

His True Color Chapter 1771-1780

Chapter 1771

At this moment, the door of the room tapped, and Han Qianqian answered the door, as Wang Simin walked in dejectedly, holding a bowl of porridge in her hand.

Knowing that Han 3,000 was still badly injured and had been walking for several days, Wang Simin specially asked Xiaoyi to make some porridge for Han 3,000 to replenish her body.

Han Qianqian looked at her like this. It was completely different from when she had just gone out, and she said in a strange voice: "What's wrong with this? Weren't you out shopping with Peach? Back so early?"

Speaking of this, Wang Simin's mouth pouted high, and she sat down on the table like a deflated ball, putting the porridge in her hands: "Don't mention it, I'm dying of anger."

Xiaotao followed closely behind, picked up the porridge Wang Simin had placed on the table and gently handed it to Han 3,000, laughing softly and explaining, "Sister Simin wanted to go shopping, but for some reason, there was nothing on the street."

Han Marchiang smiled slightly. At that moment, a cold breeze struck, and Han 3,000 subconsciously got up and closed the window, but saw that although the night downstairs was only slightly dark. But the streets, which were bustling with activity in the afternoon, were already devoid of any people, and not even a single lamp was lit in each household, leaving the entire village in complete darkness.

"Is everyone in this village resting so early?" Han Qianqiandao.

No wonder it was so quiet just now, but Han Qianqian always felt that the silence now was different from the silence she felt when she entered.

It was indeed quiet now, but Fang was, at bottom, a deathly silence.

"Who knows, there's not a single ghost." Wang Simin said to be very angry. The good mood that had been intended for shopping was all screwed up.

Just having a meal and then dressing up a bit, the streets, which were bustling with activity before, were suddenly all gone after nightfall.

Han Qianli smiled, "Anyway, I'm quite tired from the last two days' drive, so let's take it as an early rest." After saying that, Han Qianqian finished the porridge and gently put the bowl back.

"I'll help you serve another bowl." Taking the bowl, Xiaotao went out again.

But only for a moment, Xiaotao ran back with an embarrassed look at Han Three Thousand as the bowl in her hand was empty: "The shopkeeper is asleep."

"Wasn't that second guy still busy just now? When we came back, half the tables in the inn were still untidied, and we've only been talking for how long, and he's done it so quickly?" Wang Simin said as she looked at Xiaotao in disbelief, got up, grabbed the bowl from Xiaotao's hand and walked towards the stairway in disbelief.

When she arrived at the top of the stairs, the hall of the inn on the ground floor was already dark and empty. The hall of the inn on the ground floor was already dark and empty, which made people feel a little panicky.

She shook her head, wondering what was going on, and got up and went back into the house.

"Strange. There's really no one left." The first time I saw her, I was so worried that she had to sit down again. It's only what time it is, and everyone's gone to bed." Han Qianli did find it strange, but he didn't look into it.

Han Qianqian did find it strange, but didn't look into it, because in a small village like this, the people may be simple and simple, and it's normal for them to work at sunrise and rest at sunset. Smiling, she said, "You think everyone is as energetic as you are? People rely on their physical strength to support their families, unlike this young lady of yours. Anyway, there's nothing to worry about."

"You" Wang Simin was so hardened by Han Qianqian's words that she didn't know how to reply.

"I'm not bothering to talk to you, go back."

After Wang Simin left, Xiaotao hadn't left, but instead stood quietly beside Han Qianqian, who smiled, "What's wrong?"

"Mr Han, in fact Miss Simin is right, Little Peach also finds this village quirky and and... .." Little Peach looked around in fear, not daring to speak out.

Han Giangli smiled, "And what?"

"And and I always feel as if someone is sneaking up on us."

Han Qianqian's back went cold at her words, not that he was afraid of ghosts, after all, what had he not seen? It's just that the place does always feel eerie and chilly, but Han Marchant's doors and windows are closed tightly.

"Alright, don't think nonsense." Han Three Thousand Year comforted.

When Xiaotao heard this, she stopped talking for a moment, moved two steps on her feet, and finally looked at Han Qianli with eyes wide open: "But But I'm really scared, Mr. Han, Xiaotao... Xiaotao has an unkind request."

Han Marchiang said, "Go ahead."

"Can Little Peach stay in your house?" Finish this sentence. Peach's head was bowed and her face was red and hot.

She also knew that there was confusion between men and women, and that living alone together was a bad influence, but she didn't know why. Since arriving in the village, especially after dark, Peach has felt a trance-like state of mind and extreme fear.

She really didn't want to open her mouth unless she had to.

She thought Han Marchant would probably reject her, but Han Marchant just smiled, "Okay, then you sleep in my bed and I'll sleep on the table."

To Xiaotao. The fundamental reason why Han 3,000 didn't refuse was that Peach was the successor of Pangu and Han 3,000 didn't want anything to happen to her, and another reason was that Peach had taken care of Han 3,000 in every possible way along the way. Therefore, if Xiaotao needed help, Han 3,000 wouldn't refuse.

After Xiaotao went to sleep, Han 3,000 entered into meditation once again, and as soon as she did, the deadly silence returned. The deadly silence rushed out once more.

In the middle of the night, Xiaotao on the bed was sweating profusely, her eyebrows locked tightly and her lips biting lightly.

She had a long dream. In the dream, everything was beautiful, the sun was shining, the mountains were green and the water was beautiful. Birds were singing, people were busy on the terraces of the mountains, people were yelling, and she saw her parents. She also saw the shopkeeper who was in the house today, sitting under the same peach tree that had been there before, talking and laughing, while she was happily picking up the fallen peach petals on the ground.

But when she picked up the peach blossoms and turned back to her parents happily, she suddenly realised that her parents and a group of villagers, who were sitting under the tree, had lost their heads.

"Ah!!" Xiaotao was suddenly awakened from her dream, and by this time, it was already dawn outside the house, and the street downstairs was back to the hustle and bustle of yesterday.

Standing at the window, Han Qianqian saw that Xiaotao was awake and smiled gently, "What's wrong? Having nightmares? See how sweaty you are, go and wash your face, Master told us to get ready to go."

"Where to?" Peach was suspicious.

Han Giangli smiled without speaking, got up and left the house.

Chapter 1772

After Xiaotao had cleaned up, Han Giangiang, Wang Simin and Qin Qingfeng were already waiting in the living room on the ground floor, and even though it was only morning, business at the inn was unusually good, almost the same as yesterday afternoon when the four of them arrived, with few empty tables in the shop.

"What a strange place, so many people early in the morning, but not a single person at night." Wang Simin looked around at the boiling of life and was quite dissatisfied.

Qin Qingfeng smiled, "Let's go, let's go find the village head, maybe he can know something about Xiaotao."

From the inn, the street was just as noisy as yesterday afternoon, with shouting and hustling going on all the time, as the group headed towards the innermost part of the village.

Qin Qingfeng had already asked the shopkeeper about it, and the big house in the innermost part of Carefree Village was the village's ancestral hall, where the village chief, as the head of the village, also lived all year round.

Shortly afterwards, the four of them arrived in front of a large house.

Although it was old, it was decorated with red bricks and black tiles, and the two strange stone beasts at the entrance had their mouths open, serious and full of authority.

"Let's go inside." After looking at the plaque with the word ancestral hall hanging above his head, Qin Qingfeng took the lead and walked in.

As soon as they entered the ancestral hall, the smell of incense and fire hit their nostrils, and further inside, an incomparably large shrine filled with all sorts of reliquaries came into view.

The four had just entered the hall when an old man with a white beard slowly came out of the side door of the hall, smiling cheerfully and saying, "It is indeed a joyful event to have a friend from your hometown."

The old man was followed by a young man, about twenty-five or twenty-six in appearance, with a national face and straight eyebrows, who was quite handsome, but with a hint of killing intent in his eyes that was hard for outsiders to detect.

Qin Qingfeng smiled, "I presume this is the Village Chief? I am the Seventh Elder of the Void Sect, Qin Qingfeng, this is my apprentice, Han Qianli, and this is Miss Wang Simin, the daughter of the Wang family of Tianhu City."

Han Qianqian took a strange look at Qin Qingfeng, this guy was really brave enough to give his real name straight away, it didn't matter to others, but Qin Qingfeng had been here three years ago after all, and had killed many villagers of Carefree Village.

Qin Qingfeng seemed to have seen Han Qianqian's doubts and attached himself to his ear, "At first, we came here masked and arrived at night, just to steal things. So, I didn't know them and they didn't know me."

Han Qianli nodded his head in understanding, no wonder Qin Qingfeng dared to be so bold.

Although the old man with the white beard smiled, his eyes were full of vigilance, "So it's Master who has arrived, I'm really sorry to welcome you. However, this village has always been isolated, so how did Elder Qin find his way here? And what is it about?"

The words actually put Qin Qingfeng to the question, he was slightly stunned and quickly thought of the reason, "The reason why Qin Mou found this place is actually because of this girl, her name is Little Peach, however, she has lost her memory and can't remember many things, we came here this time to help her solve the mystery of her origins."

The white-bearded old man nodded in relief, placing his gaze on Little Peach and sizing her up for a moment, "But this girl is not a member of our Carefree Village."

Hearing this, Han Qianqian, Qin Qingfeng and Little Peach were all stunned, and Qin Qingfeng took Little Peach's hand and said, "Village Chief, are you mistaken? How could she not be from here? You can see that her arm, just like the village people, has this blue mark."

The old man with the white beard smiled, "It's just a special tattoo, perhaps, this girl's ancestor is from the same lineage as us."

"Village Chief, are you really sure?" Qin Qingfeng.

Obviously, in Han Qianqian's eyes, the village head's words were not convincing to him either.

Peach was a Pangu descendant, and the tattoo on the Pangu axe was a mark exclusive to the Pangu clan. Ten thousand years ago, only one branch of the Pangu clan had been lucky enough to survive, which proved that Peach must have come from here.

What's more, Xiaotao could call the shopkeeper by the right name, which was further proof that Xiaotao was from here.

But why did the village headman and the shopkeeper both say they did not know Peach?

But the problem was that Han Qianqian had been carefully observing the village chief's words and actions, and it wasn't as if he was lying.

If you don't believe me, Shi Qiang, go and take out the village genealogy and let the four of you have a good look." The old man said, "I know better than anyone whether there is anyone in the village. The old man said and ordered.

The young man called Shi Qiang nodded and entered the side door for less than a moment before walking out with a thick book in his hand, which he then handed over directly to Qin Qingfeng.

Qin Qingfeng received the book and flipped through it, and there were names written all over it, but after flipping through it from start to finish, he really couldn't find Xiaotao's name.

Qin Qingfeng looked at Han Qianqian in disbelief, this was simply too unbelievable.

No one knew Peach, and Peach really didn't seem to belong here, so if Peach hadn't called out the shop assistant's name yesterday, Han 3,000 really felt that they might have come to the wrong place this time.

But instead, it was Peach who knew Shopkeeper, and called out his name correctly.

What on earth is this all about?

Chapter 1773

"Four of you, as you can see, this village really doesn't have any records of this girl, and my husband doesn't know her." At this point, the village chief smiled and spoke out.

"Yes, this village actually has relatively few such young girls in their twenties, and if she really is from this village, the village chief would definitely remember her." Shi Qiang chimed in.

The four of them looked at each other, not even knowing what to say for a moment.

Han Qianli's heart was even more confused and heavy.

Had they worked so hard to come here and ended up in the wrong place?

Where is Peach's real origins in the vast sea of people? If no one can teach themselves how to use the Pangu Axe, Su Yingxia will be further and further away from themselves.

No, there is another way!

At that moment, Han Qianqian stepped forward and bowed to the village chief, "Village chief, in fact, apart from searching for Little Peach's origins, I have come here for something more important, and that is to search for the Pangu tribe. Peach is a member of the Pangu tribe, and even if she is not from this village, the same blue seal on your hand means that at least you were once part of the same lineage, right?"

Since Xiaotao can't help herself, but this is the residence of the Pangu tribe, and there are Pangu people everywhere, Han Qianxiang can just as well use them to find the secret of the Pangu axe.

Hearing Han Qianli's words, the village head cheerfully laughed, "As I've just said, this is just the same or similar tattoo, what kind of seal is it? As for the Pangaea, that's even more nonsense."

"Tattoos?" With a frown on his brow, Han 3,000 walked a few steps to the village chief, grabbed his hand, and then fiercely stimulated the energy in his body.

But to Han 3,000's surprise, no matter how much he tried to stimulate the energy, the green seal in the village chief's hand did not emit any light at all, just like Little Peach.

Han Qianli couldn't believe it as he gazed at the facts before him, how could this be!

Peach's Green Seal can echo his own Pangu Axe, but the one in the village headman's hands has no connection with Han Qianqian.

"What are you doing, little friend?" The village chief looked at Han Qianli without knowing what he had just done.

"It's impossible this is impossible." Han Qianli was a little distracted, mumbling and shaking his head, he just couldn't figure out why this was happening!

The only logical explanation is that Peach is not from the same clan as them, or even that they are not Pangu at all, which would explain most of the current situation.

But the most illogical part of this only explanation is that how could Peach accurately call the shopkeeper by name?

Strange, strange, simply too strange.

"Four of you, if there is nothing else, please leave this village as soon as possible, this village is used to living its own life and it is inconvenient for outsiders to bother you." The village chief smiled gently.

Bidding farewell to the village chief, Qin Qingfeng and Han Qianli were both speechless all the way, completely staring deep in thought.

"Strange, strange, too damn strange, a lot of things, obviously seem to be one thing, but then they seem to be something else." Qin shook his head in wonder.

"In fact, I was inclined to believe what the village chief said, because he was calm and composed the whole time, not looking like he was lying at all, and everything he said felt very convincing. But precisely because of this, it actually revealed again that he was lying, and I really believed him when he said he wasn't from the Pan Gu tribe, but he was partial to ignoring you, Master." Han Qianli coldly said.

Qin Qingfeng could prove that the people here were the Pangu people, except that the village head would never have guessed that Qin Qingfeng was the same person who had slaughtered the village three years ago.

Qin Qingfeng nodded, "That's right, there are many oddities, what we are lacking now is to find a thread and then weave all the webs together and the mystery will be solved." ,

"And the other thing that is very strange is that they should actually be very wary of the outside world after what happened to them three years ago, but they don't seem to be." Han Marchiang Dao.

At this time, Han Three Thousand suddenly felt that the Carefree Village, where it was, was simply a village full of sorrow, and everything was just too strange.

However, one thing Han 3,000 was sure of was that the more the village headman wanted them to leave this place quickly, the less he wanted to leave it.

This was the only place where he could unlock the Pangu Axe, and Han 3,000 would never leave until he got the answer.

On the way back to the inn, Wang Simin was completely captivated by the street stalls, and while Han Qiangang and Qin Qingfeng pondered the eccentricities of Carefree Village, they did not notice that Wang Simin had disappeared.

When they arrived at the inn, Xiaotao ordered a few dishes and was waiting for them to be served when Wang Simin walked in with a big bag of stuff.

Han Qianli looked at her strangely, not bothering to pay attention to her.

Wang Simin threw her arms that were a little numb: "What attitude, I'm here to help you buy clothes."

"Clothes?" Han Qianqian suddenly frowned and looked at every guest in the inn with deadly eyes!

Chapter 1774

Almost everyone in the inn was dressed in summer clothes, while Han Qianqian was wearing winter clothes.

The four of them were out of place with everyone else in the shop, and on closer inspection, they were simply as out of place as the four monsters.

Qin Qingfeng also listened in, touching his thick clothes and smiling awkwardly, "Speaking of which, our outfits do seem to be a bit strange."

Xiaotao also nodded, a little embarrassed, "Yes, aren't we wearing a little too thick."

Qin Qingfeng smiled at Wang Simin and said, "It's still Miss Simin who is thoughtful."

Wang Simin gave a proud glance at Han Qianqian and proudly said, "Of course, Miss Ben isn't like some people."

Han Qianqian smiled slightly, "Then you guys go upstairs and change first, I'll wait for you here, hurry back."

Hearing Han Qianqian's words, Wang Simin gave a cold snort: "Change if you want, let's go." After saying that, Wang Simin pulled Xiaotao and Qin Qingfeng and went upstairs to change clothes.

In less than a few moments, the two women and one old man changed into nice new clothes and went downstairs, Wang Simin and Xiaotao are both beautiful women, and the thinner summer clothes revealed their figures more perfectly.

Han Marchiang was not angry, and when the three of them reached the table and sat down, he smiled, "What do you think?"

"Of course it looks good, you think it's all the same as you ah, such a nice day, dressed like a bag." Wang Simin was unconvinced, but her forced appearance was all too clear in Han Qianqian's eyes.

Qin Qingfeng and Xiaotao, however, were not good enough to interrupt as they held their bodies tightly.

Han Qianli smiled, he knew that the three of them were cold as hell, it was just that Wang Simin kept stiffening up in front of him.

"What do you guys think, how are their bodies?" Han Giangli pointed to a table in the distance where a middle-aged couple were sitting with their old man and child eating.

"The eldest seems to be in poor health." Xiaotao shivered a little.

Han Qianli nodded, "And how do you guys feel about your health, especially you Miss Wang."

The three of them looked at each other, not understanding the reason for Han Qianli's question, but Qin Qingfeng answered Han Qianli's question, "My body is definitely average, but Miss Simin's body is good."

"I don't know why you're asking such a silly question." Wang Simin muttered.

Han Qianqian laughed, "The worst of you are better than the old man and the child, but look at them, they are even thinner than what you are wearing now, but their faces are as red as red, while you three, even Miss Wang, who is the best of you, are already cold, isn't that strange?"

Hearing Han Qianqian's words, Qin Qingfeng reflected at this point and furrowed his brows, "When you say it like that, it seems to be true."

Although Wang Simin didn't say anything, with her temper, the fact that she didn't refute Han Qianli's words already spoke volumes.

"So, it's not us that's to blame, but them." Han Marchant said.

In fact, from the very beginning, after hearing what Wang Simin had said about the clothes, Han Qianli subconsciously thought that she seemed to be dressed extremely differently and strangely from others.

But soon, Han 3,000 dismissed this idea, because although common sense told him that he was the weird one, his body told him that the weird one was someone else.

Outside the snowy mountains, even in this carefree village, the sun was much brighter, but there was still a slight chill, and wearing these thick winter clothes, Han 3000 even felt a little cold.

The reason for feeling strange is nothing more than a subconscious behaviour, just like when someone tells you that something is poisonous since childhood, you will naturally think that it is poisonous, even if it really is not poisonous.

Therefore, what Han 3,000 yuan had to do was to test whether it was poisonous or not, and the physical performance of Qin Qingfeng's three men had already given him the answer.

"Mr Han, what's going on? Aren't they all afraid of the cold?" Peach asked nervously.

Han Qianli shook his head, these people talked and laughed freely and did not feel cold in the slightest, which was what made him very strange.

Looking at Wang Simin, Han Qianli smiled, "Any interest in going out for a walk?"

"Wow? Did you suddenly eat the wrong thing?" Wang Simin was in disbelief.

There was an unexplainable oddness about the place, and Han 3,000 wanted to take a look, regardless of whether or not Wang Simin agreed, Han 3,000 got up and headed out.

Qin Qingfeng naturally knew that Han 3,000 was not simply going out for a stroll, but that it was a good idea to go out for a walk.

The group of four soon returned to the street once again, and Han Qianli looked at Wang Simin and said softly, "Miss Wang is the daughter of the royal family, so she must have eaten many different kinds of food, right?".

When Wang Simin heard this, she said proudly, "Of course, there's nothing that Miss Wang hasn't eaten since she was born and has eaten her way through the eight corners of the world."

Han Qianli nodded in satisfaction, then pointed to the stall where the melon was sold yesterday and said softly, "Then, Miss Wang, do you know this spirit melon?"

"Peach Spirit Melon!"

"What about this?"

"Jade Water Pear!"

"What about this!"

Wang Simin snorted, "What? Testing me? Isn't it simple? The King of Spiritual Fruits, Red Heart Seed."

Han Qianqian smiled, "Miss Wang really lives up to her name, she knows everything like the back of her hand."

"That's right!" Westminster raised her eyebrows proudly.

"Then I want to ask you, what season do all these melons and fruits come from?" Han Giangli suddenly asked with a glaring gaze.

Without thinking, Wang Simin replied, "Summer!"

But after answering, she suddenly froze on the spot.

When they arrived, the snow was already falling and it was already the beginning of winter, although this Carefree Village is located in a paradise, after all, it is in Tianhu City, and even though its environment is unique, there should not be a difference between it and the outside seasons.

Similarly stunned were Qin Qingfeng and Xiaotao.

What on earth is going on?

Peach even felt that her brain was running out of ideas. There were so many things that were completely beyond the scope of what her brain could think about that even Qin Qingfeng, who had always been quite experienced, was quite bewildered.

"Could it be that this is summer?" Peach asks!

Han Qianli shook his head, looked at everyone and smiled confidently, saying firmly and calmly: "Here, it must be winter!"

Chapter 1775

"Winter? And how do you explain these summer fruits? As you can see, these are very fresh fruits, not picked last year and stored until now." Westminster retorted.

"Yeah, if it's winter here, look at everyone here, they're all dressed for summer." Qin Qingfeng also frowned.

"Then do you guys remember what kind of weather it was here when we first came out of that stone crack?" Han Qianqiandao.

Wang Simin's eyebrows furrowed, "When I first came in, although the mountains were green and sunny, the surrounding mountains were still snow-capped."

Han Qianli nodded, "That's right, so the season here can only be winter, and the reason you feel cold in these clothes is because of that."

"But they" Peach wondered at all the passers-by walking, all of them were dressed in summer clothes, weren't they, aren't they cold?

Han Qianqian said, "Of course they weren't cold, in fact, as soon as I entered this village, I felt very strange, but I couldn't say what was strange until Miss Wang said something that woke me up."

Wang Simin wondered, "I woke you up?"

She didn't even know which of her own words had reminded Han Qianqian, and was looking at him with a strange face.

Han Qianqian smiled slightly, "Yes, clothes. Common sense tells us that we seem strange, but our bodies honestly tell us that they are strange, so who is stranger?"

"Oh my, what he's weird I'm weird, you're winding me up." Wang Simin was depressed.

"Yes, Three Thousand, what's going on, you tell me."

Han Three Thousand Year looked at the three of them and slowly said, "Actually, none of us are strange, because we and they are from two worlds."

As soon as this was said, the three of them were even more puzzled, what do you mean by people from two worlds!

"You're curious, aren't you?"

The three of them nodded their heads in a chicken-pecking manner.

"Alright, tonight, we'll know the answer." Han Qianli smiled mysteriously.

Then, not caring about the three people who stared blankly in place, he got up and went straight back to the inn.

By the time the three of them chased him back to the inn, Han 3,000 had already locked the door to his room, so they had no choice but to go back to their respective houses and wait.

At dusk, Han 3,000's room door opened, and when they heard the noise, they rushed out of their room and ran to Han 3,000's door.

Han 3,000 shook his hand, gesturing for them to go into their own house.

After entering the house, Wang Simin rushed out, "Sick chicken, it's going to be dark soon, what exactly is the answer to this?"

Little Peach also made a rare sound and asked, "Yes, Mr Han, what's this all about."

Han Qiangli didn't say anything, and after opening the door, he lay down on the bed by himself and closed his eyes to rest.

Seeing that Han Marchian didn't speak, Wang Simin muttered, "It's not possible that you don't know anything and are making a mystery here, right?"

After saying that, Wang Simin sneaked a glance at Han Qianqian to see if she had any reaction, but to her disappointment and annoyance, Han Qianqian still hadn't made a single move.

This damned guy, can't get enough oil and salt?

After waiting for another ten minutes, Wang Simin's temperament could not be contained any longer and she spent the whole afternoon in the house wondering what Han Qianqian's words meant. What does it mean to be from two worlds and what kind of two worlds can be associated with Carefree Village?

And, even if these concerns are involved, how do they relate to the strange happenings in the village?

After thinking about it for a whole afternoon, Wang Simin couldn't figure out what was going on, so she could only hope that Han Qianqian would give an answer this evening.

But after coming for so long, Han Qianqian said nothing except to sit here and wait.

How could this be tolerated by Wang Simin.

"Bang!" With an angry bang, the whole of Wang Simin slapped the table and stood up, "I said dead sick chicken, what the hell do you mean, it's fun to make fun of us, isn't it?"

Qin Qingfeng stood up in a hurry and advised, "Miss Simin, calm down, I think since 3000 said there would be an answer in the evening, let's wait a little longer, the sun is just setting anyway."

Wang Simin's face turned cold: "I think he's obviously playing a trick on us."

Just then, Han Qianqian suddenly sat up, his eyes slightly open, and looked at the three of them: "Now, that's about it." Then, he placed his hand on his lips and made a shushing motion.

The three of them immediately shut up, not even daring to breathe a word.

Wang Simin put her ears up to the top of her head, trying hard to hear what was going on, but there was nothing.

"Hey, dead sick chicken, what the hell are you doing?" Kingsman frowned in discontent.

"Did you hear something?" Han Giangli asked the three of them.

Peach shook her head, "Mr. Han, although it was suddenly so quiet just now, but I didn't hear anything."

"That's right, it was just suddenly so quiet." Han 3,000 smiled and walked out of the house directly and quickly.

Chapter 1776

The three of them hurriedly followed Han Qianqian, walking all the way from the first floor to the hall on the ground floor, which was empty and dark except for the neatly arranged tables and chairs.

The entire hall was so quiet that it was a bit creepy.

From the inn, the four of them went out onto the street.

The night breeze was rustling, the leaves were flying, and the whole street was completely covered in night, with no entrance or end in sight.

A gust of cold wind blew past, Wang Simin was shivering with cold, holding her arms and saying strangely, "Dead sick chicken, why are you taking us out on the street? What, shopping, but I'm sorry people have closed their stalls, let's hurry back, it's so cold."

"Looking for someone." Han Qianli smiled, then, walking quickly to the door of a house, then looked at Wang Simin.

Wang Simin was stunned, looking at Han Qianqian's meaning, he was asking himself to knock on the door.

"Knock, the owner of this house will tell you the answer." Han Qianqian smiled.

Wang Simin took one look at Han Qianqian and walked to the door half-heartedly. She had the feeling that Han Qianqian was playing a trick on her, but thinking that she would know the answer she wanted by knocking on the door and finding the owner, she finally knocked.

When Wang Simin's hand touched the door, the whole thing creaked open, and inside was a small courtyard and three very small houses.

It was dark inside the courtyard, without any lights at all, and it was somewhat eerie to stand at the door and look around, as Wang Simin looked at Han Qianqian: "No one!"

"You didn't even go in to see if it was empty? Afraid?" Han Qianqian deliberately laughed.

Wang Simington snorted, "Che, will this lady be afraid?" Afterwards, she took a few steps and walked in.

It was just that the further she walked in, the more scared Wang Simin felt. She had been completely inspired by Han Qianli and had walked in with her scalp, and the more she walked in, the more scared she became, as the courtyard was so quiet that it was creepy.

In fact, she was also a monk and was theoretically not afraid of ghosts, but for some reason, she always felt a special emptiness in her heart when she came to this place.

It was hard to reach the doors of the three houses, and Wang Simin stood in front of them for a long time before finally closing her eyes and knocking directly on the door, but like the door outside, the door inside was unlocked, and with a touch of her hand, the door of the house opened.

"Hello?" Wang Simin shouted, then turned around and walked back.

At the door, Wang Simin's face returned to its previous arrogance and said to Han Three Thousand, "No one."

Han Qianli nodded and led the three of them around to a nearby house with his eyes on Wang Simin again.

"Me again?" Wang Simin pointed at herself in surprise.

"I'm telling you, dead sick chicken, you better not play tricks on this lady, or else I'll make you eat your heart out." Wang Simin drank in exasperation, having had the experience of the last time, this time Wang Simin was much bolder and headed straight inside, and within a moment she came out, shaking her head, "Still no one."

The door was unlocked and opened with a knock, but there was no one in the house at all.

When Wang Simin finished checking the last room, she finally couldn't stand it any longer and glared angrily at Han Qianqian, her hands crossing her waist in anger: "Dead sick chicken, I'm telling you, don't go too far, my lady's tolerance has a limit! How many houses have you asked me to look in one night, and in each one you say you have the answer, where is it?"

Han Qianqian smiled, "Actually, they've already given you the answer."

Wang Simin was stunned, the answer, what answer?

Qin Qingfeng now said strangely: "Three thousand, this is too strange, why is there no one in each room? The street is supposed to be empty and they should have gone home, but why is there no one in every house?"

Han Qianqian said: "This was expected, come with me to a place and you will know why there is no one in the house."

As soon as Wang Simin heard this, she gritted her teeth in anger, "Han Qianli, what the hell are you up to?"

When they stopped in front of a large building, Wang Simin was puzzled: "Han Sanliang, you're going to die, what are we doing here?"

With a smile, Han Qianli got up and pushed the door open, then strode straight into the centre of the house, where the word "ancestral hall" was written on the plaque above him.

Han Giangli cast a spell that illuminated the entire ancestral hall, and for a moment, the entire hall was visible to the four men.

"Do you know where all the people you were looking for just now have gone?" Han Giangli looked at Wang Simin.

Wang Simin frowned and shook her head, "Where did it go?"

Han Qianli smiled, pointed his finger at the densely packed rows of divine thrones in the palace, gazed like a torch and said in a cold voice, "They're all there!"

Hearing Han Qianqian's words, Wang Simin fiercely looked over at the densely packed throne of the gods and was completely speechless with fear for a moment.

They he they were all dead?!

Chapter 1777

How is this possible?

How could they have died when you saw them with your own eyes during the day?

Qin Qingfeng and Xiaomao were also both scared and incredulous at this point.

"Mr. Han, you shouldn't joke about this." Little Peach was a little scared.

"Yes, Three Thousand, those people were still fine during the daytime, and we've all seen them and are certain that they are human, unlike ghosts." Qin Qingfeng also said.

Han Three Thousand smiled, got up and walked to the spirit seat, then, without saying a word, swept up the spirit seat.

The three of them looked at him in puzzlement, what was this for?

Soon, Han Three Thousand Castles turned cold, then pointed to a spirit seat in the seventh row's most corner, and the three of them looked at it casually.

"Carefree Village, Spiritual Seat of Cheng Niu!"

"Is this the shopkeeper's?"

"How did that happen?!"

Han Qianqiang's face was blue and sunken, he had guessed right!

After settling in last night, he suddenly felt surprisingly quiet and had noticed that something was wrong, especially as Wang Simin had said that when they went upstairs, the shopkeeper still had half of his things unpacked, but in the space of a few words, the downstairs had gone silent.

This, coupled with today's events, made Han Qianli feel that this place was both strange and bizarre, until Wang Simin reminded her about her clothes, making Han Qianli suddenly think that perhaps the people on both sides were not from the same world at all.

This is the only explanation that can perfectly explain all these strange and odd things.

Another thing that supported these explanations was that Qin Qingfeng had massacred this place back then, and for three years, it was as haunted as a street and as prosperous as a brocade, which was simply impossible.

So, everything was an illusion, or they had entered another small virtual world!

"The summer clothes, the summer melons, even everyone doesn't know Peach, but Peach is clearly here, and these are already showing that we and they are not in the same world, just in the same space." Han Qianqiang Dao.

It was like two parallel lines that suddenly intersected, except that the meeting points intersected with each other, and the rest of the world remained separate.

"You mean to say that Carefree Village is where this meeting point is?" Qin Qingfeng frowned.

Han Giangli nodded.

Wang Simin seemed to understand: "So in this place, we're always out of place with them, but often times we're at cross-purposes with each other, making us feel that some of us are not right for each other, and some of us are right for each other, and that's what makes us feel very strange."

Han Qianli nodded, "That's right, that's why I've been speculating about what their world is like, and in connection with last night's unusual situation and the fact that when we came to see the village chief at the ancestral hall, we saw so many relics here, both made me suspect that their so-called world might actually be a world of unjust spirits."

Qin Qingfeng nodded heavily, and by now, he agreed with Han Third Thousand's words, because although three years ago, he wasn't sure if he had slaughtered all the people in the village, one thing was certain: he had killed quite a few of them.

Han Three Thousand's words are the most consistent with all the explanations of that period of history, and the Carefree Village did not flourish at all, but instead went to an even more withered state after the slaughter.

Not even a single one of them had survived, instead they had gathered here and become a concentration camp for grievances.

Thinking of this, Qin Qingfeng's entire body couldn't help but lower his head, when he first came here and saw that it was bustling with activity, he thought that it had been restored to its original state and his guilt was much lessened. But now, he had to be even heavier.

Because apparently, his sin debt was even heavier.

Little Peach looked at Han Qianqian with delight, "How clever you are, Mr. Han, you can think of this too."

Hearing Peach's praise, Wang Simin looked at Han Qianqian with disgust, "Just a crooked move."

"Miss Simin, how can it be possible for Mr. Han to think so thoroughly about subtle matters, so that he is just skewed? This is entirely due to Han Gongzi's cleverness." Peach had never liked to argue with anyone about anything, but in this case, she had to stand firmly on Han Marchant's side.

Because Han Qianqian was able to take all sorts of tiny little pieces and finally put them together into an incomparably large and complete event, one had to be impressed just by this power of observation and powerful thinking.

Wang Simin was about to speak when the entire shrine was suddenly shaken by the ground, followed by the collapse of the shrine and the collapse of the roof.

Han 3,000 yuan hurriedly transported energy to cover the four of them, looking out of the hood with a cold stare.

Boom!

With a loud bang, the entire ancestral hall completely collapsed, and dust and smoke momentarily rose up.

The gloomy wind was blowing, making people shudder.

Wang Simin subconsciously gently squeezed the sleeve of Han Qianqian's arm with her hand and looked around in panic. But unlike Wang Simin, Qin Qingfeng was the one who looked around.

Compared to them, Qin Qingfeng's fear was truly written on his face and engraved in his heart.

It was because this was the place that he could not shake in his nightmares.

Seeing Qin Qingfeng's pale face and trembling body, Han Qianqian almost didn't need to ask, knowing that this place must have been the place where Qin Qingfeng had massacred the villagers, and that was why he was so scared and frightened!

"Whew!"

Suddenly, at this moment, a miserable roar could be heard in the night, and a human figure slowly crawled out of the ground on the wasteland in the distance.

Then, more and more, in all directions, with Han Giangli at the centre, countless silhouettes crawled out of the ground, rickety figures, carrying axes and large knives, their mouths emitting whimpering cries as they slowly approached the four of them!

"This" Wang Siemin was amazed.

"It's the spirits of the Carefree Village!" Han Giangli squared up, and afterwards he looked at Wang Simin. "I'll be in charge of the front and you'll be in charge of the back."

Wang Simin nodded, pulled out the long sword on her back, and leaned back against Han Marchant's back.

"Ho!"

With the roar of one of the foremost undead, hundreds of undead suddenly accelerated and attacked straight away.

While Wang Simin drew his sword to meet the enemy, Han Qianli also drew his jade sword and attacked the undead directly.

The battle was on the brink!

But these armies of undead, seemingly never born, never die, and with each slash they instantly shatter, but then instantly regroup, and as time goes on, not only do they not kill a single undead, but they allow the undead to advance completely and surround the four of them completely!

Chapter 1778

"Dead sick chickens, it's not going to work!" Wang Simin shouted anxiously.

The hundred undead completely crowded into a huge circle, surrounding the four of them tightly inside and out.

Han 3,000 gritted his teeth, the power of the Dragon Heart within his body was so poor that the only way was to use the mysterious power he had before he fell unconscious, but it had been temporarily resting in Han 3,000's dantian, and Han 3,000 didn't know what would happen if he used it rashly.

If it still went rampant, Han 3,000 would undoubtedly be facing an extremely dangerous situation with an enemy on his belly.

But this was the only chance.

"Get out of the way!"

Han Qianli's face was cold, and then he forcibly urged the mysterious power in his body, in order to avoid a long night's sleep, what Han Qianli wanted was to be killed in one blow.

So, he directly urged the mysterious power to wake up the Pangu Axe, and then the golden seal of the Pangu Axe glowed brightly on Han 3,000's forehead, and his entire body instantly burst open with another golden breath.

Boom!

The golden light swept by like light, and the spirits of the dead were instantly destroyed by the touch of it.

Wang Simin didn't dare to look at Han Qianqian, who was covered in golden light, but instead looked more like a god of war, wearing golden light and looking down upon the four directions.

Wang Simin's face suddenly turned scarlet as she looked at the undead, who were about to exhaust themselves to death and could not be killed, but were like tiny ants in front of Han Qianxiang!

Thinking about how she had looked down on him before, and now he had turned the tide and saved everyone, Wang Simin could not wait to find a crack in the ground to get into.

Now it seems that Han 3,000 is not a sick chicken, is very manly, and he is not bad looking.

But just as Wang Simin's heart was beginning to move, Han Qianqian's brow was furrowed. He was both excited and very anxious, excited because he still doesn't know how to use the Pangu Axe to this day, but the energy it emits is so invincible after just a small awakening.

If you can use him yourself, what kind of power would that be?

But anxiously, the stubborn mysterious power, like an awakened bison, once again leaped wildly and completely out of control in the body.

If this continued, it would really kill Han Qianxiang alive.

But with a great enemy at hand, Han Three Thousand had to rely on it!

"Stop!"

Suddenly, just at this moment, there was a sudden cry of surprise in the darkness, followed by a fierce leap and he slowly came out, and almost at the moment he came out, the fierce undead, who was just now incomparably fierce, also suddenly turned light and shadows and disappeared.

Han Qianli hurriedly withdrew all his energy, holding on to the chaotic leap inside his body, and looked coldly at the person in front of him.

The visitor was wrapped in a black cloth, and couldn't see what his figure looked like.

"Kid, I'm asking you what's going on with that golden light you're wearing." The visitor said in a cold voice.

Han Qianli's eyebrows furrowed, "Who are you again?"

"Me? That's none of your business, I'm just asking you what kind of divine weapon you have on you!" The visitor.

Han Qianli couldn't tell if the other party was friend or foe, but for the most part he thought it was the former, as it was clear that he might be the leader of these undead legions. "What's this to do with you?"

"Of course it's none of my business!" He rasped out, then thought, sort of answering Han Qianli's question, "My name is Xu Hai."

"Xu Hai?" Han Qianqian looked at Xiaotao and saw that her eyes were wandering, and knew that she didn't know him, but then Qin Qingfeng suddenly frowned and said, "Is your father the Chief of Carefree Village, Xu Furong?"

Hearing Qin Qingfeng's words, the visitor took a step back in obvious panic and said in shock, "How do you know my father? Who are you"?

Qin Qingfeng's face lowered with regret, he really didn't know how to reply.

Han Qianqian said at this point, "So you are also a villager of Carefree Village? Well, then, I'll answer you that the divine weapon I have is what you think it is."

"The Pangaea Axe?" The visitor looked up sharply, in fact, when he saw Qin Qingfeng's reflection, he was already full of murderous aura, so after confirming the other party's identity, Han Marchiang simply admitted it, both to get to the point and to temporarily defuse Qin Qingfeng's crisis.

Han Qianli didn't reply, but his attitude, already said it all.

"Bang!"

The black cloth above his head covered his face, and his hands, which were holding up his body, were trembling slightly.

"Father, Pangu's legacy, my child has finally completed it."

After saying that, he looked up sharply, and the black cloth on top of his head also fell instantly, and under the moonlight, under the black cloth was a head without a face, just a layer of skin on it, looking terrifying.

Wang Simin and Xiaotao were suddenly so frightened by his appearance that they took several steps backwards and gripped the clothes on Han Qianqiang's back tightly.

"Come out, all of you." He shouted.

Suddenly, countless undead rose from the ground once again, but unlike before, they slowly knelt down in front of Han Qianli!

Chapter 1779

"This" Han Qianli looked at Xu Hai in puzzlement.

"Whoever possesses the Pangu Axe will live forever as the true god of my Pangu Clan, and my Pangu Clan, whether living or dead, human or ghost, will be expected to worship on hearing of it and kneel on seeing it." After saying that, he led hundreds of dead souls towards Han 3,000 and slowly kowtowed.

Han 3,000 nodded, "But I don't know how to use it, in fact, I came to Pangu Village this time in the hope that you can teach me how to use it."

"After the Pangu God opened the heavens, he transformed into the Seven Essence and created everything for the Eight Directions, while the Pangu Axe, with which he fought alongside and opened the heavens and the earth, fell into slumber. The destiny of the clan."

"Ten thousand years ago, the people of the Eight Directions World suddenly attacked my Pan Gu clan, back then, the clan's chief didn't want the Pan Gu Axe to fall into the wrong hands, so he activated the Pan Gu clan's teleportation formation and sent the Pan Gu Axe out of the Eight Directions World, and since then, our clan has never seen the Pan Gu Axe again."

"But we also hoped that one day the Pangu Axe would find a good master again and rejoin the Eight Directions World, but we never expected that it would take ten thousand years."

"Now, although the Pangu Axe has returned, my Pangu clan has already lost its fate, and there are no more survivors, True God, I can't help you." Xu Hai was incomparably sorrowful.

Han Qianli's brows furrowed, "Why?"

Xu Hai said bitterly, "The secrets of the Pangu Clan are guarding the Pangu Axe and mastering the secrets to make it awaken, but these secrets are not known to a single Pangu, and the secrets of the Pangu Clan have always been mastered only by the leader of the Clan. Although my father was the last village head of the Pangu Clan, but I am not the successor."

Hearing this, Han Qianqian's heart went cold, it was so hard to find this place, but it turned out to be an empty joy? What good is a pile of scrap metal if the Pangu Axe can't be used?

Seeing Han Qianqian's face ashen, Xu Hai said, "Because I'm not the village chief's biological son."

Back then, when the Pangu Clan was massacred, it was fortunate that the remaining Pangu Clan was spared when they went out, and at the same time, they happened to have a Pangu Clan chief's son in the group, which barely managed to keep the secrets of the Pangu Clan.

To the greatest extent possible, the next matriarch's heir would be spared too much exposure.

Xu Hai was the child after the exchange.

The child who truly hid the secret of Pan Gu was only in an ordinary family.

"Then let me ask you, the next heir of your village chief, is it a girl?" Han Qianli suddenly asked in a sharp voice.

Xu Hai was stunned, "True God, how do you know?"

Qin Qingfeng suddenly understood what Han Qianli meant when he let out a sigh of relief and placed his eyes on Xiaotao, "Qianli, what do you mean is that Xiaotao is the real daughter of Village Chief Xu?"

Han Qianli gave it some thought and nodded seriously.

He had seen the village head's blue seal in the ancestral hall, as well as the shopkeeper's, and he found that the village head's blue seal was clearly different from the shopkeeper's, while Xiao Peach's and the village head's blue seals were almost identical.

The only difference was that Xiao Peach's green mark was more lustrous, and it was assumed that the village headman was merely an undead while Xiao Peach was a human.

When Xu Hai heard this, he nervously looked at Little Peach, "Are you called Lu Meijiao?"

Peach was a little panicked and godless, not knowing what to do for a moment, looking at Han Marchant with eyes wide open, then, shaking her head, "I don't know."

"She's lost her memory." Han Three Thousand Years, after saying that, he walked over to Peach's side, then, gently pulled up Peach's arm, revealing the green mark so that Xu Hai could see and understand.

Although Xu Hai had no expression, when he looked at the blue mark on Little Peach's hand, his body visibly shook slightly, then he fiercely knocked his head up, "Xu Hai has met the clan leader!"

Han Qianli's entire body finally breathed a sigh of relief, as long as he confirmed Peach's identity, it would mean that there was still hope at the end.

He was really worried that the Pangu clan would disappear completely and no one would know how to unlock the Pangu Axe.

Then, after Xu Hai's salutation, he slowly raised his head and looked at Han Three Thousand, "True God, since the head of my clan is still here, the secret of your Pangu Axe is on her body."

With this answer, Han Qianli's heart was finally settled.

"But the problem is, she doesn't remember anything, and this time I came here to help her recover her memories, do you have any solutions?"

"Immortal Tear, our clan's secret treasure, after eating it, she will forget everything about this place."

Chapter 1780

"Tears of the Gods?" Han Qianli frowned.

Xu Hai nodded, "I believe it should have been three years ago when our clan was suddenly attacked by a group of black-clothed men, and in that scuffle, the old clan leader must have sent the new clan leader to the village's secret escape route to get her out of here, and in order not to expose her identity, gave her the Tears of the Gods. It both forgets the painful memories of this place and hides itself completely."

"Then there is an antidote for this kind of thing."

"There is!" Xu Hai said, "All the secrets of the Pan Gu clan, from the Pan Gu Axe big to small, have been recorded, but this record is all with the clan head. But although she is the new clan head, she obviously didn't have any coronation ceremony, so she definitely didn't get these legacies, so everything is still with the old clan head. But the old clan chief, he's already dead."

Wang Simin said, "That's very simple, wait until tomorrow during the day, won't we just ask the ghost of the old clan leader?"

With a frown on his brow, it was clear that Han Qianqian felt that this was not possible.

Xu Hai sighed bitterly, "The leader of that group of black-clothed people, after slaughtering the village, on the one hand did not obtain the treasure from us, so he was annoyed, and on the other hand, he also wanted to cover up the crime, so he set up a Purgatory Formation here, trapping the souls of all the dead Pangu clan members here and suffering from it day and night for eternity."

Qin Qingfeng's brows furrowed, and when he saw Han Qianqian looking at him, he shook his head, suggesting that he hadn't done it before: "The Purgatory Formation is a kind of ghost technique in the Eight Directions World that can extract all the beautiful memories of the trapped souls, leaving the souls forever immersed in only painful memories. Strength."

Wang Simin's eyebrows furrowed, "Is there such a damned evil art in the world? This village slaughterer really deserves a death by a thousand cuts."

Xu Hai nodded, "Since my apparent identity was the son of the village chief, those thugs thought I was the next clan leader, so they kept me alive and trapped me in the Purgatory Formation, watching my clan struggle in the abyss of pain every night, forcing me to reveal the secret treasures of the Pan Gu clan."

For the past three years, Xu Hai had watched his clan do this every day and was close to collapsing physically and mentally, so during the day, he would take advantage of the suspension of the Purgatory Formation to reassemble the beautiful memories that had been taken away by the formation to form the carefree village of yesteryear.

On the one hand, this was the best way for Xu Hai to comfort himself, the criminals were not unaware of this and they did not stop them, because the falsity of Carefree Village could deceive some of the people who broke into it and cover up the truth, at the same time, Xu Hai also needed an outlet, forcing Xu Hai to die would not do them any good.

The back of Han Qianli's teeth were slightly bitten, these criminals, killing people and committing murders was just fine, but they still had such vicious and cruel methods to persecute the villagers of Carefree Village.

Killing and whipping a corpse was just that.

"But the remnants of these memories are basically not complete, and many are even only a few moments old, so most of the time, they stay for that small period of time," Xu Hai said.

Han Qianli nodded, "So, the shopkeeper and the village chief, neither of them knew Peach, not that they were lying, but the fact that their residual memories were only that few days, or even simply only one day's memory."

Looking at Xu Hai nodding, Han Qianli finally understood why when he had asked Xiao Er and the village chief, their answers were so strange at first, but Han Qianli had carefully observed their expressions when they spoke, and it clearly didn't look like they were lying.

Now, Han 3,000 was relieved that they were indeed not lying, it was their other memories of many people and things that were simply gone. Even if you asked him who his parents were, or if you asked him anything beyond that part of his memory, he wouldn't know.

It's just that who in general would go there to ask!

"That's right." Xu Hai confirmed, "The real village chief's dead soul is no different from the army of undead around me, and under the devastation of the three-year Purgatory Formation, he's no different from the walking dead."

"Then you mean that no one knows about the antidote to the Immortal Tears, either?" Wang Simin was surprised.

Xu Hai nodded, "At least, for now."

"Sh*t!" Han 3,000 gritted her teeth, her whole body very unhappy, half a day's work and so much effort, but it turned out to be nothing?

At this point, Qin Qingfeng, who had remained silent, stepped forward: "I have a solution."

The three of them, together with Xu Hai, looked towards Qin Qingfeng with joy and incredulity, "You have a solution?"

Qin Qingfeng nodded his head and looked at Xu Hai, "That's right, but it will require you to sacrifice a little."

Almost without thinking, Xu Hai was incomparably firm, "As long as I can help the new clan leader and the True God, even if I have to take Xu Hai to the mountain of swords and the cauldron of oil, Xu Hai will never say a single word."

"The most feared thing of all is filth, and the most central point of a formation is the eye of the formation. Since Xu Hai can control these undead spirits, it means that he is where the eye of the formation is, so it's not difficult to find a way."

Qin Qingfeng said, and placed his gaze on Wang Simin and Xiaotao.

Wang Simin was stunned, "What's wrong?"

Qin Qingfeng smiled mysteriously and pulled Han Qianli into action.

Although it was indeed difficult to break the Purgatory Formation, as it was empty talk if the destiny of the formation could not be found, the Void Sect was a master at using formations, and as the Seventh Elder of the Void Sect, Qin Qingfeng was naturally quite knowledgeable about them.

No matter how odd or strange a formation may be, it will never change, so what Qin Qingfeng needs to do is to do everything he can in the sect.

The Southwest White Tiger Fiend and the East Green Dragon Gate are the weakest links in most of the formations, so Qin Qingfeng placed two banners at these two places.

Qin Qingfeng held the other two flags in his hand, and with a flick of his hand, the small chess pieces inserted in both directions exploded!

At almost the same time, Xu Hai's entire body exploded into two bloody holes.

Almost at the same time, the entire sky changed colour, and the village of Carefree Village was covered in a blood red.

"The broken formation can only last ten minutes, Xu Hai, find the village head quickly."

Xu Hai endured the severe pain in his body and nodded his head, then closed his eyes and thought, in the distant blood red, at this time a figure, swaying, came out.

At the same time, in one of the mansions in Tianhu City, a middle-aged man, suddenly frowned, "Someone broke my formation and went to Carefree Village!"