

His True Color Chapter 1881-1890

Chapter 1881

It was indeed a little upset with Han Three Thousand's decision, because the Endless Abyss was truly a place where you couldn't get out, and although it wouldn't kill you, it was even more unpleasant than death.

Han 3,000 nodded, which made sense, there was no way that someone like True Floating Zi, who was a dead friend of the Dao but not a poor man, would be able to sacrifice his life to come to him.

However, if not him, who else could it be?

Is there anyone else in this endless abyss?

But soon, Han Qianli himself ruled out the idea.

How could there be anyone but himself in a place like this?

Neither here nor there, are there ghosts here?

"Who exactly are the seniors? Please also show up and speak." Han Qianli now spoke out and asked.

As soon as the shout was uttered, within seconds, there was nothing but a silken echo in the empty, endless abyss.

"Senior?"

After a few more shouts, there was still no answer from anyone in the abyss. Han 3,000 was very frustrated, but he chose to try the method described by the voice, biting through his finger and placing his blood directly on top of the yellow talisman.

The yellow talisman suddenly flashed with a fierce golden light, and Han 3,000 was too close to it to open his eyes, then the yellow talisman flew straight towards Han 3,000's eyebrow and finally dug into it.

After the yellow talisman flew in, Han Qianqian didn't notice anything unusual until he opened his eyes and suddenly realised that the almost grey scene that had been speeding past in front of him had completely changed into seven colours.

It was as if he was in the middle of a rainbow, and when he looked down, there was no longer a deep, dark pitch, but instead, a green meadow.

Even though you are very far away from the grass!

What is this all about?

Could it be an illusion?

Just then, that voice rang out once more: "I've already said that the flesh eye and the heart eye will deviate in perception with the seven emotions and six desires, but the Heaven's Eye talisman will not, so now, take a good look at this world that was always misunderstood."

This time, Han Giang could be very sure that the voice was that of the dead Taoist, True Floater, including his words about the flesh eye and the heart eye, Han Giang also remembered that these, were the words he had told himself last night.

"True Floating Son, where are you? What the hell are you up to?" Han Qianqian looked up towards the place above his head, where there was a blue sky and white clouds, but not a single person in sight.

Only his own echoes echoed back to Han 3,000.

"True to the Hua Shi, but floating in the heavens and earth, this is true floating."

A moment later, a cheerful laugh sounded, and then there was no more movement.

It really was True Floating, and although he did not answer himself, explaining the meaning of his name to the world was already telling.

"It's simply not possible, there's no way anyone else could be heard in the Endless Abyss, unless someone is specifically jumping in the same abyss as us, and they have to be very close." After Lin Long was also sure that it was a real floater, his whole body could not believe this was true at all.

Each Endless Abyss was an independent system, in which it was impossible to communicate unless one was in the same abyss. It had been several full hours since Han Qianqian and the others had fallen into it, and its distance from the top of the mountain was already very far, which was all

But then again, this is indeed the voice of the True Floater.

"How on earth does this real floater do it?" The Linlong is strange.

"The most important thing is that it gave me this talisman, and after using it, I seem to have seen a different light in it." Han Giangli shook his head, his heart also very surprised.

"A different light scene? What else could be different in the endless abyss of light?" Linlong is strange.

"Grass, blue skies and white clouds, even around us, there are rainbows!" Han Giangli told Lin Long about the wonders he had seen.

Hearing this, Lin Long looked at Han Qianqian in disbelief: "Are you serious?"

"No falsehoods whatsoever!"

"How is this possible? At the bottom of the endless abyss is an abyssal black hole, where are the other colours? Han 3000, what is this all about?" Lin Longchamp.

Obviously, this is now beyond his knowledge as well.

Han Giangli shook his head, "Tell me one more thing that surprises you even more."

"What is it?"

"We've been dropping down to the bottom of the grass, but we're almost at the bottom." Han 3,000 yuan.

"What?!" The Linlong is even more shocked, there is no bottom to the Endless Abyss, so how could it fall to the bottom?

It was completely unbelievable.

"Five seconds to go!"

Han Qianqiang also has a quick sweat on her eyebrows, her eyes like a torch staring at the approaching ground, to the bottom, is it really the bottom?

Is there really a bottom to the endless abyss?

Isn't that the legendary one that goes on falling for all eternity, with no end in sight? How can it have a bottom?

But what we saw before us was incomparably real, the green grass, and as we got closer and closer, Han 3,000 could even see the glistening dewdrops on the tips of the grass.

Is there really a bottom to the Endless Abyss?

Chapter 1882

"Bang!"

Before Han Qiang's entire body could reflect, his body suddenly hit the ground defencelessly, in a rapid descent that was indistinguishable between illusion and reality.

Immediately afterwards, Han 3,000 went black and fainted.

Han 3,000 hardened on the green ground, smashing a huge hole more than two metres deep.....

When he woke up again, Han 3000 did not know how long it had been, but the grass on the ground had wilted, and as far as the eye could see, it was as vast as a field of gold under the sunlight.

At this time, the sun hanging in the sky was golden with red, it was already a good sunset, but the autumn wind was rising.

Shaking his head and touching his head, Han Giangli felt a splitting headache: "Where is this?".

Climbing out of the pit, Han Qianli moved his muscles and looked around curiously, is this the bottom of the Endless Abyss?

"What a life, falling from such a high place, and I'm not even dead, Han 3000?" Han Giangli's heart palpitated as he looked up at the sky, wondering if it was a blessing or a curse.

"What is this?" Suddenly, Han 3,000 Hertz discovered that there was a stone stele standing next to the pit, not large, around twenty centimetres.

On it were three large characters written in a strange, but flowing font: Heavenly Book World.

"Lin Long, are you still alive? Tell me, if you can't die, what is the realm of heavenly books?" Looking at the tablet, Han Giangli's brows furrowed slightly.

"Is there any writing on it?" Linlong asked weakly.

"Yes!"

Linlongton was very strange, "Why can you see things I can't?"

"I don't know, could it be the Heaven's Eye talisman that True Floater gave me?" Han Qianliang was strange.

Lin Long nodded, murmured for a moment, and asked, "Who exactly is this True Floater? How can you see things differently with just a charm? And it will get us out of the endless abyss?"

Lin Long's words were actually what Han Qianqian was considering. This old Taoist priest was only giving a yellow talisman, but it was actually so magical.

Was he really as simple as a Taoist priest?

At this moment, a loud voice was heard in the sky, joyful and beautiful: "One hundred and seventy-one million years and forty-one days, here, at last, is a new guest, hello, children."

"Who is it?! Who's speaking again?"

"Makofuku-chan, is that you?"

Hearing a voice, Han Giangxi looked east and west in a hurry.

"There is no need to look, the sky is me, the earth is me, the air is me, the trees are me, everything is me, and I am everything here." The air laughed aloud.

"And who are you?" Han Giangli frowned.

"Me? My name is Tianshu, the Eight Wilderness Heavenly Books."

Han Qianqian was puzzled, but Lin Long was suddenly and violently shocked: "What, you are the Eight Wilderness Heavenly Books?"

A slight smile in the sky: "Exactly."

Han Qianqian peeked inwardly at the Lin Long at this time, but clearly saw that his entire face was pale and clearly shocked, even his body was trembling slightly.

"Lin Long, what's wrong?" Han Qianliang frowned.

Lin Long smiled miserably, "Three thousand, I really don't know whether to say that you've lucked out or that you've had great bad luck, do you know what the Eight Wilderness Books are?"

Han Qianli shook his head in puzzlement.

"The Book of the Eight Wastelands is said to be a divine object that existed at the birth of the Eight Directions, on which are recorded the names of all the true gods of the Eight Directions, be they past, present or future. But unfortunately, it is an unknown object, and according to legend, all those who have encountered it will eventually die, and as it is both good and evil, it has been forgotten for tens of millions of years," he says. Lin Long explained.

After hearing these words, Han Qianqian was a little worried, it seemed that he really didn't know whether he was lucky or unlucky to have met it.

"O little snake, you are misunderstanding me, those who don't deserve me are naturally damned, this is the normal result, how can you say that this is unknown? Secondly, in the world of life, who can tell what is good and what is evil and what is evil and what is good?" The voice boomed with laughter, not angry at what Lin Long had said.

"But a guest is a guest. According to my rules of hospitality, I'll start with a pot of tea, okay?"

As soon as the words fell, the world around him suddenly distorted, then the whole world changed, and in the blink of an eye, the whole world suddenly turned into a huge forest.

Before Han 3,000 could get used to it, the surrounding area suddenly moved, and all the trees around him twisted like a pack of wolves, their branches transforming into long hands and frantically pouncing towards Han 3,000.

Not daring to take it lightly, Han 3,000 held his jade sword in his hand, aimed it at the onrushing tree trunks and leapt straight into the air!

"Brush!"

The trunk was suddenly cut in half with a sword!

"What?"

But what Han Qianli hadn't expected was that the tree trunks, which had just been cut in two by Han Qianli, were now suddenly connected again.

Damn it, these tree trunks could regenerate, and instantly at that!

There was no time to think, as the surrounding trees were now as dense as cobwebs, attacking Han 3,000 once again.

An hour passed, and Han 3,000 was panting and exhausted, but not only had the surrounding trees not diminished in the slightest, not even a single leaf had been lost.

These things were simply inexhaustible.

Just as Han Qianli became extremely annoyed, suddenly the whole world distorted once again.

He stood somewhat reflective in the middle, staring at the drastically changing world.

"Brush!!!"

"Ho!"

Suddenly, there was a sound of water, as if there was a sea in the sky, then it was turned upside down and poured down, and the water suddenly fell from the sky, and in the midst of the waves, there were even waves that became dragons, roaring and rushing down towards Han Qianli.

Cursing in his heart, Han Qianli held his long sword in his hand, aiming it directly at the water dragons.

But almost as Han Qianli had expected, these water dragons were identical to the trees and could not be swept away or cut inexhaustibly.

Despite his empty cultivation, Han 3,000 had no strength at all against these seemingly weak defences, which were in fact constantly reborn, as if he was punching cotton.

Soon, the water in the sky was getting closer and closer to overwhelming Han 3,000, and when the water dragon was cut off it would always burst into some water spray, which had already made Han 3,000 soaked to the skin, as if he had been swimming in the water with his clothes on.

"It's a f*cking tree, it's got water, and it's really a good pot of tea." Han Qianqiang smiled grimly, so angry that his lungs hurt.

"What do you think about some barking chickens after the tea?" In the sky, the voice suddenly spoke again.

Calling chickens?!

Chapter 1883

Without waiting for Han 3,000 to speak, the world distorted once again, a water-coloured world, but suddenly, Han 3,000 seemed to have entered a barren, grass-covered land with a blazing sun baking the ground, surrounded by mountains and piles of steep rocks.

"Boom!"

Suddenly, several of the surrounding mountains moved, and only then did Han Qianli see clearly that it was not an expert at all, but a man of boulders.

It was mountain-high, but its entire body was humanoid, with stony soil piled up in distinct lines!

"Ho!"

Several roars, the giants, now roaring, rushed straight towards Han 3,000.

Han 3,000 almost laughed bitterly, knowing that they were as certain as before that they couldn't be destroyed, and that they could be reborn instantly.

So, Han 3,000 closed his eyes and waited quietly.

"Han Third Thousand, be careful, this is not an illusion!"

The Linlong shouted fiercely, then rushed out of Han Qianli's body, using its dragon body to crash directly into the giant in front of Han Qianli.

"Ah!"

A giant pounced on Han Qianqian, aiming at his chest with a fierce circle.

Han 3,000 felt a heart-rending pain in his chest, and his entire body retreated several metres, spurting out a mouthful of blood directly from his throat.

Han 3,000 was dismayed and couldn't believe the scene before him.

No matter how formidable an opponent he had faced since he had possessed the Indestructible Xuan Armour, Han 3000 had never been directly defenestrated and suffered such serious injuries.

Just some stone phantom giants, where did they get the ability to injure themselves?

Although Han 3,000 had just wrongly judged that it could be an illusion and so didn't do much to defend itself, it didn't mean that Han 3,000's indestructible Xuan Armour had also stopped ah.

"What the hell is this thing?" Lin Long looked at Han Qianqiang's injury and was now in shock.

"Ghost knows." Han 3,000 roared inwardly, no longer daring to slacken in his heart, bringing up all his energy and rushing directly towards the giant.

In just a few moments, Han 3,000 was in a wretched state, and the Linlong was no better, its prideful body, originally silvery, was now grey-headed and ashen, like a large earthworm from afar.

"Han 3,000, if this continues, we will surely die." Lin Long said coldly.

"I know, and I'm thinking of a way." Han Qianli said coldly, and although he was very tired, his eyes were like eagle eyes, staring around.

He was looking for a flaw!

"Oh, what the hell are you thinking, you've got enough material, you're about to add fire." Suddenly, the world changed instantly again.

Suddenly, the world was red hot, and before Han 3,000 could even reflect from the giants, the soles of his feet, the top of his head, and even as far as the eye could see, were all ablaze with fire.

Han 3,000 instantly felt that his body was unbearably hot, and his sweat was unbearably hot.

Suddenly, out of the burning flames leaped a number of fire wolves, interspersed with sharp roars, densely rushing in from all directions.

Han Qianqiang's face was cold: "Damn, I do understand, calling a sister a chicken, this is clearly treating us like chickens, this is doing us."

Linlong was suddenly furious at this, as it was clearly an insult.

"Damn it, I'll fight you." Lin Long shouted furiously, ignoring his injuries and fiercely attacked towards the fire wolves.

Han Qianli tried to call out to him, but it was too late.

Looking at the fight between the Linlong and those fire wolves, Han 3000 did not choose to immediately support them, but instead watched quietly, calmed down, and was now thinking seriously.

These things could all be reborn the same, four times so far.

And, carefully associating these together, Han Three Thousand had an exceptionally shocking fact.

Thinking of this, Han Qianli smiled slightly, his entire body turning inexplicably confident.

"I think I know how to break these fire wolves." Han Qianli laughed coldly.

Lin Long let out a sigh of relief when he heard this, in fact, he already regretted it as soon as he rushed in, because it was obvious that he was just acting on impulse, and if he really wanted to go up against the fire wolves with their extremely fast speed and fierce teeth, not to mention that he didn't have the heart of the dragon race today, even if he did, this small flesh skin of his couldn't resist the bite of these fire wolves, and it didn't hurt to bite, but it burned like a pain in the heart.

As soon as he entered, the Linlong was dizzy from the burning, and when he wanted to attack, he often hit the air as if it were air, and his mind was on the verge of exploding with anger.

With the words of Han Qianqian, Linlong retreated and waited for Han to come and help.

"Three thousand, get him y." Linlong shouted excitedly at Han 3,000, looking as if the street thugs had suddenly found a leading brother as a backer.

"What are you yelling at." Han 3,000 glared at Lin Long, "Get? How does it work? Han 3000 couldn't get it right.

The reason he says he has a solution is actually a gamble.

He was betting that his perception and judgement was right.

At that moment, several fire wolves were already rushing towards Han 3,000 with their fangs and bloody mouths open, and if they bit him, they would certainly be close to death!

But Han Qiangqiang remains unmoved.

Chapter 1884

There was even a hint of a smile on Han Qianqian's face.

In the art of gambling, the most important skill is the gambling mentality.

If one loses in mentality, one has no momentum and will undoubtedly lose.

This is what Han Qianqian was gambling on.

Just as the boulder man's fist was about to reach Han 3,000, suddenly the whole world changed, and the raging boulder fist in front of him disintegrated and scattered in an instant.

What replaced them was a dazzling golden glow.

Looking around, Han Qianqian's eyes were almost blinding, and the Linlong had even closed its eyes.

What the two of them were in was a huge golden palace, in which all the materials were made of metal, so huge and imposing that just a single step was as big as a mountain.

At this point, the palace began to slowly shrink, and in no time at all, it would turn the two of them into meat pies.

Han Qianliang, however, wasn't worried at all and let out a breath of relief, a genuine smile on his face: "It's true."

Puzzled, Lin Long said, "What is so?"

"Oh, to invite us to tea, with trees and water, to make us into screaming chickens, with fire and earth, I think this next palace might be the vessel that will eat us, am I right?" Han Qianqian smiled evilly and lifted his gaze slightly.

Lin Long was stunned, not knowing what Han Qianli was talking about, and as he followed Han Qianli's eyes, the air was empty again.

For a long time, he suddenly smiled dumbly in mid-air: "Correct."

"Three thousand, what does it mean?" Linlong's strange way of saying, "Why is it right?"

Han Qianqiang smiled: "If you connect these five things together, isn't it exactly one metal, wood, water, fire and earth?" After saying that, Han Qianqiang looked into the air again: "Using the five elements of phase and gram, so among the various lines, the birth is never ending, never wearing out, destroy one and the other four lines will come to support it, so I can't even get those things to destroy."

"But the phase of birth allows them to support each other, so what about the opposite?"

With a ghostly smile, Han Qianli flicked his body and flew straight towards the air, and when he was in mid-air, a flame suddenly appeared from Han Qianli's hand.

"This is" in the air, the voice was slightly surprised.

"The fire of the last world." Han Qianli smiled, "It burns me quite painfully, but I don't know if it's the fire that's powerful, or if these metals in your golden palace are even tougher!"

Afterwards, Han Qianli suddenly pushed all the energy in his body, expanding the flames in his hands to the maximum, and with a single wave of his hand, the flames in his hands suddenly turned directly into a fire dragon, which attacked the golden palace with a roar as Han Qianli waved.

As the fire dragon went, everywhere it passed was incinerated, and the metal that shone with golden light was instantly turned into black gas.

In just a few moments, half of the seemingly impregnable palace was burned to the ground.

As the black light arrived, the world changed abruptly, and in the next second, Han 3,000 was standing in the original world, on an endless expanse of golden grass.

At that moment, a small pearl suddenly floated up in the sky, then flew quickly to Han 3,000's face and finally turned into a dot of light that entered Han 3,000's eyebrow.

"Interesting, interesting, really interesting, it can break the Five Elements Formation."

"Young man, you have somewhat impressed me." He smiled slightly.

Lin Long's heart palpitated as he looked at Han Qianqian, "Qianqian, bull, I'm proud of you."

If it wasn't for Han Three Thousand's discovery of the flaw, they would have surely died in it, after all, each individual realm was enough to kill them.

"What's there to be impressed about, but having your barking chickens shattered." Han Giangli laughed.

"Oh, come what may, we have plenty of time." The voice laughed.

"Yeah? I don't think so!" After Han Qianli finished speaking, he smiled fiercely and suddenly directed his enormous energy, which had already been transported, at the fierce point in mid-air, and blasted it away.

Almost as soon as the energy was released, Han Qianqian, with his Pangu Axe in hand, leapt and slashed at it with a thunderous momentum!

"Han 3,000, what are you doing?!"

Seeing Han Qianqian's sudden rampage, the Linlong shouted anxiously, naturally it didn't know what Han Qianqian was doing, releasing two spells into the air one after another, wasn't this a waste of stamina and energy?

Boom!

And almost simultaneously, there was a sudden bang in mid-air, and then the whole world shook slightly!

Han Three Thousand Year held a Pan Gu axe and looked coldly into the air.

"Three thousand, what's wrong?" Lin Long was puzzled as he looked at Han Qianqian, but when he saw that his face was ashen and he was just staring at the air, he looked up strangely, but there was nothing in the air.

Lin Long stroked his head strangely, what on earth was going on?

It's like an ectoplasmic dragon, it doesn't know any better!

For a long time, there was a sudden burst of tiny sounds in the quiet surroundings.

The Linlong turned back abruptly, but found that there were threads of golden liquid, now falling slightly from mid-air, dripping down onto the grass.

Lin Long was shocked, but only Han Qianqian, who was now smiling slightly, was incomparably confident.

Chapter 1885

"How is this this possible? Can you...can you see me?" In mid-air, now appalled, a voice rang out.

"What's so hard about this?" Han Giangli smiled slightly.

"Difficult?" The air voice laughs dumbly: "Do you have any idea how long it took the last person to see me?"

"1.76 billion years!!!"

1.76 billion?

Hearing this figure, Han Three Thousand Ton's eyebrows furrowed.

What concept is this? A year, even if it's just counted casually, a second is a year, and that's nearly 80 years! Han Qianli was shocked. And dumbly some sympathy for the last person who actually spent a whole seventeen billion years.

Seeing Han 3,000's expression, Mid-air snorted, "Why do you have to look down on him so much, although he's also one of those wastes, it must be admitted that he's already the fastest of all the wastes I've met."

Han Giangli heard this and laughed scornfully, though he was reluctant to call anyone a punk. But trapping someone who spends so much time here really isn't very smart either: "You're lifting me up? After all, I've only been using it for an hour. Am I that strong?"

"An hour? It's been almost a year since you came in, and I really don't know where you got your enchanted confidence, but you can really be proud of yourself, because you were indeed the fastest one." The air was cold.

"I was in a coma for close to a year?" Han 3,000 was unbelievable.

"Good."

Come to think of it, when we first came in, the grass was green. Now, the grass is yellow, as if it has indeed undergone a spring/autumn transition, and Han Three Thousand is suddenly shocked, damn, didn't that miss the tournament!

"I want out!" Han Three Thousand Castles said urgently.

The voice in the air laughed fiercely, "Get out? It took the last guy 1.76 billion years to see me and then 6.7 billion years to get out of here, you think? Is it that easy?"

"But I'm interested in you, after all, you're far better than that bunch of losers! Moreover, you even possess the Pan Gu Axe and the Indestructible Xuan Armour, I would like to see whether you are the Chosen One or a misnomer." The words fell.

A spiritual light suddenly flashed in the sky. Immediately afterwards, it flew directly into Han Qianli's eyebrows.

Han Qianqian was shocked and looked vigilantly up into the air, "What have you done to me?"

"Why so nervous? You should be happy. This is the Five Elements Divine Stone, and in my world, you deserve to be rewarded for winning the game." The air laughed softly.

As the words fell, the world changed abruptly once again.

What Han Qianli was in was still a primitive world, with green trees reaching into the sky, a cloudless blue sky and green grasslands. Exotic flowers and grasses of all colours were mixed in with some huge colourful mushrooms.

In the distant grasslands, all sorts of giant beasts that Han Qianli had never seen before walked slowly.

"Three thousand. The aura of this place is so abundant." Lin Long said at this point.

Han Three Thousand also nodded, this place indeed had plenty of spiritual qi, it was a good place to cultivate, if you stayed in a place like this for a year or six months, your cultivation would probably improve quite a bit.

"Oh, if people from the Eightfold World knew there was such a place for cultivation, they'd probably have their heads squeezed. I didn't expect that a mere heavenly book could have such an otherworldly cave." Han Three Thousand smiled bitterly.

"Three thousand, it's an Eight Wilderness Heavenly Book, what's so strange about it." Speaking of which, Lin Long's eyes were very complicated.

As a high-grade divine object conceived and nurtured with the Eightfold World, it was more like a little brother to the Eightfold World, and the Eightfold World was a world. As a brother, it naturally could also create its own world, which was not unusual.

"Right. What was the Five Elements Divine Stone it was talking about just now?" Han Three Thousand Years Road.

Lin Long shook his head: "I'm not sure about its stuff. No one has understood it, no one knows what functions and abilities it has, everyone who has seen it has died, and the only legend that has been passed down is that it records the names of all the true gods in the Eight Directions."

Han Qianli suddenly became interested: "Then it seems. I'll be the first person to know its secrets and leave here alive."

The Linlong looked at Han Three Thousand for no apparent reason, "I don't know where you get your confidence, but this is the Eight Wonders Heavenly Book. Didn't you hear what it just said? Where it takes billions of years for others to get out."

"Didn't you listen to him either? Those are all rubbish and I'm the only one who saw it coming after less than a year." Han Qianli is confident.

Han 3000 has never been a very floaty person and has never bragged. But this time, he was very confident, as it was obvious. The difference between Han Three Thousand and those before him was too great.

One had taken less than a year, while the fastest had taken billions of years, a gap of over a billion years. It was already obvious.

Moreover, Han Three Thousand must leave from here no matter what.

The Linlong also nodded its head. It couldn't argue with that, "Then what now?"

Han Qianli raised his eyes to the distance, "I don't know, let's walk and see."

After saying that, Han Qianli followed his senses and walked onwards, and far above the grasslands, there was a caged, unusually dense forest, which was exceptionally different from the towering trees here.

A few minutes later, Han 3,000 walked into this small, low-growing forest.

The further we went in, the darker the light became, and the surrounding trees were gradually replaced by a green bamboo grove, the ground full of yellow and fallen bamboo leaves, which made a rustling sound as one walked on them.

All the way in, it is almost as dark as night, and the breeze patrols between the bamboo groves.

In the middle of the bamboo grove, a dozen or so earthbags stood in a row. The bamboo grove was shaking gently at this time, and some sunlight was streaming in.

Han Qianli's brow furrowed, why were there graves here?

With this curiosity, Han Qianqian walked up to the graves, which were about a dozen randomly stacked tombs, so simple that even under the cover of bamboo leaves, the grave grass still sprouted several metres high.

The graves were roughly the same, with the only difference perhaps being the inscriptions on the wooden steles in front of the graves.

"Tomb of Cheng Yongshi."

"The tomb of Liang Han."

Han Qianli casually recited a few grave names, then furrowed his brows, "Why are there so many graves here?"

Just then, Lin Long's voice rang out, full of bitter laughter and sighs, "Han 3,000 yuan, we might be miserable, but it turns out that these trash, surprisingly, are them."

"If they are all trash, then we"

At this point, the Linlong closed his voice and was no longer able to say more.

Chapter 1886

If bitterness could be described as a taste, then the bitterness of the Linlong right now could be described as yellow lily.

Han Qianliang frowned strangely, "What do you mean?"

"Do you know who's buried here?" Linlong laughed bitterly.

"I don't know." Han Giangli shook his head.

"Let's start with this Cheng Yong, two hundred million years ago, when the Eternal Sea was not a True God family, and Cheng Shiyong was one of the three True Gods of the Eightfold World. As for this Liang Han, he is even more famous as the pioneering god of the Eight Directions World, and Fu Juntian, the third True God of the Fu Family."

"There are also these latter ones, who are even more great, each of them was once a figure of great fame and prestige in the World of the Eight Directions, Han Qianqian, is this the trash in that population?"

Lin Long shook his head and laughed bitterly. Anyone in it was a pivotal figure, and even more so, a true god with an extremely high reputation in the Eight Directions World.

Han Qianli was also completely dumbfounded. It was impossible for him to have imagined that the group of trash the voice was referring to could be these big shots.

It wasn't that Han 3,000 had drifted away, or that they couldn't lift their swords, but that Han 3,000 had never expected it.

"Oh, I didn't expect that the world of the Eight Wilderness Book would be the final place where so many True Gods had fallen." Lin Long was incredulous.

"How did they end up here?" Han 3000 Road.

"Perhaps, for them. Being a true god in the Eightfold World means that they are already invincible in the Eightfold World, so the Eight Desolate Heavenly Books, something outside the realm, might be their pursuit, but they never expected that this would be the place where their lives would end." Lin Long shook his head and sighed.

"No wonder the true gods of the Eight Worlds always disappear unnoticed, perhaps even their families don't know why they've suddenly disappeared."

Han Giangli sighed.

But apart from sighing for them, Han Three Thousand's heart was suddenly like a mountain on top of them.

How enigmatic and confident she had been, and now, how helpless and uncertain she felt.

So many big names were hanging on here. What confidence did Han Qianxiang have to get out of here?

"Han Three Thousand Years, I feel so cold." Lin Long quietly looked at Han Qianxiang.

Seeing the graves of so many great gods, Lin Long had no confidence.

"I feel it too." Han Three Thousand was embarrassed.

The atmosphere. Suddenly turned extremely cold.

It wasn't clear whether it was the coldness around the graves or the fact that one person had a heart dragon.

After a moment, Han Three Thousand Year smiled gently, "Then I have to play with it to the end."

Seeing that the dragon was puzzled, Han Third Thousand smiled, "What does it mean that so many great gods are coming here? It means that this Eight Wilderness Book may be more than just a record of the names of the gods, it must have something transcendent about it, and that is why they tend to follow it."

"What you say is certain. But the problem is that they all died here, you" Lin Long shook his head.

These ancient True Gods. Far more powerful than any of the current True Gods, and even exaggerated, they could be a dozen or three, because the aura of the Eightfold World had become thinner and thinner over the past millions of years, and the further back you went, the harder it was to cultivate to a higher level. The second thing is that there are different types of True Gods: those who are unknown and those who have achieved remarkable success in battle.

In particular, gods such as Zhang Juntian were unparalleled war gods who had vanquished the demon race.

"Oh, it took them a long time to see it, but what about me? There is nothing in this world that can stop me, Han Qianli." Han Three Thousand Thousand smiles confidently.

No matter how difficult it is here, Han Three Thousand will walk out alive, and there will never be a place for him in this tomb.

Because Su Yingxia and Nian'er were still waiting for him.

"Come on." Han Qianli gazed confidently at the sky in the gap in the bamboo forest.

And almost immediately. The mountain rain was about to come, and the entire sky changed colour, with black clouds rolling in. What was only a moment ago was as bright as day and night.

The bamboo forest also became dark and terrifyingly dark.

At this moment, Han Qianli heard the rustle of falling leaves in the bamboo forest.

Han 3,000 fixed his eyes on several graves. The grass shook lightly and the leaves on the graves moved remotely, then. A ghostly hand stretched out from the grave and grasped the ground. Dragging their broken Grylls' bodies slowly crawled out.

"Oh no!" Lin Long's heart was cold, these people who crawled out from their graves were obviously the dead souls of those dead True Gods. It was obviously difficult to deal with them!

Han Giangli also had sweaty palms; he had never fought a True God before. He knew nothing about the abilities of the True Gods, even though these were all dead souls. What kind of abilities they had, or how much energy they had inherited in life, Han 3000 knew nothing.

With the Pan Gu Axe in his hand, Han 3000 no longer cared about that much and took the lead in attacking.

In just an instant, Han 3,000 fought with the ghostly figures in the bamboo forest.

A few minutes later, with a sudden movement of his eyes, Han 3,000 suddenly closed in and, with an unimaginable gesture, rushed towards the top of the bamboo forest.

"Han Three Thousand Year, what are you doing?" Lin Long Chido.

Chapter 1887

Han Giangli smiled and went straight into the air, leaping to the top of the bamboo forest after passing through it.

"It really is."

Han 3,000 smiled lightly, and in the next second, he held the Pangu Axe in his hand. Aiming at the dark clouds above him, he slashed directly at the axe.

The golden light of the Pan Gu axe suddenly struck straight at the black cloud, hard enough to cut an opening in the cloud, and the sunlight above the black cloud was now scattered onto the earth through there.

As the sunlight sprinkled back onto the earth, the blackness in the bamboo forest began to slowly disperse.

"Not the souls of the true gods at all, just an illusion you created, too boring, right?" Han Qianqiang smiled fiercely, then leapt down again.

Aim at the bamboo forest. Using the Pangu Axe, he took one strike.

The bamboo forest crumbled to the ground and sunlight spread into it. The souls of the dead, after letting out a shriek, flew out in smoke on the spot.

When all was quiet, Linlong still hadn't woken up from his shock. He really didn't understand how Han Qiang had managed to instantly break the spirits of the dead.

How did he think that he could avert the crisis by breaking the dark clouds overhead?

Han Giangli smiled slightly and looked at the Linlong. Then, he pointed to the first grave: "How about a little help?"

"What are you doing?" Linlong's strange way.

"Digging graves." Han Giangli smiled.

"Digging graves? Three thousand, although those dead souls did come to attack you just now, you also fought them all off, so let's leave it at that, it's not a good thing to dig someone else's grave."

"Cut the crap, if you want to get out of here, then do as I say." Han Qianli smiled.

Although Lin Long was surprised by Han Qianli's actions, but being here, Lin Long had no choice but to follow Han Qianli's instructions and proceeded to dig the graves directly.

It only took a moment, when the grave was dug up. As the coffin was being opened, the Linlong closed his eyes and softly said sorry. It was not his intention to be so disrespectful to the deceased.

Han Giangli gave it a funny look, then opened the coffin lid directly on the surface.

"You can open your eyes now." Han Qianli smiled.

When Lin Long heard this, he was nervous and very guilty at the same time, but still opened his eyes with trepidation, but when he saw what was going on inside the coffin, Lin Long's entire dragon was capitalistically confused.

It wasn't even the bones of the deceased god he had imagined, instead it was a staircase leading underground.

"What is going on here?" Linlong's mouth was strangely open.

Wasn't this a tomb? Isn't this a coffin? How did turn into an entrance equipped with stairs.

"What are you waiting for? Go." Han Giangli smiled. Then, he fell in through the entrance first and slowly descended through the stairs.

Lin Long was soon the only one left in the bamboo forest. After a moment's thought and a quick glance around, he remained resolute and followed Han Qianqian down together.

Before he took a few steps, Han Qianqian suddenly said, "What do you think?".

"How about what? We're obviously going down, but I'm feeling so tired! Linlong said, looking up at his feet, where the stairs were completely hidden in darkness and there was no end in sight.

"Tired is right." Han Qianli smiled.

At almost the same time, after Han Giangli had fallen into the abyss, the so-called Righteous Alliance had already attacked the light pillar.

The surroundings of the pillar were like a bloody battlefield, and after dealing with the demons, the Righteous Alliance began to brutally fight among themselves.

The surrounding area of the light pillar was littered with corpses. Blood flowed into rivers, and countless Righteous Alliance people were already covered in blood as they slashed and killed each other. Their eyes were red, and like devils, they were frantically slaughtering all the living people they could see around them.

The Seer Spirit Master and his group were watching from afar.

They were waiting, waiting for the time when this group of people had killed enough of each other to reap the benefits of their fishing.

Only. All of them failed to notice that the blood flowing out of the slain corpses was now following the ground. It had become countless gullies, flowing slowly in a certain direction.

In a certain cave, the blood went through a complicated flow path. From the gap at the top of the cave, drop by drop, it falls into the pool of blood in the centre of the cave.

As the blood drips down, the pool of blood is now like boiling water. Like boiling water, the bubbles of blood gurgle and bulge and quickly burst. It bursts again and bulges again, and in the midst of these, a bloody object. It was also tumbling inside at the same time.

The hunchbacked old man now moved in his hand, smiled coldly, and took out from his bosom a gourd covered by a black cloth, blackened, with four skulls carved on it, and when he lifted the black cloth off, the mouth of the gourd, the black air was suddenly like smoke, curling out.

"Enjoy the body that these bloods have forged for you, now I will reward you with those dead souls and you will be able to transform yourself into a demon." After saying that, the old man threw the gourd into the pool of blood.

The entire pool of blood stopped boiling, and in the next second, a loud explosion!

"Han Qianxiang, I want you to die a horrible death!"

Then a bloody thing suddenly jumped out of the pool of blood with an angry mouth.

Chapter 1888

"Don't worry, with your current cultivation, he, Han Qianxiang, is going to die a horrible death. However, you should also remember that in Han Three Thousand's hands, he has the King of Ten Thousand Weapons, the Pan Gu Axe, although he can't fully use it yet. A skinny camel is bigger than a horse." The old man smiled gloomily.

"You are originally a sword spirit, so I forged your body with the blood of ten thousand people, and used the souls of ten thousand people to help you shape your cultivation, which can be invisible and shadowless, like a ghost, and can avoid the Pan Gu Axe's attacks to the greatest extent possible." After saying that, the old man inserted a fiery red bead into its heart.

"This is the Blood Soul Bead, it is also your life-preserving bead, if it shatters, your life will end and you will never be able to reincarnate, so be very careful. However. As long as it exists, you can remain

immortal and immortal, both together. Even if Han Qianli has the Pan Gu Axe, it's not that simple to destroy you."

Chi Meng nodded in satisfaction, "Don't worry, I need to take the head of that dog thief."

"Destroy him completely before he gets hold of the Pan Gu Axe, our Lord wants the Pan Gu Axe, and you will be able to devour his flesh, and once you succeed, you will become the dominant demon in the Eight Directions World." The old man smiled gloomily.

When Chi Meng heard this, he smiled hideously, his face bloody. Completely devoid of face, the laugh was like a pile of mud twisted together.

In order to deal with Han Qianqian, in order to avenge his deep revenge, Chi Meng didn't care what method he used.

The summit of Mount Toki!

Blanketed in white snow.

At the highest peak, there is a magnificent palace, blue jade and ink stone, ancient and fragrant.

The central courtyard is the size of two football pitches, and the four beasts stand at four corners, tall and majestic, not angry at themselves.

There is a plaque on the main hall, which is also the name of the whole hall, sitting at the top of Mount Qishan, the largest of the four beasts.

In the hall, heroes from the larger sects or families are seated on either side, and in the upper position, representatives of the three great families and the master of the Hall of Toki Mountain are seated at ease.

At this moment, a junior gatekeeper ran in panting under the stage, "Reporting to the Hall Master, there is someone outside the Hall who wants to see you."

The Hall Master of the Palace of Qishan called himself Gu Yue, who was over 80,000 years old this year. He is the oldest and most qualified person in the Eight Directions, and none other.

In addition, he manages the Hall of Toki Mountain, which is an extremely independent and dignified place in the Eight Directions. This is why Gu Yue's reputation in the Eight Directions has always been low-profile but at the same time respectable to all.

"The top of Mt. Toki is mandated by heaven to hold a tournament to determine the best of the best. Gu Yue chuckled.

Although his hair and beard were all white and shiny from his old age, he was full of energy and had a torch-like gaze, just like a young boy.

There are legends that Gu Yue's cultivation is almost at the level of a True God, but he has never had the will to compete for the position of True God.

There are also legends. Gu Yue's own cultivation actually exceeded that of the Three Great True Gods, so he had been the master of the Hall of Toki Mountain, as everyone knew. The election of the Eight Directions World's True Gods required a tournament, which was inevitably hosted by the Top of Mount Qishan, and in a sense, the power of the Top of Mount Qishan was sometimes no less than that of the Three Great True Gods.

However, no matter what kind of legend it was, it was only a legend, but what was certain was that Gu Yue's own cultivation was very high, and after all, legends were legends, but they also had to be based on certain facts.

The disciple's head bowed: "But"

"But what?" Gu Yue ton was dissatisfied, his disciple's low promises in front of so many people really made him feel uncomfortable.

"However, the visitors called themselves Fu family members, but their bodies were full of blood and their demonic energy was extremely heavy. I'm worried" said the disciple, who lowered his eyebrows.

"Fu family members?" Gu Yue frowned lightly and looked at Fu Tian.

When Fu Tian heard this, he naturally smiled, "Senior Gu. My Fu family has already arrived, and there is no one who has not arrived, and I heard that there is still someone with demonic energy, so I'm afraid there is someone pretending to be him, so let's send him away."

On such an occasion, Fu Tian naturally didn't want to associate the Fu Family with people of the Devil's Way and hurriedly left the relationship.

Moreover, his Fu Family had indeed arrived in full numbers. Where was the Fu Family!

"Hey, with all the heroes of the Eight Directions gathered here, even if it is a demon, are we not still afraid of him? Let them in?" At this moment. Ao Yong, the representative steward of the Eternal Sea at the side, said in a cold voice.

It was obvious that Ao Yong was doing this on purpose, the purpose, naturally, was to refuse to let go of any opportunity to humiliate the Fu family.

Fu Tian's face turned cold. But there was no way to argue, Gu Yue waved his hand, the disciple nodded and hurriedly retreated.

In less than a moment. A few people covered in blood, now supported by a group of disciples on top of Mount Qishan, slowly entered the palace.

When he saw the visitors, Futian was shocked and his entire body was even uglier than if he had eaten Shang. It was because the person who came was none other than Fu Mei and the others who were travelling with Han Qianqian.

"Fumei, how come it's you?" Fu Tian gradually became anxious, if Fu Mei is like this. Could it be that there was something wrong with Han Qianqian?

Fu Mei was about to speak when Ao Yong directly sneered, "Look at that bloody appearance, it's obvious that you've gone to explore the treasures near Qishan Mountain." Fu Mei wanted to make an excuse that there had been an accident halfway through the journey.

Fu Mei wanted to make an excuse that there had been an accident halfway through the trip, but she didn't expect to be directly exposed by Ao Yong and choked on her throat for a moment.

However, Fu Mei soon found an even better excuse: "Reporting to the clan head, Han Qianli insisted on going treasure hunting, but I couldn't persuade him, and as a result"

"The result was an accident."

Obviously Fu Mei herself was greedy and forced Han 3000 to go, and after the accident, she promptly dumped Han 3000, and now, in order to evade Fu Tian's punishment, she is even backstabbing Han 3000, which is really despicable and shameless, and lowly in the extreme.

"Accident? What could have gone wrong?" Fu Tian was puzzled and resigned, he had made extremely detailed arrangements to specifically let Fu Mei and Han Qianqian take the path, while his own side built up momentum, along the way to resist the number of people who wanted to kill Han Qianqian halfway, and now

Now, you're telling yourself that Han 3,000 was still an accident?

Even Fu Tian's mentality was a bit broken at this point, looking at Fu Mei, his entire body agitated, hands trembling, eyes on the verge of erupting with cannibalistic fury: "What about Han 3000?!"

Fu Mei lowered his head for half a day before he dared to murmur, "He was knocked down into the Endless Abyss."

"He was knocked down into the Endless Abyss?" Fu Tian stumbled with a shaken look, then, his expression gradually distorted, he gritted his teeth and took a few steps to Fu Mei's face.

"Pah!"

With a muffled sound, Fu Tian smacked Fu Mei directly in the face!

Chapter 1889

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Chapter 1890

"Han 3000 fell in, so why didn't you jump in with them! What right do you have to roll back alive when he's dead?"

To Fu Tian, the importance of Han Qianqian to the Fu Family was self-evident. With Han Qianqian, the Fu Family would be qualified to compete with all the great families in this tournament. Even he knew that Han 3,000 was facing experts from the entire Eight Directions this time.

However, it was an indisputable fact that Han 3,000 possessed the Pangu Axe, so it might not be impossible to fight!

As long as Han 3,000 can shine at the tournament, the Fu Family's position will be preserved.

If Han 3,000 was even stronger and more obedient, the Fu Family could even crown him as the new generation of True Gods, and his family would have a sustainable foundation for ten thousand years.

This is also the fundamental reason why Fu Tian is willing to give up despising Han 3,000 and put down his position instead. It was because Han 3,000 was currently the only choice for the Fu Family, and also the more convenient one.

But now. Fu Tian had heard the news of Han 3,000's fall into the Endless Abyss.

There was no need to say what the Endless Abyss meant to the people of the Eight Directions, as it had been declared that Han 3,000 was dead forever.

It also meant that the Fu family had basically lost their right to compete in the tournament. The Fu family had basically lost their eligibility to compete in the tournament.

Fu Mei gritted her teeth in hatred, but her eyes were filled with rage, having been beaten by Fu Tian in front of so many people, she felt that her face was disgraced and her self-respect was gone, and she blamed that damned Han Qianxiang for all of this.

If he hadn't refused to be seduced by her, why would she have been so upset about the treasure?

How could this have happened if we hadn't gone to the treasure line?

Fumei is such a crazy gambler. Even when she loses in the end, she feels that she won't blame the fault on herself; instead, she will blame the others.

"Tsk tsk!"

Just then, Ao Yong suddenly stood up, his face filled with a jocular smile, then he clapped his hands and looked at Fu Tian and shook his head, "Fu Clan Leader, you're such a good actor, can you fool us all by letting just anyone come up and perform a bitter love scene?"

Fu weather knot: "Ao Yong, what do you mean by that?"

"God knows what I mean. You and I know that the tournament was about to begin, but Han Qianxiang had an accident. The funniest thing is that in this accident, Han Qianxiang, a man with a Pan Gu axe, couldn't escape, but a small member of your Fu family escaped.

Hearing this, Fu Tian was furious: "You mean I deliberately hid Han 3000?"

"Han Qianqian has the Pangu Axe in his hands, and everyone in the Eight Directions knows what good it will do to hide him. There's no need for me to say more, right?" Bo Yong said in a cold voice.

Most of the participants in the tournament had come for Han Qianqian's Pangu Axe, once they heard Ao Yong's words. The crowd was outraged.

"Fu Tian, you despicable and shameless villain, I'm telling you, hand over Han 3000, or else I won't be polite to your Fu Family."

"That's right, you must be trying to take the Pan Gu Axe for yourself."

"Hmph, if you don't hand over Han Three Thousand, I'll slaughter your Fu family!"

Looking at the crowd, Fu Tian was dismayed, looked at Fu Mei and said in a cold voice: "Fu Mei, what is this all about?"

Fu Mei was about to open her mouth when Ao Yong said in a cold voice: "There's no need for her to say what's going on, with your stupid excuses. I don't even want to hear them. Fu Tian, do you think that we don't know about your crap? Han 3,000 was suddenly identified by a group of people at the top of the cliff as a member of the Demon Race. The funniest thing is that Han 3,000 yuan didn't even put up a fight before jumping straight into the cliff behind him, gentlemen. Don't you think that's funny, guys?"

"After all, Han 3,000 is a man with a Pan Gu Axe, so how could he be forced to jump off a cliff so easily? So I say. This is simply a good show directed by Fou Tian, and the purpose, naturally, is to hide Han 3,000." Ao Yong laughed coldly.

This scheme of his. It could not be said that it was not poisonous, as the steward of the Eternal Sea, although he was only the steward. But many of the matters of the Eternal Sea, he was the one facing out, and his intelligence was naturally superior.

The matter of the light pillar. He had already heard about it, so he decided on a plan to kill two birds with one stone, Fountain either hand over someone. Either he would be pressed under public opinion and surrounded by the crowd.

If Han Qianqiang didn't die, it would be a good thing, but if he did, he could also take the opportunity to suppress the Fu family, which would then provoke public anger, and if it was tragic, then the Eternal Sea, after taking revenge, could still take the initiative, pretending to be a good person to save the Fu family, but turn the Fu family into complete slaves.

"You bloody mouth!" Faced with a crowd that had been ignited by anger, at this point, Fountain was a little flustered.

"I knew you wouldn't admit it, but you do the first day and I'll do the fifteenth. Someone, bring Fuyutian up to me." Ao Yong said in a cold voice.

Fuyutian?!

Hearing these words, Fu Tian's whole body was shocked, and almost at this time, a beautiful figure above the hall, slowly walked in.