

His True Color Chapter 1861-1870

Chapter 1861

Looking down at the middle of the tripod again, Han Qianqian was somewhat unsettled. After looking around and confirming that no one was around, Han 3,000 took out the black, shadowy object in the centre of the tripod.

It was the size of a thumb, already like a ball of carbon, and emitted a fierce burnt smell all over its body.

Han 3,000 was incomparably overwhelmed, hadn't this followed the steps in the book exactly? How did you come up with such a thing the first time? What could have gone wrong?

With the intention of giving it a try, Han Giangli put the black thing into his mouth. Then, his features quickly twisted together.

The taste of this stuff was simply the best of life, making you fly up into the sky and then stay there forever, suffering from the soreness of the wind in your crotch.

Shaking his head, Han Three Thousand's own first round was a complete failure.

However, a person like Han 3,000 was not one to concede defeat easily, so he once again took out the materials and tossed them up in the same way as before.

The day soon came to midnight, and the bright moon was already overhanging.

Beneath the trees. Emitting a pungent paste and burnt smell, there were already more than a dozen black coals beside Han Qianqian, but the taste had not improved, though. The appearance hadn't changed at all, but after Han 3,000 had eaten until his mouth was full of charcoal, he was surprised to find that some energy had begun to faintly exist within these pills.

This also meant that Han Three Thousand's alchemy was starting to become successful.

"Big brother, other people's alchemy is saving lives, but your damn pills are clearly murdering lives, okay?"

Just at this moment, a sudden overhead spitting sound was heard.

Hearing this familiar voice, Han Qianliang helplessly said, "Get away from me, and criticize me as soon as you f*cking wake up."

Lin Long shook his head helplessly, "The reason why I've been sleeping lately, isn't it because of someone?"

Ever since the last time, in order to save Han Qianqian. Almost all of the energy in his body was poured into Han 3,000, and with the absence of the Dragon Heart, almost his entire dragon was emptied, and after being attached to Han 3,000's body, he had fallen into a deep sleep, the purpose of which was not only to rest, but also to rely on the Dragon Heart in Han 3,000's body to replenish himself.

But who knew, as soon as the Linlong woke up, he saw Han Third Thousand's amazing work and spat out.

"Yeah, yeah, so I'm touched too, so I've decided to give you all these pills that I first concocted to heal you, come on, don't be shy." Han Gianglian saw that Lin Long had woken up and was in quite a good mood, so he joked.

The Qilin was guilty of refusing, "You don't have to come, take my Dragon Clan Heart. You used my dragon's treasure and now you want to murder my dragon's life? Han Qianqian, don't be too shameless. Also, I'd like to ask a question. Who gave you the courage to drum up all this?"

"You think I want it, it's all forced." Han Giangli shook his head and sighed, then he got up and packed his things, heading towards the city.

Along the way, he told Lin Long everything that had happened recently, and after hearing it, Lin Long shook his head and laughed bitterly, "Oh, it's another tournament, another midnight Hongmen Banquet. Han Qianqian, I really don't know whether to praise you for your luck or what to say about you."

"Right, Lin Long. How much do you know about the Demon Race?" Han Three Thousand Years Road.

Lin Long explained, "The Eightfold World has four special domains, the Land of Extreme Cold in the extreme north, the Land of Swamps in the extreme east, the Forbidden Land of Fire and Rock in the extreme south, and the Land of the Dead in the extreme west. After being defeated ten thousand years ago by the combined efforts of the Three True Gods of the Eightfold World, the Demon Race has been driven to the Land of the Dead, and after years of birth and reproduction, the Demon Race has now established three palaces and four halls and has infiltrated the Eightfold World."

"Since it has infiltrated, don't the Three True Gods and the Righteousnesses care?" Han Three Thousand Years Road.

"Firstly, your wife's family's True God has fallen, and the three major True Gods now exist in name only; the remaining two major True Gods are conserving their strength in order to deal with each other, so naturally no one is willing to go out to confront the Demon Race; secondly, the sky is high and the emperor is far away, so as long as the Demon Race doesn't do evil under the noses of the three major families, will the three major families still do their best to find the Demon Race to kill them? Third point"

Han Giangli smiled slightly. Dao: "The third point, humanity!"

"That's right, there is only ever profit in this world, where is there ever good and evil? As long as it's profitable. It's only natural for the righteous demons to collude." Lin Long nodded.

Han Giangli nodded, "Okay, I know."

"Why are you asking this?" Lin Long wondered.

Han Qianqian smiled confidently, "You'll know in a moment."

A few moments later, Han Three thousand arrived at the front door of the manor again, and when he saw Han Three thousand, the servant on guard at the door naturally recognised him and welcomed him, "Young Master, my master has been waiting for a long time, please follow me."

Following behind the man. Han 3,000 once again got back on the boat to the pavilion in the centre of the lake, and when he arrived at the pavilion, the banquet had been withdrawn and the entire pavilion was empty.

Han 3,000 was suddenly confused. Where was the man who had made an appointment for the hour?

Seeming to see Han Qianli's confusion, the servant smiled gently, then. Walking to the centre of the pavilion, he gently drummed it, then with a muffled sound, he directly put it on the ground. An iron plate was pulled up.

Han Qianli was slightly stunned, looking at the openings that revealed light after the iron plate was pulled apart, not expecting there to be a secret passage on this pavilion.

Hehe. Lakshin Pavilion, Secret Dao!

It's quite a game, but who would think that a place like this would have secret passages, according to normal human logic? After all. It's a lake underneath this pavilion, and underneath the lake, that's mud, too.

However, it did show one thing, and that was that these people were delicate and cunning.

It seemed that Han Qianqian had to be even more careful.

"Young Master, please come inside."

After saying that, the servant took the lead and walked in, followed closely by Han Qianli.

When I walked into the secret passage, although it was only the width of two people, there was still plenty of light, and there was no mouldy smell that should be found underground.

From a distance, Han 3,000 could see the middle-aged man and four of his subordinates sitting there drinking and chatting, and what was most unbelievable to Han was that the entire house had a line extending from each of the four sides of the roof, supporting a huge overhead bed that floated in the small half-space in the middle of the house.

Outside the house was a plaque written in eye-catching red material: The Pavilion of the Chopping Man.

What does this mean, when compared with the mood of the whole house, which presents a completely polarised stance!

Chapter 1862

If the Crystal House is full of romantic drapery and style, then the three characters of the Zhangshen Pavilion, with its gory lettering style and colours, could be described as the house sign of hell and the killing blade of the slaughterhouse.

Such a different style made Han Qianqian believe that this was no coincidence, but seemed to have another meaning.

Looking around, the area was covered with white cloths, but Han Qianli's consciousness could clearly feel the slight breathing sounds behind the white cloths, even though they were silent, and his intuition told him that there must be quite a few people behind them.

It seemed that it really was the Hongmen Banquet, sending so many people to conspire against him.

Han Qianli smiled darkly and walked up, the middle-aged man saw Han Qianli come over and brought four people to welcome him warmly, "Come, come, young master, sit inside, sit inside."

After sitting down, the middle-aged man got up and poured a pot of tea for Han Three Thousand and laughed softly, "I've really kept you waiting, brother, come, have some tea."

Han Qianqian smiled leisurely, "Is it possible that your Excellency has asked me to drink tea in the middle of the night?"

After Han Qianqian said that, he raised his hand to raise the cup and drank a sip of tea with a smile, leaving his mouth open, "The taste of this tea is so-so."

"Kid, don't scream if you can't drink the tea, do you know that what you are drinking is a fine jade Luo Han, ordinary people can't even drink it even if they want to, and you say it doesn't taste good." The man in black snapped.

Han Qianli shook his head helplessly, looked at the teacup and slowly said, "Whether the tea is good or bad doesn't depend on the quality of the tea, but on who it's drunk with."

It was clear that Han Three Thousand was not talking about the tea, but about the sarcasm of these people.

Han Qianqian had never had much affection for these people.

When the black-clothed man heard Han Qianqian's words, he rushed forward angrily, but the middle-aged man raised his hand slightly and smiled, "Hey, why hurt the peace?".

Then he sat down facing Han Qianli and smiled slightly, "What brother said is not unreasonable, this tea tasting is not only about tea, but also about those hearts, but it doesn't matter if you don't like this tea, I have plenty of other teas, and I also believe that you will be able to find the one you like."

After saying that, the middle-aged man smiled mysteriously and looked at the smiling devil, seeing the smiling devil nodding his head, he smiled slightly and clapped his hands.

"Pah!"

When the palm fell, the white cloth around Han 3,000 yuan suddenly puffed out, and the white cloth was pulled straight away, Han 3,000 yuan was on guard with both hands, ready for any sudden situation.

Only, when the white cloth fell, the strength in Han 3,000's hands was stopped, and he was filled with incredulity instead.

Behind the white cloth were rows of densely packed, neatly arranged cells, and what stunned Han 3,000 most was that in each of the hundreds of cells, there were at least a few innocent-looking women of tender age, dressed either in ordinary clothes or slightly more respectable ones.

But it was obvious that these women were all children of ordinary families or wealthy families with a little money.

Moreover, they were all young, but with delicate looks and soft white skin, and although the cell was a little dirty, it still couldn't overwhelm their beauty.

Especially when the white cloth was pulled away and the girls were frightened, one could not help but love and pity them all.

Han Qianqian was stunned. He had sensed the presence of many people behind the white cloth when he entered the room, but at one point he thought it was an ambush of killers or guards, but who would have thought that it would be a group of young girls with no hands.

Thinking back to the Tiger Idiot's capture of Peach, Han 3,000 suddenly felt that it was not an isolated case, but rather a gang that had kidnapped young girls.

However, there was one thing Han Qianqian did not understand: what did the gang want with so many girls?

If it's simply for pleasure, with just a few of them, it's obvious that it's not. Could it be that they are human traffickers?

Seeing Han Qianqian's surprise, the middle-aged man seemed to have predicted it and smiled gently, "Brother, there aren't many here, but there are 412 women, all of them pure daughters who have never left the court. Pick a favourite, right?"

Han Qianqian's face was as pale as a sink, forcing down the anger in his heart and smiling, "Is this what you call a midnight surprise?"

"In life, you either love money or you love beautiful women, and since you don't care for the gold, silver and jewellery I give you, you can't refuse these beautiful women of mine, can you?" The middle-aged man smiled quite confidently.

This move, he had tried repeatedly, how many big bones that were hard to chew, in the end, were bought by his two wonderful moves, Han Qianli, he naturally also found it easy.

Han Qianli smiled. Originally, he was only well water to these people, not despise to reject them as demons, but also had no idea to get together with them, so he had no interest in their invitation, but unexpectedly, until now he found out that these guys had imprisoned so many innocent girls, can Han Qianli not save them?

With Han's personality, it's impossible.

However, the more you have to save someone, the less reckless you can be.

Thinking of this, Han Qianqian smiled, "How do you taste this tea?"

Chapter 1863

Hearing Han Marchant's words, the middle-aged man thought Han Marchant was interested, and with a laugh, he pointed to the crystal house behind him and said, "Brother, see that hammock in the middle of the house!"

Han Qianli nodded.

The middle-aged man was so proud that he looked towards the plaque and continued, "This is the Zhangshi Pavilion, brother, you must be wondering why it's called by that name."

The man in black laughed coldly at this point, "The meaning of the Beheading Court, however, is not the beheading of a person's head, nor is the tea to be drunk, but"

Saying that, the man in black placed his gaze on the crowd of wonderful women held in the cell, Han Qianli suddenly understood what exactly they meant.

"We deliberately made the room transparent so that we could taste the tea and watch all the people, it's exciting." The man in white also laughed.

Han Qianli cursed a pervert in his heart, never imagining that this house would be an alternative place that they were incredibly disgusted by, Han Qianli even felt that every second spent in this place would be one more minute of disgust, "Wouldn't it be too cruel to do that? Look at them, they're all so young, what a psychological impact we're going to have on them by doing this."

"Hey man, isn't a woman's most touching moment one of those moments?"

"That's right, you have to be happy in life, but if you're not, how can you be happy?" The man in black laughs.

"Here, you can have as much tea as you want."

Han Qianqiang's face was ashen, these people were very evil, but they had no shame, instead they were proud of it and wanted to give them a knife each.

The smiling devil now laughed, "With this brother being so young and with such a high cultivation, it's not surprising that he's beheaded a hundred people tonight."

Han Qianqiang managed to squeeze out a smile and said, "That wouldn't dare, what would you do if I beheaded so many?"

The smiling devil obviously didn't hear Han Qianli's words and said cheerfully, "Don't worry brother, every night we'll bring in more than 400 women, and every day we'll have different goods, not to mention a hundred, even if it's more than that, it'll be enough."

Han Qianqian was astonished, his eyebrows furrowed, "More than four hundred every day? Wouldn't it be a pity if we couldn't finish it?"

The Smiling Devil laughed, "What's the pity, they'll all die anyway because".

"Hey!" At the most crucial moment, the middle-aged man suddenly raised his hand and interrupted the Smiley Devil.

The middle-aged man smiled and said, "Brother, this is not important, what is important is that you have fun, how about it? Would you be interested in working for me? If you want, you can stay here every night and play, and I guarantee that every day will be a different beauty."

Han Qianli smiled and didn't reply right away, but her heart was wildly rippling, originally Han Qianli wanted to ask exactly where these women would end up being sold, but never would have expected to overhear the message that they were all going to die from the smiling devil's mouth.

What does this mean?

It's OK to kill people after you've finished playing, but shouldn't you keep what you can't finish playing? Just kill it?

Intuition told Han 3,000 that things might not be as simple as they seemed.

Although it looked like a group of traffickers buying and selling human beings and, incidentally, feeding themselves before the sale, it was clear that this was not the case now, judging from the analysis of the Smiling Devil's words.

But exactly what it was, Han 3,000 didn't know.

The middle-aged man seemed to be very sensitive to this, and was instantly interrupted by the smiling devil when he mentioned it.

Han Qianli smiled, "Oh, if Your Excellency is so sincere, I can't seem to refuse? Most importantly, I'm afraid it would be difficult for me to get out of Dew Drop if I didn't agree, wouldn't it?"

The middle-aged man's eyes flashed with alarm, but his mouth laughed, "Brother, I don't quite understand what you mean by that."

Han Qianqian smiled, "Don't you understand what I mean? Dew City, but your Lord Willow's territory, wouldn't it be difficult for me to walk out without your permission?"

Hearing Han Qianli's words, the middle-aged man was shocked, completely disbelieving and wary.

The four men behind him were also dumbfounded. They had never expected Han Qianli to suddenly say such words, knowing that they had always concealed their identities so well that they had even chosen this place to meet Han Qianli.

It could be said that they had concealed their boss's identity to perfection, with absolutely no mistakes, so where did Han Qianli find out about it?

"Ba sta rd, what are you talking about?" The man in black looked at Han Qianqian in a cold voice, at this time they were quite vicious after being revealed.

The middle-aged man waved his hand with an icy face, indicating that the man in black did not have to do so, and stared at Han Qianli for a long time, the corners of his mouth slightly drawn out in a cold smile, looking at Han Qianli and saying, "Brother, why is that?"

Chapter 1864

"Those soldiers at your door betrayed you." Han Giangli laughed.

"Soldiers?" The middle-aged man was slightly stunned.

"Although you made them deliberately wear the clothes of an ordinary family member, there's one thing you forgot to hide." Han Qianli smiled, looked at the middle-aged man staring intently at him, and said, "The tiger's mouth! When I entered Dew City, I had looked twice because I was curious about the weapons in the hands of the Dew City soldiers. The weapon they were holding was a giant spear, and holding it for a long time would leave round and wide calluses at the tiger's mouth."

"The guards at your gate, however, also have round and broad calluses on their mouths, which is enough to show that they are no different from the soldiers outside. Think about it, is there anyone else in this city who can move soldiers other than you, Lord Liu." Han Qianli smiled slightly.

As soon as the words were spoken, the four people behind them paled, never dreaming that their elaborate disguises would reveal themselves in such a deadly disguise in front of Han Qianli.

They had never imagined that Han 3,000 could observe with such subtlety, not even letting go of such details that ordinary people would overlook.

Seeing their very wary eyes, just then, Han Qianli smiled benevolently and said, "There's no need for you to be so nervous, since we're all in the same boat from now on, it's not a bad thing for me to know a little bit about you."

"Hahahahaha!"

The middle-aged man suddenly burst out laughing, breaking the tense atmosphere: "Good, good, good, it's really a blessing for me, Liu, to have a brother with such high cultivation and observation, and a delicate mind.

The man in black nodded and went off to get some wine, and Han Qianli cooperated with him with a smile, but his mind observed the terrain around him.

To save one person, Han 3,000 thought he had no problem with his own skills, but to save more than 400 people was obviously impossible.

So, the only way out was to be wise.

After the wine was served, a group of people exchanged cups and glasses, and it was so lively that Han 3000 gave himself a fake name, Han Xia.

It was a combination of his own name and Su Yingxia's name.

After thirty years of drinking, the Lord of the City of Willow was drunk, and he was happy today because if he had someone like Han Qianqian to help him, then his great work would certainly go further.

After sending off the five people, only Han Qianli remained in the entire secret passage.

A group of women looked at Han 3,000 as he walked up to the cell, each with a fearful heart, their bodies shrinking inside the cell.

One man, however, looked at Han 3,000 with angry eyes, as if he wanted to swallow Han 3,000 alive through the cage.

This made Han 3,000 take an interest, stop and look at her, who had also been hating Han 3,000 with a hatred for her.

"Beast, come at me if you have something to say, don't scourge the innocent." The woman snapped coldly.

This woman was pure in appearance, beautiful in appearance, sweet but also somewhat heroic and cold, a real beauty that could be salted or sweetened, and Han Qianli had seen quite a few beauties, but still couldn't help but take a second look at her.

Han Qianli smiled slightly and opened the lock of the cell with a push of his hand, then, with a slight smile on his face, he looked at the woman.

"What are you looking at? Animals?" The woman snapped.

"Aren't you going to save them? As you wish, I'll scourge you, won't you come out?" Han Qianli smiled slightly.

The woman clenched her teeth, but with a slight hesitation, she walked out from inside.

She came in front of Han 3,000, looked at Han 3,000 icily and followed Han 3,000 all the way into the transparent house, where Han 3,000 sat on the tea table and was pouring tea, but she walked straight towards the bed, then angrily took off her coat and said coldly, "If you want to come, hurry up, I'll pretend I'm being squashed by a ghost."

Han Qianli shook his head helplessly, drank a mouthful of tea and smiled, "What's your name?"

"None of your business." The woman said coldly.

Han Qianqian laughed bitterly and met a powder gun, who cursed at every word.

Looking at Han Three Thousand's back, after a moment, she said promisingly, "My name is Gentle."

A mouthful of old tea spewed out from Han Three Thousand's mouth: "What?"

"Surname Wen, first name Zoe!" Wenjun was exasperated because this was not the first time she had encountered such a reaction from Han Qiangli.

Han Qianli shook her head, but I really can't see where you're involved with Gentle. Sometimes, names really are poison.

Han Three thousand wiped her mouth, stood up, took a cup of tea and returned to hand it to her.

Looking at Han Qianqian's tea, not only did Gentleness not appreciate it in the slightest, but she was annoyed, "Are you sick, you're forcing me, do you think I'm talking about love with you?"

Han Qianqian heard this and frowned quite a bit, "Although you are indeed quite brave, being brainless is also a troublesome thing." Han Three thousand said, drinking down the tea handed to him himself, and sat back down in his own seat in depression.

Wen Rou couldn't understand what Han Qianli was doing, pretending to be gentle in front of her even though she was a beast? But is that interesting?

"You can do whatever you want to me, and I'll behave myself, but can you leave the other girls alone?" Wen Rou said at this point.

If she didn't want to beg Han Marchant for this, she wouldn't have been willing to bullsh*t with Han Marchant at all.

"Okay, I'll think about it, before I do, let me ask you a question, how long have you been here?" Han Giangli answered the question.

"If you don't want others to be implicated, answer my question honestly," Han Three Thousand added.

Wen Rou was furious and could not wait to bite Han Third Thousand to death: "Three days!"

"Look at you, you're not rich, you're not rich, you're dressed completely differently from the other women, how did you end up here too?" Han Qianqiang wondered.

Hearing this, a trace of imperceptible panic flashed in her gentle eyes, and in the next second, she returned: "If you get caught, you get caught, what's so strange about it? Otherwise, can you get it cheap?"

"Okay, forget I asked, next question, since you've been here for three days, tell me exactly what you've seen in those three days." Han Qianqiandao.

Wen Rong felt very disgusted, is this guy a pervert, actually let himself dictate those disgusting past events of these three days?

Why does he need to hear this? She was soon relieved that some perverts will always have a different and special fetish, and this untouchable man in front of her was like that.

And at the same time as the gentle narrative, outside the other courtyard, a group of people now sneakily came outside the manor! If Han Qiangiang had been there, he would have been surprised to see the visitors.

Chapter 1865

"Is everything ready?" The leader of the group, now in a cold voice, drank.

In the night, the breeze gusts, and behind him, a group of nesting men, now nodding incessantly.

"Well, for glory, on!"

And now, in the basement.

Despite her reluctance, Gentle still told Han Qianli, in front of him, everything she had seen in the past three days.

During these three days, it was as if she had stayed in a hell on earth, where every day many women were brought here and then quickly sent away, and those who were sent away, she almost never saw again. Only some pretty-looking women would be left here temporarily to be tortured and humiliated by them, and these days, she had seen countless tragedies happen almost every night, and even now when she recalled them, all she could think of were their ghastly cries and screams, after which they would be killed by the gang after being tortured.

Nodding his head, Han 3,000 was pretty much the same as he had expected, with a large number of women locked up here, the lesser ones being disposed of the same day, and the pretty ones being treated as a treat. But the only discrepancy was that, after insulting the pretty ones, the gang did not dispose of them again, but simply killed them.

It's a bit illogical for a human trafficker, isn't it?

Could it be that these are not ordinary human traffickers at all?

"Do you know, then, where the women who are sent away will be sent?"

Shaking her head incessantly, she retorted, "Why do you ask?"

"I have a lot of energy and if you..."

"That's enough." When Gentle heard Han Qianqian's words, she was both shy and angry, in the end she was just a girl, although, she came with the attitude of a certain sacrifice, but that didn't mean that she didn't have the restraint that a girl had.

She was somewhat embarrassed when she repeated those disgusting images in front of Han Marchant, and now Han Marchant was saying such things.

"Although they were deeply hidden, I heard from a woman who had been taken away before and then brought back, that there was a leftover item inside their carriage with the logo of Flying General City on it, so it was most likely transported to Flying General City."

The City of Flying Generals?

Isn't this the city of the Old Man of Sol?

Could it be that the old man has something to do with this?

But why does the old man need so many young women? Even if he's horny, with his old body, he's not that bad, is he? Still a dead son, and so many women for his wife? Having a son?

Looking at Han Qianqian's frowning and thoughtful appearance, Gentleness was full of puzzlement, she didn't know why Han Qianqian wanted to ask this, could it be that Han Qianqian, the untouchable, wanted to ask these things clearly so that she could work alone later?

We all think different things, and sometimes the focus is naturally different.

It was the fact that Han 3,000 was thinking that the kidnapping was extraordinary that made it special, and even thought it might be the root cause.

But to the gentle eye, it is not important to ask where the shipment is going, but in reality it is nothing more than a source of goods for outbound customers.

"Well, you've asked enough questions, haven't you? It's time for that." Gentle glared at Han Qianli, then, lay down on the bed.

Han Qianli looked at this woman and really thought that she was quite cute sometimes in her stupidity, but she was also willing to sacrifice herself in order to save others, Han Qianli still admired this kind of person, so he stood up and walked towards the cell.

Of course, he wouldn't have any idea about gentleness, he just wanted to know something about the place, and since he knew, it was only natural that he would release her.

But as soon as Han Marchant opened one of the cells, Gentleness, who was wearing only her inner plain clothes, rushed out, grabbed Han Marchant, and scolded him in both haste and anger: "You beast, I've told you everything you need to ask me, so just come at me if you have anything to say, why are you still causing trouble to the innocents?"

Han Giangli shook her head helplessly and swept a glance at one of her parts, which really was a boob, "I'm just letting them out."

"If you let them out, isn't that just spoiling them? You're a beast, I'll fight you!" Afterwards, Gentleness pulled Han Qianqian and tore her straight up, like a shrew.

Han 3,000 was tossing her head, and was trying to calm her down so that he could explain, but at that moment.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang, and then, before Han 3,000 yuan could reflect, a group of people rushed in menacingly.

These people, dressed in different outfits, were obviously not the people of Lord Liu, but more like an army formed temporarily by various gangs and factions, and they were the first to rush in front of Han 3,000, each of them vigilantly pointing their swords at him.

Han 3,000 was slightly surprised when the crowd suddenly took the initiative to make way for a road, and then a dozen or so people came from those roads.

But when the gang approached, Han Three Thousand's entire body frowned in disbelief.

"Han Three Thousand?"

At this point, some of those at the front of the line were also stunned.

Chapter 1866

Han 3,000 was also very surprised, not expecting to meet the wrong kind of people at such a time and in such a place.

The head of the group was an old nun whom Han 3,000 did not know, but the second person to the left of the nun and the group of people behind him, Han 3,000 could not forget.

Master San Yong, the head of the Void Sect, Elder Wu Yan, the head of the precepts, Ye Kucheng, Lu Yunfeng and Qin Shang, whom Han 3,000 could not forget!

Seeing Han 3,000, Master San Yong and his group were also clearly stunned, they would never have imagined that Han 3,000 was still alive and that they would meet Han 3,000 here.

"Han Three Thousand Year? Could it be that he's the guy with the Pangaea axe?"

Most of the people who could come here, whether they were good or evil, had gone for the tournament, and although they all boasted that they were there for the tournament, it was clear to everyone that they were there for the Pan Gu Axe, but they just didn't know each other.

At this point, when they heard the name, a group of people were surprised and at the same time excited.

"He's just a former disciple of the Void Sect, not that Han 3000." Master San Yong explained softly.

It was rumoured that it was the Fu family's son-in-law Han Three Thousand, and that Han Three Thousand and the Fu family's Fu Shou had been married for many years, plus Han Three Thousand's battle in Tian Long City had shaken the four corners of the earth, so most people in the Void Sect didn't think that the Han Three Thousand in their sect was the Fu family's Han Three Thousand who held the Pan Gu axe, or at most, was just a renamed Han Three Thousand.

After all, in the eyes of the Void Sect, although Han 3,000's cultivation in the Void Sect did have some bright spots, it was far from being able to confront a big shot of the level of Lone Su Fengtian, and most importantly, most people thought that Han 3,000 had died in the last battle.

Secondly, even if he was still alive, many people of the Void Sect were reluctant to admit that this was a fact, because one was a slave in their eyes, and the other was a valiant man with a Pan Gu axe, and the two couldn't possibly be the same person, at least, not many people were willing to be much lower than themselves and suddenly be much higher than themselves.

San Yong was the only one who knew that Han Qianqiang had the Faceless Divine Merit, which was similar to the rumours, but based on his suspicions, he hadn't been sure that these two Han Qianqiang could be the same person.

From a certain point of view, he was even more convinced that this Han 3,000 might have been the one who taught him the Face-less Divine Gong because his name overlapped with that of the Fu Family's Han 3,000.

"Isn't it that Han Three Thousand?" Someone paused to feel a little sorry for him.

"Of course not, one Han Qianqian is the Fu family's son-in-law, a Zhonglang divine warrior general, a mighty man, and one, however, is just a traitor of my Void Sect." Ye Gucheng said coldly at this point.

When he saw Han Qianqian again, there was only cold killing intent in Ye Guocheng's eyes.

The last battle of the Voidless Sect on that day was still fresh in his mind, and the humiliation he had suffered at that time was always engraved on his heart. After the departure of Han Qiangli, Qinshang had been in tears almost every day and had been depressed for a long time.

Encountering Han Qiang again and seeing that he was not dead, he naturally wanted to be full of revenge and avenge his past shame.

In particular, when he saw Qin Lang staring at Han 3,000, his eyes were filled with tears of joy and emotion, and he did not even blink his eyes, Ye Guocheng gnashed his teeth in anger.

Han Qianli smiled slightly, his eyes, however, were staring at Qin Lang's.

For the people of the Void Sect, Han 3,000 didn't have any good feelings towards them. Qin Frost was the only good friend, or senior sister, that he recognised in his heart.

Within the sect, she was the only one who was extremely good to herself, and even risked being removed from the Void Sect in the final battle to help herself instead.

Naturally, Han Qianli was grateful to Qin Frost.

With tears in her eyes, Qin Frost held a smile.

"Han Qianxiang, you're not dead? And why are you here?" Master Sanyong was full of puzzlement.

He was about to say something when a gentle man on the side pointed at Han 3,000 and said: "He is in cahoots with that gang, and this is even a forbidden room where many women are held for their enjoyment, so this beast wanted to do it just now, and was just about to let some people out to play when you arrived just in time, otherwise, they and I would have been on".

At this point, the gentle anger and aggravation was overwhelming.

"Han 3,000, are you one of them?" San Yongton's white brows furrowed in disbelief.

In San Yong's eyes, he was always still more or less biased towards Han Qianqiang, who, after all, could do Phantomless Divine Gong, and he somehow believed in the boy.

"What's so strange about this? Don't forget, Master Teacher, that the reason why Han Third Thousand was expelled from our Void Sect itself was because he was a devil, and also, do you remember what happened to Peach?" It was at this moment that Elder Wu Yan spoke coldly.

Chapter 1867

When it comes to the matter of Little Peach, in connection with what is happening nowadays, a group of Void Sect disciples nod their heads incessantly.

Sometimes prejudice itself is such that when they think you are like that, all the blame is thrown at you, and sometimes even when the facts are in front of them, they automatically ignore them and believe their own prejudices.

Facts are hard to predict, but it is the human heart that is more sinister.

The human heart is complex and more sinister.

"Master Master, I believe that Han Qianxiang is not such a person." Qin Frost's mind was so complicated when she saw Han 3,000 again that she couldn't regain consciousness for a long time, but when she heard them say that about Han 3,000, Qin Frost sobered up and rushed at Master San Yong anxiously.

"The first time you didn't see what happened to Xiaotao with your own eyes, you could have said you didn't believe it, but now that we've seen it with our own eyes, do you want to stop believing it? That's simply obsession." Ye Guocheng said in a cold voice.

"Yes, Sister, you have to understand the truth of raising a tiger as an enemy, if you hadn't helped him in the Void Sect, how would he have had a chance to escape? There would be no more rampant kidnapping of groups of women like today." Lu Yunfeng also shook his head helplessly.

Qin Shang hurriedly looked at Master San Yong, and seeing that he too was bowing his head, his face embarrassed, she looked at Han Qianqian for a moment, naturally hoping that Han Qianqian would explain a few words.

Han Three Thousand only smiled, in fact, what's the harm in wanting to add to the crime!

Moreover, Han Qianxi never bothered to explain to a group of unimportant people, and he would only explain to one person in this world, namely Su Yingxia.

As for the others, Han Qianqian didn't care.

A slight smile at Qin Lang was Han Qianli's one-sided explanation to her.

"You're an undercover agent, right?" Han Qianqian looked at Gentleness next to him and said softly.

Wen Rou was very proud of herself and said, "That's right, I'm an undercover agent. We all deserve to be punished for the unconscionable things you've done, so we've formed an alliance with the righteous to secretly send Miss Ben as an undercover agent, with the aim of wiping out your lair in one fell swoop, what do you think? Didn't expect it, did you?"

Looking incredibly smug, Han Giangli was simply dumbfounded: "Next time you want to go undercover, use your brain more."

"What do you mean by that?" Gentle and angry and strange.

In Gentle's eyes, she had been preparing this plan for a long time, and Willow City Master's gang had arrested too many people, thus attracting the attention of the righteous side long ago.

When several small sects came together, it was a matter that others may not have taken to heart, but their interests were on a par with theirs. Since small sects don't have much of an existence themselves, it would be a rare good thing for anyone to join forces and do something that would strengthen their reputation.

This was their best chance to make a name for themselves.

So, a few of them got together as a makeshift alliance, and Gentle, being clever and clever with a good background, acted as the temporary alliance mastermind for the entire undercover rescue.

But being too eager for success and very proud of herself made her ill-considered, at least compared to Han 3000's perception.

It was obvious that this was not just an ordinary kidnapping case, so the basement was just minions, and the real mastermind behind it should at least be tracked down to Tian Long City, but unfortunately, Gentle seemed to have already been unable to hold back and informed her own people in advance, causing a snake in the grass.

Although, she might be able to save more than 400 girls tonight, it would also sow the seeds of trouble in the future.

If something goes wrong, the real mastermind behind the scenes will only be more careful in the future, and it will be almost impossible to pursue clues and enter old holes.

But in Gentle's eyes, this was a seamless show, and he was complacent about it, naturally annoyed at Han Jiangxi's words.

"What? Did I see through your trick? Now annoyed, do you really think you can think you're clever just because you naively hit someone with a few blows? If that's the case, then I'll do as you wish, and my plan has succeeded anyway." Mildly smug, she didn't take Han Qianli's words seriously at all.

Han Qianli snorted bitterly between his nostrils, really not knowing where he got his confidence.

"Gentle, what nonsense is there to talk to this kind of beast, I'll kill this beast, you save the others, so you can learn the power of my Two-sided Mad Saber, look at the knife." Someone suddenly spoke out, followed by a step forward, rushing directly towards Han Qiangli.

Faced with this middle-aged man rushing up, Han 3,000 shook his head helplessly, smiled bitterly and dodged with a sideways glance.

"What do you mean? Still not hitting back? Are you looking down on my son?" The man with the two knives missed a blow and turned back to Han 3,000 with an angry voice.

Although this group of people had some IQ deficiencies, Han 3,000 was not one to kill innocents indiscriminately, and what they were doing was good.

Faced with the man with two knives who came up again, Han 3,000 only dodged, but everyone present could see that the difference in strength between the two sides was too great.

The man with the twin knives attacked a man with a full head of hair, but Han 3,000 dodged unharmed.

If it wasn't for the fact that Han was reluctant to touch them in the slightest, I'm afraid a single move would have made them all lie down.

Ye Guocheng's face was as frosty as ice, he couldn't bear to see Han Qianxiang with such a calm and serene dog face, to him, only he himself could deserve such treatment, apart from that, no one else was qualified.

"Master Master, we can't raise tigers to become trouble, today, I must eradicate the root of misfortune for the righteous path." Saying that, Ye Guocheng fiercely rushed out as well.

Ye Lone City's progress had to be very fast, compared to the last time he had fought, the current Ye Lone City was clearly much stronger, which was also the root cause of his complacency, only, in comparison to the next Han Qianqian, he was clearly even faster than him.

One could even say, pervert!

After a few rounds, it was actually very difficult for Han 3,000 to just evade, especially when an expert like Ye Guocheng joined in, circling around in front of Han 3,000 like a fly, annoying him.

Moreover, Cool-Son Yeh's moves were really deadly, and he was bound to kill Han 3,000 to the point of death.

Even though Han Qianqian was in a strong state of mind, he was still distracted by the flies that were trying to kill him, and he let go of his anger when he returned, instantly flicking away several people around him. Do you really think I won't dare to kill you?"

Chapter 1868

At this time, Han Changan's face was cold, holding a long sword, his energy radiating, his anger even setting off gusts of wind, coupled with Han Changan's already handsome face, which made Han Changan look like a handsome god of war.

There were even some women in the small league of the righteous path who looked at him with rippling hearts and grieving hearts.

Wouldn't it be nice if this man wasn't from the Devil's Path? At least, they will have a chance.

Ye Guocheng was scolded by Han Qianqian for being a fool, a lonely and arrogant man like him could only accept honeyed words, not evil ones, and gnashed his teeth as he glared at Han Qianqian: "You dare to call me a fool? What are your qualifications? Damn waste! Dead slaves!"

"Aren't you stupid? Wasting your time fighting me here, have you forgotten what you're here for?" Han Qianqian said coldly.

Grandmaster San Yong was reminded of this by Han Qianli, and with a big wave of his hand, he ordered his disciples to hurry up and open the prison to save the people.

"Brother Ye, Han Qianli is right, we are here to rescue people, don't get attached to the battle." Qin Frost spoke out at this point.

"You shut up, you save people, my duty is to eliminate demons and defend the Way, Han Qianqian, you b*tch, suffer death." With an annoyed shout, Ye Liao Cheng charged straight at Han Qianqian.

"Bother!" Han Qianqian shouted violently, his body fiercely flashed with golden light and energy in his hand, since you have to die, then don't blame me for being ruthless.

But just as Han 3,000 was about to raise his hand and deliver a fatal blow to Ye Guocheng, a figure suddenly flew past, then blocked Han 3,000's body, bringing up his sword and then directly facing Ye Guocheng's attack.

"Qin Frost?!"

"What?!"

"This!"

After seeing the beautiful silhouette blocking in front of Han 3,000, the side of the Righteous Alliance was shocked.

Although there were quite a few people in the alliance, Qin Frost was definitely one of the few stalwarts, and with her fairy-like appearance, she was even a popular figure in this temporary alliance.

Han 3,000 was also slightly surprised, and his heart was even warmer.

This was the first time that Qin Frost had stepped forward several times, although the Han 3000 of today was no longer the same Han 3000 of the past, and dealing with a Lone Leaf was just a piece of cake in Han 3000's eyes.

However, Qin Frost's behaviour still made Han Three Thousand feel warmer, and this was also the reason why Han Three Thousand had always regarded Qin Frost as a friend.

Seeing Qin Frost rushing up, Ye Guocheng was fierce and furious, roaring coldly as he resisted, "Qin Frost, are you crazy? Do you have any idea what you're doing? And now, you're helping that bloody punk? You're aiding and abetting, you know that? How many women do you have to watch die at his hands before she will stop?"

Qin Frost bit her lips tightly, not speaking or listening, just desperately attacking towards Ye Lone City.

"Go!" Qin Frost repelled Ye Lone City with a single sword strike and shouted fiercely towards Han Three Thousand.

Han 3,000 was stunned, withdrew his energy, shook his head and opened the palm of his hand to open the door to the rushing Righteous Alliance, then flew straight towards the entrance.

Although he knew that Qin Frost was an important disciple of the Void Sect, and that even if he blocked the sword for her, his life would not be in danger, Han 3,000 also understood that Qin Frost was undoubtedly wasting her future and future, so even if she escaped punishment for being so blatantly rebellious, she would lose people's hearts and not be able to cultivate them.

But Han Qianli also understood that staying would only make the scene even more chaotic, so leaving was the most logical choice.

It wasn't that he was worried that he wouldn't be able to defeat the group, but that they would waste a lot of effort on him, and wouldn't be able to rescue the 400-odd women when the time came.

By the time he exited the entrance again, the manor was already filled with shouts of death, the disciples of the Righteous Path Alliance and the guards of the manor had already fought to a standstill, corpses were everywhere, and the lake was also dyed red under the night light.

From the manor, Han Qianqian left at speed. Han did not go back to the inn, but instead flew towards an empty alleyway.

Sure enough, as soon as he landed, there was a soft sound behind him, followed by a cold shout: "Stop!".

Familiar with the incomparably unique scent, Han Three Thousand knew who the visitor was.

"I know that the Void Sect incident has hit you hard, but 3,000,000, you still have me, why did you want to degrade yourself and go with those demons and kidnap those innocent girls?"

Looking at Han 3,000's back, Qin Frost's eyes were filled with sadness.

Although she didn't want to believe that Han Qianli had kidnapped Xiaotao, tonight's fact was something Qin Frost had to acknowledge, Han Qianli had fallen and was caught red-handed.

Hearing this, Han 3,000 was slightly stunned and disappointed, "Then why did you help me? And you're offering your own future and future to help me?"

"Because Han 3000, I like you!"

Qin Frost gritted her teeth, looked at Han Qianqian and spoke up.

Chapter 1869

After Qin Frost said this, she panted and looked at Han Qianli, her heart beating abnormally fast.

Qin Frost, who had never been cold, was not good at expressing her feelings at all, and this included her mother, Lin Mengxi.

But this time, Qin Frost mustered up all the courage she could muster.

From the time she thought Han Qianqian was dead, she realised how painful her heart was, how much her God was in a trance, and how dark the days were for her, as if the sky was falling apart.

She deeply understood that she had fallen in love with the slave who had been following her.

However, at that time, Han Qiangxi had already died, and she wanted to tell Han Qiangxi, but she never had the chance again.

Now, seeing Han Qianxiang again, Qin Frost felt that she couldn't regret her life any longer, and she had to speak to him clearly about her heart's truest thoughts.

"Three thousand, if you're willing, we can be together, and I can also give up my identity as an Entered Disciple of the Void Sect, and find a place of seclusion with you to live our own lives, okay?" Qin Frost endured her shyness and sadly waited for Han Marchant's reply.

This was the voice of her heart, but she also hoped that at this moment she could pull Han Third Thousand not to indulge in the devil's path and turn back the prodigal son.

Han Qiangli didn't say anything, but his heart was in turmoil. For him, it was impossible for him to like Qinshang, because his heart only had Su Yingxia and couldn't tolerate anyone else.

Qi Yiyun has been a follower for two lifetimes, and Han Qianli has never been tempted, so as far as Qin Frost is concerned, Han Qianli can only reject her.

Although Qin Frost was the most beautiful woman Han Qianqian had ever seen, and had even sacrificed too much for her own sake, Han Qianqian had no choice but to reject her.

But for Qin Frost, Han 3,000 couldn't refuse at all. He knew Qin Frost's personality well, and to get her to open her mouth and say these words, she was obviously very open-minded, so if she refused at this time, Han 3,000 could imagine how sad and upset she would be.

Therefore, there was no way for him to hurt Qin Frost.

But the more he didn't want to hurt her, the more Han 3000 should let her die, but a refusal to let her die shouldn't be a straightforward attempt to hurt her.

When Han Qianli thought of this, he let out a long, cold breath and smiled coldly, "Sister Qinshang, I think you've made a mistake, I'm Han Qianli was born poor, so how could I go with you to play seclusion and live those bitter days again? I'm having a good time, I'm happy, I'm surrounded by money, I'm surrounded by women, I'm free and uninhibited, and you want me to give up an entire forest for a tree? Sister, you're a bit too ruthless, aren't you?"

Hearing Han Qianqian's words, Qinshang's entire face was ashen and his heart was strangled with madness, "Han Qianqian, you lied to me! Am I no match for those women, given my good looks?"

"Sister, of course you are more beautiful than anyone else, but as beautiful as you are, you will always get tired of playing, but I am different now, I can play with a different woman every day, so why should I give up?" Han Qianqian endured her guilt, but on the surface she put on a cynical appearance.

In order to make Qin Frost believe it, Han 3,000 specially turned back at this time, but Qin Frost had tears falling from her eyes like pearls, continuously sliding down her beautiful white face, falling slowly.

For Qin Frost, what was most upsetting at the moment was not the rejection of her confession, but the fact that she felt bad about Han Qianqian's self-indulgence now.

"Go back, go back and admit your mistake, I'm not worth it." Han Qianqian looked at her face, his heart really couldn't bear it, even if he wanted to put on a good show, he still couldn't face his heart's sadness, a trace of panic flashed across his eyes before he said coldly.

Qin Frost shook his head resolutely, Han Qianli sighed in his heart and turned around to leave.

"Han Qianxiang!" Qin Frost cried out sadly at Han Qianqian.

Han 3,000 was slightly stunned, bit his teeth and continued to walk forward.

After taking just two steps, Han Qianqian suddenly stopped again, making Qin Frost suddenly feel slightly happy inside, but Han Qianqian's next words shattered her entire being.

"That's right, from today onwards, there is no longer any relationship between you and me, you are no longer my senior sister, and I am no longer your slave." After saying that, Han Qianli threw down a sword and turned away.

Looking at the familiar jade sword that had fallen to the ground and pinged, Qin Frost felt even more that the sound was the sound of a broken heart.

That was the sword she had given to Han Qianxiang, but at this point Han Qianxiang had discarded the sword, and it was already obvious what it meant.

Tears, like pearls, finally slid desperately and indisputably, as Qin Frost looked at the sword that was no longer moving on the ground, squatted down slightly and cried with her whole body hugging her knees.

For the first time in her life of over twenty years, Qin Frost cried in front of people, and she could never have imagined that her first grief would be so painful and so engraved in her heart.

She also could not have imagined that the first time in her cold life that she opened her heart for a man, what she got in return was so full of bitterness.

Chapter 1870

On the way back to the inn, Han Qianli was in a bad mood.

"Cruelty, cruelty, really cruel, never thin fortunate male generation, really unexpected ah." The Linlong suddenly sighed at this point.

Han Qianqian's eyebrows furrowed slightly and ignored it.

Seeing Han Qianli ignoring him, the Linlong continued to grin, "What? Do you dare not admit that you have done something wrong?"

"I, Han Three Thousand, have never done anything wrong, so what do I dare not admit?" Han Qianqian said coldly.

"Still no loss, huh? So ruthless towards Qinshang." Lin Long whispered.

"Ruthless?" Han Giangli smiled bitterly, "I, however, feel that this is the only option I have and the only thing I can bear for her. Why let her waste her youth on me when she knows it won't work out?"

"Although Qin Shang's cultivation is not as good as Su Yingxia's, his posture is definitely even superior, and he is definitely one of the best even in the entire Eight Directions World, I really don't understand why you have to reject him." The Linlong was strange.

In its perception, the dragon race could take many wives, and even for humans, as long as you were strong, wasn't it normal to have three wives and four concubines?

Having a beautiful woman like Qin Lang as a wife is a blessing that many men have cultivated in their eight lifetimes, but Han Qianqian actually rejected it straight away.

"If you're not me, how would you know how much I love Su Yingxia? Apart from her, there is no other woman in the world that I can take to heart. Not the former Qi Yiyun, not Qin Shang, not either." Han Qianli smiled slightly, unlike the desolation he felt just now, when he talked about Su Yingxia, he would always have a slight smile on his lips.

Lin Long sighed, clearly, he had underestimated Han Qianli's loyalty to Su Yingxia: "So, reject Qinshang in this way?"

"Qin Frost is a good girl, she can just as well find many good men without me, and if I didn't know Su Yingxia before, I would have been one of the fervent suitors, so she can just as well live without me, while Su Yingxia and I, without each other, no one can live."

Linlong shook his head, "Then why don't you make it clear to her, she at least has the right to know, right?"

It's impossible for Han Marchant to say that everything is fine about Qi Yi Yun's case. On the contrary, it has been like a hanging thorn in the heart for many years, and at the beginning, Han Marchant also thought so about Lin Long, but what happened?

Even though Qi Yiyun has reincarnated in two lifetimes, she has always been in love with Han Qiangang, but Han Qiangang could only let her down by mistake.

Han Qianqian doesn't want tragedy to happen again, so the best way is to make a person completely dead to a person.

"Only when she is completely disappointed in me will she start a new life." Han Giangli said.

"But if you admit you are a demon like this, Qin Frost is dead to you, but have you ever thought about how many enemies you will make? Or, what will people outside think of you?" Lin Long was worried.

At the very least, the future side of the Righteous Alliance was bound to attack Han 3,000 once they saw him.

"Between friends, there will always be something to give, that is righteousness, as for what others think of me, does it matter? I, Han 3,000, never live for strangers, I only live for my friends and my loved ones." Han Qianqian is determined.

The eyes of others would only make his own life more tiring, so he might as well be unrestrained and unrestrained, with friends and loved ones.

Back at the inn, Fu Mei and Chutian were thrilled to see Han Qianqian return safely, while Xiaotao followed at the end of the crowd and quietly looked at him.

"Brother Three Thousand, are you alright?" Fu Mei now acted as if she was more urgently concerned than Han Qianqian.

"Yeah, those guys are clearly a Hongmen Banquet, how could they let you back in peace, Han Qianli, you wouldn't have promised them anything, would you?" Chu Tian was surprised, but soon became a little skeptical.

After all, if Han Qianyan didn't promise them anything, it would be hard to imagine retreating with their whole bodies.

What Chu Tian doubted even more was that Han Qianxiang had joined them.

"Brother Three Thousand, you mustn't agree to them, the Smiling Devil is a well-known devil in the Eight Directions World, burning, killing, looting and doing nothing evil, and associating with that kind of person will only bring your reputation into disrepute along with it, and most importantly, at night, I have ears to hear that someone from the righteous side has formed an alliance with the goal of dealing with the Smiling Devil." Fu Mei rushed.

Han Giangli smiled slightly and walked straight through the crowd to his room, "Pack your things and get ready to go."

"Now?" Chu Tian looked at Han Qianqiang in puzzlement, "This is the early hours of the night."

"It is now." Han Qianxiang knew that now was the best opportunity, as if something happened to the manor, Lord Liu would definitely send a large number of troops to support it, so now was also the time when the city's defences were at their weakest.

If we don't leave now, I'm afraid we won't have a chance.

Several people looked at each other, completely bewildered, not knowing what drug Han Qiangli was selling.

However, since Han 3,000 had given the order, the group could only do what he wanted. Taking advantage of the night, the group of people hurriedly packed up their things, settled their accounts and headed out of the city.

The city was now full of noise and bustle, with many black-clothed people killing towards the manor, obviously disguised by the soldiers of Dew City, unknown to others, but known to Han Qianqian.

A number of people from the Jiang Hu community were also awakened by the movement in the city, and many either stopped to watch, or decided to go and join in the fun, or, like Han Qianxiang, chose to leave the city for fear of getting into trouble.

By early morning, more and more people were already making their way from Dew City to the summit of Mount Qishan.

As the time of departure was similar, the road was bustling with people.

As a result, Han Qianli was always surrounded by a large number of "aspirants" from the rivers and lakes, who either wanted to get close to the two women because of their beauty or wanted to curry favour with Han Qianli because they coveted her strength.

At noon, Han 3,000 and the others found a place to sit down, and the group of people around them also sat down with them.

At this point, the group of people each took out a variety of exquisite dried food that they had prepared, and offered their hospitality to Han 3,000 people.

Han Qianli shook his head helplessly, took out his own steamed buns and was about to eat them when the bright sunlight above his head suddenly dimmed, followed by the whole ground shaking violently.