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Ch 117.2

Beheading

There were two officials in charge today. A man in his early thirties actually stood up and asked respectfully, "Official Huang, it's already 11 am - 1 pm. Do you have anything else to say?"

Huang Qi, who had been bowing his head, finally raised his head up slowly. His blood-stained face was full of contempt, but his eyes were bright as he replied in a deep voice, "I have nothing to say." Heaven is not benevolent; a tyrant is in charge, so what can he still say now?!

The other official beside the man looked on impatiently; he picked up the supervision order next to him, threw it on the stage fiercely and shouted, "What are you waiting for, behead him!"

Shang Jun squinted his eyes and recognized him, Fang Fan! Back then, he was also an officer in charge, so he would not forget the face of the leader. Today, he seemed to have been promoted, as his appearance was much more arrogant now than before!

The punisher took a big knife in his hand and stepped up the steps. The people around him unconsciously stepped back when they saw the bright knife. Long Yi Hai had been standing in front of Shang Jun, so one was unable to see his expression. As the knife was raised, at the same moment, Shang Jun noticed his back muscles were tightening, so Shang Jun immediately put his hand on Long Yi Hai's shoulders, grabbed his lapels and whispered, "Yu Han! Calm down!"

The body under his palm was gasping desperately and Shang Jun could feel the sadness and unwillingness in his heart, but at this moment, they could not do anything!

Huang Qi sighed; his life was upright and straightforward, but he did not expect to die for such an unreasonable crime. Forget about it; he was always fair and felt at ease in his heart! Looking at the crowd under the platform, Huang Qi kept his eyes calm and wide open and as he stared at a point within the crowd, the expression on his face became full of surprise. Suddenly, he looked up to the sky and laughed; the laughter was loud and resounding, as he kept shouting loudly, "The heaven has eyes, the heaven has eyes ah!!"

Unexpectedly, before he died, he would see that person again! Over the past five years, he had regretted more than once whenever he remembered that time, and regretted not being able to keep that fierce woman! Today he actually saw her again! No, it should be him. He is actually a real female companion in a man's clothing. With his beautiful and compelling appearance and extraordinary aura, even if he is standing among a group of people, he still recognized him at a glance! The men who surrounded him in the middle looked like they were not generals.

Back then, the three of them did not misjudge the wrong person. If he were a man, he would have accomplished a great deal!

The laughter resounded throughout the sky, so Shang Jun looked up and met Huang Qi's eyes. In those eyes that were wide open, there was surprise, relief and hope. Shang Jun was slightly startled, as he did

not expect that he would even recognize him! After thinking about it for a while, Shang Jun still nodded softly at him, barely noticeable by anyone.

Fang Fan was terrified by Huang Qi's laughter and shouted loudly, "You still haven't beheaded him yet!"

The punisher came back to his senses and raised his broad knife again; Huang Qi lifted his head lightly, while he looked at the sky with his bright eyes and laughed loudly, "General Wu, this person Huang will accompany you soon!"

The punisher lifted the knife and dropped it; blood splashed on the white curtain while a head rolled a few times. In a short moment, a life had passed away.

Shang Jun closed his eyes in pain and his heart was inexplicably pained by the call to General Wu.

However, Long Yi Hai kept his eyes open the whole time, watching the big knife swing down as the head rolled down. His deep eyes seemed to be stained with a bright red and gleaming cold light; for the first time, Shang Jun felt a breath of danger within his aura.

"Let's go, there are still many things waiting for you to do!" After speaking, Shang Jun turned around and walked in the opposite direction of the crowd. Now the smell of blood made him sick.

This would not be the first massacre, nor would it be the last, or maybe what San Er said was right. In order to accomplish something, one must make some sacrifices. If you want to take care of everything, you will end up with nothing, or one cannot take care of anything!

As he lowered his head to think, Shang Jun suddenly felt a cold gaze that made him uncomfortable. He raised his head to look, but there was nothing. He lowered his head again, but this feeling came again, so Shang Jun keenly turned around and a trace of white figure with glaring eyes came into his eyes.

Outside the street corner, among the crowds, the white shadow stood abruptly and the half-faced black iron mask was dazzling and cold under the reflection of the sun. His hair was flying haphazardly while he held a folding fan in his hand as red as blood as he stood there. Over there, it was as if he was not a human being. Shang Jun could not see his expression, but he continuously felt the pressure from him. It was cold, weird and wicked; just looking at each other like this, the palm of Shang Jun's hand had actually become sweaty.

"Jun?" Xiao Zong Qing watched him standing there stupidly, and since he did not answer when he called out to him, he patted his shoulder lightly, but Shang Jun still just looked at him in a daze.

"What's the matter with you?" Xiao Zong Qing looked at him puzzled.

Shang Jun did not answer, but immediately looked again towards the corner of the street where that person was just now... the bustling crowd, everything just now seemed to be an illusion.