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Chapter 494: Tumo Conference

There are quite a lot of people who came to see the Qing Palace. After all, it was the first decent person in the sky. The people who came up were in a constant stream, and the number of people soon exceeded 10,000.

Moreover, this is still a warrior of other forces, not counting the disciples of the Shangqing Palace.

Ye Xuan is fortunate, but fortunately, he did not rush into it, otherwise it will be considered as the same party of the Rakshamen master, besieged by tens of thousands.

He waited for a while in the air, and then the high-level figures of the Shangqing Palace came out.

Headed by a middle-aged man, a pair of celestial bones, wearing a white robe, holding a dust, walked out under the gaze of tens of thousands of people.

Behind him, he followed ten old white men, and at first glance it was not a general.

"Welcome to all of you to go to the Qing Dynasty to participate in the Tuo Mou Assembly. Presumably, everyone has heard of the fierce name of Raksha Gate. Today, the protagonist of our Demon Conference is the left guard Li Zhenhui of this Raksha Gate."

"This person, once descended from his identity to various intermediate and subordinate territories, slaughtered and plundered, and the souls of the swords were hundreds of thousands of souls. Moreover, more than a dozen of my divisions in the Qing Palace were disbanded."

"Today, I am going to face this person in front of everyone!"

The Shang Palace Palace Lord Lang Lang Road.

Most of the people he said, the people who were present, also heard about it. Anyway, this Li Zhenhui is a savage and savage person.

However, Ye Xuan's brow, who was eavesdropping in the air, suddenly picked.

The sub-gates of the Shangqing Palace are not what he got, how did he become Li Zhenhui?

"Oh, your actions are decisive and quick, and there are no traces left, so this Li Zhenhui becomes your scapegoat." The Lord said in the yin and yang.

"I am just looting. He is a massacre." Ye Xuan corrected that although he needs a lot of natural treasures, he is not so addicted to killing. For those who are much worse than him, most of them will choose to let go. .

Therefore, he only has the style of the world, and there is still a fundamental difference between the people in the magic door.

At this time, the Emperor of the Qing Palace took out a silver-white long sword and slowly walked toward the Rakshamen left guard Li Zhenhui.

"Li Zhenhui, what other words do you have?" asked the master of the Qing Palace.

After hearing about Li Zhenhui, who was **** with a special rope, he was also angry and yelled: "You are jealous, you are not burying your door."

"Shut up, your mouth is full of nonsense, grass and mustard, now I give you a chance, let you say the last words, you don't want to know how to be good." Shangqinggonggong cold shouted.

"Day your cousin..."

Li Zhenhui is still afraid of power and is still martyrdom.

"Oh!"

However, when his voice sounded, one of his arms was directly cut off. Because his body was tied, his arm would not fall to the ground, still connected to his body, but there were a lot of Blood smashed out, and his face was splashed.

"I will give you another chance!" The main face of the Shang Palace was sinking.

"Day your grandfather!"

Li Zhenhui bit his teeth and tried to make it heard by everyone.

"Oh!"

Another crisp sound spread, and his other arm was cut off, and it hurts.

"Since you are so stubborn, then it's ruthless to blame me." When the Lord of the Qing Palace was cold and cold, he shouted: "You, anyone who has this hatred with Li Zhenhui, can come up and stab him!"

When I heard this, the whole audience boiled up.

Who can stab a sword?

At the moment, there are thousands of people who have jumped to the high platform.

Li Zhenhui is going to cry, this Nima is going to be smashed thousands of times.

Ye Xuan in the high air, looking at this scene, is also slightly helpless.

"Look, this Shangqing Palace is just a group of wolves in sheep's clothing. It is also a slap in the face. Instead of killing each other's swords, they choose to torture each other." The Lord of the Lord snarled.

Ye Xuan nodded silently.

For the tortured person, he has not tried many times, and Tang Tian is alone.

Then, below, someone was lining up to Li Zhenhui, and Li Zhenhui insisted on biting his teeth. If there were too many wounds on his body, the Shang Palace would also take healing medicine to help him recover.

The Tumo Conference, instantly became a miraculous convention.

"It's miserable." Ye Xuan shuddered. He was thinking, if he was below him at the moment, I am afraid that he will die tragically.

He has the blood of the sacred tree of life and is smashed with a sword. As long as it is not the head and the heart, he can recover quickly.

Don't say that it is a thousand swords, even if it is Wan Jian, 100,000 swords, and a million swords, he can bear it.

However, just after Li Zhenhui had endured a hundred swords, the sky was plucking a group of black-pressed shadows.

"Kid, look over there." The Lord suddenly reminded him.

Ye Xuan turned his head in a strange way, and the whole person was stunned.

A group of black and crushed figures came from the sky. These figures were not holy animals, but people, all dressed in black.

There are thousands of people in this quantity.

"This, is that the Rakshasa Gate?"

Ye Xuan said with a sigh.

"Yes, everyone has magic. It should be the other super power of Rakshamon. I am afraid that the purpose of their trip is to save the left guard Li Zhenhui, or to kill the Shangqing Palace directly. It's really helping me!" The main road.

"What a joke, thousands of people want to destroy these tens of thousands of people?" Ye Xuan can not believe.

"Don't underestimate them, I feel a few strong breaths, more powerful than I was before, even if it is not a master of the pulse, but also the peak of the earth." The Lord once again reminded.

"Tianmai..."

Ye Xuan swallowed the swallow, and he destroyed so many Shangqing palaces, only to get through the 58 veins. The peak of the earth's veins is generally the name of the warrior who has opened up about 70 veins.

When he thought about it, he felt that it was wrong. He asked, "No, is there so many masters at the Rakshasa?"

Before he found out, the Raksha Gate is also a peak of the earth, how can there be several strong atmosphere?

"The people in the magic gate are all a group of martial artists who are savage and fierce, but they will be very united. This Rakshamen should go to other territories, even the high-level territory to call out helpers," the Lord explained.

"If that's the case, it's really luck, and it's what you mean." Ye Xuan said.

"It is indeed God helping me. As long as I see the Qing Palace, I will die without regrets." The Lord suddenly laughed and laughter echoed in Ye Xuan's mind.

He was previously labeled as a serious injury, but in desperation, he became an incarnation, so he thought he was a dead person.

Ye Xuan said in his heart: "If you die, it won't shut me down, just keep your promise!"

Before the two of them had an agreement, as long as the Qing Dynasty was destroyed, the devil was destroyed by himself.