

His True Color Chapter 1851-1860

Chapter 1851

"Is this the Pokémon found in the Land of Extreme Cold? Jesus, what the hell is that? Even though it's in a box, I can even feel its scent."

"The scent, it's so f*cking strong!"

"No way, right? What exactly is this?"

Lang Yu gently smiled and waved his hand, and in a flash, the gold box opened, and inside was a colourful egg.

But even though it was only an egg, everyone present could feel the magical energy blossoming from the egg.

"Ladies and gentlemen, today's bidder is the youngest pet of the Extreme Cold Land Overlord, the Golden Divine Beast Tianlu Brave, starting at ten million!"

This was not only because of the exorbitant price, but also because of the presence of a high-level beast like Tianlu's brave soldier in the auction room.

This beast is the king of the extremely cold lands, with a body like a tiger, a head and tail like a dragon, a head with two horns, a back with two wings, and fur as beautiful as gold and jade.

"It is said that if this beast fights with its master, it can call the wind and rain, and its sharp four claws are an excellent weapon for breaking enemies."

"But this beast feeds on gold, silver and jewellery, so it's really hard to cultivate it, so forget it, I'll give it up and you guys can play."

Some people who knew about this beast chose to give it up on the spot, as although the Tianluo brave are strong, they need a lot of money to support them, and for those who are not particularly rich, it is tasteless to eat and a pity to discard.

But more people chose to hold on to it because it was a golden beast, something that could be found but not sought.

After all, in the Eight Directions World, having a good divine weapon or a good divine beast was the greatest improvement for anyone other than one's own cultivation.

Bai Ling'er was even more excited as she tugged on Zhou Shao's arm, "Zhou Shao, you must help me get this little guy, didn't you hear what he said? With this beast, even if my cultivation is low, I can still escape, and if one day in the future I encounter any danger, won't it protect me?"

"This" Zhou Yingtian also could not help but frown at this time, the starting auction is 10 million, this is not a small amount of money, even for most of the gentry, it is also a huge amount of money that makes one's flesh ache.

"At worst, I'll be yours from now on and marry you, okay?"

Hearing this, Zhou Shao toned like a chicken and raised his big hand, "Thirteen million."

"Okay, thirteen million!"

"Fourteen million."

"Fifteen million."

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A new round of price increases began anew.

After several rounds, the price rose from the initial 10 million to 25 million. For most people, the cost of raising this beast was extremely high, but the proceeds were also quite lucrative, not to mention the fact that it was a golden divine beast in the final grade. You know that in the Eight Directions World, a red beast was already very rare, and a golden beast was unthinkable.

But the cost of raising this beast was there, and more importantly, the risk.

It was only an egg, whether it would hatch or not was a huge unknown, if it didn't hatch, it would be equivalent to more than 20 million smashed into the water, and secondly, just because it was an egg, its origin was very unclear, and there was a high possibility that it would attract some unnecessary dangers.

This was also the fundamental reason why the Golden Beast, at twenty-five million, had suddenly stagnated.

Zhou Shao's twenty-five million had steadily stopped at the first, but just as it was about to reach twenty-five million for the second time, the voice that had given Zhou Shao nightmares all night once again rang out.

"Thirty-seven and a half million!"

The crowd roared.

That voice, as if it might be late, but never absent.

"Forty million!"

"Sixty million!"

"You" Zhou Shao was so angry that his brain was rushing blood, he really didn't know what the f*ck was going on: "Well, want to play, yes? I'll play a big game with you, one hundred million!"

The whole room was in an uproar... Zhou Shao, he'd offered 100 million!

It was fine to buy one of the other golden beasts at this price, but buying this one was clearly not worth it.

"One hundred and fifty million!"

The other end of Long Yu, at this time suddenly cold voice.

He was too weak to shout at the price, because his family's assets had been sold for a maximum of 200 million, so how could he have the courage to raise the price?

"Is there anything higher than \$150 million? 150 million for the first time, 150 million for the second time, 150 million for the third time, deal!"

As Long Yu knocked gently, Bai Ling'er knew that the momentum was gone, and stood up from her seat in anger: "Zhou Yingtian, I knew it, you're no different from that trash, I'm leaving."

Just as Bai Ling'er turned to leave, at that moment, Long Yu suddenly and quickly rushed over from under the stage and quickly walked over towards this side.

Bai Ling'er was slightly stunned, unsure of what to expect as she looked at the approaching Long Yu, could it be that there was still a chance for things to turn around?

But while Bai Ling'er was stunned, Long Yu suddenly walked past him, and then, as she couldn't believe her eyes, Long Yu stepped in front of Han Qianqian and bent down respectfully.

Chapter 1852

Bai Ling'er was stunned to see Long Yu bending over in front of Han Qianqian, Zhou Shao's mouth was equally wide open in shock, and the other VIPs on the sidelines also had their eyes wide open.

"Rongyu, are you crazy? Do you have any idea what you're doing? You're groveling to a piece of trash?" Zhou Shao's angry voice.

Long Yu turned back slightly, looking at Zhou Shao with some disdain and coldness.

On a normal day, when facing these noble guests, Long Yu must have great respect. But respect didn't mean that he could act recklessly, especially in front of Han Qianqian.

"This guest, please be careful with your words, or else I will be rude to you." Long Yu said coldly.

Hearing these words, Zhou Shao's already ugly face was even more furious at this time, being robbed of all kinds of shots was already very annoying, but now, even a f*cking auctioneer was so rude to himself, which made Zhou Shao's face no face at all, a slap on the chair, Zhou Shao rose up in anger: "F*ck. What kind of attitude is this, Long Yu, do you know who I am?"

"Zhou's house, right?" Lang Yu sneered.

"Know who I am. How dare you still have this attitude? I'm telling you, Long Yu, give me an apology right now, and along with that piece of trash, I don't know what you're doing, but you're being respectful to a piece of trash." Zhou Shao raged.

"Zhou Shao, an apology is not an apology, and if you are upset in any way, then you can only be advised to hold it in, otherwise, what can you do."

"F*ck, Lang Yu. What does this mean?" Zhou Shao couldn't hold back any longer and his face was even more distraught.

Lang Yu, however, smiled slightly, "Is it not clear what I mean? I'm recounting once again that although you, Zhou Shao, are an honoured guest of our auction house and we respect you very much, you, in front of this gentleman, are nothing but trash. So, please pay attention to your wording, and if you dare to make any further disrespectful remarks to this gentleman, I will immediately make you unable to even cry."

Zhou Shao's face paled as he said this, and the group of spectators were in an uproar.

You are our guest of honour, but in front of this gentleman, you are just rubbish.

These words shook everyone to the core, and they all locked their eyes on Han Qianqian, who had been resting with his eyes closed, and guessed what kind of identity this young man, who looked like an ordinary person, had.

"OK." At this moment, Han Three Thousand Slightly opened his eyes and slowly stood up. Looking towards Lang Yu, he said, "Did you want to see me for something?"

Lang Yu Dong slightly owed, then, took out a black card from his bosom. With both hands, he presented it to you: "Distinguished guest, the master of the house has an order to present this black VIP card to you."

Han Giangli's eyebrows furrowed and he gently received it, "What does this mean?"

"However, we have a special black card for some VIPs who have made great contributions to our auction house. With this card, not only do they become super VIPs without asset verification at our 72 branches in the Octagon World, but they are also VIPs of the seven affiliated families behind our auction house." Lang Yu lightly smiled.

Hearing this, all the spectators were suddenly shocked. They looked at each other in disbelief.

"I've heard that although the auction house claims that it doesn't classify any VIPs into classes, and its purpose is not to divide customers into three classes or nine classes, there is actually a kind of hidden super VIP behind the scenes. This kind of VIP can not only directly enjoy the treatment of a super VIP at the major branches, but can also be a seated VIP of the seven families, I didn't expect this to be true."

"My God, I didn't expect that something that has been legendary for so long would be lucky enough to be seen today, but was indeed brought to my attention by an unassuming young man."

"Damn, I just thought he was a waste and a piece of trash, but I didn't expect it to be nothing more than a diving dragon swimming in the water and teasing us with a bunch of shrimps and crabs ah."

"That's right, no wonder Long Yu has good respect for this person, even Young Master Zhou didn't give face at all, so he and we are not on the same level at all."

A group of guests shook their heads and sighed in surprise.

Bai Ling'er, who was standing on the aisle and was about to leave, was completely stunned when she saw this scene, and her mood could no longer be described as shocked. She only felt a thunder, directly from the sky, fiercely thundered on top of her heart.

"How could this happen?" Bai Ling'er muttered.

In her eyes, Han Third Thousand was nothing more than a petty thief and trash. A person who couldn't even afford to buy anything at an outside stall, she even kept comparing Han 3,000 with Zhou Shao in her heart, glad that she had found a rich young master instead of that useless, useless trash.

At one point, she was so confident that she was mourning for a woman who would find someone like Han Qianxiang as her husband, mourning how miserable the rest of her life would be.

But now, the plot has suddenly reversed itself in an unexpected way.

That loser is actually the hidden black card VIP at the auction house.

High and low. A verdict!

"It's just a black card, isn't it? Ronald, is this the f*cking difference in attitude you have towards him and me? Let me tell you, I, Young Master Zhou, have plenty of money, a small black card. I'll do it." Zhou Shao saw the loser he had been suppressing suddenly shake himself and ride on top of him, and at the same time envied the adoring eyes of the people around him at this point. At once, Lang sounded.

Hearing this, Bai Ling'er and all the audience, could not help but look at Zhou Shao.

Bai Ling'er also left hope for Zhou Shao, for the last time.

But just then. Long Yu was smiling slightly and did not comment at all.

"Long Yu, can't you hear me? I want a black card, how much is it. Name a price." Zhou Shao forced himself to act tough and skimmed a glance at Long Yu.

Lang Yu shook his head helplessly, "Zhou Shao, I'm afraid you have some misunderstanding about our Black Super VIP card, in terms of your status. I'm afraid that you are not qualified to apply for it."

"The Laozi Zhou family has plenty of money, he, a piece of trash, can handle it, you dare to say that I am not qualified to handle it?"

"He?" Lang Yu looked at Han Qianqiang and shook his head.

Just then, an assistant quickly ran over from the backstage, holding a piece of paper and a pen in his hand.

Lang Yu didn't reply to Zhou Shao, taking the paper and pen, he said to Han 3,000, "VIP, this is a list of all the items in this auction, the total number of items is seventy-three, including twenty-four treasures and the king of this auction, the total cost is 470 million, please have a look, if there is no problem, you sign and these items in this auction are yours."

Hearing these words, all the spectators were shocked, and their mouths, one by one, opened wide enough to fit an egg in.

Chapter 1853

470 million!

What a number!

For many people present, even if they were also nobles, this was clearly a huge astronomical figure.

After all, as the Fu Family's top Zhong Lang Shen Martial General, Han Qianqiang's monthly salary was only 300,000, and 470 million was indeed outrageously expensive for most people.

"Long Yu. What do you mean by that? Are you saying that was the one who offered the high bid for the auction this evening?"

At this point, a member of the audience stared with eyes as big as bulls, unable to believe the question.

Lang Yu smiled slightly and nodded, "Yes, it was this gentleman who instructed me to help with the bidding."

Although Long Yu spoke very softly, it was like a bomb dropped into a calm lake, with Han Qianqiang as a radius of several metres. Everyone in the audience who could hear their conversation paled in shock.

Zhou Shao, who had just recently regained his feet, stumbled in shock. He fell back on his chair.

It turned out that the supercaller, who had made everyone very strange, was actually sitting peacefully beside them.

"No wonder, no wonder he just closed his eyes the whole time, so it turns out someone else was a steady winner."

"Oh, I was just told by some idiot that people are bored to sleep because they can't afford to buy anything, now that I think about it. It's not sleeping, it's not bothering us," he said.

"The one who is as quiet as a virgin is the one who moves like a rabbit, obey, I am really convinced."

After being shocked, a group of the crowd all cast their respectful gaze on Han Qianli at this point, what is a true superior, that in itself is a gesture of the wind and clouds, and Han Qianli perfectly illustrates this king's breath.

Bai Ling'er's figure swayed, a pretty face like white paper.

How could this be? How is this possible?

The mystery buyer who has been bidding like crazy throughout the whole show, and it could be him!

But it's true. It had to be believed, and it was true.

At this point, Bai Ling'er was cracking up inside.

Earlier, she had mocked Han Qianqian. Thinking back on it now, it was more like an insult to herself, and it made her blush to think about it.

What right did she have to mock such a tycoon?

Han Giangli didn't even look at the list and stood up: "No need to look, can I go get my stuff now?"

Lang Yu smiled lightly, "Of course."

After saying that, Long Yu gave a slight yawn and made a gesture of invitation.

Bai Ling'er's breathing stopped when she saw Han Qianqian approaching, and then looked at Han Qianqian again. Suddenly, she noticed that he was wise, upright and quite handsome. More importantly, he was rich.

Bai Ling'er blushed as she watched Han Qianqian get closer and closer until she was right in front of him, holding back her courage: "I"

But as the words came to her lips, she didn't know what to say. More importantly, Han Qiangli ignored her and walked straight towards the backstage of the auction house.

As Han 3,000 walked away, everyone in the vicinity of where he was sitting stood up, eager to take a second look at who this top landowner was.

The spectators in other seats saw a flurry of activity over there, and they all got up to watch. They did not know what was happening at that end.

At the very end, two men and one woman also stood up along with the crowd.

Of the two men, one was older and looked serious. One was old and serious, the other was young and handsome, with a strong physique, causing a few young women sitting next to him to look at him secretly. The other woman, on the other hand, looked like a celestial being, with her own halo, even in the crowd. She was always the focus of attention in the neighbourhood.

This woman was so beautiful that many people in the surrounding area had no time for the auction. They had no time to worry about the auction, but were always looking at her.

"What's going on up ahead? What's all the fuss about?" The older man stood up and looked away. Not surprisingly.

"I heard that there's a mysterious guest over there, the auction king tonight, and all the things in the auction. All of them were bought by him." A nearby spectator said.

The young man's sword-like good-looking eyebrows wrinkled slightly, his handsome face carrying a slight anger, his gaze staring intently at the figure that was heading towards the backstage.

Originally, he had wanted to come to the auction tonight to buy something, after all, such things as rising cultivation, everyone needs, but did not expect that the whole night had fallen through, the price was raised to outrageously high, so he had been waiting in defeat.

Now that he saw that this figure was the culprit, he was naturally a little dissatisfied.

The big beauty next to him also rose slightly, locked her eyes there and opened her mouth for the first time, murmuring, her voice like heavenly music: "This back, seems like a familiar sight."

"Forget it, Senior Sister Qin Frost, let's go back." The young man shook his head, if Han Qianqian was there, he would certainly recognise, this man, is Ye Liao Cheng.

Chapter 1854

At this time, Han 3,000, accompanied by Long Yu, walked into the backstage.

In the backstage, more than a dozen servants had already put all the items in the auction into boxes, and each box was opened, waiting for Han 3,000 yuan to examine them.

Seeing Han 3,000 come in, a group of people all bowed low. Respectfully, they said: "Good evening, distinguished guest."

Han 3,000 nodded politely, "Thank you all for your hard work, right, I won't inspect the items, I trust you, as for the money, is it still enough?"

Lang Yu smiled, "The exchange house has estimated your pile of treasures, and after you spend tonight's, you still have 700,000 amethysts left."

Han 3,000 nodded, and with a movement of energy in his hand, he took back all the auction items.

Lang Yu smiled at this point and said, "That's right, VIP. Many of the items you bought at our auction this time were used in pill refining and medicine practice, so forgive me for taking the liberty to ask, but you are looking to refine something, right?"

Han Qianqiang smiled bitterly. It was obvious that Long Yu was asking a question knowingly, and said, "If you have something to say, you may as well say it straight, talk to me without beating about the bush."

But when he saw that Han Qianli was not angry, he said, "To refine things, you naturally need a good fireplace, and as the saying goes, "Sharpening a knife does not delay the work of chopping wood. You are a black card VIP in our auction house, so we have a batch of treasures for the next auction. Some of these are excellent pottery furnaces, so I wonder if you would be interested. If you have it, we can sell it to you in advance."

When Han Qianli heard this, he smiled even more bitterly, this auction house routine was really deep, selling materials first, then tools next time, really good at capturing people's hearts and making you keep attending.

However, Han 3,000 didn't deny that he was really lacking these things at the moment, nodding his head: "Good."

Lang Yu was very happy and led Han 3,000 yuan around the backstage to a large room next to it.

In the large room, there were quite a few things placed there, several different coloured and shaped pill furnaces lined up neatly, and judging from their appearance, one could tell that they were of great value. However. What surprised Han Qianli the most was the space in this room.

From the outside, it looked like a modest house, but once inside, there was not only an extremely huge shopping mall, but also a large number of shops. Not only was there an extremely large shopping mall, but there were also backstage rooms, and even the large house in front of him.

It looked no bigger than a palm on the outside, but inside it was a giant elephant, which was really something.

Seeming to see Han Qianli's concern, Lang Yu smiled gently and explained, "It's all illusions, but it's also a feature of the 72 branches of my auction house, the House of Heaven, huh?"

Han Qianqian smiled slightly, "A house in the sky? It's quite apt and interesting."

"You flatter me, distinguished guest. Let me introduce you to the red furnace in front of you, which is a molten molten metal furnace that can withstand high temperatures without melting. It is made of meteoric iron, so if you have this furnace to practice your pills, you will definitely get twice the results with half the effort."

Han 3,000 nodded and was about to speak, when suddenly there was a burst of noise outside the house, and Lang Yu was dissatisfied, shouting at the outside, "What's the noise?"

The servant hurried into the house and said, "Mr. Lang, I'm sorry, but an old man suddenly came outside and had to find us to sell the furnace."

"Can't you see there are VIPs in the house? Why don't you let him go?" Lang Yu raged.

"Yes."

"No need." Han Qianqian raised her hand at this point and smiled slightly, "It's all business, there's buying and selling, there's no such thing as expensive or cheap, I'm not in a hurry, so you can go about your business first."

Long Yu was stunned, but since Han Qianqian had spoken, he dared not disobey. Nodding his head, he said to his servant, "What are you waiting for? Hurry up and let someone in."

The servant nodded and retreated, a moment later. The old man walked in with an old man in a simple cloth coat, covered with various patches, the years of wear and tear and the pollution of the earth, the coat was old and dirty.

In his hand, the old man held a green stove, which was small, the size of a three-year-old child. There was a blue dragon around it, but the thing that was missing was that the stove was covered in dirt and grime and there was even a lot of water in it. Obviously, the stove had been left somewhere randomly all the time and had suffered from the ravages of wind and rain, leaving it just as old and dirty as the old man.

Lang Yu was very uninterested in the cooker at first glance. But since Han Qianqian was present, he still said politely, "Old man, I heard you're selling the stove, right?".

The old man nodded, though his beard was all over. With shaggy hair, he looked like a beggar, but his eyes were full of determination: "Yes."

"Oh, old man. Although our auction house does the buying and selling of goods, if you want to sell something, you should go to the exchange house, where there are professionals who will do the valuation for you." Lang Yu said.

The duties of an exchange house are similar to pawn trading. Assessing the value and then buying it at a low price, the auction house's duty is to sort and classify the items and auction them to maximise the profit of the goods.

So, clearly, the old man has come to the wrong place.

"It's because I've been to that exchange house of yours that I've come over here." The old man said.

Langton was stunned and looked at the servant, "What's the situation?"

Chapter 1855

"The people over at the auction house didn't think his cooker was worth anything, so they didn't give a price." The servant now whispered.

"That's just a bunch of mediocre people who don't even know the treasure and have nothing to say to them." The old man was a little dissatisfied when he spoke of this.

Lang Yu chuckled, naturally a little disdainful of the old man's words, the exchange house's judging criteria were very professional. If it is said there that it is not worth anything, it is not worth anything, but because of the hindrance, Long Yu still smiled, "In that case, why don't the old man give the cooker to me to take a look at it?"

The old man nodded and handed over the cooker with his dirty, old hands. After receiving the cooker, Long Yu did not actually take a closer look at it, just a cursory glance, and then shook his head: "Old man, this green stove is indeed a bit roughly made. Coupled with its age and rust, it's really not worth much? However, since the old man has found his way here. How about this, I'll give you ten amethysts, are you selling or not?"

Naturally, Long Yu had no interest in this item, and buying it was just throwing it into the rubbish heap, so the reason why he was willing to bid was just to create some good influence on the auction house.

Upon hearing this, the old man was slightly angry: "Since even you don't know the goods, then forget I ever came." After saying that, the old man picked up the vase and turned around to leave.

"Wait a minute." It was at this moment that Han Qianli spoke.

Although this old man, had been quite difficult. But one, Han Three Thousand was attentive, two, smart, and three, he had long since trained this guy to be subtle, so Han Three Thousand saw that there was actually a hint of urgency in the old man's angry eyes.

"Old man, how much do you plan to sell this cooker for?" Han Qianli smiled.

Hearing Han Qianqian's words, the old man was slightly stunned and said, dissatisfied, "Priceless treasure, but I have an urgent need, if you can afford one million, I can consider selling you."

Hearing this price, although Lang Yu had always been extremely ethical, he couldn't help but puff out a laugh at this point, "Old man, you're joking too much, aren't you? A broken tripod? A million? Look around you at the good cookers. Nothing is good enough to sell at your price.

The servant couldn't help but laugh out loud at this point, too. The old man turned slightly red in the face and said angrily, "What do you know, a bunch of vulgarities? Are these junky things qualified to compete with my Green Dragon Tripod?"

The two men shook their heads in disdain and laughed. Afraid of a crazy old man.

The old man endured the anger of being laughed at and put his last hope on Han Marchant.

"Fine, I'll buy." Han Qianli smiled.

The old man let out a long sigh of relief, but Lang Yu and his servant now exploded as if a bomb had been thrown at them, and Lang Yu even took a few steps to Han 3000 and said urgently, "VIP, you mustn't be fooled by the old man, this green furnace is just trash from a long time ago, not to mention a million amethysts, even if it's ten amethysts, it's not worth it."

"Yes. Your Excellency, don't be fooled, this has been appraised by a number of our professionals, you have to trust us."

Han Qianli shook his head. Smiling, he said, "Of course I trust you, but I also trust this old man, Master of Ceremonies Lang, please give him one million amethysts." After saying that, Han Three Thousand casually threw out a pile of jewellery, which was a way of replenishing his account.

Lang Yu was a little anxious for Han 3,000 for a moment, but after all, the money was Han 3,000's and it was their freedom to decide how they wanted to make their own decisions, so with a long sigh, he instructed his servant, "Take this old gentleman and go over to the exchange house to do the formalities to get the money."

The servant nodded, and the old man looked at Han 3,000 with a very raw gratitude in his eyes, as if he wasn't very good at thanking people, and after handing over the cooker to Han 3,000, he followed the servant out.

After sending the old man away, Han 3,000 spent more than 1.4 million yuan on a fiery red qilin tripod on the recommendation of Long Yu. Only then did he stride out of the auction house.

As soon as he came out, Han 3,000 met an unexpected person, Bai Ling'er.

After Han 3,000 left, Bai Ling'er was shocked and regretted it for a long time. Finally, she came to her senses and had a completely new plan.

Although Zhou Shao was a good choice for the future, compared to someone of Han Qianqian's calibre, it was simply incomparable.

A woman like Bai Ling'er was quite attractive in her own right, with many men surrounding her on a daily basis. Therefore, she was naturally very confident in her looks, so she wanted to take Han Qianli.

She was close enough to know that Han 3,000 had gone to the back of the auction house. Therefore, she pretended to be very angry and said she was going home to rest after separating from Zhou Shao, but in reality she was at the entrance to the backyard. She was waiting for Han 3,000.

It had been more than an hour since she had waited, and while she was anxious, Han Qianxiang finally came out slowly at this point.

"Gongzi." Upon seeing Han Qianqian. Bai Ling'er greeted him warmly.

Han Qianqian swept a glance at Bai Ling'er and said indifferently, "Something wrong?"

Seeing Han Qianqian so indifferent, Bai Ling'er's head fell and her mouth pouted. Picturing an aggrieved expression, Bai Ling'er said, "Duke, are you still angry with someone? I'm sorry, but at worst they'll compensate you, okay?"

Finish. With a red face, Bai Ling'er deliberately lowered her neckline in an attempt to seduce Han Qianqian. In the past, when dealing with other men, Bai Ling'er could get away with almost nothing more than a few ambiguous glances, but Bai Ling'er felt that with someone of Han Qianqian's higher status, she had to do her best.

Han Qianqian sneered disdainfully, and without even looking, directly pushed Bai Ling'er away, "Sorry, I don't know you well, so I don't care to be angry with you at all, you're better off without this."

Watching Han Qianli turn around and walk away, especially with that sneer, which was simply full of mockery and contempt, caused Bai Ling'er, who had always been arrogant and lonely, to suffer great humiliation, standing there like a thunderbolt, she had already given up her dignity for Han Qianli, but what she didn't expect to get in return was Han Qianli's indifference and ridicule.

"You've gone too far, how dare you treat me like this when I'm like this?" Watching Han Qianqian's back as he left, Bai Ling'er roared at him with reluctance.

It seemed that in her eyes, as long as she let down a man a little bit, she wanted him to be obedient to her.

Han 3,000 left the suburbs and did not return to the city, instead heading deeper into the more isolated forest.

Chapter 1856

At the end of the old yellow trees, there is an ancient temple, which has fallen into disrepair during the storm, with crumbling walls and a leaning roof. The walls are leaning and the roof is leaking. Weeds are growing.

In front of the temple, a wooden plaque has been hung obliquely, revealing endless desolate and lonely feelings.

In the courtyard, the old man from the party, now rickety, slowly walked into the temple.

It was the first time I'd ever been to a school. He lifted the curtain, which was already somewhat broken, and entered the inner hall.

Han Qianli also went in now, through the night. At the main hall, the four fierce and malevolent statues in the palace, instead of becoming gentler due to the erosion of age, appeared even more hideous due to their absence, like four evil ghosts with fangs and claws in the night.

There was a stench in the air and the ground was very dirty. Hay was all over the place and there was some thatch piled up in the innermost part, which should have been where the old man slept.

Han 3,000 was about to move in, but he didn't notice when his foot suddenly moved and he kicked a cauldron that had fallen to the ground, making a piercing sound.

When Han 3,000 squatted down to pick up the cauldron, his brow furrowed, because the cauldron he had kicked over was almost identical to the one he had bought earlier.

At this moment, the curtain opened and the old man came out with a cold, solemn look on his face, seeing that it was Han Qianqian. Only after seeing that it was Han 3,000 did he soften a little: "It's you?"

Han Qianli nodded, this old man was the same old man who had just sold the tripod to him.

"What do you mean? Are you backing out? Sorry. I've spent the money." The old man said coldly.

Han Qianqian smiled, "A cauldron sold for a million amethysts, you could have taken that money and been free, but it was to the herb shop and bought all kinds of expensive herbs, with your body, you shouldn't have to."

"You followed me? Also, this is my business, so there's no need for you to interfere."

Han Qianli shook his head, "Don't worry. Senior, I have no intention of following you, I came. Nor am I returning anything, nor do I have any malicious intent, I'm here to deliver the cauldron."

After saying that, Han Third Thousand took out the previous Green Dragon Tripod and handed it to the old man. In fact, he was also reluctant to take the broken tripod, but he had bought it because he had seen an anxiety in the old man's eyes that he was trying to hide, and his intuition told him that the

old man must be in need of the money, otherwise he wouldn't have taken his most precious tripod out to sell it.

Although this cauldron did not strike Han 3,000 as rare or precious, the old man's eyes told him that it was at least very important to him.

So the one million was actually more of a kind of aid to the old man.

According to Han 3,000's intuition, the old man was by no means a man of the city. On the contrary, he was very spirited, so he would never do so unless he had to.

"What do you mean? Pity me?" The old man's brow furrows.

"I know. It's important to you, a gentleman doesn't take away from others, and although I'm not much of a gentleman, I want to lean towards the direction of a gentleman, so I don't know if you'll give this a chance, senior." Han Qianqian smiled.

Sensing Han Qianli's goodwill, the old man's guard slackened considerably. One side of his body turned sideways to the other, "I, Han Fei, will never take back what I have sold. Not to mention this tripod, even if it costs me my life, I won't regret it in the slightest. Things. You can take it back, but as for your kindness, I'm grateful."

Han Qianli smiled. Nodding, he turned around and prepared to leave, though he was well-intentioned. But he didn't want to force anyone to do anything.

As soon as he arrived at the temple entrance, suddenly, Han Qiang said, "Are you really here to deliver the tripod?"

Han 3000 did not speak.

"Good. Since you have feelings, I'll have feelings, and you come back." Han 消 said.

Han Three Thousand's eyebrows furrowed, not knowing what the old man was up to, but he walked over honestly.

The old man squatted down and picked up the cauldron that Han 3,000 had kicked down earlier, then threw it directly at Han 3,000.

Han 3,000 smiled helplessly, "Senior, is it the same price as before?" Said Han Qianqian, who was about to pay for it.

"No need, this tripod is a gift from me." The old man said.

Han Qianli shook his head, "No merit."

The old man swept a glance at Han Qianqian and said coldly, "This is a double-dragon tripod. A single tripod may not be worth much, but once the two dragons merge, it will be the strongest tripod in the world, worth a fortune."

After saying that, the old man's hands were so powerful that the two tripods in Han Qianqian's hands suddenly flew up, and then in mid-air, they spun wildly under the old man's control.

As the blue light of the two tripods flourished, they turned more and more fiercely in a gossip-like pattern, and finally, with a bang, a tripod as thick as a man's hug landed in front of Han 3,000 with a bang.

Unlike the other tripods, the tripod had a new face, and even under the moonlight, it shone with a burst of blue light.

When Han Qianli saw this, his brows furrowed in disbelief as he gazed at the huge tripod in front of him.

Chapter 1857

At this point, Han fei patted the dust from his hands, swept a glance at the tripod and said, "This is the true double-dragon tripod, capable of melting all things and nurturing all fires, unique in the world."

Han Qianli sucked in a breath of cold air. In no way could he have imagined that the two rotten tripods, which had been in tatters just a moment ago, would turn into a godly tripod with a dark blue glow.

Its appearance alone had already predetermined it to be extraordinary, not to mention the dragon tattoo on its tripod body, which roamed slowly like two true dragons.

No matter how little knowledge Han Qianli had, he could still be certain from its appearance that it was definitely a treasure, compared to the red tripod he had bought for over a million. It was simply a world of difference.

"Take it and get going before I change my mind," Han Fan said.

"No, don't." After Han Qianli was surprised. He shook his head in succession.

Han Xiaotong's brows furrowed, and it was clear that Han Qianli's words had surprised his entire body: "You don't want it?"

"That's right, I don't want it." Han Giangli firmly shook his head.

"Are you an idiot? You don't want such a good thing?" Han Fandao.

"As I said, no merit, obviously, the more noble this tripod is, the more I can't take it, Senior. Please take it back, and today, forget I was ever here." Han Qianli said, turning around and leaving.

This tripod was obviously a rare treasure, and Han Qianli thought that his one million amethysts to buy it was just a joke.

"You're a stubborn person, but I'm even more stubborn than you are." Han Fang saw that Han Qianqian was leaving and snapped in anger.

Finished speaking. With a movement of his hand, the gate in front of the temple slammed shut.

Han Qianli turned back helplessly and said, "Senior. What are you doing this for?"

Han Xiaoxiao laughed scornfully, "Do you think you're the only one who talks about principles? I, Han Fei, am more principled than you, and since I sold it to you, I have no intention of taking it back." "But " is a bit of a dilemma for Han Qianli.

"But "Han Qianqian was in a difficult position.

Han 消 looked at Han Qianli coldly and saw the difficulty in Han Qianli's eyes before his tone softened a little, "You're also a nice young man, my husband is very pleased with you, so I gave you the other part of the Double Dragon Tripod. But it's just used to hold some leaking rain."

"Having been able to seek out the Ming Lord, it should have continued to serve its purpose instead of following me, the old man. It has sunk since then."

"If Senior insists on giving it to me, then this way, I'll make up some price for you, otherwise I'll feel uneasy in my heart." Han Qianli sincerely said.

"There's no need, that million has already fulfilled my greatest wish, money isn't of any use to me, I've already gotten used to this kind of bitter life." Han Qiang said softly.

Han Three Thousand was confused by his words, and had no interest in money, but yet he wanted to exchange his beloved things for money, what kind of logic is this!

"Boy, what's your name?" Han Qiang asked.

Han Kuanyuan was hesitant, but after a moment, he was righteous, "Han Kuanyuan."

"Well. Counting up, our real surnames, tens of thousands of years ago. I'm not sure if we're still family." Han Fei gave a rare smile, then he looked at Han Qianli, "Okay, Han Qianli, come over here and I'll teach you how to use this Double Dragon Tripod."

Han Three Thousand nodded. He walked over to Han Kuo's side, then Han Kuo suddenly slammed his palm directly onto Han Three Thousand's back. Suddenly, Han Three Thousand only felt a lot of memories popping up wildly in his head, and then in the next second. Han Kuai had withdrawn the peak of his palm.

After withdrawing his palm, Han Kuang looked at his palm and frowned. This was because there was now a faint hint of black on his palm.

He looked at Han Qianqian with complicated eyes, then lowered his head to think about something.

"Senior. What's wrong?"

"Could it be that this is really destiny?" Looking at his palm, Han Xia seems to be talking to Han Qianqian. Without waiting for Han Qianqian to speak, he hurriedly entered the inner hall beside Han Xiaoli.

Just as Han Qianqian was about to enter the inner hall to look for Han Fan, Han Fan had already come out, holding an old, yellow and mouldy book in his hand, looking up at Han Qianqian from time to time as he walked along.

Han Qianli was completely bewildered by him and stood dumbfounded in his place.

After a few moments, Han Xiaoxiang breathed a sigh of relief, closed his book and looked at Han 3,000 without moving a muscle, making Han 3,000's hair stand on end.

"Senior, what's going on?" Han Qianli couldn't stand it any longer and couldn't help but ask again.

However, Han Fan did not answer, looking at Han Three Thousand's despondent expression, but then suddenly relaxed, and then a bitter smile piled up on his face.

"Fate, fate, it really is fate." Han Kuang looked at the black spot on his palm again and shook his head and laughed bitterly.

"Senior "Han Qianli was very depressed, what was Han Xiaoxiang up to? What fate

Chapter 1858

After looking at his own palm, he looked up at the roof with a mumbled look, as if he was meditating on something, and after a moment, he smiled, looked at Han Qianli and said, "Han Qianli, being able to make the Double Dragon Tripod is nothing new, but how to make all kinds of materials. Extreme refining into top-grade pills is the way of the king of this eight-sided world."

Han Qianli nodded in confusion and said, "Senior, I understand."

"So, do you want to master this King's Way technique?"

It is the easiest, quickest and most brutal method of self-improvement, and is even the dream of many people in the Eight Directions, but because the threshold of materials and refining techniques is so high, many people are often able to peek in but not enter.

Otherwise, how could the various sects and schools give out the various elixirs needed for cultivation as wages? This speaks volumes about its importance. In a sense, it's even a universal currency, so it's difficult to manufacture it. Naturally, it was extremely difficult.

After spending so much money, Han Qianli had only bought a few materials, but wanting to refine them into spirit pills to replenish his cultivation, Han Qianli hadn't even thought about when he'd get to that point, but planned to stockpile them first. He was just going to stockpile them first and plan for the next day.

After all, the basic art of cultivating pills was already a difficult technique, and it was even more difficult if one wanted to push the various materials to their limits, and to call it a technique of the King's Way was indeed not an exaggeration at all.

"However, in the Eight Directions World, among the things that can be concocted with humans, the art of alchemy is the most precious. Han Qianli smiled bitterly.

The pills required by various sects, including the Void Sect where Han Qianqian had stayed, were all distributed by the sects on a fixed quota, and outsiders had no access to the alchemy techniques. It is easy to imagine how treasured they are.

In some ways, the quality of the pills is even one of the essential factors in determining the size of a sect.

Therefore, those who make pills, cherish peculiarities.

"Just be willing to learn." Han Fei smiled slightly, then he leaned over and suddenly rushed towards Han Qianqian, towering on his feet a dark strength came in front of Han Qianqian, grabbed Han Qianqian's hand and pulled up his sleeve, from the elbow a caress of the hands, down to the palm of the hand, Han Qianqian suddenly only felt his arm suddenly green veins and hidden black.

"Pill refiners, from yin to poisonous, from yang to pure, need to blend in, need to be insane and persistent, and need to have a heart like water." After Han Fan finished speaking, he put down Han Qianqian's hand and tapped his two fingers on Han Qianqian's nose, ears and eyes, causing a sudden red glow to appear in three places.

"The art of alchemy is concerned with refining the various characteristics of a material and making it knead into a new characteristic, thus. The eyes have to be sharp, the ears have to be sharp, and the nose has to be sharp in order to make the best choice at the best moment. You will be able to use all three spirits together."

Han fei then abruptly turned behind Han Qianqian, and with a palm in his hand, imprinted directly on Han Qianqian's back, and Han Qianqian suddenly felt the same as he did last time, with countless images flashing through his mind, and more importantly, this time, a warm power entered from behind and poured into Han Qianqian's acupuncture points.

"Bang!"

There was a loud bang, and Han Fei's entire body suddenly flew out, hitting the ground several metres away with a heavy crash, puffing out blood from his mouth.

Han Qianli anxiously ran over and helped him up, "Senior. Are you alright?"

Despite spitting blood from his mouth, Han Fei couldn't stop smiling: "I have spent my life's cultivation on opening the Three Links and the Hundred Spiritual Tendons for you, and you still call me senior? Han Qianqian, aren't you too ignorant of what it means to respect your teachers?"

Hearing these words, Han Qianqian's entire body was stunned, what Han Xiao had just done was to spend his entire life's cultivation to open up the meridians for himself?

"Senior this" Han Qianqian was stunned, then questioned, "But Han Qianqian already has a master"

"What? Do you want to turn your back on me?" Han Xiaodun gave a disgruntled drink, shook off Han Qianli's hand, reluctantly stood up himself, turned his back on Han Qianli and said, "Do you know how many people in the Eight Directions want to become my disciples? And you don't know what you're getting into?"

"That's not what I meant, just"

"In short, whether you acknowledge it or not, you are my disciple Han Fei." Han Fan's domineering sip was followed by a slightly slower tone: "In the world of eight directions, there are many things to learn, and naturally there are many masters to worship. It's not like you to be so pedantic as to have only one master in your life. However, this also shows that you are a dedicated and conscientious person, so if I was wrong and passed on the skills of my school to an outsider, I would no longer be able to face my ancestors. Today, I'll die as a token of my apology."

After saying that, Han Xiao slapped himself on the head with a stroke of strength.

Han Qianqian rushed over and grabbed Han Fan's hand. Distressed, he said, "Senior, why are you doing this? I'm not saying no, but I have my master first, so can you at least let me ask my master?"

"Don't stop me." Upon hearing this, Han Xiao's hands used force again.

"Alright, alright, Master." Han 3000 had no choice but to compromise, from a practical point of view, he had indeed received Han 消's true legacy and had been kind to himself, which could never be denied. From an emotional point of view, he couldn't stand by and watch Han 消 commit suicide in front of him either.

Hearing Han Qianqian call out to himself, Han 消 smiled slightly and patted Han Qianqian's shoulder, "Don't worry, your former master knows that you worship me as your master. Not only will he not say anything, but he'll be happy, and it's an honour he's been seeking all his life to be my equal."

"Yes." Han Three Thousand nodded, the matter had come to this. The only thing to do is to wish.

"Okay, Han Three Thousand, from today onwards, you are the only disciple of my Immortal Spirit Island, and the only successor to my Han Fu. You can come with me." Han Kuai was clearly very happy.

Han Three Thousand nodded and followed behind Han 消, heading towards the inner hall.

When he reached the door, Han 消 suddenly stopped and looked at Han Qianli. Smiling bitterly, he said, "A man is a man, there's nothing to be afraid of."

Han Three Thousand was confused by his words, why did he suddenly come to this inexplicable phrase?

Han 消 nodded and pulled back the curtain. An even stronger stench came directly from inside.

Walking into the inner hall, the smell was even more pungent around the nose, making one's head smell a little big, the house was dark, only at the front of the room, there was a candle glowing slightly, as the two of them entered, driving a silky breeze, the light of the candle jumping, making the house look a little strange.

"Three thousand, kneel down." Han Kuang commanded softly at this point.

Han Three Thousand was completely confused as to what was going on, but his master had orders, so he eventually gave an oh-so-sweet cry, then knelt down on the floor in all honesty.

(Note: I was not mistaken, this is exactly what was released as chapter 1859-1860.)

Chapter 1859

After Han 3,000 knelt down, the breeze lightly stopped and the candle glowed slightly brighter as it settled down, and after Han 3,000's sight slowly adjusted, Han 3,000 realized that he was several metres away. Half a metre below the candlestick, on the ground, was a coffin.

Could it be which ancestor was in it?

But just as Han Qianqiang thought this, a hoarse voice suddenly sounded: "Han Fei, do you need something?"

Han Qianli was shocked by the voice, he clearly hadn't thought there were other people here and, although the voice was female, it was as if it was being spoken at the throat, extremely harsh to the ears and most importantly. Han Qianli was startled to discover that the voice was actually coming from the coffin.

"Disciple Han Fei, who has taken Han Three Thousand as a disciple, has come to report to the teacher's wife." Finished. Han Fan gently patted Han Qianqian with his hand, gesturing for him to call someone quickly.

Han Qianqian bowed his head: "Disciple Han Qianqian, meet Shishu!"

The coffin was silent for a long time before a voice was heard: "Okay, Fei'er, come here."

Han Fan nodded, got up and walked towards the coffin, then leaned over as if to say something to the inside of the coffin, before standing up straight and looking back at Han Qianqian a moment later.

Then, with a slight smile, he walked up to Han Qianqian and said, "Your grandmother said. There's nothing to give you on your first meeting, so this ring will be a gift."

After saying that, he held a ring in his right hand, pulled up Han Qianli's left hand and brought a ring onto Han Qianli's tail finger.

The ring was bronze-coloured, with some dappled darkness around it, but the light was too dim for Han Qianli to see it clearly, but overall, it could basically be judged as an ordinary object.

However, in the end, it was a gift, and Han Qianli was grateful, "Thank you, Granny."

Han Jian gave a light laugh, now looking at Han Three Thousand, and handed over the book of Fang to Han Three Thousand, "This is the secret book of this sect, from now on, you will practice diligently according to the techniques and algorithms in this secret book. Got it?"

Han 3,000 nodded, "Yes, Master."

"Alright, it's getting late, ah 3000. Don't disturb your master's rest, you go back first." Han Qiao Dao.

Han Three Thousand nodded: "Good, right, Master, I'm staying in the city's restaurant for the time being, but tomorrow I'll be heading to the summit of Mount Qi. Also, there is one thing that I will definitely explain to you, and that is my identity"

"It doesn't matter, I don't look at the person, only the heart. If you have something to do, just go ahead and get busy, and come and see this old man when you have time." Han 洪 interrupted Han Qianqian's words.

Originally, Han Qianli had wanted to tell Han 消 about his situation. After all, with his current situation, Han Qianqian was afraid of causing Han 消 unnecessary trouble, so he hoped that although he had worshipped his master, it would be best for Han 消 not to mention that he was his apprentice, for his own safety.

"But" Han Three Thousand was a bit helpless, but finally sighed, "Okay, then Three Thousand will take his leave first."

After Han Three Thousand said that, he turned around and left.

It was only after confirming Han Three Thousand's departure that the coffin suddenly emitted sounds again at this point.

"Han Fei, didn't you make a vow on your master's grave that you would never accept a disciple? Why are you breaking your promise today?"

Han Chuan nodded: "Yes, it is true that I swore an oath back then that I would never accept a disciple, but breaking that oath is nothing more than a thunderbolt from heaven. But if I don't accept Han Qianqian, I will never be able to face my master in eternity."

"Han Chuan, what do you mean by that?"

"Master and the main scroll of the island once said that if you meet a poisonous person, you will be able to return to the island and be a great talent. Auntie. I'm not going to lie to you, I saw that this boy has a good heart, so I wanted to give him the Double Dragon Tripod and teach him how to use it. But when I was instilling the technique, I suddenly noticed that my palm had turned black." Han Ran said.

Hearing this, the coffin was silent for a moment, not quite believing it: "You mean, Han 3000 is a poisonous person?"

"I don't know about that, but he was highly poisoned and there was no antidote in his body. Even if he is not a poisonous person, he is at least a person with a golden body. If he is not a poisoner, he is at least a person with a golden body, and such a talent is the one our Immortal Spirit Island has been dreaming of. If I can't take him in, how will I face my master after I die?"

"Those who want to refine pills are bound to be attacked by poisonous fire, so if they have a golden body or a poisonous person, they can definitely do twice as much with half the effort. This is indeed a blessing for my Immortal Spirit Island, Fei'er. It is said that there is a will of God in the underworld, but the cycle of the Koshi. I didn't expect things to be so unpredictable. If your master had known this in the spring, I'm sure he would have understood it."

Han Fei nodded and raised his gaze slightly. Gazing into the darkness, he murmured thoughtfully, "Yes, Master, I've harmed Immortal Spirit Island, but in the end, I've collected an unearthly talent for Immortal Spirit Island, and that's my compensation for my master in this life."

"I really wanted to see this child with my own eyes, but unfortunately" the coffin heaved a sigh.

Han Fan said with a slight bitterness, "Madam, there may be a chance in the future, it's time to administer your medicine."

After saying this, Han 澯 brought the candle flame down and shone it towards the coffin, which turned out to be a pile of rotten, stinking flesh.

Chapter 1860

Han Qianqian's heart was still unsettled when he came out of the broken temple.

He had only wanted to return the tripod, but he hadn't expected that he would end up worshipping a master for no reason at all.

What had happened this evening was simply unexpected to him.

Especially that Han Fan. In Han 3,000's eyes, he was just an ordinary old man, but he didn't expect to know how to make pills, and it was ironic that whoever would have thought of such an awesome technique would never have imagined that someone who knew it would live in such a shabby place.

After all, it's all about this kind of technology. As long as he was willing to do so, with a single word, all the sects in the eight directions of the world. In some ways, they are pharmaceutical machines, but they are also money printing machines.

Even Han Qianqian, a newcomer to the Eight Directions World, understood how precious pills were, and naturally, those who could concoct them were even more precious.

But there are times when such a good thing actually happens to Han 3,000. Things happen as they do, and what you may not be able to find even after stepping on an iron shoe, someone else has it with ease.

Perhaps this is the same kind of gap between the second generation rich and the ordinary people.

Things are sometimes so unfair, and that is why people want fairness.

After leaving the broken temple, Han Qianqian was in no hurry to get to the centre of the city, although it was getting close to midnight.

The time was drawing nearer and nearer to midnight, but Han Sanxian was in no hurry either.

On this matter, Han 3,000 was so sure that if he didn't go to his appointment tonight, he was sure that he wouldn't be able to leave Dew City tomorrow.

One thing that also supported Han 3,000's opinion was that after coming out of the courtyard, the other party could not even send someone to follow him. The other party had even managed not to send anyone to follow him, and was obviously very confident that Han 3,000 would not be able to leave Dew City.

Moreover. He had never been a coward, and as the saying goes, when an army comes, it's a force to be fought, when water comes, it's a force to be confronted, and Han 3,000 was never the slightest bit weak.

Therefore, Han 3,000's current thoughts were all about the Double Dragon Tripod and Han 消.

Han 消 had already said that the tripod was the one at hand, which sounded like it was very powerful. But how powerful it was, Han 3,000 had never seen it before.

So the bag contained a large amount of materials just bought from the auction house, as well as the tripod. And with the technique given by Master Han Fei, why not give it a try?

Thinking of this, Han Qianqian saw that there was no one around, so he simply followed the method in his memory and waved his hands, and the Double Dragon Tripod instantly appeared in front of him.

Then, he picked up the book given to him by his master, Han Kuo, and slowly studied it.

The book's name called the Four Phases of Zhi, the so-called Four Phases, the book's preface has a cloud: namely, the phase of food, lust, medicine and heart, the so-called food phase refers to the healing, tonic medicine served by all sentient beings, the remaining three phases Han 3000 has not yet read. His focus was clearly drawn to the food physiognomy.

In the end, Han 3,000 decided to give the elementary method a try.

Although it was only the most rudimentary type of pill. There was only a tiny bit of energy in it, but it wasn't too wasteful and was the best choice for a beginner like Han Qianqian.

As soon as the energy in his hand was stirred, a blazing fire burned under the Double Dragon Tripod, and then the entire tripod began to slowly rotate itself.

"The book says. Use a three-minute fire and simmer it slowly for three minutes, then explode it with an eight-minute fire for ten minutes. Sh*t, why does it sound like we're cooking?" Han Qiangiang's eyebrows furrowed!

Why is there always a sense of déjà vu about cooking on Earth? If it wasn't for the fact that the Double Dragon Tripod did look very impressive. Han Qianli would have felt like a cook or an alchemist!

"Well, now there remains the most important stage. That is, becoming a dan. With a slight force in the left hand and a fierce force in the right hand, form the double fire of Wen and Wu. Adjusting the momentum of the eight trigrams to cause the raw materials in the tripod to become pills."

Han Qianqiang put down the book after reading it. Then, following the method instructed in the book, Han Three Thousand pushed the force.

A few minutes later, Han 3,000 withdrew his power and looked at the Double Dragon Cauldron, which gradually stopped spinning, with a little excitement inside.

At the same time, it was also, in a way, his first step in the Eight Directions World, which naturally had a different meaning.

After the Double Dragon Tripod had completely and utterly stopped, Han 3,000 swallowed his saliva and walked slowly towards the Tripod.

After biting his teeth, Han Qianqian grasped the lid directly and opened it abruptly, ready to meet his "masterpiece" once again.

"Boom!"

Suddenly, right at this moment, when the lid was lifted, a huge explosion shook the entire forest violently.

The face of Han Qianqiang, who was in the very centre, was now as black as dirt, leaving only the whites of his eyes still white, and his mouth opened, and a sudden stream of white eyes came out of his mouth: "F*ck, no?"