

Mighty Sk 3743

Chapter 3743

"Elder martial sister Murong, can you come to Wugong with me?" Wang Fan's short-term dullness made him ecstatic and asked.

But he still remembers that Nangong Dai said just now that the people of the five forces killed Wu Gong.

Nangong Dai was very kind to him. Naturally, he couldn't just sit back and ignore him.

"Yes, I can not only go to the martial arts palace with you, but also guard the way for you for a period of time."

Murong Xian nodded and said softly.

Wang fan is more ecstatic, gritted his teeth, "then let's go, kill all those bastards."

After that, the party rushed to the martial palace.

Wang Fan was taken by Murong Xian, and he was also very excited.

These days, he is also very depressed.

When he first entered the eastern region, he offended the three families of Gu Ning and Huang. Then he was chased and killed, and finally he had to retreat into the Guishan mountain.

This kind of depression, he himself is about to go crazy.

But now, at last, he can get revenge.

With Murong Xian, a powerful backstage man, what is he afraid of?

He wants to tell those people that he also has a backstage. If he dares to provoke himself, he will die.

Wang Fan and his group of seven were like streamers. They passed quickly in mid air and went straight to the martial palace.

It wasn't long before they got close to the Wugong area.

Thousands of miles away, Wang Fan's mental power was swept. At the moment, there were countless monks fighting in the martial arts palace.

From time to time, monks in the robes of martial arts palace disciples fell.

Looking at this scene, Wang Fan's eyes almost split.

These five forces are really deceiving people!

At the same time, his heart also emerged a deep remorse, because these enemies were brought by Wang Fan.

"Master Murong, when you go to the martial arts palace, don't rush to fight. Let me kill you. As long as you deter the immortals, that's enough. "

Wang Fan's eyes went crazy in an instant and said.

"Good." Murong Xian nodded, still only one word.

Her expression is incomparable indifference, as if all of everything, can't cause her attention in general.

Only the eyes that occasionally sweep to Wang Fan will become soft.

Wang Fan had brought her what she wanted.

Not only that, she also knew one thing, that is, the ancestor is not dead.

This is absolutely great news for Murong Xian, no, for the whole Murong family.

"Master Nangong, later you go in and clean up the dog Immortal Emperor. Under the Immortal Emperor, let me come."

Wang Fan said to Nangong Daiwu.

Nangong Dai nodded.

She was also relieved.

At the critical moment, Wang Fan did not abandon the martial arts palace.

You know, it's not impossible for ordinary people to rely on Murong Xian's powerful backstage, even if they can't see the martial arts palace and no longer manage the affairs of the martial arts palace.

Fortunately, Wang fan is not that kind of ungrateful person, and he did not see the wrong person.

A group of people walked in the sky and soon arrived outside the Wu palace.

Those friars who were fighting, feeling the arrival of a group of people, all stopped fighting.

Looking at Nangong Daiji, the monks of Wugong were absolutely overjoyed!

"Martial uncle Nangong, you've finally come back. The five forces have committed crimes against Wugong. They must kill these bastards."

"Martial uncle Nangong, you've come back at last. If you don't come back, I'm afraid Wugong will be destroyed. Just now, I saw martial uncle Gong. He... He fell. "

"Martial uncle Nangong" -- "

while the martial monks roared, some even burst into tears.

The martial arts palace is home to them.

To them, Nangong Dai is the elder.

Now that their homes are destroyed and some elders are killed, we can imagine their feelings.

On the contrary, the friars of the five forces were stunned first and then disdained.

What about the return of the five immortals? Can it change the status quo?

They have five forces, but ten immortal emperors come together.

Of course, none of the monks dared to speak.

They are only monks of xianzun. Nangong Dai and others will not attack like them without provocation.

But once they dare to provoke, even if they are killed, they will be killed in vain.

Nangong Dai five people look at the scene of those seriously injured or tragic death of martial arts monks, the face is extremely gloomy, extremely angry.

But they didn't speak. Instead, they went straight to the depth of the palace.

In the depths of the martial arts palace, there are more than a dozen powerful immortal breath, which they have already felt.

Wang Fan and Murong Xian did not move.

Murong Xian was standing beside Wang Fan, with an unshakable expression. Wang Fan's face was gloomy and his eyes were scarlet, and he was about to go crazy.

As soon as he grasped it with his right hand, the red Taigu sword appeared in his hand. The next second,

the Taigu sword had already split out.

A sword breaks through the air and sets off a bright sword, which is extremely powerful.

The two monks of the seventh floor of xianzun didn't even react, so their heads flew up and were killed with a sword.

The scene was dead.

"Who are you?"

"Son of a bitch, you want to die!"

"Kill, kill this son of a bitch first."

"And that bitch, kill them together!"

The friars of the five forces didn't expect that Wang Fan would say they would do it as soon as they started.

When they saw this scene, they realized that Wang Fan's cultivation was only five levels of immortal, and they were angry, yelled and killed him.

Those monks who scold Wang fan are lucky. After all, they just scold Wang Fan.

But the monks who scolded Murong Xian were a little miserable.

They just had time to move, their bodies suddenly fixed in mid air and began to burn slowly.

From the body to the soul, there is no group of Kung Fu, they burn a hot flame.

Several people feel this scene in horror, struggling frantically, but they can't move at all.

They want to scream, not to mention the sound, and they can't even open their mouths.

Life is not like death.

Wang Fan didn't pay attention to those people, but with a whoosh, he rushed at the monks who had been killed.

"God cut off!"

With a low roar, the archaic sword in his hand was shining in the air, tearing wildly, and the space seemed to be split in two.

The eighth floor of xianzun, who rushed to the front, felt the terrible sword power, his face changed wildly, and he raised his sword to block.

But his speed is much slower than that of Wang Fan.

With a hiss, the gap between the sword and awn of Taigu God sword flew by and directly cut him.

Whoa!

Blood spattered.

Xianzun eighth floor, dead!

Wang Fan killed this man without hesitation. He directly killed other people and roared, "dare to offend my martial arts palace, you all die!"

"God cut off!"

"God cut off!"

"God cut off!"

At the moment, Wang fan is just like a mad devil. The archaic sword is constantly rising and falling.

Compared with before he entered the strange mountain, he not only made his sword faster, but also increased his power several times.

In other words, this is no longer the original God chop, but the simplified God chop.

Compared with the previous, now the God cut, more simple, more direct, more concise, more terrible.

"Son of a bitch!" A monk on the ninth floor of xianzun was furious when he saw that Wang Fan had killed more than ten later monks in a short time.

He flashed, directly put aside his opponent and killed Wang Fan.