

## Immortal 181

### Chapter 181: Abundant spirits

There is nothing new in the Immortal Cultivation World, and the news about the ancestral veins cannot be concealed.

There is no need to discuss the origin and past of the ancestral veins, just the word "source of spiritual energy" has made countless cultivators desperate to give birth to inner demons.

The road is cut off, and there is no hope for longevity!

The East China Sea sects originally wanted to temporarily cover their lids, and before the news spread, they replaced the inheritance, classics, etc. in the door with spirit stones, and harvested a wave of scattered cultivation.

Seeing the news spread, the value of the spirit stone doubled, so I simply started to grab it!

Jindan Zhenjun lays down his skin, slaughtering, looting, refining Qi, building foundations, and cultivating, just to save enough spiritual things to endure before death.

Whenever a catastrophe occurs in the Immortal Cultivation World, the first unlucky one is the loose cultivator. After all, it is safer to bully ten weak people than to fight with the same level.

Zhou Yi did not comment on this, nor was able to comment, but only ordered Yuan Qi to promulgate the rules.

"Those who are not strong in Taoism will be expelled from the teacher's door!"

At this time, without the protection of the sect, it is equivalent to the sheep entering the tiger's mouth. Under the strong pressure of the rules, the disciples who were originally restless began to save themselves in an orderly manner.

The core is the accumulation of spiritual things, and all the spiritual materials containing spiritual energy are enclosed in the sect treasure house.

The spiritual ore is nourished by the spiritual veins, giving birth to various mysterious attributes. After it was originally used for refining alchemy, the value can be doubled, so few people use it for cultivation!

Now all of them have been excavated and used as spiritual stone reserves.

The second is the multi-refining spirit gathering array plate. The aura that erupts after the ancestral vein is broken can save a spirit stone by gathering one more strand.

this day.

Hall of Fire.

Zhou Yizheng meditated cross-legged to restore his mana. Since his ancestral veins collapsed half a month ago, he has stopped practicing the Pure Yang Meridian.

He does divination six times a day, and at other times, he does not eat, drink, or sleep. He uses it all to perform the Jade Dew Art and restore his mana, and try his best to ripen the building wood.

dong dong dong!

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in."

In order to set an example, Zhou Yi released the restrictions on the formation of the palace, and the communication jade slip was no longer used.

Using all means to save spirit stones, the way of life seems to have fallen from the world of cultivating immortals, but the effect is very good.

Top-down reforms are more moderate and smooth.

"Meet the elders, the Nanxi Island disciples were attacked and three qi refining disciples died."

Yuan Qi pushed open the door and came in with a sad face: "According to the disciple who fled back, it was the disciple of the Star Sect who shot, and the fire copper ore vein has already fallen into the other party's hands."

Zhou Yi wondered, "Isn't Old Monster Li of the Star Sect busy chasing and killing loose cultivators?"

"Elder, there are no more scattered cultivators in the East China Sea."

Yuan Qi looked sad: "It is rumored that Li Zhenjun is in the late stage of Jindan, ranking in the top five in strength in the East China Sea, and now he is eyeing the Earth Fire Palace, should we abandon the ore vein and move to Jiuzhou earlier?"

"Old Monster Li is fighting everywhere, go and collect some objects that have been contaminated with his breath."

Zhou Yi pondered for a moment, then ordered: "Then the disciples in the sect will be sent to prepare, and after the annexation of the Xingchen sect, the sect will be relocated directly!"

"As ordered."

Yuan Qi bowed to take orders, turned into an escape light and left.

"Jiuzhou, it's not safe either!"

Zhou Yi frowned slightly. In theory, the deepest depths of the East China Sea are the safest. There is no spiritual energy, and the broken ancestral veins cannot spread.

After hiding for three to five hundred years and waiting for Xiao Tiezhu to sit down, there will be no Yuanying Daojun in the world.

There may be three or five remaining Jindan Zhenjun, and Zhou Yi is not afraid. At that time, Jiuzhou is the safest.

"However, Jiuzhou's mana recovers quickly. By ripening Jianmu as soon as possible, only after the spiritual energy can be completely cut off, can you guarantee that the cultivation base will not fall. However, falling into the realm, and risking the ripening of Jianmu, it seems that the former is more stable?"

"Let's take a look at the situation in Jiuzhou for a while. Once you notice that those old monsters are crazy, go to the depths of the East China Sea to take refuge!"

"The Xuanwu Divine Armor protects the body, even if it encounters the ancestor of the Yuan Ying, it can save his life."

Zhou Yi repeatedly deduced the follow-up matters, and must pass this period of time in peace, waiting for the spiritual energy to appear again in the future. Maybe thousands of years, maybe tens of thousands of years, when the world was alone.

"Xiandao is lonely, walk alone!"

At this time.

A ray of light fell into the hall and turned into a man with a bull head and a human body, holding ten hairs in his hand.

The scalper said: "Xianchang, this is the demon king's hair found from the Hundred Thousand Mountains. The four royal families have it, and the demon kings who are rich in spiritual things are specially selected."

"Poor Daoist doesn't want to give up the skin and rob the monks of the human race. These man-eating monsters, if you kill them, you will kill them!"

Zhou Yi took the hair, arranged the order according to the breath, and ordered.

"Curse and kill one by one in this order. Niu'er goes to the mountain to wait. Every time Pindao touches the blood contract, the curse is successful, and he immediately goes to loot the demon king's cave."

At the moment of the catastrophe, Zhou Yi does not do evil, but he is not pedantic.

Accumulate one more spiritual item now, and it will last longer in the future!

"As ordered."

The ox was about to turn into an escape light and leave when he heard Zhou Yi ask again.

"Niu'er, the Temple of the Four Spirits is hidden from the world, and the three Prime Minister Turtles may be able to avoid the catastrophe. Obviously, you discovered the temple first, but after a few hundred years, you have no choice but to end your life, and you are ashamed!"

"I am so grateful that Immortal Chang can say that."

The scalper looked awe-inspiring, bowed and said, "If it wasn't for the immortal's rescue back then, my old ox would have already become a meal on the plate, and I would have made a lot of money by living for hundreds of years.

"Go."

Zhou Yi waved his hand and looked down at Jianmu.

The verdant buds continue to emit pure spiritual energy and grow stronger day by day, which is incompatible with this barren and decadent world.

A few days later.

Zhou Yi estimated that the scalper had reached the Shiwan Mountain and took out the altar of ghosts and gods. The first choice was the Fire Lion Demon King under Qingqiu.

"Fellow Daoist Fire Lion, rest in peace. Spiritual creatures do not bring death or death, and they can accumulate some virtuous virtues for the poor."

"Pindao remembers your goodness, burning paper in front of the grave is indispensable!"

After Zhou Yi finished speaking, he threw the hair into the altar and began to cast the Nether spell, successfully shaving off 200 longevity yuan for the first time.

After casting the spell three times in a row, the eyes of the ghost statue were red, and the eight arms were sealed, indicating that the Fire Lion Demon King was dead.

Touch the blood deed to inform the scalpers to plunder the spirits left by the demon king.

After half an hour.

Zhou Yi cast a spell to kill the demon king again, and so on, until the ten demon kings died out.

"The demon king is not richer than the real monarch, but there are enough numbers. Ten demon kings are enough for a large sum of spiritual things to be accounted for. The magic secret method is really suitable for the poor, and there is no need to fight and kill, and it will only waste seven or eight thousand years of life!"

A few more days passed.

The ox turned back from the Hundred Thousand Mountains, fell into the Spirit Fire Hall, and spit out hundreds of storage bags.

Zhou Yi took one at random, and his divine sense swept over the spirit stone, spirit ore, and spirit medicine, and asked in confusion, "Which demon king is so rich?"

"Xianchang, I have inquired clearly."

Huang Niuwei reported: "After the ancestral vein was cut off, the four demon kings ordered all demon kings to scavenge all the spiritual things in the mountains, so there was so much accumulation."

"The demon race is different from the human race. It relies on blood inheritance and knows many ancient secrets."

Zhou Yi guessed: "Perhaps the four demon emperors have a way to avoid robbery, and they need to use a large number of spiritual things, so this is the reason. Pindao accidentally intercepts 20% or 30%, and it will definitely annoy the four emperors. First, make a divination!"

Take out the lottery and shake it, and the lottery will land smoothly.

In the lottery.

"Shouyuan curse kills tens of thousands of miles away, and the demon emperor is not easy to detect traces, but just in case, escape into Jiuzhou earlier."

Zhou Yi thought of this, and was thinking of ordering someone to call Yuan Qi back  
~www.mtlnovel.com~ There was a knock on the door outside the hall, and he waved the ox into the imperial beast bag.

Yuan Qi pushed the door open and took out a futon from the storage bag.

"Elder, this is Li Zhenjun's retreat futon. Pindao spent five hundred spirit stones and bought it from his grandson. It must have its breath!"

## **Chapter 182: open sect**

a few days later.

Mr. Li died suddenly and suddenly.

The Earth Fire Palace sacked the Star Sect and rose out.

...

Great work.

Seven hundred miles southeast of the capital, there are continuous peaks.

Among them, the mountain peaks are hundreds of feet high, and the mountainside is surrounded by clouds, which is called Baiyun Peak.

this day.

The peak of the peak flashed, and more than a thousand figures escaped from the ground, and Zhou Yi was the leader.

Most of the more than 3,000 disciples of the Earth Fire Palace brought their families or their ancestral land and were unwilling to relocate to Jiuzhou.

"The catastrophe is coming, and it will test my cultivator's character even more. Treat people with kindness and face it calmly!"

Zhou Yi not only talked about it, but practiced it personally, so that he could really appease his disciples.

Yuan Qi sensed the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, which was much richer than that of Donghai, and asked, "Elder, will you set up a sect on this mountain?"

"Do not!"

Zhou Yi pointed to the ground: "Three hundred feet underground, dig out the Zongmen station, only build a small Taoist temple on the ground, and leave a real person pretending to be a loose cultivator."

Yuan Qi silently put away the plan for the opening ceremony, and wondered: "Why is it three hundred feet? Digging so deeply may affect the concentration of spiritual energy."

Zhou Yi explained: "This elder has consulted the ancient books, and the ancestor of Nascent Soul can pierce through two hundred zhang of earth veins with a single blow. Three hundred zhang combined with the guardian formation method is enough to resist any foreign enemy, and there is enough time to escape!"

"As ordered."

Yuan Qi turned his head and instructed his disciples to escape into the ground according to the sect's drawings.

The disciples were also surprised when they received the order. They had only heard that the opening of the sect established a large banquet and invited friends from all over the world. For the first time, they knew that the sect was dug underground.

Just do it.

The monks cast spells and dig holes extremely fast. In just over ten days, the prototype of the sect was formed, and the building was the same as that of the East China Sea.

After the Fire Palace was built, the opening ceremony did not invite any outsiders.

The front plaza.

There are more than 100 large round tables with spirit wine and spirit food on them, as well as a small amount of spirit fruit.

Zhou Yi sat at a table with the eight real people who built the foundation, filled with spirit wine, and raised their glasses aloud.

"The poor way has been practiced for two hundred years, and I was lucky enough to condense the golden elixir. I once dreamed of breaking through the Nascent Soul and becoming a thousand-year-old ancestor. However, due to the drastic changes in the world, the road was cut off, and I can only live here in the future, waiting for the end of my life. change."

"Since all of you are willing to follow the sect and cross the ocean to Jiuzhou, Pindao will also make a guarantee."

Zhou Yi sighed and said, "In the future, I will send you all away one by one, until there is only one poor person in the sect. Before leaving, I will burn incense and paper to pay homage to everyone's graves!"

The Xindi Fire Palace specially opened a cemetery, with more than a thousand stone tablets erected in it, and each disciple carved his own last words.

At the end of life, someone will bury it in it.

Zhou Yi drank the spirit wine in one go, and said, "You gentlemen, drink up!"

"Drink up!"

More than a thousand disciples responded with a bang, and their reverence for Zhou Yi was comparable to that of the founder of the mountain.

Requiem drunk in the stomach, warm the soul, arouse melancholy thoughts, some young disciples can't help sobbing.

Zhou Yi sighed and did not stop it, the world has changed drastically, and it is the young and talented cultivator who suffers.

How can the old monk survive until the end of his life, and it was impossible to be promoted, but the life will be more difficult in the future. The talented disciple, who has just entered the threshold of the immortal way, has just cut off the way!

Suddenly a disciple shouted loudly: "Elder Tang, when I die, can I pour a pot of spirit wine!"

"sure."

Zhou Yi filled the wine with a smile, raised his glass and said, "Let's have a toast with Pindao first, and this pot of wine will be banned. In the future, I will be in front of the grave. I will be outside and you will be inside and we will share it."

The disciple was stunned for a moment, but he never thought that he had obtained the promise of the elder, and nodded his head.

"Thank you elder!"

Another disciple shouted boldly: "I want to burn more paper money. In the future, when I enter the underworld, I can have more money on my hands."

Zhou Yi raised his glass and said, "Is ten thousand pieces of paper enough?"

"Enough is enough, then we will die."

"It's dead!"

"Pay attention!"

"Hahaha....."

The disciple and Zhou Yi talked interestingly, and immediately dispelled the sorrow.

After three or five cups of spirit wine, the spirit was slightly drunk, and the atmosphere returned to enthusiasm.

For more than a month, the sect has tightened all expenses, and the supply of spirit wine and food has long been cut off, and they can only rely on spirit rice to satisfy their hunger.

Today, the sect established a party banquet, and the sect provides unlimited supply of spirit wine. The good things that will not happen in the next few decades must be eaten happily!

"Senior brother, you said that we are an underground fire palace, how did it become an underground palace?"

"Looking at this bluestone hall, Ye Mingzhu... Suddenly there is a gloomy feeling."

"I heard that demons are rampant in Jiuzhou now, and there is a lot of yin in this place, so there won't be any ghosts, right?"

"It's good when the ghosts are here. By giving away the soul beads for nothing, in the future, the spirits will be exhausted, and they can be used to practice ghost magic."

"It makes sense, do you want to arrange a gathering yin formation?"

"..."

The banquet lasted for a day and a night. After the disciples refined the spirit wine, they began to arrange a great formation to protect the sect.

The elder Taishang repeatedly emphasized that Jiuzhou is no less barren than the East China Sea, and that Jindan Zhenjun is not enough to suppress the sect, so the protection of the sect formation is mainly based on defense and cover.

On weekdays, the breath is not exposed at all, and no one knows that there is a Jindan sect near Qianjing. Even if the ancestors of Yuan Ying come, they must persist for a while and give the disciples time to flee.

at the same time.

A small Taoist temple was established on the top of Baiyun Peak, named Baiyun Temple, and it was entrusted by Zhai Zhenren.

There are more than a dozen disciples in the Taoist temple, young and old, ranging from the early stage to the later stage of qi refining, which is exactly the same as the foundation of scattered cultivation.

This is the secret spy of the Fire Palace, responsible for making friends with the monks near Shenjing and listening to the information of the Xiuxian world.

Zhai Zhenren was over 180 years old, with only a dozen or 20 years of life, plus his cultivation in the middle stage of foundation building was neither high nor low, no one would deliberately guard against the dying old Taoist priest.

At the same time, following the instructions of Zhou Yi, using high-grade instruments on weekdays, and intentionally worn and tattered, is obviously a poor ghost who is not worth looting.

The storage bag contains a complete set of top-quality body protection, attacking instruments, as well as the ground fire beads and magic charms given by Zhou Yi.



...

Hall of Fire.

Zhou Yi took out the storage bag and sorted out Old Monster Li's relics.

"Millions of spirit stones, how many loose cultivators did this old guy kill to rob such a thick family?"

"Hundreds of jade slips of inheritance are really the golden belt of murder and arson."

"The Secret Record of the Stars, the power of the stars is refined into special mana, and the stars can be condensed after the mastery of the practice!"

Dharma body belongs to the unique magical power of Jindan period, similar to foundation building, which can condense spiritual consciousness, but not every true monarch has cultivated it.

The most famous Dharma body in Jiuzhou is the Blood God Dharma Body. Fighting in the fighting method only needs to fit in and punch, and the opponent can be swallowed up. When escaping, the body can be transformed into thousands, and the remaining blood can be reunited with the body.

"The Secret Record of the Stars can condense the Dharma body. It belongs to the top cultivation technique of the Golden Core Realm.

Zhou Yi carefully recorded the secret records of the stars and continued to look up other jade slips.

"Earth Demon Refining Treasures~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ There is also a note from True Monarch Wanbao, and Old Monster Li also participated in the siege of Chixia Island?"

After the ancestral veins were cut off, Chixia Island was even more miserable than the scattered cultivators. Without the protection of Jindan Zhenjun, and because of inheriting part of the inheritance of the Five Spirit Sect, it was simply a big piece of fat among the East China Sea sects.

Zhou Yi carefully comprehended and found that the number of ways to refine the treasures of the earth evil is different from the current world of cultivating the immortals. Instead of refining and integrating many spiritual objects and restrictions according to the magic weapon blueprint, he looks for a core spiritual object and continuously engraves the earth evil restrictions on it.

"The material of the spiritual object can carry different numbers of shackles and prohibitions, engraved with ninety-nine-eighty-one prohibitions, and magic weapons can be made."

"There are more than 180 kinds of earth shackles in the jade slips, which represent different effects. After combining them, they can make magic weapons such as protection and attack."

Zhou Yi immediately realized the source of the magic weapon of Wanbao. He didn't need to search for various magic weapon blueprints, he only needed to find the top spirits.

"In the future, I will slowly comprehend and detonate more than a dozen magical treasures with a wave of hands, and the ancestors of Yuan Ying will have to retreat three times!"

**Chapter 183: slaying demons**

, !

Lecture Hall.

"The Dao is born out of nothing, the spirit is condensed in the void, one yin and one yang nurture all things."

"The Taoist, the use of the five behaviors, is based on metabolism, and the life is endless..."

Zhou Yi wears a jade crown that is open to the sky and wears a big purple robe.

After the reading of the Taoist scriptures of the sages, they began to explain word by word.

Zhou Yi is now eight hundred and twenty-six years old. The first exercise in Tianpao was Taoist martial arts. After that, he traveled to Xiaodan Mountain, Zhengyangyuan and other places to practice for more than 800 years. He has never stopped reading and understanding the works of the sages.

Now, when I talk about it, I quote from the scriptures, and the eloquence is like a river. It not only combines other Taoist classics, but also extends the magic of immortal Taoism.

The small words and the righteousness point directly to the essence of practice.

However, few of the more than a thousand disciples below can concentrate, or their minds are confused, or they are wandering, or even lethargic.

After a volume of "Fubo Real People's Analysis of Suspicions and Mysteries", Zhou Yi's mana was almost restored, and he was about to leave to continue to ripen Jianmu. Some of the disciples below stood up and saluted.

Yu Shou bowed and said, "Elder, this disciple has doubts."

"speak."

Zhou Yi fell into the light of escape, his mana still kept running, and he was constantly absorbing spiritual energy.

Jiuzhou's spiritual energy is far more abundant than Donghai's. Without consuming spiritual stones or taking medicinal pills, it can restore mana four or five times a day.

Yu Shou saw that the elder's tone was gentle, and he was always kind on weekdays, so he asked boldly, "This disciple doesn't understand, if today's spiritual energy is getting thinner and the way is cut off, why is the elder still diligent in teaching scriptures?"

The wandering disciple pricked up his ears, and the dozing disciple woke up instantly.

Zhou Yi said with a smile: "Pindao remembers you, often misses his parents and relatives, and never thought of coming to Jiuzhou with the sect."

"Thank you, elder, for your concern."

Yu Shou's eyes were slightly red, and he fell on the ground and kowtowed three times: "When the ancestral vein was cut off, the disciple left the sect to go home, the parents have already passed away, and they will pay homage at the grave, and there is no longer any concern in the East China Sea."

Zhou Yi asked: "You listen to the scriptures very seriously on weekdays. What is the difference between the poor Taoist's teaching and the scriptures?"

Yu Shou thought back carefully and said, "Originally, the elders were pragmatic and pragmatic, and they talked more about qi refining and escape methods. In the past year, they have been retreating, talking about the Dao, about longevity, and about becoming an immortal!"

"very good."

Zhou Yi glanced at the disciples and said, "This elder and all the real people of the sect, naturally understand why you are troubled, obviously the road is hopeless, but you are trapped in the underground palace and cannot be free."

"The underground palace is cold, how can there be a mortal world of flowers and flowers, and the joy of prosperity and wealth?"

The disciples were ashamed when they heard the words. The Taoist monks recited the scriptures for a long time, and the nurture and instruction they received since childhood was that their practice should be pure and natural, and they should not admire the commonplace wealth.

As a result, the underground palace was cultivated for a year, and many disciples were discussing in private, full of resentment that the sect was forbidden to leave the underground palace.

"Where is it easy to get riches? You go out now and rely on cultivation spells, you can really live rich and chic."

Zhou Yi continued to ask: "However, the spiritual energy of the world is thin, and the monks will be scarce in the future until they disappear completely. What should I do if there is no magic?"

Yu Shou pondered for a moment and said, "The elders mean that you can use the works of the sages in exchange for wealth?"

"Ruzi can be taught."

Zhou Yi nodded and said, "There is no shortage of people in this world who want to cultivate immortals, or people who dream of immortality, but these people are rich and powerful. You only need to know the scriptures of immortality, even if you don't practice alchemy, you can still earn money. Get rich!"

The disciples in the hall suddenly realized that the words of Jindan Zhenjun were not wrong, and the resentment in their hearts dissipated immediately.

Yu Shou asked, "I don't know when to wait?"

Zhou Yi answered with pretentious fingers.

"Wait quietly, the time is coming!"

...

Dry Beijing.

Spring House.

Decades into the future, business is still booming.

Zhou Yi turned into a young man with a shape-shifting tactic. His cultivation base revealed the third level of Qi Refining, and he walked in with a swagger.

After Dagan unified Yunzhou, there were many scattered cultivators in Qianjing. Now that their ancestors have been cut off, many cultivators have gathered here to enjoy the commonplace glory and wealth.

As soon as I stepped in the door, I breathed the familiar fat powder.

Before the old bastard came to greet him, an old man came over first, with two moustaches and two eyebrows on his long face, one up and one up.

"Fellow Daoist, do you want a book?"

Zhou Yi's consciousness swept over, and the old Taoist Qi refining seven layers, asked: "What book?"

Seeing that Zhou Yi had the intention to buy, the old Taoist was overjoyed, dragged him into the luxury box on the second floor, blasted away more than ten girls, and took out four jade slips from the storage bag.

"The old Taoist is immortal, the four arts of immortality are all-encompassing, and the origin is extraordinary. It is definitely not comparable to those wild Taoists outside!"

Zhou Yi picked up the jade slip at will, and his divine sense swept over it, which recorded more than ten formations.

One of them is called the Dust Formation, which is very mysterious and extraordinary. It is said to be able to shrink a thousand miles into a small dust.

"Sure enough, it's extraordinary. I don't know how it came from? If it was stolen, the poor would not dare to buy it."

"Fellow Daoist, don't worry, Lao Dao was originally a disciple of the Five Spirit Sect."

Voidling finally found the big head, and said quickly: "The old way followed Yuan Ying's ancestors, broke into the ghost king sect together, killed a few devil cubs, and found the inheritance from them."

"I see."

Zhou Yi didn't care whether it was true or false, and asked, "I don't know what the price is?"

"five..."

The old man deliberately lengthened his voice and noticed that Zhou Yi's brows were slightly wrinkled, and immediately changed his words: "Ten spirit stones."

In the past, the inheritance of the top secret of the sect and difficult to count spiritual stones, is now reduced to selling it when you see people, and you can win only fifty spiritual stones.

The large amount of spirit stones consumed by the Protector's Great Array is not shared by the spiritual veins. Various sects have repeatedly narrowed the scope of the array in order to reduce the consumption. One day, the prohibition of the formation method will no longer be useful, and the immortal realm will be annihilated.

Therefore, inheritances such as dust formations instantly fell into piles of old paper, almost worthless.

Maybe it was more expensive when it was sold for the first time. After all, it was a rare inheritance from the sect. I don't know how many hands it has sold. Zhou Yi didn't believe that he could kill the disciples of the Ghost King Sect.

"Ten Spirit Stones."

Zhou Yi took out the spirit stone from the storage bag and said, "There will be similar inheritances in the future. Whether it is the practice method or the four arts of cultivating immortals, this real person is willing to buy it."

When he spoke, the atmosphere of foundation building was slightly revealed, and Xu Ling was so frightened that his forehead was sweating, and he nodded again and again.

"Relax, rest assured, the younger generation knows many disciples of the Five Spirit Sect, and will definitely buy all of their inheritance."

Zhou Yi nodded slightly, turned into a flash of light and left, and came back to celebrate another day.

...

Hall of Fire.

Zhou Yi was comprehending the dust formation, trying to integrate into the illusion formation and the gathering spirit formation.

It is planned that in the future, the spiritual energy will be completely cut off, and three to five acres of land will be circled into the size of dust, and the trees will be planted to avoid the world and cultivate.

Zhai Zhenren came in after knocking on the door, and bowed to report.

"Elder, today Pindao participated in the monks' gathering, and the fighting method during the banquet defeated the real person guarding the royal family."

Baiyunguan settled in the vicinity of Qianjing for a year, and did not hide the identity of the real person who established the foundation. After deliberately making friends, he quickly merged with the circle of monks. He attended the banquet every three or five years, and because of Lei Fa's mysteriousness, his reputation in Qianjing gradually rose.

"Now that there are demons in Yunzhou, the imperial court has repeatedly expanded the Immortal Pay Division and recruited monks everywhere to slay demons and eliminate demons. You have defeated the

royal family to guard the real people. Today's emperor is trying his best to rule, and he will definitely want to recruit."

Zhou Yi said: "With your strength, you can easily control the Immortal Pay Division, and then recruit sect disciples to join it. The tide of the end of the law is unstoppable, and the inheritance of the Earth Fire Palace may be here!"

Zhai Zhenren said in doubt: "Elder, this does not mean that the sect is attached to the imperial court, and the royal family of the Li family..."

"Time has changed and the world has changed! Originally, the mortal imperial court could not enter the vision of the sect, but the spiritual energy is getting thinner and thinner. If the earth fire palace wants to inherit a long time, it has to rely on the canonization and recognition of the imperial court."

Zhou Yi said: "Now support Dagan to suppress demons and ghosts from all over the world. In the future, the spiritual energy will be completely cut off, and the monsters will not exist in the world. It is time for Dagan to return to the Fire Palace!"

Zhai Zhenren suddenly said: "The elders are right."

"The inheritance of the sect is not necessarily to cultivate immortals. For example, the classics written by the sages have long since died, but their spirit and names have been passed down to the world. On the contrary, those powerful ancestors of Nascent Soul have remained unknown after their death."

Zhou Yi said: "Earth Fire Palace... No, it's because Baiyun Guan gets the support of the imperial court in the future, maybe he will be able to lead the way, and in the eyes of future generations, you will be like a sage."

"Hey! Daomen's ears! Sages!"

Zhai Zhenren's eyes were full of light, and he was astonished at Elder Tang's ambition, and said in a low voice.

"Elder, do you want to try to stand up Li's royal family, and then Li Daitaozong will take over the authority of the big cadres?"

"The Li family is not simple, don't forget that there are people above."

Zhou Yi reminded: "Dan Dingzong just closed the mountain and closed the door. Li Jiatian Linggen Daoist cultivated in it. As a direct disciple of the head, he may not be able to be promoted to Jindan Zhenjun before extinction!"

"The elder is thoughtful."

Zhai Zhenren only felt that the old bones were rejuvenated with strong motivation, and he wanted to become a sage of the Taoist sect, and he had already begun to think about changing to a powerful and loud Taoist name.

At this time.

The head Yuan Qi knocked on the door and came in, holding a jade invitation in his hand.

"Elder, the Minister of Rites and Rites is here. Tomorrow at noon, Emperor Guangming will come to Baiyun Temple to ask for Taoism."

Zhou Yi took out the lottery and performed the divination technique, and the spiritual lottery landed.

Sign up.

"The time has come!"

...

the next day.

Emperor Guangming's multiplier jade chariot landed at Baiyun Temple.

Zhai Zhenren led his disciples in a line to welcome him, and he entered the meditation for several hours to discuss Taoism.

half a month later.

The imperial court decreed to confer Zhai Kang to be a psychic and show you the real person, leading the post of director of the Immortal Pay Division, responsible for suppressing the demons and ghosts of the thirty-six palaces.

Zhai Kang did not disappoint the court, and invited friends from all over the world, such as Yuan Qi, a hermit from Suwu Mountain, Wei Zhenren, the master of Queshi Mountain, and many monks in the Qi-Refining Period of Three Mountains and Five Mountains.

It has only been a year since the ancestral veins were severed, and the real person who established the foundation has not yet fallen, and is still a rare figure in the mortal world.

Recruiting three real people in a row to join, the Immortal Paymaster suddenly became strong and strong, and sent monks everywhere to kill the demons and monsters nourished by spiritual energy.

The demons were weak shortly after their appearance. Even the fierce ghosts and ghosts formed by resentment needed time to grow. The sect monks cast spells and easily vanished into ashes.

Under the deliberate propaganda of the loose cultivator played by the disciples of the Earth Fire Palace, the reputation of Baiyun Temple spread all over Yunzhou, and in the eyes of the common people, it is the immortal who came to the world to save the suffering.

...

Hall of Fire.

Zhou Yi engraved one after another array pattern on the array plate.

The dense lines condensed into a ban. After the spiritual stone was inlaid, it was activated by mana, and the spiritual light of the formation flickered, and the original palace of more than ten square meters disappeared.

"A single spirit stone can shrink a ten-zhang radius and last about three or five days."

At this time, Zhou Yi was in the palace shrunken like dust, his consciousness swept through the outside world, faintly aware of the distortion of the void.

"The Dan Cauldron Protecting Mountain Array has shrunk thousands of miles into the dust, and there are hundreds of thousands of other formations overlapping and blessings, so it is impossible to see the slightest difference from the outside. It consumes too much, and the aura emitted by Jianmu is difficult to support. At most, arrange another layer of illusion."

"The impact is not too big. After a thousand years, no one in this world knows the formation method!"

Zhou Yi had to calculate accurately, to maintain the triple consumption of cultivation base, formation technique, and spiritual field, the sum of which was exactly the same as Jianmu's aura.

The Longevity Dao Fruit is the core of the perpetual motion machine. No matter the past hundreds of thousands or tens of thousands of years, Zhou Yi can maintain the current cultivation base. On the contrary, with the growth of Jianmu, more and more spiritual energy is emitted, and the scope of the formation will be larger. .

"Earth Fire Palace has arranged the inheritance, and the poor way can be regarded as the end of karma."

"I heard that there is a disciple who joined the Immortal Pay Division to keep a stable place. He has married an ordinary woman and will become a local family in the future. I don't know if he will remember to bury it in the underground palace."

After living for a long time, what I see most is the change of people's hearts, Zhou Yi has long been able to do not force it.

No need to force, no worries!

Zhou Yi promoted the Dihuo Palace to join the Immortal Pay Division, not only to end the cause and effect, but also to use the sect disciples to eradicate demons and ghosts.

After all, the broken ancestral veins are indirectly related to Zhou Yi. The accident caused such a catastrophic disaster and caused demons to run rampant in the world. It should also save the mortal within the scope of ability.

This is also one of the reasons why Zhou Yi returned to Jiuzhou.

"Everything in the world is over, it's time to retreat and cultivate, so as not to encounter an old monster who goes crazy and kills indiscriminately, and becomes a dead ghost!"

"There is an old friend who needs to meet before retreating, and it has been vicissitudes to go out again..."

Zhou Yi thought to this point, turned into a white-haired old Taoist using the art of transformation, and flew to the southeast of Qianjing with the escape light.

...

Longevity Mountain.

Chongming Emperor's Tomb.



Dagan has been established for 600 years, and it has already become orthodox.

When the light of escape descended, Zhou Yi's consciousness swept across the tomb, without concealing the aura of Jindan.

Huang Yuniang floated out of the tomb, frowning slightly: "Daoist friend came to the door for no reason, and I don't know why?"

Golden Core Ghost King, the soul body has been condensed into substance.

Zhou Yi looked at the woman in front of him, her appearance was the same as it was hundreds of years ago, and his mind was faintly touched.

"Pindao came here to apologize, and recklessly handed over the life of a fellow Daoist to Daoist Xuanxiao. He never wanted to cause a catastrophe!"

"It turned out to be a descendant of the benefactor. UU Reading [www.uukanshu.com](http://www.uukanshu.com)"

Huang Yuniang smiled and said, "There is no need for this. What the Daoist did is to save the life of the concubine. With the means of Senior Xuan Xiao, it is only time to destroy the Ghost King Sect."

Zhou Yi nodded slightly, agreeing with what Huang Yuniang said.

Xiao Tiezhu's luck is extremely strong, and he may have obtained the inheritance of the ancient formation technique, or he may have directly obtained the treasure of breaking the formation. At that time, one of the four major demon sects will be destroyed.

"There are only thirty or fifty years left in the life of the poor, and there are no disciples under the seat. This time, it is also the cause and effect that has lasted for hundreds of years."

"The concubine has the secret method of the ghost king sect..."

Huang Yuniang sensed the death energy in Zhou Yi, and knew that what she said was true, she said, "You can switch to the ghost way, and even if the spiritual energy is cut off in the future, you can rely on the evil energy and yin energy to live longer."

"What's the use of lingering on?"

"My generation of cultivators fights against the sky for life, how can they be greedy for life and fear of death, and the catastrophe should come and face it calmly!"

Zhou Yi bowed his hands and said goodbye, disappearing into the sky in a flash of light.

#### **Chapter 184: Wanjuan Daozang**

After saying goodbye to Huang Yuniang, Zhou Yi returned to the Earth Fire Palace to retreat.

Continuing to dig three hundred zhang deep into the ground, the sense of security has greatly increased, and the ancestor of Nascent Soul is hard to destroy with a serious blow.

Zhou Yi took out the array plate and arranged the three-layered array of dust particles, spirit gathering, and concealment.

"Poor Dao is not greedy for life and fear of death, but simply wants to leave a legacy for the world of immortals!"

Take out a scroll of jade from the storage bag, made of sixteen jade slips interspersed with gold threads, similar to the bamboo books used by ancient mortals to record text.

The surface of each jade slip is engraved with inscriptions, and the first one from the right is the word "Peiyuan Dan".

In the jade slip, there are more than a dozen formulas of Peiyuan Dan, which come from different sects and loose cultivators. It also records the essence of refining and tricks, which are excerpted by Zhou Yi from many inheritance books.

For example, one of the excerpts records how to improve Peiyuan Dan, and the whole article is more than 370 words.

The origin is specially indicated at the end: Daqian Qingyun Mansion Sun Shizhen.

This scroll of jade records sixteen kinds of pill recipes, all of which are suitable for use in the early stage of qi refining, and extracts the insights of hundreds of monks. Before the spiritual energy died out, the pill recipe could be said to be invaluable, and now three or five spiritual stones can be bought.

Since the big sect began to sell the inheritance, the classics that the small sects and families regarded as top-secret, instantly turned into a pile of old papers on the bad street.

When you trade at a monk gathering, if you exchange your inheritance for money, don't brag about your origins and add a few touching stories, you won't be able to sell even ten spirit stones.

Zhou Yi, who originally thought it was a bargain hunter, has lost several times the value of the array of books in just half a year.

Immortal Dao inheritance, suddenly worthless!

"Thousands of years later, there may be only Pindao's book-collection pavilion. I still remember that there are such a group of people in the world who are exploring immortality and pursuing longevity."

Zhou Yi waved his hand to cast the earth and solidified stone, turned it into a two-zhang-high square bookshelf, and put the jade book that recorded the pill recipe into it.

Then he took out half a scroll of jade slips, recorded the medicinal pills suitable for the middle stage of qi refining, and began to excerpt and compile them one by one from the countless collections of classics. This is a complex and vast project, and even if it is assisted by consciousness, it will take a long time.

Thousands and tens of thousands of jade slips are scattered on the ground, involving cultivation techniques, secrets, four arts, etc., and you need to check the records by category one by one.

Every few days in the future, Yuan Qi will send a new inheritance, even if he doesn't understand the meaning of the elder Taishang, he will not refute it.

Yuan Qi had only just realized at this time. It was a great fortune for the Earth Fire Palace when the master invited Elder Tang to join the sect!

Even if the name is changed to Baiyunguan now, seeing that the inheritance continues and becomes more and more prosperous, it may even become the orthodox sect after the end of the Dharma, and it is nothing to waste a little spiritual stone.

The price of heritage books drops three times a day. No matter what the price is today, it will only be lower tomorrow.

People are chaotic, and the world of immortal cultivation is close to collapse.

Every time Yuan Qi came to deliver the inheritance jade slips, he would report the situation outside to Zhou Yi, probably because more and more monks went into trouble.

Dan Dingzong and other three orthodox sects still need to face and restrain their disciples, but anyone who has gone into trouble can also be eliminated with ruthless hands.

Only one Qi sect disciple disappeared, as if he had disappeared from the world, and the Yuzhou where he was located had become a mess, and the Xiuxian family and the scattered cultivators under the rule were ravaging the mortal world.

As for Jizhou, Qiongzhou and other places, they have been ruled by demons for countless years, and those monks who originally surrendered to the Allied Forces of the Right Way turned around and turned into evil demons.

The magic way does not originate from the practice, but from the heart!

The inner demon is immortal, and the demon is immortal.

Of course, the changing situation outside had nothing to do with Zhou Yi who was in underground retreat.

After stopping the practice of the exercises, every day is to irrigate the trees and restore the mana to reciprocate the cycle. During the period, I have been sorting out the jade book.

I don't know day and night, I don't know the years, I don't know the spring and autumn...

Flowing water and flowers and spring have passed away, and I have been in a trance for thirty years.

The jade books are filled with bookshelves one after another, in rows and columns, and the inheritance of immortality is gathered in a radius of 100 feet.

When Zhou Yi was sorting out the inheritance, he often encountered monks who had crossed paths, such as Master Xiaodan Mountain Formation, Daoist Hu's brewing know-how, and Zhu Yushu's method of beauty and beauty.

"The longer the time, the more memories."

"It's only 800 years. After 8,000 to 80,000 years, will there be traces of old people everywhere?"

"People can't live in mourning, so... it's time to celebrate!"

In front of Zhou Yi, there were many jade slips scattered, not only did not decrease, but more and more were sorted out.

Thirty years have passed, and the last wave of spiritual energy that erupted from the ancestral veins has been exhausted by all the cultivators.

At present, only the spiritual things are left to maintain the mana of the monks, so that the inheritance of the classics has begun to be exchanged for gold and silver, and the wealthy mortals can buy three or five copies of the cultivation methods.

The reputation of Baiyun Temple in Yunzhou has almost become synonymous with immortals.

"The immortal-cultivation books are as vast as a sea of smoke, not to mention thirty years, and they may not be able to be sorted out in another three hundred years!"

Zhou Yi is not in a hurry. Organizing the books is also a kind of practice, which subtly increases his understanding of immortality.

There is a record in the ancient books that Daojun Yuanying, who spent his later years in the library of a certain great teacher, sorted out the scriptures for hundreds of years, and cultivated into Yuanshen with an epiphany!

"The most important thing at the moment is to build wood."

Zhou Yi looked at Xiantian Linggen Jianmu, and after 30 years of incessant ripening, palm-sized seedlings have been born. The roots of the tree are buried in the ground, the seedlings are exposed on the surface, and the breeze blows, emitting wisps of pure spiritual energy.

"The spiritual energy emitted by the seedlings is barely enough to supply the triple formation, and my own cultivation is still maintained by the spiritual stones."

"The top ten demon kings, Old Monster Li, and the spirits accumulated over the years should last for three or four hundred years. I don't know how far Jianmu can grow..."

Zhou Yi frowned slightly. Foundation Establishment and Gold Core are completely two realms. The latter is beyond the control of human beings. Even if Ivan falls on his head one day, he can easily avoid it by using the escape method.

"It's a little unsafe to escape from the world during the foundation-building period, and you must plan carefully to maintain the golden core realm!"

At this moment.

Zhai Kang's voice came from outside, asking for an appointment.

Zhou Yi counted with his fingers, and before the end of the month when the regular meeting was over, Zhai Kang was the only one who was swept by his divine sense.

First, cover Jianmu with a ban, and wave your hand to open the formation.

"Meet the elders."

Zhai Kang entered the dusty space~www.mtlnovel.com~ and sensed a strong spiritual energy, he couldn't help but take a few deep breaths to nourish his old and withered body.

As the external spiritual energy is completely exhausted, even if there is a spiritual stone to maintain the cultivation, it is inevitable that the cultivation will not advance and retreat. Zhai Kang was supported by the White Cloud Temple and the imperial court, but he still returned to the early stage from the late stage of foundation building, and died on the spot with his life essence falling and refining qi.

"Reporting to the elders, not long ago, the mountain gate of Dandingzong was unsealed, and most of the disciples entered the secular world. How should Baiyunguan deal with it?"

"The world has collapsed so far, and even Daojun Xuan Xiao can't suppress it!"

Zhou Yi pondered for a moment, then ordered.

"You go to see Emperor Guangming, Baiyunguan welcomes the disciples of Danding Sect to join, the real person promises the palace master, and the real monarch promises the patriarch!"

, !

"It is rumored that there are three real monarchs, dozens of real people, and thousands of qi refining disciples who came down the mountain."

Zhai Kang has no opinion on the cultivator of Dan Dingzong as the patriarch, and the strong in the immortal world are respected, not to mention that the other party is not strong at all.

"Elder, I'm afraid that the other party will start anew and replace Baiyunguan!"

"The times have changed! Anyone with a discerning eye can see that Immortal Dao is only the afterglow of the twilight, and the imperial court will definitely control Yunzhou in the future."

Zhou Yi said: "So whether Emperor Guangming is for power or the long-term extension of the royal family, he will definitely find a way to restrict the monks of Dandingzong. The White Cloud View is a useful piece of chess."

Zhai Kang said worriedly: "Now there is only one Jindan enshrined in the temple, and it is still the true monarch of the ghost realm, but not the opponent of Dan Dingzong!"

Fifteen years ago, Baiyun Temple enshrined Huang Yuniang as the ancestor. The imperial court did not care about ghosts or people, and immediately enshrined it as Xuanming Miaoyuan Xianyou Yuanjun, enshrined it for the immortals, and loudly preached that the real monarch lowered Leifa to bless Qianjing.

Baiyun Temple all over the place enshrines \*\*\*\* statues. With Huang Yuniang's repeated actions to destroy demons and ghosts, and rescue and cure disasters, the common people are affectionately called Huang Niangniang.

"As long as you lower your posture, you will definitely not be able to fight."

Zhou Yi pointed to the sky, and said: "Xuanxiao Daojun is still there, suppressing the luck of Yunzhou, and the monks dare not disturb the common people. Besides, Dagan is the orthodox established by the Dan Dingzong. With this great righteousness, who can take the country's dynasty as an act. private?"

Baiyun Temple has a reputation, Dan Dingzong has strength, and the two are combined into one, and the orthodox Yunzhou Taoist Sect has been established.

As for whether the White Cloud Temple belongs to the Dan Ding Sect or the Earth Fire Palace in the future, Zhou Yi can't say for sure. In the current catastrophe, it is fortunate that the inheritance can be guaranteed.

"Thank you elder for your guidance."

Zhai Kang took a jade slip from his bosom and said, "In these years, I have been in charge of the Immortal Benefit Division, slaying demons and slaying demons, and recording all my experiences in it. The elders have always liked storybooks. In the future, when you are bored and lonely, you can take a look at them. relieve boredom."

Zhou Yi took the jade slip and asked instead of checking it immediately.

"How long is Shouyuan?"

"A month at the most."

Zhai Kang bowed deeply to say goodbye, and said in a calm tone: "Xianfeng has a lot of affairs and needs to be carefully explained. It coincides with the opening of the Danding Sect, and positions are also arranged one by one. At the end of his life, it may be too late to say goodbye to the elders, Wanwang forgive!"

"Understood, future generations will remember your exploits."

Zhou Yi sighed, waved Zhai Kang out of the formation restraint, and looked at Yu Jian after a long silence.

Even after thousands of farewells, it is difficult to avoid sadness every time!

Divine consciousness swept across the jade slip, and the content was Zhai Kang's experience of going to various places to slay demons and eliminate demons after joining the company.

"I've been slaying demons and slaying demons for thirty years in the Immortal Pay Division. It looks good, and it's a good time to pass the time!"

...

After Zhai Kang said goodbye, it seemed like a chain reaction had started.

Three years later, Yuan Qishou died, and the court remembered his achievements during his lifetime and promoted him to the title of True Monarch.

Seven years later, Wei Zhenzhen was seated and buried in the tomb of the underground palace.

After that, some disciples of the Earth Fire Palace continued to die, some were willing to return to the tomb of the sect, and some had already married and established a business, and were buried in the ancestral hall after their death.

At this time, Baiyun Temple was already the only Taoist temple in Yunzhou. Compared with the spring breeze and rain when Zhai Kang was in power, the new master of the temple was originally the True Monarch of the Precepts of Dandingzong, and other Taoist temples were regarded as sidelines.

In just over ten years, they were all wiped out, and the "Orthodox Taoist Collection" was compiled to gather the classics of the sages and become the fundamental scriptures of Baiyun Temple.

Fifty years have passed.

There was no one in the Fire Palace.

The huge palace complex is silent. The built bluestone has been compressed and reinforced by the earth system technique, and it decays and shatters very slowly, and can be preserved for thousands of years.

this day.

Zhou Yi returned from his celebration in Qianjing, and when he escaped into the ground, he passed the palace and found a layer of dust in the palace.

"The world is prosperous and charming, how many disciples still remember the sect?"

"Other people can ignore it, and the guy who is dead with Pindao, when he dies, even if he digs a grave, he has to bury that fellow!"

...

Sword Tomb.

The once forbidden area of Lingjian Sect has been completely exposed, and it looks no different from ordinary mountain buns.

An escaping light fell and drilled into the mountain.

The aura suddenly became extremely rich, and I saw that the entire mountain peak had been hollowed out, filled with dense spiritual stones and spiritual mines, and the spiritual energy was forbidden to be extracted by the formation method, and gathered within a radius of 100 meters.

Among them, the white-robed Taoist sat cross-legged, swallowing the majestic spiritual energy in his breath, refining it into his own mana.

The escape light fell to the ground and turned into a green robe old Taoist, with a breath of Yuan Ying Taoist, bowing and offering a jade slip.

"Master, a few days ago, in the southeast of Qingzhou, there were ancient ruins that were exhausted and manifested themselves. After the disciples explored, they obtained a volume of secret techniques, which seems to be related to the disappearance of the magic path and the Qi Zong."

"Um?"

Jian Xuan raised his brows and waved his hand to photograph the jade slip.

Fifty years ago, the righteous way broke the demon way, and found that the three disciples had disappeared, and slandered that the old demon blood sacrificed the same sect. After that, Tianjun Yuanling announced the closure of the mountain gate. Ten years ago, Jianxuan was puzzled and forced his way in, only to see an empty Qizong!

The divine consciousness swept across the jade slip, and Jian Xuan's face suddenly became hideous, and a terrifying aura rose into the sky.

"The method of blood sacrifice, no wonder, no wonder..."

"Hohohoho, this seat and Yuanling's close friends for nearly two thousand years are actually no better than a secret method to avoid robbery!"

Jianxuan waved his hand, Zhenzong's most precious light sword slowly drilled out from the ground, and asked, "How many disciples are there in Lingjianzong?"

Lao Dao has seen the content of the jade slip, and of course he knows what the ancestor wants to do, so he said helplessly.

"The Spirit Sword Sect has long since separated, leaving only the master and the disciples. The rest are making their own way. Now that the various countries in Qingzhou are divided, most of them are in charge of the same sect behind the scenes. Will a sword order be issued to recall them?"

Jian Xuan stroked the sword edge lightly, his voice cold as ice.

"It's so good, and it saves me running around."

a few days later.

The sword orders were spread all over the Qingzhou countries, and the surviving Lingjian sect monks came to Jianzhong with skepticism when they heard that the ancestors had distributed the inheritance of the sect.

The result is self-evident, all died in the formation.

The spirit and spirit condensed into a half-empty, half-truth forbidden pattern ~www.mtlnovel.com~ and landed on Jian Xuan's forehead, as if a bright red birthmark was branded.

"It's too far!"

Jian Xuan sensed the restraining power, which was far from enough to survive the catastrophe, and would only die silently in a deep sleep, looking at the old man who was bowing and waiting.

"Disciple, say goodbye to Master!"

Lao Dao squatted on the ground three times and made nine bows, and the broken Nascent Soul turned into a surging spirit and spirit, and voluntarily merged into Jian Xuan's forehead brand.

"It's still not enough..."



Jian Xuan muttered to himself, his hair was white and blood red, and his aura changed from the righteous to the dark and sinister.

"Mortals are always going to die, it's better to have some value in death!"

"The Spirit Sword Sect has blessed Qingzhou for nearly ten thousand years. It's time to collect some interest and come back. When the poor return from calamity, we will build the Spirit Sword Sect to protect Qingzhou!"

After speaking, he rose into the air and flew from south to north in Qingzhou.

After passing through the cities and villages, he stopped to escape, opened his mouth and inhaled, and thousands of mortals swallowed their spirits and souls.

### **Chapter 186: Zhenshi Daojun**

, !

Yuancheng.

A small county in the east of Qingzhou.

early morning.

Misty mist.

There were many people sitting on the benches outside the breakfast shop.

Drinking soy milk dipped in fried dough sticks, and telling some recent anecdotes to familiar people, several children chased back and forth around the table, making crisp laughter.

It's hard to say that the county magistrate has a gentle breeze, but it doesn't blow three feet off the ground, and the people in the city live well.

suddenly.

Boundless black clouds floated from the sky, and the sky, which was not yet completely clear, became dark and gloomy again.

"How can you change today?"

The one who spoke was a short-handed man. He quickly drank the soy milk and took out a copper coin from the chain. He raised his hand and was about to call the proprietress.

call--

A gust of cold wind blew, and the spring heat dissipated in an instant, and the gloomy atmosphere swept across the county.

The man who paid the money only felt that his lower body was stiff. He looked down and saw Bingling spreading from his legs to his upper body. Before he could scream in pain, the whole person had completely banned Bingbing.

Wisps of vitality, qi and blood, and soul drifted out and gathered towards the dark clouds in the sky.

The living person turned into a dead bone in an instant, still maintaining the action of giving money before his death. The same is true for everyone around. The children playing on the ground landed on one foot, the dead bone could not support the weight of the upper body, and fell to the ground and shattered.

The boundless dark clouds continued to drift forward after swallowing all the creatures in the city.

At this time.

A flame of fire flew from the east and stopped more than ten miles away from the cloudy cloud. The figure of the manifested figure was Xiao Tiezhu.

"Senior Jianxuan, you have fallen into a demon!"

"It's you?"

Jian Xuan's voice came from the dark clouds, and it was mighty, as if countless people were talking at the same time: "A junior, without the blessing of heaven and earth, dare to take care of this seat?"

"So, senior is obsessed?"

The Shenhua fan in Xiao Tiezhu's hand rose against the wind, turning into two feet long and short, and the fierce Shenhua burned the gloomy cold air cleanly.

"Junior, if you hadn't provoked the war between the righteous and the demons, how could this seat be in such a state? I planned to spare your life, but since it was delivered to the door, it was just for the blood sacrifice of this seat!"

While Jian Chen was speaking, he manipulated the clouds in the sky to kill him.

The gloomy and ghostly fog covering a radius of hundreds of miles was endless at a glance, and Xiao Tiezhu was as tiny as an ant in front of him.

"Evil devil, be punished!"

Xiao Tiezhu's expression was solemn, the divine fire fan was waving one after another, and hundreds of fire dragons roared towards the dark clouds.

A transparent sword light appeared behind Xiao Tiezhu, penetrated the back of his heart silently, smashed the internal organs, and left a transparent hole in the front and back the size of a human head.

The breath quickly dissipated, Xiao Tiezhu glanced at his chest in disbelief, and fell from the air.

"Jie Jie Jie! The world only knows the name of the lightsaber, which is the treasure of the Lingjian sect, but they don't know that the sword is an ancient invisible sword!"

Jian Xuan stood on the cloudy cloud and waved his hand over Xiao Tiezhu's corpse: "The mere Yuan Ying dared to provoke this seat. If it wasn't for the blessing of luck, which round would you lead the right path, the Pill Cauldron Sect would have been wiped out long ago."

"Unfortunately, the dead Nascent Soul has lost most of its energy, blood, spirit and soul!"

As he spoke, the imprint on his forehead shone with divine light, covering Xiao Tiezhu, trying to refine his corpse.

Suddenly, Xiao Tiezhu opened his eyes, his breath was reborn from death, he opened his mouth and spat out a demon-killing orb, which slammed into Jian Xuan's head at close range.

boom!

Jian Xuan's head shattered in an instant, and the tyrannical power of the Demon Extinguishing Orb sent Xiao Tiezhu flying for several miles.

"what!"

With a shrill scream, the three-foot primordial spirit escaped from Jianxuan's body, ignoring the resentment of Xiao Tiezhu and escaping directly into the distance.

"Fellow Daoist, please stay!"

Xiao Tiezhu's body shone with blood, directly consuming his blood essence and life essence, turning into a crimson escape light to catch up with his primordial spirit.

Jian Xuan was already lingering, how dare he burn his Shou Yuan, and when he saw the light from behind chasing after him, he even gave up his skin and begged for mercy: "Fellow Daoist Xiao, forgive me, you and I have no deep hatred, and the poor Taoist is willing to teach you the secret technique of avoiding robbery."

"Just a blood sacrifice to prolong life!"

Xiao Tiezhu laughed and said, "There are three such spells in the hands of the poor Taoist, among which there are secrets of the Heaven Sect, how can you give them?"

While speaking, he waved a few thunderbolts, and Yuanshen was attacked one after another, which became more and more illusory.

Jian Xuan screamed in shock: "Fellow Daoist Xiao, God only wants to use you to cut off the ancestral veins. Now that your luck has dissipated, and seeing that you have stopped at Nascent Soul, why do you work so hard?"

"Pindao doesn't care about the dissipation of luck, and he won't hold grudges..."

Xiao Tiezhu escaped a little faster: "I just think that demons who commit crimes should be punished!"

The Shenhua fan brushed its head towards Jianxuan, the raging flames enveloped the primordial spirit and continued to burn, and the screams continued for a long time before it was completely silent.

puff!

Xiao Tiezhu couldn't bear it any longer, he opened his mouth and spat out blood, his face was as pale as frost, and his breath was sluggish.

"Fortunately, this greedy and impoverished corpse, if he really casts a spell to destroy the corpse and destroys the traces, this avatar can't be saved, so God still takes care of us!"

Wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, he turned into an escape light and flew towards Yunzhou.

...

Hundreds of cities in Qingzhou turned into ghosts, and such a terrifying thing could not be concealed at all.

With the help of Dan Dingzong, the truth quickly spread throughout Jiuzhou.

Lingjianzong transformed the \*\*\*\* Tianjun Jianxuan into the devil, sacrificed blood to the Qingzhou people in order to prolong his life, and finally died under the fan of Xuanxiao Daojun Shenhao.

At the same time, Dan Dingzong spread the words of Daojun Xuanxiao all over the world of cultivating immortals. He would not care about the fighting methods of monks.

Some of the Yuan Ying ancestors, who were thinking about ghosts, were silent for a while.

Comparing the strength gap with Tianjun, and thinking about the gap with Xuanxiao Shouyuan, I feel ashamed for a while.

Yizhou, Wanfo Temple.

The sound of chanting sutras and the humming of wooden fish can be seen from miles away.

Back Mountain.

An inconspicuous little temple of blue bricks and grey tiles.

"Zen Master, that Xuanxiao's slashing against the Heavenly Monarch must have been seriously injured. It's a good time for Buddhism!"

Faming's expression was solemn, and his voice was low: "Magic Dao and Yiqi Zong are self-proclaimed by secret methods. If they survive the catastrophe and rebuild the inheritance in the future, how can there be a place for Buddhism?"

"Amitabha!"

Miao Shan proclaimed the Buddha's name, folded his hands, and said with compassion: "I don't go to hell, who will go to hell! Going to investigate carefully, make sure that Xuan Xiao is seriously injured, and the poor monk will go to the Western Heaven with tens of thousands of Buddhist practitioners for bliss!"

Since the aura disintegrated, the world of immortal cultivation has long ceased to be prosperous in the past, and only relying on Buddhist monks to make up enough blood sacrifices.

Thirty years have passed in an instant.

Dan Dingzong has repeatedly reported bad news that Xuan Xiao was seriously injured and was about to die, relying on Zongmen medicinal pills to barely maintain his lifespan.

Until the end of Shouyuan, the \*\*\*\* monk of Fa Wen, he used the pretext of joining forces to conquer the devil way back then, and went to the door to say goodbye, and finally saw the dying Taoist Xuanxiao with his own eyes.

years later.

Buddhism held a water and land conference and invited thousands of believers to gather at the Wanfo Temple.

The dharma meeting has not yet started~www.mtlnovel.com~ The sky is full of firelight and Buddha light shrouded the Ten Thousand Buddhas Temple.

...

Fire Palace.

Lonely, cold, as if the world was left behind.

The changes in the outside world have nothing to do with Zhouyi, and I concentrate on cultivating and building wood, sorting out the Taoist scriptures,

Jianmu was already three feet tall, the straight purple stems were not forked, and some buds grew on the stems.

Zhou Yi consumed Shou Yuan to condense the jade dew of good fortune, dripped it on the building wood, and then released a surging spiritual energy.

"There are still more than half of the spiritual things in the storage bag. Jianmu can at least give birth to nine feet. It will not be difficult to maintain Jindan cultivation in the future!"

Zhou Yi's face was full of joy. After ninety years of solitary retreat, the method of escaping the world finally took shape.

Pick up the lottery tube from the side and perform a small sky-cutting technique.

The lottery landed.

The light shines and condenses into words, which is a good omen!

### **Chapter 187: 3 Meet Xuanxiao**

Xuan Xiao!

"It turned out to be Tiezhu on the sign."

Zhou Yi pondered for a moment, then opened his mouth and put Jianmu in his belly, be sure to carry it with him.

There are many people with bad luck in the world. If Zhou Yi goes out, he accidentally burrows into the ground six hundred feet underground, enters the ban by mistake, and then loots everything.

"The poor way consumes tens of millions of years of life, and if the ripening innate spiritual roots are lost, it will be a big joke all the time!"

Zhou Yi moved towards the medicine field in the distance, beckoned and shouted, "Niu'er, I've been here for decades, let's go outside together."

The scalper rolled on the spot when he heard the words, manifesting the demon body into a one-horned steak.

The ginseng doll put away the medicine hoe, and climbed onto the scalper's head, like a green straw hat, and said with a small face: "Xianchang, the blood vine demon is dying, give it a few spirit stones."

The blood vine demon is getting shorter and shorter, and now it is only more than thirty feet long, and its red skin has withered yellow spots.

When I heard the ginseng doll talking, I didn't know if it was shaking its head or tail, sending out a message of prayer and longing.

"There has never been a blood vine monster in the classics. You have been raised for five or six hundred years, and it is only a little bit smarter than your natural instinct. It is not known how far it is from turning into a form."

Zhou Yi sighed and shook his head, took ten pills from the storage bag, hesitantly put back five pills, and sprinkled them in the medicine field.

The blood vine demon sensed the spiritual energy, serpentinaely crawled over, stopped when it approached the spiritual stone, cut off most of it with a creaking sound, and threw it into the distance, leaving only three feet long to coil on the spiritual stone to absorb and refine.

"Thousands of Frost Heavens are competing for longevity!"

"Even if there are only instinctive vines, there is also the courage to survive by cutting off the tail, how can we such as monks be afraid?"

Zhou Yi slapped his palms in admiration, took out ten more spirit stones, and placed them beside the blood vine demon.

It jumped on the scalper, turned into a light, and flew to the northwest.

...

Dry Beijing.

Qinghua Square.

Adjacent to the palace, it was originally the residence of the imperial court.

With the continuous expansion of Xianfengsi and Baiyunguan, in Erfenfang City, even the princes and princesses have to obediently present them to the mansion.

It was during the morning class, and the disciples in the observation looked solemn and recited the Taoist scriptures in unison.

The green smoke curls up, and the incense is at its peak.

Daomen is the state religion of Daqian, while Baiyunguan is the leader of Daomen, and has terrifying influence in the imperial court and the mortal world.

The sound of chanting contains incantations, and the incense and green smoke are mixed with a little spiritual energy, condensing into a faint light of magic. The believers who came to the incense and worshipped God early in the morning were nourished by the light of the Dharma, and they could not help but feel refreshed and healthy.

After the spiritual energy of the mortal world was cut off, the demons and ghosts disappeared. Occasionally, there are ghosts that accumulate in the mountains and corners and condense into ghosts.

The cultivator's eyes were red when he heard the news, and he rushed towards the ghost. The soul orb formed after beheading can be used to cultivate spiritual mana.

The inheritances of the major sects are scattered, and there is no shortage of ghost cultivation methods. The defect of fear of thunder tribulation has now disappeared, and only the benefits of longevity are left.

All the cultivators who have the conditions will turn into ghost cultivators, barely surviving, even if they fail to do so, they will practice a few yin evil spells, and use the soul beads to cast spells to reduce the consumption of spiritual energy.

As a result, Xianfengsi quickly fell from the peak of power, and the reputation of Baiyunguan was also affected.

The common people are very forgetful, not to mention that after three or four generations, most of the images of Baiyunguan disciples slaying demons and slaying demons are only in the book. Even the young ones have never seen a demon before, they just feel that the older generation has been deceived, and the bull nose will deceive the old man!

Faith is the foundation of Taoism inheritance!

The few remaining real people in Baiyun Temple, after careful consideration, cut off the supply of spiritual stones for cultivation.

Strengthening the body and requiem are mixed into the scriptures. When reciting, the spiritual stone is activated, and after mixing with incense, it forms a spiritual light that nourishes the body of the believers.

The believers benefited when they worshipped and realized the mystery of Baiyun Temple, and their beliefs became more and more pious!

"The immortal way is gradually disappearing, and Taoism is becoming more and more prosperous. There are experts in Baiyun Temple!"

"First look for someone to inquire about the situation in the Xiuxian world. I haven't seen Xiao Daoyou for hundreds of years, and I miss him a bit."

Zhou Yi has been in seclusion for decades, and has been forgotten by the world. Perhaps there are a few remaining disciples of the Earth Fire Palace who have long forgotten this Supreme Elder.

In recent decades, there have been so many true monarchs and dao monarchs who have passed away, or have fallen to their realm and died, so that the respect and fear of cultivators for Jindan Yuanying has long been less than what it used to be.

Divine Sense swept across the White Cloud Temple, and noticed the only foundation-building aura, Zhou Yi Danguang landed in the Taoist Patriarch Hall.

Immortal Xuanren's eyes flashed with aura, and when he saw someone manifesting, he subconsciously pressed the long sword on his waist, only to feel the terrifying mana descending, and his body was imprisoned in place and unable to move.

Zhou Yi looked at the appearance of the Taoist priest, his face was like a crown of jade, and he was no more than fifty years old at most.

"Pin Dao Tang Xuan, I have been in retreat for a long time to ask something, and there is no malice."

"Tang Xuan..."

Xuanren sensed the disappearance of the oppression, recalled the classics of Baiyun Temple, and said in awe: "Senior is the Supreme Court of Earth Fire, Elder Tang!"

Zhou Yi nodded slightly and said with a smile, "Have you heard of the reputation of the poor Daoist?"

"Meet Elder Tang."

Xuanren stood up and bowed, and explained: "Your name is mentioned in the scriptures left by the senior Guanzhong, and the junior also sent people to visit the Fire Palace. The elder is sitting down."

"I see."

Zhou Yi didn't mind this. Thousands of disciples of the Earth Fire Palace joined the White Cloud Temple, and they could not avoid revealing their identities, and asked again: "Seeing that you are young, is it a real person after the catastrophe?"

"Don't dare to lie to Elder Tang."

Xuanren's face showed bitterness: "The younger generation is not only the root of fire, but also born with pure yang body. I was lucky enough to worship Baiyun Temple and break through the foundation after being cultivated by a sect!"

"It's a pity, a pity."

Zhou Yi shook his head and sighed. Such aptitude was rare in the world before the catastrophe. It was almost certain that he would become a Jindan Zhenjun, but now he can only barely maintain his foundation-building cultivation.



"What's the situation in the Immortal Cultivation World now?"

"Since the ancestor Xuanxiao killed Jianxuan and Miaoshan, the two gods who entered the devil, there has been no waves in the world of immortality."

Xuanren knew that Elder Tang had been in seclusion for a long time, and according to the information circulating in the market, he told the matter in detail, and it was inevitable to express his respect for Xuanxiao Daojun.

"Reverse the Heavenly Monarch, two more!"

Zhou Yi had tried his best to overestimate Xiao Tiezhu, but he never imagined that there would be such a strong person in the world.

The underground palace organizes the ten thousand volumes of Taoist treasures, among which he recites a lot of books such as fortune-telling, divination, and deduction.

The ancestral veins have declined to the extreme, and the severing of spiritual energy is the general trend, and Xiao Tiezhu is the chess piece to promote the process.

The three old demons joined forces to smash the ancestral veins.

Therefore, after the ancestral veins collapsed, Xiao Tiezhu's qi luck naturally dissipated. Under such circumstances, he dared to fight against the Heavenly Sovereign.

"Fortunately, there is fellow Daoist Xiao. If Jianxuan and Miaoshan are really allowed to succeed, those surviving Nascent Souls will definitely not want to end their lives. That is the real disaster for the human race!"

Zhou Yi originally did not plan to meet Xiao Tiezhu, after all, the latter is the ancestor of Nascent Soul, and he bears the ancient inheritance. Maybe he has the means to break the Xuanwu God Armor.

Now that I heard about the sacrifice of my life, it should be a farewell ride.

...

Spring House.

It was not night yet, and many guests came in and out.

Yingge Yan dance, laughter.

It was the time when the new oiran was playing the piano, the jade hand plucked the strings, and the voice was melodious and melodious, like the sound of nature.

"Why is this year's oiran dressed so conservatively?"

Zhou Yi stood under the stage with his hands in his hands, looked at the oiran and shook his head slightly. The rich people's hobbies are still unclear, but they like to come to this land of fireworks to find innocent women.

Leaving from Baiyun Temple, we came to Chunfenglou with a cow.

Celebrate Xuanxiao Daojun's reign, the world is peaceful and happy, and by the way, make up for his 900th birthday.

"Tsk tsk, breaking the ancestral veins does not only annihilate the immortal way, the ordinary world has no spiritual energy, and the quality of the girls in the building has also dropped a lot."

Zhou Yi sauntered to the second floor, and was about to call the prostitute, open a box to eat and sleep, when he caught a glimpse of a pale-faced young man not far away, hugging from side to side and watching the oiran dance downstairs.

The young man's face is simple and honest, his complexion is dark, and his satin brocade clothes can't hide his rustic look.

Xiao Tiezhu?

Compared with the appearance in Zhou Yi's impression, there are eight or nine points similar, but the young man's breath is dying, and he coughs violently from time to time, as if he is dying.

The young man seemed to have a feeling, turned his head to look over, waved his hand to let the girls back down, and said hello with a smile.

"This fellow Taoist looked at Miansheng, where did he come from?"

No matter how Zhou Yi's consciousness swept through, he could not detect the youth's cultivation base. Hearing this, he was already sure, and he stepped forward and saluted.

"Pindao Tang Xuan, I have heard the name of Xuanxiao Dao for a long time, and finally I can see it today!"

"Which golden core are you from the Earth Fire Palace?"

Xiao Tiezhu motioned Zhou Yi to sit aside: "Daoist friend has a clean breath and stable mana. It seems that many spiritual things have been accumulated before the catastrophe."

"In the early stage of the poor Dao Wei Mo Jin Dan, to be able to get the Dao Jun's care, it is really a blessing for three lives!"

Zhou Yi has secretly activated the Xuanwu Divine Armor. On the surface, Xiao Tiezhu seems to be dying, but who knows if it is an illusion.

"Pindao doesn't take care of things very much, but he can't be blind. The Earth Fire Palace was very popular in the mortal world, so I can't help but pay attention."

Xiao Tiezhu said with admiration, "Fellow Daoists are very good at educating and guiding their disciples. If all the sects in the world entered the Fire Palace, slaying demons, eradicating demons, punishing evil and promoting goodness, the poor Taoist wouldn't end up like this!"

Zhou Yi's eyes narrowed slightly, and once again refreshed the simple and honest impression of the year, but in fact he was wise and foolish.

It's no wonder that Earth Fire Palace was in charge of the Immortal Pay Division and merged with the Dan Dingzong monks down the mountain. Everything went smoothly. It turned out that there was Xiao Tiezhu behind the scenes.

"Pin Dao came to Jiuzhou from the East China Sea, and when he saw that the demon was a disaster, he couldn't bear it, so he sent his disciples to enter the mortal world under the guise of Baiyun Temple."

Zhou Yi cupped his hands and said, "Now I have to know your magnanimity, but it is unnecessary. Even if there is no Earth Fire Palace, Yunzhou will not be in chaos!"

"It's hard to say, it's hard to say! Just admonishing the disciples is far inferior to you."

"After the ancestral veins were cut off, many disciples of Dan Dingzong went into the devil and secretly went down the mountain to make trouble. Even if the real monarch fell into the devil, he would not be soft-hearted, and such a cruel method could only barely be a disaster!"

Xiao Tiezhu praised: "Fellow Daoist followed the trend and turned disaster into accumulation of virtue. The disciple is both rich and famous, and it can be said to gain both fame and fortune. Pindao paid attention to the mountain for many years, and only allowed Dan Ding until the Baiyun Temple was established. The disciples come down the mountain."

Zhou Yi said: "Dan Dingzong is so huge that it is rare for Daojun to do it without harm~www.mtlnovel.com~."

The three words "Don't be a disaster", it sounds simple, but it is difficult to do, especially the monks have the power to crush mortals!

For example, the disciples of Lingjian Sect in Qingzhou, after losing the sect's rules and regulations, relied on magic to wreak havoc on the common people. It's not just simply casting spells to harm people, or running the court behind the scenes, or directly ascending the throne and proclaiming the emperor, commanding soldiers to fight everywhere.

Killing, war, blood and fire, to satisfy their desire to be in control and almighty!

The broken heart is no different from a demon!

### **Chapter 188: legend of god**

"Let's stop praising each other!"

Xiao Tiezhu smiled and shook his head, then sighed.

"There is only an empty shell left in the Earth Fire Palace, and only a poor Daoist in the Dan Ding Sect. It is fate to become a loner together."

Zhou Yi wondered: "The Dan Cauldron Sect has accumulated a lot, so there should be other ancestors and true monarchs, right?"

Dan Dingzong ruled Yunzhou, and every year, a large amount of spiritual stones flowed into the sect treasure house. No matter how squandered the accumulation of thousands of years, it was enough to consume two or three hundred years.

"Pindao's actions are quite unpopular, and it's hard not to be annoyed by his peers, and even his senior brothers have grievances."

Xiao Tiezhu shrugged and said, "Simply split up the family, completely disband the Danding Sect, and let them go down the mountain to do whatever they want, whether it's a fairy or a devil, as long as it's not a disaster for the common people."

Zhou Yi was silent for a while, Xiao Tiezhu's suppression of the Jiuzhou Immortal Cultivation World must not be understood by the monks. Even if there are tens of millions or hundreds of millions of mortal lives, they cannot compare to the path of the ancestors of Yuan Ying!

"The rest are nothing but dust, and after a thousand years, the name of Daojun will be passed on to future generations!"

"I'm afraid it's not a good reputation."

Xiao Tiezhu smiled and said, "A few days ago, I was on a tour of Buddhism in Yizhou, and I accidentally came across a Buddhist scripture. The content is quite interesting. It records an enemy of the Buddha, who is known as the incarnation of the demon of the end of the world and the demon master of Bo Xun, who once killed the Buddha in this world."

Zhou Yi's brows were slightly wrinkled: "Buddhism is pouring dirty water so much, Daojun won't take care of it?"

"People only say Buddha's enemies, and they don't name Taoist names, how can they still kill all Buddhist believers?"

Xiao Tiezhu snorted coldly: "There are still a few old immortals left in this world, but as long as the poor Daoist is still alive, even if there is half a breath left, they will only dare to use these inferior means!"

They couldn't beat the fighting skills, and Shouyuan couldn't survive, so they could only wait to die in humiliation.

Zhou Yi reminded: "Daojun is not afraid of urgency, they join forces in private?"

"It's just a few Nascent Souls, and it's no better than Jian Xuan and Miao Shan."

Xiao Tiezhu said: "Dare to go all out when the poor fight, which one of them dares? Which one is willing?"

"Dao Jun Shenwei!"

Zhou Yi cupped his hands in admiration. The young man in front of him seemed to be soft-spoken, but he was actually beheading Zhenyang Demon Venerable, as well as ghosts, Jianxuan, and Miaoshan.

In such a comparison, Zhenyang Demon Venerable seems to have grown taller!

"You are too timid, and you keep flattering, are you afraid that the poor will turn his face?"

Xiao Tiezhu said: "Pindao has endured even Buddhism, how could he do it with a junior like you!"

Zhou Yi's expression was a little embarrassed, but he didn't put away the Xuanwu armor, and quickly changed the subject and said, "We just didn't expect that, as a Daoist, we would come to Goulan to listen to the music."

"I have cultivated the Dao for seven hundred years, so can't I enjoy it?"

Xiao Tiezhu showed a proud look on his face, which seemed more worthy of showing off than beheading the Huashen Tianjun: "Six months ago, the Hua Kui campaigned, and it took a hundred thousand taels for Pindao to make the Qing Qing girl become the leader!"

"In terms of cultivation, we can't compare to Daojun. It's a woman's vision, you are almost..."

Zhou Yi commented a few words at random, and it can be seen from some details that this Qingqing girl seems innocent, but in fact she is pragmatic, and she just packs it out to deceive her.

Xiao Tiezhu said in surprise, "You actually know so many ways, are you a veteran of Chunfenglou?"

Zhou Yi shrugged: "Not much, I've only been around for thirty or fifty years."

"The reason why Pindao praised this girl is because her appearance is somewhat similar to that senior sister back then."

Xiao Tiezhu recalled: "At that time, the poor road went to Wangyue Peak to meet, and it was the full moon, and the beautiful beauty is unforgettable to this day!"

Zhou Yi tutted: "When Daojun was young, he even peeked at Senior Sister taking a bath. This matter must be recorded and passed on to future generations!"

Xiao Tiezhu's face turned slightly red, and he used the drink to cover it up, and said in surprise, "How did you guess it?"

"Pin Dao organizes Daoist collections and dabbles in a wide range of classics."

Zhou Yi said with a smile: "There is a geographical miscellaneous collection about Dan Dingzong, which records the beauty of various places in the sect. How can there be less Moon Moon Peak and Moon Flower Tianchi?"

"Yeah, Yuehua Tianchi, but unfortunately it's depleted now."

Xiao Tiezhu was disappointed for a long time, and took out a jade slip from his cuff: "It records the core books of the Dan Ding Sect. Please take care of the Taoist friends to sort them into the Taoist treasure. In the future, if they are discovered by future generations, it can be regarded as an inheritance for the Dan Ding Sect."

Zhou Yi took the jade slip and swept over it with his divine sense, which recorded a lot of secrets about Nascent Soul and Divine Transformation.

Even if the spiritual energy of heaven and earth is exhausted, such books have become waste paper, but very few people sell them. One is that they are not worth much spiritual stones, and the other is that they leave a memory of their ancestors.

"This inheritance is too precious, poor way..."

"Nothing, just a little pile of old paper."

Xiao Tiezhu said nonchalantly: "There are also some inheritances from the Heaven Mending Sect, but the blood sacrifice method has been omitted. This kind of sorcery should never exist in the world.

After the ancestral veins collapsed, Xiao Tiezhu could no longer sense opportunities and safety, but hundreds of years of continuous use of the talent for luck had faintly developed a mysterious instinct.

Since seeing Tang Xuan for the first time, Xiao Tiezhu felt that his face was kind and friendly, and he knew his origins and background, so he was willing to speak in depth and give Dan Dingzong and the Heaven Bridging Sect inheritance.

After desperately beheading Jian Xuan and Miao Shan, Xiao Tiezhu was seriously injured. This move can also be regarded as entrusting his funeral by innate talent.

Zhou Yi has been repeatedly entrusted by others, so how can you not know the meaning of it and say it with awe.

"Definitely live up to the trust of Daojun."

"Haha, you are funny."

Xiao Tiezhu said proudly: "Poor Daoist can still live two or three hundred years. At that time, you will die early. Since it is fate to meet you today, you will surely burn more paper money when you pass by your grave in the future!"

"..."

Zhou Yi had no way to defend himself, so he had to write it down in a small notebook, and go to this grave in the future to have a good chat.

"Pin Dao is quite familiar with rhythm. I wrote a piece of music a few days ago. Today, Hua Kui is good at rhythm. Why don't you ask Daojun to appreciate it?"

"Listen."

Xiao Tiezhu nodded slightly and instructed the old bastard to bring the oiran over.

About half an hour later.

The music sounded, and the oiran acapella sang.

"Flowers bloom and fall, flowers bloom and fall, the long river of time..."

"...Leave only the grace of God, the legend of God!"

At first Xiao Tiezhu felt that the tune was weird and the singing was a bit awkward, but when he heard the content of the tune, scenes appeared in front of him.

Cut the foundation, cut the golden core, cut the Yuan Ying, cut the gods!

Coercion the world, the gods and demons are silent!

The invincible hand across the nine continents and four seas, after all, is just a wave and a teardrop in the long river of time!

Xiao Tiezhu only felt that the lyrics and music were mysterious, which was in line with his life experience, and he waved his hand and scattered a large stack of silver notes.

"reward!"

...

years later.

Zhou Yi returned to the ground, his legs trembling slightly.

"As expected of Daojun Yuanying, he has been celebrating these years without changing his face!"

This morning, Xiao Tiezhu received an invitation. The last Buddhist monk of Buddhism passed away and invited him to watch the ceremony. The two separated from Chunfenglou.

"Niuer, pack your things, it's time to move."

As he spoke, he put all the Taoist bookshelves into the storage bag, and put away the prohibition of the formation. This place has been exposed to Xiao Tiezhu's eyes. It would be bad if he came to pay homage two hundred years later and found that Zhou Yi was still alive.

The scalper opened his mouth and swallowed the spirit ginseng doll, the blood vine demon, and the colorful lotus, and then collected the rare medicinal materials in the spirit field one by one, and asked.

"Xianchang, where are you running this time?"

"Yunzhou is in the south of Jiuzhou, let's go to the north of Beihai!"

Zhou Yi put the ox into the imperial beast bag, which stored a large amount of spiritual stones, enough for its cultivation needs.

Cleaned up all traces, then went to the Zongmen cemetery to burn paper one by one, and forged a fake tomb.

Use the method of earth escape, all the way to the north!

A few days later, after leaving Yunzhou and entering Jizhou, Zhou Yi escaped from the ground, without any hesitation, his wings turned into thunderbolts.

half a month later.

Zhou Yi arrived at the North Sea, bought a few charts in a nearby city, and continued to fly hundreds of thousands of miles north.

"It's really boundless. When there are enough spiritual things in the future, we must explore the limit of this sea!"

He casts the water dungeon and falls into the bottom of the sea, and then casts the earth dung to sink hundreds of feet. After re-arranging the formation restrictions, he released the ox from the beast-guarding bag.

"Niu'er, in the next two hundred...three hundred years, we can only hide here!"

The remaining old Nascent Soul monsters in Jiuzhou must have had a fight with Xiao Tiezhu, whether it be a head-to-head fight, conspiracy, tricks or traps, the most dangerous and crazy counterattack at the moment of death.

Maybe there is an ancient incantation for blood sacrifice to the souls of one continent, Zhou Yi is hiding in Yunzhou, it is indeed a little unsafe!

The ox turned into a human figure, neatly arranged the Taoist bookshelf, and scratched his head honestly: "Xianchang has collected so many Taoist methods, retreated and learned, and two or three hundred years will soon pass."

"Sure enough, Niu'er understands me best!"

Zhou Yi spit out the building wood, planted it in the center of the formation, and used the magic to irrigate the jade dew.

Jianmu exudes pure and surging aura, and the ginseng doll smells the smell, and brushes over to take a deep breath.

Zhou Yi stroked the green leaves on the top of the ginseng doll's head and said, "Haosheng takes care of the medicine field. In the future, when Jianmu grows up, I will reward you with a branch."

"Mmmmmmm!"

The Lingshen doll smiled brightly, and hurriedly waved a \*\*\*\* to reclaim the Lingtian.

After the spiritual energy is exhausted, the spiritual medicine seeds that take a long time to mature suddenly become waste. Zhou Yi spent only a small amount of spirit stones to acquire a large number of rare seeds, each of which takes thousands of years or even 10,000 years to mature, which is suitable for planting during the robbery period.

Since then.

Zhou Yi began to retreat and cultivate, ripening Jianmu, and comprehend Daozang.

Since there are no materials such as alchemy and alchemy to practice hands, the progress of the four arts of immortality is extremely slow, but with time, I also have a lot of insights.

When it was boring to stay underground, Zhou Yi went to the sea to blow the wind, go fishing, and soothe his mind.

The stars move, the time flies.

Hundreds of years have passed by.

this day.



The ox lay quietly on the ground, his body exuding a strong death energy, and his voice was low and weak.

The ordinary demon king Shouyuan is eight or nine hundred years old, and the scalper has been born for more than nine hundred years, and it is finally time for the end of life.

"Niu'er, you have to think clearly."

Zhou Yi caressed the horn lightly and said, "The reincarnation method of the ghost king sect has never been reincarnated as a wood spirit. Even if it incorporates the art of artifact spirit, the success rate is extremely low.

"Relax, Immortal Chief~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ I will definitely be able to keep my mind immortal."

The scalper said: "Besides, the theory of reincarnation is false. Even if I return from reincarnation, it is not me. Just give it a try. Even if you fail, you can still help the fairy to refine and build wood!"

"Cow take care."

Zhou Yi is not hypocritical, he waved his hand to extract the soul of the scalper and put it into the innate spiritual root building wood.

The building wood, which was already more than nine feet tall, glowed with a layer of emerald green light, repelling the attachment of the ox's soul.

Zhou Yi had long predicted that the use of the jade dew art would consume lifespan and mana, and condense the jade dew of good fortune to wrap the ox's soul.

Jianmu sensed the cordial aura, and slowly let go of the aura blocking, the scalper's soul entered Jianmu smoothly, and then flowed along the jade dew until a cloud of green energy seemed to have a faint fluctuation of intelligence.

The scalper used the method of reincarnation of the divine soul, and the soul was torn into countless pieces, scattered into the blue air.

### **Chapter 189: Immortals are dead**

Of the eight sects of righteousness, the Ghost King Sect and the Danding Sect are the most complete.

Among them, the ghost king sect is famous for its ghost cultivation, and its exploration of the way of the soul far exceeds that of other sects.

The technique of reincarnation is the top secret book of the Ghost King Sect. If the sect is not destroyed and the end of the law is coming, it is almost impossible for outsiders to see it.

This method is used to smash the soul into pieces with a secret method, but it can ensure that the self is not lost, and forcibly integrate into the soul of the newborn baby, tampering with the huge memory and soul power, and transforming into a new soul.

"This involves the way of reincarnation, and the soul is too mysterious, even the ancestors of Yuan Ying are difficult to be one."

Zhou Yi closed his eyes and carefully sensed that Jianmu had a vague connection with himself, and he could even sense a little consciousness, such as the desire to create jade dew.

The source of contact is the soul deed. When the scalper tore his own soul, he deliberately kept the soul deed intact and forcibly penetrated into Jianmu's nascent consciousness.

Ever since he sensed that Jianmu gave birth to spiritual wisdom, Zhou Yi has been thinking about how to completely control Jianmu.

The innate spiritual root transforms into shape, not only the cultivation base reaches the sky, but also has the air luck of the sky, even if the strength is tyrannical, it cannot be contaminated.

Until he got the inheritance of the Heaven-Mending Sect from Xiao Tiezhu, there was an ancient artifact refining method, which used the soul of a spirit beast to refine the artifact and became a pseudo-spiritual tool with a little intellect.

Zhou Yi spent hundreds of years to comprehend the secret art of reincarnation and the method of artifact spirit, and finally it can be combined and displayed.

The movement of mana condenses into mysterious restrictions, waved into the building wood, this is the method of the spiritual tool to recognize the master, and can cultivate and communicate the consciousness of the scalper.

In this way, the probability of scalpers to maintain their identity is greatly increased, and they can double control Jianmu.

years later.

Zhou Yi finally finished the sacrifice and refining of the spiritual tool. He found the contract scroll from the ten thousand scrolls of Taoism, which recorded hundreds of ways to recognize the master, involving the essence, blood, spirit, and even the legendary cause and effect.

One after another, the methods of recognizing the master were displayed one after another, and the spiritual light of building wood shone, and there were inscriptions prohibiting everything from the roots to the trunk.

"No matter what the origin of Jianmu is, the poor way spends hundreds of millions of Shouyuan to give birth, and even if he recognizes the Lord, no one can take it away, not even God!"

...

A hundred years have passed.

Jianmu has reached as high as six feet, and the trunk is as thick as an adult's arm, standing in the center of the formation.

Carrying a hoe, the ginseng doll circled around Jianmu a few times, with a puzzled look on her face: "Xianchang, why is Jianmu still not forking?"

"Pindao doesn't know either."

Zhou Yi used the Jade Dew Art to irrigate, and said with a smile: "Maybe you haven't grown up yet? Anyway, you have a long life, so just wait."

The longevity limit of Lingshen has never been recorded in the classics, but some people have found Lingshen with ten thousand years of medicinal age from ancient ruins.

Jianmu sensed the familiar aura, and a mysterious yellow divine light hung down, swept away the jade dew of good fortune like a tongue.

Then a surging aura erupted, filling the underground space with a radius of 100 meters, condensing into a wisp of spiritual mist, rising to the sky, and then turning into a little bit of spiritual rain and falling.

"Even if there is no fortune-telling jade dew, the daily aura is enough to maintain the cultivation base."

"Each time the spiritual energy erupts, it can increase a little mana after refining. Even if the amount is very small, it can break through the middle stage of Jindan after thousands of years!"

All the spiritual things that Zhou Yi accumulated, except for the seeds of spiritual medicine and some rare spiritual mines, all the others were invested in the construction of wood, and now it can be said that it is poor.

Fortunately, Jianmu lived up to his expectations, and as he continued to mature, his aura increased exponentially.

The height of the ginseng doll is fixed at one foot, and it has not grown taller for hundreds of years. Its limbs are white and fat, and its facial features are as delicate as a porcelain doll.

"Don't worry, I'm not in a hurry."

"Then why don't you go to work soon, and reclaim two acres of spiritual fields today!"

Zhou Yi kicked the Lingshen doll away with one foot, returned to the retreat stone room, and arbitrarily extracted the volume of Dao Zang for Shenwu.

"The method of refining poison pills is to use ten thousand years of corpse poison mixed with the filth of the lungs, and the surface is packaged into Qianyuan spirit pills, which can poison the real monarch... Tsk tsk, this Pill Dao ghost is very in line with the poor Dao's heart!"

...

this day.

Zhou Yi took out the lottery tube, shook it gently, and performed a small cut sky technique.

The spirit lottery landed, and everything was stable.

"Three hundred years have passed, there should be no monks in this world who are difficult to predict... Perhaps, even a monk is gone."

Zhou Yi walked out of the retreat stone room, put away the Taoist bookshelf, and looked forward.

The land that stretches for more than a hundred feet has all been reclaimed into spiritual fields, and the ginseng dolls are waving their hoes. The blood vine demon followed behind, shaking his head and tail constantly, as if to cheer up.

The spiritual field is full of exotic flowers and plants, most of which only grow an inch or so seedlings, and a few that have matured for thousands of years are already feet tall.

"It's time to go ashore!"

Zhou Yi came to the tomb of Huang Niu, took out a few ginseng roots and burned several stacks of yellow paper.

Nowadays, in the storage bag, the most accumulated is yellow paper. After all, there are more and more graves that need to pay tribute.

Then Zhou Yishou pinched the magic formula of treasure collection, and the two-zhang-high Jianmu was uprooted, quickly shrinking to about an inch, and he opened his mouth and swallowed it in his belly for nourishment.

Lingshen doll came over with a \*\*\*\* and asked, "Xianchang, why doesn't this building tree branch?"

Zhou Yi stroked Luye and said coaxing a child.

"Good, Jianmu hasn't grown up yet, go and collect the elixir first!"

...

Akashima.

On the verge of the North Sea.

Zhou Yi stood in the sky, looking out into the boundless desert.

Looking around, there is no one in sight.

The strong wind swept through, and the long yellow sand was like waves, forming a strange and magnificent picture with the adjacent blue waves of the North Sea.

The scorching sun was scorching hot, and a gust of cold air rushed up from his back.

Zhou Yi came back following the original chart. In just three hundred years, all the prosperous coastal cities back then had become deserts.

"Those old immortals fought to the death, did they sacrifice Chizhou with blood?"

Driving the light to fly thousands of miles over the desert, the only thing that changes on the ground is the shape of the sand dunes, until I see the ruins of a barren city.

The yellow sand buried most of the city, and only a few sections of the city wall were exposed, and the sporadic towers and castles proved that there was a prosperous past here.

Zhou Yi landed on the ancient city wall, his consciousness swept in all directions, and found a lot of gold, silver and jade objects buried underground.

"Every family has corpses and treasures. Obviously, it is too late to escape, and they die instantly from an irresistible natural disaster!"

He waved his hand to take out a fairly complete dead corpse from the sand, and carefully investigated the cause of death.

With a sigh, he continued to fly south.

a few days later.

After flying over the thousands of miles of mountains, the ground turned from muddy yellow to green, and finally saw people.

Zhou Yi did not stop escaping, and continued to fly south to Yunzhou. After two days, he saw the familiar city on the ground.

Dry Beijing.

Chongren Square.

Most of the Beijing bookstores gather here.

It was the year of the big exam, and scholars came and went on the street to buy pen, ink, paper and inkstone.

Zhou Yi's consciousness swept through the entire capital, but he didn't find any cultivator's aura. He transformed into a young scholar and entered the shop.

"The shopkeeper, where is the national history book?"

"Here."

The shopkeeper pointed to the right corner, and said enthusiastically, "We have Mr. Yang Ming's commentary on the Five Classics, which is this year's chief examiner. It only costs twenty taels. Do you want to buy a volume?"

Zhou Yi shook his head, walked straight to the national history bookshelf, and swept through the books one by one.

"Since two hundred years ago, the power of the country has been declining day by day, warlords from all over the world are fighting each other, and the beacon is everywhere..."

"After more than a dozen generations of emperors, either trying hard to rule, or being incompetent, the territory is only one-tenth of the heyday, and there are many wars in the borders, and from time to time, people will occupy the state capital!"

Zhou Yi was not surprised by this. Without the assistance of the monks, it would be difficult for the mortal army to rule a continent.

The success of Daqian's national fortunes has lasted to this day, and it is entirely based on the benefits of the ancestors. After all, the Li family has been deeply rooted in the hearts of the people since the country was founded for a thousand years.

"There is no record of Baiyun Temple in any of the books. Pindao remembers that three hundred years before this "Qian Benji" was written, the original work affirmed the achievements of Baiyun Temple and praised several real people as the pillars of the country!"

"Now, all deleted..."

Zhou Yi shook his head slightly, his figure turned into nothingness and disappeared.

When he reappeared, he had already arrived at Qinghua Square, with a White Cloud Temple covering an area of four or five acres, surrounded by the palaces of the imperial court.

Bookstore.

The old Taoist priest in charge of cleaning suddenly felt heavy and fell asleep leaning on the bookshelf.

Zhou Yi's stature manifested, his divine sense swept through all the books, and soon found the "Biography of the True Man of Xuanren", and when he flipped through the contents, there was indeed a record about the world of immortality.

"Daoist Xuanxiao fought for ten days and ten nights in Chizhou for ten days and ten nights, destroying all living beings in one continent..."

Fingers pinch, it was about two hundred years ago, and after that, most of the writings were about Taoist and mundane affairs.

Zhou Yi spent a day and a night in the Book Collection Pavilion. After reading all the books, he left with an ugly face.

I looked for a temple again. Back then, when Daomen was the state religion, there was a Ten Thousand Buddhas Temple in Kyoto. There was an endless stream of believers coming in and out, and the incense was very prosperous!

Zhou Yi had read the Buddhist scriptures in the temple, and UU's face became more and more gloomy when he read the book [www.uukanshu.com](http://www.uukanshu.com).

"Fellow Daoist Xiao suppressed the nine continents and the four seas for three hundred years, until there were no more monks in the world, and it was a great achievement for the human race!"

"Now the reputation is rotten. The poor Daoists such as Buddha enemies and great demons have long expected. Those bald donkeys poured dirty water on Xiao Daoyou before his death, and now even Daoists are called outlaws!"

"Pindao can't save Xiao Daoyou's life, but he can't watch his name be slandered!"

## **Chapter 190: The mountain is not high**

Buddhism slandered Xiao Tiezhu for a very simple reason.

At that time, Zen Master Miaoshan wanted to sacrifice blood to avoid the calamity, but the result was that he was defeated and died, which was equivalent to breaking the inheritance of Buddhism.

In the beginning, it was Buddhist monks who wrote books to slander, and the lay monks behind them did not know the details, and added their own opinions when commenting on the scriptures. They already really believed that Xiao Tiezhu was the enemy of Buddhism.

It has been two hundred years since Xiao Tiezhu died.

After ten generations of ordinary people, under the influence of Buddhist scriptures, countless believers believe that he is the devil who destroys the world.

Daoism still needs some face, and only characterizes Xiao Tiezhu as an outsider and is not included in the list of sages. The bottom line is that he hindered too many monks back then.

When you are alive, you dare not speak, and when you are dead, you can throw dirty water at will!

"How to correct Xiao Daoyou's name?"

"Kill all Buddhism?"

Zhou Yi immediately denied that, nowadays Buddhist disciples are all mortals, and wanton killing is no different from demons.

Killing is a taboo for cultivation!

"Would you like to reveal your magical powers and become a national teacher, so as to rewrite the sect classics and honor Xiao Daoyou as the patriarch?"

"This method seems to be good, but it is too cumbersome, and it may not be effective if it takes decades. The influence of Buddhism and Taoism for two hundred years, recognized by hundreds of millions of believers, cannot be reversed overnight!"

Zhou Yi pondered for a moment, and there was a vague idea in his heart.

Buddhism and Taoism took two hundred years to slander, and it can take two thousand years to clean up, and there is no need to do it yourself.

"Time is mine!"

"Besides the practice, I ordered three or five destined people a little bit, and with their hands, I can correct the name of Xiao Daoyou."

Zhou Yi thought of this, and most of the anger in his heart dissipated.

Undersea retreat for more than 300 years, no one communicated for a long time, there was only a spirit ginseng doll with a weak head beside him, Zhou Yi had long been suffocated.

After coming out of the Wanfo Temple, I wandered along the street, like a monkey king who just entered the world, and he found everything interesting.

When Zhou Yi saw all kinds of food stuffs, he would spend money to buy them. No matter how much he ate, it would become nothingness in his stomach. After walking around and eating four or five streets in a row, he felt a little full.

"Warm thoughts..."

Zhou Yi came to the old place by familiarity, but Chunfenglou turned into a pawnshop. After inquiring, he found out that he had moved to Yirenfang.

"After 1,200 years, it can be regarded as a change, otherwise the poor Daoist would doubt that which old monster is in control behind the scenes!"

Yirenfang is located on the edge of the West City. Zhou Yi only found out that it was Goulan Street when he arrived at the boundary. From a distance, he could smell the strong odor of fat and powder, and heard the crisp voices of the girls.

"Master, come and play!"

Yinggeyan dances with red sleeves, and a thousand purples and a thousand reds are always spring.

Zhou Yi strolled back and forth on the street twice, and suddenly abandoned the old place and chose Goulan called Qunfangyuan.

Expensive, usually not bad.

"It's not that the poor do not miss the old feelings, it's that the requirements are a bit high!"

Celebrate half a month, indulge in the rolling red dust.

The coldness and loneliness that Zhou Yi had brought in retreat for a long time, under the warm reception of the girls, turned into an immortal and became a fan more popular.

Leaving from Goulan, all the way back to the former residence of Qianjing.

The courtyard is clean and tidy, no fallen leaves or dust, and it is obvious that someone comes to clean it from time to time.

There are two thousand-year-old trees in the courtyard, green and green, and in the hot summer, the purple grapes are fragrant.

"It's still alive?"

Zhou Yi was surprised, and after checking it carefully, he found that the two ancient trees showed signs of demonization.

The longevity of the tree demon queen has increased significantly, but she will not give birth to spiritual wisdom, and it will take a long time to cultivate aura before she can truly become a tree demon.

Due to Zhou Yi's care, the jujube trees and grape vines lived long enough, and they began to transform into the demon clan under the influence of the spiritual energy emitted by the broken ancestral veins.

However, the time is too short, and before the spiritual wisdom can be born, the spiritual energy will be exhausted.



"Pin Dao has been with you two since he came to this world. It's still the same after a thousand years. It can be said that the fate is deep!"

Zhou Yishou pinched the magic formula, put the millennium jujube tree and grape vines into the storage bag, and went to the house to take a look. There was nothing to miss, so he turned into an escape light and left.

Bai's ancestral tomb.

Zhou Yi landed in front of the old white grave, burning paper to pay homage to, while talking rambles.

"Old Bai, long life is good, we have been hiding for over a thousand years, and we are invincible when we are alive!"

"That's not right. There are still a few old guys in the world who are trying to survive the catastrophe by using evil methods. Pindao will dig out one by one, let them bask in the sun, and lose their souls in their beautiful dreams!"

"The other things are nothing, they are generally scattered, and I have communicated with 180 oiran..."

"Let's go first, I'll be free later, I'll show off with you again!"

Zhou Yi turned into an elusive light and flew towards Baiyun Peak in the southwest of Qianjing.

The Taoist temple on Baiyun Peak only has some traces of bricks and tiles, but the underground palace three hundred meters below the ground is completely intact.

Then burn paper in front of the graves one by one, sprinkle a cup of spirit wine, and pay homage.

Back to the top of the mountain.

Zhou Yi arranged an array of prohibitions, shrinking the boundary of two hundred zhang into the dust, and spit out the building wood and planted it in the center.

A wisp of spiritual energy emanated, and the ginseng doll jumped out impatiently, taking a deep breath to replenish the escaped mana. Since the spiritual stone and spiritual items have long been exhausted, the imperial beast bag is empty, and it is not pleasant to stay in it.

"A deity makes a mountain, not its altitude!"

"This Bai Yunfeng sounds too ordinary, it should be changed to a louder name..."

Zhou Yi stroked his chin lightly, thinking that he could be a little more arrogant, so as not to live up to the title of number one in the world he picked up.

"Besides, if you change your name, you can also hide your true location, so that there will always be people who will disturb your practice."

Arrogant, does not hinder the nature of prudence!

Building Taoist temples, reclaiming spiritual fields, then daily divination, ripening building trees, and comprehending Taoist...

One day in the mountains is ten years in the world.

Jianmu is already more than 20 feet tall. Even if it is not irrigated by good fortune jade dew, the spiritual energy it emits can also supply Zhouyi cultivation, and the cultivation speed is slightly accelerated.

this day.

Zhou Yi meditated and cultivated the secret records of the stars and stars, drawing a trace of the light of the stars into the body, blending into the spiritual energy, and refining it into mana, which was finally merged into the golden elixir.

Pfft!

A movement came from outside, followed by screams one after another.

"Finally someone came?"

Zhou Yi raised his brows, got up and walked out of the Taoist temple, and saw a young man in brocade flying in the air.

Lingshen doll waved a \*\*\*\* to cast spells, and a scarlet vine tied the boy up and down, left and right, screaming in fright.

"presumptuous!"

Zhou Yi reprimanded: "Bullying the weak, it seems that there is too little work for you."

The Lingshen doll quickly put the boy down, carried the hoe, dragged the blood vine demon to escape, and got into the ground without daring to show his head.

The young man's face was handsome, his brocade clothes were torn a few times, and blood was still seeping.

"Meet the fairy!"

"Pindao cannot be called an immortal."

Zhou Yi nodded slightly and said, "Who are you and how did you stray into the place where you practice the poor way?"

"I am Qin Zheng, the prince of the Qing Kingdom. On the way back from the mission, I was intercepted by an assassin. When I was running for my life, I entered the immortal residence inexplicably."

Qin Zheng bowed and bowed again: "If you disturb the immortal, please forgive me!"

"It turns out that~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ Zhou Yi admired Qin Zheng's calmness, and said, "There are few outsiders who can come in in Kunlun Mountain, but it's easy to go out, just stay for one year. "

"Kunlun Mountains!"

Qin Zheng said in horror: "Isn't this near the Baiyun Peak in Qianjing?"

Zhou Yi shook his head slightly and explained.

"Kunlun Mountain is located at the intersection of the three worlds of heaven, earth, and human. It is both here and there. Perhaps there is an entrance on the Baiyun Peak you mentioned."

I am the only law in the world, let Zhou Yi compile it, and no monks will expose it!