

His True Colors Novel Chapter 2440 - 2442

Chapter 2440

, beside him, stood a little monk who was about ten years old, and he was very well-behaved. His immature face was kind of cute, and his innocent eyes were childlike.

Seeing George, the old monk bowed slightly: "Amitabha Buddha, good and good!"

George also bowed slightly.

"Surely, the donor Han never disappointed

Lao Na, and he followed Lao Na." As soon as the voice fell, the old monk turned and walked forward, followed by George.

A group of three people walked through the bamboo forest to the deep mountains in the distance.

The more you go in, the darker aura grows stronger. Don't say that with the superhuman consciousness of a master like George, even ordinary people can perceive the heavier and more serious this incomparable demonic aura, and it even makes people feel that the wind is biting and cold. The wind enters the marrow.

Even the blue sky above the head was covered with clouds at this time. Coming out of the bamboo forest, even if there were no obstructions, the front was extremely dark.

"These are the demons of the night demon." The old monk said slightly.

"Didn't you hear that Night Demon is invincible only in dreams at night, and he is very weak during the day?" George frowned.

"Who told you?" The old monk said slightly strangely.

George didn't speak anymore. Obviously, the Devil Dragon told him about this situation. Previously, he believed in the Devil Dragon, so naturally there is no need to say more. But now, the Devil Dragon and the Night Demon are in the same group, so natural words are no longer credible.

"Dragons are born to be licentious, while licentiousness is promiscuous. Although not all dragons are like this, most of them are far beyond the decimal point. The so-called world is easy to change, and the nature is hard to change. Donor Han, don't trust their words." The old monk said softly.

"I see." George nodded.

“My God!”

“Master, Tian’er is here.”

“Give the Meditation Pearl to Donor Han.” The old monk said softly.

“Huh?” The little monk was taken aback for a while, glanced at George quietly, and whispered: “Master, the meditation beads are my temple’s secret treasure, not to mention outsiders, even if they are in the temple, they are definitely not in charge. You can’t touch the meditation pearl, you...”

“Tian’er, the so-called rules are for people, the purpose is to build a circle and do easy things. But if the rules hinder these, its meaning will no longer exist.”

Then Hearing this, the little monk nodded, took out a small golden bead from his arms and handed it to George’s hand.

It can be seen that although this earth-colored little bead is full of gold, there is a faint gleam in it, and it is extraordinary at first glance.

“The meditation beads in our temple can seek good fortune and avoid harm and fix the mind. Therefore, all demons cannot invade them, and thousands of evils cannot harm them. If you carry them, these demonic energy will be reduced a lot, and the impact on you will be natural Better.” After the little monk finished handing in, he followed the old monk and said to George without looking back.

George looked at his eyeballs and said, “Master, although George is not a super master, but at least he has the ability to protect himself. Although the devilish energy here is extremely heavy, it actually has little effect on me. You should still take it. Give it to those in need.”

After speaking, George handed over the beads and wanted to return it.

The old monk didn’t even stretch his hand, and smiled softly: “Lao Na knows that the most suitable things should be used by the most suitable people. Donor Han, although you are excellent at first, Lao Na knows that, but the night demon is also extraordinary. Thing is an ancient demon with superior methods and a very evil spirit. The monk in my temple is not afraid of it. At best, it is only a death, but it is a piece of merit.”

“But as far as the donor Han is concerned, if you are disturbed by the night demon demon energy, it is very likely that the demon blood in your body will undergo an incredible and incalculable contradiction. At that time, with you can combined power of the magic of the magic of the night, how can I monks of the temple is the opponent? ” “

If so release double magic, of my generation refuses to terrible, terrible is this innocent lives mortal beings, and that time wiped out ah. “

old George understood the monk's words, nodded, and took the golden bead into his arms.

"The Jingxin Pearl is not for Donor Han, but for the people of the world." Seeing George take back the beads, the old monk smiled and said calmly.

After a few steps, the old monk suddenly asked: "By the way, Donor Han, no one will know what you and I said, right?"

"The master means... You can rest assured that the soul of the dragon exists in my mind, before leaving the city, I had trapped him. Unless I was willing, he could not communicate with the outside world."

In fact, this is the root reason why George is more convinced of the old monk.

The Soul of the Devil Dragon can naturally communicate with himself in his mind, but from the beginning to the end, he has never said a word to himself, not even a basic explanation.

This can already explain a lot of problems.

After all, without such a thing, would the Soul of the Dragon not come out to argue?

Therefore, after waiting for him to leave the city, the soul of the magic dragon still did not explain.

Even now, although George has never trapped the dragon, he does not believe in this monk. He is still waiting for the soul of the dragon, but unfortunately...

George can't even feel him. exist!

Hearing George's words, a meaningful smile appeared on the corners of the old monk's mouth, but it quickly passed by.

"Donor Han is indeed a wise man. You don't need to say anything more from the poor monk to know that the poor monk is asking about the soul of the magic dragon."

"Donor Han, let's speed up."

After speaking, the old monk moved forward quickly. As he walked, George nodded and followed closely along the way.

As it approached noon, heavy rain was already pouring in the sky, and the sound of the Buddha above the head was gradually suppressed by the sound of the majestic rain. However, none of the three of them stopped and continued to drive all the way to the mountains.

“Donor Han, there is still a half-day schedule. I’m afraid it will be hard work. Or, eat and write vegetarian steamed buns?” After the old monk finished speaking, the little monk immediately took out a bag of cloth from his arms and opened it up. steamed bread.

The little monk first handed it to George, but George smiled and shook his head: “No.”

“Donor Han is worried about being poisonous, but it’s still too crude.” The old monk smiled lightly and took it. The little monk handed him the steamed buns, but he ate a big bite very casually.

And that Xiao Tian’er also stuffed one in his mouth, and then still passed the bun to George, looking at him eagerly.

George is naturally cautious, but thinking that he is invincible, George just wanted to reach out to pick it up, but the little monk seemed to have thought that George was no longer needed, so he took the buns back and took a few steps to catch up with the old man. Monk, walk forward.

George was taken aback for a moment, then gave a bitter smile and shook his head to follow.

Looking back at the border town behind him, it was sunny and sunny, and in front of him, the dark clouds pressed against the sky, preventing the Buddha from collapsing...

Chapter 2441

when George and his party were several hours away, the three of them came to the mountains.

Although the straight-line distance from the border town is only a dozen miles, George actually experienced what is called the distance of a hand, it is like thousands of miles.

Although the mountain is close to the mountain, it is really difficult to walk up and down the mountain without using aura to fly.

When George walked into the realm of dark clouds in front of him, he felt extremely depressed.

The Buddhist sound is already very strong, which relieves the depression a lot. When I first heard it, George felt very noisy. Nowadays, after walking so long, I have heard a lot. For comfort.

“Is the donor Han surprised, why do we walk instead of flying?” The old monk suddenly smiled.

George did not speak, but he did not deny it either.

“Buddha sound is inherently suppressed by the Buddha. If you rashly use other auras, it may destroy the entire integrity of the Buddha, and even let the night demon find loopholes. If you escape, I am afraid that there will be endless troubles.” The old monk explained with a light smile.

George nodded.

“Donor Han, we are here.” Looking at the top of a towering cliff ahead, the old monk said gently.

Looking around, there is a protruding cliff top in front, like a head sticking out from the top of a high mountain, with pine trees rising from above, and under the trees, a group of monks wearing black clothes and black clothes covering their heads, sitting cross-legged and meditating, Buddha Sound curls up.

Following the old monk, the group of three slowly walked to the top of the cliff in front.

As soon as I reached the top of the cliff, the sound of the Buddha became more deafening.

But there was no time to listen and see, the old monk had already led George to the edge of the cliff.

When he reached the edge of the cliff, George was shocked.

“Amitabha Buddha!”

“Amitabha Buddha!”

“Amitabha Buddha!”

“Amitabha Buddha!”

The voices of the surrounding Buddhas, from bottom to top, rushed toward the face!

Below the top of the cliff, at the bottom of the 10,000-meter abyss, a large piece of black pressed, like a huge black heart, beating gently and continuously.

Around the cliff, there are mountain peaks on all sides, and everywhere on the mountain peaks are scattered monks sitting in black clothes. They closed their eyes and meditated softly, and the Buddhist sounds suddenly sounded all around.

Such a scene is brilliant and shocking!

The battle of the Demon Buddha is all in front of you!

“Below is the night demon!”

That huge heart stretches for several thousand meters. Even if you look down from the sky, you will be shocked by the incomparable size of its figure. The dark, lacquered surface is even more like the skin of a snake. Slippery and daunting.

“It’s not early today. It is not suitable to do it again. Besides, the sky is densely covered with clouds and the sun is not enough. I watch the wind and rain, the wind will be beautiful tomorrow, Han Shizhu, tomorrow morning, let’s do it again, and how about it?”

George didn’t know how to deal with Night Demon, but since the old monk had a plan, George stopped talking and nodded.

“Buchi!”

“The disciple is here!” A middle-aged monk hurriedly stopped chanting, quickly stood up, and ran all the way.

“Explain your business, can you do it well?”

“Master, you are ready.”

“Lead the way ahead.”

“Yes!” After the middle-aged monk finished speaking, he bowed slightly and made a gesture to George. This hurried to lead the way in front.

After going all the way from the top of the cliff and bypassing a low jungle, he entered a forest of pine trees.

The tree is high and the space is wide, so there are countless tents set up at the foot of the tree. Many monks are resting here, or cooking and chatting.

“Donor, this is our temporary resting place.” After speaking, the middle-aged monk led a few people into the woods.

Seeing the arrival of the four, many resting monks ordered to stand up.

“I’ve seen Master, Brother, and Donor!”

“Go on your own.” The old monk smiled slightly and looked extremely amiable.

After all the monks gave a salute, they dispersed.

The middle-aged monk took George and walked in again, and soon stopped in front of a relatively large tent. Although it was a tent, it was obviously much cleaner and more atmospheric than the others.

“Donor, this is your place to rest tonight.”

After speaking, the monk opened the curtain. Although it is very simple, it is only a bed and a table, but it is also clean and tidy.

“Then Donor Han, you will have a good rest. I will send someone to deliver some fast food in the evening. Tomorrow morning, we will kill the night demon.” The old monk smiled lightly.

George nodded, and led by the middle-aged monk into the tent.

Suddenly, George stopped his figure, turned back and frowned and said, “By the way, those friends in my city?”

“Donor Han can be relieved, but they are all illusions. They are not serious, but they have demons. Angry, but as long as the night demon dies, they won’t see those illusions.” The old monk smiled slightly.

But in the city at this time, it is really as simple as the old monk said, is it not a big deal?

Everything seems to be in the mist, invisible and intangible.

And this night is destined not to be an ordinary night.

At this time, in the inn in the city...

Chapter 2442

“Bang Bang Bang!” In the

whole inn, there was no laughter at noon at all. The ground was full of broken wine bottles and porcelain bowls, and everyone was gone and sang at noon. When I was drinking, I was happy, and there was only endless fear and fear on my face.

Outside the entire restaurant, there were violent knocks on the door, which was so powerful that even the roof dust of the restaurant kept falling.

From the beginning of the night, these zombies suddenly seemed crazy, becoming extremely violent and extremely crazy. They knocked desperately, seeming to want to break in.

Everyone hiding in the restaurant can clearly hear the roar of zombies outside.

“Three thousand have gone out for almost a day, why haven’t they come back?” Fu Mang was frightened and panicked. For these crazy zombies, once they broke through the restaurant’s door, then there is no need to think about it, just a moment of his burly They will be eaten clean.

“What are you doing in a daze? Come here quickly.”

Bang!

With another violent knock, the door was even directly knocked open by a gap, and the tables, chairs and benches behind the door, as well as the people pushing them, moved back several centimeters.

At this moment, everyone was shocked.

Fu Mang nodded hurriedly and rushed forward.

Together with other people, no one dared to be idle anymore, rushing to resist the door one after another.

Everyone knows what it means when the door is broken.

As for the streets outside the door, most of the zombies in the city have collectively emerged here. Almost all the places around the restaurant where people can stand are crowded with zombies that cannot be separated.

But unlike this one, George is much more peaceful.

The sound of Buddha, the sound of falling rain, is quite peaceful and peaceful.

The middle-aged monk brought the fast food, which was not luxurious, but exquisite.

Moreover, specially prepared a piece of meat in George's bowl.

"Master is afraid that you will not eat well, so I specially asked me to prepare some meat. However, we are all Buddhist disciples. We may not be good at making meat. If the donor finds it not good, then..." The middle-aged monk showed his face. Difficult.

George smiled to express his gratitude.

"By the way, this is Buddha incense." While talking, the middle-aged monk took out an incense from his arms, and then said: "I have been enshrined in front of the golden Buddha of my temple, baptized by the light of the golden Buddha, but not immune to night demons. Trouble at night."

After he finished speaking, he lightly lit the incense, and an ancient sandalwood scent suddenly came out. Fortunately, the smell was relatively weak and it smelled good.

"You rest at ease, I retired." With a greeting to George, the middle-aged monk retired.

George did not eat the meal, but chose to throw all the meal into the storage ring for gluttonous food. Although these things are too small for it, they are better than nothing.

Lying in Bedshan, George did not fall asleep, waiting for something with his eyes open all the time.

Obviously, he was waiting for the answer from the dragon.

Although the old monk's words were impeccable, for George, it was by no means a complete belief, or George was willing to give Demon Dragon a chance to explain, after all, they had fought side by side together.

However, the magic dragon seemed to have disappeared, without any response at all.

Perhaps, it is guilty, unable to face itself.

With a bitter sigh, George fixed his gaze on the burning incense. Can this little incense really resist Night Demon's dream attack?

George didn't believe it, but finally closed his eyes when he heard the snoring of the tent next door.

This sleep was the early morning of the second day. What surprised George was that he did not have any dreams this night, let alone the so-called dream monster. He slept very soundly and sweetly!

As soon as I got out of the tent, the fresh and cool air in the mountains rushed into my face, making people feel refreshed.

Yesterday's dark clouds were overwhelming, and they were completely gone at this time, but white clouds were faint, and the breeze was slow.

"Sister Han, was it good to have a rest yesterday?" The little monk Tian'er just came over at this time, and when he saw George, he bowed slightly.

George smiled slightly: "It's okay, I'm sorry for you."

"The donor is polite, you are here for the common people of the world, and we should do our best to take care of you." The little monk smiled softly: "That's right, Han Donor, it's not too early. Master has already set up a great array of magic refining. Let me invite you to go."

"Okay."

George nodded slightly, followed behind the little monk, and walked towards the top of the cliff yesterday.

On the top of the cliff, I haven't seen it for a night, but now it's completely different. The trees on both sides are full of various runes, mantras, and paper money filled with incense wax. There are even a few gods and Buddhas that are hung up. Those monks were not wearing black clothes with their heads on their heads, as if they were wearing yellow robes one by one, holding wooden fish, counting Buddhist beads, and contemplating quickly.

And the old monk also had a golden red robes, holding a golden magic weapon, Ling and the top of the cliff, majestic.

When George came to the top of the cliff, looking around, the monks around him were like the top of the cliff, wrapped in yellow clothes, and the wooden fish tapped, with a curling voice.

The scene is extremely spectacular!

“Sister Han, we can start refining demons.” The old monk looked at George with a grinning smile.