

His True Color Chapter 2801-2810

Chapter 2801

The Fang Family Heavenly Prison, said to be a heavenly prison, but in reality

But it is not a so-called heavenly prison at all.

The Fang Family Heavenly Prison is more like a place of purgatory.

There is an unwritten rule and fact in the Fang family, that is, in the Fang family heavenly prison, there is always an entry but no exit, there is death but no life.

Therefore, since the Fang Family has had a Heavenly Prison, those who have been able to enter it are all confidential prisoners of the Fang Family, who are either suspected of important secrets or involved in extremely serious crimes.

In short, in the recent thousand years of the Fang Family, only one person has been imprisoned under the Heavenly Prison.

The legendary Slayer of the Desert Realm!

The number one killing machine who had once tried to annex the four great clans, defeat the Ice God and reunite the desert.

His hands were tainted with the lives of thousands of innocent people in the Desert Realm, and he had the intention of plotting rebellion in his head, so such an unforgivable person was pressed into the Heavenly Prison.

Apart from that, no one else had ever been sentenced.

Now, Fang Kun was actually going to put Han Qianqian into the heavenly prison, which really made the male guards slightly shocked at this time.

Moreover, the most important thing was that

"Young master, no one is allowed to introduce people into the heavenly prison without the family head's consent. If this matter is known to the family head, I'm afraid" one of the male guards hurriedly reminded Fang Kun.

"I'm afraid what? That's my father!" Fang Kun shouted in a cold and dissatisfied voice.

It was true that it was out of order, but after all, Fang Watch was his father, and he had already won his approval, and today he had performed himself perfectly in front of all the guests, so his father would be more than satisfied with him, let alone blame him.

Besides, it's just a piece of trash that doesn't matter, who cares?

Hearing Fang Kun's words, the male guards nodded their heads, since it was the young master's insistence, they could only do as they were told.

A few men looked at each other and headed straight for Han Qianqian.

Seeing that the situation was not right, the piercing beetle fiercely blocked Han Qianqian's body and shouted angrily, "I warn you, don't act recklessly."

"Do you know who he is?"

At this point in time, Piercing Mountain Armour could only bring up the position of Ice God to shock the whole room. Although he did not have a clear idea of how the Heavenly Prison was, he could basically judge from Fang Kun's cold smile and the expressions of the few male guards.

That place was by no means for normal people to visit.

"Who is he?" Hearing this, Fang Kun just sneered.

"Since you know who he is, how dare you mess around?" The piercing beast sharply said in an angry voice.

"Even if he is the Son of Heaven, that is still the same crime as the common people?" Fang Kun said disdainfully.

Obviously, Fang Kun was referring to the fact that he knew Han Qianqian was Han Qianqian, while the pierced mountain armour was referring to Han Qianqian's identity as the Ice God, and the words between the two were just perfectly misplaced.

"Alright." Han Qianqian gently patted the piercing armour's shoulder, smiled, and said, "It's just the Heavenly Prison, just go."

"Are you crazy? They put you in the heavenly prison, obviously they want to" The latter words, the piercing mountain armor no longer wanted to say.

Because it is very obvious that once in the heavenly prison, this group of people will find ways to torture people.

"It's not in the way." Han Qianqian smiled, and then, raising his eyes, he looked at Fang Kun: "Between you and me, it's just a personal grudge, my friend is innocent, I'll go to the Heavenly Prison with you."

"You say innocent is innocent?" Fang Kun said with a frown.

Han Qianqian did not say anything, but the clenched fists already said too much.

"Good, I have just checked the matter clearly, although this kid behaved abominably, but in the end it was all your instruction, guilty but not so much as to be imprisoned in the Heavenly Prison, he can go into the ordinary cell."

As soon as the words left his mouth, a few male guards grabbed Han Qianqian and Piercing Mountain Armor on the spot.

"I will go by myself." Han Qianqian's body moved slightly, and at once the male guards who were holding his shoulders only felt a numbness in their hands, and they unnaturally let go.

The guards looked at Han Qianqian and said no more. They led Han Qianqian towards the Heavenly Prison, one after the other.

Only, after just two steps, Han Qianqian suddenly stopped and then, he slowly looked back at Fang Kun: "A word of advice to you, it's easy to invite God, but hard to send Him away."

"Cut the fucking crap, take it down." With an angry shout, Fang Kun didn't care about any of this.

And at this moment, on top of the main hall, Fang watch left his seat and slowly walked out, Kun'er had been out for a long time, and he did not know whether this favoured son of his was lucky enough to find the Ice God.

Look around carefully, at this time, he will suddenly look at the distant crowd gathered at Fang Kun

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After seeing the crowd of people surrounding each other over there, Fang watch frowned slightly, then quickly revealed a smile.

It was the time of a big feast, but there was a large gathering of people there, which seemed to be very lively.

It was obvious that his clever son must have sought out the Ice God and must be having a family chat with her at this moment, thus arousing the envy of the onlookers.

"This son of yours, he seems to look like something. They say that a tiger's father has no son, and this is not a bad saying at all."

As he was thinking, a kind voice came from behind him, and when he looked back, he saw Old Man Chai slowly walking out.

"Old Mr. Chai, why have you come out?" Fang watch asked.

"I'm used to being idle, so I can't stand such a lively scene, so I thought I'd come out to get some fresh air, and by the way, to see what the future master of my desert realm has come up with in his search for the Ice God." Chai Lao laughed and said.

When he heard this, Fang could not help but feel happy in his heart. Elder Chai was a highly respected senior in the Desert Realm, and anyone who could get his nod was not an idle person.

Especially when this person was also his own son.

"But young dog son, Elder Chai, you are really too flattering." Fang said with feigned modesty.

Elder Chai laughed gently, shook his head, placed his large hand slightly on Fang Watch's shoulder, sighed and said, "I have long been hidden in the Jianghu for many years and do not ask about world affairs, this is something that should be clear to the Fang family head."

"This time, the reason why I personally showed up at the Desert Realm, apart from selling the face of your Fang Family Master, the most important thing is that I think very highly of this good son of yours."

"With his talent, he will become a great talent in the future. If he gives birth to a son in the future, there is a great possibility that he will be able to raise a true god.

"As the saying goes, there is no such thing as a temple, so I have come here to attend Kun's wedding, but in reality, I want to take Fang Kun as my disciple."

"Old Mr. Chai wants to accept Kun'er as his disciple?" Fang Watch was startled.

For many years, many aspirants had wanted to be his disciple, but Old Master Chai had never been alone and never accepted disciples.

Now, not only did Old Master Chai accept disciples, but he also exaggeratedly took the initiative to mention it, so how could this not make Fang watch astonished and at the same time incomparably flattered?

"I will never say anything in vain, Chai."

Chai Rong nodded his head happily.

What he valued about Fang Kun was not only the background of this son, but more importantly, the potential of the Fang family as a whole.

If his disciple could fulfil the long-cherished wish of everyone in the Desert Realm in the future and walk out of this damned arid region, then he, as a renowned and famous person in the Desert Realm, would be considered to have contributed one of his greatest strengths to the Desert Realm.

Seeing the appearance of Old Mr. Chai, Fang's heart was about to jump out of his chest with excitement.

As a father, how could Fang watch not have such expectations?

Although he had ambitions, but now over half a hundred years old, the power of the Fang family has only just begun, it is very likely that in the future, things will be done and the body will collapse first, if his son can help him to fulfill such a wish, he can wake up laughing even if he dies.

"Then, in place of my son, I would like to thank old Mr. Chai." After saying this, Fang meter himself was so excited that he bowed slightly to show his salute.

The Holy Maiden, the Ice God, and now even Old Mister Chai, a great senior, had come to help, it was obvious that his Fang family was on the true pinnacle of life, this was going to be a fortune.

"I will go and tell my son about this, I think he will be overjoyed if he knows that you, Old Mister Chai, have accepted him as your disciple." Fang said with a smile.

"I will accompany you there." Old Mr. Chai smiled.

After nodding his head and bending down in a gesture of invitation, Fang watch led Old Mr. Chai, slowly walking from the main hall to the place where the crowd was gathered in the playground.

Inside the crowd, Fang Kun looked at the back of Han Qianqian, who was already far away, and coldly snorted, "After you enter the Heavenly Prison, I want you to beg for your life and not be able to die, to fight me?"

"Kun'er, look, who's coming."

Almost at that moment, a Lang sound came from behind him. Fang Kun looked back and saw his father, Fang Biao, slowly walking behind the crowd, and following him was a smiling old man, Chai

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Father?

Elder Chai?

Why did they come here?

Fang Kun was puzzled in his heart, but he still greeted them, "Kun has met Father and Old Senior Chai."

"Don't worry, don't worry." Fang watch was in a good mood and patted his son's shoulder, his eyes full of doting and happiness, "Father has a big piece of good news to tell you."

"Yes?"

"That's inevitable, Old Mr. Chai is going to take you as his disciple." Fang Watch said with a smile.

Hearing these words, Fang Miao first froze and his whole body was directly dumbfounded, Old Mr. Chai was going to accept him as his disciple?!

He was not dreaming, was he?

What's the difference between this and a pie falling from the sky?

"Father, you what did you just say? Can you say it again?" Fang Kun asked again with his eyes open.

When his son had such a reflection, Fang ideographed in the middle and smiled gently, "You heard correctly, old Mr. Chai really wants to accept you as his disciple."

With a new voice, not only did he confirm the doubts in Fang Kun's mind, but he also announced this shocking news to everyone present once again.

A group of people looked at each other with astonishment on their faces.

"Elder Chai never accepts disciples, but this time he's actually going to make an exception and accept a disciple, this is simply the biggest news in our desert world in so many years."

"Yes, this is simply too shocking."

"However, the more this happens, the more it shows that our young master Fang is a bully, this is only a superb talent that would make it possible for a senior like Old Master Chai to make an exception and accept him as a disciple."

"Oh, that's right, that's right."

The crowd appreciated while nodding their heads in agreement.

Not only did this make Old Mr. Chai quite happy at the same time, it also made Fang Kun and his father overjoyed.

The former was naturally the recognition of Fang Kun by the people.

The latter, on the other hand, was the establishment of prestige among the people.

"My disciple Fang Kun, meet my master", Fang Kun said, and immediately wanted to pay his respects to his master.

However, at this moment, Fang Watch lifted Fang Kun's arm and did not let him kneel down directly, with a slight pretence of anger on his face, he said, "Kun'er, do not be rude."

Seeing that Fang Kun was looking at himself with bewilderment, he said, "Old Mr. Chai is a famous figure in the desert world, how can you worship him so casually?"

Hearing these words, Fang Kun cracked a smile and rubbed his head in embarrassment, "How could I have forgotten about this?"

"There is no need to rush, my father will make arrangements for you to worship Elder Chai later." Fang watch smiled softly.

Such a big event, making enough cards was not only out of respect for Old Master Chai's reputation, but more importantly, he needed to take this opportunity to loudly publicise another big happy event for his Fang family.

By paying homage to Old Mr. Chai, it was self-evident how much face the Fang family would have when word of this got out.

"By the way, with all the commotion here, is it you who found the Ice God?" Fang Watch asked with a smile while looking around, but the Ice God was nowhere to be seen.

Seemingly also seeing the doubt in his father's eyes, Fang Kun laughed softly and said, "Not really, there was just a little accident here."

"A little accident?" Fang watch doubted.

"There was a man causing trouble, however, I have already sent someone to deal with it." Fang Kun smiled.

Fang Watch nodded, then looked at Fang Kun: "Since it's been dealt with, don't make any more trouble here, you should hurry to find the Ice God and invite him to your worship ceremony."

This kind of Fang family event, since the Ice God was there, how could he not let his old man know?

This is also a rare moment for the Fang family to show off their muscles to the Ice God. Once this show-off is in place, won't the scales of the Ice God be tipped in favour of the Fang family when the time comes?

With these three banners in place, the Fang Family's future would only be incomparably solid ah.

"Remember, although the Ice God is a low-key person, he is after all as young as you are, things must be done in a humble manner, never hurt the Ice God, do you understand?"

"This is the most crucial part of the Fang family, do not make any mistakes."

"Understood." Fang Kun nodded his head.

Seeing this, Fang Watch gave a slight salute and invited Elder Chai to walk back, ready to go and prepare for the ceremony of worshipping his master.

Once he left, Fang's male guard couldn't help but wonder, "Young master, that man just now asked if we knew the identity of the man next to him, and after watching what the old man said, it wouldn't be that he was the Ice God, would it?"

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Hearing this, Fang Kun's entire face was filled with disdain, in his eyes the identity of Han Qianqian as described by the pierced mountain armor was not the same as saying that he was Han Qianqian?

This identity he had already known back in the Central Plains region.

It was true that Han Qianqian's name was quite useful in the Central Plains, but here, in his desert city, Han Qianqian's name was still nothing?

He would not give a second thought to one Han Qianqian, or even ten Han Qianqians, especially now that Fang Kun had been blessed with several happy events.

"Just by him? Is he worthy of being an Ice God?" Fang Kun sneered disdainfully.

"I am just being careful, after all, if he is really a true god, we can't afford to offend him." The male guard said.

The Ice God was, after all, the God of Honor of the Desert Realm, and had an even greater status in their minds than the image of the True God in the Central Plains.

Because the Desert Realm was the one that needed to look up to the Ice God in actual life, the difference in status between the two was naturally clear.

Fang Kun chuckled, the corners of his mouth twitching up in disdain, "Just put a million hearts into it, I know that kid by heart, if he's an Ice God, I'll fucking eat shit for you."

The male guard bowed his head slightly, "I understand."

"Go and prepare the torture tools, later on when this young master is busy and free, have some fun with that kid." Fang Kun sneered.

The male guard nodded and hurriedly turned around and went to do his job as instructed.

After dismissing the male guard, Fang Kun was in a good mood and raised his cup with one hand and said to the people around him, "Well, the matter has been settled, gentlemen, I have important matters to attend to, so I won't bother you any more, so eat and drink well."

After saying this, he lifted his glass of wine and toasted the four sides. Fang Kun tilted his head and drank it down, then helped the woman up and took a few waitresses to hurry up with their own business.

Looking at how close Mr. Fang Kun was to himself, not only did the old woman not feel the slightest bit guilty after slandering him, but she was smugly scowling at the other women beside her, declaring her victory.

"See? Young Master Fang is not only helping me out, he's also helping me out. I told you, if I were ten years younger, I wouldn't be able to charm him to death. He's just something I have in my pocket." The woman laughed.

A few women next to her looked at me, and I looked at you, with a mixture of disgust and envy in their eyes.

The people on the other side of the room were quietly pointing out the woman behind her back, while others secretly sighed at the young master of the Fang family's wisdom and martial arts, chanting how good it would be if their daughters could marry such a man.

At the other end of the room, Han Qianqian was already being pressed by some male guards on his way to the Heavenly Prison.

The Heavenly Prison was located on the far left side of the front hall, past a large hall called the Yin Yang Division, and then into a deep, winding pathway of about a hundred metres, in which there was a large cell where the pangolin was kept.

The entrance to the prison is located at the end of a hidden pathway.

This was also where Han Qianqian was being held.

The entrance to the Heavenly Prison was actually just a bunker-like bulge in the ground, with a stone door several dozen metres thick, and two fierce stone beasts splitting on either side of it.

Two male guards each took a key about the size of a fist and placed it in the mouths of the two fierce stone beasts, before the door slowly opened with a loud rumble.

Almost as soon as the door opened, a disgusting stench came from inside, and occasionally one could hear what seemed to be a miserable scream from inside.

If it were a normal person, he would have been scared to death at the sight of this, but Han Qianqian's face was unperturbed.

"You are really crazy, this place has always been for the living to enter and the dead to leave." The two male guards beside Han Qianqian coldly snorted, "Escort them in."

Han Qianqian smiled and didn't say anything, slowly lifting a step and following the few male guards inside the Heavenly Prison.

As they entered, the stone door behind them slowly closed, and it seemed that the stench in the entire space became even more fierce because of the lack of ventilation, and several of the male guards covered their noses with their hands and faces.

The dungeon was dark and damp, and as they walked in, they could faintly hear the sound of chains in the cell, emanating from the far end of its corridor.

The male guard stopped, opened the door to a room at random and bellowed coldly, "Go in."

Although Han Qianqian entered, his eyes were silently glancing towards the far end of the corridor.

Although the dungeon was dark, through the faint light, Han Qianqian could still see that on the wall at the end of the corridor

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A huge, monstrous figure that looked like a man, not a man, not a beast, was standing there.

His four limbs, each wrapped in chains as thick as an arm, were pulled into a huge figure, and even just looking at the figure made people's hearts feel extremely hairy.

A few of the male guards locked the cell door and looked at each other, intentionally or unintentionally, towards the end of the room, then you pushed me and I pushed you, looking like they were in a hurry to retreat.

Looking at these male guards who had fled in panic, Han Qianqian let out a bitter smile and sat down.

As soon as he sat down, a cold laugh came from the end of the cell, not too loud but full of mockery.

"Another rat."

At the end of the inner cell, the voice suddenly snorted coldly in an incomparable manner.

The voice was hoarse, but the hoarseness was tinged with a strong evil aura, as if it was like a devil, squeezing his throat, obviously very close, but very far away.

Hearing this, Han Qianqian gently laughed, lying on his butt on the weed-strewn ground, crossing his legs, no pit sound.

"Die farther away, don't trash my reputation in this place, you don't deserve it." Seeing that Han Qianqian did not answer, the voice bellowed angrily.

"I didn't catch myself, you don't want to stay in a place with me, you can tell them, what are you yelling at me for here?" Han Qianqian laughed softly.

"You rat bastard, how dare you talk to me like that? Do you know, who I am?" He roared in anger.

"What? Do you have to worship a mountain to sit in jail? I am not interested in who you are, but to me anyway, we are both toads in the same well." Han Qianqian laughed softly.

Then he closed his eyes slightly, anyway, for Han Qianqian, he really did not have any interest in how this place was, not to mention that it was a heavenly prison, even if it was hell, so what?

It was all just a place to stay for a while.

"Who the hell is a toad in a well with you? Are you also worthy of being compared to Laozi?" The voice cursed in a cold voice.

Han Qianqian ignored him and nurtured his mind.

"Fuck, brat, why aren't you talking?"

"Are you dead?"

It was quiet, still unbearably quiet.

The next second, the chains rattled madly, looking extremely hideous in this deep, dark heavenly prison.

Clearly, that fellow was enraged.

"Rat-boy, you really are a rat-boy, you dare not continue talking after contradicting me?"

"I'm warning you, brat, don't get into my hands, or else I'll break your dog's neck."

Han Qianqian did not respond, and it seemed that the guy could only sulk in the air, and after a roar of anger, gradually, with a few sounds of chains falling to the ground, the guy could only stay alone in his place, not knowing what to do.

After an unknown period of time, when Han Qianqian had almost completely fallen asleep, suddenly, with a muffled sound, a breath of fresh air slowly drifted in from outside, even driving the candle flame inside the dungeon to faintly move.

In the darkness, Han Qianqian opened his eyes slightly, only to see a dozen figures slowly walking towards the entrance of the dungeon.

Although Han Qianqian could not see their faces clearly because of the light, Han Qianqian knew who the people coming were.

As the man stopped, several people behind him lit more lamps, and the light in the entire underground dungeon became clearer, although it was still somewhat dim.

The man at the head of the group, apart from Fang Kun, who else could it be?

At this moment, looking at Han Qianqian who was sleeping with his eyes closed in the cell, he could not help but squeeze out a cold smile from between his teeth: "The fire is burning to your eyebrows, but it seems that you are still not in the least bit anxious."

Han Qianqian, who was sleeping lightly, only gave a soft smile and did not reply.

"You have guts!" Fang Kun laughed coldly, "However, I do hope that you will still be so calm later."

"Someone."

"Present!"

"Are the doors to the Heavenly Prison all locked?" Fang Kun asked in a soft voice.

"It's locked."

Fang Kun nodded in satisfaction, then, taking out a few white pills in his hand, he took one for himself before distributing it to a few others.

While chewing, Fang Kun couldn't help but look at Han Qianqian with a grim look in his eyes as he smiled gently and coldly, "Now, have a good time with you."

Han Qianqian yawned, stretched and slowly sat up, "Fine, but I'm afraid you can't afford to play if you're too big to play."

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"I can't afford to play?" Fang Kun looked at Han Qianqian with amusement, as if he was looking at a fool.

If he wanted to, he could play Han Qianqian to death in this desert city, so he couldn't afford to play?

"You're really confident, aren't you?" Fang Kun sneered, and in the next second, his eyes suddenly turned incomparably fierce as he coldly shouted, "Fine, if you dare to say that I can't afford to play, how about I play with you today in a big way?"

"As you wish."

"Okay, I'll put my words here, if I can't afford to play with this bitch of yours, I'll play my word backwards."

After saying that, Fang Kun hooked his eyes and looked at Han Qianqian and said in a cold voice: "You must hold on, oh, die too quickly, then there is no point."

"Let's not talk about whether you can kill me or not, even if you have that ability, you'll be dead before I'm dead." Han Qianqian laughed softly.

"Just like your shameless mental energy, yes, I'll serve you an appetizer first, and then a main course when you're done, and then there's a good show tomorrow" He smiled grimly, followed by a big wave of his hand.

A few male guards heard this and opened the cell door at once, followed by a handful of Han Qianqian grabbed up.

Han Qianqian did not resist and let them take him, with a disdainful smile on his lips, "Do you really expect these few shrimp soldiers to be able to stop me?"

"Naturally, they can't do anything to you, but do you think I'm unprepared?" Fang Kun smiled, very pleased with himself, "How about you try to transport your energy?"

"You put poison before you came in, didn't you?" Han Qianqian laughed.

Although the wind came in tasteless, Han Qianqian had already noticed that the black shadow at the end of the corridor was rustling a little before that gust of wind, but after hitting that wind came in, he was completely motionless.

"The strange poison scattered by the eight poisons gathered in the Realm of Deserts is colorless and tasteless, perhaps it is of little use to ordinary people, but to experts it is a deadly presence because it only works on a person's dantian."

"In other words, the higher the cultivation level, the stronger the person will be troubled by its toxicity, don't blame me for not warning you, in a state like yours now, you'd better be a good boy and be a dead pig, otherwise, once you get lucky, you will bleed to death from your seven orifices."

As soon as the words left his mouth, Fang Kun and the others laughed aloud.

Han Qianqian also gave a bitter laugh, using poison to attack him? What was the difference between that and playing with a big sword in front of Lord Guan?

The funniest thing was that these guys really seemed to think that they had him beat.

When Fang Kun finished laughing, he shouted coldly, "Escort them down."

Immediately afterwards, several male guards escorted Han Qianqian all the way to a torture room at the entrance.

The walls were covered with all kinds of torture instruments, and even the other empty spaces were filled with all kinds of torture instruments of different sizes.

It was obvious that many people had been tortured on this bed, and they were clutching the edge of the bed in pain, so that even the bed made of stone was extremely worn at the edges.

A few men escorted Han Qianqian directly to the bed and then used chains to secure Han Qianqian's limbs to the bed.

After doing this, Fang Kun and the others laughed coldly again.

To them, Han Qianqian was no different from a lamb waiting to be slaughtered, but a mere object in their hands.

As for Han Qianqian, he was really curious to see what Fang Kun could do to play with himself.

"Don't blame me for not saying so in advance, for every cut you make on me, I'm afraid that by then you'll have ten more cuts on your body, or even more" Han Qianqian laughed softly.

"Damn it, all this dog look, still talk tough, give him the first dish."

The words fell, a man on the spot took out a silver bottle about the size of his arm, while a dagger in his hand cold just flashing came over.

After glancing at Fang Kun, who nodded at him, the man lifted the white glittering dagger on the spot and aimed it at Han Qianqian

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A dagger slashed open Han Qianqian's arm violently!

Only, when the wound came out and blood flowed out, the man was about to unwrap the silver bottle when he was suddenly frowning, and when he looked down himself, his eyes unexpectedly widened.

At some point, there was a huge hole in his foot!

When he looked back at the stone bed, he saw that a huge hole had appeared under Han Qianqian's arm, along with a huge hole in the stone bed, where the blood had dripped.

The two holes were connected!

But the stone bed didn't hurt, while the guy froze for a moment before the pain hit his brain with a vengeance.

"Ah!!!"

He threw the unopened bottle and the dagger away and rolled around on the ground, clutching his foot with a huge hole in it!

Fang Kun and his men were obviously stunned by the situation.

Han Qianqian, on the other hand, smiled slightly: "What, did you use the wrong torture? Did you use it on your own people?"

Hearing these words, Fang Kun became furious and swept his cold eyes at one of the male guards, immediately signalling him to continue with the torture.

The male guard panicked, but subconsciously picked up the bottle on the ground, and immediately afterwards, when the cap was opened, an extremely unpleasant smell came out of it.

"This is the blood of silver, the essence of the desert lizard, its characteristic is very strong fusion, so, see the blood will melt, but, the desert lizard is cold-blooded animals, so once their own blood is fused by it, hey, you will never feel the heat in the desert again, along with you, will be is never-ending coldness, until finally, because the body temperature is too low, and die alive to yourself."

As soon as the words left his mouth, Fang Kun gave a gesture, and the male guard immediately poured the silver blood from the silver bottle into Han Qianqian's wound.

Although it was only a drop, the effect was as Fang Kun had said, the drop of silver blood quickly disappeared into the wound, and immediately after Han Qianqian's blood had completely turned silver, the wound was instantly compounded.

A chilling sensation struck Han Qianqian's whole body, so much so that Han Qianqian's body could not help but shiver slightly.

"How's that? Does it suddenly feel very cold?" Fang Kun smiled grimly.

"Not bad!" Han Qianqian smiled.

"Not bad is good, the good show is still to come." As soon as Fang Kun's words fell, another male guard walked over holding a fire bowl at this point.

The flames in the firepot were fierce and leaping extraordinary!

At Fang Kun's gesture, the fire bowl was placed at Han Qianqian's feet.

"When the blood of the desert lizard enters your body, you will only feel the infinite coldness, and you will be almost unaware of the heat, even if you are about to die from the heat, your body will still tell you that you are cold."

"This is what this fireplace barbecue is for."

"You will only smell and hear your feet slowly going from cooked to burnt under the fire."

"And then we'll hit that little wooden hammer into those legs of yours, and hey, have you ever had the experience of a hammer breaking charcoal? How cool is that, tsk tsk."

By this point in the story, Fang Kun and the others had already looked at each other and reappeared with grimaces.

Ice and fire torture, one of the ten most horrific punishments in the desert city, not only does the person being punished suffer from the never-ending pain of ice, but what is even more annoying is the scorching of fire.

Yes, it is true that one does not suffer any pain during the whole burning process, but in reality, the psychological pain of watching oneself being cooked and then scorched is far more fierce than the physical pain.

Therefore, ice and fire torture is both physical and mental torture, extremely inhumane, and the Fang family has always strictly forbidden anyone to use these punishments in private, in order to avoid violating heaven's morality!

Smelling the burnt smell coming from the fruit, Han Qianqian couldn't help but smile gently, it seemed that after taking Ginseng Wa's Fire God Stone, he didn't know if this guy was cursing himself behind his back, this was already the second time he had been roasted with fire.

With a slow glance, Han Qianqian looked at Fang Kun, shook his head and said, "Can I say something?"

"What? Begging for mercy?"

"No, I just want to say, just this?"

"That's too bad, isn't it?"

Hearing these words, the smile on Fang Kun's face instantly froze, the nameless anger in his eyes fiercely rose, and the muscles of his body began to tremble slightly from the force

Chapter 2808

A provocation, a blatant provocation.

This was simply not putting himself in the slightest bit in his eyes.

Fang Kun clenched his teeth and fiercely walked towards the fire bowl, followed by a push of energy in his hand, and all of a sudden the flames in the fire bowl turned even more ferocious.

"In just ten minutes, your useless, stinking feet will be completely turned into charcoal."

With those words, he fiercely placed the fire bowl directly in the air towards Han Qianqian's feet, and instantly, the fire scorched Han Qianqian's legs.

As he watched the fire frantically roasting Han Qianqian, the grim coldness at the corner of Fang Kun's mouth grew deeper and deeper.

"Haha, hahahahaha!"

Looking at the fire jumping, the anger in his heart was released at this moment, and Fang Kun laughed abnormally wildly.

Compared to the crazy Fang Kun, Han Qianqian only smiled lightly, and with a slight movement in his hand, an energy went down his dantian to his feet, protecting his meridians to death.

What kind of bullshit strange poison scatter, for others it might really imprison their cultivation, but for Han Qianqian, a hidden great poison king, it was no different from drinking water!

It was just playing along with them.

Seeing the fire getting hotter and hotter, Fang Kun smiled in satisfaction, "How was it? Was it fun?"

"As long as you're happy." Han Qianqian laughed mockingly.

"I'm naturally happy to see you silly thane suffering from ice and fire here, but these are just appetizers." With that, he glanced gently at his men.

"I suppose you've already met your new cellmate when you came in?"

"He, then, is your main course."

As soon as the words fell, the henchman he was looking at nodded in response, and then retreated with an eerie smile.

When his men went out, Fang Kun looked at the blazing fire while gently running his hand slightly across Han Qianqian's face, then sat down on the chair next to him with his buttocks, crossing his legs with great satisfaction, "Introduce your new cellmate."

"Fu Tian!"

"Perhaps you don't know this man, let alone have heard of the name, however, you may have heard of his nickname."

"The Slayer of the Desert Realm!"

"Sorry, still haven't heard of it." Han Qianqian shook his head and laughed.

Fang Kun wasn't angry, instead he was full of teasing, "It doesn't matter if you don't know him, you'll have plenty of time to get to know him later anyway."

"I forgot to tell you one thing, although Qi Poison San is insidious and poisonous, however, its medicinal effect is only half an hour."

"That is to say, after half an hour, not only will the poison on your body completely dissipate, your new cellmate will also wake up."

As soon as the words left his mouth, the sound of chains suddenly rang out over there, obviously, it must be the one who had exited just now, going to unchain that guy.

In connection with Fang Kun's words now, with Han Qianqian's intelligence, he almost understood what he wanted in seconds.

"Do you know what would happen to a normal person if he was locked up in a closed environment for a long time?" Fang Kun asked with a smile.

People are emotional animals, when in a closed environment for a long time, people will begin to repress, slowly, this repression will also continue to expand, and let people's emotions begin to collapse, into the top of the crazy and all kinds of imaginary state

In the end, one is either crazy or perverted

"There are only two kinds of people who stay in this prison for a long time, either those who are psychologically weak and go crazy, or those who are extremely psychologically strong and end up perverted." Fang Kun said with a cold smile.

Han Qianqian smiled faintly, "Apparently, this Desert Realm's whatever-killer is the latter, right?"

Fang Kun nodded and nodded, "In this broken heavenly prison, always alone, this loneliness, dead silence, even fear, all kinds of negative emotions you can think of all keep coming up."

"After a long time, does that murderous devil look like a fierce beast locked up in a small space and unable to move?"

Han Qianqian smiled: "A fierce tiger out of its cage, so it kills on sight?"

"No!" Fang Kun shook his head gently, "What you said, that was a fierce tiger that had been caged for a long time, and definitely not a fierce tiger that had been caged for a much, much longer time, you know, what would happen to him?"

Speaking of this, not only Fang Kun, but even the few male guards beside him could not help but reveal an eerie grin.

It was true, if it was simply a killing machine, who wouldn't Fang Kun look for? He had to bring himself into the Heavenly Prison? Obviously, this so-called killer must have his special and extremely brutal methods, even more painful than the so-called ice and fire torture just now

Fang Kun smiled gently, slowly got up and opened his mouth...

Chapter 2809

"The Slayer is about seven metres tall, strong and sturdy, and although he is not overly wise, he is brave in a way that ordinary people are not, which is why at the time of the mutiny, he became the root of the rebellion that others dared to use, as well as the capital to kill the world."

"Originally, the Fang family intended to recruit him, but considering the depth of his sins, they therefore confined him in the heavenly prison for a thousand years. Helplessly, Xing perhaps imprisoned for too long, this guy has become perverted"

"There is no place to use all the power in his body, not only is his heart twisted, but his body is also twisted."

"You are also a man, too long have not seen a woman, huh, even if you see a man, you still feel eyebrows."

Speaking of this, the group of male guards couldn't help but to hide their faces and snicker one by one.

Han Qianqian also understood what Fang Kun's fancy mind was filled with.

"Before the sky prison also occasionally sporadically imprisoned a few people, hey, the result of each person's end is relatively miserable, all without dehiscence and die, that goods non-human, so since its type non-human like small, not to mention men, even women can not bear."

"However, don't worry, in the heavenly prison, I am in charge, so I will never allow this to happen, that goods has been locked by my four huge chains made of fire iron, limbs, without my key, even if that goods is capable, there is absolutely no way to break out." After saying that, Fang Kun still looked quite worried.

"I understand." Han Qianqian laughed.

"Is that so?" Fang Kun doubted.

"The torture of ice and fire, fire does not hurt me, but it merely grinds one's mind, and although ice hurts, it is not cold in a day, your real purpose of using this torture is to make me lose my basic mobility, right?" Han Qianqian sneered.

"Pa pa!"

Several applause sounded, Fang Kun applauded while nodding his head, and said appreciatively, "Smart, smart, worthy of being the one Miss Lu's eyes on, this brain is a little penetrating."

Han three thousand grim smile, this needs how high IQ?!

"I told you, the front, are only an appetizer, this back dish is the real main dish ah."

The slayer was fierce, but Han Qianqian was not bad either, so Fang Kun had to do some work in advance for the slayer, and by the way, he could also get some pay back on Han Qianqian's body in a small way.

This matter, can not be said to be a double whammy.

"You're quite good at playing." Han Qianqian nodded and couldn't help but praise.

"Oh, there's no need to give me any high hats, I know you're very human." Fang Kun laughed gently, then he patted Han Qianqian's shoulder and smiled, "Wouldn't it be a great humiliation for a man as bullish as you to die from dehiscence?"

"Think about it, a man who is famous in the Central Plains, but in the end, he dies with such a humiliation, isn't that a great irony?"

"So, Han Qianqian, you can't die so soon."

"Both for the sake of your dignity, and at the same time, for the sake of the superb show I have prepared for you tomorrow, I can assure you with my life that you will definitely be very interested tomorrow."

Hearing these words, Han Qianqian frowned slightly, tomorrow?

Wasn't that Fang Kun's big wedding day?

What does this have to do with him torturing himself?

However, even though he couldn't figure it out, seeing the malicious expression on Fang Kun's face and the smugness in his eyes, Han Qianqian knew clearly that this guy definitely had something big on his mind, otherwise he wouldn't be like this.

This really made Han Qianqian a bit interested in what this guy would be up to tomorrow.

"Good, since you've said so sincerely, I'll promise you that I'll live to see tomorrow and have a good taste of your main dish." Han Qianqian laughed softly.

With Han Qianqian's words, Fang Kun's entire person became even more arrogant and happy.

"Good, a gentleman's word?"

Han Qianqian didn't want to make any gentleman's agreement with him, was he worthy of it?

"However, there's one thing I have to remind you of." Han Qianqian laughed.

"What?" Fang Kun froze.

"You must be careful when cooking, your grandfather should have taught you a proverb, children playing with fire, that will wet the bed, if you wet the bed, hehe, the one who will be embarrassed tomorrow, I'm afraid it will be you." Han Qianqian chuckled softly.

When Fang Kun heard that, he froze and became angry, but then he laughed coldly, "I hope you will still be so sharp-tongued at this time tomorrow."

After saying this, Fang Kun got up, looked coldly at the male guard who had returned from his chains and smiled at Han Qianqian, "Good luck."

Dropping a sentence, Fang Kun slowly left with a group of men

Chapter 2810

As Fang Kun and the others heavily re-closed the door, the only sound left in the entire cell was the heavy metallic echo of the door closing and the faint sound of Han Qianqian's breathing.

Suddenly, with a slight movement of Han Qianqian's hand, the rope tied to Han Qianqian's body broke off violently.

Sitting up from the stone bed, Han Qianqian looked at the fire pit that was still burning beside his feet, and with a bitter smile, Han Qianqian lifted his hands slightly and deliberately placed them on the fire to sizzle.

"This is it?"

Even with the Supreme Flame, Han Qianqian could carry it for a long time without relying on the Five Elements Divine Stone and the Jade Ice Pearl, let alone this unbelievably ordinary flame.

Half an hour?

What could he do if he was given ten times the number?

A light laugh of disdain, but Han Qianqian's gaze slowly sank into dullness, and yes, he was really thinking hard about what would happen tomorrow.

But he had thought of everything he could think of, and the only biggest possibility was that the bride would be Lu Ruoxin. The fact that Lu Ruoxin was interested in him should have been clear to him.

So he thought he must be complacent about his status as the future son-in-law of the Lu family, and now that he had suddenly stepped in first, he was good enough to show off to himself.

But the key question is, even if that woman really gives up on herself and marries Fang Kun, will she give up on herself?

Han Qianqian thinks not. With Lu Ruoxin's character, she will have to sleep with herself before she marries again in order to let out her hatred.

The second thing is that Lu Ruoxin would not have married Fang Kun.

Although Han Qianqian did not like Lu Ruoxin, she had to admit that this woman was a combination of beauty and wisdom, and she had a very powerful background in the Lu family, so it would not be too much to say that she was the pride of heaven.

If a woman like her was looking for a man, she would not be a common man.

So, it seemed unlikely.

Just as Han Qianqian was lost in thought, Mo Ming withdrew his eyes, but suddenly he saw a huge object blocking the doorway, and even Han Qianqian was taken aback.

It was a huge eye, a single eye, and the white part of the eye was even covered with blood, and the eyeball alone was as big as a football.

Seeing this eye, Han Qianqian smiled bitterly helplessly, he understood that it was who had come.

In fact, he had already known that he was coming, the bastard had come all the way here and smelt surprisingly foul, he was just so engrossed in thinking about things that he had somewhat overlooked it.

"Oh, brat, didn't expect that, did you?" The strange voice said coldly, his words full of teasing.

As far as he was concerned, it was more like he was looking at prey in that single eye of his.

"What? Want to set yourself on fire to kill yourself?" He laughed coldly.

Immediately afterwards, the giant eye receded slightly for a moment, and through the doorway, the lower part of a huge figure could be vaguely seen.

The legs were almost identical to frog legs, green and muscular at the same time, but more similar to frog legs in that they were short!

Immediately afterwards, a hand slowly reached in.

It was still green, I don't know if it was originally this colour, or if it was mossy from being trapped for so long in the heavenly prison and affected by the humid environment.

A lot of juice kept running down from his hands and arms, spreading almost everywhere and stinking beyond belief.

"Take your dirty hands out, I'll get out myself." Han Qianqian said glumly, "I just think this place is too damp to roast a fire."

As he said that, Han Qianqian slowly moved his legs away from the fire.

Even though he was known as a desert slayer, when he heard Han Qianqian's words, he couldn't help but be stunned.

What the hell, is there such a way to roast a fire?

What made him even more stunned was that at this moment Han Qianqian, even though his legs were taken off from the fire, did not seem to have suffered any injury, he still stood up steadily and walked step by step towards the outside of the house

"You" The monster withdrew his hand and gave way to the door of the house while he couldn't help but faintly stare.

Han Qianqian slowly took a few steps out and looked at the behemoth in front of him and couldn't help but smile, "Is that strange?"