

## Immortal 201

### Chapter 201: untimely

Zhou Yi has been planting spiritual rice for more than a thousand years, and he has never stopped since he first entered the world of immortal cultivation.

The quantity is long for a long time, and from time to time there are changes in the Lingmi plants. Most of the good ones change in the direction, and a few are bad ones.

This was not a mystery in the world of immortal cultivation back then. For example, planting elixir and domesticating foreign animals often changed. In the eyes of cultivators, more spiritual energy and stronger medicinal effects were good things. Otherwise, it was a loss-making business.

For example, the grain of rice in Zhou Yi's hands is a typical decline. After maturity, it does not contain spiritual energy, and it is a waste of spiritual fields and mana.

Ordinary cultivators would definitely abandon it like a mustard. Zhou Yi was influenced by his previous life and was quite concerned about the mutant spirit rice.

After trial planting, it was found that the mutant rice grains do not contain spiritual energy, so the growth process does not require spiritual energy, and at the same time retains the advantages of spiritual rice plants, such as no terrain, strong vitality and so on.

The defect is that the yield is low, and the yield per mu is only about one stone.

"One stone!"

Jin Jing listened to Zhou Yi's introduction, and couldn't help raising his voice: "This rice can really be planted on the mountain, yielding one stone per mu?"

"This kind of rice is planted with more vitality than weeds, and it can grow when sprinkled in the rock crevices in the mountains."

Zhou Yi nodded and said: "The specific yield is also affected by the mountains. There are too many stones, and naturally one stone can't be produced. When Pindao traveled to Yunzhou, the yield of rice was three or four stones per mu."

"How dare we compare with the fertile fields in the plains in this mountain nest."

Jin Jing sighed and said: "The fields around Moyun City have been reclaimed with great effort, and they have been carefully cared for day and night, and the output is only a little more than a stone. The Taoist's rice seed, we are envious of it, but the old man You can't get it back if you sell it!"

"In Pindao's view, this scale is more valuable."

Zhou Yi handed the grain of rice to Jin Jing and said: "Pindao watched the Golden God Festival yesterday, and he knew that the people of the 100,000 Dashan people were difficult, and the sages and the blue threads of the road were only prosperous today. This rice was named Yimi, one because it was easy to plant, and the other was because Tell the outside world that it was bestowed by the \*\*\*\* Jin Yi!"

"Isn't this wronging the Taoist priest?"

Jin Jing clenched the grain of rice tightly and said, "The Taoist is so righteous, is it because he is afraid of being hated by others? Don't worry, whoever dares to be the enemy of the Taoist is the mortal enemy of Moyun City!"

Moyun City seems to be just a city, but the people in the city practice martial arts, and it can be said that all the people are soldiers.

The human race in the 100,000-strong mountain also respects Moyun City, with a population of hundreds of thousands. With a single order, one hundred thousand elite soldiers can be gathered, and the power of the small country of Yunzhou is not weak, and its force is even greater.

"It's all fake names, and the poor Taoist is dedicated to repairing, and he doesn't want to be disturbed."

Zhou Yi cupped his hands and said, "Don't be polite, thank you for your hospitality, and leave."

Jin Jing bowed to thank him and said, "The old man will not be far away. We must cultivate Yimi with all our heart, and we won't be able to go fishing in Bibo Lake in a short time."

"Then make an appointment in a few years."

Zhou Yi waved his hands indifferently, the wind blowing under his feet, and disappeared in an instant.

...

early morning.

Qianshan woke up early, and the clouds came out.

The wind blew through the forest, the fog slowly dissipated, and bursts of singing suddenly came from the mountains, breaking the tranquility of nature.

The farmers in the mountains followed the sound and saw the middle-aged Taoist man walking from the mountain.

The Taoist had a wooden hairpin on his head at will, with a clear face and a green bamboo fishing rod on his shoulders. His footsteps seemed to be slow but fast. He lightly stepped on the grass-tip branches and rose into the air, as if flying in the air.

When the farmer saw the Taoist approaching, he skillfully bowed: "The Taoist priest went down the mountain to feed the fish again?"

"I'm bored chanting sutras, come out to relax."

Zhou Yi responded with a smile, walking dozens of meters away while speaking, and arrived at the foot of the mountain in a moment.

In front of it is a clear pool of water. The spring sun shines on the blue waves. The shore has been opened up into neat fields. The farmers are weeding and irrigating. When they see Zhou Yi, they greet each other respectfully.

"Master, this is the strange rock I was looking for in the mountains."

"Thank you Daochang for the prescription, my child's illness has been cured."

"My family's boat is parked on the shore. The Taoist priest should not take Niu Erjia's boat. His broken boat is leaking."

"..."

Zhou Yi responded one by one, and he was very familiar with the villagers. He was not like an immortal overlooking the sky, but a Taoist monk living in seclusion in the mountains.

Back then, when the mutant spirit rice was handed over to Jin Jing, Zhou Yi never imagined such a big change. The population of 100,000 Dashan seemed to have exploded. In the past 30 years, several villages have formed around Bibotan.

Easy rice is easy to grow without picking the land, but more irrigation can increase the output, so the mountains, rivers and lakes have become village gathering places.

Bibotan is the largest lake in Shiwanda Mountain. It is as vast as an inland ocean. It is located on the north side of the mountains, so it is a natural choice.

"The mountains are vast and the grain yield is low, but without the extortionate tax officials and officials, there are more people left than the people of Yunzhou. I heard that many people of Qing Dynasty couldn't survive in the country, so they crawled into the mountains to survive."

Zhou Yi has not been in seclusion these years. He goes down the mountain to fish from time to time, and treats the villagers by the way, so he knows a lot of outside news.

It's just a lag. After all, the distance is far away, the news in the mountains is blocked, and what I heard is already two or three years ago.

Sitting cross-legged on the edge of the lake, lightly flicking the fishing rod into the water.

As soon as the hook was hooked, a fish came over, eagerly spinning around the hook, trying to swallow the Lingmi into his stomach, but the hook was illusory, and they couldn't catch it no matter how hard they bit.

"A few lazy people, still want to cheat food and drink in Daoye!"

Zhou Yi recognized these herrings, all of them were cunning and lazy. After eating Lingmi, they didn't think about repaying their kindness. They just wanted to stay where they were and continue to eat.

A sackclothed boy ran over with a wine jar, crouched beside Zhou Yi, lifted the thick porcelain bowl that covered the mouth of the jar, and filled a bowl of rice wine that was as white as jade.

"Master Dao, this is my mother's new brew, let you taste it."

Zhou Yi took the thick porcelain bowl, raised his head and drank, nodded and said.

"It tastes good. Go back and tell your mother that Yimi has an extraordinary origin. It is a very high-quality brewing raw material. Putting other herbs will reduce the taste."

Although Yimi is the product of the decline of Lingmi, but as the basic raw material for brewing Lingjiu, its essential taste is far beyond ordinary materials.

"Understood, I'll tell my mother when I go back."

The young man took out the Taoist scripture from his arms and offered it with both hands: "Master Dao, I have already memorized this scripture, and I have some understanding. Unfortunately, no matter how much I practice, I can't sense the spiritual energy of heaven and earth."

"Little Ye Ye, cultivating immortals is all fake, you have to believe in martial arts!"

At this time, the lake water was bubbling, revealing a three-foot long herring, opening his mouth and spit out a crystal shining jade, which just fell into Zhou Yi's hands.

"My grandfather said that the Daoist is an immortal."

Jin Ye is not surprised by this. He squatted beside Zhou Yi to listen to the scriptures when he was young, and it was not uncommon to see such mysterious things.

Most of the people in the village have seen it, and they all believe that the fish in Bibotan have spirituality, and they will be punished after killing them.

Zhou Yi put away the jade, and rewarded herring with rice grains with a flick of his finger: "If the poor Taoist is an immortal, how can he grow old?"

Jin Ye looked distressed: "If there were no immortals, what would happen to the vision I saw with my eyes? When my father died, I also saw ghosts, which scared me to sleep for several days."

"Everyone has qi, anger, death qi, qi luck, etc., you can see it with your natural pupil."

Zhou Yi explained casually: "The soul is formed by the condensation of thoughts. When a person dies, it is like a lamp that goes out, and when the thoughts die out, it appears as the soul flying away."

Jin Ye didn't doubt Zhou Yi's words, and he felt that he had missed something, especially when reading the Taoist scriptures, the sense of loss became stronger and stronger, and the body always felt a kind of emptiness.

Zhou Yi shook his head slightly, but did not help Jin Ye understand.

Tian Linggen, born with spiritual pupils, a rare talent for immortal cultivation in the world, it is a pity to be born in this era.

At this time.

A \*\*\*\* fish swam over, with a body that was five or six feet long, and scared the lazy fish nearby who were begging for food to run away.

The black fish emerged from the water, with two long whiskers at the corners of its mouth like arms, holding a round rolling stone ball.

Zhou Yi didn't wait for the black fish to throw it out, and waved the stone beads into his hands. After carefully sensing it, his face revealed a happy expression: "Pin Dao has waited for more than 30 years, and finally he has harvested again. Dragon \*\*\*\* and reverse scales are enough!"

"Dragon Emperor, Pindao will translate for you, what is a surprise!"

Thirty years ago, there was an inverse scale. After Zhou Yi exhausted his calculations, he could only vaguely know that the Dragon Emperor was not in Shiwanda Mountain.

Now that you have Dragon Ball, you will be able to get more accurate information. After that, you will slowly investigate and search, even if it is thousands of feet underground, you have to dig it out!

Seeing Zhou Yi smiling happily, Jin Ye wondered, "Master Dao, what kind of treasure is this?"

"Dragon Ball, it can make people's wishes come true!"

Zhou Yi put away the dragon ball, fumbled for a moment from the cuff, and threw a green lotus seed: "Pindao never owes favor to people, and neither do fish. This colorful lotus seed is for you to eat."

The black fish opened its mouth and swallowed the lotus seeds into its belly. The fish tail swayed quickly and disappeared into the water.

"The merit is complete."

Zhou Yi said: "Little Ye Zi, Pindao has been in the mountains for a long time, and I plan to go out for a trip. It is fate to meet each other. This volume of Xiao Yanshen is given to you, and I will read it in the future."

Natural pupils can clearly see people's breath, bad luck, purple qi, etc., and some methods in Xiaoyan Shenshu can measure the future.

"Master Dao is leaving?"

Jin Ye took over the Taoist scriptures with a reluctant look on his face: "My mother is still waiting, saying that when the Taoist master has enough fun, she will marry you and be my father."

"What nonsense the child said, the poor Taoist is innocent, and he will not go to Hehuan Garden for a long time!"

Zhou Yi glared at Jin Ye, the girls in the mountains were too enthusiastic, coupled with her jade-like appearance and immortal temperament, in recent years, many girls have confessed and proposed marriage, and Jin Ye's mother is one of them.

In terms of identity, Jin Ye's grandfather is the great elder of Moyun City, and in terms of appearance, Jin Ye's mother is a famous beauty, but unfortunately Zhou Yi is a little late to talk about love at the age of 1,300.

What's more, since he is one generation lower than Jin Jing for nothing, that old boy doesn't even have his nostrils skyrocketing!

"Let's go, don't miss the poor road."

Zhou Yi put away his fishing rod and flew back to the mountain, singing loudly in a relaxed mood.

"Don't betray Sanguang, don't betray others, don't bully gods, don't bully the poor. Someone asked me about my cultivation method..."

Even though he has lived for a thousand years, he has long been proficient in piano, chess, calligraphy, painting, tasting, wine, and tea, but he has not made any progress in the way of poetry.

Among them, Lu Zu's poems are very favored.

Zhou Yi acted cautiously, like walking on thin ice, but he also envied the high-spirited Sword Immortal! mountain top.

A Taoist temple with green bricks and green tiles stands, and a small Taoist boy in green clothes squatting at the door is yawning, and when he hears the singing, he opens his eyes.

"Xianchang, why did you come back so early today?"

"It's a happy event."

Zhou Yi pushed the door and went in, restraining the aura from shining, as if passing through the water and entering another world.

The spiritual field with a radius of more than 100 zhang was neatly maintained, and the rich spiritual energy condensed into rain on its own. Under the effect of the prohibition of the formation, it was dispersed into the five elements of spiritual rain to irrigate the elixir of corresponding attributes.

"With the continuous growth of Jianmu, Pindao, a place for hidden cultivation, finally has a bit of mystery!"

On the premise of not delaying his practice, Zhou Yi also arranged dozens of multiple formations to prohibit, each with its own magical effect. For example, this automatic irrigation formation is no longer as poor and simple as it was in the past.

The blue-clothed Taoist boy followed, and rolled on the spot into a ginseng doll with a red ribbon tied around his waist.

"Xianchang, are we going to move again?"

Zhou Yi said in surprise: "How did you guess?"

Lingshen doll proudly said: "Every time you go down the mountain to fish, at least all day long, I can lie down at home and sleep well. I came back early today, and said that there is a happy event, and I must have found traces of the treasure!"

"I see."

Zhou Yi didn't know whether to say Lingshen doll was smart or stupid.

"If you don't stare at the poor road for a while, you will be lazy and sleepy, and you won't go to work soon!"

Lingshen doll clutched her buttocks and screamed in pain, only to realize that she missed her mouth, and fled away without a trace.

Zhou Yi entered the Taoist temple, meditated, and adjusted his breath to the best.

Take out the cartridge first and shake it gently.

The lottery landed.

The light shines and condenses into a character: Bodhi.

"Good luck! Lao Long is hiding in Yizhou Buddhism?"

Zhou Yi pondered for a moment, thinking that it was very possible.

Of the four orthodox sects, only Buddhism is the only one who is not very firm towards the demon clan, and has a deep hatred with Daojun Xuanxiao. After the Dragon Emperor self-proclaimed himself, he hid in Yizhou. Even if he was accidentally noticed by Buddhism, he would quietly hide and worship.

After the aura recovered, the Dragon Emperor owed such kindness, and should be the guardian of the heavenly dragon to protect Buddhism.

The small cut sky technique showed good luck, and Yizhou's trip was bound to be won, and then he took out the basalt shell and performed the small Yanshenshu.

Zhou Yi put the inverse scales and dragon \*\*\*\* on the basalt shell, and used the method of divination to find the trace of the Dragon Emperor. After a long time, a piece of information appeared in his mind out of thin air.

Wanfo Temple!

...

Fozhou.

The land in the extreme west of the continent, on the verge of the West Sea.

Wanfo Temple is located in the middle of the Bodhi Buddha Land. It is built on the mountain and covers an area of over 10,000 mu.

The upper half of the Bodhi Peak is carved into a hundred-zhang-tall Buddha, which can be seen from a distance of dozens of miles.

"I heard that this Buddha statue was built after the end of the Dharma, costing millions of manpower, and it was replaced by the imperial court to directly destroy the country!"

Zhou Yi Lingkong observed for a moment, there were countless people in linen and brocade clothes on the ground ~www.mtlnovel.com~ kneeling on their knees and walking towards Wanfo Temple, and there were also monks in gray and white robes walking.

Falling light.

He transformed into a monk in yellow robe, wearing five Buddha crowns and a brocade cassock.

One holds a nine-ringed tin stick and the other holds a purple-gold bowl.

"Amitabha!"

Zhou Yi proclaimed the name of the Buddha, his eyes were merciful, and his Dharma was solemn.

For thousands of years of Buddhist and Taoist scriptures, no one in the world can match the depth of Buddhism alone, not to mention pretending to be a Buddhist disciple, even if the host of the Ten Thousand Buddhas Temple can do it.

## **Chapter 202: topped bliss**

Wanfo Temple.

The back mountain forbidden area.

Tens of thousands of monks are strictly guarded, and any outsider approaching is a crime of blasphemy.

The most serious of the Buddhist laws is to blaspheme the Buddha. The first offender is burnt to the point where his soul is dissipated, his relatives are demoted to sinners, and three generations cannot stand up.

The status of sinners in the Buddha continent is not protected by the law, and people from other classes can be bullied arbitrarily. Living is not worth more than the shoes of monks, like rotten flesh living in hell.

There is no need for three generations to pass, and the sinner will die in excruciating pain, even worse than punishing the Nine Clan!

Under such terrifying oppression, no one in Buddhism dares not to worship Buddha.

The Ten Thousand Buddhas Temple is the manifestation of the Paradise of Ultimate Bliss in the human world. The believers need to kneel when they approach it, and no one dares to attack the forbidden area.

The warrior monks are not guarding the common people, but the monks of other Buddha lands, because what is sealed in the forbidden land is the treasure of Buddhism, the Bodhi Wheel. If other temples really take it away, Wanfo Temple has lost the foundation of suppressing everything, and it will be difficult to lead the Buddha Continent!

After all, Buddhism is not one body, it is divided into Zen, Vinaya, Tantric and other schools.

Before the end of the Dharma, the ancestors suppressed it, and the rest of the sects obeyed their orders. Now everyone is mortal, so why is the Ten Thousand Buddhas Temple superior to others?

a few days ago.

There were many eminent monks in the temple, and before the official business was discussed, a few debates were held first.



Buddhist scriptures are divided into literary and martial debates. Generally speaking, if you can't get enough of your mouth, you will do it yourself. The one with the big fist is justified!

Wanfo Temple is in charge of the foundation of Buddhism, and even if the monks of the temples secretly join forces to fight against the siege, they are slightly better.

"A hundred years ago, the Ten Thousand Buddhas Temple suppressed the heroes, and fifty years ago they dominated the leader, but now they are barely number one!"

The old monk with long eyebrows looked sad, and the closer he got to the limit of his lifespan, the less he had the ambition to have a mighty Buddha Dharma and illuminate the Quartet when he was young. All he thought in his mind was the stability of the Ten Thousand Buddhas Temple.

"Fozhou has been solid as a rock. In order to prevent Buddhist temples from falling into internal friction, we can only spread the glory of my Buddha to the outside world..."

The division of Jiuzhou is not for no reason, but there are mountains and ravines between the two continents. Even the nearest Qiongzhou is not suitable for large-scale wars. Instead, it is easier to turn into a Buddhist country by sending monks and soldiers to guard and teach the Dharma.

"Since the end of the Law, Qiongzhou has suffered from poor rain, and it has become increasingly bitter and cold, and it is not suitable for people to live in."

"Compared to this, Yunzhou has long had the foundation of Buddhism and its population is prosperous, so it should be the light of Buddha!"

This morning.

The old monk with long eyebrows and many eminent monks came to the forbidden area of the back mountain, and after several times of bright and dark posts, they arrived at the Bodhi Cave.

Bodhi Cave is located on the mountainside. At the entrance of the cave is a small single-family temple with blue bricks and gray tiles. It has been repaired several times through wind and rain.

Now it has become the residence of the monks guarding the Bodhi Cave. He raised his eyes and glanced at the long-browed old monk, but there was no sound coming from his belly when he opened his mouth to speak.

"Benkong, why do you want to use the Buddha's treasure?"

"Reporting to the uncle, Yunzhou is raging for a tyrant, and the people are miserable."

The old monk with long eyebrows, named Benkong, folded his hands and bowed in salute, and said, "The disciple wants to bring the treasure to kill and save the people from water and fire. This is the opportunity for my Buddha to illuminate Jiuzhou."

The old monk was wearing a bright yellow monk's robe, with his arms hanging down like a gibbons and his knees, he was silent for a long time and grabbed the iron chain beside him.

The thick iron chain on the arm was taut, and the other end was connected to the iron gate of Bodhi Cave, and the fine steel door two or three feet thick slowly opened.

Boom!

The ground trembled slightly, slowly revealing the black hole, and the cold air spewed out, not like a holy place that sealed the Buddha's treasure, but like an evil opening a \*\*\*\* mouth.

The old monk reminded: "Even if there is a method of accumulation, up to now, the treasure will not be used a few times!"

"Uncle Xie reminded that this disciple will live up to the legacy of the sages."

With a sad face, Benkong led the monks from various temples into the Bodhi Cave and walked down the bluestone steps.

The inside and outside of the cave are completely two worlds, as if entering the ice cellar in the hot summer, and the yin wind penetrates into the monk's clothes, even if he is a martial arts master, he can't help shivering.

The cold air penetrated into the bone marrow, and the evil spirits eroded the soul.

There are whale oil lamps on both sides of the corridor. By candlelight, you can see sticky lakes and wet moss on the stone walls.

"Amitabha!"

The eminent monk of Luzong frowned, and he asked in a questioning tone: "Where is the treasure of Buddhism, it is so gloomy and dirty, is the Wanfo Temple unattended?"

Ben Kong faintly said: "Would you like to let the disciples of Master Pu Ji take care of it?"

Pu Ji pursed his lips and changed his voice: "You can let those inferior people take care of them, directly seal them in the hole, and at least do a good job of superficial skills. If people really discover such an environment, wouldn't they be suspicious of my Buddha?"

"Doubt is better than an accident."

Ben Kong said: "The Supreme Treasure Lingzhi is only three or five years old. If those low-level people who harbor resentment are allowed to deceive them into accepting the Lord and directly incarnate as a great demon, there is no Daoist to suppress them now!"

When the monks heard the words, they all agreed, and Pu Ji's eyes were lowered, and he had to nod.

Until you see an altar at the bottom of the cave.

The altar is six feet high, with a mysterious texture engraved on the surface, and the top is like a blooming lotus flower.

The Buddha's most precious Bodhi wheel, lying quietly in the center of the altar, did not reveal any mysterious aura.

The four stone walls withered into different shapes of Buddha statues, all of them staring at the central altar, and there are thousands of them.

This is the origin of the Ten Thousand Buddhas Temple. Its guardian formation is the Ten Thousand Buddhas Dynasty. Now even if there is no restriction on offering spiritual energy, only the aura of the ten thousand Buddha statues gathers together, and it can give rise to a sense of majesty and suppression!

The Bodhi Wheel sensed the arrival of Benkong and others, and the breath was slightly revealed, shining black and red aura, and there were wisps of desire, greed, and bloodthirsty desire.

"Amitabha!"

Ben Kong folded his hands together, proclaimed the Buddha's name, and sat down with his knees crossed and began to recite the Ten Thousand Buddhas Sutra.

The same is true of other eminent monks, their voices are cadenced and sonorous and powerful, and the scriptures of various Buddhist sects are gathered into the Bodhi Wheel.

The black and red two-color demon light gradually extinguished, turning into red gold Buddha light, condensing into a half-virtual and half-truth Buddha statue with a height of six feet.

The Buddha statue is kind and dignified, with a solemn posture, and his eyes look at the world with compassion.

There is no need to deliberately speak the sutras and teach the Dharma, just look at the Buddha statue, and the sound of chanting sutras like morning bells and evening drums will sound in your ears, making people fall into the bliss and annihilation of the Buddha Dharma, and wish to become a Buddha.

Ben Kong raised his head and glanced at it, strands of essence and energy were stripped from his body, merged into the statue, and he hurriedly lowered his head.

"The Buddha's birthday in a few days, please bring out the Buddha's treasure to the world, and you can take advantage of the living beings of the believers to cultivate the magic weapon to strike!"

In the Age of Dharma Apocalypse, it is comparable to the attack of the Jindan Zhenjun, and it is definitely not something that can be blocked by human beings.

"My Buddha is merciful!"

The faces of the monks showed joy, and the Buddha's treasures shocked Yunzhou, and they could take the opportunity to cross the Buddha Dharma to the east.

Leave Bodhi Cave.

The fine steel door rumbled shut, instantly isolating the cold and evil spirits, once again feeling the warm blue sky and daylight, as if walking through hell.

Benkong said: "Uncle hard work guards."

"The poor monk's responsibility is here."

The long-armed old monk said with a thunderous belly: "The Buddha's treasure has been sacrificed in blood many times, and it has turned into a ghost. You must use it carefully to avoid trouble."

"Don't worry, Uncle Master, this is the last time. Back then, Yunzhou was blessed by nature, and when the great calamity came, it was protected by the Daojun, and now it is the number one in the nine continents. As long as my Buddha can save the people here, the remaining seven continents are only a matter of time. ."

Benkong said: "This time, the Buddha's treasure is invited to lay the foundation for the Buddhadharma to unify the nine continents and achieve the supreme Buddha country!"

"That's good."

The long-armed old monk nodded slightly, as long as he no longer sacrifices blood to Buddha treasures in the future, his wisdom and resentment will naturally dissipate over time.

Buddha's light is still bright!

...

Xiaotan Temple.

The prefectures, counties and counties in Fozhou are all named after temples, which have been passed down through generations and never remember the original name.

Zhangjia wine shop.

When I woke up early in the morning, I was beaming with joy, and my neighbors sent gifts. All the guests who came to drink were 50% off, and even the passing beggars got two white-faced steamed buns.

As for why there are liquor shops and beggars in the Buddhist country, no one has ever questioned it, and no one dared to question it.

The Buddha drank and ate meat and passed through the intestines, and Goulan listened to the music and comprehended the Buddha. Murder and arson are the cause and effect of beheading!

The Zhang family's happy event was yesterday when a monk from Xiaotan Temple sent an invitation to the Buddha's birthday ceremony, telling Zhang Shun's eldest son that he had a predestined relationship with the Buddha, and he could go to the Wanfo Temple to observe the ceremony.

The news spread and attracted the envy of everyone. He turned around and beat his son, but he didn't choose because he didn't pay attention to chanting scriptures on weekdays.

Zhang Shun saw off the guests and came to his backyard, where he saw his son wearing a gray robe.

This monk robe was sent by the monks yesterday. It is a symbol of identity in Fozhou. It is a serious crime to blaspheme the Buddha. Wearing it on the body is equivalent to stepping into a first-class person, and its status is higher than that of an official.

"When Li'er was born, the sound of chanting sutras came from outside, and I concluded that it was the reincarnation of an eminent monk."

Zhang Shun said proudly: "Now it has manifested itself, the Buddha's Birthday Dharma at Wanfo Temple, is that a place where ordinary people can go? I specifically asked the master, this year's Buddha's Birthday Dharma event is better than ever, and invitees can see the real Buddha. !"

His wife, Mrs. Zhang Li, helped her son take care of the monk's robe, carefully smoothing out the wrinkles. Thinking that he would never see him again, his eyes couldn't help but turn red.

"Li'er has never traveled far, and I don't know if I can't stand it. I need to prepare some more troubles when I go out."

"What do women know? Li'er is dressed in clothes and eats and drinks wherever he goes. If anything happens, anyone has to lend a helping hand, otherwise it will be disrespectful to me and Buddha."

Zhang Shun scolded his wife, turned his face and flattered: "Li'er, you must be devout at the Buddha's birthday, don't think about your family, and return to the arms of the Buddha is a major event!"

Zhang Li was originally a mischievous and mischievous person, but when he put on the monk's robe, he suddenly became dignified, and his voice was suppressed when he spoke.

"Amitabha! The poor monk will definitely endure untold hardships and become the ultimate bliss in the West. At that time, the Buddha's light will surely descend to protect you and others!"

Zhang Shun was slightly startled, as if he didn't recognize his son, but participating in the Buddha's birthday was the most important thing right now, and he folded his hands in return.

"My Buddha is merciful, I only wish the master to be in bliss!"

Mrs. Zhang Li shrank her hands while taking care of her clothes, and hurriedly stood behind her husband and followed him.

Since Zhang Li entered Buddhism, he cut off his emotions and desires. From now on, he no longer has to bow down to his parents, and even if they meet face to face, they just put their palms together to ask questions.

Zhang Shun doesn't care about this. There has long been a saying in Fozhou that "one person becomes a monk and nine clans ascend to heaven". Now Zhang Li can be in bliss, and both parents and clans can enjoy the grace of Buddhism.

To become a monk is a good root and merit for many lifetimes!

At this time.

A four-year-old girl came out of the house with sleepy eyes. When she saw her brother in a monk's robe, she giggled and rushed over to hug her.

"Don't be ridiculous!"

Zhang Shun stopped his daughter and taught a lesson with a stern face: "From then on, he is no longer your brother, but a master."

The little girl listened ignorantly, pouted and said, "Then brother won't play with me in the future?"

"You can't."

Zhang Shun knows that Buddhism has many rules and must teach his children from an early age, so as not to collide with the master later and the whole family into the lower class.

"The master has ascended to bliss, and has cut off the world. He is neither my son nor your brother. When we meet, we must pay respects and bows!"

The little girl wondered, "What's the difference between the master and the elder brother?"

"With the blessing of our master, we will not have to worry about eating and drinking in the future, but we can wear brocade clothes and satin and enjoy wealth and glory."

Seeing his daughter's confused appearance, Zhang Shun put it another way: "You like to eat icing sugar, and you can eat as much as you want in the future. You can also eat candy, which is a delicious food that noble people are qualified to eat."

The little girl still seemed to understand, but when she heard that she could eat candy, she immediately smiled, and folded her hands and knelt down reverently.

"Meet the master brother!"

"Amitabha!"

Zhang Li resisted the urge to play with his sister, put his palm on her forehead, and said solemnly, "My Buddha is merciful, and I will give you peace and joy!"

"Peace and joy."

Zhang Shun grinned, and some worries in his heart vanished.

There are many rumors in the market that after a certain eminent monk became a monk, he didn't ask anything about the mundane world, and the family couldn't take advantage of it. Seeing that the master still has feelings for the Zhang family, it will be much cheaper to do things in the future, and the malice in my heart can also come out.

"The guy surnamed Hu wears a dog's skin and often comes to our shop to eat and drink, and now he has the blessing of the master..."

Zhang Shun secretly glanced at his son when he was speaking, and seeing that his expression remained unchanged, he continued: "I must pay that fellow ten times, otherwise I will go to Xiaotan Temple to complain and send his family to the eighteenth hell!"

Zhang Li said worriedly: "After all, the yamen is an official, and he is in charge of a lot of things, as long as he pays back the wine money he owes."

"What do you know, I have already searched for someone to find out."

Zhang Shun said: "According to our Buddhist law, the man surnamed Hu is suspected of committing the following crimes, and it involves the members of the Guru's clan, so he must be taken seriously."

The Buddhist Law is also divided into four classes~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ The monks are above the law, and the rest obey different laws according to different levels. Even the monks who do evil have a higher status than the common people and are not punished by the law, but retreat and chant scriptures to eliminate karma!

while talking.

A black-hatted yamen came in outside, with a gift box in his hand, bowed and stood at the second threshold.

"Meet the Master!"

"Brother Zhang, today's yamen has paid a salary, we think we should pay the wine money we owe."

"Beibai has been on credit for so long, and I am very sorry for delaying Brother Zhang's turnover. If there is anything on the street in the future, give an order and we will assign it to you!"

...

the next day.

early morning.

Zhang Shun's family and dozens of clan members saw off the master at the gate of the city.

Zhang Li boarded the carriage to the Bodhi Buddha Land and walked further and further away. Looking back at his parents and relatives in Mianmohu, he suddenly felt a trace of remorse.

"Amitabha!"

He clasped his hands together and proclaimed the Buddha's name, recited the scriptures in his heart, and forcibly took back the tears, and the light in his eyes gradually turned into silence!

— — — — — off topic — — — — —

It has been on the shelves for exactly one and a half months. The average order book for this book has exceeded the previous book "I've Been in the Demon Slayer Division for Thirty Years", and it is still growing rapidly, thanks to the support of the readers!

Thank you, kneel, thank you, bow three times!

[2 Geng & Woodworking Mi Qing] I hereby swear that this book will be finished normally, and it will not be too unfinished, otherwise, it will be broadcast live and become a real eunuch!

### **Chapter 203: Buddhist treasure**

Buddha's birthday.

Randomly selected believers gathered at Wanfo Temple to participate in the dharma assembly.

The Daxiong Hall was crowded with people, and at a glance, there were all monks in gray, lined up neatly and silently.

There are long banners of bright yellow of various colors erected all around, with twisted and weird patterns on them, which are made of the fusion of Buddhist scriptures and forbidden patterns.

The eminent Buddhist monks sat under the long banners, reciting the scriptures in unison, and the buzzing sound was like a magic sound.

The young people who participated in the Buddha's Birthday Dharma Assembly, who had suffered such hardships, thought it was a test of Buddhist practice. Thinking of seeing the Buddha ascended to bliss, parents and relatives enjoying the glory and wealth, one by one gritted their teeth and endured it.

From early morning to noon, the scorching sun was so tormented that his eyes were blurred.

There were still sounds of "Amitabha Buddha" and "My Buddha's Compassion" humming and chanting sutras. All kinds of hallucinations appeared in front of my eyes. I saw the sky was falling, and the ground was swarming with golden lotuses.

Inside the hall.

Ben Kong lightly stroked his long eyebrows, showing a look of compassion, his eyes swept across the thousands of believers outside the hall, and all of them were in a trance.

"Burning incense, please Buddha Treasure!"

Immediately, some monks lit the incense, and the thin spiritual energy drifted around. Eight strong monks carried the altar to the outside of the hall, which enshrined the Buddha's most precious Bodhi wheel.

The spirit of the tool responds to the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, just like a thirsty person discovering a source of water, and immediately manifests the golden Buddha of Zhangliu and desperately absorbs it.

The thin spiritual energy is difficult to satisfy the Buddha's appetite, and in the process of breathing, it swallows the spirit and spirit of the believers.

With the scarcity of spiritual things in the world, Buddhist monks learned about the self-proclaimed supernatural powers left by Zen Master Miaoshan.

The flaw is that the Buddha's treasure is infested with grievances, and the spirit of the tool has signs of entering the devil.

The exhausted believers outside the temple saw the golden Buddha coming into the world in a trance, but they felt that their bodies were getting lighter and lighter, and they were floating as if they had risen to immortality.

"Amitabha!"

Ben Kong showed an unbearable look on his face, recited the Buddhist scriptures for 130 years, and said that he was compassionate all day long, but he actually became the executioner who slaughtered Buddhist believers.

"They died for the prosperity of Buddhism. Remember to raise their family members to second-class people, and they can worship in temples within three generations."



The rest of the monks nodded slightly and praised the great compassion and compassion of the monk Benkong. Only one of the dead descendants received this honor. It is already my Buddha's blessing.  
at this time.

The dharma meeting has reached its climax. With the blessing of the Buddha, the sound of chanting sutras was transmitted from the Wanfo Temple to the foot of the mountain.

From a distance, the golden light is dazzling, and the giant Buddha carved from the mountain peak comes alive under the light of the Buddha's light, smiling with flowers!

Those monks and commoners who came to worship on their own, seeing such a marvelous scene, knelt on the ground and recited sutras reverently.

Zhou Yi transformed into a monk in yellow robes, his mana turned to his eyes, and what kind of Buddha light was blooming on the mountain, it was clearly a cloud of resentment.

"The end of the law is peerless, condensed into such resentment, let's not say that hundreds of thousands of people have sacrificed blood!"

In the dark cloud, countless unjust souls wandered, trying to rush out to poison the living beings, but they were suppressed by the Buddha's treasure ring, and they could only scream in pain.

"There is still such a powerful spiritual object in the world, but it can only be the treasure of Buddhism. If the sages who refined this treasure knew that the blood sacrifice of their descendants was a monster, I wonder if they would jump out of the coffin board!"

Thinking of this, the Buddha's light appeared under Zhou Yi's feet, manifesting the golden lotus throne.

The magic weapon that was obtained from the Blood Moon Demon Venerable back then was arranged with two layers of illusion formations, and in the eyes of mortals, the Buddha's light shone.

The mountain is a real devil, and Zhou Yi is a false Buddha!

The monks and the common people who were chanting and kneeling beside them saw the golden lotus throne rising into the air. They were horrified and then turned into madness, shouting that the true Buddha had come into the world.

The golden lotus flew over the Daxiong Hall, Zhou Yi looked down, and saw the Buddha's treasure that was swallowing the essence of life.

"Bold and evildoer, the poor monk can see at a glance that you are the devil, and still don't show me your true identity!"

The blessing of the secret method was like thunder and fury, and it spread out for dozens of miles.

The believers who were immersed in the illusion instantly woke up and noticed that their limbs were weak and weak, as if they had been celebrating for ten days and a half, they fell to the ground.

at the same time.

Looking up, I saw the golden giant palm covering the sky and the sun, descending from the sky, smashing the Zhangliu Golden Buddha into pieces.

hiss!

The Buddha's treasure shrieked like a beast, and it was difficult to maintain the illusion of Buddha's light.

The black and red entanglement of yin and evil spirits erupted, mixed with countless ghosts and ghosts, piecing together into a ferocious and terrifying grimace, trying to resist the golden giant palm.

"Small skills of carving insects, how dare you make an axe, a mighty Tianlong..."

Zhou Yi sensed the explosive power of the Buddha's treasure, and he was relieved immediately. It was barely equivalent to a casual blow from the Jindan Zhenjun, and he couldn't even break through his own body protection techniques.

The golden giant palm pinched the magic formula, transformed into a hundred-zhang golden dragon, opened its mouth and swallowed the terrifying grimace into its belly.

There was no world-shattering war, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief. If the Buddhas and Demons were evenly matched, the aftermath would be wiped out.

The mountain wind blew, and the evil spirit dissipated. If there were no golden dragons hovering in the sky, what I just saw was like a dream!

"Meet my Buddha!"

"My Buddha is merciful!"

"..."

Not knowing who started, the devotees knelt down to worship, praying for the blessing of the true Buddha.

Only the Daxiong Hall was silent, and the monks who were most devout to the Buddha on weekdays were stunned and horrified.

How can there be a Jindan Zhenjun in the world!

The eminent monks in the temples are as powerful as emperors, enjoying the world's glory and wealth. They have long believed that there is a Buddha in the world~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~, and they do not believe that there is karma. It is just a means of enslaving the people.

Zhou Yi fell into the shadows, grew lotus step by step, entered the Daxiong Palace, and said coldly.

"You have already turned into demons and sacrificed Buddhist disciples with blood at the Dharma meeting. The Buddha learned about this and sent the poor monk to the earth to put you into the eighteenth hell!"

"You are the devil, you are the incarnation of Bo Xun, messing with my Buddhism!"

The qi and blood in this empty dantian exploded, the skeletal muscles of the whole body crackled like firecrackers, and the thin body swelled as if inflated into a giant man of two feet.

"Desecrate the Buddha, be punished!"

Zhou Yi's eyes were lowered, Tianxian was in his mouth, and the amazingly powerful Benkong was engulfed in flames, and it burned to black ashes without even uttering a scream.

A remnant soul fell into Zhou Yi's hands, and he immediately used the method of searching for the soul, and the secrets of Wanfo Temple were fully known.

Pu Ji was so frightened that his forehead was sweating, how dare he question the real Buddha and the fake Buddha, knelt on the ground and kowtowed.

"Meet my Buddha."

The rest of the eminent monks suddenly woke up, and hurriedly knelt down and swore to be under Zhou Yi's command.

With such a strong person becoming a backer, Buddhism will inevitably become the master of Jiuzhou. As for whether it is a Buddha or a devil, it doesn't matter at all.

In this world, the strong are always respected!

"If you blaspheme Buddha, you should be punished!"

Zhou Yi learned from the remnants that all the monks in the temple supported the blood sacrifice, and even hosted a blood sacrifice ceremony.

"Senior, you need us to control..."

Before Pu Ji's words were finished, the spiritual fire was born in his heart, first burning the internal organs, then burning the bones and skin, and the sins of the whole body turned into fly ashes.

Zhou Yi had no idea about the power of Fozhou, and he took pictures of the remnants of the soul. After searching the soul, he learned about the secrets of the temples and the monks involved in the blood sacrifice.

"What a Buddhist monk, but no one is clean!"

#### **Chapter 204: Death of the Dragon King**

The Mahavira Hall was empty, except for the golden Buddha face with compassion.

Zhou Yi had anticipated this for a long time. The eminent monks in charge of Buddhism would become demons, and other eminent monks would either betray their beliefs or ascend to bliss.

When it comes to the ruthlessness of attacking heretics, officials are far inferior to religion, after all heretics are more hateful than heretics.

"This is also convenient, just to catch the Buddhist inheritance in one sweep!"

Zhou Yi's mana operation performed an illusion technique, which manifested the Buddha's Dharma image with a height of more than ten feet. The golden light was shining, and the divine might was mighty.

"Amitabha!"

The Dharma Xiang declared the Buddha's name, looked at the believers outside the temple with compassion, and said, "The Buddha said that all living beings are equal, and mercy is universal! The monks of Wanfo Temple, King Kong Temple, and Dafo Temple are possessed by demons from outside the world, and they are good at dividing the Buddha's believers into four groups. Wait!"

"The poor monk takes the order of the Buddha, slays the demons, and restores the purity of Buddhism!"

Since their birth, the believers outside the hall have been influenced by their families and Buddhism, and instinctively believe that people should be divided into four classes.

Furthermore, after joining Buddhism, they belonged to the first-class people with vested interests. They suddenly heard that all living beings are equal, and they felt rejection from the bottom of their hearts.

Fortunately, Zhou Yi, under the guise of the true Buddha, has mastered the right to interpret the Buddhist scriptures, otherwise the believers would have rushed forward in desperation. Fanatical religious believers are not afraid of death, but consider it to be liberation, to return to the arms of Buddha in bliss!

"Amitabha!"

Zhou Yi's eyes were cold and his voice was like thunder: "You are also possessed by demons?"

"Meet my Buddha!"

"Buddha is merciful, all beings are equal!"

"..."

The devotees hurriedly knelt down and worshipped, and the slogans they said were uneven, and no one dared to question the real Buddha who came into the world. The monks in the Wanfo Temple who knew about the world of immortality have all been wiped out, and the rest are mostly true Buddhist believers.

When eminent monks know that "Buddha" is made of immortals, it is difficult to have awe!

Zhou Yi swept through his spiritual sense and could easily distinguish between true and false thoughts. Most believers were hesitant, and a few mad believers agreed with what the true Buddha said.

"Buddhist has ruled for hundreds of years, and the hierarchy has been deeply rooted in the hearts of the people. It is not something that can be changed overnight. Even if the monks are completely killed and the imperial court manages them, wouldn't they still have the same hierarchy?"

Thinking of this, I suddenly feel disheartened.

"It's not yet time to change the level, but you can take this opportunity to rectify Xuan Xiao's name!"

Zhou Yi gave birth to lotus in his footsteps, and rose into the sky, writing in the void with a pointer pen.

at the same time.

The Buddha statue on the mountain rumbled, and handwriting was revealed on the chest. First, the eight characters of "All beings are equal, Mercy and Purdue".

Then, through the mouth of the Buddha, he explained the truth of Xuan Xiao's beheading of Miao Shan.

"The high-level Buddhists are dead. Even if it is difficult to achieve equality for all living beings, those high-ranking people want to have a stable foundation and must preach the words of the true Buddha. One can use this to exclude dissidents, and the other is to demonstrate the legitimacy of governance!"

Zhouyi has gone through thousands of years, even if he has no intention of conspiracy and calculation, it will come naturally when he sees it more.

The believers inside and outside the Wanfo Temple recited the words of the true Buddha word by word, experiencing the equal impact of all beings, and seeing that Xuan Xiao was not a big devil, there were no waves in their hearts.

It doesn't matter if Xuan Xiao is right or wrong, he just revises the scriptures and has no actual benefit.

If you want to take it, you must ask for it!

The inscriptions inscribed by Zhou Yi are all zhangxuanfangyuan, and penetrate into the rock several feet deep. Unless the Buddha statue is knocked down and destroyed, it is difficult to erase.

As the last stroke fell, the Golden Lotus Throne flew to the sky and disappeared.

After a long time.

The believers only woke up from the repeated shocks, and looked around blankly. Since the monks in the temple had all died, they didn't know what to do for a while.

Zhang Li stood up, only to feel that his body was strong and powerful, and the essence devoured by the demons returned to normal under the light of the true Buddha.

"The Buddha said that all living beings are equal!"

...

at this time.

The real Buddha did not leave, but changed into a monk in gray and walked towards the treasure house of the Ten Thousand Buddhas Temple.

From Benkong's memory, we know that all the treasures worshipped by the believers are stored here, and there may be things that the Dragon Emperor self-proclaimed.

Zhou Yi had a look of joy on his face, and walked swaggeringly, quite proud.

"It's been thirteen hundred years, and it's finally installed once!"

There seemed to be a singing voice in my ears: wait for a thousand years...

"Tsk tsk, I have to say, the taste of being a saint in front of people is really good!"

While talking, I came to the treasure house of Wanfo Temple, which is a nine-story pagoda with a base covering an area of 100 feet, standing majestically.

"Hey! How did the door open?"

Zhou Yi stepped in and saw a fat monk who was holding a sack to pack his belongings.

Hearing the footsteps, the fat monk turned his head and looked over, his hands kept pulling and picking gold, jewelry, and hard currency, and said, "Which hall's disciple are you, the treasure house is so important, how can you come in casually?"

"Didn't the master also come in?"

Zhou Yi found it interesting, and took out an animal skin bag from the cuff, the size of which was one foot square.

"The poor monk is on duty in the treasure house and is checking whether the treasure is missing!"

The fat monk touched his slightly plump belly, and when he saw Zhou Yi taking out his pocket, he didn't pretend, he smiled and said, "You're smart too, but your skin is too thin, how much can you fit in such a small pocket?"

"Until it's full."

Zhou Yi's mana turned, the animal skin pockets flew into the air, and the whirring sound of the wind sounded.

All the objects in the treasury were pulled by it, and even the storage racks were pulled up from the ground, and all fell into the animal skin pockets.

"This this this..."

The fat monk turned pale with fright, the sack in his hand fell to the ground, and golden jewels were scattered, among which was a crystal clear orb.

The whole body of the orb is bright red, like crystals made of blood.

Zhou Yi waved his hand to take a picture of the blood crystal, and his consciousness swept over it repeatedly. It was no different from an ordinary gem. When the sun was shining, there was a faint photo of a dragon in it.

The palm of the hand slowly exerted force, and the blood crystal did not change until it was kneaded with all its strength, and it remained the same.

"If the poor monk comes one step later, he will miss out with his old friend."

Zhou Yi's way of refining the body has reached the pinnacle, and he exerts all his strength to crush the magic weapon. Obviously, the blood crystal is left behind by the Dragon Emperor after he proclaimed himself.

The animal skin bag turned around in the nine-story pagoda, took away all the treasures of the Wanfo Temple, and fell into the hands of Zhou Yi. The bulging bag seemed to be full.

Zhou Yi glanced at the fat monk, turned into an escape light and flew to the Tibetan Sutra Pavilion, planning to pack all the treasures of Wanfo Temple and take them away.

"Scared the monk to death."

The fat monk wiped his sweat, carried half a sack of gold jewelry on his shoulders, and ran out of the temple with his blood flowing.

There are quite a few monks like him, and true Buddhas say that the Ten Thousand Buddhas Temple is a devil's den, so taking advantage of the fire to rob them becomes a just act!

...

a month later.

Maitreya Buddha Land.

On the verge of the west coast, it is ruled by Kongoji Temple.

this day.

The real Buddha descended to earth, descended with thunder and anger, and burned the demon head in the temple to fly ashes.

And on the wall of ten thousand Buddhas in the Kongo Temple, the words of the Buddha are inscribed to warn Buddhist believers.

"This is the last great temple."

Zhou Yi strayed across the Buddha Continent, and any temple that ruled a Buddhist land would come down as a true Buddha, kill the devil, and scavenge the ancient books and treasures.

These heritage books record the secrets of the immortal world, which can be traced back thousands of years, and naturally there are Buddhist secrets.

The end of the law is peerless, and the lack of inheritance has little impact. However, when the spiritual energy recovers, it will be a real disaster for Buddhism without immortal cultivation books.

"Sowing evil causes, reaps evil results! Can't blame the poor!"

Zhou Yi's eyes swept across the chaotic King Kong Temple, and his heart suddenly moved. The wanton slaughter of mortals is a sign of ignoring life. Even if there is a reason, it is necessary to take precautions.

Disregarding life not only violates the original intention, but also invites crises and disasters. A long life will make small possibilities inevitable!

"Just got the Buddhist scriptures, go back and recite it!"

...

Deep in the West Sea.

Zhou Yi flew a million miles with the escape light, and found an unnamed island and landed.

Arranging the overlapping formation method, I dare not say that it can trap the ancestors of Nascent Soul, at least Jindan Zhenjun can't escape.

Then he threw the blood crystal on the island and began to use various magical powers, trying to break it open and release the dragon emperor who was banned.

months later.

The blood crystal seems to be the same forever, and it has not been damaged in the slightest.

"It's no wonder that the old guys can rest assured that they are self-proclaimed. Such a solid defense, there is almost no way to break the world, and they can only wait for the passage of time to unblock themselves."

"In the notes of Daoist Xuanxiao, it is recorded that the way to deal with self-proclaimed things is to throw them into the depths of the four seas. There has never been spiritual energy there, and the recovery of the ancestral veins will not be affected, and they must die in deep sleep!"

Zhou Yi was not surprised by this. After all, it was the blood crystal that the Dragon Emperor sacrificed to countless monsters and condensed the massive spiritual things into blood crystals. Its essence was already extraordinary.

"In this way, isn't the poor way of being unable to take revenge?"

"Perhaps you can keep the blood crystal by your side and wait for it to come out slowly... not cool!"

Zhou Yi frowned, took out the storage bag and rummaged through all the treasures, figuring out how to use it to retaliate against the Dragon Emperor, until he saw the altar of ghosts and gods.

"Netherworld Curse! The old dragon was powerful in his lifetime and could easily break the spell. Now that the self-proclaimed consciousness is no different from death, he has no sense of the outside world at all. Could it be that it can consume his lifespan?"

"Try the effect first."

Zhou Yi never spared his lifespan. He directly put the Dragon Emperor blood crystals into the altar and cast spells with his hands.

Consume five hundred Shouyuan.

The ghost and \*\*\*\* statue let out a smirk, and after absorbing the breath, opened its mouth and spit out a black mist covering the blood crystal.

In an instant.

The effect of the spell is completed, and the eight arms of the ghost statue are condensed with the seal.

Zhou Yi's consciousness locked the blood crystal tightly, and he must not miss any changes. After five hundred years of life essence consumption, the crimson color faintly weakened.

"It really works!"



"It's just that the effect doesn't seem to be large. I don't know how many times it takes to cast the spell to exhaust the blood crystal seal. If you change the ancestor of the gods, you can't do anything about it, but the old dragon provokes the poor road."

Since his cultivation so far, Zhou Yi can't figure out how many life essences he has consumed, at least hundreds of millions!

Finally found a means of revenge, waved and threw the blood crystal back into the formation, and set up hundreds of restrictions to ensure that the Dragon Emperor would be killed with one blow after waking up.

Since then.

Zhou Yi settled down on a small island deep in the West Sea, where he used divination, chanting, irrigation, and cursing, consuming thousands of years of lifespan every day.

The color of the blood crystal is getting thinner and thinner, and the dragon shadow in it is getting clearer.

Sixteen years passed in a flash.

this day.

Clear skies.

Zhou Yi placed the blood crystal in the middle of the deserted island. At this time, it could no longer be called a blood crystal. It was almost pure and transparent, with only a few strands of blood floating around the dragon shadow.

"Old Dragon, Pindao paid so much life for revenge, you deserve to die!"

After that, he called Lingshen doll to pack up his belongings, leaving only the formation restrictions on the entire island, and all the rest of the objects were removed.

a long distance away.

Zhou Yishou pinched the tactic, and a layer of light appeared in front of him, and the screen displayed the blood crystal of the Dragon Emperor.

Take out the altar of ghosts and gods from the storage bag. As more and more lifespans are consumed, the altar turns from pitch black to red, and then turns into deep purple, looking at the past like a bottomless abyss.

The ghosts and gods have also changed, and their arms are slender in all directions, and the divine sense can even see the hair on the surface of the skin.

Fortunately, it was still dead, and there was no sign of coming back to life. Instead, the power of the Nether Mantra was getting stronger and stronger, otherwise Zhou Yi would have chopped the altar into firewood and burned it for alchemy.

"With the continuous sacrifice of Shouyuan, this altar seems to be turned into a magic weapon?"

The ancient witchcraft has long been lost, it is completely different from the cultivation method of immortality, and Zhouyi is not very clear.

Hand pinch magic formula, sacrifice Shouyuan.

...

desert island.

As the last few strands of blood dissipated, there was no longer any restrictions to restrain the dragon shadow.

Gradually from the virtual to the real, the dragon shadow turned into a golden dragon more than one inch long, wandering in the transparent crystal.

Since Zhou Yi moved away not long ago, there was still aura left in the prohibition of the formation, and there was an illusion formation that turned the deserted island into a mountain forest.

"Aura of heaven and earth! Ancestral veins condensed again?"

The Dragon Emperor sensed the presence of spiritual energy, and his face showed surprise. After confirming again and again, he immediately drilled out of the crystal.

"This emperor has survived the catastrophe of the end of the law and lived a new life!"

"First find a body and rebuild it, then look for the innate spirits spawned by the ancestral veins. With the help of the heaven and earth to recover the spiritual energy, you will definitely be able to become a demon \*\*\*\* in the future, even if it is a demon saint!"

"Hahaha!"

Thinking of this, the Dragon Sovereign couldn't help looking up to the sky and screaming, but he watched countless thunder lights fall.

"Tianlei? No, it's Lei Fa!"

"Could it be that which old monster woke up first and found this emperor's blood crystal?"

The Dragon Emperor's mind was turned, and he never realized that the ancestral vein was broken. It has only been more than 500 years. After all, the self-proclaimed blood crystal is indestructible, and can only be unsealed by consumption of time.

The method of overcoming the curse may have some effects, but it is weakened by blood crystals, and its power will never exist.

Such spells must be sacrificed, but at the end of the spell, spiritual objects and monks are cut off, so no one in the world can break the blood crystal!

hold head high!

The Dragon Emperor opened his mouth and spit out his vitality, turning it into a shield to resist the thunder, and said at the same time: "Daoist friend, Xiaolong is willing to recognize you as the master, riding a cart and pulling a cart to do anything, just ask for your life!"

No one responded after shouting for a long time, but the formation condensed into a raging flame and wind, constantly depleting the Dragon Emperor's vitality.

In order to reduce consumption, the Dragon Sovereign used a secret method to cut off his body and most of the Nascent Soul when he was proclaiming himself.

Thunder and fire bombed in turn for more than an hour, and the Dragon Emperor Yuanying only had three points left, the size of a fly.

"Damn! Who is it, can this emperor die to understand?"

...

a long distance away.

"cannot!"

Zhou Yi looked at the scene in the light curtain and knew that the Dragon Emperor would surely die, but he still chose not to show his face.

"The weakness after self-proclaimed exit~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ is more serious than Pindao expected. Dragon Emperor has only experienced five hundred years of exit, and his strength is only equivalent to ordinary Jindan. Those old monsters after thousands of years, even if you don't die, only the remnant remains!"

After another half an hour, the Dragon Emperor completely turned into nothingness in the thunder and flames.

Zhou Yi was still worried, and took out the lottery tube to perform a small cut sky technique, fortune-telling.

The spirit lotus flickered on the ground.

Sign up.

"The great revenge will be avenged, it's time to celebrate!"

Zhou Yi only felt refreshed and rather complacent.

"The strength of the upper and lower realms of the Xiu Xian world is vastly different. There has never been a precedent for Jin Dan to slay the Nascent Soul. Pindao killed the Dragon Emperor in the early stage of Jin Dan, and his demeanor is peerless. It should be recorded in the history books!"

## **Chapter 205: Qin Zhengtuogu**

Celebrating where to choose, of course, is the old place.

Spring House.

Love is more kind because of old age!

It doesn't matter if the girls are ugly, the important thing is to miss the past and recall the atmosphere of the old days.

"Once the old dragon dies, there will be no relatives or enemies in this world. He is lonely and lonely, walking alone. There is only one hook bar to accompany the poor road from beginning to end!"

Zhou Yi sighed slightly, and in the blink of an eye, he has not returned to Qing Kingdom for more than 60 years, and it has been a lifetime for mortals.

Knowing that Taishi Emperor was old and frail, he became more and more obsessed with seeking immortals. He was still dissatisfied with the construction of the Kunlun Palace, and according to the description in the Taoist scriptures, the construction was carried out according to the regulations of the Thirty-six Heavens.

Corrupt officials are rampant, and refugees are everywhere.

This does not affect the liveliness of Chunfenglou, which is not a place for the common people, and it is already full before nightfall.

Box on the second floor.

Zhou Yi was leaning against red, with a few red lip prints on his face and neck, and the robe on his body exuded a strong smell of fat powder.

Since Emperor Taishi destroyed the Buddha, Taoist priests have a high status in the Yunzhou countries, and because women can't help but drink wine and marry, many scholars who have failed many attempts have spent money to buy a Taoist ultimatum.

Put on the Taoist robe and write a few articles about cultivation and alchemy, if you get into His Majesty's eyes, you will be able to step into the sky!

The \*\*\*\* the left is called 郗, with slender eyebrows, a broad mind, and a soft and charming voice.

"Master Dao, you have regarded Chunfenglou as your home for half a month, how can you read scriptures and understand the Tao?"

"Pin Dao is cultivating Dao."

Zhou Yi said: "Congratulate a lot, keep your humanity!"

The \*\*\*\* the right pursed her lips and chuckled. She fed Zhou Yi some grapes, and said with a smile, "The Daoist will stay for a few more years, so that he can cultivate both Yin and Yang. Maybe he can become an immortal."

"Yuanyuan is not bad, she even knows about Shuangxiu."

Zhou Yi counted with his fingers, shook his head and said, "It's almost time for the people such as Pindao, and I will go see them tonight."

After saying that, he waved to the old bastard and called her over.

"Master Dao, what are your orders?" The old bastard came over, twisting his waist and couldn't open his eyes with a smile. The Dao Master was extremely generous and spilled tens of thousands of taels of silver in just half a month.

The top girls in the building take turns to take care of them, making sure to be satisfied.

"Change the song today..."

Zhou Yi ordered: "Is there anyone who can sing 'Legend of the Gods'?"

The old bastard had a puzzled look on her face. Back then, she was also a prostitute and was proficient in playing and singing, but this was the first time she heard the title of this song.

"Master Dao, let's..."

Zhou Yi took out a large stack of silver bills from his cuff, and stuffed them into the old bastard's arms.

"Today, the drinks in the audience will be paid by the poor!"

"Yes, there must be."

The old bastard pinched the thickness of the banknote, and estimated that he would say less than two or three thousand taels. He nodded and agreed: "Even if there is no girl meeting in the building, let's give up our skin and go outside and invite someone to sing!"

About half an hour.

There was a new person on the stage, no longer a girl with a soft figure, but an old musician with white hair and beard.

The old musician sat cross-legged on the ground with the qin on his knees.

Loudly!

"...A drop of bitter wine is a history book!"

The musician's voice was like a stone bursting, long and desolate, incompatible with the land of fireworks and red dust, and poured directly into the ears of the guests, who turned their heads to look at the stage.

Seeing Zhou Yi's expression of satisfaction, the old man hurried over to show his merit: "Master Dao, we sent people around a dozen markets, and finally found someone who can sing this song."

Zhou Yi nodded slightly and asked, "With such deep internal strength, you are willing to put down your body and sing songs. Do you know the origin?"

The boss respectfully said: "I heard that he is a person in the rivers and lakes, what is the name of Xianyinmen, famous for its rhythm!"

"Xianyin, good name!"

Zhou Yi took out a stack of silver notes, then put them back, and changed to a pill bottle.

"reward!"

...

Midnight.

Zhou Yi walked out of the Spring Wind Building, the snow was rushing outside, and the ground was covered with three or four inches of snow.

squeak-

Stepping on the snow, the two lines of imprints extend straight to the imperial city.

"Help....."

A weak voice came from the dark corner of the street, the footsteps paused, and a flash of light came down with a wave to help him restore his health.

Walking through the streets and alleys, you will hear a cry for help, or glimpse a dead body.

Zhou Yi's eyes were downcast, and at first he was concerned a few times, but when he saw more, he just waved to help.

Yin Shi.

The gates of the imperial palace were closed, and the soldiers on duty were wearing black armor, standing upright in the blizzard.

Emperor Taishi established the country with military exploits. He once led the army to be invincible, and he knew that the foundation of his rule was the army. Therefore, after searching Yunzhou for decades, he still did not forget to strengthen the military armament of the imperial court.

Zhou Yi strolled to the front of the palace gate, the soldiers on duty seemed to be missing, and walked directly through the gate to the Kunlun Palace.

Silent night.

The palace is brightly lit, with shadows and shadows reflecting on the window paper, like whispering, like a conspiracy.

"When was the last time I came to the palace? Oh, Pindao has never been here!"

Zhou Yi was in awe of the palace. According to the routine in the script, there might be an old monster hiding in it.

Now that the end of the law is five hundred years old, Zhou Yi has become the oldest old monster. When he first came to the palace, he was inevitably curious.

During the period, I walked into Shangyang Palace and sat on the dragon chair, but unfortunately there was no camera to take a group photo.

Going around in circles, to the Kunlun Palace.

One after another tyrannical figure, either bright or dark, the defense is blocked.

Zhou Yi cast a stealth technique, his feet were half a foot off the ground, and he swaggered in. The first thing that caught his eye was the spiritual field carved from gold and jade.

"Qin Zheng has a good memory, but unfortunately the scenery remains the same, and the person has changed!"

Passing through the Lingtian, pavilion, and entering the Taoist temple, Qin Zheng's old and weak voice came from the house.

"I'm dreaming again!"

Taishi Emperor was wearing a big purple Taoist robe, covered with a gossip yin and yang quilt, lying on a jade bed, and muttered: "Dream of Kunlun Mountain, immortals, spirit ginseng, Jianmu..."

Qin Xiao knelt in front of the couch and said with concern: "My son heard that there is a true Buddha in the West, and he has sent people to look for it. The father and the emperor want to take care of his body.

"Cough, cough, cough!"

Emperor Taishi coughed violently a few times, and when he was breathing, his face was stained with gold powder, and it shone brightly under the light of candlelight.

"There is no real Buddha in the world, it must be a Buddhist trick! But you can also contact the Buddhist school. When you become an emperor in the future, the first thing is to promote the Buddha and destroy the Tao. Now the White Cloud Temple is in a big situation."

"Remember your father's teachings."

Qin Xiao pondered for a moment, then worriedly said: "The few canonized real people in Baiyunguan, the court and civil forces are deeply rooted, the son tried to take charge of the six divisions, and repeatedly stumbled in secret, can the father give an order..."

Emperor Taishi stopped: "There is no need to say this again. When I was in Kunlun Mountain, I promised the immortals to promote Taoism!"

Qin Xiao had a bitter expression on his face. If it was as Taifu said, the father had gone mad and fell into a demonic barrier.

"Everyone in the world thinks I'm crazy!"

Emperor Taishi lived for a hundred and twenty years, fighting with the prince, with the father, with the great cadres, and with the Buddhists. It can be said that most of the years have been spent in the struggle, and you can tell what he thinks just by looking at his son.

"The truth is that only I am sober, there really is Kunlun in the world, there are really immortals!"

Emperor Taishi's words became weaker and weaker, trying to use the qi and blood in his dantian to stimulate the potential vitality, but what emerged was a highly poisonous mixture of gold, silver, lead and mercury, and the breath was dying in an instant.

"My son believes that the royal father will take care of his health!"

Seeing this scene, Qin Xiao was so frightened that he repeatedly agreed.

"After my son ascends the throne, he will not give up searching for Kunlun, his descendants, until he finds the true immortal!"

"it is good."

Emperor Taishi didn't care about his son's sincerity, and in his current state, he couldn't care about his future affairs. His only function was to suppress the court and gain time for Qin Xiao to take power.

Even if there is only one breath left, as long as he is still alive, there will be no chaos in the Qing Dynasty.

Qi and blood gradually calmed down, and the blood pill condensed and suppressed the poison in the internal organs, and no longer eroded the vitality of the Taishi Emperor.

"Go on, I'm going to rest!"

"My son retire."

Qin Xiao left the house and instructed the servants on duty to pay attention to His Majesty's physical condition at any time. If something went wrong, don't make a sound, and before sending a funeral, call the Imperial Army to block the palace.

in the house.

Emperor Taishi closed his eyes slightly, and scenes appeared in front of him, all of which were the memories of the Kunlun Mountains.

Among them, Zhou Zhenren's appearance became clearer and clearer, as if standing in front of him. Even though he was old and frail and poisoned, the instinct of a martial arts strongman instantly made the Taishi Emperor sober.

"Who?"

Zhou Yi looked at Qin Zheng, who was in his twilight years, and said slowly without casting a spell.

"I haven't seen you for a hundred years, and layman Qin has forgotten the poor way?"

"Real!"

Emperor Taishi finally saw clearly that the person standing in front of the bed was Zhou Zhenren, struggling to get up to worship, but his limbs were weak, and he was out of breath after the slightest movement.

Zhou Yi said, "It won't be long before the layman's life is spent, so don't use it up any more."

Emperor Taishi stopped moving when he heard the words. Seeing that Zhou Zhenren's appearance did not change at all, a glimmer of hope flashed in his eyes: "Is Zhenren here to pick up his disciples to practice in Kunlun Mountain?"

"no!"



Zhou Yi shook his head and said, "Pin Dao forgot about you a long time ago, but why did you come out of retreat, and when I heard what you did, I felt guilty and took a look."

Taishidi said sadly: "Why does the real person feel guilty?"

"When you entered Kunlun by mistake, you shouldn't have taught your martial arts."

Zhou Yi sighed and said, "Pindao is trying to use your hands to correct the names of junior and junior brothers for convenience. I never wanted to attract you to the immortal way, and would not hesitate to poison the common people."

"The real person is right, but I can't control it either."

Taishidi said: "The word longevity is like a demon that controls the body, spirit and soul. Every night, I repent for the evil things I have done, and I can't help but act recklessly during the day!"

Zhou Yi nodded slightly and said, "After today, the inner demon will disappear."

"Am I going to die?"

The Taishi Emperor coughed violently and asked, "After the disciple has done all the evil deeds, he will be punished in the eighteenth \*\*\*\* after his death. When he is dying, can he ask the real person for one thing?"

Zhou Yi frowned slightly: "Speak."

"I know my sins well, so I passed it on to my third son Qin Xiao, just because he is gentle by nature, he must be a benevolent monarch."

Emperor Taishi said: "However, there are too many traitors in the court, and they collude with the demons to wrap up the people. After I die, there will be troubles. Qin Xiao's way of doing things is too upright, and it is difficult to defeat the tricks of ghosts and mythical creatures."

Zhou Yi pondered for a moment, but did not answer directly.

"Pindao will be watching secretly for some time."

"Thank you real man."

Emperor Taishi had a happy expression on his face, and his heart was relieved. The blood pill could not suppress the poison, and it swam around the whole body along the qi and blood.

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

He died after a few breaths.

Zhou Yi stroked Qin Zheng's eyelids and helped him close his eyes.

"Poor Daoists must take this as a precept, their strength will dominate the world, and they should be more cautious in doing things. A little bit of willfulness is a hundred years of misery in the mortal world!"

...

Taishi ninety-seventh year.

The emperor died in the Kunlun Palace, and the prince Qin Xiao took the throne.

During the national mourning, a vision of blood clouds first appeared in the sky over Xianjing, and then turned over when encountering an earth dragon, killing and injuring thousands of people.

After the real person of Baiyunguan made a fortune-telling and then publicized it among the people, this is a warning from the heavens to the Qing Kingdom.

The officials in the court used this as an excuse to force Qin Xiao to abdicate and let the sages go.  
a month later.

Thousands of soldiers attacked the imperial ban, and they entered the Shangyang Palace together.  
the next day.

The real people of Baiyunguan have all ascended to immortals, and before leaving, they have also ascended with allies in North Korea and China. The opposition is leaderless, and it is difficult to coerce Qin Xiao to abdicate.

After the New Year, change to Yuan Jiading.

...

Northern Xinjiang.

Snake Mountain.

Zhou Yi disappeared, randomly selected an unnamed mountain, and arranged a formation to prohibit him from cultivating.

Lingshen doll carried the \*\*\*\* and said with a pouted mouth: "Xianchang, can we not always move?"

Every time I change the land and practice, I always have to re-cultivate the spiritual field and transplant the spiritual medicine.

"Not moving for a short time."

Zhou Yi agreed: "This place is desolate and uninhabited, and the distance to the nearest city is less than a thousand miles, and no one will disturb our cleaning. In the future, the poor will not go to celebrate, fifty, no, twenty... once every five years!"

"Ha ha."

Lingshen doll's small eyes rolled up, obviously in disbelief.

Zhou Yi felt a little guilty, and scolded sternly: "You are getting fatter and fatter, so don't hurry to farm!"

After blasting away the Lingshen doll, Zhou Yi circled around Jianmu a few times, and his divine sense penetrated into the trunk of the tree. A wisp of ignorant consciousness was touched, and the feedback returned to the happy emotions, some familiar and some unfamiliar.

"Don't worry, the poor road will ripen the building wood earlier, so that you will have complete consciousness."

Jianmu's growth is extremely slow, and it is still less than 40 feet, which is equivalent to an embryonic state, and it is not enough to cultivate spiritual wisdom.

The ox soul was affected by this, and only a faint trace of consciousness remained.

This is also the opportunity for scalpers, the remnant soul integrates into Jianmu's weak spiritual consciousness, and recovers as Jianmu grows. It is really a mature Jianmu, not to mention the golden core of the scalper, it is difficult to win the house even if it is replaced by a demon saint!

"The three guys of Prime Minister Turtle don't know what to do."

When Zhou Yi was cultivating near Bibotan, he often went out to investigate the traces of the Four Spirits Temple, but he found nothing.

The huge ancient ruins disappeared out of thin air without a trace, as if they were not in the same space as Jiuzhou.

"This is also a good thing. With the help of the inheritance of the temple, we can avoid the end of the world. To avoid being trapped in the Kunlun Mountains, it is difficult to break through the realm for hundreds of years, and we can only wait for death day by day!"

With the disappearance of the Temple of the Four Spirits, it was hard for Zhou Yi not to have doubts.

"It is rumored that the Temple of the Four Spirits was built by the demon saint, and its realm is equivalent to the return of the human race. Based on this, it can be inferred that there is really a human race old monster in the world who claims to be a relic somewhere?"

"It seems that you must be careful when you go out in the future, and don't use large-scale magicians to appear before you, the breath is too conspicuous!"

...

Taoist temple.

Retreat Room~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ Zhou Yi sat cross-legged and took out the Dragon Emperor's relic, a transparent orb, from his storage bag.

After beheading the Dragon Emperor in the depths of the West Sea, he deliberately left a stone tablet on the deserted island, inscribed with the words "True Monarch Xuanyi Slays the Dragon Here", and buried a volume of top-notch cultivation techniques under the stone tablet.

In the future, the spiritual energy will recover, and if a monk passes through the deserted island, he will be able to obtain the inheritance of the exercises.

"At that time, it will be a new opportunity. Maybe the world of immortality will be called the ancient times, and what the poor Dao left behind is also the ancient practice!"

Zhou Yi satisfied his bad taste, and his divine sense carefully explored the orb, and it was completely indestructible.

"Study and enlightenment have been banned for hundreds of years, and I have not found a suitable spiritual item to refine the magic weapon. This pearl is right for the poor Taoist!"

## Chapter 206: Orb Space

Zhou Yi currently has the basalt armor for defense, the Bodhi wheel for support, and the lightsaber for killing.

With the accumulation of mana, the mountain and river tripod and the soul-fixing mirror are also increasing in power. The quantity is not comparable to the True Monarch Wanbao, but the quality is far superior.

"What kind of treasure is suitable for the Dragon Emperor Orb?"

Zhou Yi thought about it for a while and came up with a plan. Since the orb was indestructible, it was still made into a treasure.

Longevity has been obtained, as long as you focus on stacking armor and magic resistance!

For more than 500 years, Shenwu Disha was banned, and during this period, he also used ordinary spiritual objects to inscribe and practice, and he was already familiar with it, such as Qin Zheng's green bamboo sword. This method does not need auxiliary things, and it is much easier to use than the formula of the magic treasure map in this end method where spiritual materials are scarce.

Zhou Yi's fingertips shone with aura, and it landed on the surface of the orb, and began to inscribe the first earth shackle prohibition.

Sturdy!

After more than half an hour, a lot of mana was consumed, and the surface of the spirit bead was still as clean as new.

"So hard?"

Zhou Yi frowned slightly, and he had a bad premonition in his heart, and opened his mouth to spit out the mountains and rivers.

In the tripod there are swords, wheels and mirrors.

The light-splitting saber was seriously damaged, but the essence is still there, and it can be recovered after a long period of cultivation. The Bodhi Wheel was unexpectedly troublesome. The spirit of the tool was affected by the resentment of the blood sacrifice, and it has turned into an evil spirit.

Now there is no other way but to slowly purify with mana until the resentment is completely eradicated.

Fortunately, the spirit of the tool is different from the spirit of the monk. After cleaning, it will not be damaged, but it is easier to refine and recognize the master.

Zhou Yi held a lightsaber and tried to inscribe the ban on the earth on the orb. The result was the same as before, and then he changed dozens of spells and instruments, and it was difficult to leave the slightest trace.

"Is this thing only a hard glass ball?"

"This thing has consumed the accumulation of Bibotan for thousands of years, and has sacrificed countless demon spirits and souls to refine it. It is rare in the world. It is a luxury to be a plaything!"

"After the ban in the blood crystal dissipated, the old dragon regained his sanity and wandered in the orb for a long time..."

With this in mind, Zhou Yi repeatedly probed the inside of the orb, and it seemed that it was indeed solid and stable.

Zhou Yi practiced the secret formula of nourishing the spirit during the Qi-refining period, and cultivated the spirit in the nine-turn period of the foundation-building period.

Spiritual Soul and Body Refinement are not restricted by spiritual roots, and their growth is slow and expensive. Now Zhou Yi's Spiritual Soul is like a substance.

This soul-splitting secret technique is inherited from the Ghost King Sect. After completing it, one can divide the soul into other people's bodies, and subtly affect the monks' thoughts and behaviors.

Under the control of Zhou Yi, Soul Splitter used the escape method to pounce on the orb.

It was like passing through a water curtain, but also like crossing a barrier, and the divided soul fell into the white space up and down, left and right.

The soul-splitting consciousness swept in all directions, the space was three hundred feet in size, and the overall shape was round. Zhou Yi manipulated the sub-soul to wander in the space, and after encountering the crystal clear edge, he tried to inscribe the prohibition of the earth.

The indestructible orb on the outer layer is soft as water on the inside, and the weak soul-splitting strength can leave traces.

"Interesting! What a sweet baby!"

Zhou Yi repeatedly praised that the inner space of the orb was extremely useful.

The first thing that comes to mind is to become a treasure of self-protection. When one encounters a death catastrophe from the sky, hide directly inside to take refuge, even if the attack of the \*\*\*\* of transformation can be overcome.

The second is that you can make a magic weapon in the cave, put the place of retreat into it, and it will be convenient to move in the future.

In the future, with the continuous expansion of Dongtian, until the area is hundreds of miles away, it is possible to establish a faction within and even build a world.

Zhou Yi's mind was flying, and he was dreaming of becoming the master of the world. As a result, the divided soul in the orb slowly distorted and disintegrated. After a while, the soul was scattered and turned into nothingness.

"Orbs can't carry living creatures, or are there other reasons?"

"Poor Dao thinks it's simple. If it is so easy to open up the cave, then the method of offering sacrifices will be renamed the method of opening the sky! But it is not without solutions. For example, the difference between the imperial animal bag and the storage bag, the former is reserved for the outside world. Connected mouth."

"Perhaps the orb barrier can be penetrated and integrated with the outside world, so that it can carry living creatures?"

Zhou Yi did what he wanted, and performed the secret technique of splitting the soul again.

"It turns out that only the soul can enter!"

The split soul escaped into the orb, flew to the position where the prohibition was just engraved, transformed into an electric drill and began to spin and drill holes.

Zhou Yi estimated the time, and before the split soul collapsed and dissipated, he used the escape technique to fly out of the orb space and reintegrated into the soul, and immediately noticed a slight exhaustion.

"The speed of penetrating the barrier is a bit slow, but the most important thing for a poor road is time!"

Zhou Yi didn't care if the orb would lose its indestructible properties after it was damaged.

...

The mountain was originally nameless, henceforth the name Kunlun.

Zhou Yi has since resumed his daily practice. In addition to the usual consumption of mana and life essence, he has gained more soul power.

"Thinking about it, how does Pindao look like a blood bottle and a blue bottle?"

In the spare time of practice, he recites Buddhist and Taoist works, and comprehends the scriptures and meanings of the sages. In the past sixteen years in the West Sea, he sorted out and entered the Taoist collection of the inheritance classics that were captured from Buddhism.

"Five hundred years after the end of the law, even if the monks tried their best to preserve them, they continued to be lost and deleted from generation to generation. Many secret methods of Buddhism have been incomplete, but fortunately a few sects of the sect are still intact."

One of them is the Nirvana Sutra!

Buddhism focuses on the way of the soul. Different from the Ghost King School, which is proficient in ghost cultivation and soul separation, Buddhism is especially good at condensing the soul. The ultimate is to make relics from virtual reality.

The Nirvana Sutra is the ultimate Buddhist practice of condensing the soul. Not only does it have a far greater effect than the Danding Sect's soul-refining heritage, but it also has two wonderful secret techniques after it has been cultivated.

Silence, Nirvana.

Once the annihilation secret technique is used, the soul is as dead as death, and even the ancestor of Yuan Ying cannot see through it in person.

The secret technique of nirvana involves the way of reincarnation, which can be used to search for reincarnation through the relics of predecessors.

"Is there really reincarnation in this world? It's mentioned in all Buddhist scriptures, maybe it's not groundless! Reincarnation is a big thing, so I'm not in a hurry to explore it. When the poor Dao has cultivated the Nirvana Sutra to greatness, try to find the old people to know the truth. Fake."

The Book of Changes contains the secret records of the stars and the stars, and the ancient Ziyang Sutra externally.

"Essence, qi, and spirit practice Buddhism and Taoism at the top of the spirit, qi and spirit, and have won the treasure of Zhenzong. This end-of-the-world law is truly a great opportunity for the poor!"

Time flies.

The sun and the moon return to each other, and the spring and autumn rotate.

Retreat has no time, and it has been a hundred years in an instant.

this day.

A vision descended from the sky near Snake Pan Mountain, the blue sky manifested the stars all over the sky during the day, and countless starlights fell.

Kunlun Mountain Taoist Temple. UU reading [www.uukanshu.com](http://www.uukanshu.com)

The power of the stars continued to refine Zhou Yi's body, the internal organs, meridians and muscles shone with stars, and finally condensed a diamond-shaped mark on the eyebrows.

After 500 years of cultivation, he finally became the star Dharma body.

"The power of the spell has increased significantly. When fighting the magic, it can be condensed into a starlight vestment to protect the body, and it can also draw the power of the stars to restore the magic power... Unfortunately, who in the world can compete with the poor way?"

Zhou Yi's eyes were cold, neither sad nor happy.

After reading and comprehending Buddhist classics for a hundred years, my mind has become more and more silent, and I have never even been there to celebrate.

Such a state of mind is just right for the practice of Nirvana Sutra. The growth of the soul has increased by more than 50%, and the speed of breaking the barrier of the orb is also greatly accelerated.

"In another hundred and eighty years, the poor road will be able to become a mobile cave, and it will no longer be limited to the barren mountains and fields!"

"I don't know if the house in the capital is still there, and I can move back to live there..."

**Chapter 207: The last years of the dynasty**

Winter solstice and spring come again.

The Snake Mountain is covered with snow and will not melt.

Driven by the soldiers, thousands of strong people searched mountain by mountain for possible auspiciousness.

Wearing straw sandals, Zhu Kang stepped on the snow with one deep foot and one shallow foot, sweeping around with a wooden stick to search carefully.

If you can't find auspicious crossroads, you will probably freeze to death in the mountains, and the Zhu family will be doomed.

"Master Sun has taken over the land in the family. After this generation is inexhaustible, the next generation will also be exterminated! Why are they all dead, why should they suffer from this bird's crime, it is better to fight to the death..."

Just thinking about these words, Zhu Kang glanced at the soldiers at the foot of the mountain, and the people who were shot to death in an attempt to escape, and could only scold quietly in the bottom of his heart.

"Dog Emperor!"

The cold wind is howling, and the clothes are thin.

Zhu Kang's face turned purple from the cold, he leaned on a wooden stick for breath, grabbed two handfuls of snow to feed his hunger, and continued to lift his feet mechanically.

Perhaps it was because he had been hungry for too long, an illusory light appeared in front of his eyes, and then the sky turned like a dream, as if he had stepped on something soft and white.

"Oh!"

A child's cry of pain sounded, and Zhu Kang felt himself flying up again, hanging upside down in the air.

Zhu Kang shook his head vigorously, dispelling the dizziness and regaining consciousness, and opened his eyes to see a three-foot-long white radish.

The white radish had a muddy footprint on his face, and he was grinning, holding up a \*\*\*\* angrily and waving it.

"Children, don't be ridiculous."

A gentle voice like a spring breeze came, and the red blood vines that bound his feet were loosened and fell to the ground erratically.

Zhu Kang followed the sound and found that under the gazebo not far away, a Taoist man in green robe was sitting, holding the Taoist scripture in his hand and greeting him with a smile.



"Poor Dao Xuanyi, where is the layman?"

"I'm from Kuoshantun, and my name is Zhu Kang."

Zhu Kang woke up from the confusion. Seeing the appearance of the Lingshen doll, he thought he had met a monster. He said like a bean in a bamboo tube, "I am the eighth in my family, and my family has no money or land, not even a daughter-in-law."

"Eating leftovers on weekdays, living in a cowshed, and smelling bad..."

"Poor people can't eat people."

Zhou Yi flexed his fingers, the mana swept over Zhu Kang's body, and the dark wound and frostbite were healed.

"This is Kunlun Mountain, and few outsiders come here. You can stay for a while, or you can choose to leave immediately."

Qin was practicing in Kunlun Mountain for a year, and when he went out, there was a big movement, and he fulfilled his promise to rectify Xuan Xiao's name, but he also created a lot of evil obstacles, so Zhou Yi lost interest in enlightening mortals.

"Kunlun?"

Zhu Kang was stunned and muttered: "There really is Kunlun Mountain in the world, wasn't that made up by Mr. Storyteller?"

Zhou Yi greeted Zhu Kang to take a seat, and said with a smile: "Can the layman tell us how they compiled Kunlun?"

"Mr. Storyteller..."

Zhu Kang was about to talk when his stomach rumbled like a muffled thunder.

"But it's not a poor man, talking while eating."

Zhou Yi waved his hand, and the stone table was covered with dishes, all of which were rare and delicious in the ordinary world.

"Thank you Daoist, thank you immortal!"

Zhu Kang was already hungry, and he didn't care about being in awe of immortals. He ate and drank to soothe his stomach and said, "Mr. Storyteller's stories are mostly from Kunlun Mountain."

Since there is no land at home, Zhu Kangshang can eat a full meal when the farming is busy, and goes to work in the county town when the farming is slack. ...

Most of the time, I didn't find a job, so I squatted at the door of the inn and restaurant begging for food, and listened to a lot of stories.

"Kunlun Mountain has become the origin of the protagonist of the story."

Zhou Yi listened interestingly, and asked again: "The poor way has been in seclusion for a long time, I don't know what year it is now?"

"It's now twelve years of eternal extension."

Zhu Kang put down his rice bowl, knelt down on the ground, and prayed: "Immortal, can I live here forever, and I can do it with tea and water, as long as I have food to eat!"

"You can only stay a year at most."

Zhou Yi said: "Pindao will send you some gold and silver when you leave, and you will not have to worry about eating and drinking when you go out."

Zhu Kang shook his head and said, "I don't dare to ask for it. Gold was dug out of the people's land in the neighboring village, and the bandits killed the whole family the next day!"

Zhou Yi frowned slightly: "It's chaos outside now?"

"The court said that the world is very peaceful, but I heard that there are many disasters in the military, and life is not easy anywhere."

Zhu Kang is a real low-level commoner, who can't read a single basket of big characters, and his evaluation of the court or the emperor is that the life is good or the life is sad.

It is not clear what the specific emperor or the court did, and the only people who can come into contact with them are corrupt officials.

Zhou Yi did not continue to ask questions, but pressed his palm on Zhu Kang's forehead and directly read his soul.

From the corner of memory that Zhu Kang can't remember, the diners who saw a glimpse of the diners talking and talking, roughly pieced together the changes that have taken place in Qingguo in the past century.

Emperor Jiading was in power diligently, but Emperor Taishi lived for too long, causing too much suffocation.

After that, he served as two mediocre emperors in a row, and now Emperor Yongyan is known as his ancestor, but unfortunately, martial arts and strong army have not been learned.

"It has been two hundred years since the Qing Dynasty was fixed, and the hidden dangers caused by Qin Zheng are finally unstoppable. Now it is the end of the dynasty!"

Zhou Yi sighed slightly. He was already used to this. After three generations since Fengyang Kingdom, he has already seen through the rise and fall of the kingdom.

When the soul search was over, a few strands of soul power were left in Zhu Kang's soul.

Zhu Kang only felt that his soul was sensitive and clear, and his own experiences in the past twenty years were clearly visible.

"Thank you fairy!"

"In the next year, you will take care of Lingtian with the children, and you can go to the library to study in your spare time."

Zhou Yi pondered for a moment and said, "Poor Daoist can't keep you for a long time, and he can't teach you immortal methods, but he can teach you the ability to eat, so you won't starve to death when you go out."

Zhu Kang heard the words and kowtowed again and again: "The grace of the immortal's guidance will be worshipped by the Zhu family from generation to generation."

Zhou Yi nodded slightly, pointed to the library and said.

"This method is stored in the nineteenth volume on the third floor of the No. 7 bookshelf. Pindao is only a slight guess. How to make it requires you to comprehend it yourself."

"The disciple will definitely live up to the expectations of the immortals!"

Zhu Kang didn't know what he would learn. According to the development of the story, it should be the secret recipe of a long-lost immortal who could make a fortune by relying on the secret recipe after leaving the mountain.

After eating and drinking, go home and sleep.

the next day.

After hoeing for a long time, Zhu Kang learned that the big white radish is the essence of the ginseng of ten thousand years, and kowtowed a few times.

In the afternoon, I went to the library and took out a book from the bookshelf according to what the immortal said. The cover had no text but a strange picture.

"It looks like a spinning wheel? It's a little different from what I've seen in the workshop."

When Zhu Kang was working in the county, he would go wherever there was a shortage of people. The spinning wheels he had seen were similar to each other~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ Opening the book, there were pictures on each page, with text annotations next to them. Most of the text in the book is recognizable.

"The immortal asked me to make this thing, it must have a deep meaning!"

About two months later.

Zhu Kang found that his memory was strong and extraordinary, and he was quite talented, and he quickly built a new spinning wheel.

After testing, the utility has increased tenfold.

Zhou Yi nodded with satisfaction: "Those who are destined to enter Kunlun are indeed extraordinary."

Zhu Kang received the advice of the immortal again, and went to the library to pick up a volume of unnamed books, and the pictures on the book cover were even more strange.

A big boiling teapot!

## Chapter 208: Kunlun Cave

one year later.

Zhu Kang kowtowed and bowed three times, and the flash of spiritual light repelled him from the formation.

"Why didn't the immortal master pass on his martial arts and history books?"

Lingshen doll looked puzzled and said, "I think he is naturally rebellious and has great luck. Even if he doesn't come to Kunlun Mountain, he will definitely rebel and stir up a huge storm."

"What if martial arts are passed down? Hundreds of years later, it will be the last years of the dynasty. When prosperity, the people suffer, and when they die, the people suffer!"

Zhou Yi said: "What's more, it is the most difficult to grasp the changes in people's hearts in the world. Zhu Kang seems to have a good temper now. Who knows if he will become the next Qin Zheng when he is in power?"

If we really go back to the source, the sins committed by Qin Zheng must have a cause and effect in Zhouyi.

However, after reading Buddhist and Taoist books for thousands of years, I have already seen through the theory of cause and effect. Zhouyi only used it to maintain his own moral bottom line, and it has no substantial binding force.

Not sticking to cause and effect, to be precise, maintaining human nature and not doing evil!

Zhou Yi glanced at Lingshen Doll: "When will you look at the picture?"

"We are born with innate earth escape supernatural powers, and there are few formations in the world that can be restrained. According to the life-saving scripture written by the immortals, we lack the same divination technique to predict danger."

Lingshen doll laughed and said, "In my spare time in farming, I go to the library to recite sutras, and it will naturally get better over time."

"Yes, I did not live up to the teachings of the poor."

Zhou Yi nodded in satisfaction and explained: "Because Zhu Kang has anti-bones and luck, teaching martial arts is just the icing on the cake, and accelerating his destiny may not be a good thing!"

While speaking, one person returned to the Taoist temple.

In the courtyard, there is a behemoth. The black steel is cast into gears, pistons, and bearings, which are fixed and formed by rivets.

The Lingshen doll obeyed Zhou Yi's instructions, put on a black iron helmet, turned a \*\*\*\* into a shovel, and filled the coal into the firebox.

Zhou Yi flicked his fingers, the spirit fire ignited the coal, and the water in the boiler began to boil.

The steam exerted strong pressure on the pistons and began to turn the wheel, while black smoke erupted from the chimney at the top of the machine.

"Familiar taste!"

Zhou Yi closed his eyes slightly, took a deep breath, and the scorched, pungent nostrils produced by the incomplete combustion of coal.

"Cough cough cough..."

The location of the Lingshen doll station was too close to the chimney, and his face was black with smoke, and his impression of the steel machine suddenly fell to the freezing point.

"Xianchang, what's the use of this Tie Hanhan?"

"This thing is really not good for the poor, and it may even be slightly harmful. After all, the collective wisdom of the human race is too strong. The end of the law is peerless, maybe it can be produced in a thousand years, and its power is comparable to the weapon of a true monarch!"

Zhou Yi waved his hand to extinguish the coal, then inscribed the pattern in the firebox, cast the spell to condense the spiritual energy into a spar, and placed it in the center of the array.

The spirit crystal actuated the formation method to forbid the generation of flames, and heated the boiler to boiling. The power was ten times greater, and no black smoke was emitted.

"The texture of the array can completely abandon the body of the machine, and directly engrave it on the runner, and consume the aura to generate kinetic energy, so that there is no loss in the middle."

"The understanding of the immortal prohibition on heaven and earth has reached a certain peak!"

Zhou Yi did not continue the transformation. With his formation and refining ability, he could easily create an aura-powered robot. After integrating with the beast soul, he could have some wisdom and do some daily affairs.

This is not the original creation of Zhou Yi either. The Heaven Patching Sect in ancient times has already created this kind of inheritance.

Immortal Dao is vast, pointing directly to the Dao!

Lingshen doll wiped the black ashes on her face, like a face in Peking Opera, carrying a shovel in confusion.

"Since it's not very beneficial, why does the fairy still spread it?"

"Pin Dao was originally a man with no ambitions, and has always been at ease, and should not care about the mundane world."

Zhou Yi sighed and said, "For thousands of years, we have seen the change of dynasties and the change of the great king's flag at the top of the city, but the people are like weeds one after another.

"I have long seen that the immortal is a compassionate person, not as indifferent as other immortals."

Lingshen Doll looked up at the black lump: "Can this Tie Hanhan really change the world?"

"Maybe it can, maybe it can't, Pindao never insists on everything."

Zhou Yi stroked the bearings and gears lightly, feeling the familiar and unfamiliar texture, and said, "Time is the biggest innovator in the world. The only thing a poor man can do is to push, and it is absolutely impossible to stop..."

The end of the law is a long time, even if there is no Zhouyi spread, this thing will appear thousands of years later.

The human race's desire for power and wealth never stops.

Qi and blood or inner qi martial arts, after all, are the power of a few people, they will strengthen the class barriers, and the corresponding martial arts strongmen will hate machines!

Lingshen doll pondered hard, her eyes turned into circles, and she still couldn't understand the use of iron lumps.

"Xianchang, what's the downside of this thing?"

"The downside is that Chunfenglou may disappear, and Pindao can no longer celebrate!"

...

this day.

The soul-splitting technique escaped into the orb, and finally drilled through the last layer of the barrier, and drilled directly out of it.

Zhou Yi's consciousness was locked tightly, and at the moment when the split soul was drilled out of the orb, there was a faint spatial distortion at the breach.

The white space in the orb rolled and rolled, and mysterious and mysterious changes occurred. Dividing the soul into it again, it stayed for a long time and did not collapse.

"Try the hardness again."

Zhou Yi opened his mouth and spit out the lightsaber. After four hundred years of cultivation, it has been restored to a magic weapon.

The sword qi slashed on the surface of the orb, and still did not leave any traces, but the lightsaber penetrated the hole from the inside to the outside, and the efficiency was much faster than that of the soul.

"The hole is almost impossible to detect. It is also a treasure to protect the body from the inside. Besides, the greatest magic of this thing is to move the Kunlun Mountains into it, and the poor road will have a cave with you!"

Zhou Yi engraved a few prohibitions on the inside of the orb, and temporarily made a magic weapon similar to a storage bag, turned it into an escape disc for a moment, and found a barren mountain.

The mouth of the pearl hole is aimed at the unnamed mountain, the mana runs and uses the storage method, and the rock and soil immediately fly into it.

After a moment.

As soon as I collected two peaks in a row, I filled half of the orbs just now.

Back to Taoism.

Zhou Yi pondered for a moment, called the Lingshen doll, and said with a smile.

"It took two hundred years for the poor way to finally become Kunlun Cave, please go there and try to live for a few days?"

"Is there no danger?"

The ginseng doll confirmed safety again and again, turned into a cyan light and drilled into the orb, standing on the ground dancing and shouting.

A huge eye appeared in the transparent sky, as if a \*\*\*\* was overlooking the world. It was Zhou Yi who observed the outside world and could only see the tiny dust-like spirit ginseng doll after careful identification.

Observe the half moon.

Ginseng dolls work hard in the orb, cast spells to level the land, UU reading [www. uukanshu. com](http://www.uukanshu.com) pre-divide and reclaim spiritual fields.

Zhou Yi saw that the inner space of the jewel was large enough, and the river water was collected from the outside to form a lake with a radius of 30 feet.

"It seems that there is no problem with living and cultivating?"

a month later.

The Taoist temple, ancient trees, and elixir were all moved into the orb, and only Zhou Yi and Jianmu were left outside, and they began to observe the growth of elixir in the space.

years later.

The growth of the elixir was the same, Zhou Yi put Jianmu in his dantian, turned it into an escape light and drilled into the orb space.

Zhou Yi's body came in for the first time, and Dividing Soul had been in it for two hundred years, so there was nothing strange about it. Plant the building wood into the center of the space, consume Shouyuan to perform the Jade Dew Art, exuding a strong and surging spiritual energy.

"Since then, Pindao has been practicing in this Kunlun Cave!"

**Chapter 209: Great Zhou Taizu**

Falling in love with youkanshu.com, I am immortal in the world of immortality

Kunlun Cave.

Zhou Yi took out the array plate from the storage bag, and the phantom array trapped the array to defend against attacks, accumulating thousands.

Half of them are arranged at the entrance to ensure space safety first. The rest are arranged in the sky and the ground, and many of them are forbidden to detect the soul. Since then, it is difficult for even the soul to escape into the interior of the orb.

After the magic formation is activated, the sun and clouds appear in the sky, and the distance becomes a vast horizon.

In this way, it seems like a real world.

Zhou Yi took out the spiritual objects at the bottom of the press box, and used a forging weapon inheritance to refine Dongtian into a treasure of protection.

"This is just the beginning. The follow-up will continue to strengthen, until it becomes an indestructible world of the cave, which can protect itself even if the heaven and the earth are torn apart, roaming in the chaos outside the sky..."

With the improvement of his cultivation, there are fewer and fewer people in the world who can threaten Zhou Yi. After thousands of years, the only thing in the world that can finally kill him is the collapse of the heavens and the earth.

The possibility of heaven and earth collapsing is very small, but in the face of endless time, no matter how small the possibility is, it will become inevitable.

Zhou Yi didn't want to wait for the collapse of the heavens and the earth, and there was nowhere to hide. He had long planned to build a shelter, and the Dragon Emperor Jewel was just in time!

It took another fifty years.

The Kunlun Caves have finally been made preliminary.

Zhou Yi sat cross-legged by the lake to fish, although there were no fish in the lake.

Lingshen doll squatted beside him, looked at the changing clouds in the sky, and asked, "Xianchang, when will Jianmu fork?"

Zhou Yi closed the Taoist scriptures and answered very seriously: "When Kunlun Cave is transformed into a world, the sky is nine layers high and the land is eight barren, Jianmu will naturally grow branches."

Lingshen doll counted with her fingers for a long time, but couldn't figure it out, and asked, "How can the cave grow bigger?"

"The specific poor way is not clear, but the most likely thing is to refine a spiritual object similar to the Dragon Emperor Orb."



Zhou Yi tried to arrange a dust formation to shrink the outside world and put it into the cave, but he couldn't put it in at all, breaking the idea of infinitely stacking boxes.

Shrinking thousands of mountains into dust, in fact, thousands of mountains are still there.

The Lingshen doll was watching the fun, and said with bright eyes, "Is the immortal chief going to dig those old monsters?"

"It's not that easy."

Zhou Yi said: "Pindao and the Dragon Emperor have a deep causal relationship, and it took so much effort to find the blood crystal by luck. There are no traces of other self-proclaimed old monsters, self-proclaimed things, stones or dead wood, and they are also in person. Hard to notice!"

Lingshen doll listened, lay on the ground and rolled a few times, her limbs spread out, and she lost hope of becoming a fairy.

"If the poor can't find it, it doesn't mean that no one in the world can find it."

Zhou Yi said: "Those old monsters of the Demon Dao are useless to kill all of them. Perhaps one day, they will let mortals dig out from a corner and study them as unsolved mysteries."

Lingshen doll didn't understand very well, but she felt that there was hope for becoming an immortal, and she suddenly regained her vitality.

Zhou Yi did not continue to explain, he put away the fishing rod and said.

"Pin Tao has been in seclusion for more than two hundred and sixty years, and the cave has been completed. It's time to experience the rolling red dust."

.....

Northern Xinjiang.

Longpan Mountain.

The place where Longxing, Taizu of the Great Zhou Dynasty, changed Snakepan Mountain to Longpan Mountain, and held the Fengchan Ceremony several times.

Zhou Taizu did not sacrifice the heaven and earth when he climbed the mountain, but sacrificed to the legendary Kunlun Mountain, and reported his achievements to the immortals, showing that he lived up to his mission.

Later history books named Zhou Taizu Longpanshan a Zen, and characterized it as borrowing the name of Kunlun Xianshan to differentiate and attack the diehards of the court, and at the same time to strengthen the correctness of his rule.

Later, a large amount of coal was discovered in Longpan Mountain. The nearby Taizu's hometown, Kuoshan City, became more and more prosperous and gradually became an important town in northern Xinjiang.

today.

It was a cold winter, and the north wind was bitter.

Three days of snow fell flutteringly, and the mountains, rivers, and cities were a vast white scene.

Zhou Yi, wearing a Tibetan blue robe, performed a feat of flying and flying, looking at the dark, misty smoke in the sky, his expression was a little weird.

Up to the gate of the city, there were no soldiers on duty, and people came in and out at will.

"The carriage with bearings, the tight and fine cloth, it seems that many changes have taken place in this world."

Zhou Yi entered the city, and the bustling and bustling city did not lose to the capital.

Routinely went to a bookstore and opened a volume of "The Chronicles of Zhou Taizu", and found that the paper and ink were obviously standardized, and the size and edges of the handwriting were the same, which inexplicably lacked some artistic charm.

"Zhu Kang actually did it!"

Zhou Yi was surprised. To be honest, he didn't have much hope when he taught Zhu Kang the machine.

The popularization of machines requires not only technology, but also emancipation of the mind and accumulation of heritage, which are hardly available in Yunzhou.

The world of immortality has existed for countless years, and it can be traced back to the ancient times. Yunzhou has not undergone major changes since ancient times. Cultivators can easily create machines, but it is completely unnecessary. The value of mortal existence is to provide descendants of spiritual roots!

Changes of dynasties, wars and plagues, natural and man-made disasters, etc., no matter how many people die in the mortal world, they will not arouse the mercy of the cultivator world.

During the period, there may have been some buds, but in the eyes of the monks, it is an unstable rebellion, and they are crushed into pieces with a wave of their hands, and mortals can only continue to inherit and continue according to the ancient system.

Zhou Yi taught Zhu Kang's machine technology, intending to plant a seed, and did not expect to really take root and sprout.

Divine Consciousness swept through the book and quickly read the book, and generally knew about Zhu Kang's experience after leaving Kunlun. Of course, Kunlun was not mentioned in the history book, but it was recorded that the Great Zhou Taizu was taught by a stranger to teach the secret arts of the Mo family.

With his spinning wheel, Zhu Kang quickly accumulated a lot of wealth and made contacts ~www.mtlnovel.com~ to establish the Kunlun company.

The cloth of the Kunlun company is of high quality and low price, and it is sold in the countries of Yunzhou, attracting the coveted by officials of the Qing Dynasty.

At the beginning, Zhu Kang only wanted to make money, and he repeatedly honored the officials of the court, but it attracted more and more greed.

The South and the North War, the founding of the People's Republic of China.

The territory of Dazhou is not as vast as that of the Qing Kingdom, and the Yunzhou countries also took the opportunity to occupy a large area of the Qing Kingdom, which is comparable to the size of the Fengyang Kingdom a thousand years ago.

After Zhu Kang ascended the throne, he used the power of the founding emperor to try to implement the machine in the whole country, but he was blocked by the old-fashioned big landlord.

The founding father of a generation, killed from fire and blood, how ordinary!

On the one hand, Zhu Kang used the excuse of the war between the north and the south, and on the other hand, he invited the descendants of the Mo family to force the promotion of the machine.

"To resort to war, to borrow the name of the Mohist sages!"

Zhou Yi nodded slightly, feeling that he was underestimating the people of the world. Unfortunately, he was concentrating on refining Dongtian. Otherwise, Zhu Kang would be able to borrow God's will and implement the machine more smoothly.

After Zhu Kang ascended the throne, he struggled with the old school for the first 30 years.

The combination of imperial power and machinery cannot be resisted by the rotten Confucians who read the Four Books and Five Classics. As the lives of the common people are getting better day by day, even the old school has begun to split.

After all, the benefits brought by the machine are too great, far from working hard to cultivate the land, and relying on God to eat can compare!

Advanced productivity, like a rolling wave, is unstoppable!

## **Chapter 210: Changing times**

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After Zhou Yi entered the door, the bookstore shopkeeper kept observing carefully.

The Tibetan Qing Taoist robe is indistinguishable from the material, and the stitches are fine and uniform, like a fabric woven by a machine, but it looks natural and comfortable, without the rigidity and rigidity of batch creations.

"Such a delicate technique, how much is a few taels of silver per foot!"

The shopkeeper is well-informed. When he accompanied the owner to Xianjing to buy a new printing machine with the owner, he learned that the food and clothing of the children of the aristocratic family and the real people of the Taoist sect were all craftsmanship a hundred years ago.

Only poor people wear machine-woven cloth!

Looking at the hosta on the head and the cloud shoes under the feet, you can see the details in the details.

The shopkeeper rolled his eyes, leaned over and bowed his head: "Daoist, do you need Taoist scriptures? A hundred years ago, Huaiyun's handwritten copy!"

"Let's take a look."

Zhou Yi's spiritual sense swept through all the historical books, and generally knew the changes in the past 160 years, but the records in the historical books are broad, and the specifics need to be experienced before they can be known.

The shopkeeper took out an exquisite wooden box from under the counter, and after opening it was a book bound in this thread, "Zhang Huaiyun's Commentary on Alchemy".

"Alchemy?"

Zhou Yi was quite surprised, he took out the book and read it, turning a page with a dark expression on his face.

The shopkeeper didn't know why, so he tentatively said, "Master, is there something wrong with this book?"

"There is no problem with the book, the content... hum!"

Zhou Yi started to investigate and found out that the ink on the paper has been around for a hundred years, and it is indeed a genuine antiquities.

The scriptures are not Taoist scriptures, nor are they about the methods of alchemy and alchemy. They describe the composition of all things in the world, Yin and Yang, and the five elements, which are made into gunpowder, glass, lime, etc.

The last page of the book, the real person named Zhang Huaiyun, pointed out that most of the methods of refining alchemy in the Taoist scriptures belong to the fantasy of the sages of Taoism about the immortal Tao of longevity.

He also warned the disciples of later generations that they should not be stubborn and stick to the rules.

"Nie Zha, this fellow has lost all the face of the patriarch!"

Zhou Yi asked with a dark face, "What is the status of this Huaiyun in the Taoist sect?"

The shopkeeper said: "Zhang Zhenren is the only recognized Taoist sage since the founding of the Great Zhou Dynasty. After the emergence, the imperial court canonized Hongjiao Puji Kaihua Xuanmiao Taoist, and he was worshipped by the incense of the Sifang Taoist!"

Zhou Yi sighed helplessly. He never thought that the popularization of machines would have such an impact.

"How much does this book sell for?"

"This book is in the owner's collection and should not be sold."

The shopkeeper smiled and said, "Since the Taoist master likes it, it only takes five hundred taels to return this thing to the old master scriptures!"

Zhou Yi took it out from his cuff and took out a fistful of gold ingots to pay the bill.

The shopkeeper's eyes widened, handmade clothes, gold ingots, and the strength of his hands to hold the gold. He couldn't help but feel terrified, but he didn't dare to say anything about the quality of the test or his reputation.

These strongmen who follow the ancient rituals of a hundred years ago are out of tune with the current situation, ranging from unpleasant to the eye, and at worst, they fight!

Zhou Yi put away the book, walked out of the bookstore and looked up at the sky again. Who would have thought that the ordinary world for a hundred years would change its appearance.

Black smoke is only the appearance, the change of people's heart is the essence!

"Fortunately, if you become Kunlun Cave, you can practice in the mortal world. Otherwise, if you come out of seclusion for hundreds of years, you will become an ancient person who has no knowledge!"

.....

Xianjing.

Emperor Taishi named the capital after Kunlun Wonderland.

Zhu Kang claimed to be the younger brother of Emperor Taishi, and he practiced in the Kunlun Mountains.

Before Zhou Yi entered the capital, he first saw a few large chimneys with black smoke gushing out.

The mottled blue-grey city wall was still built hundreds of years ago. The monks used magic to cut the rocks and reinforce them. It is still in use today and is still the most important protective force in the capital.

Dark iron cannons stretched out from the arrow stacks, and the soldiers on duty wore iron armor, with steel knives and fire guns slung around their waists.

Enter the city gate.

The street is more than ten feet wide, with shops on the left and right side by side, and there is an endless stream of people passing by.

Zhou Yi's eyesight was excellent, and he saw a huge pendulum in the distance, standing at the end of the street, the sun shining with the luster of steel.

"Master, please show the ultimatum."

The middle-aged man who spoke was wrapped in a navy blue bunt, black trousers, and a soap scarf on his head.

"Where to buy a house?"

Zhou Yi opened his hands, and it was empty without any objects. In the eyes of the man, the ultimatum he had in mind appeared.

The man pushed on his glasses and saw the seal of the real person of Baiyunguan. His tone became more and more respectful: "The Yaxing is at No. 12, Kunlun Street."

Zhou Yi refused the man to lead the way, asked how to get there, and strolled down the street unhurriedly.

The capital is the center of change. It is much more advanced than the northern cities. Those more and bigger chimneys and the soot wafting in the air are proof.

The chimney, the pendulum, the clerk, the row of teeth...

The strange and harmonious fusion in a scene.

Zhou Yi walked into the shop marked with copper coins and saw a half-person-height counter. Since there was no seat, he could only sit around his waist. Some people deposited gold and silver dollars into bills, or exchanged them in reverse.

After observing for a while and leaving, he took out the silver ingot and kneaded it lightly. It became a brand new standard silver coin.

The figure engraved on the front of the silver coin is not an emperor, but a Taoist monk meditating cross-legged.

Kunlun Street.

The main road that runs through the capital to the imperial palace is more than 20 feet wide. It is a perfect continuation of the big is the beauty and the more is the good.

A number thirteen.

Yaxing hasn't changed much from the past, and it may still follow some old-fashioned rules, but listening to the jingling of the clock, I don't know how long the industry heritage can last.

As soon as Zhou Yi entered the door, his clothes fell into the eyes of the middle-aged man. When he was about to hand over the guest in his hand to his apprentice, he came over and asked respectfully~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ I don't know what I need to buy? "

Zhou Yi said, "A shop."

"The Taoist priest, please come to the box to discuss in detail."

Yaren bowed his body to lead the way. Da Zhou has been advocating Taoism since Taizu to the present day. In addition to the wealth of Taoist people, he is worthy of respect in the eyes of ordinary people.

The box is decorated with antique colors, mahogany tables and chairs, landscape paintings, sandalwood and green smoke.

The two sides were seated, and Yaren asked, "Master, what price do you want for a house?"

"Ningdefang, the price doesn't matter."

Zhouyi's storage bag is mostly gold and silver jewelry, and if you take it out at will, it is an antique of hundreds of thousands of years.

He took the catalog handed by Yaren, checked each store, and chose the one that was closer to the former residence. The price was 25,000 taels.

An hour later.

The yamen set up written receipts, changed the name of the head of the household, and received both money and goods.

Zhou Yi discovered that the identity of a Taoist priest in Baiyun Guan was quite useful in Da Zhou, saving troubles such as queuing.

So he turned the fake into the real and created a ultimatum. His identity is to follow the master to practice in the mountains for a long time, and he first entered the mundane world to practice.

He performed another illusion and got a household post from the yamen.

Ningdefang.

patio.

Zhou Yi broke the rusted iron lock, pushed the door open, and saw dust and leaves everywhere, the walls were mottled and peeled off, and the main room and the east wing had collapsed.

"Pin Dao's thousand-year-old former residence has gone through four dynasties, and no one has taken it."

"In this way, some mortal old people still have inheritance!"