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was a bronze axe. I don't know why, although the first feeling that the axe gave him was very ordinary, it even felt like being sealed in earnest.

However, this axe, which was sealed and looked unusually ordinary, gave him an extremely uneasy feeling.

Having lived for so long and dominated for so many years, Gui Zun has almost never felt this way.

But now, under one's own power and arrogance, facing a mere axe, he has a different feeling.

This really made Ghost Venerable strangely, but at the same time he was secretly surprised.

What kind of weapon is this?

Why does it give birth to such a prestige?

Gui Zun thought about it, wondering if it was the ancient god soldier, the king of all weapons, Pan Gu Axe, but this thought lasted almost for a second and then passed away.

This is absolutely impossible.

Like that kind of magic weapon, it has been lost for many years, and it is impossible to appear.

And even if it appears, it will definitely arouse competition among the big players from all sides, how can it fall to the young guy in this mere sight?

But within this conjecture, George Han also raised his axe at this time.

"Is it still? Although your axe is indeed a bit weird, but what about it?"

"I have nearly ten thousand brothers, just rely on your axe? You are idiotic about dreams." With a cold voice, after the words fell, he immediately went black on the spot. The qi gathered wildly, and the whole body was full of momentum.

"Did I say that it was one?" George Han smiled, with a slight force in his hand, a ray of golden and black light began to condense in his body.

"Don't fucking brag, all brothers, come with me." When the words fell, Gui Zun suddenly waved his big hand.

As he moved, for a while, Wan Jun behind him was also imposing, and once again killed George Han.

However, almost at the same time when they lifted their steps at the same time, George Han also moved suddenly.

"Who told you that I only have an axe?" When the words fell, George Han moved angrily.

boom! !

The entire sky suddenly turned blue, and a strong pressure suddenly dropped from the sky.

Almost at the same time, everyone looked towards the sky, looking pale with fright.

Above the sky, I don't know when, Wan Axe hangs in the air!

Axe array!

The unique sword formation that belonged to George Han evolved from Lu Ruoxin's Xuanyuan sword formation, and it became even more fierce depending on the completely different real energy in George Han's body at this time.

With the addition of the energy supply continuously drawn from the ground fire, the axe array at this time has basically been mobilized to the maximum.

"What's that?"

At almost the same time, the seven princesses' motorcade had already drove into the city, but almost the moment they drove into the city, the huge pressure on the sky above their heads had already attracted their attention.

Almost half of the sky is covered with a gleaming giant axe, and the huge pressure falling from the sky makes it hard to divert attention to anywhere else.

At this time, the seventh princess also felt the pressure, and the whole person couldn't help pulling open the bead curtain and looking out through the gap.

"This..."

The entourage next to her was also looking at the sky at this time. The indifferent talk that had been before has now disappeared, leaving only his mouthful and poor words.

"Isn't it supposed to explode the Nascent Soul?"

"Isn't it supposed to be the last attack?"

At this time, how should this huge axe be explained?

The continuous questioning in his heart made him a little confused at this time, but soon, he seemed to think of a reason, or an excuse in his heart, and replied respectfully: "It should be that ghost, right?"

But he said this. In fact, even he himself had a guilty conscience.

After all, Guizun is a member of the demon race, and the demon aura that the magic energy released from time to time is obviously not the case.

This kind of aura, even though it had the same devilish aura, but also contained a powerful human aura, he himself knew this well.

It just made a fuss with the slightest magical energy contained in it.

The seventh princess naturally knows this. She is not stupid. How can she completely believe it because she followed what she said, but after all, it is her own subordinate. Even if his words are wrong, there is still the slightest proof that they are not. Say a lot about him.

I could only put down the bead curtain, and said softly, "What are you still doing? Don't you hurry over?"

At this moment, George Han moved manually, among the shocked eyes of a group of monsters. The axe fell suddenly...

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Wow!

Ten thousand axes are like rain, and ten thousand rain is like an axe, struck down in a black volley.

"Damn!" I

don't know who yelled depressedly, and then Wan Axe landed.

boom!

The ground is like ten thousand missiles hitting the ground, directly exploding.

Countless ground monsters also followed this explosion, and directly came a big frying pan like a full-fledged man.

The fire, the residue, the broken arm, flew around all at once.

The ground was shaking, the sky was cracking, and the surrounding houses were destroyed and turned into dust.

At the same time, even though the ghost at the core of the explosion carried an axe alone with his own power, the rain of axe whizzing by his side still drove the incomparable aura and wind to continue to blow around him. .

The black energy around him was constantly being blown, and his face was suffocated because of this.

But his heart, which was not blown, was also grimly at this time.

Because looking back, his neatly organized Team of Hosts was almost battered by the bombing at this time.

Even at this time, the center of Devil Cloud Ghost City was just turned into ruins.

He has seen too many super spells, among which there are countless ones that destroy the world.

This is the norm.

But those are just single techniques, and it is understandable to be tyrannical.

But what is George Han's right now? This fucking mass attack spell is overwhelming.

Anyone who is a cultivator knows that although the mass attack spell covers a large area, it consumes a lot of energy, and its power does not change too much due to dispersion.

But George Han's move... is simply an ridiculous fucking knock on the door, and the ridiculous fucking has arrived home.

What he did was a group attack technique, but the damage from the bombing was more fierce than many monomers he had ever seen.

What the hell is this? !

At almost the same time, George Han and the others were hundreds of meters away, and the convoy had already stopped. When they saw the heavy rain in the middle of the city, not only a group of entourages were dumbfounded, even Nazhu. The seven princesses in the curtain also lost their demeanor, and the whole person stood up directly from the carriage, half arched, looking at the people in the field in disbelief.

"You... didn't you mean... saying that he has already blew the Yuan Ying? Then, who is that person?" She murmured, fingering George Han.

If it was before, that person would definitely find an excuse to reply, after all, he had already found an excuse for the demon aura in his breath before saying this.

However, at this time, he had no energy to reply at all, and his eyes were staring at George Han on the court.

He couldn't understand, he really couldn't immediately.

The human youth in the distance in front of him, how can He De make such a huge movement, and how can he stand alone against the army of ghosts for so long.

He thought a lot and couldn't guess the reason, because he only thought a little bit less.

With his identity, how could he guess George Han?

But obviously, the shock that George Han brought to them was just the beginning.

As the explosion on this end just started, the flying sword made by the small black stick over there successfully broke through from the other end. When the pangolin and others passed through the ground smoothly, the small black stick also rushed back.

If George Han was still a sorrowful hell here before, now it is a howling hell prison.

Cries, shouts, pain, stumps, broken arms, and even heads, with the addition of the sword of flying light, all of a sudden, it was like bubbles flying horizontally.

When Han Thirty Million Axe Rain had just fallen, he was holding a sword in his right hand and an axe in his left hand, and suddenly he slashed at the ghost.

He has a unique body and an extremely fast speed. Not to mention the ghosts of the challenger, even the seventh princesses who are in the appearance battle can't help but look dazzled.

But even more terrifying is the ghost at this time.

What others can only feel is George Han's speed and George Han's body style, but in addition to what Gui Zun feels, there is another thing that makes him a headache.

strength!

Even with 10,000 guesses to the ghost respect, he would never expect that George Han, an extremely thin human being, possesses incredible power.

Every time he resisted, he felt as if he was resisting a mountain and was pressing down, and the tiger's mouth holding the black magic weapon felt even more painful.

"Bang!"

Almost at the moment when he shook his mind, George Han hit his chest with a kick, and when he took a few steps back to stabilize his figure, then, a long sword was placed on his at the same time. At the throat...