

Submit 520

Chapter 520 Return to Austos

Soon, several men came in with about six or seven teenage monks. Seeing this, the abbot frowned and his face became serious.

He didn't expect that these people were so cruel that they would hurt the children!

Bishop walked slowly to a young monk, patted him on the head, and said with a cold smile, "Abbot, think about it carefully. Who is more important to you, those boys or a man you barely know?"

As he spoke, he tightened his hand into a claw. His fingers squeezed the monk's head hard, like squeezing a ball. The young monk's expression twisted with pain and wanted to break free, but Bishop's other hand pressed on his shoulder.

The young monk looked up at the abbot and cried out. "Abbot..."

Mr. Makoto frowned and demanded, "Stop!"

Bishop sneered, "I didn't expect the abbot to lose his temper."

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As he said this, he slowly let go of the young monk and pushed the monk away.

He smiled, looked at the abbot, and continued. "Tell me where they went now!"

Mr. Makoto hesitated for a moment, estimated the time, and had a rough idea. He looked up at the hunchbacked old monk Jeif and ordered coldly, "Take them back door, and check if those people were passing there."

He nodded and walked outside with some Bishop's men following after him. They went

the ground was muddy, there were messy footprints in front of the back door

had been

and Bishop rushed to the scene to check by himself with a

in a cold voice, "Send someone to chase follow

gloomy gaze across the abbot, the old monk, and the few young monks behind. He frowned slightly, feeling still couldn't quell the

to August. The old abbot has brought enough time

pulled the knife from his belt. Bishop raised his chin slightly and glanced in the abbot's

others, keep them alive, tell them

live. He wanted

with him. As soon as he stepped on the hillside, with the sound of someone falling to the ground, the cries of those little monks

continued walking. From now on, he would let everyone know that those who opposed him would not have a

outside

and the lights on the cats flickered. All the artificial lights

were disturbed and looked

the routine of stopping his activities after dark

looked at August, and said, "August, it's time

to stop. The dishes on the table. They looked delicious

and he nodded gently and said. "It's not

time yet. I'm not persuaded in a low voice,

he said. After some hard time, Joshua thought that finding a place for them together away from