

His True Colors Novel Chapter 3114 - 3115

Chapter 3114

“I’ll go to your uncle.”

As George Han shouted, Pan Gu axe suddenly cut down.

“Pong!” The

little black stick ran when he wanted to turn around, but how could he have time in such a close environment?

With a clear sound in time, the cargo was directly stunned by the axe, and hit it directly on the ground.

George Han smiled and suddenly moved his hand. Volley rescued the little black stick directly, and then shook it back in his hand, slaShaneng with his backhand on the wall of flesh, George Han regained his skill and sat peacefully. Above the handle of the Pangu axe.

Looking closely at the black stick, it was exactly the same as what I saw just now. With a little luck in his hand, he walked around the little black stick, and was shocked to find that even the slightest aura fluctuations on the little black stick. No.

This damn thing is really weird.

In the last second, it was still alive and fierce, and at the same time it was as spiritual as a human being.

But in a blink of an eye, this product was suddenly nothing like scrap.

Is this too ridiculous?

“Pretend to be dead?” George Han frowned slightly, and when he was about to move it, he was surprised to find that at the tail of the stick, a faint green liquid was seeping from there and dripping continuously.

At a glance, it really looks a bit like a person who was killed, meaning that he was bleeding for the last time.

If it is acting dead, then George Han would really boast, this demo is quite good at acting, although he is not human, but he does bad things better than humans.

“Okay, don’t pretend, you want to pretend to be, I’m not welcome.” George Han said, holding it directly under the axe.

However, after a long time, this little black stick still didn’t show any response. This made George Han really dumbfounded at the time. Is it possible that he was really killed by Pangu axe?

Thinking about it, it seems that this possibility does not seem to be ruled out. Although this little black stick is quite strange, it is really too bullying for the king of all things like the Pan Gu Axe.

Although the Pan Gu Axe is almost the same as it is not enlightened now, there is a saying that a lean camel is bigger than a horse after all.

However, it was precisely because of the state of Pan Gu Axe and such awesome uniqueness that George Han could have something to defeat him without using any energy to avoid being absorbed by it.

“If you really die, that’s okay, I will take you back to the storage space.” After the words were over, George Han raised his hand and started to act.

But almost at this moment, the little black stick moved slightly. Although it was unusually subtle, it was long enough for George Han to catch it.

This guy is really pretending to be dead.

However, the close contact clearly made George Han more curious about this stuff, rather than angry.

It is completely inanimate, so let alone a human being, even if it is not even a monster, it is not worthy of it, there is no real energy in the stick body at all, so it can’t be a tool, a sword. Soul or something.

It is a simple black stick. Although I don't know what the material is, the texture is a very ordinary black long stick.

But...

but it's that simple, such a pure thing, but it has the ability and behavior that ordinary people can't imagine. If George Han hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he wouldn't even believe that there could be such a thing in this world.

"What the hell are you?" George Han couldn't help frowning.

I asked, but the thing did not reflect the slightest.

George Han is naturally not reconciled, how can he be overcome with curiosity? Continue to add, "Also, why are you attacking me?"

"Damn, if I remember correctly, you belong to me."

"It's difficult, because I threw you into these green juices." , So your kid retaliates against me?"

George Han was obviously like a child with question marks, waiting for the response from that thing, but the thing was still the same as before, lying motionless in George Han's hands.

Even if George Han threatened it again on the axe blade, it still remained the same.

Is it true that it's dead?

Suddenly, when George Han was very puzzled, his eyes suddenly gathered again. He thought he understood. Could it be because of it?

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Thinking of this, George Han looked at the green juice on the ground.

It didn't reflect before, but since it was thrown into the green juice, it moved.

It originally had a reflection, but under Pangu's axe, it sprayed all the goods, and the green juice came out, and it didn't move again.

Everything seems to have something to do with those green juices.

Thinking of this, George Han glanced at the little black stick in his hand. No matter what, he was already like this anyway. It's better to use a dead horse as a living horse doctor.

Thinking of this, George Han Yunqi could really wrap the little black stick, took it all the way to the ground, and then directly soaked it in the green juice.

Sure enough, the green juice soon became the same as before, with many blisters popping up and ringing non-stop.

And the little black stick that can really be controlled seems to have regained vitality.

“Wow!”

As the green juice exploded, the Zhenheng controlled by George Han was immediately broken, and the little black club flew again just like before.

After making a circle in the air, the guy stared at George Han again, as if he was about to launch an attack at any time.

“Your uncle, are you still here?” George Han was depressed, and he could really go around, fly away from the Pangu axe and stand in the air. Afterwards, he held it in his hand and the Pangu axe returned to his hand.

Seeing the Pangu axe, the small black stick was obviously back a few meters back. Although there was no human expression, its actions had already shown that this product had been stunned.

Seeing it like that, George Han smiled slightly, his face a little smug.

Grandma's, play with me, can you play with me?

However, it seemed that George Han smiled contemptuously and triumphantly, and the little black stick was also obviously provoked to anger, and suddenly an acceleration came directly towards George Han.

“Your uncle, are you really here?” George Han shouted, very depressed.

However, he was not afraid. He found the way to deal with this guy. Naturally, not only did he not panic at all, he was confident, and even his every step was ridiculous.

This guy is not in a hurry to attack at all. Every time when the little black stick is about to attack him, he uses his speed to suddenly open the distance. Hacked.

It's nothing more than slaShaneng, the little black stick really dodges in a hurry, but after looking back, it turns out that this stuff was cut in half and taken back, making it clear that he was molesting the little black stick.

If the little black stick is really emotional and can talk like a human being, he must jump on the beam of the room and scream at George Han with his arms on his hips, you mean villain.

At this time, George Han was not ashamed, but always amused.

He even completely forgot his current dangerous situation.

“You're so funny.” Just when George Han was triumphant, at this time, the voice of the magic dragon rang in his mind.

George Han was taken aback for a moment and touched his head awkwardly, a little embarrassed.

This little black stick really made George Han very curious, so it made George Han's heart up for a while, but he forgot that he was in a dangerous situation.

“Okay, let's not play.” George Han waved his hand: “I'll go to level it out and study it after I get out. You don't know how fun this thing is.”

“Hahahaha.” The soul of the magic dragon couldn't help but smile, the laughter was rigid and fixed. It was clearly not a simple smile, but more like a big fool: “What did you call that thing just now?”

” What's the matter ?”

“There is a problem. Is it? Call it a fire stick?”

“No problem, of course no problem.” The dragon snorted disdainfully:
“I am out to stop you, not to tell you that you are in a dangerous environment now, but to tell you.....”

“Hey, my fucking mother doesn’t know how to talk about you.”

“...” George Han was depressed: “Miscellaneous, what can

I say? ” “Hehe, what dare I say? The whole world treats it as a toy I’m playing, I’m afraid this is something you fucking dare to do, so you are ashamed to ask me if I’m messed up?”