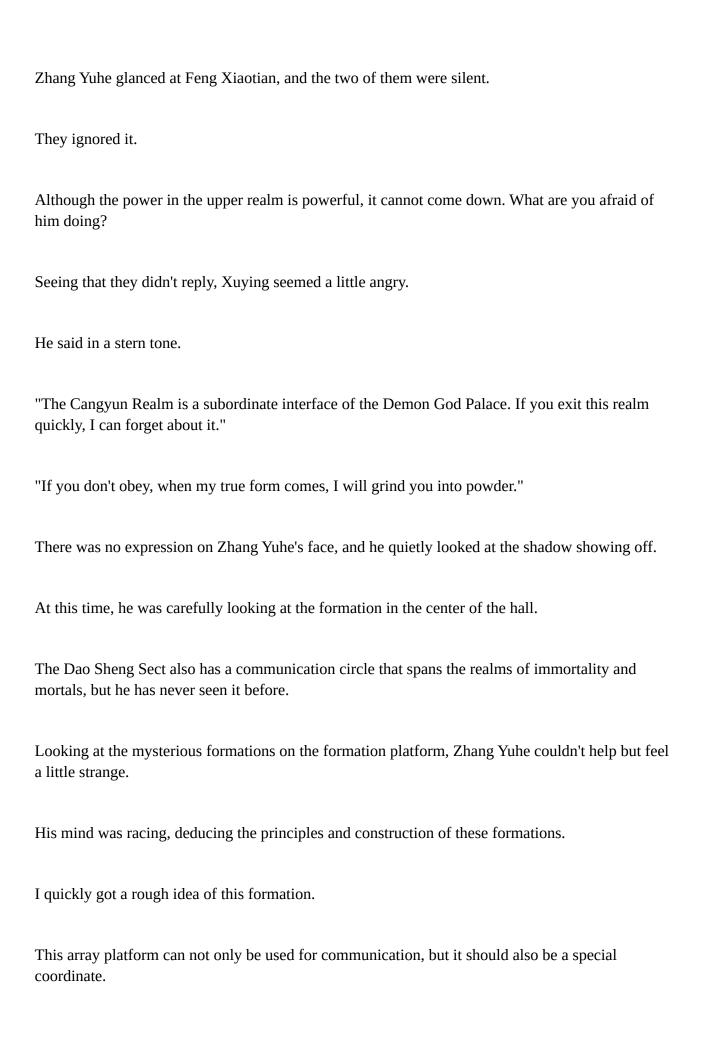
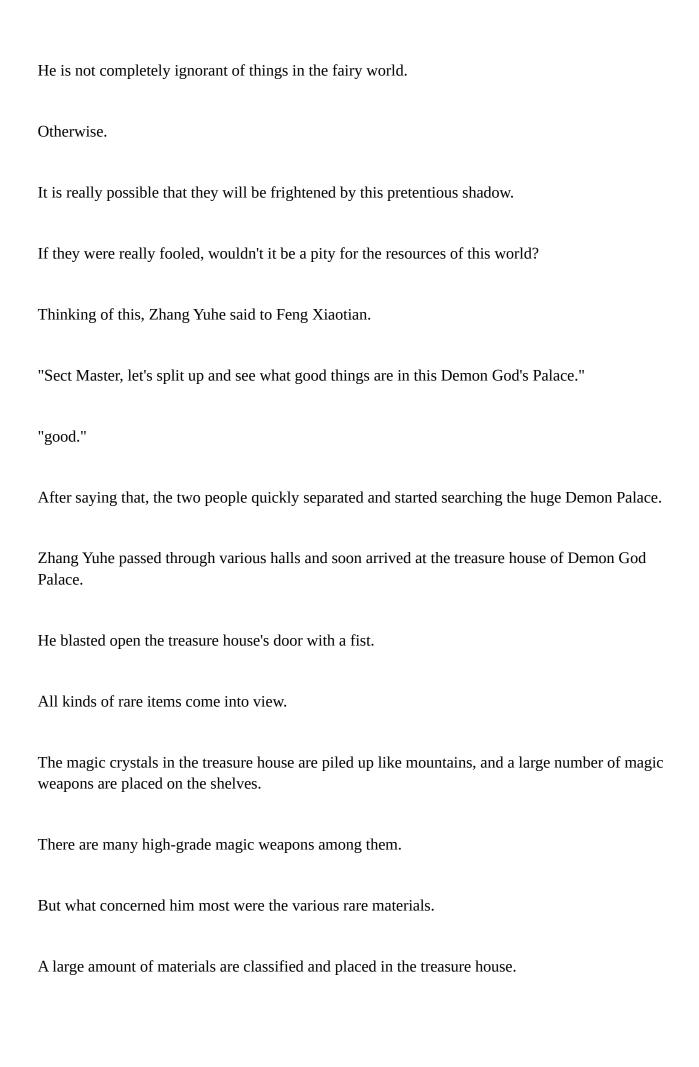


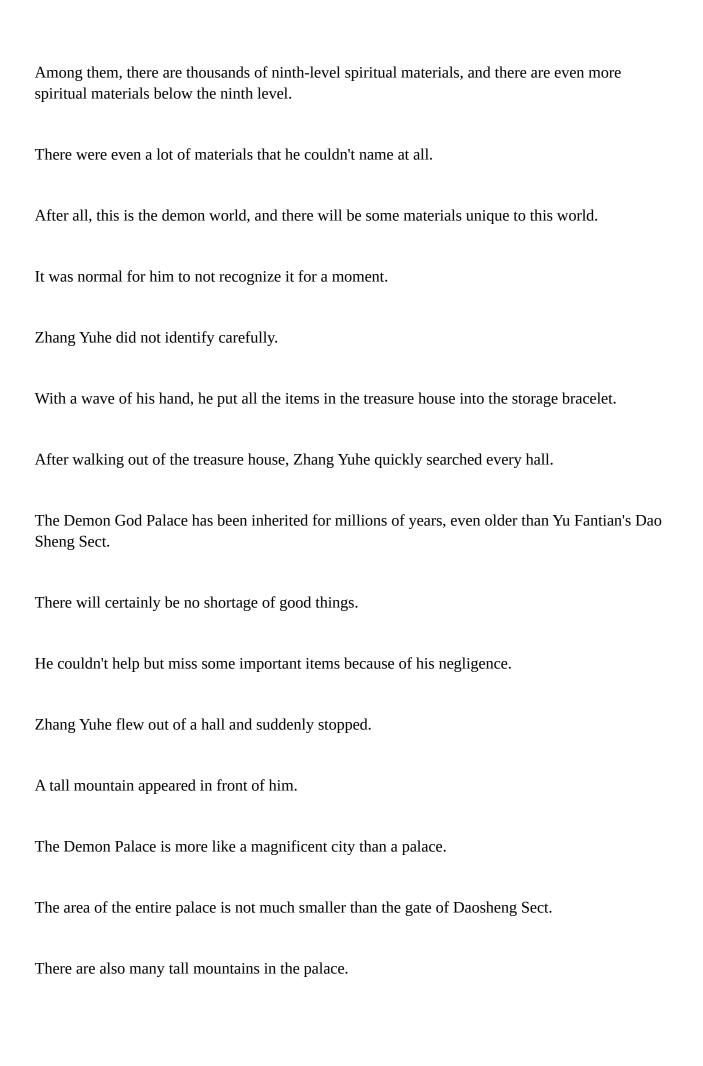
"Are you Yu Fantian's monks?"



Through these coordinates, people from the upper world can accurately descend to this world. If you don't have this coordinate and you want to forcefully come, you will definitely get lost in the endless void. Xuying asked questions continuously, but Zhang Yuhe ignored them, and Feng Xiaotian next to him ignored them. Ning Hefeng, who was standing behind Xuying, couldn't help but feel a little anxious. He shouted loudly to Zhang Yuhe and the others. "How dare you, when you see the real demon in the upper world, why don't you kneel down and salute?" "Okay." Hearing this, Zhang Yuhe became angry. A bitch that pretends to be powerful. He quickly punched out, and the shadow of his fist shone with nine-color light, directly blasting Ning Hefeng into slag. He then punched again. With one punch, the formation platform in the center of the hall was blown to pieces. The phantom of the demon god that was originally standing on the formation disappeared instantly with an angry expression. Without this formation, the Demon God's Palace in the upper realm would no longer be able to send people to this realm.







But he always felt that the mountain in front of him was a little strange.
Zhang Yuhe urged his consciousness to scan the surroundings of the mountain, but did not find anything unusual.
He waved his right hand.
A sharp sword light quickly chopped towards the mountain in front of him.
Boom
The sword light chopped through the mountain, making a deafening sound.
Smoke and dust rose halfway up the mountain.
However, when the smoke and dust dissipated, the mountain in front of him was still safe and sound.
Except for a huge gap in the middle of the mountain, which was chopped by the sword light.
The mountain did not fall.
"There is something strange about this mountain."
Zhang Yuhe flew quickly to the mountain.