

God of Life 921

Chapter 921: Picture poor see

This family will not be born in normal times and will intervene in any fighting and fighting, but once they participate, the complexity of the situation will increase dramatically.

In the illusion, it can be seen that there are not a lot of people from this old clan, there are only a few hundred figures, but one third of them are saint-level powerhouses and the rest are also leader-level existences.

If the organizer of the Battle of the North and the Elders really join forces, the number of saints they superimposed would be 80% more than the sum of the Palace of Gods and Demons and the Expedition!

The mind of the organizer of the Battle of the Beidou has been brightened.

Even if they don't want to join forces with the expedition, they must join forces.

Because compared with the illusory things like face and glory, living is a more important theme!

"Fang Yue! You ruined our plan! Damn you!"

Tyrone was so sad that since their conspiracy had been seen through, there was no need to continue to converge!

Sage shot!

Long Tai grabbed Fang Yue's throat with a big hand, his hand was merciless, and he was about to crush Fang Yue to death with the power of a saint.

"Taylon, I'm afraid that your sage, Mu Yue, is not very good! Come to me if you have the ability!"

After elder Yinyue refined Fang Yue's Four-Rank Pure Body Pill, although his life level was too high to be cultivated into an innocuous body, his life level was elevated by one level, and the Gu poison in his body was All are dispatched.

In addition to being a conjurer, Elder Silvermoon is also a powerful warrior.

Fang Yue has a life-saving grace to him.

Elder Silver Moon will naturally report back.

Elder Yinyue stood in front of Fang Yue's clone.

Tyrone's face appeared shocked. "You, how did your Ten Thousand Years Corpse Gu disappear? This is impossible! Ten Thousand Years Corpse Gu was obtained by the organizer of the Big Dipper Thousands of years ago, and even the powerful of the Great Sage level can control it, absolutely not May be relieved so easily

!"

Tyrone's face was filled with shocked expressions, which was simply not in line with common sense.

A faint smile turned up at the corner of Fang Yue's mouth.

This 10,000-year corpse Gu is indeed terrifying, but this thing is really not his opponent of the Fourth Transformation Pill!

"Elder Silvermoon, you trap Tyrone, I will take care of the rest!"

Fang Yue eagerly fists, this time he is ready to break the sky! Even if it is a saint-level powerhouse who can't kill the Big Dipper, but with the meticulousness below the saint, don't even want to run!

"it is good!"

Elder Yinyue Fang Yue still has certain confidence! At least at the level below the Saint Realm, he is a top expert!

"While the old people and the organizers of the Beidou fight have not yet come together, let's defeat them one by one and jointly destroy this one!"

The eight-armed saint was also a suggestion, and the expeditionary army immediately agreed!

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

The three forces began a fierce melee once again. The knife saw the flesh, blood was everywhere, and the battle between the two sides was simply tragic to the extreme!

The killing intent was soaring, and even the azure blue sky on the firmament was shrouded with murderous intent, covering the sky and the sun, and even the sun's rays could not penetrate it!

Fang Yue also licked his chapped lips.

The grievances against the organizer of the Battle of the Big Dipper have been accumulated in his heart for a long time. This time, he can finally avenge the grievance and revenge!

"Set up an array, kill Fang Yue!"

Not only Fang Yue hated the organizer of the Beidou Fight, but also Fang Yue, the organizer of the Beidou Fight, regarded it as a thorn in his eyes. If it wasn't because Fang Yue exposed their actions in advance, wait a while, the people of the old race will clean up the outer expedition army, and the two sides will be surrounded, and they can easily kill all the expedition army and the gods and demons. Not needed

Take any risks!

Originally a perfect plan, it was eventually destroyed by Fang Yue.

It is a lie to say that there is no deep hatred in it!

The disciples at the pinnacle of the rotation state of the organizer of the Three Hundred Beidou Battle sieged the city, each holding a different magic weapon!

There are spears, war swords, but also advantageous swords and halberds.

Eighteen weapons are almost complete.

This battle formation is different from the wars Fang Yue saw in the past.

But the sinisterness is even stronger.

"Fang Yue, this is the Purgatory Killing Array we prepared for you! This array was originally prepared for the powerhouse of the leader of the gods and demons, this time let you taste the power of this killing Array!"

Said a middle-aged man with white skin and silver shirt. There was also a touch of abnormal excitement on his face.

"Introduce yourself, I'm the host of this purgatory killing formation, the silver warlord Feng Yuan! If you are in this purgatory killing formation and arrive in the underworld, don't forget to tell the ghost chase that I killed you!"

Fang Yue pondered for a moment before he said: "This is just a clone of me. Even if I am killed, at most it is the return of Divine Mind to the deity, and I can't reach the underworld!"

Fang Yue's words immediately broke the atmosphere of dark clouds that Feng Yuan could create.

For a time, Feng Yuan discovered that he was speechless for Fang Yue's excuse!

"Set up an array, kill!"

Feng Yuan's expression was cold, he felt that he didn't need to say anything to Fang Yue, even if it was a clone with such strength, if he died, Fang Yue's deity would feel distressed!

Beside, murderous!

There have been fragments of people who have fallen down like cutting wheat. These people belonged to different forces, but they all fell in blood and could not stand up again. This is a terrifying war. It is just a few breaths of time. The dead are more than a hundred people. The weakest of these people are at the rotation level, and there are occasionally one or two Yin and Yang. Strong

.

Normally, even the rotation state is considered a powerful force, and the Yin-Yang state is the mainstay of any race.

Now, they are just the most ordinary corpses, lying quietly on the ground, with their eyes closed, allowing the blood splashed by the horses' hoof to splash on the cheeks, rolling down.

The Purgatory Killing Array Fang Yue fell into did not lose the name of Purgatory. It had just begun to operate, and it was soaring to the sky with killing intent, all of which were shocking weapons.

All of them have quite a background, at least they have drunk the blood of a thousand people.

Fang Yue fell into it, and he felt as if he had fallen into a swamp and mud, and he would be unable to extricate himself if he stepped out!

After another, the light of a long sword pierced the void.

This sword light appeared extremely strange, and it passed from Fang Yue's shoulder.

A deep bone wound appeared.

Fang Yue could not completely avoid this sword light.

This is very weird, all attacks and killings have no signs.

Fang Yue took a deep breath, and he felt a strong pressure.

If this Purgatory Killing Array continues to attack so unscrupulously, no matter how majestic and strong the life essence in his body, it will be consumed and become a bone on the street.

It's another knife.

This time, the bangs in front of Fang Yue's forehead were cut off.

At the moment before the blade light appeared, Fang Yue's martial arts intuition gave rise to a warning, and Fang Yue turned his head to avoid this mortal blow.

Otherwise, if the sword light hits, his sky spirit cover will be lifted.

Any creature, no matter how powerful it is, without its head, the vitality of this physical body will slowly die out.

There is a big horror in this purgatory killing array.

Fang Yue no longer despised the taste. "Hahaha, Fang Yue, you know you're scared! This is an insoluble killing array developed by several saints who organized the Battle of the Big Dipper for hundreds of years. No matter you have amazing magical powers, if you are not as good as a saint, all will be there. Tortured to death in the killing array. This kill

The formation itself is a field composed of killing aura, restraining your body, leaving you nowhere to escape, nowhere to hide! "

Feng Yuan's laughter was sharp, like an awl, always piercing Fang Yue's eardrum.

Fang Yue took a deep breath.

"I really can't crack this formation!"

Fang Yue frankly admitted his shortcomings.

Then the next moment, he shouted loudly: "But I have a way to kill you!"

In an instant, on the earth, layers of formation patterns lit up one after another, silver patterns criss-crossed, like a large, densely woven net that killed everyone in the formation!

Fang Yue had arranged the formation early, waiting for the people from the organizer of the Big Dipper to enter the urn.

He has become a master of the formation, the formation is silent, everything is silent!

Array burning and purgatory killing array confront each other!

This formation is the Purgatory Fiery Array. Although it also has the word Purgatory in its name, the pattern of Fang Yue's array is substantially different from the content of the Purgatory Killing Array.

Purgatory Fire Array is dominated by blazing fire, it will continuously borrow and extract the power of the flame curtain in the Great Sun Palace, summoning one after another flame creatures.

Each of these flame creatures has a level of the pinnacle level of the rotation realm, which makes up their flesh and even the legendary hellfire!

Dozens of flaming creatures were born in the formation in a blink of an eye. Their bodies are pitch-black and they are completely composed of hellfire!

Feng Yuan saw that the creatures composed of hellfires appeared one after another, he already knew that this time his purgatory was truly afraid that the entire army would be destroyed!

The man who dared to organize the fight with the Big Dipper was truly extraordinary.

However, there is a difference between the destruction of the whole army and the destruction of the whole army.

Before the creatures composed of hellfire approached them, they had time to completely destroy Fang Yue with their formation.

Feng Yuan was like a red-eyed gambler, ready to stud all his chips. If he could kill Fang Yue's clone before he died, maybe their relatives would be treated favorably.

Feng Yuan has a deep understanding of the coldness of the organizers of the Battle of the Beidou. They are not only like outsiders, but also towards themselves.

It is difficult to receive the most basic courtesy and respect even if it is not at the level of the realm of a saint.

If the mission is successful, you are a hero, and you have everything you need for the corresponding resources!

But if the mission fails, not only those who fail to complete the mission themselves will be severely punished, life is better than death, and even family and friends will be imprisoned accordingly.

"Purgatory battle formation, variants, purgatory killing, I want to die with Fang Yue!"

"Huh? Where's Fang Yue?"

Feng Yuan made up his mind and was about to kill the opponent Yue Meng.

But he suddenly discovered that Fang Yue's figure had disappeared! "Although I can't crack this battle formation, there is no problem breaking through the space blockade and free access!"

Chapter 922: Feng Yuan

Fang Yue walked out of the battle formation leisurely and said with a smile.

Feng Yuan's face changed slightly.

Now they don't even have the capital that Fang Yue died together.

Behind Fang Yue, there are hundreds of creatures composed of hellfire!

These creatures composed of hellfire, their realm aura levels are all around the first layer of the Yin-Yang realm, and the source of energy is the flame curtain of the Da Ri Palace.

The flame curtain connects to a flame dimension, and the flame power in it is endless, inexhaustible and inexhaustible!

These flame creatures were all born in the formation, and Fang Yue let them die without frowning.

Hundreds of flame creatures stepped forward, walking towards Feng Yuan's purgatory battlefield.

Feng Yuan's face is green!

Their formation can only target inward, and these purgatory creatures come from outside, the purgatory killing array poses a slight threat to them.

The warlord is most afraid of the opponent leaving the attack range of the battle formation, just like Fang Yue, not playing cards according to common sense.

"kill!"

Fang Yue looked up at the sky.

"Why do I have to do such cruel things every time?"

There was a scream, and Feng Yuan's purgatory killing array seemed to be a joke in front of the creatures composed of hellfire.

Realm crushing. As for the level of life, creatures made up of hellfire stand in front of you. Do you dare to touch it?

After a few breaths, the battlefield led by Feng Yuan died.

Fighting against Elder Silvermoon, Tyrone's eyes were splitting.

Fang Yue deceived too much.

He doesn't care about the other members of this purgatory battle array.

However, Feng Yuan is a silver warrior carefully trained by them, and he has put countless efforts on him to organize the Beidou Fight.

Feng Yuan's value is not weaker than that of a peak leader of the realm!

"Fang Yue, I want you to die!"

Tyrone roared at Fang Yue, the sky was shaking, and even the distant mountains were shaking.

Tyrone was unable to suppress the turbulent mood in his heart at this moment.

Fang Yue responded with only a cold snort!

It was already completely torn the face of immortality, your mother is here yelling, do you think you threaten me, am I afraid of you?

"The army of flame creatures, kill me those who are the organizers of the Big Dipper, first look for soft persimmons, don't want to kill the strongest, just kill the most!"

Since Fang Yue wanted to play a big ticket, he would not be petty.

A mighty army of flame creatures came out, and they surged towards the disciples of the organizer of the Big Dipper.

The flames soared into the sky, and the clouds rolled in anger.

Hundreds of flame creatures of Yin and Yang level joined the war, and the scene was extremely spectacular.

They are full of black flames, and there is no emotional fluctuation in their hearts. They only have the instinct to kill, and every time they shoot, they are fateful.

These flame creatures are very obedient, and they are looking for the weaker to kill first. All those in the world and the rotation realm are all Tianjiao in the same realm. It is not a problem to fight across three or five small realms. Otherwise, the organizer of the Big Dipper will not bring them all out to experience and observe the war. To become

long! But after they encountered these flame creatures, they all became paper tigers. Can't resist the power of hellfire.

This is a one-sided slaughter, an unequal battle!

The strong in the Yin and Yang realm generally do not hesitate to surrender their status to the juniors in the heaven and earth realm and the rotation realm.

This is disgusting.

However, this time the situation was special. It was the person from the Beidou Controversy who first surrendered to the opponent Yue, and even the sage took the black hand against opponent Yue.

Fang Yue's use of the flame creatures in the Yin-Yang realm to overwhelm the warriors of the Big Dipper can only be regarded as tooth for tooth.

Watching the fall of his disciples, Tyrone couldn't help but stop it. Although he was ruthless and indifferent, all these disciples who came with the army were the future elites of the organizer of the Battle of the Big Dipper.

This is the immortal seedling, it is the hope that if all of them die here, the organizer of their Big Dipper will face the dilemma of no succession and no successor in the future.

Tai Long shot, a big hand pressed down, he was as large as the sky, covering Fang Yue's entire formation. He doesn't kill fire creatures, because he knows that those fire creatures can't stop killing them. As long as Fang Yue's formation pattern is still there, these fire creatures will continue to appear. Only if Fang

Yue is killed and the formation pattern annihilated can it be considered Broken the bane of flame creatures

root.

"I'm waiting for you!"

Fang Yue never thought of using flame creatures to kill the practitioners below the Yin-Yang realm in the battle of the Big Dipper. His purpose was to force this Tyrone to attack him and to attack Wen Wen!

Array pattern is the real entrance!

Fang Yue's palm slowly lifted, and the lower divine power of the Nine Drops of Flame Element appeared everywhere in the formation pattern.

These nine drops of divine power burned crazily, stimulating the violent spread of the pattern.

The following divine power was used as a driving force, and the appearance of the formation pattern immediately rose to a very high level, and it could barely be included in the sage formation level.

The flames rolled wildly, and a huge flame palm protruded from the formation pattern. It broke through the shackles of the void and collided with Tyrone's palm!

The two sides intersect, as if Mars hit a meteorite, they met together.

In an instant, the sun and the moon were dim, and the stars were dull.

The array pattern under Fang Yue's feet shattered every inch, completely disintegrated because he could not withstand the energy impact of the nine drops of lower power.

However, Tyrone was uncomfortable. The palms protruding from the pattern were so powerful that he was more than expected. His palms were burned, and at the same time, his body was in the back-echo, leaving more or less dark illnesses.

Fang Yue's impression in people's minds is different again. At the beginning, they only thought that Fang Yue was a genius. Although he was a little talented, he was still a junior. The organizers of the Beidou Contest positioned him at the level of Yin and Yang. He has potential, but after all he has not really grown up. ,

No need to be too afraid.

Afterwards, Fang Yue used his clone as a strong leader-level powerhouse to kill him, and his position has been elevated to the leader-level level! His existence is worthy of the attention of the organizers of the Beidou Controversy, and can be called a hero! But now, Fang Yue has been able to forcefully regret the saint even at a loss by virtue of the formation, which is no longer a question of potential. Even though Fang Yue hasn't fully grown up yet, he is definitely a saint at the level of strength.

The number exists!

Heaven and earth, saint-level combat power!

This means that Fang Yue will have extremely terrifying combat power.

The cultivation base of the world realm wants to raise the realm, even though it is thousands of times more difficult than the same level, it is much simpler than the powerhouse of the saint level!

It is not only that the organizer of the Beidou Controversy has truly regarded Fang Yue as the number one person and has begun to take it seriously.

The attitudes of the other two forces, the Expeditionary Army and the Temple of Gods and Demons towards Fang Yue gradually changed!

This is an existence that is worthy of their eyes. No matter which universe or world they are in, the powerhouses of the saint level are already standing upright and worthy of their respect!

"Take advantage of his illness, kill him! Senior Eight-armed Saint, don't just look at him! Start with Tyrone and take the opportunity to kill him!"

Fang Yue saw the eight-armed saint stunned, he couldn't help but worry.

Such a good opportunity can be gone if you miss it once!

Fang Yue knew how many catties he had, so he could hardly regret the saint's formation, he just took the opportunity to arrange it.

This method can never be repeated!

Once Tyrone realizes that he has the means to punish the saint, he will definitely not take it lightly as before.

The eight-armed saint also recalled this time.

He hit Tyrone ruthlessly, his arm was pinched at the same time, and on each arm, a sage spell was condensed!

The eight-armed saints of these colleagues were able to shoot at the same time, and the horror of the eight-armed saints were all revealed!

This is the killer of the eight-armed saint. If you don't make a move, it must be earth-shattering!

Eight Dao magic spells caused the world to change color, and a huge whirlpool slowly condensed and formed from the void.

This is an artificially formed black hole that can crush everything!

This was also the first time Fang Yue saw a saint-level spell, and the eight saint-level spells were superimposed on each other!

This black hole claims to swallow everything, even if the saint is involved in it, it will be completely shattered, and even scum can't be left.

Tyrone wanted to struggle, and he felt the life and death in this black hole.

If he can't escape, he has the ability to reach the sky and disperse his soul.

However, as soon as Tyrone moved his meridian, clusters of black flames surged from the surface of his skin!

This was the dark disease Fang Yue left on Tyrone, and hellfire was not so easy to cure. Unless Tyrone can immediately find a safe place to take care of him for a period of time, otherwise, once the zhenqi in his body is running, such black hellfire will burst out of the meridians. This hellfire can burn his meridians and burn

Burning his body made him unable to move, and even left irreversible injuries!

"I'm coming too!"

Elder Yinyue also shot at the same time. Originally, Tyrone was his opponent, but on the way, the eight-armed saint shot and robbed him of the limelight.

Elder Yinyue was also an old-style powerhouse among the saints anyway.

He cast a spell, the sky and the earth, a large silver-white net trapped Tyrone and became a turtle in the urn!

Tyrone has a green face! An eight-armed saint could no longer hold him, and now there is one more Silver Moon Elder, and the hateful Fang Yue, leaving him with serious injuries. This clearly cut him off in minutes. The back road, leaving him dead without a place to bury him

The rhythm!

My life is over!

Tyrone had closed his eyes, waiting for the black hole to come, shattering his body and soul at the same time.

However, after a long time, the feeling of crushing did not come.

A big golden hand protruded from the void, smashing the black hole to pieces!

The strong breath of the sage-level peak rose to the sky.

The sky collapsed, the earth collapsed!

An old and strong man with only the height of a child came from a distance. His steps were not fast, but he seemed to be in harmony with the way of heaven!

As soon as he appeared, he seemed to have become the center of the world, the only protagonist in this world!

"Taylon, you are still so useless! Even these two forces can't hold back!"

The child's height is full of ridicule, even if the old man he represents has been in a short-term alliance with the organizer of the Big Dipper, but he has no plans to leave the little bit of it to the organizer of the Big Dipper. Face!

Tyrone showed an awkward expression.

He didn't expect that he would be saved by someone who is not old. Although it is said to be cooperation, the forces of both sides are after all just a combination of interests!

Chapter 923: Adler

It's only once by the old folks, and in the future, they will be restrained in the distribution of benefits.

"Adler?"

The eight-armed saint recognized the identity of this old clan at a glance, and there was a strong jealousy in his eyes.

Adler is a rather legendary existence among the old people!

He is a mixture of human and immortal, with the learning ability of human and the longevity of immortality and the appearance of immortality. Although he is not an old clan, Adler has only spent less than a thousand years of life from the beginning of his cultivation to the present. However, he is already the top group of saints! Some people say that Adler can now be with the newcomer

The level of powerhouse regrets two moves.

No one knows whether this rumor is true or false!

But Adler's toughness is real, at least at the level of a saint, few people can challenge Adler!

Adler appeared, causing the eight-armed saint's heart to grip tightly.

He knows that there are saints who are not ancestors participating in the war, but he did not expect to be such a strong figure as Adler! "Hahaha! Our ally of the Beidou Contest has arrived. You should die quickly! If you don't struggle, maybe you still have a whole corpse to stay, if you struggle to resist, we will let you understand

What is life better than death. "

Tyrone struggled slowly, and he laughed at Fang Yue and the others.

The expression in his eyes is full of pride.

He was waiting for the powerhouse of the Gods and Demons and the expeditionary army to show desperate eyes.

"The final blow, **** fire!"

Fang Yue's little demon clone was also a little surprised, this old clan's people seemed to be a bit faster than he expected!

His deity has just passed the seventh level left by the Great Sun King!

There are two more levels before he can truly master the first seal in the Great Sun Palace, control the Great Sun Altar, and leave completely!

In order to delay the eternal race, Fang Yue directly chose to make the hundreds of flame creatures that had rushed into the genius group of the organizer of the Big Dipper to explode.

The rumbling flames rose to the sky, and the black swallowed all the light and hope!

The Tianjiao who had originally held the Big Dipper Battle just gave a sigh of relief, thinking that the overall situation was settled, even if Fang Yue was arrogant, he couldn't make any waves!

However, Fang Yue immediately gave them a loud slap, telling them that this matter is not over yet!

The sea of hell is raging!

Crazy fire waves move the clouds! A Tianjiao, who is the organizer of the Big Dipper, heard a beeping sound from his body, and their delicate skins were burned into charcoal. Even if they struggled for time, they were completely overwhelmed by the sea of fire and became a piece. Block black decay

wood!

"Fang Yue, I want to die with you!"

Tyrone's eyes opened with anger, and the anger in his heart could no longer be expressed in simple words.

He thought that the overall situation had been decided, and the organizers of the Beidou Fight would have no more losses.

He thought that joining the other two forces with the old clan was only a way to get rid of it!

But who could have expected that Fang Yue would have received such a crazy blow before he failed. The fire just now caused at least the body of the fairy seedling disciple carefully selected by the organizer of the Battle of the Thousand Beidou to become ashes!

However, Adler, who is not old, did not move.

He is only responsible for helping the organizer of the Battle of the Beidou win this war!

As for how many people will be killed by the organizer of the Battle of the North.

Then it is no longer within the scope of their consideration and cooperation!

The blood on the ground evaporates in the black flame.

Fang Yue looked at Tai Long, with a silent contempt in his smile.

Tai Long became angry and wanted to make a second shot from the opponent Yue!

Tyrone skyrocketed, and the black hellfire on his body was hunting and burning.

Tyrone was really cruel this time, even if he was burned by hellfire's meridians and left irreversible injuries, he must kill Fang Yue!

Even if it's just a clone venting its anger, it also represents the irresistible majesty of the organizer of the Big Dipper.

Fang Yue's eyebrows drooped.

It's like a Buddha.

"Fang Yue be careful!"

"Tyron stop!"

Elder Yinyue and the Eight-armed Saint must protect Fang Yue's clone!

Tyrone has already crossed the boundary, and his dignified saints have repeatedly attacked a junior in the world, which has already broken the agreement and rules between the saints!

"You two should watch them by your side!"

Adler shot, a sacred realm unfolded, and thousands of miles of ice was sealed, making the bodies of Elder Yinyue and the Eight-armed Saint a bit stiff, their movements were a bit slow, and Fang Yue had already faced Tyrone!

"Tyron, do you think you have a killer, do I not have it?"

"A saint-level powerhouse, can really crush everything?"

Fang Yue's tone was plain, but he had a taste of fighting against the sky!

In ancient times, saints should not be deceived, but Fang Yue will break this ancient rule and set a legend! An epic!

Fang Yue raised his hand, a mirror floated!

Onmyoji!

This is one of the few relics left by the Taoist Tutian!

In the Xuanhuang world, the name of Tutian Taoist is not obvious.

He seemed to be a cluster of bright fireworks in the starry sky, flashing away!

But in fact, he is a benchmark in the world of practitioners in Ten Thousand Realms.

A fight against the heavens and the immortals, once defeated the saints with the third level of the complete realm!

At the peak, the Taoist Tutian could hardly regret the great sage with his mid-stage realm!

He is a legend, a monster!

The yin and yang realm is one of the treasures he has worked so hard to forge!

It used to be accompanied by Tutian Taoist soldiers and horses, fighting in all directions!

Now, Fang Yue wants to use its power to once again create a legend, a myth!

"Yin and Yang turn!"

Tyrone approached, he displayed the secrets of the world and evolved a world, he wanted to seal Fang Yue and himself in.

Let Ten Thousand Realms not interfere with the battle between them.

However, that piece of world has not yet been played.

The light of Yin-Yang realm comes first.

Yin and Yang reversed, and the earth floated up and turned into a hazy sky of yellow light!

When the sky fell, it became a piece of azure land!

"Heaven and earth fall, the sun and the moon are dark!"

Fang Yue spoke again.

A scene of apocalypse appeared in that piece of heaven and earth, the moon was ruined and the stars were sinking, and the mountains and rivers were shattered!

The world that had just evolved was quickly destroyed.

Tyrone encountered a backlash, and immediately spewed a mouthful of black blood!

There is hellfire burning in the blood, and all the essence in the blood is stripped and evaporated quickly!

This was the second hard regret of Tyrone and Fang Yue, and it still ended in grief.

Tyrone's complexion was somber as water.

His record was too miserable. With the help of a sage, he bullied a small practitioner of the world realm, and he was slightly invincible!

This time, Adler of the Undead didn't help Tyrone. This is a shame!

If a small cultivator of the heaven and earth level, no matter how enchanting, if two saints join hands to kill, even if they win, it will be a shame for them for a lifetime!

The hellfire on Tyrone was never cut off, because he forcibly shot, and even made the hellfire burn even more!

Tyrone's viscera were all burned by hellfire, even if it was a saint-level powerhouse, the viscera was still fragile.

His injury is irreversible, even if it can be cured, at least in a hundred years, he will be unable to make progress anymore!

Tailong's eyes were fixed on Fang Yue, and the anger in it burned even more! "How could you control a saint-level magical weapon! If I expected this yin-yang mirror to be good, it should have been left by Taoist Tutian! Red for life, black for death! Back then, in order to strangle Taotian Taoist, I was Beidou The host of the dispute is

Not much loss of people! But in the end it is a pity that the Taoist Tutian escaped at the last moment of his death! The wealth on his body was left in the void of the universe, but you did not expect it to be obtained! "

A young man wearing a white cloak with a handsome face and almost a strange face slowly walked out. His figure moved from far to near, and the ground under his feet quickly passed by!

"Nalan is perfect!"

When the eight-armed saint saw this handsome and strange-looking boy, his breathing stopped slightly. From a certain point of view, Nalan Wuqian can be said to be one of the most pinnacle existences among the saints. His strength and means can be said to be comparable to Adler, but in terms of fame, Nalan Wuqian is even better than Adler is bigger! because,

Nalan Wuqian once slaughtered five and a half-step great saints with the strength of a saint at the peak stage 800 years ago.

He became famous in the first battle and became a member of the first echelon among the saints!

Originally, the appearance of an Adler had already put a lot of pressure on the eight-armed saint. Now, the appearance of Nalan's flawless appearance has almost locked the final outcome.

Adler, one person can easily overturn the collaboration of several saints.

Coupled with Nalan Wuwei, the two teamed up, and even the Great Sage was not afraid! "Fang Yue, you can judge yourself! I admit that your talent is amazing, but unfortunately, you chose the wrong position and should not stand opposite the organizer of the Battle of the Beidou. The organizer of the Battle of the Beidou is deeper than you think, even I have no access to the core

confidential! "

Nalan's tone was calm, like an emperor, deciding the life and death of a mortal!

"Give you a decent way to die! Live up to your talent!"

Nalan's incomplete words were filled with a taste of superior judgment.

Fang Yue also knew that he was definitely not Nalan's indispensable opponent.

The blow he just cast the Yin-Yang realm, he has exhausted all the reincarnation in his body!

The power of the saint is unmatched. Even if Fang Yue tried his best, he was only able to use the saint's magic weapon to exert a blow that was comparable to the real saint.

Of course, this is also related to this body being just a clone.

The cycle true energy contained in it is less than one thousandth of the deity's!

If it were the deity, the blow just now might have killed Tyrone!

Fang Yue looked at Nalan without any shortage.

"Is it really embarrassing for a senior like you to shoot me a junior?"

Fang Yue was still delaying time.

The deity has successfully passed the eighth level and entered the ninth room!

As long as he got the Great Day Palace, Fang Yue left immediately.

"There is nothing to be embarrassed or embarrassed about. A lion fights a rabbit. You need to do your best. What's more, I may not be a lion in your heart, and you are not a rabbit!"

Nalan has no sense of joy and anger, he is more calm than Tyrone, and at the same time more terrifying!

Such a person can become a great weapon and be a hero!

Fang Yue's palm shook, and the Yin Yang mirror had been sent into the storage space of another dimension. This clone of him can fall, but the yin and sun mirror cannot be lost.

Chapter 924: Strong Nalan

Nalan looked at Fang Yue's small movements without thinking of a pestle.

Anyway, Fang Yue's deity and clone will fall here sooner or later.

"If you don't speak, then you will assume that you will not agree to my suggestion! In that case, I will personally take action and end your life!"

Nalan Wuwei made a bold move, crushing the void, piercing the void with a palm, and his palm appeared on Fang Yue's chest in a blink of an eye.

What kind of teleportation, what kind of stiff Li Daitao, at this moment, they can't show it.

"Is this the strength of the strongest person who retired among the saints?"

Fang Yue had nothing but despair under Nalan's indispensable men.

His little demon clone was shattered every inch and turned into the tiniest particle, even if it was Da Luo Jinxian, he couldn't resurrect him.

At this moment, Fang Yue understood how far he was from the real saint top powerhouse.

He doesn't even have the qualifications to hurt both sides! Don't choose me except to be killed.

"Ants!"

Nalan Wuwei cut off a clone of Fang Yue, and faintly uttered two words of evaluation.

Nalan Wuwei didn't even bother to take a look at the destroyed little demon clone of the other Yue Yue, and then walked towards the eight-armed saint.

"Self-decision or let me do it!"

Nalan Wuwei looked at the eight-armed saint and looked indifferent!

He directly gave the eight-armed saint two choices, and never treated the eight-armed saint as an existence equal to himself.

"Nalan has no shortage, you die for me!"

Although the eight-armed saint thought he was inferior to Nalan, he was also considered a senior powerhouse among the saints. If Nalan made him commit suicide with a word, that would be the biggest joke in the world.

Rather Stick to your guns.

The eight-armed saint gritted his teeth and squeezed the seal with all eight hands.

A phantom of the Buddha, with thousands of hands and thousands of eyes, appeared behind him, with infinite supernatural powers!

This is the highest supernatural power he cultivated, the Buddha's boundless light!

With this protection, the saint is hard to hurt!

"Small bugs!"

Nalan Wuwei gave a four-character evaluation, and his eyes instantly turned red.

Two beams of blood-colored light ejected from the depths of the eyes, falling on the Buddha's phantom, shattering every inch, and vanishing for an instant!

The face of the eight-armed saint was pale for an instant, as bloodless as paper.

"Seven Kills!"

The eight-armed saint did not flinch, his eight arms waved at the same time.

The void shattered and formed a whirlpool, every arm and every fist hit Nalan's indispensable vital part!

Nalan Wuwei just stretched out a finger to the brow of the eight-armed saint.

The eight-armed saint's body cracked like a porcelain doll, and fell to the sky!

"Unbearable!"

Nalan Wucai almost killed a pinnacle saint with just one finger!

His arrogant attitude is outrageous!

Nalan possessed the body without any defect, and wanted to make up a punch to completely return the eight-armed saint from dust to dust and dirt to dirt, disappear from this world, unable to resurrect.

At this moment, Fang Yue made a bold move, and the deity in the Great Sun Palace finally completely conquered the ninth room!

He gained control of the first floor of the Dahi Palace.

Immediately afterwards, he released the sixth breath of the Fire Heaven!

The second level of control was also gained by him.

The Great Sun King outside the Great Sun Palace was shocked!

The rooms in the Great Day Palace he arranged are more difficult to break than one!

Breaking through nine levels in a row proves Fang Yue's unparalleled potential!

"Nalan has no shortage, you die for me!"

Fang Yue threw a picture scroll in the Da Ri Palace.

This is what he got in the corpse farm, the finishing touch, a figure of a real dragon skyrocketed!

Longwei conquered the world, and the clouds and rain were overwhelming. Even though Nalan looked indifferent, even ordinary saints did not pay attention to it. The moment he sensed the pressure of the real dragon, he stopped his movements and raised his head slightly.

True dragons themselves represent a certain limit of cultivation. They are born with the bloodline of the heavenly rank, among the beasts of the gods. Once they break into a certain realm, they will sweep everything in the same realm invincible!

With a clear dragon chant, layers of illusions appeared in Nalan Wuxia's mind, and her eyes were dull and unable to move.

"go!"

Fang Yue took control of the palace of the sun into the sky, and the altar of the sun was also integrated with the palace!

The Great Sun Palace shone ten thousand rays of divine light and included all the people from the Hall of Gods and Demons and the Expeditionary Army.

In the next moment, Fang Yue controlled the palace, escaped, broke through the void, turned into a mustard seed, and disappeared under the endless cracks in the space!

"Fang Yue!"

Nalan Wuwei was stunned for a moment under the trap of the real dragon. He immediately came to his senses, leaned out his hands, and tore the real dragon alive.

After all, this is not a perfect dragon, just an illusion born out of a picture scroll!

The real dragon that was torn apart, turned into a little bit of starlight, disappeared between the endless vast world. Nalan's face was full of sultry cyan. He has been in all his life, and even the strong of the Great Sage can't stop his footsteps. Now he was teased by Fang Yue's ants in the world and finally left the Temple of Gods and Demons and the Expeditionary Army. All the vitality of

!

Nalan's flawless fists were clenched, and the veins violent.

"If I don't kill you, I swear not to be a man!"

Nalan murmured to herself and took an oath.

"Dari Palace, the sun altar was taken away by Fang Yue! Not even the people from the Temple of Gods and Demons and the Expeditionary Army were left!"

Adler, who is not old, looked at Fang Yue's disappearing figure in control of the Da Ri Palace. I could not help but mutter to myself, sighing endlessly in my heart.

Letting the tiger go back to the mountain will have endless troubles.

This time it was tantamount to offending both forces of the Expeditionary Army and the Temple of Gods and Demons at the same time.

What they dispatched this time was only a small number of people.

When they meet again next time, the organizers of the old clan and the Battle of the Big Dipper will probably have to add one hundred thousand cautions! "Fortunately, the suppression of the Sun Altar disappeared, and the seal should be able to be unlocked. There are a total of 108 sealed lands in this gorge. Among them are the ancestors who suppressed my Beidou dispute and The old patriarch of the old clan!

Rescuing them, we will each add a powerhouse at the pinnacle of the Great Sage to each of our two clans. Even if the Expeditionary Army and the Temple of Gods and Demons once again retaliate, we will have the confidence to fight against it! "

Nalan Wuwei retracted his gaze. This Fang Yue hasn't grown into his realm for the time being, and he will have time to clean up Fang Yue in the future. The top priority now is to rescue the ancestors from the organizers of the Big Dipper!

The place of judgment.

The Da Ri Palace that Fang Yue controlled slowly landed.

All the people in the expeditionary army and the Temple of Gods and Demons were released by him from the Great Sun Palace.

All of a sudden, the place of judgment was full of figures, and powerful auras rose to the sky, rolling the clouds!

"Fang Yue, you have helped us once again!"

The eight-armed saint's face was pale, and as soon as he appeared, he clasped his fists and expressed his gratitude to Fang Yue.

This time, there are dozens of saint-level powerhouses in their Divine Demon Temple. If all of them fall here, it will seriously affect the foundation of the sect. "Although my expeditionary force comes from the other side of the universe, the grievances and grievances are clear. This time, we have recorded it. We owe you a favor. If there is any need for help, as long as it does not touch the principle of the interests of the two universes. ask

Question, I will do my best! "

For the commander-in-chief of the expeditionary army this time, the sage-level leader Haya Fang Yue expressed his gratitude.

To Fang Yue's great surprise, the leader of this expeditionary army turned out to be a woman. She was a young woman in palace clothes, with gentle brows and eyes, and could not see any murderous aura.

Haye expressed his gratitude to Fang Yue.

Fang Yue nodded slightly. The Ten Thousand Universe and the Bian Universe, in the final analysis, are all disputes of interests, regardless of right or wrong, and their respective positions are different. Therefore, Fang Yue does not hate the people of the Bian Universe, but rather the Beidou dispute. The organizer repeatedly needles

To them, Fang Yue hated the roots of his teeth.

Everyone, Fang Yue, can let it go, only the organizer of this Beidou fight, Fang Yue will not let it go if he is killed!

The hatred in it has been difficult to resolve.

Even if Fang Yue pierced the sky, he would have to make the organizers of the Battle of the Beidou pay a heavy price. "It's not a matter of saying such things. The most urgent task now is to figure out two things. One thing is why the undead should join forces with the organizers of the Battle of the Big Dipper. Although the number of people in the undead is not many, they are individual. Incomparably powerful! Among them, the saints are like forests, and the master-level powerhouses are even more of a cow! If the people of this clan make all-out efforts, even the Temple of Gods and Demons may not be able to resist! The second thing is the goal of the organizer of the Big Dipper. What makes him

We do not hesitate to offend the two forces of the Temple of Gods and Demons and the Expeditionary Force to invade this valley! "

Fang Yue had already purchased information about the undead from the Wanxiang Pavilion in a short period of time.

The people of this tribe, because of their long lifespan, are extremely cherish their lives. They are always old and mild-tempered, and they are unwilling to have large-scale conflicts with other power groups!

But precisely because the old people are always keeping a low profile, so how much deep heritage has this group accumulated during the long years? This is hard to guess and measure!

What's the reason for the peace-loving old folks to fight at all costs?

The reason behind this is also thought-provoking.

"I may have an answer to this matter."

It was Haye.

After experiencing this incident, Fang Yue drove the Great Sun Palace, saved dozens of their expeditionary army, dozens of saint-level powerhouses, as well as a large number of leader-level, Yin-Yang-level existence. She has already regarded Fang Yue as a good match for her. Being on an equal footing.

Now there is no boundary between the cosmic races, and under the threat of the war of the Big Dipper and the old people joining hands, they are all grasshoppers on a rope.

If they don't join hands, they are afraid that everyone will not be able to escape.

"Please speak!"

Fang Yue stretched out his hand and said quite politely. Ha Yi cleared his throat and said, "This canyon was actually named Demon Valley. It was built 130,000 years ago. At that time, the entire universe was chaotic by all demons. Some of them belonged to the universe. Aborigines, and some are descendants from the other side of the universe! Their realm is quite high, each with weird magical powers and methods, some of them have even reached the realm of the great sage, they wantonly slaughter, sucking on common life refinements The pill making, finally offended the sky

The court ordered one hundred thousand heavenly soldiers and generals to come and conquer. After hundreds of years of fierce battle, most of the great demons were captured. But the generals of the heavenly court felt that it would be a shame if all these people were killed. After all, they were all saints, even in the heavenly court, they would be considered a good player! Therefore, they built this Demon Valley, sealed the group of demons with the help of Feng Shui terrain, and built eight auxiliary altars and three main altars, constantly refining the remnants of these demons, and transforming their saint origins into the nine-ranks. Fairy liquid! According to the plan of Heavenly Court, it takes a full 360,000 years to be able to transfer this

These great demons have all been refined, and it has only been 130,000 years now. I am afraid that some great demons are still lingering! "Hayi talked about those secret past.

Chapter 925: Demon Valley

Fang Yue was stunned to hear, how crazy these great demons were, they slaughtered the world, and even the Heavenly Court was alarmed, and sent Heavenly Soldiers and Generals to suppress it!

"How many of these monsters are there, and are there any ancestors of the old race and the organizer of the Big Dipper?"

Fang Yue had vaguely guessed why the two forces joined forces.

Haye smiled bitterly and shook his head: "This is not something we can know! This is after all the core secrets of the two big forces, we can't investigate! The only thing I know is that there are a total of 108 in this town of Demon Valley. The seal of the great demon, in each of the great demon seals, those who are sleeping are the powerful of the great sage! There are also the seal of three thousand demon generals, and those who are sleeping are the strong of the saints! The seal of one hundred thousand demon soldiers, Those who are sealed are ordinary saint-level powerhouses! It is said that in the center of the seal of the great demon, there are eight seals of the demon king, and the sleeping demon is the demon head of the virtual fairyland! But the truth of this rumor cannot be confirmed because of these The seal is invisible and hard to observe from the outside world!"

It can be said that Raha Yi knows everything and speaks endlessly, in order to show his willingness to cooperate.

"My idea is to start with the seal of the magic soldier, and see if we can find some of the immortal liquids that have been transformed, and then the three of our forces can be divided equally! This good thing is all safe! Don't get caught up in the Beidou fight! The people hosting the party and the hall of gods and demons are monopolized!"

Fang Yue is very careful.

Anyway, there is absolutely no ancestor of the Fang family in this town of Demon Valley, and the soul cards of the ancestors of the Fang family are in his pocket!

This demon commander, great demon, etc., can't be refined in this broken place, but ordinary demon soldiers are also dead, you will never be unable to refine it!

Xianye, although Fang Yue didn't know what it was, it was a good thing at first.

These days, everything related to immortals is a good thing!

Fang Yue's suggestion was not immediately denied by Hay and the Eight-Armed Saint.

Although, this town of Demon Valley must have the ancestors of the Universe and the Temple of Gods and Demon.

But the problem is that they can't find a place to seal their ancestors!

In case of a wrong dig, a great demon ran out and beat them all to death!

This makes no sense to anyone!

"However, this sealed land is extremely concealed and difficult to find. Perhaps the organizers of the Big Dipper and the old people hold the sealed land of their ancestors, but our expeditionary army does not have a map or the like!"

Although Fang Yue's idea is good, it is difficult to implement.

"This bag is on me! I have cultivated to the realm of Grand Master in formation, and I am also proficient in Feng Shui metaphysics!"

Fang Yue is definitely a miscellaneous family, with a single aspect of strength, he is definitely not the best.

But taken together, he was able to make some saints ashamed, beyond the dust!

"Master of Array Formation?!"

The eight-armed saint hesitated for a moment before he thought of the shocking formation method Fang Yue had previously used. Even the saint could regret it. It was not to raise the realm of the formation mage to the level of the master, and it was absolutely impossible to use such a method!

This Fang Yue was just amazing enough in terms of his cultivation base talent.

He is also proficient in other methods, and his achievements are so high, it is indeed extremely ashamed.

Grandmaster-level mages, in terms of status, are already comparable to master-level powerhouses, but the problem is that there are countless master-level powerhouses in the world.

But the master of formation is extremely rare!

"Fang Yue is the responsibility of finding the seal of the magic soldier! If you find the immortal liquid, you can monopolize half of it, and the other half will be divided between us!"

Although Hari is from the universe beyond, it does not mean that she is unreasonable and does not understand the rules and principles.

If it were not for Fang Yue, maybe they would have become the evil spirits of the old people and the organizer of the Beidou Controversy, let alone looking for the fairy liquid, even the opportunity to go back alive would not have been.

And the importance of the master of formation is self-evident for finding the fairy liquid!

The place where the Demon Soldier is sealed is extremely obscure, perhaps in a different world, just bordering on this gorge with some spatial nodes.

If they were to search inch by inch, the year of the monkey might not be able to find the location of the sealed land.

They might even break into the Demon King's Sealed Land by mistake. It is not impossible to be slapped to death by one person!

Fang Yue didn't refuse. Although this fairy liquid didn't know what it was for, since it was stained with the word "Xian", it must be extremely precious!

If these immortal liquids are used well, maybe it can make his future path of cultivation smoother.

Fang Yue arranged the altar. Naturally, this altar was not a blood altar or a sun altar, the kind of altar that was as high as the edge.

The altar used by Fang Yue is only a magical tool at the peak level of the rotation realm. The material is quite ordinary, and it belongs to the mainland in the Wanxiang Pavilion.

"To find the place where the magic soldier is sealed, I need to measure Feng Shui metaphysics. This altar can help me watch my luck and quickly find the place where the magic soldier is sealed!"

As Fang Yue explained, he sprinkled a lot of spirit stones on the altar.

The altar was illuminated, and layers of spiritual energy rose up.

In a blink of an eye, Fang Yue had already shed a million lower-grade spirit stones, but he didn't even blink his eyes.

Massive auras spread surging around.

These auras are so strong that they are almost liquefied and visible to the naked eye!

"Aura transforms into shape, real dragon taps acupuncture points!"

Fang Yue let out a low growl, and the massive aura condensed into the appearance of a real dragon, wagging its tail and soaring away.

It soared into the void, flying out about hundreds of kilometers, and suddenly a black hole vortex formed in mid-air!

The real dragon that evolved from aura was swallowed by life, and all this just happened between the electric light and flint.

The real dragon disappeared, and the black hole vortex also disappeared.

Fang Yue's eyes widened, revealing a dignified and terrifying look!

"Fang Yue, have you found the seal of the magic soldier?"

Seeing that Fang Yue's expression was a bit wrong, the Eight-armed Saint asked in a low voice.

"found it!"

Fang Yue was silent for a long time before suffocating these three words.

It's not that he wants to swallow the fairy liquid alone and doesn't want to say it, but is worried that they will suffer too much for the fairy liquid, and the gain will not be worth the loss.

"where?"

The eight-armed saint is gearing up, he has been stagnant at a certain small level of the saint realm for too long. In the jargon of the practitioner, it is his foundation that has exhausted his potential. It takes some great opportunities to stimulate, and then there is a further possibility!

This fairy liquid is undoubtedly a great opportunity.

Even if he gets a drop, his chances of breaking through will be greatly increased if the refinement continues!

"The place where the dragon-shaped aura disappears is the space node leading to the Demon Soldier's Seal Land, but there is a big danger in it, I am afraid it is not easy to get involved!"

Fang Yue hesitated for a long time before deciding to tell the truth. As for whether or not to step into that space node, everything is left to the Eight-armed Saint himself.

"how to say?"

The eight-armed saint is not a reckless person, there is a big risk before a big opportunity.

If the immortal liquid was not obtained, but his life was taken in, it would be more than worthwhile!

Therefore, he remained cautious enough. Only when Fang Yue promised that there was no danger, he dared to step into it.

"look!"

Fang Yue didn't say anything freely, because some things couldn't be said clearly.

A stroke of his palm.

A small white skeleton appeared in front of the eight-armed saint. Little Skeleton also held a rusty iron knife in his hand. The rust on the knife was mottled, and the steps of the little Skeleton were swaying, making it difficult to walk.

Fang Yue teleported, and directly sent the little skeleton to the place where the spirit dragon disappeared.

Immediately, in the sky, a palm-sized cloud of robbery floated.

A thunder robbery of the thickness of chopsticks fell without warning.

With a click, the little skull was split in half, and there was no bone dregs left!

"Heavenly Tribulation?"

The eight-armed saint took a deep breath.

Heavenly Tribulation, except for a few freaks like Fang Yue, is not afraid of it, it is the nemesis of most practitioners!

Under the catastrophe, how many arrogances fell, and how many catastrophes turned into ashes.

Heroes are at the end of life, and humans become bones.

"It's not a catastrophe, it's a small descending magic formation!"

When Fang Yue mentioned the four words of the Little Demon Formation, he himself felt sore.

This stall is big.

"Little Demon Falling Array? I don't understand the formation. Is there any difference between this Little Demon Falling Array and the one that stalks the heavens?" Eight-armed Saint asked shamelessly.

It's about life and death, know more about it!

"The Little Falling Magic Array is a form of formation that is the ultimate evolution of traditional formations."

"This kind of formation, the gods block and kill the gods, and the Buddhas block and kill the Buddha. Before eternity, countless strong men have fallen into it! It will lower the tit-for-tat restraint based on the breath of the practitioners stepping into the formation and the realm of cultivation. The technique. The stronger you are, the stronger he is, and the most disgusting thing is that the methods of this formation are strange and unparalleled. The more you are afraid of something, the more it will give you!"

When Fang Yue mentioned the Little Falling Magic Array, even he himself felt a little bad mood.

This is listed as the top ten disgusting formations in the world.

Fang Yue would rather encounter a peerless fierce formation than a disgusting person like a small descending demon formation!

"But the magic soldier is watching, are we just giving up like this?"

The eight-armed saint was not reconciled, and all his hopes of breakthrough were pinned on this immortal liquid.

On weekdays, the eight-armed saint has not had such a strong desire to break through, but after seeing that Adler and Nalan are intact, the eight-armed saint has a stronger desire to break through.

The same saint-level powerhouse, why can't he even take a blow from others.

Every saint has self-esteem, and the self-esteem of an eight-armed saint is particularly strong!

"The Little Demon Formation is indeed a rare formation in the world. Even in the universe beyond me, few people can arrange this formation!"

A gentle voice sounded.

Ha Yi's figure appeared beside Fang Yue.

Ha Yi's smile was gentle, giving a feeling of spring breeze.

"However, this formation may not be unbreakable. I have two broken formation stones in my hand, claiming to be able to break all formations below the Great Sage!"

Hay spread out his palms.

A golden stone appeared in the palm of his hand.

This golden stone, forming its own magnetic field, can disrupt the normal operation of all formations.

"The expeditionary army still has such a treasure?"

The eight-armed saint was afraid that when fighting against the Expeditionary Army in the Temple of Gods and Demons, the Expeditionary Army obviously did not use all of its strength and means.

The Hall of Gods and Demons also relied on the formation to behead several leaders of the Expeditionary Army.

Chapter 926 The Sealed Land

Obviously, the expeditionary army is not soft-hearted, but wants to use good steel on the blade. At a critical moment, the broken stone will be sacrificed to disrupt the operation of the gods and demons. At least it must kill a saint-level strong, Has just lived up to the power of this hole card.

"Okay! Since there is a broken formation stone, then everything is worry-free, but I can only lock the sealed place where the magic soldier is located, whether there are other mechanisms in it, then it is not good!"

Fang Yue still remained sufficiently cautious about this matter, which involved the heavenly court and the heavenly soldiers and generals, and the dangers of the Demon Sealed Land were definitely not something they could see through at a glance.

"I suggest that the three of us go to this magical land together, while the others rest on the spot! It's not that the larger the number of people, the better the search for immortal liquid. Just a few elites are enough!"

Hay put forward his own ideas.

Fang Yue expressed no opinion.

Naturally, he would not let his deity take risks personally, what he sent was his own mud puppet!

This mud puppet has almost the same realm means as the deity, and even if it falls, it will not harm Fang Yue's deity's vitality.

"I think this suggestion is good!" The Eight-armed Saint showed a cheerful smile. To be honest, the Eight-armed Saint has a good recovery ability. He had been so badly injured by Nalan Wuqi before, but now he is alive and well.

This is strong enough for this clan's anti-strike ability.

Even Fang Yue is looking at him!

The three set out, and soon came to the space node of the Demon Enclosed Land.

But that space node is invisible, unless there is a special method, it is difficult to expose it!

The gazes of Hay and the Eight-armed Saint fell on Fang Yue.

Among the three who are proficient in spatial methods, Fang Yue is the only one!

Fang Yue didn't refuse, and quickly locked the space node.

The space node opens.

The three of them filed in and disappeared.

When he arrived at the Demon Sealing Land of the Demon Soldier, Ha Yi sacrificed the golden broken formation stone in his hand.

The broken stone is suspended in the air, as if it is a round of suspension in the air tomorrow, shining a brilliant golden brilliance!

The area of the enclave is not very large.

You can see the end at a glance.

This is a dark space, with strong magical energy and thin aura almost disappeared.

In this space, Fang Yue felt a frightening taste.

"You are finally here!"

An old sigh came from behind Fang Yue, silent, like a light sigh of a ghost.

"You are not dead!"

Fang Yue quickly turned around.

The two people beside him have disappeared!

Only the golden broken array stone above his head was still floating, suppressing the small descending magic array in this space.

Fang Yue saw an old man walking slowly, his face, wrinkles piled up, was already extremely old, there was not even the slightest breath of life in his body.

It is a mixture of death air and ghost air.

He walked step by step, smiling kindly.

But Fang Yue didn't feel the slightest kindness.

His first reaction is how far and how far he ran!

However, Fang Yue discovered that the surrounding space was slowly shrinking.

This place has become a prison, leaving nowhere to escape.

"Don't you want to take away the immortal liquid refined from my physical body? I have three drops here! Come and get it!"

The old man's smile turned hideous, as if it turned into a ghost, rushing towards Fang Yue!

"This illusion!"

Fang Yue roared, and he ran the "Soul Truth".

A series of golden runes emerged in the void, floating around, dispelling all the devilish energy around.

Fang Yue fixed his eyes again.

Where is the figure of the old man.

The eight-armed saint and Hay were by his side, each in cold sweat, soaked clothes, as if they had just been fished out of the water tank.

"Fang Yue, are you free from the illusion?"

Hay asked. There was a trace of paleness on her calm face.

"Yeah! I didn't expect that the demon soldiers who had been suppressed in this enclave of demons became a magic kiln, and there were traps left by the demon soldiers who were suppressed everywhere. Even if he died, he did not want to be killed Take away his refined fairy liquid!"

Fang Yue quickly guessed the mind of this demon soldier.

It's just human nature!

"Follow me, I will let you reincarnate! If you fail, I will tear down this magic land!"

Fang Yue suddenly spoke, unparalleled.

Both Hay and the eight-armed saint looked sideways.

Who is this Fang Yue talking to?

"Jie Jie Jie! I didn't expect that after so many years, someone would finally come to this Demon Land to accompany me! The altar outside is probably unsealed, but unfortunately, it's too late, I can't get out anymore! "

The figure of the old man in the illusion appeared. It was fake last time, but it was real this time.

"You really are not dead!"

Fang Yue looked at the old man with a shocked expression.

It's been tens of thousands of years, and this old man is still being refined. Uncle, are you a king?

"Not only that I am not dead, but all the demon soldiers, demon generals, and great demons in this land of demon are not dead! This place is not only used to refine immortal liquid! The people who set up this land of demon are big Means, big pattern, big courage!"

What the old man has been refined is only skin and bones, and his body contains only a very thin strand of life essence to barely support the operation of his body.

Withered Wood Sutra!

Fang Yue saw a very familiar scripture on the old man.

Isn't this the original creation of teacher Ruyizi?

How could it appear on the body of a great demon hundreds of thousands of years ago.

In terms of age, when Master Ruyizi created this scripture, this great demon should have been suppressed for more than 10,000 years!

Fang Yue was suddenly lost.

This special mother can't match the number!

"Where did this scripture come from! Not to mention killing you!"

If this old man is in full bloom, Fang Yue is still afraid of him three points.

Now all the means have been exhausted by the years, and only a corpse-like body is left.

"Don't talk, don't talk!"

Seeing Fang Yue's anxious appearance, the old man showed a mysterious smile.

"Don't talk to your mom! Do you think I don't know if you don't tell?"

Fang Yue's blood was like a dragon, and it was released in an instant, and the entire enclosing magic land was completely illuminated, and it was red, like a flame burning the sky!

The old man's face changed slightly.

What kind of trick is this special mother!

The cultivation base of the realm of heaven and earth surpasses the flesh of ordinary saints. It must be known that the burning of blood and energy is the most feared by the great demon with only a strand of support left.

"I said, I said!"

The old man surrendered, and if he continues to be burned by the blood, the little capital left by his lingering breath is probably consumed by Fang Yue!

"Fart! You think I'm rare!"

Fang Yue doesn't have much trust in this old man. He is an old demon who has been suppressed for so many years. It is not bad if he is not mentally perverted. You still count on him to be honest and trustworthy, and be a four-good young man.

Fang Yue pumped his soul directly. This was a saint-level soul. According to the truth, Fang Yue could not read his memory.

But this old man has been sealed for too many years, the sea of consciousness has almost dried up, and the fluctuation of his soul is no longer stable.

Fang Yue also had a chance to read his memory.

The memory of this old man is very confused.

He has been in custody for too long, and as expected, he is already mentally abnormal!

It took a lot of effort for Fang Yue to read all of her memories in the Sea of Knowledge.

Before being sealed, this old man was indeed a great demon among the ten thousand realms, slaughtered completely, and then suppressed by the heavenly soldiers!

He had been suppressed in this land of demons for more than 100,000 years, and all the essence in his body had been refined into three drops of celestial liquid, which is now on an altar in this space.

This is about the memory of the first half of the old man.

He still has memories of the second half.

Eight thousand years ago, the consciousness of the fallen old man recovered. He unexpectedly discovered that there was an extra volume of scripture in the sea of consciousness, the Dead Wood Sutra.

He ran the scriptures, the last ray of vitality in his body was restrained, and he stepped into a realm of life and non-life. With this immortality, not only his own strength was no longer extracted, but his strength began to gradually recover. Steadily climbing, if Fang Yue and the others came tens of thousands of years later, this old demon might have recovered his strength, broke the seal, and reigned over the world!

Who gave that volume of scripture?

There was a doubt in Fang Yue's heart.

But anyway.

This time Fang Yue always gained a lot.

The three of them harvested three drops of fairy liquid.

Fang Yue got a drop and a half.

This fairy liquid is said to be a liquid. In fact, it is milky white and the size of a longan. It is gelatinous and can be cut from the middle.

The fairy liquid contains a wisp of extremely pure fairy air!

If it is taken all the year round, it may breed immortal body!

Fang Yue is very fond of this fairy liquid!

Although he still doesn't know the specific purpose of this thing, its preciousness should be no less than an ordinary saint-level panacea!

In addition, Fang Yue also gained the precious combat experience in this old demon's mind. This is the combat experience with the heavenly soldiers and generals, and most people would not use it!

More importantly, even though the soul in the exhausted Sea of Consciousness of the Old Demon decayed, Fang Yue still produced the first drop of Rank Six Soul Liquid!

This is refined from the soul of the saint, and the value is self-evident!

Leave the sealed land of the magic soldier.

Fang Yue looked in a trance.

He felt that he couldn't see his master more clearly.

He is in the corpse.

His footprints also exist in the sealed land of the magic soldier.

Thousands of years ago, the "Withered Wood Sutra" was passed down, and the time for all of this was right.

What exactly is Master going to do?

What kind of game is he setting up, and to whom is he going to act?

There were doubtful thoughts in Fang Yue's heart.

Originally, the very simple master Ruyizi was suddenly hazy under a mysterious cloud of smoke.

"This time the land of enchantment is very rewarding! Thanks to Fang Yue's help!" The eight-armed saint, Fang Yue, was very grateful for his dedication. This time, he was allocated a portion of the fairy liquid, enough for him to open it. Go to the closed door to the next level.

For practitioners, there is nothing more tempting than breaking through the realm and increasing strength.

Instead, it was Ha Yi's face, without much joy.

"Actually, this is not a real fairy fluid. The fairy fluid is already covered with a fairy character. It is extraordinary, and its magic is difficult to express in words! The fairy fluid, even just a drop, can be condensed. The essence of the sun and the moon! According to legend, the 9th grade fairy liquid, even the lowest grade 1st grade fairy liquid, will be filled with joy and fragrance.

Ordinary people can step into the fairy gate and become a peerless foundation after smelling a trace of fairy liquid! The liquid refined by this magic soldier can at best be called a semi-finished product of the fairy liquid, which has the effect of 10 to 20% of the 9th grade fairy liquid! "

Chapter 927: Seeking wealth from danger

The Universe on the other side is vaster than the Ten Thousand Realms Universe, and has experienced longer and longer years of practice.

Among them, the records of various heaven and earth treasures are also more abundant.

Even Ha Yi once saw a drop of real Yipin fairy liquid when he was a child.

"Even if it is not the fairy liquid, it is enough to make me break through a small realm!"

At the beginning, there was a touch of disappointment on the face of the Eight-armed Saint.

But soon, he adjusted his emotions and channeled the depression in his heart.

His goal is just to break through the shackles of the original realm and reach a higher realm level.

Regardless of whether he gets the finished fairy liquid, as long as he can break through the realm, it is a good thing!

Ha Yi smiled: "You are indeed in a good state of mind. This semi-finished Nine Stage Immortal Liquid is strong in medicine. After being refined into the pill, it can help you break through the current small realm! Even, it can accumulate your Inheritance, solid foundation. Let alone a small realm, there is no problem in breaking through three small realms within a hundred years!

But if I'm not mistaken, you used to excavate your own potential when you were a teenager, and you have exhausted your potential when you have cultivated to the present level, and it is almost exhausted! Even if you use this semi-finished Ninth-Rank Immortal Liquid, you will at most reach the peak of a saint. After a thousand years, your lifespan will be exhausted and you will still return to dust and dirt! "

The smile on the face of the eight-armed saint that Haye said gradually diminished. Although the words that Haye said were not very pleasant, in fact, every word touched the heart of the eight-armed saint.

But for those who practice, who is not for longevity?

If he could not die, the eight-armed saint did not want to fall early.

"Then you have a solution?"

The eight-armed saint looked at Hay, with a serious expression and a terrifying tone.

It's about life and death, about destiny.

The eight-armed saint had to choose carefully.

"Fortune and danger, the place where the magic soldier's seal is bred is three drops of semi-finished celestial liquid. If it reaches the place of the magical commander's seal, there may be a complete celestial liquid that can be taken out. You must know, everyone The sealed demon generals are all outstanding among the great sages! Any one of them may be no weaker than Nalan Wuwei and Adler!"

The two names of Hay irritated the eight-armed saint fiercely.

Fang Yue is thinking about how big this master's chess game is!

This time, the demon soldier is only a temporary interest of the master, or is it an example of the teaching of the teachings or all the great demons in this entire sealed land have been taught by his master. The "Withered Wood" is running some terrible plan.

"Fang Yue, what do you think of this matter?"

Haye looked at Fang Yue, the eight-armed saint was only his helper after all, and the real core key was Fang Yue.

If there is no Fang Yue, let alone beheading the demon general, I am afraid they will not even be able to find where the demon general is sealed!

"Huh? You said to find the sealed demon?"

Fang Yue was silent for a moment, and after thinking about it, he said, "This beheading the demon general is too risky, and I don't recommend it. After all, every demon general is the strength of Adela and Nalan in the perfect series. The great demon in the earth is not dead, who will be their opponent? Anyway, I think it's a bit too risky to go to the Sealed Land of the Demon Commander level with this little power of us! Although it is said to be wealthy and dangerous, but we It has not yet reached the point where you have to risk your life!"

Fang Yue expressed his own thoughts.

In fact, Fang Yue could see that the reason why this Hari always bewitched the eight-armed saint, the real purpose must be that the drunkard's intention is not to drink.

The relationship between the three is subtle.

No matter how good Haiyi is, and no matter how close she is, she will eventually be a member of the expeditionary force and belong to the universe beyond.

This time the cooperation is over, if we see you next time, maybe it will be a battlefield of life and death when we meet again.

From the bottom of his heart, Fang Yue is more inclined to the Temple of Gods and Demons. After all, there is no conflict of interest between the two parties.

"Then what do you mean?"

Hearing Fang Yue's words, Haye revealed a deep disappointment in his eyes.

If Fang Yue doesn't go, all her plans may be ruined.

"I mean, we can first explore with the hands of the Beidou Controversy organizer. Even when it's critical, the old folks can be used as our path-finding pawns."

Fang Yue's smile groaned.

Ha Yi suddenly felt that the boy in front of him was a little scary!

If it were to be replaced by someone else, I'm afraid I can't wait to stay away from these two forces. Unexpectedly, Fang Yue would dare to fight the idea of the organizer of the Big Dipper and the old people at this time.

"tell me the story....."

Hayi turned his ears, Fang Yue told Hay and the Eight-Armed Saint his plan.

The two nodded again and again, their eyes glowing again and again, with fear and joy.

Gu Cheng held a long sword and walked forward cautiously. He walked forward three times, his face covered with solemn caution.

As a disciple carefully cultivated by the organizer of the Battle of the Beidou, Gu Cheng had actually thought that he would have a day, and he would pay it back sooner or later.

However, Gu Cheng did not expect that this day would come so suddenly...

"Gu Cheng, hurry up!"

Behind him, a urging voice came.

Gu Cheng's rhythm did not change, as he was still tapping the ground tentatively with the small wooden stick in his hand.

On the ground, there was a thumping sound, hollow and long.

There are graves on the left and right, and the grass at the head of the grave is one foot high, already waist-level.

"Senior Sister, let me walk slowly! This place seems to be a bit sullen, we may be very close to the target!"

Gu Cheng managed to squeeze a smile, his smile was very pale, very reluctant!

Senior Sister Lei Luo snorted coldly, rolled her eyes, and didn't bother to pay attention to Gu Cheng!

This place is dangerous, of course she knows Lei Luo, if it is not dangerous, there is no need to use human lives to explore!

But what is the danger?

Behind her Lei Luo, there are hundreds of juniors at the rotation level like Gu Cheng.

One Gu Cheng died, and there are hundreds of pathfinder disciples for her to dispatch.

When the Master was leaving, he said that as long as the seal of the Saintess Chen Bi can be found, it doesn't matter if these juniors are dead clean.

The first person to find the place where the saint's bones are buried will receive a heavy reward from the organizer of the Battle of the Big Dipper. Not to mention, at least it will not be possible to raise her from the peak of Yin and Yang to the peak of the realm. questionable!

Among the organizers of the Beidou Fight, strength is the representative position.

If she is the pinnacle of Yin-Yang realm, but the rotation realm, Gu Cheng's current position is hers!

As Gu Cheng moved forward, his wooden stick suddenly fell.

A pale skeleton hand suddenly jumped out of the ground, and with a click, crushed the path-finding stick.

Gu Cheng's face was pale, his whole figure was frozen in place.

A stray wind suddenly came.

The goose bumps all over Gu Cheng's body were growing!

"No!"

Gu Cheng screamed.

However, it does not help.

A silver sword slowly poked out of the void and directly penetrated the back of Gu Cheng's heart.

Blood spurts and falls all over the ground!

Gu Cheng felt that when his eyes went dark, he was facing the sky and fell to the ground!

"Unlucky, the next place!"

Before Gu Cheng died, he heard his senior sister's unsympathetic spurning.

Gu Cheng didn't look at him. He regretted that he should not join the ruthless and unjust organization of the Beidou Fight.

L.

Gu Cheng's senior sister walked away.

Gu Cheng lay alone on the ground, and there was no one to collect his body!

In the sky, there was a patter of light rain, and the rain was black. Just like Gu Cheng's desperate heart at this moment.

Gu Cheng felt somewhere between life and death at this moment.

Although I can feel every change in the outside world, I can't express anything.

The rain is getting heavier.

From the hairy, fine diagonal weaving before, it has become the pouring pouring!

Gu Cheng let the black rain fall off his body.

A heart, gradually sinking to the bottom.

Thoughts are ashamed.

"I'll give you a chance, give you strength, let you rise from the dead, and let me help me take revenge on the organizer of the Big Dipper, are you willing?"

Just when Gu Cheng thought he could only die quietly under this pouring rain.

A clear voice suddenly rang in his ears.

"I do!"

Gu Cheng tried his best to make a sound and agreed to the voice's request!

He was like a man drowning in the vast ocean, and finally caught a straw that saved his life.

No matter whether the straw is strong or not, whether the straw is true or false, it is Gu Cheng's only hope.

The rustle of rain became louder and louder, gradually flooding the entire cyan world.

The owner of that voice is not there.

Gu Cheng only thought that he had experienced a dream.

"Is it an illusion caused by my obsession to survive before I die?"

Gu Cheng laughed at himself.

I feel that my life may come to an end.

Wherever someone will come to save him, no one will come to give him strength.

The heavy rain poured down.

The whole world was soaked in heavy rain.

No trace of turf or soil can be seen anymore.

No, I can laugh?

Gu Cheng recalled.

He felt a change in his body!

The previously stiff body could move, and even the wound pierced by the long sword slowly healed, finally as before.

Gu Cheng stood up, standing with his feet on the ground, his eyes opened, implying evil spirits, like thunder and lightning!

Stand after breaking, not stand without breaking!

After a struggle of life and death, Gu Cheng finally broke through to the Yin-Yang realm.

However, the promotion this time was not as expected, and Gu Cheng also did not look ecstatic after the promotion.

Because Gu Cheng understood that his promotion this time was not because of his own breakthrough, but the help of the mysterious voice master. If the owner of the mysterious voice asks him to get revenge, he must get revenge. The owner of the mysterious voice can promote him smoothly, which means that he can also make himself fall from the peak to the bottom.

Gu Cheng clenched his fists and walked in the direction where the senior sister had left.

Hayi looked at Fang Yue's side face, the faint golden sunlight fell on the man's cheeks, with a soft outline without any sharp and firm edges, and then his deep mystery was as deep as an abyss. It is worth exploring in a lifetime.

It is easy to destroy one person, but difficult to become one.

So far, Ha Yi didn't know what kind of means Fang Yue had used to get Gu Cheng promoted smoothly and reached the level of Yin Yang realm.

From the rotation state to the yin and yang state, there is a moat.

The leap over this sky can only rely on the practitioner himself, and other people cannot help, and it is difficult to start.

Gu Cheng quickly caught up with the big army.

Chapter 928 Explorer

Gu Cheng's senior sister Lei Luo looked at him in surprise.

"Gu Cheng, did you break through?"

Gu Cheng's cheeks were firm, as if they were being cut by a knife.

After experiencing life and death, breaking through a level, Gu Cheng has a different temperament from the previous one.

Gu Cheng nodded slightly.

"Thanks to you, stand up after breaking!"

Gu Cheng did not turn his face, his mind echoed with the sound of the mysterious voice when he stood up.

"Let them into the land of devil!"

The voice echoed, making Gu Cheng understand his mission.

"Gu Cheng, listen to me!"

Reilo hurriedly began to explain.

Although the foreword does not follow, it at least shows that Lei Luo has a good attitude.

Gu Cheng, who was originally a talented arrogant carefully cultivated in the Battle of the Beidou, is absolutely no problem in terms of talent and qualifications.

The reason why he was used as a cannon fodder **** was because his cultivation level was too low, only the rotation level.

Now, Gu Cheng has broken through and stood firmly at the level of Yin and Yang. He has changed from a chess piece to a chess player, and his future status may not be much lower than her Lei Luo.

Leiluo showed his favor, also to make Gu Cheng not hate him in the future!

Lei Luo explained in a hurry, Gu Cheng nodded slightly.

Born after death, Gu Cheng vaguely looked down on honor and disgrace. He had an extra temperament on him, and he was not surprised!

Leiluo knew that a person with this temperament would have great achievements in the future unless he fell.

She felt even more horrified.

I don't know if Gu Cheng really doesn't care about it.

"Senior Sister, I understand your difficulties. Master assigns tasks. If it is delayed, you will also be implicated and punished!"

Gu Cheng blocked Lei Luo's mouth.

Let Lei Luo's heart a little wider.

Afterwards, Gu Cheng spoke again, "However, this time through life and death, it is Buddha's fate for me, and it is also for the senior sister. I have been pierced through my chest by a long sword, but a mysterious power within My injury was repaired and my cultivation level improved. According to my guess, this mysterious power comes from the legendary land, so we went to that place. Not bad! Maybe it is the place that Master needs to find!"

Gu Cheng's words shocked and delighted Lei Luo's heart!

Unexpectedly, walking all over the iron shoes to find nowhere to find, will have all the waste time!

"Junior Brother Gu Cheng, how confident are you that that place is the place to seal demons?"

Despite the excitement in his heart, Lei Luo couldn't suppress it.

But she still has to think about the true and false in Gu Cheng's words.

Leiluo was naturally suspicious and thoughtful.

He had just given up on Gu Cheng and let his life die. This Gu Cheng escaped by chance. According to human nature, he should be jealous of himself.

However, he actually gave credit to himself, and there must be a demon in this abnormality.

However, this is an opportunity after all. Even if Lei Luo didn't believe it, he still had to check it out.

If what Gu Cheng said was true, she missed it because of her timidity and suspiciousness. When that happens, Gu Cheng can write her own book of missed fighter opportunities. When the time comes, she can't explain it even if she opens her mouth.

The organizer of the Beidou Controversy has a reputation for severe punishment.

Such a serious crime as delaying a fighter would be enough to suppress her forever.

"Gu Cheng, lead the way!"

Lei Luo spoke with a serious voice.

Gu Cheng nodded his head, the wind was calm. Before, he had a bit of fear for Lei Luo, but now he can break through life and death, and he has no concerns.

Gu Cheng walked ahead.

Soon he came to the place where Gu Cheng had come back from the dead.

This is an ancient burial ground where there are many demonic repairs who have not known how many have contended with the heavenly soldiers.

Although their cultivation is not as good as that of the saints, and they have not been sealed in the enchanted land, but their strengths in life are not weak, at least at the level of the power realm, they can join the tragic war. in!

This time, Gu Cheng would naturally not be a **** to explore the path.

The task of Pathfinder was handed over to another disciple of the Rotating Realm carefully trained by the organizer of the Battle of the Big Dipper.

That disciple was more timid than Gu Cheng had ever had.

If it is said that Gu Cheng was a life of nine deaths when he was exploring the road, then he was ten deaths this time.

How could it be so easy to open the Demon Sealing Land?

If there is no bones like a mountain, blood like a river.

The land of enchantment is definitely not easy to open.

Wherever there are great opportunities, there are great dangers.

It's just that, even if this opportunity is obtained, it is not his, but the risk needs to be taken!

"Fang Yue, your mind is really active, using the lives of the disciples of the Beidou fight as the disciple of Pathfinder."

The eight-armed saint praised Fang Yue.

The gods and demon guards of the gods and demon halls are carefully selected by the gods and demon halls.

If there is not enough qualifications, enough talents, even if they were cultivated that year, they would not have the qualifications to be selected!

Sacrificing any **** and demon guard was enough to make the Eight-armed Saint feel distressed for a long time, and Fang Yue asked the disciple of the organizer of the Big Dipper to die, which naturally met his wish.

Fang Yue remained silent, looking at the dark graveyard in the distance.

This place is not simple, it is not an ordinary place of enchantment!

Fang Yue calculated silently in his heart.

The decorator of this Demon Land is definitely not simple!

The land of demon sealing itself has a strong seal.

The eleven altars are the second layer of seal reinforcement.

Unexpectedly, there is a third-level seal in the land of the demon general level.

This is a rare feng shui terrain called Tiandi Burial.

This terrain can only be seen in the oldest classics.

Every description is exaggerating the horror of this world burial.

This burial of heaven and earth is not complete. There are dead gates and life gates. Gu Cheng died at the dead gate, but he accidentally fell to the place of life gate.

Gu Cheng's breakthrough was not caused by Fang Yue's supernatural powers. He was not in the rotation realm, and there was no way for people to build the Yin-Yang realm.

It's just that Fang Yue drew a trace of the power of life, reversed life and death, and stood after breaking, giving Gu Cheng a great opportunity to come back from death and break into a new realm!

The disciple who explored the path fell over without two steps.

A gloomy wind blew by, and the disciple who explored the path turned into a pile of dead bones, as if it had been weathered for thousands of years!

"There is a big horror in this place!"

Fang Yue whispered to himself.

"Even you can't crack it?"

Hay looked at Fang Yue.

"It needs to be filled with massive human lives!"

Fang Yue responded.

Ha Yi's heart sinks slightly. According to legend, the place where the Demon General is sealed is not so easy to unlock.

She saw Fang Yue's attainments in formation.

Suppressing the world, even if it is among the master-level formation masters, they are all outstanding.

He said so, which means this place is really scary!

But this time, the arrow is on the string and I have to send it.

Hay's task is to bring back at least a drop of the Nine Stage Immortal Liquid.

Immortal liquid is precious, even in the universe beyond.

A senior of the Great Sage of Hay wants to break through. It needs at least a drop of Ninth-Rank saliva as a support. If it succeeds, the senior who successfully breaks through is the top group of people in the Great Sage level.

If it fails, the entire pillar of the Hay family will collapse.

In the future, it is difficult to say whether or not Raha Yi will be able to lead his troops so freely.

Every family has scriptures that are difficult to recite. People from all realms have them, as well as people on the other side.

As a philosopher said: birth is easy. Life is not easy!

Hay and the eight-armed saint said nothing.

They hide by the side and watch the changes!

They did not question Fang Yue.

He didn't want to put pressure on him, because if Fang Yue was willing to make a move, he would naturally not stand idly by at critical moments.

If Fang Yue is unwilling to take action, no one will persecute him.

In a short time, Hay and the Eight-armed Saint have reached a consensus.

This Fang Yue is unfathomable, and his future achievements must surpass the two of them!

"This is an evil wind that erodes the vitality of the human body!"

Gu Cheng spoke slowly. Naturally, he couldn't touch this evil wind.

Fang Yue was just borrowing Gu Cheng's mouth to tell the origin of this wind!

Lei Luo looked at Fang Yue more solemnly, with doubts rising in his heart.

For Gu Cheng, Lei Luo didn't know much. But as the leader of this team, she naturally knows the resumes of all members of the team.

In the resume provided by the elder of the organizer of the Battle of the Beidou, there was no mention of the knowledge and knowledge of this junior Gu Cheng.

This evil wind has never even heard of her.

Where did Gu Cheng know this?

"Junior Brother, is there a way to crack this?"

Lei Luo will be puzzled, and the most important thing at this time is to find a way to solve it.

"The evil wind of bones, the place where the saints fall cannot be formed! This must be a place where demons are sealed. It was a guess before, but now, I'm sure! Sister, this evil wind of bones is not owned by people in the realm of you and me. It can be cracked! You should inform Master Master!"

Gu Cheng's tone was quite determined, so determined that even Lei Luo couldn't help being infected by Gu Cheng's confident aura.

Lei Luo hesitated for a moment before he notified Master.

If the information is wrong, it will naturally be Gu Cheng's responsibility. If the information is correct, the credit will be indispensable to her.

moment.

A strong wind is coming. An old man with white beard and hair arrived riding a bird.

His figure is still 10,000 meters above the sky.

But the breath of the king over the world has already caused sentient beings to tremble and worship!

"Welcome Master!"

"Welcome Master!"

Lei Luo took the lead, sounding like a mountain whistling a tsunami.

All the disciples half kneeled, waiting for the master to come!

The peng bird was suspended in the air, and the old man with white beard and hair jumped down.

Although he looks old, the wrinkles on his face are like hills and valleys, and the terraces are crisscrossing. But his breath is as deep as a mountain, as deep as a sea.

With a vigorous figure, there is no trace of aging on his face.

"Sage Lei Cheng, I didn't expect that for so many years, he would still be in this world!"

The eight-armed saint sighed in surprise.

Fang Yue looked at the eight-armed saint.

"Could it be that you know this person?"

The eight-armed saint nodded: "Yes, this saint Lei Cheng should be regarded as my old acquaintance! When I was in the Yin and Yang realm, Lei Cheng was already a master-level powerhouse. I once asked him for help, but he was given him from the dojo. I rushed out! Later, Lei Cheng became a holy, and I became a holy. We are less than ten years apart and are known as double pride. Lei Cheng disdain, resigned from the title of double pride, he said I was not worthy of the same name as him! He is great! I am five hundred years old, and I thought that after so many years, he should have faded away. Unexpectedly, he is still there, and it seems that his energy and blood have never decayed. Although it is not as good as a young man, it is still a heyday. Time."

The grievances between the Eight-armed Saint and Lei Cheng are quite deep and last for thousands of years.

Chapter 929: Bone Eating Evil Wind

I thought I would never see each other in my life, but I didn't expect that there would be a time to meet again today.

"This Lei Cheng only needs to be strong enough! I am worried that he is too weak and can't even crack the first layer of this seal!"

Fang Yue's eyes flickered.

He wants to use the hands of the saint who is the organizer of the Big Dipper to open these layers of seals.

"What's the matter? Why do you pass the letter to me?"

Although Lei Cheng looked at Leiluo's eyes harshly, there was also a hint of gentleness.

Lei Luo is his direct bloodline. Although Lei Cheng has hundreds of descendants, there are not many people who stand up for it.

Lei Luo is one of Lei Cheng's few optimistic children!

If it hadn't, he wouldn't have a gentle smile in his eyes.

"Return to Master! I am waiting to find a place near here, which is suspected to be a place of demon sealing!"

Reluo responded, full of breath.

"Huh? Suspected?"

There was a hint of dissatisfaction in Lei Cheng's tone. There were many suspected places in this gorge. If he needed to personally explore every place, wouldn't he be exhausted?

What Lei Cheng wanted was a firm answer.

Rather than such ambiguous guesses.

Leiluo couldn't help but sweat!

She forgot the temperament and temperament of her master, and she had a slight loss in speech.

"It's not a suspicion, but this place is indeed the land of demons!"

Gu Cheng took the initiative to stand up and said to Lei Cheng sonorously.

"and who are you?"

Lei Cheng was very displeased with Gu Cheng's offense. If he couldn't say one reason, even if he has now broken through to the level of Yin-Yang realm, he would still be punished severely!

"Gu Cheng, Master's registered disciple, I have heard Master preaching three times. This time I asked Senior Sister to notify Master. If this place is not a place of demonization, I will apologize with a human head!"

Gu Cheng is neither overbearing nor overbearing, and the other disciples secretly pinched a cold sweat for him!

Saint Lei Cheng is moody.

All the disciples trembled when facing Lei Cheng.

Even if they are all disciples of Saint Lei Cheng, if he is unhappy, they will be given to death.

Most of the disciples of Saint Lei Cheng did not die at the hands of outsiders, but were buried in the anger of Saint Lei Cheng.

"You discovered this magical land? What proof do you have?"

Seeing Gu Cheng's calm expression, Saint Lei Cheng felt that this little guy must have something to rely on. If his judgment is correct, what if he is offended?

That was the fairy liquid, even if it was the lowest grade 9 fairy liquid, it was enough for him to break through one or two small realms!

"There is an evil wind in this place!"

Gu Cheng's voice was affirmative.

Lei Cheng was slightly startled, he looked at Gu Cheng in amazement, he naturally heard about this evil wind.

It is said that the place where the saint fell, if the sage raises the corpse, it will be accompanied by an evil wind! This wind can swallow life essence, like a demon like a miasma.

If you encounter the evil wind, there must be a saint buried nearby.

When Lei Cheng heard the four words of Bone Eating Evil Wind, he believed Gu Cheng's words by 80%.

"Gu Cheng, how did you know this evil wind?"

Lei Cheng asked. He felt that there was something weird in this. Among his registered disciples, Gu Cheng was not outstanding, and even to Lei Cheng, this Lei Cheng just looked familiar and couldn't even remember his name.

Such a disciple, according to the disciple, does not have the potential to stand up after being broken, and can be promoted to the level of Yin-Yang realm during the expedition.

And he is even less qualified to come into contact with such secret things as the Evil Wind.

Gu Cheng had already expected Lei Cheng's doubts.

"This evil wind is the record I saw in an ancient book in the library. If I remember it in my heart, if I see it today, I can recognize it at a glance. That ancient book is called The Legend of the Immortal, which records the death of a saint. But before the resurrection, there was an evil wind that eats up life and reverses Yin and Yang!"

Gu Cheng talked freely without panic.

There is indeed a book about this stranger's biography, and the resurrection of the saint is also recorded.

However, there is no description of the evil wind.

However, Gu Cheng is sure that Lei Cheng will believe that he will not continue to pursue it!

This lie also requires technology, and it is often impossible to believe it.

Nine truths and one false make people believe!

Sure enough, Gu Cheng even said the title of the book, and Lei Cheng no longer had any doubts.

Gu Cheng is leading the way, while Lei Cheng is looking around, observing the surrounding geomancy topography. He is alive and old. Even if he is not proficient, he will study the geomancy formation.

Lei Cheng is entry-level in formation and feng shui, but with the eyesight of the saint, the doorways he can see from this feng shui terrain are not too few.

Funeral sky, funeral place, funeral!

Lei Cheng became more frightened as he watched. The Yin Qi in this place was so heavy that even the saint would feel cold all over.

Of course, this was not because Lei Cheng had a cold and fever, but because the level of Yin Qi was too high, and even the saint would be infested.

"Stop!"

Lei Cheng walked several kilometers, and his footsteps suddenly stopped.

Not because he is scared! But because of this place, there seems to be a different feeling hidden.

It seems that there is a pair of invisible eyes watching him in secret.

At this time, Lei Cheng's footsteps stopped, and a black palm rested on his shoulder.

The cold air entered his body, and Lei Cheng's body suddenly became stiff, and a faint layer of frost had even condensed on the surface of his skin.

"Lei Guang!"

Lei Cheng hardly hesitated.

A bucket of thunder light fell straight down from the nine clouds!

The black palm disappeared.

With a bang, a bottomless hole exploded under Lei Cheng's feet.

Lei Cheng's heart palpitations slightly, he is a saint, how could he be approached silently by people?

I moved my body a little, and clicked, the sound of clicking came from the bones and joints.

The faint frost on his body gradually shattered, but Lei Cheng still felt that his body was a little sore and soft, as if a mortal scholar who had rarely exercised ran for three kilometers.

Lei Cheng understood that this was not an illusion, this time he was really hit.

The claw just now was a ghost claw, which sucked a lot of Yang Qi from his body in a short moment.

The weak yang is naturally an invasion of evil.

If it weren't for ten or eight years of retreat, it is estimated that the Yang Qi lost this time would be difficult to replenish.

Lei Cheng felt melancholy in his heart.

Having been a saint for so many years, it was the first time this was so miserable.

He was robbed of Yang Qi, but in the end he didn't even know what the parents were like.

If it were normal, he would definitely be furious, but this time, he didn't even know who was angry with him.

"Huh? No! Gu Cheng, why this ghost is just attacking me, while you stand by my side but are safe."

With a move of Lei Cheng's heart, he found that there was a problem with Gu Cheng!

Gu Cheng smiled: "Perhaps my cultivation base is low, this ghost looks down on it! After all, that ghost is a saint-level ghost, so dealing with it has reduced his status!"

Gu Cheng's explanation is almost perfect!

Even if he was suspicious, Cheng couldn't find the flaw.

The saint is arrogant, born as a male, and dead as a ghost!

The saint is the saint who has his own morals. Lei Cheng is thinking, if one day, he dies, he is afraid that he will be like a ghost!

Lei Cheng has a dream.

At this time, a black ghost floated.

Among these ghosts, even the weakest of the cultivation realm is the Yin-Yang realm, the slightly stronger is the leader level, and the three-headed saint-level ghost is headed. There is a layer of cold air all over their body surface.

The one who shot Lei Cheng just now was obviously one of these three saint-level ghosts.

Lei Cheng is like an enemy.

He knows that this world burial is not easy to mess with.

But I didn't expect it to be so difficult to provoke!

The sage Shouzuozuo, this is how much power and aura to be in his lifetime.

"Catch him and feed me! After so many years, the eleven nasty altars have finally been moved! I broke the seal and needed a lot of energy and blood to nourish. The flesh and blood of the saint is my best tonic!"

A faint voice rang out in the void.

That voice is terrifying!

This is the sealed magic general coming out!

The top existence among the saints!

Hearing this sound, Lei Cheng's legs trembled!

Three-headed saint-level ghosts are already difficult to deal with.

Add another demon commander who has been sealed for tens of thousands of years, and Lei Cheng is about to give up.

"Hands, clear out all the disciples of the organizer of the Beidou Fight outside!"

Fang Yue ordered, his voice was low!

The eight-armed saint and Haya didn't care about why Fang Yue, in a small world, actually gave orders to the two saints at this time. Now, the three parties are grasshoppers on the same rope. If the Beidou fights The organizer of Xianye dominates, fearing that none of them can get out of this gorge.

It's just a group of small ants in a rotating environment.

For eight-armed saints, killing them is effortless.

As for the dignity of the saint, the eight-armed saint does not care.

Even his life is almost gone, what dignity is still talking about, this thing is hypocritical!

The disciples of the organizer of the Big Dipper were all knocked out and sent to Fang Yue's hands!

"Next, what are you going to do?"

The eight-armed saint doesn't know what Fang Yue wants the disciples of the organizer of the Big Dipper to do?

Simply venting anger?

It seems that it is not that they are wronged, and the debts are the masters. The ones who really bully them are the powerhouses above the saint level, and the rotation realm is only a small one.

Even if they were all dead, they couldn't destroy the plan of the organizer of the Battle of the Beidou.

"I have an altar called the Altar of Blood. It needs to be sacrificed to perform various methods. The stronger the living beings sacrificed during their lifetime, the greater the power of this altar to sacrifice!"

Fang Yue patiently explained that this is not the time to hide the clumsy.

As for the fact that he has a blood altar, the eight-armed saint and Hay will know sooner or later. Instead of letting them know through other channels, it is better to show it openly!

In this way, it seems open and honest, but it can strengthen the trust between the two parties.

Sure enough, when Fang Yue said this, the eyes of the eight-armed saint lit up.

"Blood Altar? I didn't expect that the Blood Altar, one of the eight auxiliary altars, would eventually fall into your hands!"

Fang Yue smiled slightly.

Give acquiescence to the blood altar.

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"The eleven altars were originally built to seal this gorge, and each one is said to have unpredictable powers of ghosts and gods! If you said earlier, I would help you find these many sacrifices!"

The eight-armed saint is famous for killing people in the Temple of Gods and Demons.

He doesn't think it's too **** to sacrifice a living by a stranger, but instead thinks that such a method is reasonable.

"No! This sacrifice is too large, causing the energy fluctuations of the altar to be too large, but it will attract people's attention. What I have to do is to secretly shoot to affect the occupation of the battle between Saint Lei Cheng and the ghost!"

Fang Yue's strategy made the Eight-armed Saint and Haye shine.

It is not good for either of these two sides to win.

Only if they are evenly matched, and eventually fight to the point where both sides suffer, can they reap the benefits of the fisherman.

This was originally the plan of the organizer of the Battle of the Beidou, but now it was sought by Fang Yue.

Moving flowers and trees, and returning to the other body in the same way, this is tantamount to giving the Hall of Gods and Demons a bad breath.

"Want to stand by and let yourself be an outsider? Have you ever asked us if we agree?"

A soft voice fell, and the voice was still familiar.

Nalan has no shortage.

The eight-armed saint's face suddenly changed, and he even felt a slight pain in his wound.

Behind Nalan's indispensability is most of the organizers of the Big Dipper. There are as many as three saints, and the leader-level powerhouse surpasses double digits.

This is obviously just one of the many teams that are looking for a place to seal the magic generals in the Beidou Contest. It is not complete, but it is enough to destroy Fang Yue's three-person team!

"Eight-armed saint, you don't have to have this expression! This time, I will not fight against you. My opponent is the demon general who is about to resurrect completely, and you are still not qualified!"

Nalan's words were sonorous and powerful, and the expression of contempt in his eyes changed the face of the eight-armed saint slightly.

But the emotions in the heart of the eight-armed saint are extremely complicated.

It was angry, fortunate, angry, because Nalan looked down on him, thinking that he was not even qualified to fight.

Fortunately, it was because he didn't have to face Nalan Wuwei's powerful opponents, and he no longer had to face the kind of being ravaged and beaten to the point where he could not fight back!

Nalan Wuque left with a cold snort.

The rest of the team surrounded Fang Yue and others.

"The plan failed!"

Fang Yue's voice was a little low, but he was not desperate.

The plan failed, and he still had a lot of back-ups.

"Fang Yue, your opponent is me!"

A cold voice emerged.

A familiar figure appeared.

"Luo Eleven?!"

Fang Yue couldn't help being slightly surprised when he saw that familiar and disgusting cheek.

Hasn't he been beaten to death by himself, and his soul is gone?

The eight-armed saint and Hay also chose their own opponents.

In this team, the leader is Nalan Wuxia. Although the other three saints are equally terrifying, they will not be as unmatched as Nalan Wuxia.

"I am not Luo eleven, but Luo eleven! Luo eleven is my younger brother and my junior! I don't know what method you used to kill my trash brother on the plane of the purple moon! And I also don't like that trash brother, but he is my brother after all, my blood relative! He is dead, and my brother is responsible for revenge for him!"

Luo Shibao had already reached the level of the Saint Realm, although he was still at the peak of the leader level in a pure realm.

But when it comes to breath, Luo Shi doesn't know how much stronger than Luo Xi!

Fang Yue and Luo Shi left and opened up a battlefield for them both!

This battle is destined not to be disturbed by others, and to extinguish grievances, you will die!

Seeing Fang Yue and Luo Shi leaving behind, Haye was worried.

Fang Yue died, it didn't matter much.

She is a general, not a soft-hearted woman.

Life and death have long been looked down upon in her eyes, not only the life and death of others, but even her own life and death, Ha Yi is not concerned about it.

The key is, if Fang Yue dies, who will help her find this magical land.

Facts have proved that when it comes to the land of the devil, the organizer of this Beidou fight is also at a loss.

Otherwise, the organizer of the Battle of the North would not use the lives of his disciples to find the way!

If Fang Yue is dead, even if the organizer of the Big Dipper is willing to resolve the conflict with them, I am afraid that everyone will not get much benefit this time.

Luo Shi looked at Fang Yue and didn't do anything for a long time. He wanted to use his pressure to crush Fang Yue a little bit, make him desperate, and let him die in endless entanglement and regret.

However, Fang Yue's eyes were very clear, like a pool of ancient wells without waves.

"Your Beidou fight against me, can't you send a reliable player? This is also an expression of respect for me!"

Fang Yue was silent for a moment before speaking.

A leader-level opponent at the pinnacle really makes him unable to lift much interest!

Luo Shi sneered: "Fang Yue should not be too big. I have already understood your battles before. It is nothing to fly Tyrone with the help of the formation and the power of the Great Sun Palace. Although Tyrone is a saint, he is also a saint. It's just the bottom layer! Now, this place has been laid out by me to

annihilate the magnetic field, and none of your array patterns can be arranged! Without the help of external forces, you are a scum!

At that time, when you killed my ineffective brother Luo Xi, you were also relying on the despicable means of formation! "

Luo Shi's honey confidence made Fang Yue a little speechless.

It seems that the players sent in this Beidou fight are not only not strong enough, but also failing in IQ.

"Is it true that no one will come?"

Fang Yue confirmed again and again.

"No one will come! The fight between you and me, life and death, fair play, no one is allowed to interfere!"

Luo Shi was full of confidence.

He patted his chest and promised!

Fang Yue let out a sigh of relief.

"That's good! I can freely display my hole cards!"

Fang Yue was finally relieved when he saw no one on the left or right.

As soon as his words came out, Luo Shi couldn't help but sneer.

What trump cards can you have in a small world?

bluff!

This must be a bluff!

The organizer of the Beidou Fight has always subconsciously refused to acknowledge Fang Yue's talent and potential.

They believed that Fang Yue was only lucky to be able to get to this step!

Fang Yue said nothing, facts can prove everything.

Fang Yue didn't even bother to waste any of his spit stars on unnecessary arguments.

"Come out, my corpses!"

Fang Yue summoned the figure of the peak of the three Taoist masters in one breath, and each of them was sullen.

They appeared abruptly, as if they were walking out of the void.

A corpse servant with a leader-level pinnacle lacks agility, but that breath, overwhelming the world, shocks Jiuxiao!

Luo Shi's smile was stiff.

Luo Shi has seen this corpse.

Don't the portraits of these people hang on the main hall of the Orthodox Church?

These are clearly the ancestors of Zhengyi Sect!

How did you become a corpse servant?

Soul Dan Fangyue!

What did he do?

Even the ancestors of the Zhengyi Sect were refined into corpse servants, and each of them was stronger than their peak strength before death!

Luo Shi already has the urge to run away, how can he fight this stuff?

1V3, what about fair play?

Luo Shi didn't know, Fang Yue was still trying to prevent his hole cards from being completely exposed, so he restrained slightly.

Otherwise, the corpse servants all over the mountains and plains appeared, and the aura of the peak of the Taoist master level rushed into the sky, even if it was loaned to Luo eleven lives, it would not be enough for him to squander.

"Are you still ready to avenge your brother Luo Xi?"

Fang Yue saw fear appear on Luo Shi's face.

So, he dangled around Luo Shi with his hands behind his back.

The three-headed leader-level corpse servant aura connected and locked Luo Shi.

"Hehe, misunderstanding, all misunderstanding!"

Luo Shi was in a cold sweat.

He was already scolding his mother.

Who special mother said, this Fang Yue had no formation and was slaughtered.

Cheating!

Is this to be slaughtered?

This is obviously the rhythm of killing others every minute, okay?

If he was given another chance to choose, Luo Shi firmly believed that he would not listen to the bewitching of the intelligence department.

Not to come to a few strong masters at the master level, or send a saint to kill Fang Yue, there is no door!

"Are you saying that you have arranged an annihilation magnetic field here? Do you think that my array layout will be disturbed if such a thing is arranged?"

Role exchange is also a game of cat and mouse.

Fang Yue was a mouse in the beginning, but now he is a cat.

Fang Yue waved his hand, and all the annihilation magnetic fields shattered instantly.

In essence, annihilating a magnetic field is also a form of formation.

It's just this kind of formation that disturbs the magnetic field and has no other lethal effects, just to prevent other formation masters from arranging formations on top of the magnetic field!

The level of annihilation magnetic field is not high, and it is not as invincible as Luo Shi said.

To annihilate the magnetic field, the most feared thing is the magnetic element gravity in the avenue of earth. Once the magnetic element gravity appears, the disturbed magnetic field will rearrange the rules, and the array will be self-defeating!

Of course, there are not many practitioners who understand the Dao of Earth, and there are very few people who understand the gravity of the element.

If the person Luo Shi met was not Fang Yue, maybe this annihilation magnetic field could really work, making a formation mage unable to use all the methods.

It's a pity that this time the annihilation of the magnetic field encountered Fang Yue.

Fang Yue himself is an expert in formations, and has extremely deep research on various formations.

Fang Yue knew everything about the annihilation formation, and even he had already mastered the layout of this formation.

Luo Shi's face was full of despair.

What I thought was a must-kill game that was carefully laid out was so ridiculous in Fang Yue's eyes!

"Fang Yue, you kill me! My mission failed. Even if the organizer of the Beidou Contest is a dead end, if I die in the fight with you, maybe my family will get Proper placement."

Luo Shi was discouraged, and left and right were death. If he died in Fang Yue's hands, at least his family would not be implicated.

The severe punishment of the Beidou dispute has always been criticized by the Ten Thousand Realms.

Fang Yue nodded, not embarrassing Luo Shi.

It was not that he was soft-hearted, but that Fang Yue had no time to waste time on Luo Shi.

Today, the eight-armed saint and Haya are under tremendous pressure. They face the siege of the three saints and there are many powerful enemies at the leader level and Yin-Yang realm.

If the delay is too long, the two of them might be defeated very hard, fighting alone, Fang Yue might consume a few one-time hole cards!

The three leaders at the top of the leader level joined forces, and Luo Shilian had no room to resist.