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Ch 136.1

Thrown Into Prison (Part 3)

Older sister...

The stern and desperate call seemed to come from a distant place, but it also seemed to be near his ear.

Xiao Er...

Xiao Er!

Shang Jun's originally chaotic brain hurt his numb body, but with this sudden call, he woke up all of a sudden and opened his eyes unexpectedly, which shocked the man in black who was splashing water on him.

It's cold!

It hurts!

Shang Jun thought he was already numb to the pain, but he was not.

Being tied to an iron frame and unable to move, Shang Jun raised his head with difficulty and finally saw everything around him; a closed stone room with two fires in the corner illuminating the surroundings. The eyes all around him were cold torture instruments. The size of the room was small and windowless, there was only a narrow iron door for one to enter and exit. He was in perhaps one of the many cells and from time to time, there were screams and howling that reached his ears. As far as the prisoners here were concerned, even if they themselves were not tortured, listening to such screams day and night was already endless torture.

The man in black stepped back respectfully and said, "Master, he is awake."

The white-clothed man walked slowly in front of Shang Jun and said impatiently, "Master Shang, I have no patience to waste time with you. I will give you two choices. One is to obediently say the whereabouts of Long Yi Hai and Qin Xiu Zhi, and I will make your death easier. As for the other choice, you probably won't like it, but I have been looking for a person to help me test some poison and you are a very good candidate."

With a hoarse voice, a cold mask and an evil atmosphere, if this was hell, then he would undoubtedly be the most suitable master there. Shang Jun sneered and replied indifferently to those cold eyes of the white-clothed man, "Yes. Whatever medicine you do have, just take it out."

The white-clothed man was startled, and the two of them just stared at each other, not giving way to the other.

He hated his cold eyes! Hated his proud face! Hated his disdainful attitude!

Master Shang, darn you!

Although the expression was invisible, the evil spirit that emanated from the white-clothed person caused cold sweat to appear on the other black-clothed people in the room when he spoke. One of them tremblingly stepped forward and whispered, "Master, leave him to me, no matter how hard his mouth is, I can make him speak."

The man in white yelled, "Fine." He wanted to see if his bones were hard or his iron whip was hard!

The black-clothed man picked up a long whip that was more than ten feet long and full of iron barbs as he waved it twice in front of Shang Jun. The long whip swept the ground leaving a deep groove.

"Do you want to say it or not?!"

Shang Jun closed his eyes and slowly turned his head away.

The black-clothed man snorted coldly, "You don't want to say it? So you're asking for some hardship instead." After speaking, the long whip in his hand also drew towards Shang Jun mercilessly.

The barb followed the force of the whip into Shang Jun's flesh, and the blood immediately dripped into the sand along the whip.

"Yeah!" Shang Jun snorted, his clenched teeth just refused to say a word. The man in black whipped a few more lashes, but Shang Jun's weak body could not support such torture and he simply fainted.

The black-clothed man did not care and said to the person behind him, "Wake him up!"

"Yes!" Picking up the bucket of water, the man behind walked to Shang Jun's side and a bucket of water was raised and poured over his head.

"Yeah..." The cold water rushed down his cheeks and poured on his bloody body. Shang Jun was confused and his eyes could not be opened.

The black-clothed man continued to roar proudly, "Are you going to say it or not?!" He could not cry without seeing the coffin and this time he would see if he still would not talk!

The voice in his ears was distant and vague, so Shang Jun slowly turned his head away again, and was still disdainful of him. The black-clothed man became angry, and the long whip in his hand was madly drawn on Shang Jun's body. After venting his anger, the black-clothed man was still angry and panting, when the man behind him whispered, "He seems to have fainted again."

The man in black yelled, "Keep splashing the water!" He did not believe that he could not deal with this thin-skinned youngster.

"Yes!"

The water was splashed from bucket to bucket, but Shang Jun was still motionless as the stone cold chamber was filled with the scent of blood.

"Are you pretending to be dead?" The blood irritated the man in black making him crazy. "Let me see." Pushing the man behind him, the man in black walked to the bucket and poured a spoonful of coarse salt

into the water. The man's eyes widened, and even the man in white who had been sitting aside comfortably, looked at him. There was a slight flash, but he still watched indifferently.

After stirring it up for a while, the man in black lifted the bucket, walked up to Shang Jun and smiled cruelly and proudly...

"Arrrrrrggggg"

The salt water eroded the flesh and blood; it was hot and scorching and every part of his body was like being in a sea of fire. The screaming resounded in the stone room as one was hoping...
