

## Top talent 87

### Section 87

"Not good."

He was shocked to see thirteen Mahayana demons suddenly emerge from the black hole.

Especially, there were two demons among them, whose aura was stronger than his.

They were in the late Mahayana stage.

Seeing this, Wu Yuemin didn't dare to stay any longer, and instantly turned into a stream of light and flew away.

### Chapter 84 The Fall of the Ancestor

"Hmph, you just remembered to run now, don't you think it's too late?"

Seeing Wu Yuemin flying away, Mo Yuetian snorted coldly and took out a black bead.

"Fix."

As the magic power was injected, the black bead instantly appeared above Wu Yuemin's head.

An inexplicable aura gushed out from the bead, fixing his body.

Wu Yuemin was shocked.

He turned his wrist.

A small purple hammer appeared in his hand.

As the magic power was injected, the hammer flew out of his hand and smashed the black bead on his head.

However, when he regained his freedom, the twelve demon guards had surrounded him from all sides.

"It's over."

Seeing this, Wu Yuemin couldn't help but sigh.

He knew that he couldn't leave today.

There were thirteen Mahayana cultivators on the other side.

Among them, there were two late Mahayana cultivators and five middle Mahayana cultivators.

There were also six early Mahayana cultivators.

Facing so many demon Mahayana cultivators, he couldn't get out.

But he didn't feel sorry because he couldn't get out.

Instead, he was worried about the future of Dao Sheng Zong.

The strength of the demon clan far exceeded their expectations, and was even much stronger than that of 100,000 years ago.

But the strength of Dao Sheng Zong at this time was far from comparable to that of 100,000 years ago.

100,000 years ago, they still had five Mahayana cultivators.

And the leader of Dao Sheng Zong at that time had the cultivation of late Mahayana cultivators.

But now Dao Sheng Zong only has two Mahayana cultivators, and he is about to die.

That leaves only Feng Xiaotian, the only Mahayana cultivator left.

Such a gap in strength made him completely lose hope of victory.

Wu Yuemin looked up at the sky.

"Can we repel the demons this time?"

"I hope the backup left by the ancestor can preserve the Dao Sheng Sect's orthodoxy."

He saw no hope for the future.

In Wu Yuemin's opinion, it was impossible for the Dao Sheng Sect to repel the invading demons this time.

He could only hope for the backup left by the ancestor.

It would be great if Feng Xiaotian could defend the gate of the Dao Sheng Sect with these backups.

"Since we can't run away, let's fight to the death."

Wu Yuemin waved his right hand, and the purple hammer quickly grew larger and smashed towards a demon in the early stage of Mahayana.

Pick the weak ones, kill one to protect the capital, and kill two to make a profit.

That's what he thought.

Unfortunately, the demons on the opposite side would not give him a chance.

Mo Yuetian waved his hand, and the long sword crossed the sky, instantly splitting the purple hammer.

"Hmph, a caged beast wants to run wild."

Thirteen demons surrounded Wu Yuemin, and all kinds of magical weapons rushed towards him fiercely.

He offered a golden shield.

The shield turned into a golden light curtain, blocking all kinds of attacks.

In an instant, the surrounding void was shattered, and huge waves rose on the sea.

Wu Yuemin, with the golden light curtain, launched a fierce attack on one of the early Mahayana demons.

The demon did not retreat.

He knew that if he chose to retreat, this Mahayana cultivator of the Daosheng Sect would probably seize the opportunity to run away.

They didn't know how many Mahayana cultivators there were in the Daosheng Sect now.

But they naturally understood the principle that one less was one less.

Now that Wu Yuemin was caught alone with great difficulty, why not take the opportunity to kill him?

For a moment, the sky was burned with flames and the devilish energy was everywhere.

Suddenly, Mo Yuetian swung a black spear.

The spear turned into a black dragon phantom, and instantly pierced the golden light curtain around Wu Yuemin.

The golden light curtain vibrated violently, and then quickly broke apart.

Before he could offer the second defensive magic treasure.

A knife light slashed straight at him.

Wu Yuemin had no time to respond, so he had to slap out a palm, and the huge flame palm shadow quickly slapped the black knife light.

However, the black knife light directly shattered the palm shadow, and then slashed him.

Boom...

The sharp knife light instantly split Wu Yuemin in half.

A miniature Nascent Soul flew out of the broken body.

Mo Yuetian held up his big hand to the sky, trying to capture the Nascent Soul.

Ten thousand years later, they didn't know Yu Fantian's current situation.

If Wu Yuemin's Nascent Soul could be captured, a lot of key information could be obtained through soul searching.

However, at this moment.

The Nascent Soul expanded rapidly.

Boom...

A shocking sound shook the world.

Wu Yuemin knew that he had no hope of escaping, so he chose to self-destruct his Nascent Soul.

Ahem...

After a long time, the surrounding space returned to calm.

Thirteen demons of the Mahayana stage now appeared.

Except for Mo Yuetian and the First Demon Guard, they were in the late Mahayana stage.

They reacted quickly and avoided the impact of the Nascent Soul's self-destruction.

The other eleven demons were more or less affected.

There were even two demons of the early Mahayana stage, spitting blood.

They were obviously seriously injured.

The power of the Nascent Soul self-detonation of a mid-stage Mahayana cultivator is extraordinary.

If it weren't for his strong physical body, he might have taken away one or two demons just now.

Mo Yuetian glanced at everyone, then took out a mirror and cast a spell.

"All troops will come immediately and enter Yufantian."

With Mo Yuetian's order, countless demons poured out from the black hole.

For a time, the demon cloud covered the sky and the sun, and the demon power shook the entire Yufantian.

Suddenly, a stream of light flew from a distance.

"Zhao Mingyue, the leader of the Yufantian Demon God Cult, greets the Lord Palace Master."

Before the person approached, Zhao Mingyue shouted loudly.

Looking at the beautiful woman in front of him, Mo Yuetian couldn't help but become interested.

"Your name is Zhao Mingyue? Were you the one who cooperated with Hei Mo and the others before?"

"Yes, I was unwilling to be oppressed by Dao Sheng Zong, so I founded the Demon God Sect 20,000 years ago and cooperated with Lord Hei Mo, determined to open the passage and welcome the arrival of the Demon God Palace army."

"Today I finally got what I wanted. When Lord Palace Master comes, he will surely wipe out Dao Sheng Zong in one fell swoop."

Facing the terrifying pressure emanating from the thirteen demon Mahayana monks around her, Zhao Mingyue said excitedly.

"Tell me, what do you know? How many Mahayana monks are there in Dao Sheng Zong?"

Mo Yuetian's interest in Zhao Mingyue is mainly about the information about Dao Sheng Zong.