheasant has a heart, it will definitely feel heartache.

Not only it, but even the people who ate melons sighed and felt heartache for the pheasant. Dong Ying's people are even more exaggerated. They are heartbroken one after another, and their eyes are full of endless killings.

Unfortunately, despite their resentment, they did not have any impact on Wang Yan.

Wang Yan no longer took the fire pheasant, turned around carrying the warhammer.

“Woo ~”

At this moment, the pheasant burst into a hot light again, and the crimson spirit containing the spirit of the instrument fluttered up. Only this time the goal became Wang Yan’s warhammer.

The fire pheasant is like a spirit snake, entangled with the warhammer, and it is completely encased in the fiery flame.

Such a change shocked Wang Yan.

The fire pheasant was robbed of Wang Yan’s weapon position by the warhammer, but he felt resentful and wanted to melt the warhammer?

It stands to reason that Wang Yan can drive it away. But thinking about it is also pitiful enough, so it can go. Anyway, by virtue of its ability, the Warhammer cannot be melted down at all.

As expected, the pheasant burned the flames more and more prosperous, and the entire podium was filled with fiery heat waves.

The Warhammer gradually became red and hot.

However, no matter how hard the Pheasant works, the Warhammer is just more rosy. It looks red like a reddish emerald. It looks beautiful, but shows no signs of melting.

It was only at this time that everyone seemed to find out that Wang Yan’s warhammer was ugly, but his foundation showed an extraordinary momentum. That’s the Holy Pheasant Sword. Once the sword is cut, even the tank will be melted into two pieces.

And this weird warhammer has such a strong flame resistance, it is worthy of the son of flame for it can give up the existence of the fire pheasant holy sword.

The fire pheasant seems unconvinced. It is like a flexible fire snake, one end wrapped around the warhammer, and the tail is linked to the fire pheasant sword. Like a flame bridge, the two are deeply connected together.

The powerful flame energy is continuously sent to the Warhammer. The Warhammer becomes redder and redder, but there is no sign of melting.

Wang Yan really couldn't stand it anymore, when he just wanted to stop the fire pheasant.

Suddenly, weird things happened.

All the energy of the Fire Pheasant is drilled into the Warhammer without reservation. The Smart Fire of the Warhammer is getting more and more powerful, while the Holy Pheasant's Holy Sword is getting dimmer.

“Not right!”

Ito Yokoichi, who had broken his heart several times, had an ominous hunch in his heart.

“interesting.”

Prince Rose on the rostrum squinted, looking at this scene with interest, and chuckled, “His Royal Highness, you have grown so big, have you never seen such an interesting thing?”

Dai Er's eyes were radiant, sitting upright, and whispering in disbelief: “This is the case ...”

Del's words were not finished.

On the podium, a clear click was heard.

The pheasant holy sword, which gradually lost its light, cracked out of the road.

All the energy of the pheasant, like Changhong running through the sun, is fully invested in the warhammer. At this moment, the warhammer, the heat wave is rolling, and the movement is very smart. The red cloud entangles its body. Whether it is the momentum or the appearance, it is completely overturned.

Such a sudden change made everyone shocked and dumbfounded.

Isn't it?

The fire pheasant weapon spirit, rebelled the fire pheasant holy sword, attached to the ugly warhammer.

“Hoooo!”

The Warhammer fired into the sky, as if reflecting the expression of the fire pheasant's spirit, as if smug, the son of flame, see if you still have the ability to drive me away?

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