

# His True Colors Novel Chapter 3118 - 3119

## Chapter 3118

Thinking of this, George Han moved slightly and took the Pangu axe in his hand directly.

As the Pangu axe was taken away, the little black stick's original and retreating stalemate suddenly found a change. After about a few seconds after being stunned in place like a human, it suddenly understood that there was no threat and began to slow down to George Han. Turn slowly.

Like a wolf, considering the danger of the prey in front of him.

"Leave the horse here." George Han smiled, his hands moved slightly, and the sky fire moon wheel was already condensed in his palm.

"Isn't it arrogant just now? Didn't you really want to kill me? Come and try before I don't want to use the Pangu axe. This is your last chance." George Han said with a smile.

Hearing this, it seemed to be silent for a moment. The next second, its body suddenly rushed towards George Han.

George Han was not idle either, gathering the sky fire and moon wheel with his hands, quietly waiting for its arrival.

A few tens of meters, a dozen meters, a few meters, even, right in front of you.

For the little black stick, George Han at this time seemed to be waiting for the right time to strike it dead.

But for George Han, this is not always the case.

"Tianhuo, moon wheel!"

Near, near, almost a meter away, George Han patted with both hands, and Tianhuo moon wheel seemed to be about to come directly to a double ghost to pat the door.

But...

But just at the moment of this one shot, the two-handed skyfire moon wheel suddenly disappeared completely.

Why are you doing this?

“Hehe, demo!”

George Han smiled grimly, his hand was already moving, and Pangu axe appeared in his hand immediately.

Get up!

Axe down!

Pong! ! !

With another crisp sound, the little black stick that had been charging vigorously suddenly froze in place.

It's like a person who has been suddenly silly, stagnating in the air...

If this guy can talk at this time, he will definitely look at George Han with a universal look, and then say, you fucking Is playing this trick again?

Moreover, it's still very Yin Laozi?

Obviously pretending to look like he was going to go shopping with him, but at the most critical moment, he directly hacked it with a big axe.

This is not as simple as humiliation, and it is also the intention of killing people by the way.

Shameless squandering to such an extent, it is unclear whether the little black stick is human, but George Han is definitely not a human.

George Han was not ashamed. With a light movement, he held the small black stick again, and then shook his hand slightly. As expected, the green juice at the tail of the stick began to overflow.

“Interesting.” George Han murmured. The current situation not only proves the previous speculation of the dragon, this green juice can really help the little black stick to recover, and at the same time, it basically matches the last paragraph of the dragon. My own conjecture about this.

“If it weren’t for the last paragraph, now I look at the situation of this little black stick, and I would believe that this green juice can promote its recovery, but...” George Han said silently in his heart: “However, it is also right. Because of those words, I should have a new understanding of you.”

“Even those green juices.” I

grabbed the small black stick directly and shook it vigorously to shake all the green juice seeping out on its surface. Clean and clean. And almost after George Han finished these operations, the little black stick was just like before, and once again turned into an ordinary stick that couldn’t be more ordinary, motionless.

George Han didn’t have the slightest panic before, instead he showed a very confident smile on his face.

“Now, it should be the most important step.” George Han took the small black stick in his hand and glanced at it. Then, with a slight movement, he took out a small dagger from the storage ring and held it in his hand. .

“Although my method is a bit despicable, but despicable is despicable.” George Han finished speaking, gently raising the dagger in his hand.

Immediately afterwards, he swiped the dagger on his arm, and after a while, a hole was cut out, and George Han’s blood flowed slowly through the hole.

“Either I guessed it right, or you might be harmed by me, try it.” After that, George Han directly aimed the blood from the wound at the small black stick, letting the blood drip down here gently. On the guy’s stick...

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a drop of blood instantly fell on the stick.

Nothing seems to be reflected. Just like blood dripping on ordinary things, it does not penetrate or be absorbed, and even flows down slightly along the tilt of the stick body.

Logically speaking, George Han should be disappointed.

But he didn't, even he was a little excited.

George Han knows how corrosive his poisonous blood is, but what makes people surprised is that this ugly gadget hasn't been damaged by the poisonous blood.

Another drop of blood fell, and then, two drops, three drops, four drops...

even more and more.

When one end of the whole little black stick was completely covered with George Han's blood, George Han was still trying to pour blood on the little black stick continuously.

Then, a pair of eyes stared at the little black stick like a torch.

One minute, two minutes, even ten minutes...

Almost just when George Han thought he had understood the meaning of the magic dragon wrong and was about to give up, suddenly, the blood that was originally on the stick began to slowly appear. Unthinkable changes.

It began to slowly penetrate into the body of the little black stick, and then disappeared and submerged little by little. In the end, all the blood was completely melted into the stick.

"Really so!"

George Han suddenly came to his spirits, and the whole person couldn't help but exclaimed softly.

The so-called one is divided into two, and then ten thousand, but ten thousand return to one, and one return to the root, is not about the great way of the world, starting from scratch, then divided into thousands, and finally thousands of zeros become one?

In addition, the magic dragon said, this product is neither a thing nor a thing, neither a person nor a tool, and everything is aligned toward a final meaning?

zero!

Break it up!

Before contacting George Han and this little black stick, the various weird and all kinds of strange devouring and copying used their own magic powers.

It is really like a huge black hole, what you give it, what it learns, and what it uses.

Therefore, since this is the case, George Han has the simplest idea.

Reset it to zero and start again.

It used to be Green Juice, now it is George Han's blood.

If so, the green juice is the giant fish attacking itself, so it has always attacked itself, even if it has the Pangu axe in it, it is afraid but still does not give up.

It's like a white board, where the mark of killing has been engraved from the time of birth.

Therefore, if it is not green juice but own blood, then it should be marked by George Han again.

This is a conjecture, but also an adventure.

But in front, George Han seemed to have gotten everything right. Not only did things develop according to his expectations, but most importantly, the material of the little black stick had been corroded by George Han's poisonous blood.

The next, the most important link, is also the key to whether the whole operation is dead or alive at the end of the operation.

Thinking of this, George Han stared closely at the little black stick swallowing blood, quietly waiting for its response.

If it wins, everything is fine. If it loses, it sucks its own blood that is far more powerful than the green liquor, and it is destined to become even stronger.

Even something uncontrollable will happen.

After all, this product is a so-called celestial artifact that I have never heard of.

The ghost knows what this guy is capable of.

Suddenly, at this moment, the little black stick suddenly calmed down, as if George Han had lightened the green juice before, and lost everything.

Could it be that everything ended like this?

George Han was a little bit lost and a little unwilling.

But in the next second, a blood-red stream suddenly flashed across it. Although it was fleeting, in the next second, the cargo slowly flew from George Han's palm.

George Han stared at it vigilantly, and it flew to a distance of nearly half a meter in front of George Han, and then looked at each other in the sky with George Han.

George Han swallowed his saliva slightly, not knowing whether this guy was an enemy or a friend, or whether he had a dead button or a live button.

At this moment, the little black stick moved...