

His True Color Chapter 2281-2290

Chapter 2281

Under the red light envelope, Han Qianqian's torso was sucked up.

"This is?" Lu Wu Shen frowned.

In the red light, Han Qianqian's body took on an extremely bizarre red glow, and his originally jade-like skin turned completely blood red at this moment, a powerful blood-black demonic Qi twisted around his body, seeming to emerge from his skin.

Looking around Han Qianqian's body, it also seemed that there was a demonic dragon's dead soul gently rising with his body and surrounding it, and it also seemed that there was a visionary production sound of mountains and rivers all in blood and blood all over the world.

"Grandpa, his eyes" Lu Ruoxin stared blankly at Han Qianqian's eyes at this moment.

The eyes were just open, seemingly looking towards the sky, but the eyes were blood red, and a vague red demon light also burst out from them.

"He has been devoured by the devil's blood and has become a demon." Lu Wushen said in a cold voice.

As soon as the words left his mouth, Lu Wushen had already jumped into the red light with a flip, and a true energy in his hand was directly transported, aimed at Han Qianqian's torso, and directly struck through the red light.

"Buzz!"

A golden light penetrated through the red light, faintly shining in Han Qianqian's body.

Seeing Lu Wushen's origin, Lu Ruoxuan and Lu Ruoxin nodded at the same time and came to the red light in two directions, each also transporting energy in their hands, directly aiming at Han Qianqian one after the other.

"Buzz."

Another two golden lights penetrated the red light and struck into Han Qianqian's body.

Without contact, Lu Ruoxuan and Lu Ruoxin felt as if their energy had hit cotton the moment their energy touched Han Qianqian, their powerful energy instantly hitting empty, only to be violently sucked in again.

Han Qianqian's body was like a huge vortex, desperately devouring their energy after it had been sucked in, and with it, there seemed to be a burst of extremely strong and very strange power coming back through their energy pillars to devour them.

"How could this happen?" Lu Ruoxuan frowned and could not help but exclaim, while he hurriedly increased his strength to prevent being back-eaten.

But the more he strengthened, the more the devouring sensation disappeared although much, the feeling of being sucked kept intensifying, which made the two of them, but only just at the beginning, already pale, their Qi weakness became weaker, and the energy within their bodies kept losing.

Seeing that the situation of the young master was not right, Lu Yongsheng shouted loudly, greeting many experts at the top of the Blue Mountain to fly to the side of Lu Ruoxuan and Lu Ruoxin in unison, while each sending out energy to support them.

Buzz buzz buzz!

All at once, hundreds of energy struck.

Han Qianqian's blood-red body, with the help of the hundreds of light energies, finally changed its blood-black colour and a faint golden light appeared!

"It's working?" Lu Yongsheng instantly showed his joy, while inspiring everyone, "Everyone, put in more effort."

"Yes!"

The crowd responded in unison and increased their energy, saving the Lord was a merit, and showing oneself in front of one's godbrother was also a way to get out of position, no one slackened in the slightest, and they all gave their full output.

Buzz!

Within the red light, Han Qianqian's body was like a small glowing egg, and under the blood colour that filled the room, it was extremely distinctive.

"It seems to have stabilized."

A voice in the Eight Desolate Heavenly Books slowly said.

"Stable?" And another voice laughed softly at this time, who could it be other than the earth sweeping old man? "With the characteristics of that Demon Dragon's blood, how can it be stable?"

"Then you mean that his becoming a devil is already set?"

"Exactly."

"Then are we not going to help and watch three thousand enter the demon path?"

"You, who have lived for an unknown number of lifetimes, why are you still like those young people, showing people with fleshly eyes? Under this heaven, the world is then the Dao and the heaven, so what is a devil and what is a god? God and devil, evil and bad, it is not the essence, but your heart, good and evil, are only distinguished by the world according to their own interests." The old man said with a soft laugh.

The Eight Desolate Heavenly Books were silent for a moment and nodded slowly, "I have been taught."

"As long as one has a good heart, a devil is also a god, while with an evil heart, a god is also a devil!"

"I really hope this kid can hold on, if the blood of the devil dragon can be used for him, the North Underworld Four Souls Formation he, the latter refiner, will probably have a great improvement in attainment, and it can even be said that there is no one after him, no one before him, not even that guy has ever done it." The old man who swept the ground laughed harshly.

"What do you mean by that?" The Eight Desolate Heavenly Books froze, then said somewhat depressed for Han Qianqian, "That guy didn't do it either, what you mean is"

"Exactly, this is just a strange idea that that guy slowly figured out after a lifetime of tossing and turning." The old man sweeping the floor said bluntly.

"Holy shit, so that's what's called a theoretical idea? No one has ever experimented with it?! What if something goes wrong then?"

"There's a saying on Earth, which goes like this: if the heavens descend on a man, he must first suffer his heart and bones... If he doesn't have a body that goes against the heavens, how can he go against the heavens?"

"That's true."

"Here it comes."

The words fell.

At this moment, within Han Qianqian's body, the blood had already been wrapped in a purple-red blood on top of the original one, and immediately afterwards they were like water in the ocean being boiled, boiling and jumping, attacking and constantly fusing with each other.

Finally, after the two blood streams had become unbearable due to the pressure generated by the struggle between them, they gushed down from Han Qianqian's veins like a flood, attacking his whole body.

Boom!!!

As the blood flowed throughout his body, Han Qianqian's blood-black breath and demonic aura rekindled, and the golden light that had been on his body disappeared like the glow of the dawn swept away by the sun.

Bang!

The hundred experts outside, including Lu Ruoxin and Lu Ruoxuan, only felt an extremely strong force explode and recoil with their own energy pillars, and they were all blown away directly, landing on their backs in a terrible mess.

Hundreds of people are spitting blood from their mouths and their faces are pale.

"This" Lu Ruoxin forced her throat to hold back the fishy sweetness and looked incredulously at Han Qianqian in the red light.

The top of the Blue Mountain, a hundred experts outside the family itself and Lu Ruoxuan, not to say that the elite out, but is also the top of the Blue Mountain a considerable force, but in the face of Han Qianqian's current situation, but is so weak, so not to be investigated a blow.

"Grandpa." Only then did Lu Ruoxuan notice the only one still holding on in mid-air, Lu Wushen.

Under the explosion, he was the only one whose body only trembled and was not affected in any way.

The power of the True God was truly extraordinary.

However, because everyone was too far away, they did not notice that although Lu Wushen appeared to be calm and collected, his brow was already slightly shrunken and beads of sweat were slowly trickling down his forehead.

"Han Qianqian, what exactly do you want?" Lu Wushen murmured softly.

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"The demonic aura is so strong, can it be that you really want to resign yourself to the demonic path?"

"You are my Lu Wu Shen's most important pawn today, you can't become a devil."

"Hold on, hold on!"

As soon as Lu Wu Shen's words fell, he increased the energy in his hands, frantically supporting Han Qian Qian, trying to help him suppress the Devil Dragon's Blood in his body.

Only, how did Lu Wu Shen know that.

At this moment, the blood in Han Qianqian's body had already begun to slowly fuse after a short struggle and mutual suppression.

Although the blood of the devil dragon was incomparably poisonous and evil, the divine blood in Han Qianqian's body had already fused with the giant poison and was no longer pure.

And in the midst of this fusion, Han Qianqian's consciousness began to move slowly from a darkness to a light.

He came to a world of blood, whether it was the sky or the earth, whether it was the mountains or the rivers, it was a world of blood.

"Ignorant human, how dare you swallow my blood and eat my demon blood, I, for one, will make you pay with your life."

As soon as Han Qianqian appeared, a voice suddenly came from all directions in unison in the sky, in the mountains, and even in the rivers, its voice was low, and in this already somewhat sinister world, it seemed extremely eerie.

"You're the demon dragon?" Han Qianqian looked around and said indifferently.

"Who are you qualified to know who I am?" The voice said with disdain and slight anger.

The corner of Han Qianqian's mouth hooked as he laughed coldly, "A defeated underling, and you're so arrogant in front of me? Do you think I don't know who you are just because you don't say so? When you had an entity, I wasn't even afraid of you, and with a broken dragon soul left, you think I'd be afraid?"

"Arrogant little boy!" With a furious scolding, the Demon Dragon Soul was clearly enraged and roared, "If I wasn't held back by the God's Shackles, suppressing at least 50% of my strength, would I have lost to you?"

"If you lose, you lose, so what's the excuse? I can even say that if I hadn't missed breakfast today, which affected my play, I could have finished you in a minute." Han Qianqian did not care in the slightest and shot back the same.

Although Han Qianqian had always been extremely patient, it was mostly because he had a low profile and didn't want to show it, but that didn't mean he wouldn't fight back, on the contrary, his counterattacks were often extremely powerful because he was patient enough.

However, Han Qianqian must also admit that when he heard the Devil Dragon's words, he was truly shocked inside.

With his and Lu Ruoxin's exterminating strike, especially when the Demon Dragon had been attacked by over 100,000 people in turn before, and yet he had only beaten the Demon Dragon which was less than 50% of his strength, how strong would this guy have been if he was at his full strength?

Come to think of it, if he wasn't capable, why would he let the True God almost use his own flesh and blood to seal him?!

If the True God was strong enough to pay such a price and not be able to annihilate it, but merely seal it, one would know that it was not lying.

"You ignorant gnat!" The spirit of the Devil Dragon was furious, but then he suddenly let out a cold snort: "No one can defeat me, Devil Dragon, even if you shamelessly attacked me, as I said, you will pay for it, with your life."

"Come on, feel the call from death!"

"Morrowind Hell!"

As soon as the words fell, the entire blood-coloured world twisted and spun, and then that instant condensed into black space, and Han Qianqian, who was in the middle, only felt countless ghosts crying and wolves howling in the surroundings, and all kinds of ferocious unjust spirits appeared before him.

The ghosts cried, the wolves cried!

The sound was as miserable as if a person had fallen into hell.

Han Qianqian frowned, only to feel his eardrums being roared to pain, and was distracted and annoyed for a while. In addition, those ferocious spirits suddenly appeared from time to time and then pounced on Han Qianqian with their teeth and claws, making Han Qianqian tired of dealing with them.

As time passed, Han Qianqian became more and more exhausted and irritable.

The anger and uncountable emotions were completely out of control, and Han Qianqian desperately tried to ward off the attacks with one hand while covering his ears with one uncomfortable hand, trying not to listen to the miserable cries.

"Now, it's just beginning."

In the darkness, an insidious laugh came out, followed by a shackle rising from Han Qianqian's body, directly binding him firmly, no matter how hard he tried, his body would not move at all.

The entire dark void began to rotate like a vortex with Han Qianqian as the centre.

Han Qianqian only felt the energy within his body start to release outwards as the vortex spun.

As the vortex spun more and more rampantly, Han Qianqian's energy was also being lost faster and faster and faster

"Is this it, to be sucked to death?" Han Qianqian frowned inwardly in shock.

"Do unto others as they would have done unto you, ants, how you sucked my dragon blood and took my dragon soul that day, today, I will make you taste all of this and pay for it in blood!"

"Go to hell."

Boom!!!

The entire vortex suddenly spun wildly, and Han Qianqian's body trembled violently, followed by the entire world and Han Qianqian turning into a point of light, and then, disappearing again, the entire space, a darkness

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Buzz!

The whole space also fell into complete dead silence.

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"Is it dead?" Han Qianqian was no longer able to utter the words, and the only consciousness left was trying to ask himself rhetorically, but Han Qianqian knew that the answer to those words was something that even he himself could not give.

It was not that he could not give it, but that he could not give it, for his consciousness had begun to grow weaker and weaker, and he could not feel the existence of his body at all, much less the existence of the statement, like the ethereal glimmer before death, leaving only the last bit of afterglow on earth.

No!

No!

I can't die!

Su Yingxia and Han Nian are still waiting for themselves.

"That's right, even if hell is going to shut me up, then I have to tear through this hell."

"Little earthworm, I'm not even afraid when I'm alive, will I be afraid of you after you die?"

"Open to me!"

With a fierce shout, the calm and boundless world of darkness suddenly had a tiny dot of light.

Boom!

In the next second, the point of light suddenly blossomed into light, spreading wider and wider.

Boom!

The entire world once again returned to the way it was before, with Han Sanchi standing in the boundless darkness.

"Is that all?" Han Qianqian smiled coldly, looking at the increasingly roaring cries of ghosts and the various vicious ghostly shadows of unjust spirits around him.

"That's all? You have an arrogant tone, little boy!" A cold voice shouted from the darkness, followed by a shuddering of space, and the darkness unexpectedly revealed a dense crowd of various ghostly shadows of iniquitous spirits, their faces hideous and their limbs twisted.

"Do you think that by breaking the fall with your little consciousness, you can escape from the Morrowind Hell? Ignorance!"

Roar!!!

Dense ghostly shadows of iniquitous souls fiercely attacked towards Han Qianqian, their number incalculable, filling only every corner of this dark world that could not see the edge.

Maybe thousands of millions, maybe hundreds of millions or an infinite number!

"Bang, bang, bang!"

Even though Han Qianqian tried desperately to resist, it was still difficult to resist this flood-like, dense army of dead souls, and in just a few seconds, all of them had already exploded on his body, causing Han Qianqian to suffer a lot, his body was full of bruises, and blood kept flowing from his mouth.

"What? Only one ten thousandth of the iniquitous souls passed through, and you can't carry it anymore? Where has all your earlier arrogance gone?" In the darkness, a sneer rang out.

Han Qianqian laughed coldly, forcing himself to endure the sharp pain in his body and laughed, "I really don't know where you get your confidence from, and how do you not know that I only used a millionth of my strength just now? It's easy to kill you, but you still have to move your body, and now you're asking your grandson to find some of these things to massage my body, isn't that what you should do?"

"You damned gnat."

With an angry curse, ten thousand souls roared in unison, piercing the eardrums!

Immediately afterwards, the ghostly shadows of iniquitous spirits attacked again, even more fierce and faster than the last time!

Han Qianqian's teeth clenched and his brow furrowed as his hand fiercely gripped the air, a huge golden axe across his hand.

"Heavenly Fire, Moon Wheel."

Boom!

Heavenly Fire glowed in his left hand, while the Moon Wheel in his right hand was jagged with purple lightning!

"Four beasts protect the body!"

Roar!

The Four Divine Heavenly Beasts roared in anger, suddenly revealing their strange bodies and their sharpness.

"Undying Xuan Armour!"

Buzz!

With a flash of purple light Ling's body, the Undying Xuan Armor boomed, echoing with Zheng Han Three Thousand.

"Northern Underworld Four Souls Formation, one into two, two into four!"

Four Han Three-thousand figures appeared in a mighty manner!

"Pan Gu Axe Formation!"

Brush brush brush!

Above the sky, ten thousand golden axes, pointing in the air.

"You know quite a lot of things, don't you." A sneer came out of the darkness.

Han Qianqian, whose hair had turned white and mighty, smiled disdainfully as the corners of his mouth twitched, "How else would I clean up this little earthworm of yours?"

"Unfortunately, if you know more, so what?"

"Try?"

"Let's try!"

"All devils return to destruction!"

Boom!!!

Abruptly, all the unjust souls suddenly had black Qi wrapped around their bodies, in their hands, on their bodies, as much as they could.

Boom!

In the hands of the iniquitous souls, the black qi dissipated, already holding a giant axe in their hands, holding a ball of black fire, a ball of black lightning, the black qi on their bodies dissipated, already

having black armour on their bodies, the black qi between each other dissipated, already having their bodies transformed into two, two into four, each figure four black four beasts hovering around them!

The remaining black qi dispersed, gathered in the sky, then dispersed, it was actually ten thousand black axes in the air!

"What?" Han Qianqian froze, what these guys had transformed into, wasn't it exactly the same as what he was currently?!

"Kill!"

A solemn sound of killing rang out.

An endless number of unjust souls, holding huge axes, attacked Han Qianqian directly.

Although shocked, Han Qianqian slowed down, held the Pan Gu Axe, operated the Heavenly Fire Moon Wheel, and killed straight in.

Boom!

Heavenly thunder against earthly fire, a solitary body against ten thousand ghosts!

The Heavenly Fire Moon Wheel was like a dragon entering the water, killing in all directions, while the Pan Gu Axe was sharp and killing in all directions, splitting ghosts on sight and breaking souls on encounter, with ten thousand axes raining down overhead.

In a moment, the darkness of the air was ablaze with battle and smoke.

But once again, Han Qianqian, who had a killing intent, suddenly froze, his torch-like eyes filled with disbelief and shock.

Under Pan Gu, those ghosts were split in half, but in the twinkling of an eye, the two halves turned into two ghostly shadows, and the invincible, inch-deep Heavenly Fire Moon Wheel lost its effect.

And at this time, the sky black axe has arrived, ten thousand ghosts also giant axe kill, tens of thousands of black fire and black lightning weave blood basin huge mouth of the devil dragon, blast attack

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Boom!!!

Ten thousand axes exploded, and the demonic dragon roared past, with Han Qianqian as the centre, and it would be no exaggeration to describe it as ten thousand arrows piercing his heart.

Han Qianqian's brow furrowed as he felt an extremely powerful demonic force coming at him. He was just about to use his Pan Gu axe to resist, but at that moment, countless demonic dragons made of black fire and black lightning had already opened their mouths to pounce on him.

No matter how much Han Qianqian struggled, the black Qi wrapped itself around his body, preventing him from moving at all.

And almost at the same time!

Bang, bang, bang!

As all the axes fell, countless explosions rang out from Han Qianqian's body!

In the midst of the explosions, the purple light of the Immortal Xuan Armour ceased, the Four Divine Heavenly Beasts also disappeared, and the golden stream of light on Han Qianqian's body also dimmed.

"Poof!"

A mouthful of fresh blood was directly spurted out by Han Qianqian, spraying like a blood mist all over the sky.

"How could this happen?"

Han Qianqian forced himself to endure the excruciating pain that was tumbling inside his body, his eyes staring blankly at the countless dead souls in front of him.

These guys, it was so unbelievable that they had copied themselves from start to finish, whether it was the Pan Gu Axe, or the Undying Xuan Armour, or even spell energy that only belonged to them like the Heavenly Fire Moon Wheel and the Four Divine Heavenly Beasts Totem, etc. How was this possible?

There was no way such a technique could exist in this world.

Even if it is a supreme mastery that combines replication, it is extremely limited in terms of replication, except for the direct replication of energy and techniques, those weapons, magic treasures and divine weapons are completely impossible.

The physical object of the body is inherently predestined, and this simply cannot be copied casually, otherwise it would be against the heavenly dao.

"Surprised, are you? But what's the use of being surprised? Save your surprise for when you go to hell and take your time." There was a soft laugh in space.

"You think that you're the only one who can copy, and I can't?" Han Qianqian smiled fiercely, forcing himself to endure the intense pain on his body, and with a release of his true energy, his body once again re-lit with golden light.

"Phaseless Divine Energy!"

As soon as the words fell, the four Han Qianqian figures moved at the same time, manipulating the four Phase-less divine kung fu to directly meet the thousands of dead souls.

"Roar!"

Thousands of unjust souls roared in anger, wielding giant axes and surging like a tidal wave.

"What?"

Han Qianqian fiercely froze, as soon as the Phaseless Divine Technique came out, it slapped the air as if it had lost its spirit, not to mention replicating any technique, or even trying to simply injure those dead souls was tantamount to dreaming.

"This is impossible." Han Qianqian looked at his palm in disbelief, really finding it hard to believe the facts in front of him.

The dead souls copied his, why couldn't he copy the dead souls'?

"Gryphon, in my Morrowind Hell, nothing is impossible!" Within the space, a cold laugh escaped.

Han Qianqian frowned and searched around, indeed not knowing where the voice came from, but he did not dare to let down any of his guard, forcing a golden light to barely ward off the dead souls, and said coldly, "On what grounds is nothing impossible?"

"Because I am the master of this place, because I want you to die and you cannot live. Break!"

Boom!

The ten thousand armies squeezed through the shield of golden light, directly smashing Han Qianqian's four figures like seawater, then transforming back into the original one, and lining up backwards in the same direction.

Han Qianqian felt his body was on the verge of breaking apart, it was like a man, suddenly being pinned on the horns of a herd of ten thousand bulls, constantly being toppled away.

"No, you can't be this strong." Han Qianqian gritted his teeth and said reluctantly.

"I am just that strong, mole, you have messed with the wrong person, go to hell and repent, weep, cry out in pain for what you have done today!"

"Roar!"

Ten thousand souls roar in unison!!!

Immediately afterwards, countless unjust souls from the rear jumped, climbed and pulled each other, like ferocious beasts that had not eaten anyone for a long time seeing food, desperately pouncing on Han Qianqian.

Soon, hundreds of ghosts had piled up on Han Qianqian, creating a "human mountain" of several dozen metres.

Han Qianqian felt that his body was being eaten away by these spirits, and pieces of flesh were being torn off his body, his feet, his body, his hands, and even his face, and nowhere could he avoid

"Farewell, ants!" With a faint smile in the darkness, the whole space became even darker and quieter.

Everything, it seemed, was coming to an end.

"No, it's not right."

Suddenly, Han Qianqian's eyes snapped open, followed by a fierce golden light leaking out from his body.

Boom!

The hundreds of unjust souls piled up on his body immediately bounced straight off, and without waiting for the densely packed dead souls on the periphery to re-surround him, Han Qianqian had already leapt into mid-air.

"I was almost fooled by you." Han Qianqian said coldly, "Casting an illusion in front of me? Do you really think I'm stupid?"

"Illusion?" In the darkness, because of Han Qianqian's sudden awakening, the voice froze slightly, but quickly returned to its mocking tone, "Take a good look again."

Han Qianqian frowned intensely, and only then did he pay careful attention to his body. Without looking, it was a shock to see that there was almost no longer any part of his body intact, and it could even be said that not even the slightest bit of flesh existed.

All that was left was a head, and a skeletal body frame!

"Does it hurt?" The voice laughed.

Han Qianqian felt it carefully, and only then did he feel the pain drilling through his entire body in various places.

"This isn't an illusionary realm?"

"Of course not, as I said, you're in hell, in Moro Hell."

"Is that so?" Han Qianqian frowned, "Have you heard of the Demon Buddha?"

"Demon Buddha? Does it matter if I know it or not?"

"Of course it matters, if you knew him, you should know that these tricks of yours are no different from him." Han Qianqian smiled coldly.

"I don't know what you're talking about!" The voice of the Devil Dragon's Soul spoke angrily.

"You will understand." Han Qianqian smiled fiercely, and even though he was only a skeletal body, he still held the Pan Gu Axe and bent down towards the thousands of unjust souls below.

"You, truly, are an ignorant fool." The Soul of the Devil Dragon laughed coldly.

But at that very moment, while Han Qianqian was flying downwards, with an unconscious movement in his hand, the Heavenly Eye talisman opened, and almost at the same time, a golden light flashed across the brow of Han Qianqian's body in the bloodlight outside.

Immediately afterwards, Han Qianqian snapped his eyes back to look.

In the darkness, a black dragon spirit stood still in the air, with a human body and dragon head

"That's you."

Almost at the same time, Han Qianqian suddenly turned around and accelerated with a reversal, charging directly at the black demonic dragon spirit in the darkness with his Pan Gu Axe in hand!

The spirit of the devil dragon did not expect Han Qianqian to make a sudden comeback, let alone that this guy could see himself, and while he was shocked, Han Qianqian's huge axe had already struck down

Chapter 2285

"The demonic aura is so strong, can it be that you really want to resign yourself to the demonic path?"

"You are my Lu Wu Shen's most important pawn today, you can't become a devil."

"Hold on, hold on!"

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"Come on, feel the call from death!"

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"Go to hell."

Boom!!!

The entire vortex suddenly spun wildly, and Han Qianqian's body trembled violently, followed by the entire world and Han Qianqian turning into a point of light, and then, disappearing again, the entire space, a darkness

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Buzz!

The whole space also fell into complete dead silence.

.....

"Is it dead?" Han Qianqian was no longer able to utter the words, and the only consciousness left was trying to ask himself rhetorically, but Han Qianqian knew that the answer to those words was something that even he himself could not give.

It was not that he could not give it, but that he could not give it, for his consciousness had begun to grow weaker and weaker, and he could not feel the existence of his body at all, much less the existence of the statement, like the ethereal glimmer before death, leaving only the last bit of afterglow on earth.

No!

No!

I can't die!

Su Yingxia and Han Nian are still waiting for themselves.

"That's right, even if hell is going to shut me up, then I have to tear through this hell."

"Little earthworm, I'm not even afraid when I'm alive, will I be afraid of you after you die?"

"Open to me!"

With a fierce shout, the calm and boundless world of darkness suddenly had a tiny dot of light.

Boom!

In the next second, the point of light suddenly blossomed into light, spreading wider and wider.

Boom!

The entire world once again returned to the way it was before, with Han Sanchi standing in the boundless darkness.

"Is that all?" Han Qianqian smiled coldly, looking at the increasingly roaring cries of ghosts and the various vicious ghostly shadows of unjust spirits around him.

"That's all? You have an arrogant tone, little boy!" A cold voice shouted from the darkness, followed by a shuddering of space, and the darkness unexpectedly revealed a dense crowd of various ghostly shadows of iniquitous spirits, their faces hideous and their limbs twisted.

"Do you think that by breaking the fall with your little consciousness, you can escape from the Morrowind Hell? Ignorance!"

Roar!!!

Dense ghostly shadows of iniquitous souls fiercely attacked towards Han Qianqian, their number incalculable, filling only every corner of this dark world that could not see the edge.

Maybe thousands of millions, maybe hundreds of millions or an infinite number!

"Bang, bang, bang!"

Even though Han Qianqian tried desperately to resist, it was still difficult to resist this flood-like, dense army of dead souls, and in just a few seconds, all of them had already exploded on his body, causing Han Qianqian to suffer a lot, his body was full of bruises, and blood kept flowing from his mouth.

"What? Only one ten thousandth of the iniquitous souls passed through, and you can't carry it anymore? Where has all your earlier arrogance gone?" In the darkness, a sneer rang out.

Han Qianqian laughed coldly, forcing himself to endure the sharp pain in his body and laughed, "I really don't know where you get your confidence from, and how do you not know that I only used a millionth of my strength just now? It's easy to kill you, but you still have to move your body, and now you're asking your grandson to find some of these things to massage my body, isn't that what you should do?"

"You damned gnat."

With an angry curse, ten thousand souls roared in unison, piercing the eardrums!

Immediately afterwards, the ghostly shadows of iniquitous spirits attacked again, even more fierce and faster than the last time!

Han Qianqian clenched his teeth and frowned, his hand fiercely clenched in the air, a huge golden axe across his hand.

"Heavenly Fire, Moon Wheel."

Boom!

Heavenly Fire glowed in his left hand, while the Moon Wheel in his right hand was jagged with purple lightning!

"Four beasts protect the body!"

Roar!

The Four Divine Heavenly Beasts roared in anger, suddenly revealing their strange bodies and their sharpness.

"Undying Xuan Armour!"

Buzz!

With a flash of purple light Ling's body, the Undying Xuan Armor boomed, echoing with Zheng Han Three Thousand.

"Northern Underworld Four Souls Formation, one into two, two into four!"

Four Han Three-thousand figures appeared in a mighty manner!

"Pan Gu Axe Formation!"

Brush brush brush!

Above the sky, ten thousand golden axes, pointing in the air.

"You know quite a lot of things, don't you." A sneer came out of the darkness.

Han Qianqian, whose hair had turned white and mighty, smiled disdainfully as the corners of his mouth twitched, "How else would I clean up this little earthworm of yours?"

"Unfortunately, if you know more, so what?"

"Try?"

"Let's try!"

"All devils return to destruction!"

Boom!!!

Abruptly, all the unjust souls suddenly had black Qi wrapped around their bodies, in their hands, on their bodies, as much as they could.

Boom!

In the hands of the iniquitous souls, the black qi dissipated, already holding a giant axe in their hands, holding a ball of black fire, a ball of black lightning, the black qi on their bodies dissipated, already having black armour on their bodies, the black qi between each other dissipated, already having their bodies transformed into two, two into four, each figure four black four beasts hovering around them!

The remaining black qi dispersed, gathered in the sky, then dispersed, it was actually ten thousand black axes in the air!

"What?" Han Qianqian froze, what these guys had transformed into, wasn't it exactly the same as what he was currently?!

"Kill!"

A solemn sound of killing rang out.

An endless number of unjust souls, holding huge axes, attacked Han Qianqian directly.

Although shocked, Han Qianqian slowed down, held the Pan Gu Axe, operated the Heavenly Fire Moon Wheel, and killed straight in.

Boom!

Heavenly thunder against earthly fire, a solitary body against ten thousand ghosts!

The Heavenly Fire Moon Wheel was like a dragon entering the water, killing in all directions, while the Pan Gu Axe was sharp and killing in all directions, splitting ghosts on sight and breaking souls on encounter, with ten thousand axes raining down from above his head.

In a moment, the darkness of the air was ablaze with battle and smoke.

But once again, Han Qianqian, who had a killing intent, suddenly froze, his torch-like eyes filled with disbelief and shock.

Under Pan Gu, those ghosts were split in half, but in the twinkling of an eye, the two halves turned into two ghostly shadows, and the invincible, inch-deep Heavenly Fire Moon Wheel lost its effect.

And at this time, the sky black axe has arrived, ten thousand ghosts also giant axe kill, tens of thousands of black fire and black lightning weave blood basin huge mouth of the devil dragon, blast attack

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Boom!!!

Ten thousand axes exploded, and the demonic dragon roared past, with Han Qianqian as the centre, and it would be no exaggeration to describe it as ten thousand arrows piercing his heart.

Han Qianqian's brow furrowed as he felt an extremely powerful demonic force coming at him. He was just about to use his Pan Gu axe to resist, but at that moment, countless demonic dragons made of black fire and black lightning had already opened their mouths to pounce on him.

No matter how much Han Qianqian struggled, the black Qi wrapped itself around his body, preventing him from moving at all.

And almost at the same time!

Bang, bang, bang!

As all the axes fell, countless explosions rang out from Han Qianqian's body!

In the midst of the explosions, the purple light of the Immortal Xuan Armour ceased, the Four Divine Heavenly Beasts also disappeared, and the golden stream of light on Han Qianqian's body also dimmed.

"Poof!"

A mouthful of fresh blood was directly spurted out by Han Qianqian, spraying like a blood mist all over the sky.

"How could this happen?"

Han Qianqian forced himself to endure the excruciating pain that was tumbling inside his body, his eyes staring blankly at the countless dead souls in front of him.

These guys, it was so unbelievable that they had copied themselves from start to finish, whether it was the Pan Gu Axe, or the Undying Xuan Armour, or even spell energy that only belonged to them like the Heavenly Fire Moon Wheel and the Four Divine Heavenly Beasts Totem, etc. How was this possible?

There was no way such a technique could exist in this world.

Even if it is a supreme mastery that combines replication, it is extremely limited in terms of replication, except for the direct replication of energy and techniques, those weapons, magic treasures and divine weapons are completely impossible.

The physical object of the body is inherently predestined, and this simply cannot be copied casually, otherwise it would be against the heavenly dao.

"Surprised, are you? But what's the use of being surprised? Save your surprise for when you go to hell and take your time." There was a soft laugh in space.

"You think that you're the only one who can copy, and I can't?" Han Qianqian smiled fiercely, forcing himself to endure the intense pain on his body, and with a release of his true energy, his body once again re-lit with golden light.

"Phaseless Divine Energy!"

As soon as the words fell, the four Han Qianqian figures moved at the same time, manipulating the four Phase-less divine kung fu to directly meet the thousands of dead souls.

"Roar!"

Thousands of unjust souls roared in anger, wielding giant axes and surging like a tidal wave.

"What?"

Han Qianqian fiercely froze, as soon as the Phaseless Divine Technique came out, it slapped the air as if it had lost its spirit, not to mention replicating any technique, or even trying to simply injure those dead souls was tantamount to dreaming.

"This is impossible." Han Qianqian looked at his palm in disbelief, really finding it hard to believe the facts in front of him.

The dead souls copied his, why couldn't he copy the dead souls'?

"Gryphon, in my Morrowind Hell, nothing is impossible!" Within the space, a cold laugh escaped.

Han Qianqian frowned and searched around, indeed not knowing where the voice came from, but he did not dare to let down any of his guard, forcing a golden light to barely ward off the dead souls, and said coldly, "On what grounds is nothing impossible?"

"Because I am the master of this place, because I want you to die and you cannot live. Break!"

Boom!

The ten thousand armies squeezed through the shield of golden light, directly smashing Han Qianqian's four figures like seawater, then transforming back into the original one, and lining up backwards in the same direction.

Han Qianqian felt his body was on the verge of breaking apart, it was like a man, suddenly being pinned on the horns of a herd of ten thousand bulls, constantly being toppled away.

"No, you can't be this strong." Han Qianqian gritted his teeth and said reluctantly.

"I am just that strong, mole, you have messed with the wrong person, go to hell and repent, weep, cry out in pain for what you have done today!"

"Roar!"

Ten thousand souls roar in unison!!!

Immediately afterwards, countless unjust souls from the rear jumped, climbed and pulled each other, like ferocious beasts that had not eaten anyone for a long time seeing food, desperately pouncing on Han Qianqian.

Soon, hundreds of ghosts had piled up on Han Qianqian, creating a "human mountain" of several dozen metres.

Han Qianqian felt that his body was being eaten away by these spirits, and pieces of flesh were being torn off his body, his feet, his body, his hands, and even his face, and nowhere could he avoid

"Farewell, ants!" With a faint smile in the darkness, the whole space became even darker and quieter.

Everything, it seemed, was coming to an end.

"No, it's not right."

Suddenly, Han Qianqian's eyes snapped open, followed by a fierce golden light leaking out from his body.

Boom!

The hundreds of unjust souls piled up on his body immediately bounced straight off, and without waiting for the densely packed dead souls on the periphery to re-surround him, Han Qianqian had already leapt into mid-air.

"I was almost fooled by you." Han Qianqian said coldly, "Casting an illusion in front of me? Do you really think I'm stupid?"

"Illusion?" In the darkness, because of Han Qianqian's sudden awakening, the voice froze slightly, but quickly returned to its mocking tone, "Take a good look again."

Han Qianqian frowned intensely, and only then did he pay careful attention to his body. Without looking, it was a shock to see that there was almost no longer any part of his body intact, and it could even be said that not even the slightest bit of flesh existed.

All that was left was a head, and a skeletal body frame!

"Does it hurt?" The voice laughed.

Han Qianqian felt it carefully, and only then did he feel the pain drilling through his entire body in various places.

"This isn't an illusionary realm?"

"Of course not, as I said, you're in hell, in Moro Hell."

"Is that so?" Han Qianqian frowned, "Have you heard of the Demon Buddha?"

"Demon Buddha? Does it matter if I know it or not?"

"Of course it matters, if you knew him, you should know that these tricks of yours are no different from him." Han Qianqian smiled coldly.

"I don't know what you're talking about!" The voice of the Devil Dragon's Soul spoke angrily.

"You will understand." Han Qianqian smiled fiercely, and even though he was only a skeletal body, he still held the Pan Gu Axe and bent down towards the thousands of unjust souls below.

"You, truly, are an ignorant fool." The Soul of the Devil Dragon laughed coldly.

But at that very moment, while Han Qianqian was flying downwards, with an unconscious movement in his hand, the Heavenly Eye talisman opened, and almost at the same time, a golden light flashed across the brow of Han Qianqian's body in the bloodlight outside.

Immediately afterwards, Han Qianqian snapped his eyes back to look.

In the darkness, a black dragon spirit stood still in the air, with a human body and dragon head

"That's you."

Almost at the same time, Han Qianqian suddenly turned around and accelerated with a reversal, charging directly at the black demonic dragon spirit in the darkness with his Pan Gu Axe in hand!

The spirit of the devil dragon did not expect Han Qianqian to make a sudden comeback, let alone that this guy could see himself, and while he was shocked, Han Qianqian's huge axe had already struck down

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"Boom!"

The dragon soul split in two, and the dragon head on that person looked at Han Qianqian with eyes full of incredulity.

"Making illusions in front of me, brother has told you, brother has experienced two extremely strong illusion trials." Han Qianqian said in a cold voice.

But in the next second, the Dragon Soul bilateral suddenly stood up again, followed by a reunion, just a flash of the figure, and unexpectedly stood in front of Han Qianqian as good as new.

"Do you think that, having sneaked up on me, you've succeeded?" The Soul of the Devil Dragon laughed gently, "Although it is remarkable that you discovered me, but so what?"

"A mole will always be a mole, even if he stands taller, he is only a mole that stands taller, but that will not change his fate." When the Soul of the Devil Dragon finished speaking, a black Qi emanated from its body and directly wrapped Han Qianqian in a deadly embrace, with one of the demonic Qi even wrapping around Han Qianqian's neck in a deadly manner.

Han Qianqian immediately felt difficulty in breathing, but no matter how much he struggled, the black Qi was like a rope that bound the immortals, not moving at all.

"Before I die, I will only ask you one question."

"As I said, this is not an illusion. So, shut your stinking mouth, it's noisy." When the Devil Dragon finished speaking, he laughed coldly and flicked his hand.

The black qi turned into a rope instantly and directly lassoed Han Qianqian's neck even more to death!

"That that that that this this this in is, is it real" Han Qianqian could no longer even speak, but still used all his strength to shout out the last few words of his life with difficulty.

Then with the eyes that were extremely congested from lack of oxygen and seemed ready to burst out, he stared deadly at the magic dragon, waiting for his answer.

The devil dragon was stunned, not having thought that this boy was so intensely conscious, that he had reached this point and was still staring at himself with a deathly look.

However, he chose to be silent about the question.

Han Qianqian finally revealed a smile that was worse than tears, and it was clear that he had gotten his answer.

Immediately afterwards, Han Qianqian's neck craned and he swallowed the last breath of his life.

Only then did the Soul of the Devil Dragon let go of his hand and the black Qi instantly dispersed, while Han Qianqian's corpse instantly fell vertically like a dead dog.

Beneath his feet, what would have been countless unjust souls had by now disappeared without a trace, like an immense and incomparable abyss, Han Qianqian's body kept falling and falling

"Tsk, what a pity." The Devil Dragon's Soul's shook its head unfortunately, with a hint of mockery sighed, "You are the first one who can completely kill me itself, this, on the contrary, makes this daddy impressed with you."

"Unfortunately, you shouldn't have done so. The taking of your sheds is your punishment."

After saying that, the Demon Dragon's Soul smiled gently and said somewhat greedily, "You're a mole, although your body is very good, yet, surprisingly, even I'm quite shy."

"The body of a loose immortal, the bloodline of a god, and the heart of a dragon, although the heart of a dragon is nothing to me, it can, however, provide the necessary energy for me to fuse into your body."

"So be it, let me make good use of this body of yours. I will use it to return to the top, and it will be the only glory you boy will have left in this world when the time comes." With a soft smile, the Demon Dragon's Soul sat in place while coiled up.

Immediately afterwards, he closed his eyes slightly and a powerful demonic aura emanated from his body and drifted to the surroundings.

When the demonic Qi drifted around, it quickly grew like a vine, then gave birth to more branches and spread out in all directions.

In just a few moments, many branches sprouted from this dark and incomparable space, almost filling the entire space to the brim.

"Now, the final step." As soon as the words fell, the Demon Dragon's Soul shouted coldly, and his body violently transformed into a black Qi, followed by flying in the direction of the top sky.

Buzz!

Not long after he flew up, suddenly, a golden light lit up from the top, directly slapping the black Qi down.

The black Qi instantly fell into mid-air, followed by a slight flash, and the figure of the Demon Dragon's Soul reappeared, only that unlike just now, at this moment, this fellow's mouth was hanging with tinges of black blood at the corners.

"What?" The Soul of the Devil Dragon looked at the golden light above in shock.

"This guy's body actually actually has other things present, this golden body so strong!"

"Try again, I don't believe it, what broken golden body can resist the might of my devil dragon."

As soon as the words fell, the devil dragon once again transformed into a black gas and soared into the sky.

Boom!

An even stronger golden light fiercely appeared.

Bang!

The black Qi fell straight down at an even faster speed, followed by the trembling and blurred figure of the Demon Dragon's Spirit once again appearing.

"Shit!" The Soul of the Devil Dragon looked incredulously above its head, "This damned fellow, what kind of golden body did he find to melt into his body that even I can't get out? This is absolutely impossible, this what the hell is this?"

Just at this moment, the soul of the demon dragon pressed noticing that a little golden light suddenly appeared in that darkness beneath his feet

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"No, I don't believe it, what else in this world can trap me, it's just a mere golden body, what do I have to fear?" The Soul of the Devil Dragon roared in resignation.

Apart from the fact that Han Qianqian was able to kill him, apart from the fact that the attacks of Han Qianqian and Lu Ruoxin and over a hundred thousand people were indeed fierce enough, there was also the most important point, and that was that the Devil Dragon had also taken a fancy to Han Qianqian's body.

This body, even though it was a human, made him crave it.

Inside, he had the heart of the dragon clan to supply him with energy, outside he had the body of a loose immortal and a divine weapon for attack and defence, and most importantly, this boy's blood not only had the taste of a true god, but also had the strange poison that he could only dream of.

If he could take over a body like this, it would be a good choice for the demon dragon's soul to return to the body. After experiencing the onslaught of many people, he chose this way of enduring humiliation or stealing the dragon to turn into a phoenix.

Everything went smoothly according to his plan, and the spirit of the mole was sealed and killed by himself, and he became the true owner of this body.

But how could he have imagined that it would suddenly get stuck at this most critical juncture?

How could the Soul of the Devil Dragon not be annoyed, and how could it not be willing to do so?

How could it know the origin of that golden body? How could it know that the golden body had reached the extreme realm where no breath could guess its existence?

Or rather, many breaths were not worthy of detecting it at all.

"Roar!"

The spirit of the demonic dragon, whose anger had not yet subsided, once again turned on its full breath, and an insidious demonic fury filled its entire body, followed by a dive straight through the sky!

Buzz!

An even more powerful golden light shone, like a huge boundary, and as soon as the Demon Dragon's Soul came into contact with the golden light, it was directly knocked over and fell down.

Boom!

This time, the Demon Dragon's body trembled even more, and even wavered weakly for a time.

"Fuck." The Devil Dragon's mouth was already bleeding black as if it didn't want money, and he wiped his mouth as he looked indignantly at the top of his head, "What the hell is that? If I can't break through here, do I have to be trapped here forever?"

"No way, no way, how can I not be able to break through the body of a mole?"

In the next second, the Demon Dragon once again transported his black Qi and fiercely tried to fly up again.

But just as he was about to charge, he suddenly felt a tug at his feet, and when he looked down, he saw that at some point, a golden energy was tied tightly above his right foot like a rope.

At the other end of the rope was Han Qianqian, who was slowly rising and carrying a golden light on his body.

"You mole are not dead?" The spirit of the devil dragon was both shocked and angry.

"If you are not dead, how can I be dead." Han Qianqian cracked a smile, his face has been pale, although the situation is not too good, however, his body, which was already white and bony just now, is now intact as before, only his clothes and trousers are torn and his body is scarred.

"You just you damned gnat, you pretended to be dead to trick me?" The spirit of the devil dragon immediately understood what was going on, and could not help but be angry and anxious: "You humans, you are really despicable, actually use such tactics."

"If I call this despicable compared to you dumping my brain and trying to kill me in the dream world to take my body, then what do you call that?" Han Qianqian said in a cold voice.

"How do you know this is a dream?"

"I asked you if this was real? The fact that you avoided answering is already the best answer. If it is not real, then it can only be an illusion or something else," Han Qianqian affirmed.

"When I played dead, I thought about it for a long time, you kept denying that it was an illusion, but I could really feel my pain, and even you could do unbelievable acts against the heavens, not only copying my spells, but even my divine weapons, combined with these, I thought about it, there is only one possibility."

"The dream world. You manipulate and my dream world, so naturally you can dominate everything here, and even make everything that is unreasonable become reasonable as you think, right?" Han Qianqian coldly however said.

"Gryphon, you're quite clever!" The Devil's Soul laughed gently, "This daddy has underestimated you."

"Where can there be so many iniquitous souls when they are so dense and countless? I was indeed frightened by the gesture at first, but you are too manipulative." Han Qianqian said in a cold voice.

The Soul of the Devil revealed a hideous smile and nodded.

"However, we have a saying on Earth that a hasty heart cannot eat hot tofu." Han Qianqian laughed softly, although his face was not good, but his eyes were full of confidence.

"Even if you know the truth, what can you do? Gryphon, you also know that in your dream world, I am in control, then you should know clearly that I am in charge of everything here. No matter how fierce you are, how capable you are, you are all a cannon's shadow under all the rules I have set." The Devil Dragon laughed disdainfully.

"Indeed, that's why I'm desperate too. However, it seems that you should be desperate too." Han Qianqian smiled and glanced at the sky, the meaning very obvious.

What Han Qianqian was referring to was naturally the golden light emanating from that layer of golden body.

"What do you want?" Seeing Han Qianqian's unsuspecting look, the Demon Dragon's Soul faintly froze.

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Han Qianqian smiled, "I don't really want anything, but I'm short of a handyman."

Hearing these words, the Demon Dragon's Spirit was instantly enraged, "Gryphon, you are reckless."

"Or we can all die together, I don't care, as you said, a mortal a mole, what about you? What dragon emperor's dignity, the devil's dignity, bull and so on is even a whole lot more, but the barefoot one is not afraid of the one wearing shoes, we are all trapped here together." Han Qianqian said indifferently.

"You shameless person," the spirit of the demon dragon gritted his teeth in anger.

"Don't blame me for not reminding you oh, no matter what, I am inside my body, although the people outside may not notice anything different for a while or know how to help me. But after a while, who can say for sure? I'm afraid I can afford to wait, but you can't." When Han Qianqian finished

speaking, he smiled gently, and without any nonsense, his body slightly retracted and he simply sat in the air.

Then, Han Qianqian yawned, with a leisurely look, as if he was ready to lie down and take a nap at any moment.

However, the Devil's Dragon Spirit was not so relaxed, and he was furious.

He was already annoyed at not being able to break through, and now Han Qianqian's words added fuel to the fire.

"Gryphon, you are so cheap, I will kill you!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, the Demon Dragon's Spirit released a black Qi in his hand and attacked Han Qianqian violently.

"Bang!"

As soon as the black Qi touched Han Qianqian, a golden light flashed across Han Qianqian's body, and in the next second, the black Qi directly dissipated.

"What?! You damned gnat!" The Demon Dragon's Soul was annoyed at the failure of one blow.

The light of the golden body was not only found in the sky above, but also on this brat Han Qianqian's body!

Han Qianqian smiled faintly and looked at the golden light shining beside him, leisurely and incomparably, and said, "Don't you know that it hurts your liver to be angry all the time?"

"I'm kindly reminding you, after all, if you don't try to occupy my body and trigger the golden body guardian, in this dream world that is completely controlled by you, I can really only wait for death."

"But, alas" Han Qianqian barred his mouth, the bitchy look on his face made the Demon Dragon's Soul look like he wanted to eat this guy alive: "Anyway thank you, I feel very comfortable and at ease now , I'm also very tired, I'll take a nap first."

After Han Qianqian finished speaking, he really did close his eyes and simply fell asleep.

The Soul of the Devil Dragon was half dead with anger, sleeping so openly in front of himself and not putting himself in his eyes, he had lived for hundreds of thousands of years and had never heard or seen anything like it.

Throughout history, no matter who it was, which one of them would not be scared shitless? Even the great gods were as nervous as if they were enemies.

Today, however, the ship has capsized on this one mole.

His strong pride and solitude made the Soul of the Demon Dragon extremely humiliated, but he also knew clearly that there was nothing he could do about Han Qianqian.

In the dream world, he could control everything, but by chance, this golden body protection was triggered directly from the very root of his body, and could not be controlled at all.

But on the contrary, this golden body light was still exceptionally suppressing itself.

"Fine, if you want to die, you can die together, I, the Devil Dragon, have lived for hundreds of thousands of years and have long been tired of living, I will not be afraid of you, this brat?" The Devil Dragon's Soul took a deep breath, and immediately afterwards he also sat down, slightly cross-legged with his eyes closed, and consumed with Han Qianqian.

One man and one soul, one slept and one sat like this.

Outside, at the top of the Blue Mountain, they were busy and dizzy.

A group of experts had all been shaken and injured, and Lu Ruoxuan and Lu Ruoxin were also seriously injured, except for Lu Wushen, who had been holding on the whole time.

But as time went on, even as strong as Lu Wushen was, he could hardly hold on, and bean sweat kept dripping down.

With no choice, he could only hold on strongly.

"If this continues, grandpa will not be able to take it anymore." Lu Ruoxuan was so anxious.

"Quickly tell the old man to stop." Lu Yongsheng also hurriedly said.

It was already self-evident how important the True God was to any family, and the difference between the Fu family and them was the simplest example of this.

Lu Ruoxin's face was slightly anxious, and she was at a loss for words for a moment.

If she gave up, Han Qianqian's body would fly into the clouds with the red light, and no one would know what the consequences would be.

But if she did not give up, it was clear that Lu Wushen could no longer support her.

From afar, Wang Juzhi's eyes had long been straightened as he watched, and he muttered, "It seems that this demon dragon is indeed something extraordinary, Han Qianqian has merely absorbed the demon's blood, and it has shaken the experts at the top of Blue Mountain to retreat.

"This devil dragon is an ancient thing, naturally it is extraordinary, if it was that easy to deal with, why would it have waited until today." Ao Shi said indifferently, "If not for being suppressed by the God's Yoke, even Lu Wu Shen and I wouldn't be sure we could fight him, but this kid is a newborn calf that isn't afraid of tigers."

"Hmph, propping up a hero is bound to pay a price, right now, this kid is asking for it." Ye Kucheng mocked in a cold voice.

He would not let go of any opportunity to belittle Han Qianqian, and his pride and arrogance would not allow him to let go, so even when Ao Shi and the others were talking, he could not help but interject without regard to the occasion and his status.

Wang Juzhi instantly flashed a hint of disgust in his eyes, forcing down the anger in his heart and straightening it out as best he could before asking Ao Shi in a soft voice, "Old Ao, then in your opinion"

"Lu Wu Shen can't save him." Ao Shi laughed softly.

"Really?" Wang Juzhi was instantly delighted.

"The Demonic Fury Qi is really too heavy, with Lu Wushen's power alone, it is not impossible to support him, after all, he is a genuine True God, however, it may require him to pay a considerable price." Ao Shi said.

"Lu Wushen wouldn't be willing, would he, now that our Eternal Sea and Pill God Pavilion are so strong, how would he casually put himself in danger." Wang Juzhi laughed.

"He naturally wouldn't be willing." Ao Shi laughed softly.

Hearing these words, Wang Zhuzhi was quite relieved, so to speak, Han Qianqian would definitely die. That was good, it would take no effort to see that boy die.

This was retribution for letting that kid help Lu Ruoxin grab the God's Yoke!

"That's great." Wang Juzhi said happily.

"What's there to be happy about?" Seeing Wang Juzhi's smiling face, Ao Shi frowned in discontent.

This sudden question directly confused Wang Juzhi, Han Qianqian's death was tantamount to the elimination of a big threat, and naturally there was no need to pull him in.

"Humph!" Ao Shi shook his head helplessly, "Pedantic thing, how could I stand by and watch Han Qianqian die, come with me over to save the people."

At these words, all of them froze.

Save the enemy? What kind of operation is this?!