

Immortal 191

Chapter 191: a fairy name

Qin Zheng had never heard the name of Kunlun, and he still had doubts in his heart, but he did not continue to ask.

Immortal fate is hard to find, every word must be carefully thought out.

Buddhism and Taoism all say that there are ways to cultivate immortals and longevity in the world, but they have never shown any mysterious abilities. When encountering unreasonable warriors, they are also beaten.

Now that he has to meet the real immortal, it is obviously due to luck, and Qin Zheng's mind can't help but be hot.

"Then I will harass the immortal for a year, and in the future, I will offer incense sooner or later in order to repay the life-saving grace."

"It's okay."

Zhou Yi flicked his fingers, and the magic light fell.

Qin Zheng first entered the unfamiliar realm, and he remained vigilant even in the face of immortals, and he had to perform light work with his legs to circulate his qi and blood.

The spiritual light was faster and landed on Qin Zheng. In the blink of an eye, the wound healed as before, and even the dark ailments left by the martial arts practice disappeared.

Qin Zheng only felt that his body was light and healthy, and he had never been happy before, and hurriedly bowed to thank him.

"Thank you fairy."

"Pin Dao is just a monk, and he is still far away from Immortal Dao. Don't call him Immortal Immortal again."

Zhou Yi pondered for a moment and said, "The common surname is Zhou, and the Taoist name is Xuanyi. You can directly call the Taoist number or Zhou Zhenren."

"Okay, Zhou Zhenren."

When Qin Zheng heard the word cultivator, he couldn't help but ask: "I have seen the word cultivator in the secret scriptures of Buddhism and Taoism. Is it possible that he is the so-called cultivator?"

"indeed."

Zhou Yi pointed to the gazebo not far away and said, "Sit down and talk."

The pavilion is built outside the Taoist temple, with several bluestones built into a bracket, and the green vines are covered with the top, which naturally shades the sun.

Qin Zheng sat on the stone chair with half of his buttocks and looked at the jujube tree beside the pavilion. The branches were grotesquely shaped. Half of the trunk was rotten and withered and the other was as clean as new.

In the realm of immortals, unusual is normal!

Zhou Yi ordered: "Tong Er, pick a few pieces of tea and come here."

The Lingshen doll got out of the ground, put the **** into the slanted storage bag, took out the jade box from the inside, and laboriously climbed to the spirit tea tree to pick nine new shoots.

When Qin Zheng saw the strange-looking Lingshen, recalling the experience just now, his face turned pale.

Zhou Yi said: "This child's mind is naive, disturbing the layman, and the poor Taoist will teach him a lesson."

"It's okay, it's just my fault for rushing in."

Qin Zheng asked curiously: "This... a little Daoist, looks like this, is it a legendary monster?"

"you can say it this way."

Zhou Yi explained with a smile: "Originally, it was just a spiritual ginseng in the medicine field. Due to the age of planting, it gradually gave birth to spiritual wisdom. The poor Taoist had the virtue of good life, so he kept it under his seat and used it as a Taoist boy."

Qin Zheng thought that Lingshen was a century-old ginseng, and said, "I don't know how long it takes to grow ginseng to give birth to Lingzhi?"

Zhou Yi pinched his fingers and said, "Tong'er's medicine age is about 9,000 years old."

Nine thousand years!

Qin Zheng's heart was filled with turbulent waves, and he tried to figure out how old the young Taoist in front of him had lived. The boy under his seat was nine thousand years old, and he had to practice for ten thousand years!

Lingshen doll flew in the air, holding the jade box on top of his head, with a look of ingratiating and begging for mercy.

"Since Qin Jushi said it's fine, I'll spare you this time, and if you dare to make mistakes, don't talk about a hundred years of hard labor."

Zhou Yi has always been lenient to his spiritual pets, and rarely talks about superiors and inferiors. However, he must not be used to bullying the weak. If he provokes a killing star like Xiao Daoyou, five buckets of rice will cause the catastrophe of the end of the law.

Contamination with cause and effect is the worst!

These words fell in Qin Zheng's ears, but they sounded like morning bells and twilight drums.

Buddhism and Taoism are strictly hierarchical, and even the gods are divided into high and low levels. In Qin Zheng's view, it is purely for the purpose of ruling the believers, just like the emperor ruling the people.

Now that I have met the immortal, the words are gentle and approachable, and the rules of hierarchy are regarded as nothing.

Zhou Yi took out the tea set and waved his hand to capture the spirit fire and spirit water, and the tea art reached its peak.

"Try the spirit tea of Pindao."

"Thank you real man."

Qin Zheng picked up the teacup carefully and took a sip. The rich fire spirit entered the abdomen from the throat, and scattered into the internal organs and limbs. Running the royal family's secret inner qigong method, trying to refine the spiritual energy in the body, but seeing the rapid collapse. ,

At this time.

A voice sounded in the ear, straight into the soul.

"Heaven and earth are born of yin and yang, and all things are transformed..."

Qin Zheng changed to practice the Body Refinement Art, the inner qi in the dantian quickly dissolved, and the spiritual qi circulated along the meridians and turned into strands of mana.

Zhou Yi sipped the tea slowly until the end of Qin Zheng's first practice.

"Good sense."

Qin Zheng got up and knelt down on one knee, and thanked him: "The kindness of the immortal, I will never forget it!"

"It's your luck that you can come here."

Zhou Yi waved his hand lightly, lifted Qin Zheng up, and said, "Pin Dao is busy with his practice every day. If you feel deserted, you can go to the library to read."

Qin Zheng's eyes lit up and he was full of expectations.

After tea and talk, Zhou Yi gave pointers on the cultivation techniques of body refining, and arranged accommodation in the wing room.

the next day.

The sun rises early in the morning.

Zhou Yi sat cross-legged on the top of the Taoist temple, running the Ziyang Sutra facing the east, and strands of purple energy were refined into his body.

The Ziyang Sutra is a body-strengthening exercise left over from the Heaven-Mending Sect. It draws the Chaoyang Ziqi to nourish the body, and when it is completed, it can reach the realm of "innate real

people" described in the description. The ancient world of immortal cultivation is different from today's, whether it is equal to Jindan or Nascent Soul, and Zhou Yi can't figure it out.

The way of body refinement is precious and precious, and the water grinding time accumulated day and night is in line with Zhouyi.

Qin Zheng was so excited that he couldn't sleep last night until dawn, when he saw Zhou Yi meditating and practicing, standing at the door and waiting slowly.

"House, good morning."

Zhou Yi slowly stopped his work, said hello, and started cooking.

Wash rice, add water, make fire...

Qin Zheng said in surprise: "It is said that immortals eat dew in the wind, but real people actually eat."

"Eating is also a practice."

Zhou Yi didn't quite agree with these words at first, until he sorted out the ten thousand volumes of Taoist collections, read many sages' classics for hundreds of years, and realized a little bit of its mystery.

A thread by thread, a porridge and a meal, also contain the principles of nature.

In the classics of Dan Dingzong's inheritance, about the legendary realm of the transformation of the gods, it is repeatedly described that only by comprehending the world and nature can condense the primordial spirit.

Zhou Yi knew that his aptitude was ordinary, and his only advantage was longevity, so he began to comprehend it from his daily walking, sitting, and lying down. When he reached the consummation of Nascent Soul in the future, he would learn the way of the primordial spirit after accumulating a lot of money.

All matters are prepared for a rainy day, and don't dig a well when you are thirsty.

"Thank you for the pointer."

Qin Zheng didn't know why, he just felt that what the immortal said was not wrong, so he ate three bowls of Lingmi in a row.

"The taste of rice is so sweet!"

As the spiritual energy circulated in the body, Qin Zheng hurriedly ran the Body Refinement Art, constantly tempering the fleshly body.

Zhou Yi reminded: "When you leave here, there will be no spiritual energy outside, and there will be no entry into the body training art, so don't forget to practice martial arts."

Qin Zheng's complexion changed drastically when he heard the words, and he asked hastily, "What do you mean by real people, you can't cultivate immortals outside?"

"Generally so."

Zhou Yi nodded and said, "Except for Kunlun Mountain, there are no monks in this world."

Qin Zheng sighed in silence for a long time. After practicing the Body Refinement Art, he began to temper his blood. Body Refinement Art belongs to the Immortal Dao Body Refinement Cultivation Technique. The flesh and blood tempered by spiritual energy is far more vigorous than ordinary people.

If you practice Qi and Blood Martial Dao, you will get twice the result with half the effort!

Zhou Yi's consciousness swept over and noticed that Qin Zheng's qi, blood and martial arts were much weaker, and the advantage was that the method of cultivation was more relaxed.

This is in line with the characteristics of the transformation of the practice, from rough to subtle, the core of which is the continuous lack of resources, and can only work on subtleties.

In the days that followed, Zhou Yi did not pay any attention to Qin Zheng.

Occasionally instructing a couple of cultivation methods, building a high house, Qin Zheng needs to think for a few days before he can comprehend it.

a few days.

Qin Zheng is familiar with life in the immortal world. There is not much difference between eating and sleeping, but there are many mysterious things, such as the ginseng doll who works hard to farm, and the blood vine demon like a child.

And the sacred tree that stands in the center and goes straight to the sky.

Since the birth of Lingshen Doll, it has never been in contact with outsiders, and soon played with Qin Zheng.

"big big big!"

The foot-long **** rose against the wind and turned into seven or eight feet long, which was exactly what Qin Zheng used.

The Lingshen doll took out a jade hoe, one big and one small, one demon, and smashed it to loosen the soil.

Qin Zheng looked at Tian Zhong's elixir, and asked humbly, "Shen Zhenren, what are the effects of these exotic flowers and plants?"

Lingshen dolls get free coolies, and they are rarely touted. It is a very generous introduction.

"This is the Profound Pearl Grass, a thousand-year-old orb, which can be used to refine pills and tools."

"The profound fruit of yin and yang, which gathers the two qi of yin and yang to condense into a spiritual fruit. Taking it can increase the probability of condensing pills."

"This is the five-color Ruiyunzhi..."

All of these elixir are rare, and only the righteous and demons can be planted. For example, the small sects of the East China Sea cannot afford to support them. After all, the age of the medicines is thousands of years old, and the sects that are not mature are destroyed.

Qin Zheng listened carefully, took note of the name and shape, and made a map after going out in the future.

If you search the world, you will find one!

"This elixir is interesting. It is called Longevity Bamboo. It sheds its skin once it is a hundred years old.

Lingshen doll beckoned Qin Zheng to come over, and said, "There are still three or five months until the next shedding. You can take care of it. The shed bamboo skin will be divided into half for you."

Qin Zheng suppressed the surprise in his heart: "Will this annoy the real person?"

"What is the status of the immortal, how can you care about this."

Lingshen doll said: "I put away all the bamboo skins that I shed before and gave them to Jianmu."

Qin Zheng, like a curious baby, wants to ask all things about immortals: "What is Jianmu? Why is Shenren enshrined?"

"That is Jianmu, with an extraordinary origin!"

Lingshen doll proudly said: "I make a lot of offerings on weekdays, give birth to branches and forks as soon as possible, and give me one of the immortals, and I will become an immortal in the future!"

Immortal!

Qin Zheng silently wrote down Jianmu and Chengxian, which are top secrets that are not even recorded in Buddhist and Taoist secret books.

After half a day of tidying up Lingtian, Qin Zheng went to the library in the afternoon.

Because there is no spiritual sense, you cannot use jade slips~www.mtlnovel.com~ You can only read the paper books you have collected, such as entering Baoshan and returning empty-handed!

Qin Zheng put the finished book back to its original place, glanced over the book cover, and finally settled on one of the books.

"Biography of Daojun Xuanxiao".

"Xuan Xiao, why is this name the same as Buddha's enemy?"

After flipping through a few pages, Qin Zheng frowned. This Xuanxiao experience seems to be similar to the Buddha's enemy, but his identity and position are reversed.

The Buddha enters the devil's way, and the Dao-jun Xuanxiao eliminates the devil and guards the way! evening.

When Qin Zheng was eating, he couldn't help asking.

"Really, is Daojun Xuanxiao the devil or the savior?"

Chapter 192: upside down black and white

"Demon King?"

Zhou Yi raised his brows, pretended not to know, and snorted coldly.

"Pindao had long expected that the two sects of Buddhism and Taoism would not be reconciled, and would definitely throw dirty water with his junior and senior brothers."

Qin Zheng was slightly startled when he heard the words: "Junior brother?"

"Daojun Xuanxiao, it is Junior Brother Pindao."

Zhou Yi definitely did not deliberately take advantage of Xiao Tiezhu, he was old enough to be a grandfather, and he was more than enough to be a senior.

If he really has an opinion, please let him stand up and speak!

Qin Zheng suddenly regretted asking, this matter involves the immortal's secrets, and no matter how gentle and close he is, he must always remain in awe.

The difference between immortals and mortals is even heavier than that of fathers and sons, monarchs and ministers.

However, the matter had come to this point, Qin Zheng had to bite the bullet and continue to ask: "So all the records in the real book are true?"

"Back then, Pindao advised him not to go down the mountain. There are so many disasters in the world, and there are more than ten million people who died of floods and droughts in the past dynasties."

Zhou Yi sighed and said: "Unfortunately, the younger brother said that natural disasters are different from man-made disasters, so he gave up the path of longevity and fought desperately with those ancestors of Buddhism and Taoism.

"Daojun sacrifices himself for others, and should be worshipped and worshipped for future generations."

Qin Zheng said solemnly: "After I go back, I will definitely correct the name of Daojun, and burn all those Buddhist and Taoist pseudo-sutras!"

"What's the use of true and false, people can't be resurrected after death."

Zhou Yi reminded: "Don't think that Buddhism and Taoism are easy to bully. How can the sects that have been passed down since ancient times have few backgrounds?"

"The real person means that Buddhism and Taoism have elixir in the world?"

Qin Zheng's heart moved, not only did he have no fear, but instead gave birth to a little greed.

In the past few days, I have communicated with Lingshen Doll, and learned that the outside world is imprisoned by heaven and earth, and there is no spiritual energy. After learning about this, Qin Zheng was a little discouraged, and he didn't have much expectations for finding the elixir, but now he has confidence again.

"Maybe there is."

Zhou Yi did not speculate and slander for no reason, at least those few treasures of the sect will not decline and become ordinary things in three hundred years.

"I must correct the name of Daojun!"

Qin Zheng swore to the sky, still doubtful in his heart, and asked, "According to the records in the book, the Daoist has only been sitting for more than two hundred years, and Buddhism and Taoism can be slandered so thoroughly?"

"Ordinary people have no ability to know about the affairs of the Xiuxian world. They only saw a city and a city of dead people, and a continent turned into a red land. They don't even know who the murderer is."

Zhou Yi explained: "After the junior and senior disciples were transformed, those lingering monks became the only masters of the two religions of Buddhism and Taoism, and the truth was left to them to write books, scribble and compile..."

Back then, when Xiao Tiezhu suppressed Jiuzhou and the four seas, it was more than Buddhism and Taoism who resented him.

Baiyunguan was also unable to protect itself under the impact of the two religions of Buddhism and Taoism, and could only reject Xuan Xiao as an outsider.

Moreover, the monks of Baiyunguan may not have no opinion. The true monarch who was in charge of the Taoist temple in the past could theoretically control the change of imperial power, and even directly replace the imperial court with the Taoist temple, turning Dagan into a Taoist country similar to the Buddhist country of Yizhou.

As a result, he was suppressed by Xiao Tiezhu, and he had to obey the imperial court.

The Dagan court reduced the reputation of Baiyunguan, and attracted Wanfo Temple to build a temple in Ganjing to balance Buddhism and Taoism.

With the passage of time, the writings of the last batch of monks have become the classics of the sages.

The disciples of the two schools of Buddhism and Taoism regard it as an inheritance book, and they think from the bottom of their hearts that Xiao Tiezhu is the devil who destroys the world. Maybe there are so many Buddhist temples and Taoist temples who know the historical truth, but no one will believe it.

As for ordinary people, they have never even heard of the realm of immortality, let alone distinguish the true from the false. The only thing they can contact is the Buddhist scriptures and Taoist scriptures.

History is left to the drawing, and the righteous and evil are reversed!

Qin Zheng listened to Zhou Yi's narration, his expression became more and more awe-inspiring, and he bowed his hands in silence for a long time.

"Xie Zhenren's guidance, take this as a lesson! The superior must have a news channel that bypasses the ministers. For example, the ruler must establish a Jinyiwei or an internal servant, and must not let the court ministers confuse black and white!"

"There are some similarities between the two."

Zhou Yi couldn't help but admire that being an emperor or a person in power is an innate talent.

Ordinary people would at most be surprised when they heard the secret, and scolded a few words about Buddhism and Taoism, but Qin Zheng made inferences about it and contacted the ruler and minister.

Some of the emperors who were also Lazhuang Dingdao easily controlled the government, and some stumbled and buried the country.

"Practice martial arts well. If you want to fight against Buddhism and Taoism, you need to be strong, otherwise you can change the dynasty with a single spell."

"Curse!"

Qin Zheng's mind is exquisite, and he is naturally able to grasp the key information of every sentence. When he learns of the Buddhist and Taoist curse and killing technique, he immediately raises his alertness and killing intent.

...

Sunrise and sunset.

Farming, eating, and practicing martial arts are as simple as the life of an old farmer, making Qin Zheng almost forget that it is the realm of immortals.

"It seems like I went back to my childhood, when I farmed with my grandfather. At the beginning, I always cut off the wheat seedlings, and I was whipped from time to time."

Qin Zheng came back from ploughing the fields, poked his **** on the edge of the pavilion, and skillfully opened the pot to serve rice.

Zhou Yi wondered, "Is the dignified prince also farming?"

"I don't dare to hide from the real person. When I was a child, I didn't know who my father was. I followed my mother's surname Jin."

Qin Zheng said with a sad expression: "My grandfather was the great elder of Moyun City. He farmed and practiced martial arts every day. He didn't take me to Qing Kingdom until my father ascended the throne. At that time... my mother had passed away for ten years!"

"It turned out to be so."

Zhou Yi never thought that there was such a fate, and took out the pickled vegetables from the storage bag.

"Add a dish today!"

Since there is no captive spirit beast, there is only rice to eat. The taste of ordinary vegetables is far worse than that of spirit rice. If you really go to the mortal restaurant to eat vegetables and drink, it is also a taste of fireworks.

Qin Zheng sandwiched the root ginseng silk, chewed it carefully, and said, "It tastes a bit weird."

Zhou Yi said: "It may be that the marinating time is a little long."

Qin Zheng's chopsticks paused slightly: "How many years has it been marinated?"

Zhou Yi counted with his fingers: "It's not too long, more than a thousand years."

Qin's face turned pale, but he couldn't bear the abundant spiritual energy of Lingshen, so he closed his eyes and continued to eat.

vomit!

"Don't worry, even if you are poisoned, Pindao can be saved!"

Zhou Yi did not continue to ask Qin Zheng's background~www.mtlnovel.com~ Judging from the murder of the envoy, it is obvious that he is not favored by the royal family or the emperor.

The source of Qi and blood martial arts that Qin Zheng cultivated came from Moyun City, but it was beyond Zhou Yi's expectations. Back then, Jin Ang spread martial arts widely, and his disciples also adhered to the aspirations of teachers. It can be said that the method of qi and blood cultivation is not a mystery.

In this way, Yunzhou, which has more population and more abundant resources, is theoretically easier to optimize Qi and blood martial arts, which is suitable for cultivation in the end of the law era.

In order to keep the advantages of this kind of refined exercises, each family kept secret, and gradually formed a school.

It turned out that Qin Zhenggui, the prince of the Qing Kingdom, still practiced the exercises taught by his grandfather. Obviously, Moyuncheng has a significant advantage in qi and blood forging.

"Perhaps, the method of sharpening qi and blood is suitable for the 100,000 mountains that fight for life with the sky."

Zhou Yi didn't need to ask deliberately, and his consciousness swept through Qin Zhenggong's method. After all, he watched Qi and Blood Martial Dao from scratch, and he could barely be called one of the sources of Qi and Blood Martial Dao.

Chapter 193: wonderland

Time flies fast when people are focused.

Qin Zheng is very good at seizing opportunities, not to mention the legendary immortal fate, and he doesn't want to waste a minute or a second.

Farming and practicing martial arts during the day, reading and comprehension at night.

Ninety percent of the books in the library are jade slips, but the remaining 10 percent of the books are also massive, not to mention the ancient books that are hundreds of years ago, and now most of them have become isolated copies, which is an eye-opener for Qin Zheng.

This evening.

Qin Zheng finished reading "Hongchang Zhongxing" and looked for the next historical book, and suddenly came across a book called "The Biography of Sanying".

"Is it a description of the lives of three heroes?"

I couldn't help but open the book, it turned out to be a fairy tale book, which was different from the imagination of mortals, and the content of the description was extremely real.

Apprenticeships, treasures, fighting skills, exorcism...

Qin Zheng fell directly into the mysterious world, couldn't help but watched it all night, and read the book in one breath.

"The old devil should be punished! Happy!"

Putting the book back with a sigh of admiration, it is rather boring to think about it carefully. I should have read the history tonight, especially after looking at Hongchang Zhongxing, why did the dynasty change in just over fifty years.

This matter has been around for a thousand years, and the Dagan court has kept the details of the inside secret, and only preached that the destiny is in the Holy Emperor.

"Go to tidy up Lingtian first, and come back to read history books tonight."

Qin Zheng's martial arts is getting stronger and stronger, even if he doesn't sleep, he is still in good spirits, carrying a **** to flatter the Lingshen doll.

Compared with the unfathomable and inexplicable Zhou Zhenren, Qin Zheng is more willing to communicate with the pure-hearted Lingshen doll.

Of course, what is more important is the promised Lingzhu!

After cultivating the field and practicing martial arts until evening, Qin Zheng came to the library again, picked up "Yongxing Benji" and read a few pages, feeling like a mouse was born in his heart.

"Would you like to read the second volume of Sanying Biography first?"

until dawn.

Qin Zheng didn't finish his thoughts, and put the words back in place: "Qin Zheng, Qin Zheng, how can you be so depraved! Have you forgotten the ambition you once set?"

the next day.

Qin Zheng read the storybook for another night.

a month later.

Even Qin Zheng, who was full of vigor and blood, couldn't stand without sleep for a month. He fell asleep in the library while reading "Three Thousand Dao Lv Feisheng Ji".

In the early morning, Qin Zheng woke up faintly, constantly reflecting on himself.

"I can't go on like this anymore, I have to read history tonight, and I'll be blind if I read the book tomorrow!"

Another ten days passed.

Qin Zheng found that the books in the library are really good-looking, not to mention the number, and the various types are very complete.

After three self-examinations, Qin Zheng had indeed changed.

I no longer read the script all night, and only meditated when I saw Yin Shi to keep my energy up.

The sun rises and the moon sets.

A year has passed, and in Zhou Yi's view, it was only a few retreats and exercises.

early morning.

Zhou Yi deliberately took out the pot of spirit wine to see Qin Zheng off.

"As soon as we say goodbye today, it may be difficult to see each other again, so I will see you off with wine!"

"Thank you for your teaching."

Qin Zheng bowed and saluted: "I am fortunate enough to enter the Kunlun Mountains, I will never forget it in this life!"

He raised his head and drank the spirit wine from the glass, only to feel that his soul was soothing and clear, obviously it was an extraordinary immortal brew.

Just as I was about to thank you again, I only heard Zhou Yi remind him.

"If you leave Kunlun Mountain, you won't be able to eat Lingmi."

Qin Zheng heard the words, immediately lowered his head to eat, and ate the whole pot into his stomach, his eyes were slightly red.

"The kindness of a real person is like re-creation, I will worship it devoutly, and my children and grandchildren will be like this!"

"No need for such trouble."

Zhou Yi took out a volume of animal skin books from the storage bag and said, "This book originated from Moyun City, you can put it away and help Pindao return it in the future."

Qin Zheng took the animal skin, flipped through a few pages, his eyes widened, and he directly checked the name of the author on the last page.

Jin Ang.

"The original Wuzu!"

Qin Zheng said in horror: "Really, how could this book be in your hands?"

Zhou Yi had already figured out the reason: "About six or seven hundred years ago, a little guy strayed into the Kunlun Mountains, claiming to be from Moyun City, and left this booklet before leaving."

"Shenzhen, this thing is of great use to me, so I will not refuse."

Qin Zheng tore off a piece of brocade clothes, carefully wrapped the booklet, and looked ashamed: "Shenzhen sent a piece of spiritual bamboo, I was greedy, and I didn't tell him about it."

"It's okay."

Zhou Yi waved his hand, and a piece of bamboo that was three or four feet long flew over.

Star spirit fire poured out of his hand, melting the spirit bamboo into blue-green juice, and gradually condensed into a sword shape under the shaping of Zhou Yi, and waved his hand into the sharp, heavy, and firm triple ground.

Lingzhu turned into a sword, three feet and three points long, and the whole body was as green as jade.

"This sword is just for your self-defense."

"Thank you real man!"

Qin Zheng will hold his sword, kneel on his knees and kowtow three times: "I will live forever and fulfill my oath!"

Lingshen doll stood beside her, her eyes were slightly reluctant, she hesitated and struggled for a long time, and spit at Qin Zheng with a verdant air.

The majestic vitality poured into the body, and the bottleneck that had plagued Qin Zheng for several months suddenly broke open, and naturally condensed the orifices in the dantian.

"Shenzhenzhen..."

Qin Zheng approached the Lingshen doll because he thought it was simple, and took advantage of this to gain a lot of secrets from the immortal realm. At this time, he received a big gift, and his shame was beyond words.

"Wan Fu Jin An!"

The aura of restraint flashed, Qin Zheng sensed an irresistible feeling of repulsion, and then the white light flashed and disappeared in place.

The Lingshen doll was stunned for a moment, then returned to being quirky and quirky, and landed on Zhou Yi's shoulder, asking in doubt.

"Xianchang, why do you want to tell Qin Zheng about those elixir, even Jianmu?"

"I don't want to cast bait, how can any bait be willing to take the bait."

Zhou Yi said proudly: "Besides, the poor way is the best in the world!"

No. 1 in the world is naturally a joke~www.mtlnovel.com~ Jianmu has recognized the master, and it is a big deal to swallow it in the belly and go to the limit of the sea to hide for thousands of years. With the mobile spiritual veins and Taoist possessions, Zhou Yi no longer needs to be timid.

Lingshen Doll said, "What if he said it?"

Zhou Yi stroked the green leaves on its head and muttered.

"The world never believes in the truth, and only treats him as a madman who dreams of immortality!"

...

dry capital.

Qin Zheng looked at the familiar and unfamiliar city wall and the lively and noisy people, and made sure that he had returned to the mortal world.

The past year has been like a dream.

"It's a real dream!"

Qin Zheng sensed the surging qi and blood in his body, and then looked at the immortal sword that was cut like mud at his waist, his eyes resolutely said: "When I am in charge of the Qing Kingdom, I must investigate the world and find the entrance to Kunlun Mountain."

Later, he went to the official office of Dagan Honglu Temple and contacted the officials of the Ministry of Rites of the Qing Dynasty.

The official said in surprise: "Your Highness, you are still alive!"

"This king accidentally fell into the cliff, but fortunately entered the immortal cave, and has only been out of the customs until now."

Qin Zheng carefully inquired about the details of the assassination last year, and learned that the result of Dagan's investigation was a robbery by mountain bandits, and now he has sent a large army to destroy it.

As for why the mountain bandits had strong bows and crossbows, they were able to defeat the Qing Dynasty's forbidden army, it is unknown.

Qing Guo officials looked terrified. Everyone knew that there was a difference between them. They were likely to be suspected of seizing power in the imperial court, lest Qin Zheng continue to ask questions.

"Do you have rice?"

"what?"

"This king is hungry, I want to eat steamed rice!"

Qin Zheng said again that not long after he left Kunlun Mountain, he began to miss the sweetness of Lingmi.

Chapter 194: Spirit Sword Splitting

After Qin Zheng left, only Zhou Yi and Lingshen doll were left in Lingdi.

Day after day, after comprehending the Dao and practicing Qi, and after a long period of ascetic practice, I gradually got used to this kind of life.

The ten thousand volumes of Taoist treasures contain the vast inheritance of the world of immortality. Every time you read it, you will have new insights. It is like studying endless science, getting closer to the truth of the world, and no longer feeling boring.

Cultivation of immortals is in line with the way of heaven, and every ray of insight makes people happy. It comes from the heart and goes straight to the soul.

The specific analogy is probably more comfortable than celebrating!

"It's no wonder that immortals are in retreat, and they have been cultivating immortals for thousands of years."

Zhou Yi also comprehends Qin Zheng's qi and blood martial arts in his spare time, abandoning the original process of baptizing muscles and bones, and integrating martial arts forging the body, decoction and nourishing method, which is no longer limited to the blood of monsters.

Whether it is nourishing soup or raw ginseng and ganoderma lucidum, it can be used to strengthen the body and increase blood, including eating meat, it can be said that it has completely got rid of the shackles of spiritual energy.

Qin Zheng relied on eating spirit rice every day, and thousand-year-old spirit ginseng pickles, and finally condensed his orifices in a year.

The flaw is that the power is not comparable to the original exercises, and the breath after condensing the aperture is equivalent to entering the innate, far from reaching the situation where he once fought the big demon.

"However, compared to the original body-forging martial arts, the blood-qi martial arts have great advantages."

"There is no need to go through various bottlenecks such as quenching tendons, forging bones, etc., and only concentrate on sharpening and accumulating qi and blood to the congealing orifice, which is equivalent to pointing directly at the innate!"

Since Zhou Yi did not have spiritual roots, he followed the path of martial arts, and by comparing the two, he knew the flaws of Qi and blood martial arts.

resource!

It takes a few hundred taels of silver in the mortal world to learn the method of forging from the martial arts hall, and the resources needed to condense the first ray of qi and blood are far more than ten times that of the former, and it will cost more to continue to condense qi and blood.

"Civilian players use the old version, and krypton gold players can upgrade faster?"

Zhou Yi shook his head slightly, and spent more than ten years to optimize the Qi and Blood Martial Dao again.

After reading and reciting the ten thousand volumes of Taoist collections for hundreds of years, all the cultivation methods of immortal Taoism are all about dantian, so Zhou Yi's understanding of dantian is the pinnacle.

Under the high-rise building, the modified Qi and Blood Martial Dao is easier to break through the congealing orifice, the Qi and blood required for breakthrough is less, the power of the practice method is reduced by another layer, and the corresponding resource requirements are also reduced.

"The power of the ancient exercises is powerful. With the decline of spiritual energy and the exhaustion of resources, it has gradually evolved into today's exercises?"

Zhou Yi's eyes were lowered, and he had a new understanding of the cultivation method of immortals. For example, the secret recording of the stars returned to the original, and he could try to draw a large amount of starlight to baptize the body and cultivate the starry body more quickly.

"For nearly 1,300 years of comprehension of Taoism, Pindao has finally been able to optimize the exercises!"

"Will it be dangerous?"

"For example, the meridians are broken, the dantian is broken, or the foundation of the law body is unstable..."

Zhou Yi thought about it, and planned to follow the footsteps of the sages and practice step by step. The difference was only three or four hundred years, and it was not enough to consume the fortune-telling in the morning.

With this in mind, he took out the lottery tube and shook it gently, consuming five hundred Shouyuan to perform a small cut sky technique.

The lottery landed safely.

In the lottery.

Everything is safe.

...

Fifty years in the blink of an eye, for Zhou Yi, it was but a moment.

The mortal world has gone through two generations.

Twenty years ago, drastic changes took place in Yunzhou, and the Dagan Dynasty, which was established in 1132, was finally overthrown.

Qin Zheng, the new emperor of the Qing Dynasty, led a large army and horses to go to Beijing, and for 30 years, he fought in the north and south to become the first dynasty of Yunzhou.

It was not until the remaining twelve kingdoms, who respected the Kingdom of Qing as the suzerain, stopped the expansion and conquest!

...

early morning.

Zhou Yi routinely drew Chaoyang Ziqi, and after finishing his practice, he took out the fortune-telling tube for fortune-telling.

It has become a habit to do six divinations every day, and even if you become the number one in the world, you will not relax at all.

The lottery landed.

A dazzling light bloomed, slowly condensing into two words.

Split light!

"After a lapse of nearly four hundred years, there is a sign on the top again. There are ten thousand volumes of Taoist treasures in the poor way, and it must not be a secret technique.

Zhou Yi's face showed joy, the more he cultivated the mountain and river tripod, the more he knew the difficulty of Zhenzong's treasure.

The righteous and the devil have ruled Jiuzhou for thousands of years, and there is only one of each sect on the bright side, which is enough to see its preciousness.

"Pindao waited for a long time, and finally waited until today, casually read the inheritance books, picked up the treasures of Zhenzong, and waited for hundreds of years to dig the graves casually..."

Zhou Yi opened his mouth and spit out the basalt armor, turning it into an ordinary tortoise shell, and then performed another secret divination method, named Xiaoyan Shenshu.

This method originated from Dan Dingzong, using the tortoise shell to predict the secrets of the heavens.

Xuanwu's remains can be said to be the top turtle shell in the world!

Zhou Yishou pinched the tactic, and streaks of spiritual light fell on the turtle shell. When the mana was nearly exhausted, the soul trembled slightly, and several messages were born out of thin air.

"Qingzhou, Casting Sword Hall!"

"Children are working, pack up their belongings and change their land."

...

Qingzhou.

Hundreds of years have passed, and the calamity of Jianxuan slaughtering dozens of cities has wiped out time.

Zhou Yi changed into a Taoist priest, holding a long banner for fortune-telling, and soon found out where the Sword Casting Hall was.

Spirit Sword City.

Prestige and illustrious, passed down for nearly three hundred years, Qingzhou's undisputed number one force in the rivers and lakes. Every state and state has its branch, which is known as one hundred thousand swordsmen and one million disciples, and the status of the suzerain is not inferior to that of the emperors of various countries.

"Two hundred years, it's really an interesting time."

Zhou Yi cast a stealth technique, stood up in the sky, and looked at the city below.

It was bustling and noisy, and all the people on the street were wearing swords, obviously all of them were people in the world with martial arts.

Countless black chimneys were erected in the city, and the clanging sound was endless. All the shops in the city were making iron and casting swords. The air was filled with the choking smell of sparks.

Divine Consciousness swept back and forth across the city, and finally, at the shop in the southeast corner, noticed a wisp of mana fluctuation that was almost extinguished.

"found it."

Zhou Yi Dungguang landed at the door of the shop, and was about to walk in, when suddenly a young man came running in a hurry.

"Uncle Li, I have collected enough money."

While speaking, he ran into Li's blacksmith shop, paid five hundred cents, and took out a rusted iron sword from the scrap iron piled in the corner.

"hey-hey."

The young man had a happy expression on his face, wrapped the iron sword in a rag several times, and ran away into the crowd.

No matter how the young man went around, he seemed to have some anti-investigation methods, but he still couldn't get rid of Zhou Yi who was following behind.

Up to a single-family house.

The boy pushed open the door and entered, greeted his elder sister cheerfully, and sneaked into his main room.

He took out the iron sword from his arms, and before he could watch it, a voice came from his ear.

"Fellow Daoist, this thing is related to me, can I give it to the poor Daoist?"

The young man looked back at the sound, and saw a Taoist priest with a face like a crown of jade, appearing in front of him out of thin air.

"Ghost!"

With a shout, he performed Qinggong and fled outwards, but bumped into an invisible and tangible transparent wall, bounced back, and squatted.

Zhou Yi waved his hand over the iron sword, pouring mana into it, and the reddish-brown rust fell off, turning into a brand-new three-foot green front in a blink of an eye.

"There is still a little spirituality, and after a hundred and eighty years, it will completely degenerate into an ordinary magic weapon!"

"The treasure of Megatron Jiuzhou then fell into the hands of Pindao so easily?"

Chapter 195: 1 Sword Broken Mountain

Distinguishing lightsaber, the treasure of Lingjianzong.

According to the records in the classics, once the sword is activated, it will shake the whole world.

Zhou Yi has been refining the mountain and river tripod from the mortal world, and has experienced the joint efforts of the family and the sect to cultivate it. It has been more than two hundred years since it has been promoted.

"The light-splitting sword is a top-notch spiritual treasure. After restoring its original power, the strength of the sword spirit is comparable to that of the ancestors of Yuan Ying!"

"Even if it's a broken sword, the karma is a bit big..."

Zhou Yi pondered for a long time, glanced at the young man crouching on the ground, showed an amiable smile, and waved more than a dozen treasures to shine in the air.

"Little guy, you can choose these magical powers and panaceas. How about Pindao and you exchange this rusty sword?"

The young man felt that Zhou Yi was not a monster, so he asked boldly.

"Are you a fairy?"

"Why do you like to ask that?"

Zhou Yi said with a smile, "Pin Dao is not a fairy, but Sun Xing, a Qi refiner from Kunlun Mountain."

Hearing this, the young man was relieved, stood up and said, "This sword can understand swordsmanship. If you can teach me, I will exchange it with you!"

"Is there such a thing?"

Zhou Yi carefully sensed the lightsaber, the remaining spirituality was not enough to transmit divine consciousness, otherwise it would not be thrown into the scrap metal pile.

"Pin Dao has 18,000 swordsmanships, you can choose, the little guy will talk about it in detail."

Xiao Tiezhu killed Jianxuan and obtained part of the inheritance of the Spirit Sword Sect. In the Ten Thousand Volumes Dao Collection, countless ordinary swordsmanship and monk swordsmanship were collected, enough for a young man to practice for several lifetimes.

"My name is Lin Fan, not a little guy."

Lin Fan said, "I went to Uncle Li's shop half a month ago and watched him forge iron and cast a sword. He accidentally cut his finger, and blood dripped on the sword. Inexplicably, he learned a roll of phantom swordsmanship."

"In order to buy this sword, I picked up half a month's worth of slag, and I also borrowed 100 yuan from a friend. I finally managed to get enough!"

"Fun! Interesting!"

Zhou Yi repeatedly praised, the mana penetrated into Lin Fan's body, it was indeed an extremely rare sword body.

He vaguely guessed that he understood the cause and effect. When the lightsaber was about to die, he recognized Lin Fan as the master.

When the sword spirit collapses in the future, it is possible that all spirituality will be integrated into Lin Fan's body to lay the innate foundation for him.

"I originally had doubts about whether the sword spirit was about to die and cast a spell to catch the poor way. Now it seems to be an accident, but with the arrival of the poor way, this matter can be the best of both worlds!"

Zhou Yi put the lightsaber into his dantian, and his mana was always cultivated, he asked with a smile.

"Which kind of swordsmanship do you want to learn?"

Lin Fan frowned and thought for a long time, then shook his head with a bitter face, "I don't know either."

"Then teach it according to the number of ways of the poor road."

Zhou Yi's figure flickered, and he changed from a young age to a white-haired old man. The long fortune-telling banner in his hand turned into a cyan sword, and he stroked his long beard: "This kind of appearance is suitable for teaching swordsmanship."

Lin Fan was stunned, and said, "Immortal!"

"Don't be in a daze, your elder sister is calling you."

Zhou Yi waved his hand to lift the ban, and the shouts from outside immediately entered the house, calling for Lin Fan to eat.

"coming."

What is the temperament of a teenage child, Lin Fan hurriedly ran out and turned around to ask before going out.

"Do the immortals need to eat?"

"Is there any wine?"

"The rice wine made by my sister is very delicious!"

"Lead the way ahead."

Zhou Yi was not polite, and followed him to the main room.

Lin Fan murmured and introduced to his elder sister, saying that Daochang Sun was the best swordsman in the world. Seeing that he was talented, he went to the door to teach him swordsmanship. He seemed to know that he couldn't hide it from Zhou Yi, so he winked from time to time, begging not to expose it.

A sister named Lin Yu, looked at Zhou Yi's extraordinary bearing, even if she had doubts in her heart, she didn't ask her face to face.

"Thank you sir, let's sit down and eat first."

Four dishes, one soup, and farm-style rice wine are a thousand times better than a bowl of rice, but Zhou Yi ate it with relish.

Finish the meal.

in the courtyard.

Zhou Yi lay on the Taishi chair, took the big bowl of tea handed over by Lin Yu, and took a sip.

"Do you want to follow along, girl?"

"No, I have to go to the sword workshop to work."

Lin Yu hesitated for a while, then said in a low voice, "Daoist priest, my parents died fighting swords in the rivers and lakes. I have never allowed Xiaofan to learn swordsmanship, just because I'm afraid..."

Zhou Yi lightly stroked his long beard and said, "Don't worry, Pindao is different from other sects. The disciples in the sect live very long.

Lin Yu said, "Xiaofan has worshipped the Taoist priest as his teacher? Do you need to prepare for the cultivation?"

"No need to bother."

Zhou Yi said: "Pindao never accepts disciples. Today, after receiving the benefits of a little layman, he will teach swordsmanship as a reward."

Lin Yu saw that his younger brother was cutting the wooden sword excitedly, and he couldn't say anything else. He always had to walk his own way in the future, and forcibly restraining him might not be a good thing.

"Xiaofan, please ask the Taoist priest."

After a while.

Lin Fan sharpened the wooden sword, played with a sword flower, and bowed in salute.

"Please teach the immortal sword!"

"In the eyes of Pindao, all swordsmanship is nothing more than strength and speed."

Zhou Yi said slowly: "If you have strong strength, you will be able to use up your skills. If you are fast, you will advance and retreat at your own pace. Pindao will teach you the way to increase your strength in the morning, and in the afternoon, you will teach you how to escape...the way to lighten your body."

Lin Fan listened to some truth, but also felt strange, and it seemed to be a little biased from what he expected.

Lingjian City is famous for its "sword", including sword casting, swordsmanship, etc. Therefore, ten-year-old children have heard a lot about the understanding of swords, but they have never had such a truth.

"Strength, run faster..."

Lin Fan had doubts in his heart, but it was an immortal who spoke, so he could only follow.

"Pin Dao's cultivation methods are not in vain after all!"

Zhou Yi showed a look of joy, and taught Lin Fan the optimized qi and blood martial arts word by word.

The energy needed to condense Qi and blood comes from Lingmi. When cooking at night, the fragrance is refreshing. If Zhou Yi hadn't covered it up with his mana, it is estimated that the neighbors would all follow the taste to rub the rice.

Lin Yu ate a few mouthfuls of spiritual rice, and immediately knew that Zhou Yi was really a strange person, and all the worries in his heart dissipated.

A few months later.

afternoon.

The sun is just right, and the small courtyard is warm.

Zhou Yi lay on the rocking chair, drinking tea and flicking his fingers.

Tuk Tuk Tuk...

The continuous sound came from front, back, left and right, Lin Fan's expression was solemn, and he performed light work to flicker and move.

Bang!

Lin Fan only felt severe pain in his back, his footsteps were chaotic, and he was hit by more than a dozen qi energy.

"You're dead again."

Zhou Yi said slowly: "There are only ten people who use hidden weapons at the same time, and they can't hide after practicing for half a month."

"It's too hard!"

Lin Fan was once proud of his youth, but after Zhou Yi's repeated blows, he disappeared without a trace.

What is the master of the immortal sword, what is the epiphany of the elusive swordsmanship, it is not that you have to die ten or eight times a day. According to the Taoist priest, it takes only a few days to enter the arena and die by deception, trap, sneak attack, poisoning... ..

"Will it be difficult if all the time you show off to your friends is spent practicing the exercises?"

Zhou Yi said harshly~www.mtnovel.com~ In fact, he was extremely satisfied. Lin Fan was extremely talented and savvy, but unfortunately he was born in the wrong era.

"Hey, nothing can be hidden from the immortals."

Lin Fan poured tea respectfully and asked, "When will I be able to go out and explore the world?"

"Lingjian City is just a remote place. In the eyes of Pindao, it's like an ant. There are countless strong men in the nine continents and four seas, and they want to walk the world freely and happily..."

Zhou Yi thought about it and said, "When the sword breaks the mountain, you can go out."

"With one sword breaking the mountain, there are such strong men in the world!"

Lin Fan had never been out of Lingjian City, and even rarely walked out of the nearby square market. Influenced by his parents and the people around him, he was full of longing for Jianghu and swordsmen, but he had no specific concept of the strength of Jianghu swordsmen.

There is nothing wrong with what the immortal said!

Chapter 196: Search the world

"I want to work hard!"

Lin Fan clenched his fists tightly, with a determined expression, and continued to practice light energy in the courtyard.

"Ruzi can be taught."

Zhou Yi nodded slightly, the so-called sword breaking the mountain is impossible, the original intention was to make Lin Fan practice steadfastly.

The biggest flaw of genius is that it is too easy to get, easy to be arrogant and impetuous!

There is no harm in setting a distant goal now, with awe and caution at all times. As for the final discovery that all the rivers and lakes are trash fish, how wonderful Lin Fan's expression is, Zhou Yi has some small expectations in his heart.

A volume of books appeared out of thin air in his hand, which recorded the history of Lingjian City, from the forbidden area of the Zhujiantang Library.

Hearing the name, Lingjian City could guess that it was related to the Lingjian Sect back then.

According to the records in the book, there was a great demon in Qingzhou that year, and the practice of magic art devoured countless people's lives. The ancestors of Lingjian Sect ignored the wreckage and fought to the death with the Great Demon, and finally perished together.

The founder of Zhujiantang was built by the disciples of Lingjian Sect. In order to commemorate the merits of the ancestors, it was named Lingjian City!

"Shit!"

Zhou Yi smashed the book into pieces, his eyes flashed coldly, the first ancestor who fell into the devil was Jian Xuan.

Lin Fan stopped and asked in confusion, "Xianchang, who made you angry?"

"That's it..."

Zhou Yi stopped halfway through his words, unwilling to have a deep relationship with Lin Fan about this matter, and said quietly, "I've lived for too long, and it's a bad thing to find that wherever I go!"

Lin Fan asked curiously, "Xianchang, where is Kunlun Mountain?"

"The Kunlun Mountains are everywhere and not in any boundary."

Zhou Yi looked up to the southeast: "I was in Yunzhou a few years ago, tens of thousands of miles away."

"tens of thousands of miles!"

Lin Fan exclaimed, "What are the immortals doing so far?"

Zhou Yi sighed, "There's an annoying guy over there, and I'm too lazy to see it."

Over the years, Baiyun Peak has been dug through by soldiers, and even if it doesn't affect the dust formation, it's annoying every day.

"Oh."

Seeing that the Taoist priest was reluctant to say more, Lin Fan changed the subject sensible: "Immortal, I've been practicing for so long, why haven't you passed on my swordsmanship?"

Zhou Yi glanced at Lin Fan and stroked his long beard.

"If you can break a mountain with one sword, what skills do you need?"

...

Xianjing.

Originally Dagan Kyoto, it was renamed after Daqing occupied it.

Emperor Taishi claimed that he had met an immortal and cultivated in Kunlun Mountains, so he changed his name to immortal.

The historians and officials of the Qing Dynasty searched through the thousands of books in Dagan, but never found the word "Kunlun", and they were afraid of His Majesty's majesty, so they had to explain the source from ancient books.

The officials who knew the inside information smiled and did not speak, and most of the officials who did not know the inside information only thought that there really was Kunlun Mountain in the world.

Royal Palace.

Shangyang Palace.

The first emperor Qin Zheng glanced at the courtiers in the hall, his eyes were cold and severe. Under the suppression of the congenial situation and the emperor's majesty, the weak civil servants couldn't help shaking their legs.

"General Zhang, is there any trace of Kunlun in recent days?"

"Report to Your Majesty."

General Zhang bowed and stepped out of the line: "I sent 100,000 iron cavalry, from the East Sea, the troops were divided into two routes, marching along the coast to the north and south, and carefully explored the mountains and rivers. Now, 50% of the Yunzhou area has been swept, and Kunlun Mountain has not been found! "

Emperor Taishi ordered: "It's too slow, send another 100,000 troops, and cooperate with the soldiers of the prefectures to clean up Yunzhou within ten years!"

"According to the order."

General Zhang bowed to his orders, and Emperor Taishi conquered most of the territory of the Qing Kingdom, and his prestige in the army was unparalleled.

Not to mention searching for the illusory Kunlun Mountains, even if the immortals were in front of them, the Daqing Iron Cavalry charged with a single order from the Great First Emperor!

"Please, Your Majesty, think twice!"

When the chief assistant of the dynasty was listed, his face was embarrassed: "The country was first established, and the foundation is not solid, so it is appropriate to recuperate. Such a large-scale deployment of troops will not only be unbearable for the national treasury, but the people will also bear a lot of labor."

"Your Majesty, I received 800 miles of rush yesterday."

The minister of household said: "Dry disasters occurred in Ning'an, Ming, Yangshan and other places, and there is no cloud in March. Please prepare food for disaster relief in advance to avoid civil unrest."

Another minister came out and persuaded: "The theory of immortals and longevity has been false since ancient times. Your Majesty is young and strong. Don't indulge in this and delay the kingdom."

"My minister agrees!"

"Think twice, Your Majesty!"

More than a dozen ministers came out in a row, asking the Taishi Emperor to withdraw the military order.

"Enough! I am very awake now, and I have my own considerations in my heart."

Emperor Taishi stopped the ministers, looked at the commander of Jinyiwei, and asked, "How is the investigation of the Buddhist and Taoist pseudo-sutras?"

"Returning to Your Majesty, in the past half a month, thirteen temples and Taoist temples that read apocryphal scriptures have been inspected, and all of them have been sent to the army for labor."

Liu Jin bowed and said, "This minister dares to issue a military order. Within a year, the apocryphal scriptures of this dynasty will disappear, and within three years, no one in the Yunzhou countries will dare to recite the apocryphal scriptures!"

"very good!"

Emperor Taishi praised: "Liu Aiqing let go and do it. Anyone who slanders Xuanxiao Daozu is my enemy, and he can be accused of treason and punish the nine clans!"

Emperor Taishi knew that Liu Jin was a villain, but in suppressing Buddhism, only a ruthless traitor could be used. With the foundation of Buddhism and Taoism, anyone who does it can only cure the symptoms but not the root cause!

Moreover, Buddhism slandered the sages, false scriptures deceived the world, and oppression with traitors was in line with retribution!

Emperor Taishi knew that there was little hope of relying on soldiers to find Kunlun Mountain, so at the same time he rectified the name of Daojun Xuanxiao and established himself as one of the two saints of Taoism, in order to win the favor of the real Xuanyi.

"Sir, obey the order!"

Liu Jin's face was full of joy. With His Majesty's words, whoever dared to object to Jin Yiwei would throw a few apocryphal books in anyone's house.

After retreating.

Lunch.

Emperor Taishi ate more than a dozen bowls of rice in a row, all of which were grains of carefully selected tribute rice, but he always felt bland and tasteless.

"Tell Master Xu!"

After a while.

The contemporary master of the White Cloud Temple, Xu Zhenren, greeted him with three kowtows and nine bows, and shouted long live His Majesty.

Emperor Taishi was very satisfied, thinking that when he entered Xianjing thirty-five years ago, the two sects of Buddhism and Taoism did not kneel when they saw the emperor and claimed to be outsiders.

Now that more than 30 years have passed, seven spectators have died, and the Taoist priests have finally cleared their minds and respectfully bowed and worshipped three times.

"How's the longevity elixir refining?"

"Your Majesty, the art of alchemy has been lost for a long time, and the pinnacle has not been very proficient in researching it for decades."

Xu Zhenren took out the jade box from his bosom and offered it with both hands: "I destroyed several furnaces in a row and spent a lot of elixir, and only made a few residual pills."

Baiyun Guan was passed down from the Dan Dingzong. Even after many changes and revisions of the inheritance classics, there are still many Dan recipes that have been handed down. Xu Zhenren studied alchemy, relying on three points of ability and seven points of loyalty, and won the support and trust of Emperor Taishi.

The inner servant presented the jade box and carefully opened it.

Inside there are three thumb-sized pills, red all over, with golden moiré patterns, emitting an attractive medicinal fragrance.

A look of surprise flashed in the Taishi Emperor's eyes. He listened to Shen Zhenren talking about many elixir, and Yanshou Pill was the same as this. He waved his hand to stop the servant from testing the medicine, and directly picked up a pill and swallowed it.

It melts in the mouth~www.mtlnovel.com~ The rich spiritual energy diffuses into the internal organs.

Thirty-six years later, I finally felt the taste of aura again, like nectar in a long drought.

"Hahaha!"

Emperor Taishi looked up to the sky and laughed loudly, and scenes of familiar and unfamiliar scenes appeared in front of him, like crazy ravings.

"I hold Tai A, Yulong Cha, Climb Kunlun..."

"There are thousand-year-old green jujube trees, ten thousand-year-old red vines, Xuanzhu grass, purple salvia..."

"Yin and yang condense into fairy fruit, and five qi converge into ganoderma lucidum..."

"And in the middle of the Kunlun Mountains, there are built trees, hundreds of thousands of trees without branches, green leaves and purple stems, going up to Jiuxiao, down to Jiuyou, immortals and gods are above the sky..."

Emperor Taishi's words and deeds were recorded word for word by the historian in the hall!

Chapter 197: Buddhist heritage

The cruelest thing in the world is not ignorance, but knowing too much, but not getting it.

I can't ask for it, it looks like crazy, and the illusion has just appeared!

Everyone in the hall thought that Emperor Taishi Fudan was crazy, only he knew that he was not crazy, and everything he said was what he saw with his own eyes.

Thousand-year-old jujube tree, blood vine demon, Xuanzhu grass, purple salvia, yin and yang fruit, five-color Ruiyunzhi, Jianmu...

After a long time.

The scene in front of Emperor Taishi collapsed, his murmuring gradually died out, and he sat cross-legged on the futon.

Leng You glanced at the people in the hall, all bowed their heads and looked expressionless, how could they not have guessed the thoughts of the people below, probably thought they were talking nonsense.

"Why doesn't Xu Zhen get up?"

"This minister is inexplicably excited, congratulations to Your Majesty!"

Xu Zhenzhen knelt on the ground and shivered. The elixir was indeed real. It came from the heritage of Buddhism and Taoism. However, alchemy still needed elixir furnace, magic, and spirit fire. Now, it can only be replaced by ordinary fire copper cauldron.

As a result, three furnaces were smelted in a row, and a rare amount of elixir was wasted.

Fortunately, I read the ancient Taoist books a few days ago and found the method of lead and mercury inner alchemy. The combination of the two made a spiritual elixir.

The appearance is similar to that in the classics. As for the efficacy, Xu Zhenren dare not take it anyway.

Xu Zhenren thought that taking this pill was not as effective as eating the elixir raw, but he didn't dare to say what he thought in his mind.

"The decree is that Xu Zhenren has merit in alchemy, and he will grant Huai Xuanji Miaoguangzu Zhenjun, give purple robes, reward ten thousand gold, and order the statue of Baiyunguan to offer incense!"

Taishidi said slowly: "The real person continues to make alchemy, and I will let the imperial army send the elixir, at least one pot every month!"

Qi and blood martial arts have been cultivated to the point of condensing the aperture, and one meal can only be satisfied by eating half a cow. However, since leaving the Kunlun Mountains, even though he has eaten his throat and his stomach, there is still a kind of hunger that comes from the soul.

When he was young, he was able to endure it, and with the hearty spirit of leading the army to conquer the world, he barely dispelled the greed in his heart.

Now that Emperor Taishi is nearly 80 years old, he has the power of the Qing Kingdom, and has deterred the countries of Yunzhou.

Taking the medicinal herbs today, the scent of Reiki invades the bone marrow!

"I, poor life, must find Kunlun Mountain!"

Emperor Taishi pulled out the Tai'a sword from his waist, the whole body was as green as jade, and pointed at the sky.

"If I don't live forever, no matter how powerful I am, I will be nothing but a handful of loess in a hundred years!"

When these words came out, the courtiers and servants in the hall immediately knelt down and shouted three times.

"Long live your majesty, long live, long live!"

...

After the day has changed.

In order to prevent the counterattack of the secular kingship, the Buddhist monks seized the Buddhist dominance.

Therefore, before the spiritual energy completely dissipated, the royal families of Yizhou were invited to go to the Land of Elysium and changed their name to Fozhou.

Fozhou is divided into twelve Buddha lands, which are governed by twelve upper temples. The division of state capitals under its jurisdiction is similar to that of the original imperial court.

Because monks had to recite sutras and practice Buddhism, they did not have much time to manage their place, so they appointed lay disciples as officials and were classified as second-class people. The first class is naturally monks, the third class is farmers and industry, the fourth class is criminals, slaves, and so on.

Divide people into four grades, with fixed occupations and levels to facilitate governance, from top to bottom like a pyramid.

It is supplemented by Buddhist scriptures such as karma, reincarnation of life and death, etc., under the guidance of the people to endure hardship and suffering, they can be reincarnated as monks in the next life, and they will be imprisoned from the body to the soul.

For hundreds of years, instead of large-scale rebellions, Buddhist rule became more and more rock-solid.

As for all the classics other than Buddhism, such as the Four Books and Five Classics, history books, biographies, etc., whoever recites the reader commits a serious crime of blasphemy against the Buddha, the whole family enters the ranks of the fourth class, and only after suffering for three lives and three lives can they be liberated.

This is just the overall structure, and Buddhism has set a level from basic necessities of life.

Walking in the Buddha gate city, you can clearly distinguish the difference between the four classes according to the color of the people's clothes, transportation, food, and housing regulations.

Bodhi Buddha Land.

Wanfo Temple.

Legend has it that Buddhism originated here, and it can be said to be the sect of all Buddhas and the actual ruler of Buddhism.

Mahavira Hall.

The pure gold Buddha statue several feet high, with kind eyes and kind eyes, looked at the believers below with a smile.

Among them is an old monk with long eyebrows, with a tall skeleton and a whole body like red gold. There are more than a dozen monks around, old or young, with distant eyes, and all of them look like they are pitiful and sympathetic.

The only person who spoke in the hall was a monk in rags, a monk with many scars, telling about what happened to the Buddhist monks in Yunzhou.

"...After the Emperor Taishi destroyed the Wanfo Temple in Qianjing, he broke down the mountains and destroyed the temple, and burned all the Buddhist scriptures. He dispatched military pawns, Jinyiwei, and internal servants to hunt down the monks. If they dared to resist, they would be killed. Even the children of the lay people were thrown into prison."

"The poor monk and hundreds of warrior monks traveled all the way to the west, crossing tens of thousands of miles in Jizhou, and only one disciple was left when they reached Fozhou!"

Speaking of this, the monk showed his scar on his chest, pierced with an arrow, and died on the spot after a few minutes, and continued: "At the border of Fozhou, the poor monk was rescued by the believers, and he was lucky enough to survive before he could pass on the matter of Yunzhou back. "

"Amitabha!"

The old monk with long eyebrows instructed: "The believers in this family have great merit, and allow their son to be ordained as a monk to enjoy the bliss of Buddhism."

The monk on the left got up and took the order: "Follow the decree of the Zen master!"

The old monk asked left and right: "What do you think about the matter of Yunzhou?"

A monk said: "Emperor Taishi praised the Buddha's enemy Xuanxiao, and he started to destroy the Buddha, so he should be punished!"

Another monk said: "Zen master, the poor monk is willing to lead 100,000 monks and soldiers to go to Yunzhou to spread the Dharma and overthrow the tyranny of the false emperor of the Qing Kingdom!"

"The poor monk is also willing to go!"

"..."

"Amitabha!"

The old monk with long eyebrows announced the Buddha's name and said: "The power of the fake emperor has reached the innate, and he is the best in the world. It is difficult for this person to die without Buddhism."

All the monks nodded slightly, showing disdain for Emperor Taishi on the surface, but in fact a strong man who can rule Yunzhou, an extraordinary monk and soldier can rule.

"What did the Zen master think?"

"Wait!"

The old monk with long eyebrows said: "The pseudo-emperor's obsession with immortality is almost crazy. When all his rebels and relatives leave, the people's hearts will be lost. I will ask the Buddha to kill them, and I can deter the countries of Yunzhou and subdue the people."

A monk asked suspiciously, "Master Zen, Yunzhou is tens of thousands of miles away, is it worth using the Buddha's treasure?"

After Xuan Xiao beheaded Miao Shan, he did not take away the treasure of the Buddhist sect. It takes a lot of spiritual energy to activate the Buddha treasure, which is equivalent to consuming the foundation of Buddhism and shaking the foundation of governance.

"My Buddha ruled the Buddhist continent for three hundred years, and the people lived and worked in peace and contentment, and they were a hundred times more comfortable and happy than the dynasty ruled."

The monk with long eyebrows said slowly: "In order to seek immortality, the false emperors used heavy corvée and servitude, cruel and tyrannical, so that the people could not live well. It is in line with the spirit of the eastward crossing of the Buddha Dharma. My Buddha illuminates thousands of people, and is in line with the will of the heavens and the people's hearts!"

"Hundreds of millions of people in Jiuzhou should bathe in Buddha's grace and enjoy my Buddha's bliss!"

...

The words are divided into two parts.

Spirit Sword City.

Zhou Yi has been in Qingzhou for ten years, and the rocking chair he lies on every day has been rubbed brightly and lubricated.

"Xiao Linzi, you have already learned the five-element flashing technique, and there is nothing for the poor to teach."

The technique of instant flash is a secret technique that Zhou Yi deduced by combining the Five Elements Escape Technique and Qinggong, changing the consumption of mana to qi and blood.

This method is no longer pure martial arts. The mystery is similar to magic, but the amount of qi and blood consumed is too large, so you can only use the trump card!

"Immortal, are you leaving?"

Lin Fan's qi and blood flowed out of his body, and his figure jumped up next to Zhou Yi, with a reluctant expression on his face: "If the immortal master will stay in the mortal world, I will definitely work hard to earn money and give you your retirement."

"Hmph, the last guy who said that, Pindao has already given him three graves!"

Zhou Yi's body changed into a youthful appearance, and sighed: "The fate is here, there is no need for nostalgia, and the poor Taoist must return to Kunlun Mountain to practice."

"Can I go to the rivers and lakes after that?"

Lin Fan looked hesitant and looking forward to it. After ten years of subterranean cultivation, Qi and blood finally condensed into the orifice. The follow-up was accumulated over time, turning the orifice point into a blood pill, but it was still far from the realm of breaking the mountain with a sword.

With the speed of a flash, he stabbed with all his strength with a single sword, which could only shatter a bluestone three to four feet in size.

"sure."

Zhou Yi's expression was a little weird, he tried his best to restrain his thoughts of hiding behind him and watching Lezi, and said solemnly: "A warrior in the Ningqiao realm, a poor Daoist slap can kill three or four thousand people. When you go out to explore the rivers and lakes, remember to be careful!"

The Qi and Blood Martial Dao Condensing Aperture is equivalent to the innate master, that is, the early stage of Qi cultivation.

Zhou Yi didn't know how many innate warriors there were in Jiuzhou, probably not more than three digits.

It seems that martial arts practice does not depend on spiritual energy, but without the support of immortal Tao medicine pills, the number of innate masters is far less than before the extinction of spiritual energy, and it is necessary to count the immortality hidden in the two religions of Buddhism and Taoism.

"gone."

Zhou Yi waved goodbye and was about to leave in a dashing manner. The ten years he spent with Lin Fan was quite warm, but it was not a reason to stay.

The only thing in the world that can walk with Zhou Yi is time!

Seeing that Lin Fan couldn't hold back, he knelt on the ground three times and bowed nine times, and said, "Immortal, I've had a question for the past ten years, can you tell me about it?"

"Just ask."

Zhou Yi raised his brows, and he could probably guess what Lin Fan was thinking.

"Back then, I was lucky enough to get the Immortal Sword to recognize its master, but I was just a child who didn't know the martial arts. With your strength, Immortal, you can completely take away the Immortal Sword without a sound."

Lin Fan said, "Either by exchanging swordsmanship, or by giving a spiritual pill, you don't have to bother to teach for ten years at all!"

"First, Pindao didn't bother, I just opened my eyes and closed my eyes for ten years."

Zhou Yi explained: "Secondly, the poor daoist took away the lightsaber and compensated for the corresponding value. How could he deceive the treasures of the district? I lied to you today for the immortal sword, and tomorrow I lied to inherit it. After a long time, I lost my heart! "

"Poor Dao lives long and is strong enough, but if he loses his heart, he will fall into the abyss sooner or later!"

"One day I used to use five buckets of Lingmi to deceive people, and I provoke a great guy, a lesson from the past..."

Zhou Yi didn't care whether Lin Fan understood it or not, he said it to himself: "That immortal sword has an extraordinary origin, but it's just a crippled person, and he can only push you to the innate master."

"Now the poor way has the treasure, the sword has preserved the spiritual consciousness, you have achieved the innate, the three are the best, and you don't owe each other!"

"I see."

Lin Fan faintly realized something, and he was inevitably a little disappointed. He said, "Isn't that because I can't use the name of immortals in the future? When I am in trouble, immortals will not come to rescue me?"

"Ruzi can be taught!"

Zhou Yi believed in cause and effect, but he was not bound by cause and effect. If the value to be paid was too high, he would simply give up the lightsaber.

I am lucky to get it, and I don't force it to lose it.

Without obsession, there is no catastrophe!

"Remember to be cautious when walking in the rivers and lakes, and don't want to die on the street, lest the poor think of you in the future, and there is no place to worship and burn paper..."

The sound was faint, and the figure was no longer there.

Lin Fan banged his head a few times, even if it was a fair deal, the ten-year teaching grace could not be faked.

"Relax, Immortal, I will not disgrace Kunlun's name!"

The immortal would not allow him to walk under his name, so he would directly use the name of the mountain, and in the future he would walk in the rivers and lakes and call himself a disciple of Kunlun.

"Just do it!"

Lin Fan stood up, slung the iron bar around his waist, and planned to go to his brother-in-law's house to say goodbye to his sister.

Just went out.

He saw the handsome young man in white, riding in a light-veiled sedan chair carried by four strong men, followed by eight beautiful sword attendants.

Pedestrians along the street hide one after another, whispering about touting the young master, it turns out that it is Wu Kun, the young master of the Sword Casting Hall, and it is rumored that he has the appearance of Emperor Wu!

"Martial Emperor! Martial Dao Emperor, such a domineering title."

Lin Fan sensed carefully, but he could not detect the depth of Wu Kun's strength. He was afraid that his skills had reached the realm of transformation, so he stepped forward to ask for advice with excitement: "At the end of martial arts, I want to ask for advice..."

Unexpectedly, before getting close to the distance of three feet, the close-fitting swordsman frowned slightly, and jumped out of the column and drew his sword straight to stab!

Lin Fan has been cultivating for ten years, and he has never fought against anyone in actual combat. No matter how much his qi and blood increase, he can only survive a few more breaths under the immortal training with all his strength.

Seeing the sharp sword stab at this moment, Lin Fan pulled out the iron bar from his waist and slashed vertically like instinct.

Qi and blood come out through the body~www.mtlnovel.com~ drink loudly to increase courage.

"gravel!"

boom!

The turbulent sword energy fell, and the maid turned into rain on the spot, slowly falling and dyeing the street blood.

"..."

Wu Kun wiped his face and saw that his hands were bright red, and screamed in horror: "Help! There are assassins!"

How could Lin Fan not know that he had caused a big disaster, cast instant flash through several houses, and disappeared in a vertical leap.

at this time.

Zhou Yi changed into another face, just out of the yellow paper, and saw the chaotic scene on the street.

"Pindao taught this fellow for ten years, how much merit has he accumulated!"

After saying that, it turned into an escape light and flew towards Yunzhou.

...

Baiyun Peak.

Zhou Yi stood up in the sky, looking at the mountain below, which had lost most of it, and shook his head helplessly.

"Sooner or later, people will dig into the ground, and the mountain must be changed!"

Fortunately, the Fire Palace was built three hundred feet underground. Even if the Taishi Emperor learned about this from the ancient books of Baiyun Temple, it would be difficult to dig a thousand meters deep.

Burned some yellow paper in front of each grave, including his own tomb.

Afterwards, Zhou Yi went to the old white grave and said some words. Thousands of years have passed, and he should have been reincarnated.

"It is rumored that Buddhism's secret method of nirvana reincarnation is used to find the reincarnation of eminent monks, but it is a pity that Wanfo Temple escaped the catastrophe, otherwise Pindao will complete his agreement with you."

"Poor Dao is not in a hurry. We have time to wait until the foundation of Buddhism is exhausted, and the collection of ancient books is free to read."

After the worship, Zhou Yi turned into an escape light and flew southwards, as far as the 100,000 Mountains.

Thorns Ridge.

Moyun City.

Zhou Yi stood in the sky, seeing that the city had expanded several times, and it was quite lively and prosperous.

"After that, I will find a mountain nearby and continue to cultivate and enlighten!"

Chapter 198: become a totem

Genius to remember the address of this site in one second: [New] <https://>The fastest update! No ads!

Zhou Yi escaped into Moyun City, and he turned into a handsome young man in a flash, and he would inquire when he met anyone.

"Where can I listen to music on the hook?"

Pedestrians pointed to the southeast: "Hehuan Garden!"

"This name seems to have quite a history!"

Among the Goulan that Zhou Yi has visited for thousands of years, there are not a hundred but eighty schools. Names such as Chunfeng, Xiaoxiang, Yihong, Manyue, etc., are all the names that scholars have been asked to extract from the Four Books and Five Classics.

After all, Goulan listens to the music either by literati or pretending to be literati. Ordinary people can't bear a few taels of money to drink tea.

Such a straightforward name as Hehuanyuan was indeed the first time I heard it.

"Be sure to go and see for a long time."

Escape light fell on the north of the city, Zhou Yi was not in a hurry, and walked slowly over with his hands.

Years go by, and the scenery changes.

The scenery of Moyun City is very different from that of the past. Because the Shiwanda Mountain produces a large number of wild ginseng and other precious medicines, it attracts the wealthy businessmen of the Yunzhou countries, who speak loudly with different accents.

Pedestrians on the street are no longer linen-clad animal skins, and there are no monsters with bull-headed, tiger-headed and wolf-headed heads, and more clothes of various colors and textures.

The voices were full of people, so it was not lively.

Zhou Yi stopped and walked, visiting the store from time to time, or strolling in front of the stall.

Listening to the people chatting and talking, I learned that the city lord's mansion relies on the transaction tax of wealthy merchants to maintain the operation of Moyun City. As long as the 100,000 mountain treasures are not exhausted, this tax is many times higher than the agricultural tax.

After all, Moyun City is located in the mountains and valleys. Even if it has been cultivated for hundreds of years, there are some plain fields around the city, which are not enough to supply the city with food.

Another reason is that the people in the city are all practicing Qi and blood martial arts, and the agricultural tax cannot be collected at all!

"So rich and happy, it's like a paradise."

Zhou Yiyue walked towards the center of the city, and found that the shops on the left and right had gradually turned into wine shops, with a strong and long-lasting aroma of wine.

Looking forward, the whole street is full of wine and drinking shops.

The benches outside the wine shop were full of drinkers in all kinds of clothes, including the young master in brocade clothes, and the bunt Liba. They sat upright in a more stable and elegant posture, with Erlang's legs crossed casually and comfortably.

The sounds of boxing and drinking orders came one after another, and there were cheers from time to time. Someone must have drunk the whole altar in one breath!

Zhou Yi has no distinction between high and low people, but after living for a long time, it is inevitable that he will be affected by the rules of this world. When he sees such a scene, he immediately becomes interested.

He found a vacant seat and sat down, called Xiao Er for a drink, and asked a silver bean as a reward.

"Man, are we all drinking like this?"

"Guest officer, you must have come to Moyun City for the first time, and I don't know the customs here."

The man skillfully put away the silver beans and explained with a smile: "We pay attention to the size of the wine, and other worlds have respect and inferiority. As long as they are on the wine table, it is the same. This custom has been passed down for hundreds of years, even if it is a great elder. I'm here, but I can't put it on the shelf."

Zhou Yi listened interestingly and asked, "What is the origin of this custom?"

"Of course there is. It is said that five hundred years ago there were man-eating monsters in the mountains. Jinshen felt pity and built Moyun City to protect the people."

The man and the man explained a lot, and said succinctly: "Because the Golden God likes fine wine, he often becomes a mortal to taste it, so the City Lord's Mansion ordered that the wine shop should not treat anyone differently, so as not to neglect the gods."

"This rule has been passed down for hundreds of years, and it has become a custom here, just like the people of Yunzhou set off firecrackers during the New Year."

"Fun and interesting!"

Zhou Yi nodded with a smile, opened the wine jar and sniffed, the taste was purer than it was hundreds of years ago.

Gudong Gudong drank one jar of wine and bought two more jars for storage bags. After that, each wine shop stopped for a while and bought two jars after tasting it.

to the center of the city.

From a distance, I saw a bronze statue of three or four feet tall, in a half-sitting posture, sitting not on a chair or a lotus pedestal, but a sturdy ox, two horns coated with gold powder, and the sun shone brightly.

The black tiger was lying at his feet, and the prime minister was waiting by the side, with a golden eagle standing on his shoulders, and his wings spread out behind him, ready to fly.

There are two rows of pillars inscribed with mysterious textures in front of the statue. If you look closely, the characters are in random order. They are recited according to some mysterious laws, and the tones are high and long, like chanting.

at this time.

Under the guidance of the sacrifice, a man and a woman were bowing to the statue three times and offering incense.

The sacrificial ceremony announced that men and women, under the witness of the Golden God, will become husband and wife, and they must be united in the future.

Nearby people from both sides cheered loudly and sent blessings to the bride and groom. Among them, it seemed that the bridegroom's mother offered incense and asked the sacrifice to inform the Golden God that the bride could give birth to a healthy child.

"Golden God is willing to bless the world, but I can't be greedy!"

The priest asked, "I don't know whether to choose to be as strong as an ox, as fierce as a tiger, as free as an eagle, or as long as a tortoise?"

The mother, a devout follower of the Golden God, bowed to the sacrifice and said, "The Golden God is above, the old lady does not ask her grandson to hear it, as long as she lives in peace and longevity."

The priest nodded slightly, and then began to recite the high-spirited and long incantation, finally indicating that the Golden God had received the prayer.

"Well, Pindao did receive it."

Zhou Yi was listening not far away, and with a finger, the spiritual light fell into the couple's body, and all the hidden ailments disappeared and the body became strong.

After the bride and groom left, the priest received several prayers from the believers. Most of them begged the Golden God to bless their safety, and some even sought out treasures in the mountains, and even directly sought to make a fortune.

In the eyes of the people of Moyun City, the Golden God belongs to the gods who rule over everything, and they come to ask for anything.

Zhou Yi queued for half an hour, and finally it was his turn to step forward and put the prepared incense in the cauldron in front of the statue.

The priest observed Zhou Yi's clothing and said, "Are you a foreigner?"

Zhou Yi bowed to the statue, cupped his hands, and said, "Pin Dao is from Qingzhou and traveled around the world. It was the first time I heard the legend of the Golden God, and I came to worship with admiration in my heart."

"respect....."

The priest's eyes narrowed slightly and he said: "So it seems that the Daoist friends have a long history and know what happened hundreds of years ago?"

Zhou Yi nodded and said, "I have heard a little bit that it is rare for the demon race to bless the human race!"

"Don't tell other people about this, you will be kicked out of the city if you are beaten."

The sacrifice said: "Golden God is no longer a monster, but a totem of Moyun City, just like the immortal gods worshipped by Taoism and the Bodhisattva worshipped by Buddhists."

Zhou Yi asked again: "Dare to ask why Jin is the name of the god?"

The sacrificial priest said: "Jin is the surname of the god, the name is Yi, and it is the origin of everything in Moyun City."

"Thank you for your advice!"

Zhou Yi didn't ask too much, and there were many people behind, waiting in line to worship.

Leave the city center.

Looking back at the towering bronze statue, the traces left by the wind, frost, rain and snow seemed to be more ancient and vicissitudes, Zhou Yi couldn't help feeling emotional.

"Pindao can actually become a totem, prayed and worshipped by all the people!"

"It's time to celebrate!"

until Hehuan Garden.

Zhou Yi arrived at the boundary, observed for a moment, and made sure that he had been there.

After the war between the righteous and the devil started, many monks came to Moyun City to take refuge. Among them, a real person named Lu Lin taught the fox demon and snake demon the method of double cultivation, and earned a lot of spirit stones for mutual benefit.

Hundreds of years have passed, and Lu Zhenren has long since died, but his inheritance has not been cut off.

After several expansions, Moyun City has long been different from its original appearance. Zhou Yi did not notice it at the beginning, but now he sees some familiar traces, and he still does not know the origin of Hehuan Garden.

"After living for a long time, there are old friends everywhere!"

Seeing that Zhou Yi was stagnant at the entrance of the alley, the old man thought it was the young man with thin skin, and came over with his waist twisted.

"Guest officer, please come in!"

The old bastard embraced Zhou Yi's arm familiarly, with a broad and soft heart: "Young master is the first to come to Moyun City, right? We are not ordinary girls here, all of them are proficient in the method of double cultivation. "

Zhou Yi said: "But the Taoist secret art?"

"Young Master is not an ordinary person, he is well-informed."

The old bastard said proudly: "We have inherited it for five or six hundred years. It is both a Goulan and a martial arts sect of Hehuan Sect. As long as the son has enough money, he can stay for a year or two to ensure that his internal strength will improve greatly."

"Then stay for two years."

Zhou Yi only thought that the world was strange. The double cultivation method passed down by Lu Laodao in those days actually evolved into a martial arts sect.

...

There are many things in this world that Zhou Yi can't see, some can handle, some can't, but there is only one enemy.

Dragon King.

"Pindao has a small heart!"

The place where Zhou Yi retreated was selected on the mountain north of Bibotan. Originally it had no name, but now it has become Kunlun Mountain.

After the ancestral veins were cut off, the Dragon Emperor blood sacrificed to the demon clan under his command in order to avoid the catastrophe of the end of the law.

The inheritance of the human race relies on the classics and books, and the demon race is the bloodline of the ancestors. As long as the bloodline traces back long enough, the inheritance of the ancient demon gods will automatically emerge.

The dragon emperor and other four demon emperors have pure and ancient bloodlines, and they know a lot about ancient things. After the drastic changes in the world, they ordered the group of demons to collect resources as soon as possible.

Zhou Yi chose to cultivate in the 100,000-strong mountain this time, because he had the intention of digging a grave and digging out the old dragon from self-proclaimed.

It was learned from Xiao Tiezhu that after self-proclaimed, all external and internal inductions were forbidden, and even thinking and consciousness did not exist, like a cold and hard rock. Therefore, the spell cannot be interrupted by itself, and it can only end on its own after the energy is exhausted. The exact number of years later, even the caster does not know.

Xiao Tiezhu once used a secret method to search for the self-proclaimed old monsters, but unfortunately all of them disappeared.

Zhou Yi arranged the forbidden formation according to Bai Yunfeng's appearance, opened his mouth and spit out the building wood and landed in the center, exuding a strong spiritual energy, and began to moisten the land and turn it into a spiritual field.

"Suffocated me."

The Lingshen doll jumped out of the imperial beast bag, looked at the uneven mountain, and pursed her mouth: "We will continue to cultivate the wasteland again!"

"Go and plant the elixir, do you still want to become an immortal?"

Zhou Yi built the Taoist temple and the pavilion, instructed the Lingshen doll to work hard, and turned into a light to fly to Bibotan.

The old dragon has lived for thousands of years. With his mind, he probably won't bury himself in Bibotan, but in order to prevent this fellow from playing in the dark, Zhou Yi plans to explore the old site of the Dragon Palace.

Even if there is no trace of the old dragon, it is possible to find a few things related to the old dragon, and then deduce it step by step through the method of divination.

Escape to the bottom.

Zhou Yi had been to the Dragon Palace, and he soon saw the ruins of the Dragon Palace following the direction.

After hundreds of years of lake erosion, only a few pillars remain in the glorious palace, the collapsed houses are overgrown with water plants, and fish and shrimp are digging in the gaps.

Wander under the water and look at the remnants of walls, pillars, palaces and more.

Back then, the scene of the Dragon Palace going to the banquet was still in front of us, but in an instant, the times changed, and the famous Dragon Palace in Jiuzhou was left with some broken walls and ruins.

"How tyrannical Ren was in his lifetime, he can't live forever, after all, he is just a handful of loess!"

Zhou Yi witnessed with his own eyes that the Dragon Palace was turned into a ruin.

Divine consciousness shrouded in a radius of more than ten miles, and he went back and forth in the Dragon Palace several times, but no strange objects were found. A lot of gold and jade jewels have been excavated from the ruins, but they are only palace decorations, and it is difficult to use them to predict the Dragon Emperor.

The method of divination is affected by strength. Zhou Yi uses Jin Dan to find Nascent Soul, which is only possible if it is close to the body.

"Poor Daoist has time. In a hundred years and a thousand years, he will finally be able to find where Lao Long buried himself!"

Closed since.

Chanting sutras every day.

After more than ten years of hustle and bustle, Zhou Yi returned to quietness.

The way of practice should be relaxed one by one, and the tension should be grasped by itself, so as to avoid boredom or laxity.

Zhou Yi sometimes envied Lingshen dolls, they were pure in nature and never had the concept of sadness.

Lingshen doll was spinning around Jianmu, muttering words, followed by a red tail.

Jianmu has been ripened to three feet, and the Lingshen doll can't see the top even with its head raised, but unfortunately, it went straight out, and there was no sign of sprouting and bifurcation.

"The aura is a bit more intense than before. From this point of view, it doesn't take a thousand years to break through the mid-term."

Years passed in a flash.

this day.

Clear sky.

Zhou Yi finished his practice, feeling a little bored in his heart, so he did not comprehend the Taoist treasure, and flew to Bibo Pond in the form of an escaped light.

Take the rod out of the storage bag and start fishing slowly.

The sky in the mountains is impermanent, and in an instant, the dark clouds are closed, a gust of wind blows, and the drizzle falls.

Zhou Yi sat by the lake, watching the vast mist.

Wind and water, this is a wonderful image!

At this time.

"Pull up the sails... put on the color... smooth sailing..."

A rough song came, and a figure was seen in the hazy wind and rain, supporting the boat from far to near.

The voice pierced through golden cracks, and the breath was long and powerful.

Zhou Yi reluctantly looked at the frightened fish, his eyes twinkled, and when he looked at the figure on the boat, it was an old man with white hair.

When the old man approached the lake, Penny patted the water, and the whole person rose into the air and landed firmly beside Zhou Yi.

"Old man Jin Jing, I have seen fellow Daoist."

Zhou Yi was wearing a blue Taoist robe, the style of which was worn hundreds of years ago. In the eyes of others, it is full of ancient charm. Let the wind and rain not get wet, it must be a master of Taoism with great internal power.

"Pin Dao Zhu Gang, temporarily borrowing an expensive land, I hope Elder Jin's permission."

Zhou Yi had long heard of the name of Jinjing, the present-day elder of Moyuncheng, and the King of Zhennan by the Qing Kingdom.

The surname Jin is the largest surname in Moyun City. He has been in power for generations. He never thought of being a dignified elder, but he actually dressed up as a poor fisherman.

"These 100,000 mountains do not belong to anyone, and the Taoist priest does not need to tell the old man."

Jin Jing squatted on the shore, looked at the straight hook in the lake, with a grain of rice on the tip, and smiled, "We've been fishing all our lives, and we've never seen a straight hook. Did the Taoist priest imitate some sage?"

"Pindao is forging a good relationship, waiting for the fish to repay his kindness."

When Zhou Yi spoke, the fish who had just scared Jin Jing away couldn't help but tempted by Lingmi to run back.

He opened his mouth and swallowed the Lingmi into his stomach, the fish tail swayed, and he disappeared without a trace.

Zhou Yi flicked his fingers, and put the grain of rice on the hook. In a short while, a fish swam over, swallowed the bait and disappeared.

Jin Jing was interesting to watch, so he squatted by the lake to watch fishing, and asked casually, "Why did the Taoist priest come to practice in this barren mountain and wild ridge?"

Zhou Yi said: "Pindao is fond of antiquities. I read the books and learned that there was once a dragon palace here, so I came to find the trace of the real dragon."

Jin Jing raised his brows and hummed: "There are no real dragons, but there are many ghosts and monsters."

The people of Moyun City were oppressed by the demon clan, and there were many records in the ancient books, and they did not have any favorable impression of the Bibotan dragon clan.

Zhou Yi asked back, "Why did Elder Jin come to this barren mountain to fish?"

"What's strange, this is what the old man has learned since he was a child."

Jin Jing said helplessly: "Since my cousin came to the throne, Moyun City has become more and more prosperous. Everyone learns silk, chess, tea, and the Four Books and Five Classics. The old man only likes farming and hunting, and there is no reason to stop him, so he simply came to the mountains to hide. "

Zhou Yi asked, "Elder Jin thinks this is a bad thing?"

"It's neither good nor bad, we can't force everyone to suffer."

Jin Jing sighed: "It's just that Moyun City can be independent of the world~www.mtlnovel.com~ depends on the practice of martial arts by the whole people. Once you fall into prosperity and wealth, how can you have the mind to sharpen your qi and blood!"

Zhou Yi nodded slightly, no wonder this old man can congeal blood and blood, and his talent is just one of them. Jin Jing's nature does not like the mortal world, and it is also an important reason for the mystery of cultivation.

"The Qing Kingdom has a big impact on Yunzhou, and there is a relationship with the First Emperor, and no one dares to provoke Moyun City."

"The old man has never read books and doesn't understand the twists and turns. He usually hears Mr. Shu's lectures on history, but he just thinks that relying on others is worse than relying on yourself."

Jin Jing said helplessly: "Besides, my cousin has been a little bit... not sober in recent years!"

Zhou Yi nodded and added Lingmi to the hook.

"Yeah, not awake."

Chapter 199: The world of Kunlun

Shangyang Palace.

Morning.

Long live three.

Emperor Taishi's eyes were red, his eyes swept over the officials in the hall, and his breath burst like a volcano.

"More than 30 years have passed, and Kunlun Mountain has not yet been found. What's the use of waiting for you?"

"I'm waiting for ten thousand deaths!"

The ministers couldn't stand on their knees, they only felt a mountain of might pressing down on them, and they couldn't help shivering.

Emperor Taishi searched for Buddhist and Taoist spirits to refine them into elixir for consumption. On weekdays, the imperial meal was a soup made from ginseng and Shouwu, which was made from centuries-old ginseng.

Raise your hands into the wind, shouting like thunder.

"Mistakes the path of longevity, 10,000 deaths are not enough!" Remember the website m.xbeqge.com

Emperor Taishi looked at one of them, his face slightly stern: "Liu Aiqing, how is the compilation of Xiuxian Huaben?"

"The minister gathered all his colleagues in the Hanlin Academy, stayed up late and wrote twelve volumes of news stories, all of which are excellent, and sent to the Kunlun Palace after the dynasty."

Liu Hanlin said flatteringly: "Newspeak was originally a work of hard work. This minister guarantees with the head on the item that His Majesty will be satisfied!"

"very good."

When Emperor Taishi heard the words, his heart was fiery and unbearably extinguished a little: "All Aiqings, calm down."

As soon as Baiguan got up, a censor came out and said.

"Your Majesty, this minister has reported that Liu Yi of the Hanlin Academy borrowed from the compilation of the script, full of his own pockets, and greed for 137,000 taels of silver, all of which have actual evidence!"

Liu Yi's face was pale, his foundation was shallow, and he was promoted by His Majesty only by being able to write words, and was pondering how to quibble.

"There is such a thing, but I can't listen to partial beliefs, and let the Secretary of the Chamber investigate the case thoroughly."

Emperor Taishi covered up the matter in one sentence, waved his hand to stop the censor from continuing to speak, and looked at Xu Zhenren: "Can Zhenren have alchemy recently?"

"Your Majesty, the elixir has been broken for several months, and it is difficult for me to cook without rice!"

Before the real man Xu finished speaking, he felt cold and murderous, and quickly said the prepared draft: "I wish I couldn't make alchemy for His Majesty."

Emperor Taishi nodded slightly: "Speak."

"I learned from the classics that there are immortal islands in the sea."

Xu Zhenren said: "I would like to lead the navy to cross the deep sea in the east. There are countless immortal islands in the East China Sea, and I will definitely be able to find the elixir and make it into a longevity elixir!"

"allow."

Emperor Taishi did not trust Xu Zhenren, but learned from the Kunlun Mountain Bookstore that the Earth Fire Palace, the predecessor of Baiyun Temple, came from the East China Sea, and instructed: "I ordered the navy to build a hundred ships, divide the troops into three routes, and enter the East China Sea to find them. Elixir!"

The Minister of the Ministry of Housing came out and persuaded: "This is a waste of money and a waste of money, your Majesty think twice!"

"I tossed and turned, thought a lot, what more than to think twice?"

Emperor Taishi said quietly: "There really is Kunlun in this world. I am a disciple of Kunlun. I want to cultivate immortals, and I want to live forever!"

When he left the Kunlun Mountains, Emperor Taishi didn't hesitate, thinking that imperial power and hegemony was more attractive, but as he grew older, death was approaching, and nothing in the world could compare to immortality.

When the officials in the hall heard the words, their expressions changed.

Liu Yi and Xu Zhenren had just escaped from death, and quickly echoed: "Your Majesty has great luck in your body, and you will definitely live forever!"

The loyal and surviving ministers fell to the ground and persuaded: "Your Majesty, longevity is a false statement, don't be taken advantage of by traitors!"

The prince who was watching politics lowered his head and didn't dare to speak. He wanted to persuade but didn't dare. There was only one thought in his mind.

My dad is crazy!

This is also the idea of everyone, whether loyal ministers or traitors, they all think that Emperor Taishi is obsessed with longevity and has reached a state of madness. There is no such thing as Kunlun Mountain in the world, and there is no such thing as immortal cultivation and longevity, it is all a crazy imagination of His Majesty!

At this time.

The sound of footsteps came from outside the hall, and Liu Jin was so excited that he crawled up and down, and shouted without salute when he came in.

"Your Majesty, there are people who claim to be disciples of the Kunlun Sword Sect, who have swept across the capital. I have seen with my own eyes, that swordsman can fly!"

Emperor Taishi stood up from the dragon chair in a hurry, not bothering to investigate Liu Jin's disobedience, and asked.

"Where is the swordsman now?"

"Your Majesty, I led thousands of Jinyi Guards to round up, but the swordsman disappeared with a bang, and then he flew up to the city wall."

Liu Jin's description was vivid: "I saw this scene, how can I not know that the swordsman has real skills, and quickly shouted that His Majesty is a disciple of Kunlun, and just left the swordsman, and is waiting for His Majesty to summon him outside the palace at this time!"

"Quick announcement."

Emperor Taishi got up after sitting down and said, "Go to Kunlun Palace!"

Kunlun Palace

Located in the southwest corner of the palace, the original dozen or so palaces were completely leveled, leaving more than 300 feet vacant.

Emperor Taishi described the Kunlun Wonderland according to his memory, and the painter painted it into a scroll, and he spared no effort to restore it one by one.

In the Kunlun Palace, a purple courtyard column several feet high is inlaid with jasper leaves. In front is an acre of spiritual fields. The spiritual medicines are carved and inlaid with gold, silver and jade, and behind it are ancient trees, Taoist temples, and pavilions.

Since the day it was built, it has lived in Kunlun Palace.

Taishi Emperor paced back and forth outside the Taoist Temple, urging him several times, and finally got to see the swordsman.

"Kunlun Sword Sect disciple, Lin Fan, greets the Emperor of Qing."

Lin Fan bowed slightly as a salute. There was no emperor or royal family in the Sword Casting City he lived in. Apart from selling himself as a servant, he never knelt down.

The First Emperor looked at Lin Fan carefully, faintly sensed the same source breath, and said with a smile, "Sit down and talk."

The two sat under the vines, and a waiter immediately brought rice, the grains of rice were crystal clear like beads, and the fragrance was blowing.

"Lingmi?"

Lin Fan was surprised at first, and then he felt disappointed. The rice grains in the bowl did not fluctuate, but the appearance and taste were similar.

"Haha, Fellow Daoist Lin really came from Kunlun Mountain."

Emperor Taishi was so happy that he couldn't ask for anything for so many years. He never imagined that someone would come to the door and pointed to the surrounding scenery and said, "Do fellow Daoists recognize this scene?"

Lin Fan looked around, shook his head and said, "I've never seen it before."

Emperor Taishi frowned slightly: "Since you are practicing in Kunlun, how can you not see the beauty of Kunlun?"

Lin Fan said, "I haven't been to Kunlun Mountain, but the immortal who taught my swordsmanship is a Kunlun Qi Refiner. It is inconvenient to reveal the immortal's name. After ten years of teaching, he left floating."

"I see."

The Emperor Taishi was envious, but also disappointed that he could not find any trace of Kunlun through Lin Fan.

Lin Fan said with a thick face: "The talent is ordinary, it's just a named disciple."

"It's no wonder that Fellow Daoist Lin failed to enter the Kunlun Mountains to practice cultivation. I used to be a true teacher back then. According to the rules, you should be called a brother."

How could Emperor Taishi consider himself inferior, conceal his envy, and add a layer of identity to himself.

Lin Fan was overjoyed. He failed to worship Kunlun Mountain at the beginning, but now he is serious about passing on his disciples as senior brothers.

"See you brother!"

"Alright, alright, today you and I won't go home if you don't get drunk!"

Emperor Taishi ordered people to go to the imperial meal, and then told Lin Fan about the experience of Kunlun Mountain. Except for the apprenticeship, everything was true, and he added a lot of dream imaginings, which made it more and more distant and immortal.

"It turns out that Kunlun Mountain is such a fairyland."

Lin Fan looked envious, but unfortunately he couldn't see it with his own eyes, so he told Taishi Emperor about the immortal's character and preferences.

This happened to be the part that Emperor Taishi didn't know about. Back then, Zhou Yi was so high up, even as a prince, he had to be careful and didn't dare to overstep the rules.

The two of them spoke more and more speculatively, and under the combination of each other, they had a clear understanding of Kunlun Mountain and immortals.

Until Emperor Taishi talked about the Kunlun Mountain Bookstore, saw Xuan Xiao's life, and learned that the two religions of Buddhism and Taoism slandered the Taoist.

"I promised the immortals that I would rectify the injustices of the Daojun, and now there is no false scriptures in Yunzhou. The Qing Kingdom only needs to last three or five hundred years to clear the injustices for the Daojun and become a Taoist sage!"

"Daojun Xuanxiao, he was actually slandered by the devil..."

Lin Fan was no longer a novice in the Jianghu at this time. After he went out to provoke the Sword Casting Hall, in order to avoid the humiliation of the elder sister's family, he defeated all the masters in Lingjian City with one sword and one sword.

At this time, it was known that the master of the sword-casting hall of Megatron Qingzhou was only in the realm of condensing apertures.

How does the ordinary Ningqiao compare to Lin Fan, who is born with a sword body, takes Lingmi, has strong qi and blood, and cultivates immortal swordsmanship.

After that, the misunderstanding was solved naturally, Lin Fan became the Sword Saint of Lingjian City, and he naturally saw something about Xuanxiao when he read the books of Zhujiantang.

"Senior brother, I know what to do in the future!"

"Um?"

Emperor Taishi was thoughtful and said: "Do you need my help, Qingzhou is the smallest country, and the 100,000 Daqing iron cavalry will be wiped out!"

Lin Fan shook his head and said, "The killing is too heavy. Qingzhou respects swordsmanship. I will defeat everyone with my sword and expose the truth of the past."

Emperor Taishi pondered for a moment, and said with sincerity.

"Senior brother, if the immortals look for you in the future, please say a good word for the senior brother. In the future, the senior brother will re-enter Kunlun and step into the immortal way of immortality, and he will never forget the great kindness!"

Lin Fan frowned. Ever since he came to the Qing Kingdom, he had been hearing people talk about the emperor's madness.

"Junior Brother, I'm not crazy!"

Emperor Taishi needs a similar person, understands himself, and solemnly said: "Junior brother should know that there really is Kunlun Mountain in the world!"

Lin Fan was helpless and nodded in agreement.

"If you are lucky enough to see the immortals, you will be your senior brother to pass the word."

...

One hundred thousand mountains.

Bibo Lake.

Zhou Yi held the Taoist scriptures in his hands and fished leisurely by the lake.

suddenly.

The old man Jin Jing fell by his side, and the two have been together for more than half a year, and their relationship is quite good.

One is fishing and farming, the other is fishing and chanting.

"In a few days, it will be the birthday of the Golden God. Moyun City will hold a totem sacrificial ceremony. The old man must go back to preside over it. Is Zhu Daochang interested in watching the ceremony?"

Jin Jing respected Zhu Gang very much. He considered himself the best martial artist in the world. He searched for opportunities to try several times, but the other party could easily resolve it, and he couldn't understand the truth.

"Golden God's birthday?"

Zhou Yi was slightly startled, he almost forgot his birthday, and he figured out the origin by pinching his fingers. It was probably the time when he came to Moyun Cave at the beginning of the year.

"I have nothing to do in my spare time. I can't find any trace of the real dragon, so I went to join in the fun."

"Like you, looking for historical sites, I don't know if you want the year of the monkey and the month of the horse."

Jin Jing smiled and said, "Then the fish is not the legendary fish demon, and the intelligence is ignorant. How can you know how to repay your kindness?"

"That's impossible to say."

Zhou Yi got the fortune-telling sign this morning, showing good luck, so he came to the lake to stand guard.

The voice did not fall.

The surface of the lake was bubbling and bubbling, and I saw a big herring five or six feet long, half of its body emerged from the lake, and spit out a round black shadow at Zhou Yi.

Zhou Yi waved his hand and photographed it. It was a black pearl the size of a pigeon's egg.

Jin Jing was stunned, scratching his ears and cheeks like an old child. He wanted to ask what kind of mysterious way to tame animals, but he only relied on a grain of rice to attract the herring to spit pearls to repay his gratitude.

"It's a pity, it's a pity, this is not what Pindao wants."

Zhou Yi's mana was carefully investigated, and there was no trace of the formation in Pearl, and it had nothing to do with the Dragon Palace back then.

"It's only been less than a year, so don't be in a hurry!"

— — — — — off topic — — — — —

My head is about to explode~www.mtlnovel.com~ After all, I fail every day, and I can't force it to write in the future~::~

By the way, push the book "Into Unscientific"

I have sat down with Newton, and I have walked side by side with Einstein.

I messed up Planck's hairstyle, and I provided a preface to Zhang Zhongjing's Treatise on Febrile and Miscellaneous Diseases.

All in all, this is a story of a scholar who travels through time and space in ancient and modern China and abroad, and uses the wisdom of predecessors to open up the future of mankind.

What? You say this is unscientific?

No, it's very scientific!

Chapter 200: Dragon's Reverse Scale

How does it feel to watch the celebration of your own honor?

Zhou Yi just thought it was very mysterious.

He was an expert from the Taoist sect invited by the city lord, so he sat on the VIP table and watched his idol worshiped by all the people.

The square in the city, in front of the golden statue.

The elder Jin Jing, wearing a long animal skin robe, offered incense with a solemn expression, sacrificed five animals, knelt down and prayed, and recited sacrificial texts...

Behind them knelt thousands of people from Moyun City, dressed in sackcloth and leather, with feathers on their heads, like uncivilized savages in the mountains.

After Jin Jing recited the sacrificial text, he ran the blood of his dantian, and the voice came out for several miles.

"Golden God bless!"

"Golden God bless—"

"Golden God bless—"

The sound was like a thunderbolt, rushing straight into the sky, and the three kowtows and nine bows were uniform.

The sound of animal skin drums came from all directions, without rhythm, it was deafening with pure force. The drumsticks are made of some kind of animal bone, and they are as smooth as jade due to their long use.

Zhou Yi's consciousness swept over and recognized that the drum face and the drumsticks were all made of thunder demons, and even though the aura had dissipated, there was still a bit of power left.

The worshipers in the square scattered around, and a dozen figures wearing tiger, leopard and jackal hoods fell, waving their weapons and howling wildly.

The drums became more and more intense, and suddenly a harsh trumpet sounded.

Jin Jing had already changed his clothes, with golden wings on his back, he suddenly fell from the sky, waving a few palms and blowing the person disguised as a monster into the air.

There were dozens of monsters, and they surrounded Jin Jing in the center. Seeing that the situation was critical, scalpers, turtle prime ministers, golden eagles, and black tigers flew from all directions, and joined forces with the Golden God to defeat the monsters.

The overall plot is very simple, telling the story of the Golden God blessing the human race and constantly defeating demons.

The hearty and delicate fighting, the thrilling sound of gongs and drums, and the lively festival atmosphere, both the people of Moyun City and the outsiders cheered.

"I am becoming history and making history!"

Zhou Yi muttered to himself, and suddenly felt a deep loneliness, out of place in the hustle and bustle of the sky, and he was left alone.

When the world of immortality was not destroyed, loneliness was just loneliness, but now it is the loneliness of walking alone.

"Invincible loneliness is even worse than penance! There is no one else in this world who can talk to you, like chickens and ducks, like playing the piano to a cow, and slowly you will become silent and don't want to talk."

At this time.

Jin Jing had finished dancing, put on a long animal skin robe and came to the banquet, holding a wine glass.

"Zhu Daochang, the old man has to preside over the celebration, so there are many neglects."

"It's okay."

Zhou Yi raised his glass and said, "This wine has a few hundred years, and it is worth thousands of dollars, but the poor people took advantage of it."

"This wine is not simple. Back then, when the Golden God came to the mortal world, every household made a lot of effort to make wine."

Jin Jing smiled and said: "The City Lord's Mansion holds a wine competition every year, and selects the best hundred altars of fine wines, which are kept underground until now, and only a few altars are taken out for distinguished guests to taste during the celebration."

"No wonder..."

Zhou Yi nodded slightly: "There is a familiar taste."

Jin Jing didn't think much of it when he heard the words, thinking that in Zhu Gang's identity, hundreds of years of fine wine are rare but not too bad to drink.

The two talked again, and agreed to go fishing for a few days, and Jin Jing went to entertain other distinguished guests. The most important of them is the envoy of the Qing Kingdom, headed by the third prince, who respectfully calls Jin Jing the seventh uncle.

The elder of the previous generation was Qin Zheng's grandfather and Jin Jing's grandfather. The two families were not related for three generations and had a close relationship.

The sacrifice is over, and the feast begins.

There are not many VIP seats, and Zhou Yi's young Taoist priest is very eye-catching. However, none of the attendees were ordinary people, or warriors with firm minds, or officials with deep sense of the city, and their faces filled with doubts and smiles.

Around Zhou Yi were two men in animal skins. According to Jin Jing, they were two village owners who took shelter in Moyun City.

After the spiritual qi exhaustion and the disappearance of the demon clan, the human clan practiced qi and blood martial arts, and the beasts in the 100,000-strong mountain were no opponents, and many stockades gradually appeared.

I don't know if it was deliberately arranged, but the two village masters next to Zhou Yi were not pure martial arts barbarians.

Three or five jars of wine entered the stomach, and the guests and hosts enjoyed a warm atmosphere.

The prince Qin Xiao came over, raised his glass and said, "I have seen Daoist Zhu, the younger Qin Xiao, I heard Seventh Uncle talk about your mysterious animal taming, so I came to ask for advice."

Zhou Yi said with a smile, "There's no such thing as mysterious, but it's just an ancient art of taming animals, and it's barely driven by internal qi."

Nowadays, people who practice martial arts usually refer to the practice of cultivating immortals and qi as ancient methods. Some ancient methods have been eliminated due to the inconvenience of the times, and some have been evolved into martial arts, such as the double cultivation method of the Hehuan Sect.

Qin Xiao's eyes brightened, many people knew the mystery of ancient methods, but few were able to innovate.

"I don't know which Taoist temple you grew up in? The younger generation often listens to the sermons of Xuansu from Baiyun Temple, and has a lot of understanding of Taoist classics."

Zhou Yi said: "Pin Dao is not a person from Jiuzhou. The law in the door is passed down from the East China Sea. I have heard the name of Baiyun Temple for a long time, and I will come to the door to discuss Dao in the future."

"East China Sea!"

Qin Xiao was pleasantly surprised and said, "My father ordered the navy to build hundreds of giant ships, led by Zhenren Xu, to search for the immortal island in the East China Sea. I wonder if there is a chart?"

"Far across the East China Sea?"

When Zhou Yi first heard the news, he suddenly thought of Qin Zheng, the tyrant who was rumored to have gone mad, and couldn't help sighing in his heart.

"With a slight push from the poor road, it caused huge waves in history! In the future, you must be cautious and not let your temper..."

Anything that goes around in circles can be turned to caution. This has become a habit for thousands of years and will continue to be maintained in the future.

Zhou Yi asked back: "According to the records of the ancestors of the poor Daoist, the White Cloud Temple originated from the East China Sea, and its heritage books should have sea charts?"

"The Taoist master actually knew about this, and it really has a deep heritage."

Qin Xiao explained: "Baiyun Temple and Buddhism were contaminated, compiled apocryphal scriptures, and denied the identity of Xuanxiao Daojun Patriarch. The father emperor learned about this in his sleep in Kunlun fairyland, and destroyed all the apocryphal scriptures. It's also destroyed."

"I see."

Zhou Yi took out a piece of animal skin paper from his cuff, and said, "Patriarch Pingdao admires Daojun Xuanxiao very much. Your Majesty is in the original Qingyuan, so take this sea map."

"The younger generation is directed to the father and emperor, and asks for credit for the Taoist priest."

Qin Xiao bowed and took the animal skin paper, but did not open it to look at it, but gave it directly to the attendant.

Zhou Yi pondered for a moment and reminded: "The East China Sea is already barren, so there is no elixir at this time."

Qin Xiao's eyes flashed with secret disappointment, he shook his head slightly, and did not comment on the matter. Emperor Taishi has conquered most of the territory of the Qing Kingdom, and his personal military power and prestige are like mountains.

The banquet was over, and it was already evening.

It was almost time for the guests to leave, and Zhou Yi got up to leave, never wanting Jin Jing to speak out.

"The Taoist priest often said that he likes antiques, so it's better to stay for one night. I will go to the treasure house of the Jin family tomorrow to have a look. If there are objects that can catch the eye, I will give them to the Taoist priest."

"Um?"

Zhou Yi thought for a while, and then he understood the cause and effect, probably because of the scroll of the sea chart. Thinking deeper, Qin Xiao presented the sea map to Emperor Taishi, and he would definitely be rewarded.

"You old man, you talk to the poor every day and you are too lazy to pay attention to the commonplace, why are you still involved in such things?"

"The Taoist master has a clear mind, and he really can't hide it."

Jin Jing said helplessly: "No matter how annoying the old man is, he can't cut off his blood. Since his surname is Jin, he can't avoid it. The only choice is to get closer to someone."

Zhou Yi saw this kind of thing a lot, and reminded: "The Jin family is already a king with a different surname, and there is no way to enter. It should be independent of the outside world."

"It's not for us to have the final say. My cousin is no longer who he used to be, so we don't need to rely on Moyun City anymore."

Jin Jingwu sighed and said: "Even if you have the first country in Yunzhou, your cousin is not satisfied. He wrote a letter a few days ago, trying to merge Moyun City into the Qing Kingdom, so as to rule the 100,000 mountains."

Zhou Yi did not continue to ask why he supported Qin Xiao, he must have made a deal in private, he wondered.

"Pindao heard that Moyuncheng gave his best support, and His Majesty only ascended the throne of the prince. What is the reason for this?"

"It's more than just trying? My grandfather competed with the immortal old man from the Qing Kingdom. After three days and three nights, they both died of exhaustion!"

Jin Jing said, "Cousin accidentally got Martial Ancestor's original document, which records the origin of Qi and Blood Martial Dao from scratch, and Jinshen Linfan instructing Martial Ancestor. It is the supreme treasure of Moyun City!"

Hundreds of years have passed, the Golden God has become the belief and inheritance of Moyun City.

"I see."

Zhou Yi was a little embarrassed. Back then, he didn't know the belief in the Golden God, so he just wanted to use Qin Zheng's hands to restore the original.

...

the next day.

The treasure house is located in the ancestral home of the Jin family.

The hall made of long bluestones, after hundreds of years of wind and rain, looks a bit vicissitudes.

Jin Jing pushed open the door, and when he entered, he saw a row of racks, followed by piles of iron boxes.

"Ordinary gold and silver priests can't look down on them, and they can't compare to the old man of inheritance. Only these ancient relics can repay."

Jin Jing said: "Moyun City has no history. These objects were picked up by the clansmen from the 100,000 mountains, or they looked mysterious or old, and they were stored here."

"Then the poor road is welcome."

Zhou Yi checked the wooden shelves one by one, in fact, his divine sense swept across the hall, and all the ancient artifacts came to mind.

Pottery vases with strange patterns, glimmering jades, animal bones of unknown origin, bronzes with simple shapes... are indeed antiquities, but 90% of them are worthless, and Zhou Yi quickly passed them by.

Until a slap, ash and scales, came into my mind.

There are cloud patterns on the surface of the scales, which are neatly aligned, as if they were carved by later generations.

"Could it be..."

Zhou Yi seemed to walk around casually, and after a while, he went to the corner to dispose of the shelf, picked up the scales and observed it carefully, recalling the comparison of the inverse scales he saw in the Dragon Palace Treasure House.

The shape and size are exactly the same, but there is no Longwei.

Zhou Yi pinched lightly with his fingers, the scales did not change, and the hardness exceeded that of gold and iron.

"It should be the Dragon's Inverse Scale, but there is such an unexpected harvest! All the dragons of the 100,000 Dashan Mountains originated from Bibotan. Even if this Inverse Scale is not from the Dragon Emperor, the two are also related by blood."

"There are many bloodline spells in the magic way, and there are bloodline search and fortune-telling in the righteous way. The bloodline origin is not weaker than the things with breath."

"Pindao is a big step away from taking revenge!"

Zhou Yi put away the dragon scales, his consciousness swept through the treasure house, and there were no other useful objects, he came to the door and said to Jin Jing.

"This thing is related to the poor Daoist, and it is so cheap for Jin Daoyou, the mere chart can't compare."

Said, groping from the cuffs, Zhou Yi had a few more grains of rice in his hand, white as jade, and the tips were half an inch in size.

"When Pindao was farming on weekdays, he found that a few rice plants had mutated, and the seeds produced were unusual. Fellow Daoist Jin also likes farming, so this kind of seed can be counted as a thank you and can be cultivated on the mountain!"