

His True Colors Novel Chapter 2803 - 2805

Chapter 2803

Dad?

Senior Chai?

How could they come here?

Fang Kun was puzzled, but people still greeted him: "Kun has seen his father and senior Chai."

"No, no." Fang Biao was in a good mood, and he patted his son on the shoulder, his eyes full of love. And happy: "Father wants to tell you a great news."

"Really?"

"That is inevitable, Mr. Chai will accept you as an apprentice." Fang Biao said with a smile.

Hearing this, Fang Biao was taken aback at first, and he was dumbfounded. Mr. Chai wanted to accept him as his apprentice? !

Are you dreaming?

What is the difference between this and the pie in the sky?

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

When his son reacted like this, Fang expressed his intention and smiled softly: "You heard it right, Mr. Chai really wants to accept you as a disciple." He said

again, not only Xiang Fang Kun re-opened his doubts, but at the same time, Everyone present once again announced the shocking news.

A group of people stared at each other, their faces shocked.

"Senior Chai never accepts disciples, but this time he has to make an exception to accept disciples. This is simply the biggest news in our desert world for so many years."

"Yes, this is simply too shocking."

"However, the more so, the more it shows that our Young Master Fang is awesome. Only with his superior talent can seniors like Mr. Chai become an apprentice."

“Haha, that’s right, that’s right. .”

While everyone admired, they nodded in agreement.

This not only made Mr. Chai quite happy, but also made Fang Kun and his son overjoyed.

The former is naturally recognized by Fang Kun.

The latter is to establish prestige among the people.

“Apprentice Fang Kun, I’ve seen a teacher...” Fang Kun didn’t say much anymore, even if he wanted to apprentice a teacher.

However, Fang Biao held Fang Kun’s arm at this time, without letting him kneel directly, his face slightly pretending to be angry, and said: “Kun’er, don’t be rude.”

Seeing Fang Kun’s eyes open. For himself, Fang Biao falsely complained: “Mr. Chai is a famous figure in the desert world, how can you allow you to worship your teacher so casually?” Fang Kun suddenly smiled and touched his head embarrassedly: “Why did I forget about this?”

“Don’t worry, I will make arrangements for my father later. You apprehend Senior Yu Chai.” Fang Biao chuckled softly.

For such big things, doing enough cards is not only out of respect for Mr. Chai Lao’s reputation, but more importantly, he needs to take this opportunity to publicize another happy event for his family.

It is self-evident that the Fang family will have a lot of face when this matter spreads out from the teacher, Mr. Chai Lao.

“By the way, with such a big movement here, did you find the Ice God?” Fang Biao asked with a smile, looking around, but the Ice God was not seen.

As if seeing the doubt in his father’s eyes, Fang Kun smiled softly and said, “No, it’s just a little accident that happened here.”

“A little accident?” Fang Bian asked suspiciously.

“Someone is making trouble, but I have sent someone to deal with it.” Fang Kun smiled.

Fang Biao nodded, and then looked at Fang Kun: “Since it’s done, don’t give any clues here anymore. You go to the Ice God and invite him to attend your apprenticeship ceremony.”

This kind of big event of the Fang family, since the Ice God is here. How can he not let his old man know?

This is also a rare good time for the Fang family to show off their muscles to the Ice God. Once this show off is in place, wouldn't the Ice God's balance be biased towards the Fang family by then?

With these three banners, the future of the Fang family will be extremely stable.

"Remember, although the Ice God is low-key, after all, he is as young as you. You must act humbly. You must never hurt the Ice God. Do you understand?"

"This is the most critical part of the Fang family. Something went wrong."

"Understood." Fang Kun nodded.

Upon seeing this, Fang Biao saluted slightly, and asked Lao Chai to go back, ready to prepare for the ceremony of apprenticeship.

As soon as he left, the talented male guard couldn't help but wonder: "Young master, the guy just asked us whether we know the identity of the person next to him or not. Looking at the words of the old and old, shouldn't he... he is the ice god?"

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Fang Kun's entire face was full of disdain. In his eyes, the identity of George Han that the pangolin said was not the same as saying that he was George Han?

He had known this identity as early as the Central Plains area.

George Han's reputation is indeed very useful in the Central Plains, but here, in his desert city, George Han's reputation is still a fart?

Especially Fang Kun nowadays has several happy occasions, not to mention a George Han, even if it is ten George Han, Fang Kun would not pay attention to it at all.

"Only by him? Worthy of him as an ice god?" Fang Kun sneered with disdain.

"The subordinates are just acting carefully. After all, if he really is a true god, we...we can't afford to offend," the male guard said.

After all, the ice god is the god of honor in the desert world, and his position in their hearts is even greater than the image of the true god in the Central Plains.

Because the desert world needs to rely on the Ice God in actual life, the status gap between the two is naturally clear.

Fang Kun smiled, and a trace of disdain twitched from the corner of his mouth:

"Although I can put ten thousand hearts, I know the bottom of the boy, if he is an ice god, I will eat shit to show you." The

male guard bowed his head slightly: "Little I understand."

"Go and prepare the torture instruments, and wait until the young master is busy, and have fun with that kid." Fang Kun sneered.

The male guard nodded, and hurriedly turned around and went to work as instructed.

After dismissing the male guard, Fang Kun was in a good mood. He raised his glass with one hand and said to the people around him: "Okay, the matter has been settled, everyone, I still have important things to do, so I won't bother too much, eat and drink. Okay."

After finishing the conversation, he raised his wine glass and looked around. Fang Kun raised his head and drank it, and helped the eight-poor up to take a few waitresses and hurried to work on his own affairs.

Seeing Young Master Fang Kun getting so close to him, the eight-poor slandered Wanren not only did not have the slightest guilt, but triumphantly winked at several eight-women beside her, announcing his victory.

"Have you seen? Young Master Fang not only helped the old mother, but also helped her, huh, the old mother said, if the old mother is ten years younger, it would be nothing to blow him up. He, but I'm in the bag. That's it." The eight-woman smiled.

The few women next to you look at me, and I look at you, with both disgusting and envy in their eyes. the people on the other side not only quietly pointed the eight women behind their backs, but also secretly sighed that the young master of the Fang family was wise and martial, and wondered how good it would be if a daughter could marry such a man.

At this time, George Han on the other side was already pressed by several male guards all the way to the prison.

The prison is on the far left side of the front hall. After passing by a hall called Yin Yang Si, there is a deep path winding for about 100 meters. There is a large cell in it, and the pangolin was taken there by them.

After that, enter an extremely concealed small path to the end, where the entrance to the jail is located.

And this is where George Han was imprisoned.

The entrance to the prison is actually just a bunker-like bulge on the ground. A stone tens of meters thick is its main gate. Next to the main gate, two fierce stone beasts split on both sides.

The two male guards each took a key about the size of a fist and put it into the mouth of the two fierce stone beasts. Only then did the Shimen slowly open with a huge boom.

Almost as soon as the door opened, there were bursts of nauseating stench from inside, and occasionally it seemed that there seemed to be some miserable screams inside.

If it's an ordinary person, I'm afraid that his legs and feet will become weak when he sees this, but George Han, his face is calm.

"You are really crazy enough. The direction here is for the living people to enter, and the dead to come out." The two male guards beside George Han coldly snorted: "Push in."

George Han smiled and did not speak, but took a step forward. , Followed several male guards into the jail.

As a few people entered, the stone gate behind him was slowly closed. It seemed that because of the lack of ventilation, the stench in the entire space became more violent.

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

The male guard stopped, opened a door at random, and snorted: "Go in."

Although George Han entered, his eyes kept quietly rolling towards the end of the corridor.

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

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, a huge monster that looks like a person but not a person, a beast and not a beast stands there.

His limbs, each wrapped around an arm-like thick iron chain, pulled it into a huge character, even just looking at the strange shadow, it already makes people feel extremely hairy.

Several male guards locked the door of the cell and looked towards the end of each other intentionally or unintentionally, then you pushed me and squeezed away, looking hurriedly back out.

Looking at the group of male guards who fled in panic, George Han gave a wry smile and sat down.

Just as soon as I sat down, there was a sneer at the end of the cell. Although it was not loud, it was full of ridicule.

"It's a rat again."

At the end of the room, the voice suddenly snorted in a gloomy cold tone.

It seemed as if the throat was pinched by something, and the voice was hoarse, but there was a strong evil spirit in the dumbness. The anti-Buddha was like a devil, pinching the throat, clearly separated from each other, but far away.

Hearing this, George Han smiled softly and lay down on the weed-covered ground, with Erlang's legs tilted, and there was no sound of pitting.

"Be farther away, don't abuse Laozi's reputation in this place, you are not worthy." Seeing George Han not answer, the voice shouted angrily.

"I didn't catch myself by myself, you don't want to stay in the same place with me, you can talk to them, what are you yelling with me here?" George Han laughed softly.

"You rat, dare to talk to me like this? Do you know, who is Lao Tzu?" he roared angrily.

"Why? I won't be able to go to the top of a mountain after being in jail? I'm not interested in who you are. To me, we are both toads in the same well." George Han laughed softly.

Then, he closed his eyes slightly. Anyway, for George Han, he really didn't have any interest in this place. Not to mention that this place is a jail, even if it is hell, what about it?

It's just a place to stay for a while.

"Who the hell is the toad in the well with you? You deserve to be compared with Lao Tzu?" The voice cursed coldly.

George Han ignored him and raised his mind.

"Fuck, brat, why are you not talking?"

"Are you dead?"

Quiet, still extremely quiet.

In the next second, the iron chain rattles crazily, and it looks extremely hideous in this deep prison. Obviously, the guy was angry.

"Rice, you are really a mouse, so I will not dare to talk any more

if you confront it?" "I warn you, brat, don't get into my hand, otherwise, I will break your dog's neck."

George Han didn't respond, it seemed that the guy could only sulking out of thin air. After a roar, gradually, with the sound of a few iron chains landing, the guy could only stay in his place alone, I don't know what to do.

I don't know how long it took, when George Han had almost fallen asleep, suddenly, with a muffled sound, a burst of fresh air slowly floated in from outside, and even caused the candlelight in the dungeon to move slightly.

Immediately afterwards, there were waves of footsteps from the outside to the inside. In the darkness, George Han opened his eyes slightly, and saw a dozen people slowly approaching the entrance of the jail.

Although George Han couldn't see their faces clearly because of the light problem, George Han also knew who came.

As the person stopped, and the people behind him lit more lights, the light in the entire underground cell became clearer, although it was still a little dim.

Besides Fang Kun, who else is the leader?

At this point, looking at his cell with eyes closed and sleep Han three thousand, can not help but sneer trace out from between his teeth: "Fire will burn on the eyebrows, it seems that you still did not Jia."

Gently and Sleeping George Han only smiled lightly without answering.

"There's a kind!" Fang Kun smiled coldly: "However, I hope you can be so calm in your stay."

"Come on."

"Yes!"

"Are the gates of the prison locked?" Fang Kun asked softly. road.

"It's locked."

Fang Kun nodded in satisfaction, then took out a few white pills in his hand, took one by himself and distributed it to several other people.

While chewing, Fang Kun couldn't help his eyes with gloomy eyes. He looked at George Han and sneered slightly: "Now, let's have fun with you."

George Han yawned, stretched out, and sat down slowly. I got up: "Okay, but I'm afraid you can't afford to play too much."