

His True Colors Novel Chapter 3070 - 3071

Chapter 3070

how could this be?

George Han suddenly looked at the old man again. He didn't say a word, but Xia Wei on the side didn't notice anything and asked: "Then, grandpa, you usually use this stinky soil to attract blood worms, and then use blood worms to catch this moonfish. Can you live?" The

the old man glanced at George Han, then smiled back: "Exactly, the snow in the land of extreme snow comes quickly, and it goes quickly. There is a window of six hours every three days. The old man took advantage of these opportunities to catch some moonlight ghost fish, either to make up

for himself, or to exchange some money to make a living." "Today, the old man went to the city a hundred miles away to change some daily necessities. It was a little later, although I knew the extreme snow was coming, for the sake of the rations for the next few days, I had to take the risk, and simply met a few three to save my life." As he

said, the old man stood up. Walked to the bed, pulled some hay from under the bed, and put it on the ground.

"Very eve of snow, even if it is a few meters underground, the soil is also stiff as stone-cold, the temperature is very low, although the humble hut, but at least have a warm fire-roasted, three for the time being in the house to rest a night bar."

Then, The old man hugged the hay, looked for a place, and simply wandered down.

The three of George Han glanced at each other, not to mention the situation that the old man said, even if it weren't for this, the one-day journey would have been exhausted enough, and it would be nice to have a place to rest.

After putting Xia Wei in bed, the pangolin did the same as the old man, hugged some hay, found an open space, and lay on the ground.

George Han didn't have the time to fall asleep. He was still sitting at the table, looking at the fish on the table strangely, and feeling the warm current in his body that had grown stronger now.

It's too strange. After eating these fish, George Han felt a trace of true energy in his body fluctuate again, and he was a little worried in surprise.

I have no luck at all, but these waves of anger are like a naughty child rushing out to play by himself. In a way, this situation is good, that is, the body can really be automatic again, but the seal of the earth does not seem to be triggered.

The downside is who can ensure that it will not be triggered?

With this mood, George Han could not fall asleep, and then he took the initiative to pick up the piece of raw fish on the table and put it in his mouth again. , George Han looked completely at the old man who was already snoring on the ground. It was really not caused by his own body, but by the fish in front of him.

Because after George Han fish belly, the energy in his body obviously beats more frequently, and the warm current also becomes more fierce.

What does it mean?!

George Han was puzzled, and what he didn't understand was why the old man would let himself eat raw instead of cooked?

Is this just a coincidence, and is it the old man deliberately?

However, looking at that old man is nothing but ordinary and extremely ordinary, and may even look like he might hang out before himself at any time. To say that he is intentional, it seems to be a little embarrassing for the old man.

If I didn't understand it, Bai Si couldn't understand it. The temperature in the room was very warm. Before I knew it, the tired George Han fell asleep.

This night, he had a strange dream.

He dreamed that he had come to the lake by himself. At that time, the sky was bright and the lake was crystal clear. Several moonlight ghost fish were parading freely and freely. They were extremely happy.

At this time, I was sitting by the lake, holding a fishing rod in his hand for some reason, sitting on the boulder, and waiting for the fish to hook.

Suddenly, he clearly felt that the rod was falling, and the line on the rod suddenly collapsed. Knowing that it was a fish, he suddenly lifted the rod in his hand, and suddenly felt the fish struggling under the rod.

He drank it, and then squeezed it hard in his hand, and suddenly the waves in the water rose wildly, and a big fish weighing about ten kilograms was struggling with his big mouth and saw teeth, unwilling to be pulled to the shore.

George Han stretched out his hand to catch the Moonlight Ghostfish, but at this moment, he heard a sudden laugh, and after looking back at the hillside, no one was there. He buckled his head strangely, and George Han turned his head back...

The moonlight ghost fish suddenly turned into a huge bloodworm head, opened its mouth and opened its mouth, and bit directly at George Han...

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“Ah!”

George Han roared and woke up suddenly. He was already sweating profusely. When he opened his eyes, he saw the warm light of the fire in front of him. He looked around, besides the stove, The old man was grilling the fish on the rack, Xia Wei was helping with the cleaning, and the pangolin was helping to light the fire by the stove.

Seeing George Han waking up, the pangolin smiled helplessly: “I thought you were not afraid of the heavens, but you would be scared even if you had a nightmare.”

Xia Wei smiled softly and complained about an annoyance: “Dead pangolin. , You are not allowed to make fun of my three thousand brothers.”

“Oh, you don’t have an adult daughter-in-law yet. Just help others. If you succeed, then I won’t be able to save my life in minutes?” Pangolin teased the road.

George Han frowned. Why is this damn pangolin joking with this shit topic?

“Take care of you, I’ll go and help George Han wear shoes.” When the

words fell, Xia Wei walked over happily, and then came to George Han’s face, squatted down, and gave it to George Han. Wear shoes.

George Han wanted to refuse, but no matter how she had already started, she could only look around her eyes helplessly.

It’s really strange. It’s clear that I was sitting at the table and fell asleep when I was sleeping, so why is it now lying on the bed? More importantly, did you even take off your shoes?

Thinking of this, George Han couldn't help but look down at her feet strangely. At this time, Xia Wei, who lowered her head to put shoes on George Han, also suddenly raised her head. She looked at herself with a smirk. The next second, her face suddenly melted away, revealing a blood-red face, no nose and ears, eyes like worms, and a slight slit in his mouth, staring at him firmly.

George Han was taken aback and looked up in a panic, but he didn't know when the pangolin and the old man also gave birth to this kind of head, deadly, looking at him quietly from a distance with a wicked smile.

“what!”

George Han yelled and opened his eyes suddenly. The room was still dim and sweaty, but there was no sight in the room, and the old man and pangolins on the ground were sleeping. even Xia Wei sat up from the bed dazedly because of George Han's cry, rubbing her sleepy eyes, and came over worriedly: “Brother George Han, you do evil Dream?”

George Han nodded, not only a nightmare but also a dream in a dream.

“Drink some water.” Xia Wei got up and poured a glass of water next to him, and handed it to George Han.

After receiving the glass, George Han took a sip, but his eyes fell into dullness. For some reason, there was always a feeling in his heart. The dreams he had just had seemed to be...

there always seemed to be connected, but if you want to say that there is George Han didn't know what the connection was.

What is the connection between dreaming and reality?

However, there has always been a strong feeling in his heart that drove George Han.

“Brother George Han, are you okay?” Xia Wei said worriedly as George Han stared in a daze.

George Han came back to his senses and smiled reluctantly: “It's okay, I woke you up, sorry.”

Xia Wei shook her head slightly and signaled that George Han didn't matter.

“I just had two dreams. Blood worm. George Han drank his saliva before he spoke.

“Is the bloodworm so sick that he left a deep impression so that he thought about it day by day and dreamed about it at night?” “Xia Wei cared.

George Han shook his head. He didn't know. To say that the nausea was really disgusting, but George Han had seen a lot of disgusting things, and it should be a shadow of it. Not that it is.

“I always feel as if it is foreshadowing something, but it's just a dream, what can it foreshadow?” “George Han shook his head, somewhat depressed.

Xia Wei smiled and patted George Han on the shoulder: “Rather than thinking so much here, or... go out with you for a look?”

George Han narrowed his eyes and went out for a look?!