

## Immortal 211

### Chapter 211: There is a pub

clang! clang! clang.....

The long bell echoed, awakening the sleeping capital.

The old Juren who was in Chunfenglou at night ran out half-wrapped in a long gown, and later he would have to pay for it.

"Mud legs deserve to be exhausted!"

I wandered the streets with nothing to do, met literati who knew each other, and got together to chat and talk.

The ambition is hard to pay, and the heart is angry.

It is always unavoidable to say that people's hearts are not ancient, and the harm caused by machines is endless. Then, I miss the literati ruling the world at the beginning of the founding of the country. When it comes to the fierceness, I can't wait to hit the palace gate to give death advice.

Immediately hide his face and run away, not forgetting to look back to say hello.

"It's a pleasure to talk to my brother, and we'll talk about it at Chunfenglou tonight!"

at the same time.

Ningdefang.

Zhou Yi woke up from his sleep, waved his cuffs, and a crystal clear orb rolled out.

Divine consciousness swept across the Kunlun Cave, and the Lingshen doll had already begun to take care of the elixir, and nodded with satisfaction. Such a good migrant worker is rare in the world.

"Two hundred years of ascetic practice, resting for a period of time in the mundane world, and relaxing."

Zhou Yi came to the courtyard, cleaned it up yesterday, cut two sections from the millennium jujube trees and grape vines and planted them in the courtyard. It will be restored to the appearance of a thousand years ago in a few years.

Fire, cook, read Buddhist texts.

When he went out, he glanced at his Taoist robe, waved his hand into a brocade gown, hummed a little song that boys and girls were forbidden to listen to, and came to the shop he bought yesterday.

Facing the street, on the second floor, there is a small courtyard behind the house.

Originally, it was a bank business. With the Kunlun firm responsible for printing coins and expanding the ticket business, large and small banks closed down in batches.

The former owner is nostalgic and old, and the left and right stores have been cast into three or four-story high-rise buildings. Only he is unwilling to remodel the store style of a hundred years ago, and insists on the ancestral business in the rolling tide, and eventually loses his fortune!

The store is empty, and the counters have been moved out and sold to offset the bill, but it also saves cleaning.

Zhou Yi drew some drawings according to his memory, found a carpenter shop on the street, and ordered a batch of tables, chairs and benches.

The second floor used to be the box of the Qianzhuang, which was responsible for receiving wealthy businessmen and giants. The masons were asked to dismantle and cover it, and it was converted into a dozen guest houses.

half a month later.

After a thousand years, a pub has reopened.

There are eight square tables on the first floor, only wine is sold in the store, and guests must bring their own snacks.

Zhou Yi stood behind the counter, looked down at the Taoist scriptures, comprehended Taoist treasures, and greeted guests when they came.

"Pear Blossom White, one or two and a pot!"

Ningdefang belongs to the 2nd and 3rd Ring Road area of the capital. It is only two squares away from the imperial palace. There are many wealthy people living around it.

Noon is approaching.

Zhou Yi was drowsy, thinking about going out of business and going home to sleep, when a voice came.

"Sir, come with a pot of pear and white flowers."

Looking at the voice, the speaker was an old man in a long gown, his white hair was neatly combed, he was wearing a square scarf, and he was leaning on a dragon head crutch in his left hand.

"please sit down."

Zhou Yi took the pre-made porcelain bottle, opened the wine jar, filled two raisins, and placed them on the old man's table respectfully.

The old man cupped his hands and said, "Old man Chen Chengye, do you know your surname?"

Zhou Yi adhered to the idea that people must wear condoms when they are floating in the rivers and lakes, and said: "Don't be expensive, the surname is Sun Mingwu, if you can't be a gentleman, just call me the shopkeeper Sun."

"It turned out to be Shopkeeper Sun."

A gleam of disappointment flashed in Chen Chengye's eyes, and he said with a smile, "Treasurer Sun, don't be humble, this old man has lived for more than a hundred years, and I have never seen someone like you."

Zhou Yi asked in surprise, "What's it like?"

"Treasurer Sun is not like a stranger, but like the gods enshrined in the temple."

Chen Chengye said that he poured his own drink, the pear blossom white tasted mellow in the mouth, but it was soft and not spicy in the stomach, and after a long time, he praised.

"Good wine!"

"It's good that the guest is satisfied."

After Zhou Yi returned to the counter, he pondered Chen Chengye's words carefully, and realized that he had been in seclusion for a long time, and the smell of dust became more and more obvious.

"Since you have entered the mortal world, you should be in the same dust as the light!"

The breath quickly fell silent, the mana was sealed in the dantian, and only the cold temperament needed to be tempered in the red dust for a period of time before it could be completely dissipated.

"If you read books, you have to change."

Zhou Yi put away the Buddhist and Taoist books, took out an illustrated book, and read it with gusto.

After Chen Chengye finished drinking, he went to the counter to pay the bill. Seeing the appearance of the words, his eyes lit up, and he said, "Shopkeeper Sun, can Chen pass this book?"

"certainly."

Zhou Yi accepted the silver dollar and handed over the script.

Chen Chengye carefully identified and determined that it has a history of at least 1,500 years and can be traced back to the middle of the Daqian period. What is even more rare is that it is in good condition and belongs to rare antiques in the world.

"Shopkeeper Sun, what is the origin of your words?"

"It was passed down from the ancestors."

Zhou Yi said: "If the guest officer likes it, I will sell it to you for a price."

Chen Chengye was stunned for a moment, subconsciously thinking it was a scam, and after identifying page by page to make sure there was no problem, he asked tentatively.

"How about five thousand taels?"

"Yes, but you have to promise me a condition."

Zhou Yi said: "I would like to ask the guest officer to buy a batch of scriptures. It doesn't need to be an ancient book, the story is interesting."

"make a deal!"

Chen Chengye first glanced at the door, and felt that Zhou Yi was not like a layman, but now that it is true, a good book is better than gold and silver, which is quite an ancient style.

"This pear-blossom white is a superb product. Next time Chen brings a friend to taste it. It's just that there is wine but no meat, and wine is useless. Shopkeeper Sun will hurry up and hire a cook."

Zhou Yi smiled and said, "You will come by your destiny."

"The shopkeeper is really a wonderful person, and recruiting a cook is so fun."

Chen Chengye took out 5,000 taels of redemption tickets, asked Zhou Yi for a wooden box, hugged him in his arms and left happily.

Zhou Yi took out a book of stories from his cuff, and continued to read it. After reading these stories after a thousand years, there is no melancholy feeling.

"This author knows the poor way, and he used medicinal herbs to urge him to change. Now his grave is three feet tall!"

...

the next day.

Zhou Yi came out of the Kunlun Cave, and it was already three poles in the sun, and he was looking for some food along the street.

I take this opportunity to say hello to my neighbors. In the next few decades, I will probably attend the funerals of them and their children and grandchildren.

When I came to the tavern near noon, I found four carriages parked outside the door, with a few old men in long gowns standing beside them.

The leader was Chen Chengye, and the others were dressed similarly, with square scarves, round-necked gowns, and crutches. One of them was an old man in a blue shirt, with a look of impatience on his face, he took out a gold pocket watch from his arms, and opened it with a snap to check the time.

"Treasurer Sun is here."

"Wait a long time."

Zhou Yi hurriedly opened the shop door and asked a few old men to take their seats.

Chen Chengye introduced them one by one, and the names sounded quite intimidating, such as the honorary president of Zhaowen Academy, the sponsor of a certain poetry club, and the leader of a certain literati assembly.

Zhou Yi immediately understood who these old men were, probably because they failed to keep up with the times or were unwilling to change, but their ancestors had a deep heritage and possessed a lot of gold, silver and land.

Lu Bo, who likes to snap open and close his gold pocket watch, sits down and then stands up, carefully observing the tables, chairs and benches, and exclaiming repeatedly.

"Treasurer Sun's family background~www.mtlnovel.com~ This table and chair is quite ancient. If Lu is not mistaken, it should be the style of a thousand years ago!"

## **Chapter 212: fairy in the world**

Birds of a feather flock together.

If these old people can play together, they must have similar hobbies.

Chen Chengye is fond of ancient books, Lu Bo likes antique furniture, and the other old men are similar, they all like to collect antiques.

Words must be called ancient, and making friends has to be counted up to eight generations, and non-aristocratic families cannot enter the circle.

This is not just a hobby, but a nostalgia!

Zhou Yi cupped his hands and said, "This is recorded in the ancestral fragment. It looks good, so I made it."

"Good, very good!"

Lu Bo repeatedly praised, and felt that Zhou Yi had a family background and was qualified to be his friend.

Chen Chengye's face was brightened. Today's \*\*\*\* world, people's hearts are not ancient, and it is a pleasure to be able to find a wonderful person from the dark smoke.

"Shopkeeper Sun has served wine, and he won't go home if he doesn't get drunk!"

Saying that, he waved to the servants outside, and immediately carried the food box and clothed vegetables. According to the rules of the ancestors, sixteen dishes must not be missed in the small gathering.

Three rounds of wine.

"It's really the pear blossom white brewed in the ancient way. It is rumored that it became famous before Dagan. How can such a mellow taste be compared to today!"

The old man named Yang Chong said, "It's just a bottle of wine that sells one or two. It's too cheap, and I'm quite sorry for our status."

The old wealthy were hit by the trend of the times, and their ancestors suffered heavy losses, but their ancestors saved too much money.

Regardless of the land and mines, the gold melon and silver \*\*\*\* buried in the cellar will not be spent in ten lifetimes as long as they do not do business.

At the same time, he was excluded from the emerging business family, and he couldn't get in and looked down on the emerging industry, so the only thing he could do in this life was to maintain a noble inheritance.

Zhou Yi smiled and said, "Master Yang thinks it's cheap. We can create a wine jar independently and brew it according to your taste. No matter how much money others come, you won't be able to drink it!"

"Can it still be like this?"

Yang Chong thought for a while, with the taste of pear white, the tavern must be famous. This independent wine jar is a symbol of identity, and he immediately took out a thousand taels of silver from his cuff.

"Trouble the shopkeeper Sun!"

Chen Chengye and others did not like Yang Chong's good wine, but they also found it interesting, and they took out the banknotes and recorded them in a bottle.

Zhou Yi has been close to seclusion in recent years. Influenced by scriptures and exercises, the closer he is to immortals, the farther he is from people. The purpose of leaving this time is to experience the red dust and restore human nature. Naturally, he gave up the attitude of being number one in the world.

Since you are running a tavern, you should do your best, instead of being a high-profile facade.

Make a detailed note of each person's taste, and promise to taste it after a month.

At this time.

A voice came into the tavern: "Selling newspapers! Selling newspapers! The Mojia master created a machine car that can walk without horses..."

Zhou Yi was slightly startled when he heard the words, and waved to the newsboy.

"Buy a newspaper."

The newsboy was about ten years old, with a yellow face and thin skin, and his clothes were tattered. He took out the newspaper from the large strap of the cross-body.

"Chenghui, Wuwen."

Zhou Yi saw that there was a black pattern on the newspaper, and took out a silver coin: "Twenty copies."

The newsboy smiled and bowed again and again: "Thank you, the shopkeeper, the shopkeeper will make a fortune!"

"interesting."

Zhou Yi pointed to the door and said, "I will set up a newspaper box here tomorrow, and send twenty copies a day."

The newsboy was so excited that he was about to kneel and kowtow, so Zhou Yi quickly helped him up and paid for tomorrow's newspaper in advance.

Back to the pub.

Chen Chengye said, "Treasurer, give me a copy. Let's see if there are cars without horses in this world!"

Zhou Yi smiled and did not explain. In the future, there will be cars flying in the sky and running underground, and four newspapers will be distributed.

Chen Jiye saw the headline on the front page at a glance, the pattern was blurry, and he knew it was the front of the car only by comparing the context. It could walk automatically by burning coal without being pulled by livestock.

"Steam engine again! Coal burning again!"

Violently slapped the newspaper on the table, drank two glasses of wine in annoyance and regret, and then suppressed the anger in his heart.

Everyone here knows the reason. When the Chen family was near the capital, there were several coal mines, which were very easy to mine. As a result, they exchanged thousands of acres of fertile land with the imperial court!

Lu Bo also suffered a similar loss, and snorted coldly: "There is no Mo family in this world. In order to promote the machine, Taizu somehow made up the name, and he also hired a few carpenters to decorate it as a descendant of the Mo family!"

Chen Jiye disagreed, and retorted: "If there is no Mo family, is it really the Kunlun Mountain immortals teaching the Dharma?"

"Humph! Taizu claimed to be a disciple of Kunlun, and the younger brother of Emperor Taishi of the previous dynasty, not for the purpose of gathering the old Qing Kingdom."

Lu Bo said: "The theory of immortality is originally false. Emperor Taishi is as strong as he is, and he can't see longevity when he asks for immortals. Now even Buddhism and Taoism have begun to revise the meaning of the scriptures, emphasizing the meaning of the scriptures and despising the immortals."

Chen Jiye insisted: "There are immortals in this world!"

"And you want to talk about your ancestors, the dishes you stole from the immortals?"

Lu Bo sneered: "My Lu family tree is three or four thousand years old. It has been an aristocratic family since before the big day. The ancient books of the ancestors left in the family also say that the Lu family has immortals!"

"What is stolen, it was bestowed by the immortals."

The blue veins of Chen Jiye's qi burst out, his qi and blood circulated, and his body soared by half a foot: "Your Lu family is an old and rich landlord, and you can have a fart fairy!"

Lu Bo is also not a good-natured person. He has a family heritage of qi and blood and martial arts so deep that he will have to compete with Chen Jiye when he rolls up his sleeves.

"The two guests calm down."

Seeing this, Zhou Yi hurriedly stepped forward to stop them and gently pressed them on their shoulders: "It doesn't matter whether there are immortals in the world, this train, let's just call it a train, will cause upheaval in the world."

Chen and Lu only felt the majestic force, and the two of them had to sit down obediently, and they couldn't help being horrified.

Yang Chong asked, "Shopkeeper Sun, what's your opinion?"

Zhou Yi said: "The train never gets tired. It only needs to burn coal to run day and night. It is far beyond the comparison of cattle, horses and livestock. Besides, the powerful power of steam engines can bring a hundred times the carrying capacity of horses and horses..."

Chen Jiye didn't care about being shocked and asked, "Doesn't that mean that the horse farm is worthless?"

The dividends of the change of the times are too huge. The old wealthy only ate a little bit and earned a lot of gold and silver. For example, the ancestral horse farm of the Chen family has become a major source of income for his family with the growing demand for transportation capacity as the business develops.

Zhou Yi shook his head and said, "It won't be worthless, but it will be greatly discounted."

"It makes sense!"

Chen Jiye stood up abruptly, cupped his hands, and said, "Thank you for your advice, there is something going on in Chen's house. I'll see you in a few days."

Lu Bo and the others also got up and said their goodbyes. Although their families did not have a horse farm, they could take this opportunity to slash a family that was slow to respond.

Zhou Yi packed up the wine glasses and tableware, and when no one performed the dust-cleaning technique, he immediately became as clean as new.

"Now that there are few customers, I can still be busy. In the future, I have to recruit people. Besides the cook, I have to have a clerk!"

...

Half a month has passed.

Lihuabai gained a reputation in the neighborhood. Since the store does not serve meals, many customers bought wine and went to eat at other places.

this day.

Zhou Yi came to the tavern early in the morning, took out the newspaper from the newspaper box, and found that the headline on the front page had a familiar name.

—President Lu of Zhaowen Academy~www.mtlnovel.com~ openly declared that "trains" will replace livestock, and the horse farms will become worthless!

"These old people look old-fashioned and old-fashioned, but in fact they are more receptive to new things than ordinary people. They are all like monkeys. The court has not sold trains to the outside world, so they bought soft articles to short the horse farm..."

### **Chapter 213: Paotang surnamed Bai**

Da da da!

The carriage stopped in front of the tavern, and the servant knelt on the ground.

Chen Chengye stepped on his back, and Chunfeng smiled and greeted Zhou Yi who was opening the door.

"Shopkeeper Sun, long time no see!"

"haven't seen you for a long time."

Zhou Yi cupped his hands with a smile, and took a jug of wine from the wine jar with the word Chen:

"Mr. Chen is so light, he specially added sweet-scented osmanthus when brewing it, which reduces the pungency and brings back the sweetness!"

After Chen Jiye tasted it, he praised again and again, and took out a stack of redemption tickets from his cuff.

"Thanks to the shopkeeper for reminding me a few days ago that not only did the Chen family not suffer, but they also took the opportunity to make a lot of money. A little thank you is not a respect!"

Zhou Yi waved his hand and said, "Don't be polite, Mr. Chen, do you think we are short of money?"

"Too."

Chen Jiye said with a smile: "The shopkeeper's walking, sitting and sleeping, food and clothing expenses, all show the origin of family learning. Especially the martial arts is so profound, which is rare in the world, but it scared me and Lao Lu."

The Chen family and the Lu family have been able to pass on to this point. The profound clan heritage is only one of them, and the more important thing is the continuous cultivation of martial arts.

Force is the foundation of guaranteeing the wealth of the old wealth, otherwise the emerging family will be divided up, no matter how powerful the machine's productivity is, it can't be faster than directly grabbing it.

"Family handed down martial arts, practice casually."

Zhou Yi said: "I would also like to thank Mr. Chen for sending me the book of words, more than 2,000 volumes, enough to read for a lifetime."

Chen Jiye nodded slightly, he understood Zhou Yi's change of topic, but he did not continue to ask about the origin of martial arts.

He had already thoroughly checked the bottom of Zhou Yi, and he had an identity as a Taoist priest of Baiyun Temple, but he could not find out which Taoist temple was, it should have been bought by donating incense money.

Another layer of identity is Sun Wu, Jingya household registration.

Chen Jiye had never heard of the aristocratic family surnamed Sun, and it should be a small family that was lucky enough to inherit the relics of the previous dynasty.

The previous dynasties established the country with military force, and the Taishi Emperor single-handedly controlled Yunzhou for a hundred years. After the fall of the Qing Kingdom, the inheritance was scattered everywhere. Including the rapid rise of today's emerging families, it is not only relying on Zhou Taizu and machines, but also the inheritance of blood and martial arts.

The benevolence, righteousness and morality that the old wealthy people talk about must be said to be ancient.

These two identities are nothing in Chen Jiye's eyes, and many branches of the Chen family have changed their names.

The key is that Sun Wu lives in the former residence of the immortals in Ningdefang!

This is the reason why Chen Jiye came to the tavern. The Chen residence is located in Yongchangfang in the east of the city. However, after listening to the report from the servants of the mansion, someone lived in the former residence of the immortal, and he came to the tavern from afar to inquire.

Chen Jiye watched shopkeeper Sun greet the guests, shook his head slightly, and sighed.

"It's a pity it's not Zhou."

It was learned from the Chen family that the ancestors traced back to the Emperor Dagan, and during this period, he met the immortal fate several times.

Today's obsession with collecting ancient books is fundamentally derived from the fear of death and the pursuit of longevity.

For decades, Chen Jiye has collected a lot of classics about the Great Gan Dynasty. Through the connection and speculation of clues, he believes that he has discovered the historical truth.

Dagan Shenghuang established the country and ascended the throne, relying on the support of the immortals!

This conclusion is inconsistent with the records of current history books and is not recognized by historians. After all, Chen Jiye read unofficial history.

"The pain of life is not being able to ask for it."

Chen Jiye's eyes were complicated: "Perhaps the former residence of the immortal was just because the ancestors went over the wall to play and met a Taoist who could tell stories. How can there be any immortals in this world?"

The new era is rolling in with the roar of the machine, and Chen Jiye no longer believes in the legend of strangeness. After all, even Buddhism and Taoism have begun to change.

Believers believe in doctrine, not gods!

Zhou Yi couldn't guess Chen Jiye's complicated feelings, nor would he cast spells to explore people's souls, just like a real tavern shopkeeper welcoming guests.

"Mr. Zhu is here, please take a seat."

"Take two pots of wine? Wait a minute, guest officer!"

"Boss Zhang will bring food for a few days first, and the cook will have it later."

"..."

The taste of pear white is the best in the capital. If you drink a good wine once, you will never forget it. Come and make two pots early in the morning.

Zhou Yi's busy reception was like a spinning top, and the celestial aura on his body became more and more sparse, and he became more and more like a mortal.

People are busy and time flies fast.

At night, I went back to Kunlun Cave to practice cultivation. There was only a phantom in the courtyard. During the day, I was busy entertaining guests. Before I knew it, the tavern had been open for half a year.

Chen Chengye, Lu Bo and others are a thousand-year-old family famous in Yunzhou. Because they often come to the tavern to eat, they have gradually attracted many children of other families. Because of the unique quality of Lihuabai, they have gradually become a gathering place for old wealth.

The old wealthy were all dressed in the same way, with square scarves, long gowns, crutches, and gold pocket watches that snapped.

The fabric is naturally the best handmade. The family logo is embroidered on the inconspicuous part of the long gown. The walking stick looks like wood, but it is solid iron and inlaid with emeralds the size of pigeon eggs.

Gold pocket watches are not machine products either. Whoever mass-produces them will be ostracized and despised. They must be handmade by craftsmen!

Don't look at the gold and silver treasures, the old wealthy people never talk about money at gatherings.

For example, when two old wealthy strangers meet, they have to have a plate of their ancestors first. Your ancestors are the county kings three hundred years ago, and my family is the princes five hundred years ago, that is, you are taller!

With the gathering of old wealthy people, following the principle that the old and the new do not meet, the new family never has a tavern.

The two types of people mocked each other when they met. One said that the little turtle was uneducated, and the other said that the old man would not die.

A tavern was also targeted because of this. The officers of Ningdefang did not know who ordered them, and they came to check the accounts aggressively, saying that someone reported that they had paid less business tax.

Zhou Yi took out a gold ingot and easily pinched it into a standard gold coin in front of the officer.

Using his fingertips instead of the carving knife, he swiped on the surface of the gold coin, and in a moment he drew his own head.

Since then.

The guards from Ningdefang have never been to the tavern again, and occasionally come to drink, and change into casual clothes.

Zhou Yi found that the old and new families were in the same situation, but the Taoist priest could not help but scolded Zhou Xuan after asking Chen Jiye about the reason.

"These guys have lost all face of their ancestors!"

The Taoist priests of Baiyunguan inherited the inheritance of Dan Dingzong and Dihuo Palace, and found many formulas from the classics, such as a boring monk refining tools, and found that limestone was crushed and then calcined.

In the eyes of immortal cultivators, this formula is not as important as the refining skills of low-grade instruments.

The Taoist priest obtained a lot of gold and silver wealth through the formula, and turned around and began to tamper with the alchemy scriptures of the sages.

Immortals and gods have been absent from the world for hundreds of years, and they have tasted the huge benefits of machines and business.

This explanation gave the new family a foothold. After all, the souls of the world have ruled Buddhism, Taoism and the Four Books and Five Classics for countless years.

Old Cai can barely accept it, self-comforting and learning has not been abandoned by the times!

...

City Tour.

The imperial court newly established a department less than 50 years ago, which is responsible for daytime patrols in the city and maintaining public order and stability.

The emergence of a new department is bound to be an urgent need of the situation. If the imperial court takes its head and sets up the city patrol department, the army and horse department and the Beijing government can grind it to ashes.

Zhou Taizu successfully promoted the machine, the business was unprecedentedly prosperous, and the floating population was increasing.

The more people there are, the more cases there are naturally. The soldiers and horses and Jingya are too busy, so they leave petty thefts, fights and other trivial matters to the city inspector to deal with.

City East City patrol cell.

The clerk on duty had been tiring for a day, sitting in a chair dozing off.

Bai Shiyu spat out an iron wire from his mouth~www.mtlnovel.com~ and poked it in the keyhole, and the door opened with a click.

The prisoner in the cell next to him was stunned, he pointed to the door lock and then pointed to his own mouth, meaning to shout loudly without opening the door.

Bai Shiyu repeated the old trick to help the prisoner open the prison door.

The prisoner had a happy expression on his face, and was about to run away in the dark, when he felt a sharp pain in the back of his neck and passed out.

"Master Bai dares to take advantage of it!"

As he spoke, he carried the prisoner's collar by the back of his neck, placed it on the seat opposite the sergeant, and performed light work under his feet to escape.

#### **Chapter 214: Elders of the Kingdom of God**

Southwest corner of the city.

Due to the low-lying terrain, it is in the downwind all the year round, and the whole city is shrouded in smoke.

The walls were stained with thick black ash, the narrow streets were filled with sewage, and the humming of mosquitoes and flies was annoying.

Pieces of neat brick houses are cramped, dense and crowded. The construction history can be traced back to the period of Zhou Taizu. With all the rich people in the urban area moving out, the south of the city has completely become a slum, and less than 20% of the area is home to half of the population of the capital.

The reform of the imperial history book was repeatedly rejected by the household bosses on the grounds that the treasury was empty.

It is unknown why Zhou Taizu still had spare money to build houses for the workers during the battle between the north and the south at the beginning of the founding of the People's Republic of China.

into the night.

Bai Shiyu walked through the shadows, avoiding the drunken man lying in the corner, and heard the noisy punching sound as he passed the tavern.

The overworked workers have no other entertainment. After paying copper coins, they gather together to drink low-quality spirits to relieve their physical and mental exhaustion. When drunk, they find a place to sleep at will, and continue to work the next day.

"Ding ninety-eight."

Bai Shiyu knocked on the door three times, and he couldn't help disdain. Only the old-fashioned people of the kingdom of God would use this ancient password.

Squeak!

The person who opened the door was a middle-aged man, wearing a black linen shirt with a bunt, with messy hair, no different from those alcoholic workers, he asked coldly.

"Who are you looking for?"

Bai Shiyu put one hand on his chest and said solemnly, "Golden God is above."

The guard in the man's eyes dissipated, and he let Bai Shiyu go in, while he stood at the door to watch.

The four-to-five-step-wide yard was covered with clothes, which completely blocked the situation of the inner room.

When Bai Shiyu entered the door, he saw an old man in a white robe, who was burning incense on his knees and worshipping. The \*\*\*\* on the table was half-human and half-bird, with wings spread on his back, and his mount was a pitch-black tiger.

After a moment.

At the end of his daily worship, the old man got up and asked, "Have you brought something?"

Bai Shiyu touched from the cuff, it was a steel gear the size of a palm, and somehow escaped the search by the officers.

"This is the part of Zhao's latest model machine. In order to steal it, it took a lot of effort."

"It is worthy of being a thief, and its reputation is well-deserved!"

The old man put the gear in his arms and handed back a bag of gold coins: "It's still the old price, how much will be charged in the future."

Bai Shiyu weighed the weight, and was about to turn to leave, only to hear the old man whisper.

"The Bai family has been passed down for thousands of years. Who would have thought that the descendants were actually thieves. If the ancestors of the Bai family knew this, would they die?"

"You investigate me?"

In Bai Shiyu's dantian, Qi and blood were running, and two daggers with strange patterns slipped into his hands from the cuffs, and the undisguised killing intent locked on the old man.

Da Zhou's control of the machine is extremely strict, not to mention the disappearance of the entire machine, even if the parts are damaged, they must be reported to the government. Once the identity of the thief is revealed, the Bai family will be destroyed.

"In-depth cooperation, we always need to know the details of each other."

The old man introduced himself: "The old man's surname is Jin Mingcheng, and he is the third elder of the kingdom of God. He has almost no martial arts cultivation. Is this sincerity enough?"

Bai Shiyu breathed a sigh of relief. He had traded with the people of the Kingdom of God several times before, and he had never made any mistakes. He asked, "How to cooperate deeply?"

Jin Cheng said: "There is a tavern in Ningdefang. In recent years, many important people from aristocratic families have gathered. You can find a way to sneak in and be a buddy, and slowly gain the trust of those old people."

Bai Shiyu frowned slightly: "Why did you choose me?"

"How can those old people look down on ordinary people. The Bai family used to be a descendant of the family, and their family background is enough to catch their eyes."

Jin Cheng explained: "Besides, Young Master Bai is proficient in martial arts and is familiar with antiques of gold and stone, so he will definitely become friends with those old fortunes."

After thinking about it, Bai Shiyu shook his head and refused: "This matter is too dangerous, you and I have never seen it."

After speaking, the figure flickered and disappeared into the night sky.

A black shadow appeared in the dark corner of the wall, wearing a jet-black robe and a black hood, bowed and saluted.

"Elder, Bai Shiyu is the most suitable candidate, and he can completely threaten him with his identity."

"Strong melons are not sweet, and don't worry, he will definitely go to the pub."

Jin Cheng said with a smile: "When the believers in Jiangnan investigated Bai Shiyu, they accidentally discovered his second hidden identity, the head of the Xianjing Hall of the Red Alliance!"

Hei Ying said in amazement, "The son of the noble family actually joined the Red Alliance, why did he do this?"

"At that time, the Bai family's industry was hit by the machine, and almost lost all their property. They had to leave the capital and return to their ancestral land in the south of the Yangtze River. From a thousand-year-old family to a local wealthy family."

Jin Cheng said: "Maybe it was out of revenge against the machine, so I joined the Red Alliance."

Heiyang asked in a deep voice, "Elder, if Bai Shiyu gets the machine blueprint and sells it to us, will he really bring it back to the kingdom of God?"

Jin Cheng wondered, "Why not?"

There was concern in Hei Ying's tone: "The two religions of Buddhism and Taoism have been influenced by machines, and they have begun to emphasize scriptures and righteousness over immortals and Buddhas. When machines appear in the kingdom of God, will it shake the people's belief in the Golden God?"

"Of course, the people will even question the existence of God!"

Jin Cheng sighed: "The League of Nations was the last chance. As a result, instead of being destroyed, the Great Zhou Dynasty became more and more prosperous and powerful. You should know that the machine is unstoppable, and we can only accept it."

The shadow said: "You can block the border of the kingdom of God, prohibit the entry of any machine products, and write the machine into the teachings, saying that it is blasphemy against the Golden God!"

"Doing this will only lead to the destruction of the kingdom of God."

Jin Cheng said solemnly: "You must always remember that if the kingdom of God wants to exist in the long run, it must make the believers live better. In this way, even if the believers know that the Golden God does not exist, they will sincerely believe in it!"

"In the final analysis, the interests are eternal, just as the ancestors of the kingdom of God chose to believe in the Golden God, for safety rather than doctrine!"

The shadow was silent for a while, then bowed and saluted.

"The humble will use the sword in his hand to win the machine blueprint for the kingdom of God!"

...

a few days later.

noon.

The sun is scorching hot, and the heat is unbearable.

Ice cubes were placed in the tavern, and the temperature was cool and comfortable.

Many guests who are reluctant to come on weekdays also buy a pot of wine and drink it slowly.

Newsboy Yang Li was already acquainted with Zhou Yi, and after agreeing to carry a large pot of roasted peanuts, avoiding the old man wearing a gold watch, he bowed and saluted the guests.

"Sir, do you want peanuts? Freshly roasted peanuts cost three cents a pound."

There are only a dozen tables in the tavern, and most of them are sold in a circle. The newsboy counts five coins from the copper coins they earn and puts them on the counter.

Zhou Yi was not polite, put away the copper coins and said, "You should sell them for ten cents."

Yang Li shook his head and said, "That's too much money."

"interesting."

Zhou Yi reminded: "Remember to clean the peanut shells every day before closing, um, at Xu hour."

Yang Li nodded again and again, knowing that Zhou Yi didn't like people kneeling, he bowed and said, "Don't worry, shopkeeper, I will definitely clean it up!"

At this time.

A voice came.

"The shopkeeper doesn't have a guy to clean? Do you think I can do it?"

Zhou Yi turned his head and looked over, it was a young man with a face like a crown of jade, with a handsome appearance.

Even though his face was smeared with soot, he put on dirty linen clothes, and tried his best to bend over and pout, but he couldn't hide his temperament.

"What's your last name?"

"Surname Bai ~ [www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com) ~ Pear Blossom Bai Bai!"

Bai Shiyu has arranged a fake identity in the past few days, and the words have changed for some reason.

"In the world, there are people who are so similar!"

Zhou Yi was stunned for a long time, subconsciously cast the Nirvana secret technique, and shook his head to dissipate his mana.

Today the world is in chaos.

The old monsters left in the immortal world run taverns, the old aristocrats of the previous era miss the past, the magic sticks dance on the street to heal the sick, the white coats of the medical hall sell new medicines, the steel gears turn, and the train makes a harsh roar.

Whether it is reincarnation, or similar people.

It's nice to meet in such a bizarre world!

### **Chapter 215: It's time to celebrate**

The old man has not seen each other for a long time, and he is still young when he returns.

Zhou Yi pointed and calculated that Lao Bai had been dead for 1,630 years, and even the grave had moved away from the capital.

"Then you can be a runner!"

"Hey, thank the shopkeeper for taking it in."

Bai Shiyu dared to agree, always feeling that he was being seen by others, and rubbing his hands and stomping his feet feeling guilty.

Yang Li's eyes widened, looking at Bai Shiyu with a faint hatred in his eyes, as if he owed a lot of money.

Bai Shiyu avoided Zhou Yi's strange gaze and said, "You little baby, is there something wrong with me working for you?"

"Obviously I came first!"

Yang Li spoke with a bit of a cry. He just heard that he could come to the tavern every day, and he was almost cheering with excitement. Besides the newsboy, he had a stable job, and he could sell peanuts to support his family in the future.

With the promotion of new looms, the demand for cotton, linen and wool is increasing, which inevitably makes countless people lose their land.

In order to eat, the helpless peasants had to work in the workshops in the city, otherwise they would not only starve to death, but also violate the laws of the imperial court.

For the sake of local stability and sufficient labor in the workshop, the court stipulated that refugees were guilty from the legal level. If they did not have a stable job for a month, they would be arrested by the officers to go to the mine to dig coal.

The low income of the workshop and the extremely high unemployment rate make every job that can steadily earn copper coins precious!

Bai Shiyu was stunned, with sympathy and apology in his eyes, and said, "Don't worry, I'm a runaway, not a handyman. You have to clean up those peanut shells yourself."

"real?"

Yang Li exclaimed in surprise, patted his chest and assured: "I will clean it up. A few years ago, I cleaned the machine at Wang's Cloth Line, and I worked diligently to wipe it clean."

Bai Shiyu smiled and said, "This roasted peanuts taste just average. I'll teach you how to make secret fennel beans."

"Thank you, Big Brother Bai!"

Yang Li kept bowing to thank him, and when he heard someone was buying peanuts, he hurried over with a big pot.

Bai Shiyu rubbed his hands and said, "Shopkeeper, I'll be with you from now on, I don't know how to calculate the accommodation and wages?"

"There are several rooms in the backyard, except for the master bedroom, you can choose."

Zhou Yi said: "As for the salary, we will raise the salary according to the monthly rate of two or two. If you do a good job, you will get a bonus at the end of the year."

Since Bai Shiyu pretended to be poor to come to the door, Zhou Yi did not deliberately break the disguise, but planned to make him work hard.

Bai Shiyu did his homework before he came, and said in the tone of the shop assistant: "Don't worry, the shopkeeper, we must satisfy the guest officer, so I will go to work now?"

Zhou Yi nodded slightly and said again.

"Go and change into clean clothes first!"

...

at night.

The last wave of guests left.

Yang Li cleaned up the trash, Bai Shiyu arranged the tables and chairs, and Zhou Yi leisurely read the script.

"Treasurer, Big Brother Bai, see you tomorrow."

After Yang Li finished his work, he waved goodbye cheerfully, full of vigor, as if there was no hardship.

Perhaps in a few hundred years, Yang Li will become the background board of history, used to prove that the workshop is desperately oppressing the people, of course it is. But now Yang Li doesn't have this kind of awareness, he can only endure in the face of oppression, and is excited to earn a few more coins every day!

Bai Shiyu packed up the tables, chairs, doors and windows, and said, "The shopkeeper, I've been tired all day, so I'll go to bed first."

Martial arts practice is profound, and he will not be tired from running the hall, but he always feels that Shopkeeper Sun is quietly looking at himself, two trembling, and his back is cold.

Zhou Yi closed the script and said with a smile, "Today is a good day, why don't we go to Goulan and listen to the music together?"

Bai Shiyu wondered, "What day is it today?"

"Twenty birthday."

Zhou Yi just turned 1,700 years old this year, and he reunited with his old friends. It was time to celebrate.

Bai Shiyu's face was reddish: "I have never been to Goulan..."

Zhou Yi asked casually, "How about the oiran of the Full Moon Pavilion, how about Miss Qingqing?"

"Too thin, not as good as Miaoyu of Chunfenglou...cough."

Bai Shiyu coughed a few times to hide his embarrassment, and quickly explained: "It's all rumors, hearsay!"

Zhou Yi did not reveal it, and said with a smile.

"Then let's have a look and verify the authenticity of the rumors!"

About half an hour.

Spring House.

Zhou Yi stood at the door and was amazed that such a big change had occurred after only two hundred years.

The girls wore weird-looking costumes with novel shapes, silk, leather, cat ears, and fox tails.

"This is really..."

Zhou Yi never thought that he just pushed the wheel of history gently, and such a chaotic and mixed scene appeared.

Bai Shiyu said: "I heard that these clothes are from the hands of literati. Every time a few days pass, there will be a new style of clothes to be compared in Chunfenglou. That's the real one... tsk tsk!"

"Readers have become more thoughtful, and ordinary people can't compare!"

Zhou Yi was out of the country for a year, and heard a lot of rumors in the tavern.

The changes of the times are rolling in, and the old scholars who still adhere to the Four Books and Five Classics clearly feel that what they have learned is useless and is being abandoned by the times.

There is no answer to the classics of the sages who are regarded as the standard. These people can only change and explore on their own in confusion. Among them, radicals are indispensable, and some ideas are even more fierce than the new family.

Yifa Yifu is just one of them.

Some scholars burn books in the streets after despair, their hair is disheveled, and they vow to become new saints!

"Not to mention other things, this new style of clothes is very disturbing."

Zhou Yi lifted his foot and entered the door. Since he arrived late, the second floor box was full, so he could only spread out the tables in the hall.

The interior decoration of Chunfeng Building has not changed much. If you look at the details carefully, in order to deliberately highlight the ancient meaning and inheritance, there are famous people who have come in history.

Zhou Yi glanced over the signature, and found that he knew a lot, even old friends who had a good conversation back then.

After all, Chunfenglou has been a hundred-year-old guest, and he can't continue to celebrate when he comes, and Jindan Zhenjun can't bear it.

"These guys are all prostitutes, and they are qualified to hang on the wall with a few strokes of writing and ink!"

Celebrity calligraphy and paintings show that Chunfenglou has been inherited for thousands of years and has a profound heritage. The old and wealthy people eat this set the most, so that in the interlacing of old and new eras, not only did they not surpass their peers, but they lasted for a long time.

Bai Shiyu was still twitching at the beginning, and after drinking three cups and two cups, he showed the original shape, and he was very familiar with helping the girl feel her bones.

Zhou Yi called the prostitute, gave a few tickets, and instructed the stage to change the song.

The zither and the melody are melodious.

Zhou Yi suddenly asked, "Xiao Bai, how do you listen to this song?"

"The posture is too bad, the voice is too kitsch, I can barely hear it, but the music is a bit old."

Bai Shiyu's comments were very professional, and he was obviously a frequent visitor to Goulan: "This year's oiran is a bit bad. I heard that the Zhao family threw money out of it and used it to promote new fabrics, which is not worthy of the name."

"Yes, Not Bad."

Zhou Yi nodded slightly ~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ and relaxed a little, and changed the subject without a trace.

Back then, Lao Bai liked this song the most, and every time he listened to the song, he would definitely order it, saying that he would never forget it after thousands of reincarnations.

"It seems that they are mostly similar flowers, and the theory of reincarnation is still false. This is not bad. It is not too risky to meet an old friend. Otherwise, the poor road should consider running away..."

### **Chapter 216: Don't talk about state affairs**

Reincarnation is a mysterious and terrifying proposition.

Zhou Yi has comprehended the Buddhist scriptures for thousands of years, and then practiced the Divine Soul Exercise with half the effort.

With the deeper understanding of Buddhist scriptures and exercises, the understanding of the secret technique of nirvana reincarnation becomes clearer, and far surpasses that of Buddhist monks. The so-called nirvana and reincarnation are more accurate.

The secret method found a similar flower, and with the remnant of the monk, he transformed it into a soul boy!

There are only soul children in the world, probably because the baby's spirit is weak and it is easier to transition.

After the soul boy was filled with the remnants of the monks, even if he did not completely restore the memory of his previous life, he naturally had an understanding of the Buddhadharma, and his practice naturally went a thousand miles.

"Such a secret technique, almost magical!"

Zhou Yi thoroughly read the classics of Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism. Although he considered himself a poor Taoist on weekdays, he never thought of demolishing Buddha and destroying Buddha.

When something is not pleasing to the eye, I happen to have the ability, so I want to take care of it.

Such as the teaching of Zhu Kang's machine, the real reason is that the end of the law is peerless, the world is invincible, otherwise no matter how hard the people of Li and the people are, Zhou Yi will not care or dare not care.

"After living for so long, we are still the same \*\*\*\* people back then!"

"It's a shame to hear this. How can there be a civilian like you in the world?"

Bai Shiyu seemed to be drunk but not drunk, and said with his arms around the girl: "The shopkeeper may have been to the workshop. A few years ago, we went to the weaving shop newly built by the royal family. We worked for eight hours a day. Half dead!"

Zhou Yi frowned slightly and asked, "I heard that the Royal Family Workshop is quite loose?"

"Compared to other workshops, it is indeed the case. It is rumored that the legacy of Taizu is a good way to treat workers."

Bai Shiyu sighed: "It's a pity that Taizu spent so much energy and his life span is a little short. It's really like Emperor Wu of the previous dynasty. It might be a different look if he lives for 120 or 30 years!"

Zhou Yi was about to ask in detail when the girl in her arms bit her lip and reminded.

"Don't talk about state affairs!"

"Well, let's talk about internal affairs."

Zhou Yi changed the subject with a smile, so as not to cause trouble for the girls, the court strongly supported the machines and workshops, and those who objected and spoke badly were taken to Longevity Mountain to dig coal.

After all, where there is oppression, there is resistance!

The common people are not emotionless machines. They have thoughts, suffer from pain, and naturally hate machines and workshops.

Zhou Yi has been running the tavern for about a year, and the old people who came to the party talked a lot about which workshop was on fire today, and whose machine was smashed tomorrow.

The schadenfreude of the wealthy people contains more or less envy and jealousy. If they really let them run workshops, perhaps the exploitation will be even more cruel.

Bai Shiyu murmured a few times, but did not continue.

Since then, after visiting Chunfenglou, Zhou Yi and Bai Shiyu have become much closer, and they call him Xiaobai on weekdays.

The things that are on your mind will be completely let go when you meet and meet.

As time passed, the feeling of reunion gradually dissipated, and Bai Shiyu was just Bai Shiyu. The difference between him and others was probably the same thing.

It's early autumn again.

noon.

The capital was still hot, the wind was blowing, and the air was filled with gray smoke.

The pub is open.

Zhou Yi stood behind the counter, flipping through the storybook with great interest.

When the world of immortality was still in existence, Huaben could not escape the shackles of seeking the Tao and immortality, and the strange people who appeared from time to time in the ordinary world, from the emperor to the pawns, all envy and pursue.

Now that the fairy tales are hidden, the times have changed dramatically, and many other types of storybooks have appeared.

For example, the book "I'm Really the Master of the Great Workshop" I'm reading, which has been particularly popular in recent days, the protagonist is the master of the Xiao family workshop, who pretends to be a commoner to go to work and experience life...

Zhou praised: "It's a pity that the author is anonymous, otherwise I would have to bring it up to discuss the plot!"

"Mr. Chen, Mr. Yang, please come in!"

Bai Shiyu wore a navy blue bunt and greeted with light footsteps. After a few months, he had become acquainted with the guests of the tavern, especially with Chen Jiye and other old wealthy friends.

A man with a face like a crown of jade, a good conversation, and his ancestors had some connections with the Dagan royal family, and instantly raised the grade of the tavern!

"Seeing the truth in the details, this tavern is more mysterious than those restaurants that deliberately display ancient paintings and porcelain."

Yang Chong summoned the servant to set the whole table of dishes, drank the unique wine, and praised: "Shopkeeper Sun, it's not bad!"

At this moment.

Liu Bantou, the inspector of Ningdefang City, brought two officers, and bowed to say hello to Chen Jiye and others when he entered the door, and came to the counter to say.

"Shopkeeper Sun, I'm going to disturb you today."

Liu Bantou respectfully said: "The yamen has issued a notice that all restaurants and teahouses must put up signs at the door and on the wine table."

Zhou Yi asked, "What brand?"

"Don't talk about state affairs!"

Liu Ban's head bowed his hands again and again, and said with a bitter face: "Treasurer Sun, we really are not embarrassing you, it is the unified order of the imperial court."

Zhou Yi wondered, "Why do you suddenly have this rule?"

Liu Bantou said in a low voice: "A few days ago, a group of thieves from the Red Alliance raided the Royal Square Market, causing a lot of losses. I heard that the root cause is that the people of the Red Alliance were exhausted, and the workshop did not give any money, so they went back and forth. There's a mess!"

Zhou Yi nodded slightly. He had heard about this for a long time. It can be said that it is the most popular search in recent days. I just heard a guest talking about it.

Most of them declined to comment, some supported the arrest of thieves, and a few felt that the workshop needed to improve treatment.

After all, a tael of silver and a pot of wine are not affordable for ordinary people.

The old wealthy's view on this matter is to ridicule the shallowness of the new family, and even the means of taming the slaves are so inferior. If they go to run the workshop, they can not only become a great person in the eight townships of ten miles, but also ensure the output of the workshop!

Liu Bantou said, "It wasn't a big deal at first, but it was so widely circulated that it made people reluctant to go to work, so the imperial court gave this order!"

Zhou Yi pointed to Chen Jiye and others: "I don't oppose the rules of the court, but don't talk about state affairs, you have to ask them whether they agree or not."

"Shopkeeper Sun, don't be too embarrassed, we are still relying on this meal to support our family."

How could Liu Bantou dare to provoke the old wealth, maybe he would drown in the water that night, and prayed: "If you don't do this, you will be deducted when you talk about state affairs, and if you don't talk about it, you will come right over!"

"Okay~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ Zhou Yi won't embarrass the subordinates at the bottom, put a dozen wooden signs on the counter, and promised to hang them up after closing at night.

Liu Bantou left with a thousand gratitude, and settled a tavern. Other shops in Ningdefang can take care of it at will, otherwise they will be labeled as thieves of the Red Alliance.

Bai Shiyu slipped over, glanced at the words on the sign, and his tone was rather yin and yang.

"The court is trying to defend the people? I don't want to let the workshops improve their treatment and persecute the people. This kind of thing will only increase in the future!"

"It's class inevitability."

Zhou Yi did not explain what a class was, but suddenly said.

"I went to Chunfenglou to listen to music a few days ago. That blind musician plays the piano well. He seems to be familiar with you. Why don't you come to the tavern to play music?"

### **Chapter 217: Remnants of the Red Alliance**

"How does the shopkeeper know?"

Bai Shiyu was startled, and almost ran away in fright.

Since the Red Alliance raided the Royal Workshop, it has changed from an illegal organization to a chaotic party. Once exposed, the whole family will be robbed.

The rise of machines made the imperial court seldom punish the nine clans, but to dig them to death.

"Family fortune-telling secrets."

Zhou Yi said: "The two of you are entangled by cause and effect. Today, the blind musician will die, and he will also implicate you and your family!"

"So mysterious?"

Bai Shiyu's eyes were dubious, and when he talked to Chen Jiye and others, he learned that the treasurer's martial arts is rare in the world, at least within an understandable range.

Fortune telling, cause and effect...

With the roar of the machine, the tide of the times is rolling in, and even Taoist monks don't believe it!

"Why, don't believe me?"

Zhou Yi raised his brows, his fingers calculated skillfully, envy and jealousy flashed in his eyes, and he snorted coldly: "For example, the two or three things you have to say about you and the royal princess, and the vice commander of the Red Alliance..."

"Please don't count the shopkeeper, I believe it!"

Bai Shiyu's face was flushed red, and he felt light, and he whispered, "Will there be an accident when the blind man turns to the tavern? Or go elsewhere, we are in the capital, and there are many hiding places!"

"After tonight, the stronghold will be gone."

Zhou Yi reminded: "The court used to be too lazy to take care of it. It's not that they didn't know where you were hiding. Tonight, the whole city could not escape."

Bai Shiyu worried: "What about the shopkeeper?"

"I am safe here."

Zhou Yi took out a gold coin familiarly, and with a distance of one foot, pressing the palm of his hand turned it into gold paper, but the counter was safe and sound.

Bai Shiyu was stunned, and repeatedly checked that it was not a trick to bluff people. It was really a martial arts that was so strong that it was incredible. Looking back at the descriptions in the family classics, it was inconceivable.

"The treasurer is the innate master?"

True Qi leaves the body, internal refinement is innate!

Zhou Yi nodded and said, "It was a long time ago."

Bai Shiyu was thinking about the Red Alliance in his heart, scratching his ears and cheeks, and couldn't help asking: "Do you know if the royal family has a martial arts master?"

Martial arts masters overwhelm a country, but in the ten thousand army formation, they can take the head of the enemy general.

Since the failure of the Allied Forces to attack Dazhou, there has been no grandmaster in the world. Now, hundreds of years have passed, and it has almost become a legend.

"Naturally there is, and it will continue from generation to generation."

Zhou Yi had already swept across the capital with his divine sense, and found two familiar auras of cultivation techniques, and his strength had just entered the innate realm.

"No wonder the royal family doesn't care about the Red Alliance..."

Bai Shiyu looked a little dejected, bowed to thank him, and hurriedly left the tavern.

"The poor way can't be counted. A scroll of swallowing the devil has been passed down to this day, leading the change of dynasties from a certain level..."

Zhou Yi recites Zhou Taizu's Chronicle. This book focuses on recording and describing the decisive battle of Zhou Qing. The ending is naturally that the Da Zhou army broke the capital.

Soldiers and artillery are important reasons, and it also mentioned the Great Master War. During the thirty years of Zhou Taizu's mere 30 years, he even recruited four grandmasters to help out, and at the cost of two deaths and two injuries, the Grandmaster of Daqing Township was desperately killed!

Originally thought it was due to luck, but now it seems that Zhou Taizu accidentally acquired the Heaven Swallowing Demon Art.

"The world is like chess, the universe is unpredictable, but the poor man lives forever and can laugh at all the heroes in the world!"

Zhou Yi took out the bamboo slips from under the counter, and continued to carve and write with his fingertips shining brightly. The three ancient seals of "Datong Book" were carved at the beginning, and thousands of tens of thousands of characters were sprinkled on the back.

At this time.

A guest entered the door: "The shopkeeper, bring a pot of wine."

"coming."

Zhou changed his hand with a wave, and the bamboo book was collected into his sleeve.

...

That night.

After a lapse of 70 years, Da Zhou once again implemented military control.

The last military control was the death of Zhou Taizu. Some unwilling families tried to counterattack, delusionally trying to support the second prince to ascend to the throne. As a result, the blood flowed into the river, and the nine clans were executed.

Teams of soldiers patrolled the streets, their cowhide boots stepped on the ground, and their hearts were rattled.

In the southwest corner of the capital, the fire was blazing into the sky, and the sound of fighting was continuous.

During the day, the common people who did not go to work for no reason, or talked about the government and asked the spies to record it, all suffered misfortune.

The new family and the imperial workshop will always be short of people!

...

Tavern.

A lamp like a bean.

Zhou Yi stood behind the counter, flipping through the script.

The imperial court's encirclement and suppression of the Red Alliance is just the beginning. In the future, speech will probably be controlled, and any excessive thoughts will be suppressed, even if the scholar is the same.

Either go to the mine to overwork to death, or go to Goulan to get drunk and dream to death.

"There will be few such good-looking books in the future."

Zhou Yi put away the illustrations of the workshop owner's wife and the machine maintenance worker, shook his head and said, "With the trend of thought, how can manpower stop it."

At this time.

Three shadows appeared, and after entering the tavern, they skillfully closed the door and dropped the window.

"This is Zhang Li, a blind man who is good at the piano and pipa. This is the cook, Li Chao, who can cook some home-cooked dishes."

Bai Shiyu had two stab wounds on his body, bowed and said, "Now that the Red Alliance in the capital has been robbed, and there is nowhere to hide, please ask the shopkeeper to take it in!"

Zhou Yi glanced over, a blind man holding Qin, and a swordsman with a big shoulder and a round neck.

"I asked you to invite a musician, and also brought a cook, not bad!"

"Thank you, treasurer."

Bai Shiyu bowed to thank him, Zhang Li and Li Chao breathed a sigh of relief, and also bowed to call the shopkeeper.

...

the next day.

There is a wooden sign hanging at the entrance of the tavern, don't talk about state affairs.

After the city-wide raid last night, people in the capital were panicking, and no one dared to talk about state affairs.

morning.

There were no guests. At this time, everyone hid at home, lest the soldiers and spies would catch them.

On the east side of the first floor, there was an empty table with more than a dozen kinds of musical instruments, including the qin, pipa, xunsheng, xiao and flute.

Zhou Yi wondered: "How come you join the Red Alliance when you play music?"

"The granddaughter went to work and was accidentally run over by the machine."

The blind man briefly explained his own experience, and in the future, he would be alive and alive, and the whole family would die alone.

The cook was writing the recipe on the wooden board and asked, "The shopkeeper, how is the price of the food set?"

Zhou Yi said, "As much as you think your cooking skills are worth, set the price."

The cook hesitated: "My ancestor was the steward of the imperial kitchen of the Qing Kingdom. At this price, will it be too expensive?"

"It's cheap and people don't look down on it."

When Zhou Yi was talking, a carriage happened to come at the door, and he smiled and said, "This is not a guest, so hang up the recipe."

The cook put the recipe on the list, looking at the name, it was a home-cooked dish, and the cheapest 12 dishes.

Chen Jiye entered the door and saw the price~www.mtlnovel.com~ waved his hands and drove the servants out, saying, "No wonder the magpies are screaming today, and I happened to meet a tavern listing. Come here and try whoever's cooking skills can make it to Shopkeeper Sun. Eye!"

After half an hour.

Chen Jiye praised again and again, called the cook out to ask, and learned that it was the successor of the former imperial chef.

"This kind of person, Shopkeeper Sun, can be invited, and the family background is extraordinary!"

Noon is approaching.

The soldiers returned to the camp, the military control was lifted, and there was a little bit of popularity on the street.

Liu Bantou came to the tavern, lit up several portrait paintings, and reminded: "Shopkeeper, you should pay attention to strangers, and don't let the remnants of the Red Alliance live in the guest room."

Zhou Yi's expression remained unchanged, and he said with a smile.

"Don't worry, I will never hide the remnants of the Red Alliance here!"

#### **Chapter 218: mustard disease**

Spring is cold.

The wind blew through the streets, bringing the choking smell of cinders.

Pedestrians covered their mouths and noses and walked in a hurry. According to the imperial doctor of the Taiyuan Hospital, smoking too much smog would damage the kidney qi and hinder the offspring. It must be cured by taking pills sold by the imperial court.

"This dog's world, the hospital is black!"

Boss Hu of Dongsheng Grain Shop spit, tightened the new narrow-sleeved brocade robe, covered his nose and opened the tavern curtain.

The melodious and melodious sound of the pipa, the thick and high-pitched singing of the blind man, the chatter of the guests in the southern and northern accents, the squeaking of tables and chairs, and the collision of wine glasses all mixed into the ears.

Inside and outside the door curtain, the two worlds in a trance suddenly changed from quiet and desolate to noisy and lively.

"Boss Hu, some days are gone."

Bai Shiyu bowed and invited in, smiled and said, "Today is full, why don't you have a table with Mr. Xu?"

Boss Hu and Boss Xu were already acquainted with each other.

"Hey, the court has won another battle?"

"We can congratulate Boss Hu in advance, you are looking to make a lot of money."

Boss Xu said: "The imperial court has broken the defense line of the northern border of the Xuan Kingdom and captured 100,000 prisoners. It is said that they will be demoted to criminals and used to fill the workshop."

"That's good, I'll buy a few too. Our people are becoming more and more disobedient."

After reading the newspaper, Boss Hu said enviously, "Let's just eat the soup from the corners. In the future, the goods from the workshop can be sold to Xuanguo without paying taxes. Seeing that they are going to make a lot of money!"

Sitting next to him was a wealthy old man. Eight generations of his ancestors were officials, but when he arrived, he only had money left, and he snorted coldly.

"I'm just looking forward to Chimeng making a fuss and making that group of scumbags suffer!"

"Mr. Cui, there must be taboos when discussing state affairs!"

Bai Shiyu clasped the wooden sign on the table and cupped his hands: "Now the limelight is tight, and the court investigates the remnants of the Chi League every day, please bear with me."

Boss Hu said with a smile: "In the entire capital, only this tavern can talk casually, but we don't dare to discuss other areas."

There is a tavern that has been operating in the capital for three years, and it has become a well-known recreational area.

The wine is good, the food is good, and the music is good.

This can only satisfy people's appetite, speak freely, but it can make people feel comfortable from the inside out.

Mr. Xu's ancestral land of several thousand acres provided cotton and linen for the cloth line, with a worried expression on his face: "This red alliance is in trouble every day, and the remnants can't be caught. Today, the east side is destroyed, and tomorrow there will be another group in the west. Will it happen? Something big happened?"

Bai Shiyu was busy greeting the guests, his feet were not touching the ground, but he listened to the guests' discussions with his ears erect.

The tavern is the only place where the Red Alliance can be clearly stated. The city patrol division, the Beijing government office, the army and the horse division, and even the court secret agents have all come to investigate and make unannounced visits, but they have never found the remnants of the party.

That being the case, it is also selling the face of the shopkeeper Sun. The tyrannical court of the martial arts master is most clear!

"The Red Alliance is just a disease of the mustard. Have you ever seen the Mud Legs rebel successfully?"

Mr. Cui's family origins belong to a side branch of a thousand-year-old family, and he said: "If it is really a change of dynasties, they are only the forerunners of the king, and we must be the ones who sit in the country!"

Bai Shiyu just came over to refill the wine, and asked for advice, intentionally or unintentionally: "You are a historian, do you know why?"

Mr. Cui pointed to his head: "Here, it's different!"

"It makes sense."

Bai Shiyu smiled and changed the subject: "What you said is interesting, it's just that our big Zhou Bingfeng is strong, and the sword is pointing at the world, it's not like the end of the dynasty!"

In recent years, Da Zhou has used the power of artillery to swept across the countries of Yunzhou.

Unrivaled in Yunzhou, the tyrannical fronts are cooperating with the dumping of machine creations.

The imperial court and the workshop owners became richer and richer, and the workers' treatment also increased accordingly, from eight hours to ten hours.

When the domestic people are not enough, they rob the population from the surrounding countries to ensure that the machine rotates day and night. The machine has been developing for a hundred years, like an awakened gluttonous beast, starting to devour everything recklessly.

"The court is naturally prosperous..."

Mr. Cui was stunned for a moment, even if the old wealth abandoned by the times was compared according to the description in the ancient book, he had to admit that the court had the tendency to swallow the world.

"This world, we can't understand it!"

His tone was a little pathetic, and he was proud of what he had learned all his life, but faced obstacles everywhere in the face of the new era.

The side branches of the Cui family are not like the background of the main family. The thousands of acres of fertile fields in the family barely maintain the dignity of their ancestors. If they really break down one day, they have to add blood to the machine for food and drink!

in front of the counter.

Zhou Yi'er listened to all directions, and all the guests' words fell into his ears word for word.

From time to time, guests come to say hello, so they put down the words and chat for a while, regardless of what they said at the beginning, they will eventually turn to the court, the machine, and the Red Alliance.

The first two are the trend of the times, and they are invincible, and the latter is obviously the more banned the more popular.

At this time.

Two figures came in from outside the door, the white-robed old man Jin Cheng, and the black-robed guards followed behind with swords.

The voices in the tavern were stagnant, followed by a roar of discussion. Just looking at the dress, it is not a Da Zhou person. Among them, the well-informed said that they were from outside Yunzhou.

Jin Cheng came to the counter, put his right hand on his chest, bowed and saluted.

"Golden God is above, do you still have a guest room?"

"It does exist."

Zhou Yi nodded with a smile, and instructed: "Xiaobai takes the guests to the second floor, and waits for them."

After a while.

Bai Shiyu returned to the counter and said, "Does the shopkeeper know their origins?"

Zhou Yi said: "One hundred thousand mountains, Moyun City."

"Moyun City is an ancient name, and now it is a city of gods. It is rumored that it echoes Xianjing."

Bai Shiyu glanced around and lowered his voice: "This Jincheng appears to be the envoy of the Kingdom of God in the Great Zhou Dynasty, but it is actually a conspiracy machine. I bought a lot of parts from me, and I thought about stealing the machine blueprint!"

Zhou Yi pondered for a moment and asked, "The Red Alliance's halls are all over Da Zhou, and they are in contact with the machine. I haven't figured it out for all these years?"

"Difficult, I only know some fur."

Bai Shiyu shook his head and said, "The imperial court's precautions against machines are strict, and those who dare to snoop are guilty of conspiracy and rebellion. Besides, we hate machines, and we can't wait to smash them all, just like in the past, weaving fields and weaving!"

Zhou Yi asked, "Has the machine changed much in recent years?"

"It seems to be getting more sophisticated~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~applied more and more widely, but the change is not big."

Bai Shiyu sneered and said, "Since Zhou Taizu died, the imperial court has been reliant on and fearful of machines, and only thinking about squeezing the blood and sweat of the people, the development of machines is far less than before."

Zhou Yi nodded slightly. Human nature is like this. After all, it is the emerging class that was promoted behind the scenes and quickly fell into the comfort zone without competitors.

The Dazhou machine started with high technology, and there was a strong push from the emperor, but it was only after 120 years that the train was developed.

"I need a catfish to stir up the situation in Yunzhou!"

## Chapter 219: mob

room.

Green smoke curls.

The statue of the golden \*\*\*\* was placed on the table, and Jin Cheng recited and prayed devoutly.

"Blessed by the Golden God, your brilliance covers the kingdom of God..."

"Da Zhou relied on the benefits of machines and ravaged Yunzhou. Although the kingdom of God is far away, it is not stable. One day in the future, when Da Zhou invades the kingdom of God, the flesh and blood of the people will not be able to resist the artillery..."

Jin Cheng muttered to himself, describing that he had relieved the pressure for a long time, and was about to end the worship.

The statue shone with dazzling light, and the Golden God came alive in the aura, slowly folded the wings on his back, and the black tiger under his seat roared.

The bodyguard who guarded Jin Cheng's safety in the shadows suddenly showed his body, knelt on the ground and shouted Jinshen above.

"Wait, pray, this \*\*\*\* has already learned, and he will give the machine golden book to relieve the disaster!"

The Golden God waved his hand and dropped the divine light, which condensed into a booklet of red gold, and then the light gradually subsided and returned to wood.

Jin Cheng was stunned for a long time, if it weren't for the changing posture of the statue and the golden book left on the ground, he would have thought that he had just been hit by an illusion.

The Kingdom of God is different from the countries of Yunzhou or the two religions of Buddhism and Taoism. It still retains the records of ancient times without any tampering, and still believes in the world of immortality that once existed.

The Golden God comes from the world of immortality, which is one of the fundamentals of the teachings!

Jin Cheng murmured, "Could it be that the end of the law is unparalleled, and the Golden God is still alive? Or is it worshipped in the kingdom of God and condensed into the will of the Golden God?"

The guard reminded: "Elder, what I have to do now is to \*\*\*\* the golden book back to the kingdom of God!"

"right!"

Jin Cheng hurriedly took the golden book into his arms, but he still had doubts in his heart: "The machine has only been around for more than a hundred years, how does Mohegan Shen understand the principle?"

The guard thought hard and guessed.

"Perhaps the metal in the world is under the jurisdiction of the Golden God, and the machines are also made of metal!"

...

Time flies.

Another year.

On the New Year's Eve, the imperial court issued another edict that the workshop must not be closed, and the order must be fulfilled!

The benefits brought about by the war and dumping made the imperial court and all the dukes jealous, wishing that the workshop would run continuously for twelve hours.

The day the edict was issued.

Under the tandem of the Red Alliance, the workers set fire to the first royal workshop everywhere, blocking the city patrol officers who came to put out the fire, and even tens of thousands of pieces of cloth were burned into ashes.

That night.

Jingying entered Beijing to suppress, and the elite soldiers who had just returned from the northern Xinjiang on rotation easily defeated the civil unrest.

All the people who make troubles are the remnants of the Red Alliance. All the people who were caught in Caishikou lined up and beheaded, even wearing red clothes or having a deficit in their names, were all arrested and tortured.

Seeing this scene, the members of the Red Alliance could no longer hide, and jumped out one after another to stop the imperial soldiers from brutally killing the people.

Little did they know that they were hit by General Jingying's plan.

Lead the snake out of the hole!

There were continuous gunshots from all directions, and the secret spies who came out from the shadows easily surrounded and wiped out the members of the Red Alliance.

After ten years of ascetic training in martial arts, he claims to have the power of nine bulls and two tigers. In ancient times, he was able to defeat hundreds of people. However, in the face of crackling bullets, he had no choice but to hate him.

"This group of people is really stupid and cute, and they will really die for the muddy legs. This general has some admiration!"

"Jie Jie Jie, I heard that many children of noble families also joined the Red Alliance?"

The general wore a woolen uniform, leather boots and stirrups, and glanced coldly at the dead corpses: "A group of half-buried old immortals are destined to be shattered by the torrent of machines. This general will be the first to step into a thousand-year-old family!"

Tavern.

A lamp like a bean.

The sound of guns roaring in the capital, Zhou Yi stood behind the counter drinking, as if he hadn't heard it.

I turned over half of the words, and I was so upset that I couldn't read it any longer.

Yin three quarters.

Bai Shiyu staggered in from the outside, the cook on his back groaned in pain.

The blind man limped, the strings were broken, and there was a blood hole in his leg.

Zhou Yi took out the wine jug from under the counter: "Tast the secretly made medicinal wine, add a piece of thousand-year-old ginseng, and even serious injuries can be cured."

"Thank you, treasurer."

Bai Shiyu poured a bowl of wine and carefully fed it into the cook's mouth, seeing that the dying man quickly recovered to life.

With his empty eyes, the blind man looked at the cook and said, "This wine is too precious, I can't use it for this injury."

"Don't refuse, you have to sing tomorrow, but you can't let the guests dislike it."

Zhou Yi and the other three were in a stable condition. They were nourished by a thousand-year-old spirit wine. Tomorrow, the wounds will be healed.

With a bitter face, Bai Shiyu shook his head and said, "Failed."

The Red League burned down the first royal workshop, and was brutally suppressed by the imperial court. Tomorrow, the people will still go to work as usual, and they will even have to work overtime to make up for the losses.

The cook regained his strength and slammed the table: "It keeps failing, and if it goes on like this, the breath in my heart will be broken!"

The blind man shook his head and said, "Unless my whole family is dead, I won't be able to stop breathing."

Recalling what Lao Cai said, Bai Shiyu always felt that the Red Alliance was lacking something, and continued to do this with little success.

Zhou Yi asked: "I understand why the blind man and the cook hate the machine. Xiaobai, you son of an aristocratic family, why is it like this?"

"It was purely revenge at the beginning. After learning the martial arts of the family, I wanted to make a name for my ancestors."

Bai Shiyu said: "Later in the workshop, I saw a lot of miserable people, and it turned into sympathy. After joining the Red Alliance, I was repeatedly suppressed by the court, and now I just want to resist!"

"Well, this mentality has changed, almost."

Zhou Yi said: "No one can stop the torrent of machines. The reason why you are failing now is because of a lack of something!"

The cook was the most anxious, and asked quickly, "What's missing?"

Bai Shiyu and the blind man showed hope, Chimeng led the people to rebel against the workshop, and the successive failures greatly damaged confidence.

If it weren't for the desperate oppression of the imperial court and the people had to resist, perhaps the Red Alliance would have dissipated long ago!

In the eyes of the three of them, "Treasurer Sun" belongs to a strange person outside the world. No matter how the situation changes, I will not stand still. Moreover, the family has a long history, and it may be able to point out the insufficiency of the Red Alliance!

"Programme!"

"You lack a program of common action that you can strive for!"

Zhou Yi said faintly: "You are now a veritable rabble, just like the insurgents of the past dynasties, who only blindly resist and destroy, but don't know what to do."

Bai Shiyu frowned, faintly realizing something, but he didn't know what the program was.

...

The capital continued to be under military control for several days.

The ban was finally lifted today, other areas are still tentatively open, and the tavern is already full of guests.

The mouth that had been blocked for a few days began to vent, and the boiling reaction was overwhelming. Liu Bantou from the city patrol department came a few times, and under the indifferent eyes of Chen Jiye and other old Cai, he went to the door in a dreary manner.

The imperial spy came, UU reading [www.uukanshu.com](http://www.uukanshu.com) went inside to report first.

Bai Shiyu hurriedly greeted the guests, his footsteps did not stop all day, and did not close until the hour was approaching.

Close the door and lock.

Bai Shiyu didn't go to sleep in the backyard, but changed into night clothes and went out, walking through the streets and alleys along the dark corners of the wall, to Princess Funing's Mansion in Yongchang Square in the east of the city.

Over the wall to transfer the property, it is very familiar to find the back house.

Wang Wang Wang - Wang!

After three short and one long calls, the window creaked open, and Princess Funing smiled and looked out.

## **Chapter 220: Kunlun fairy book**

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

The spring breeze and the rain meet.

Some congratulations.

Princess Funing was lying in Bai Shiyu's arms, wiping sweat for her lover, and narrating her thoughts.

As he talked, he talked about lifelong events.

"Shiyu, when will you propose to the royal father?"

Princess Funing only knew the identity of the first-born son of the Bai family. The thousand-year-old family can be traced back to the descendants of Dagan. Even if it declined, she was worthy of being a princess.

The Dazhou royal family is shallow, first farming and then doing business, and their origins are clean.

After the founding of the People's Republic of China, the historians scoured the classics, but they could not find any characters from their ancestors. The one who was barely on the top was a descendant of a certain earl of Dagan.

Either for the purpose of stabilizing the court, or to increase the background of the royal family, since Zhou Taizu has always had the habit of his daughter marrying into a family.

Bai Shiyu felt a headache, soothed a few words, and quickly changed the subject: "Is there any major event in the DPRK recently?"

"How can we women know about important matters in the imperial court?"

Princess Funing was very thoughtful and didn't want her lover to be embarrassed. She frowned slightly and said, "I went to the palace yesterday to say hello to my mother. It was true that I found that my father had not been seen for a few days, and I was very old."

Bai Shiyu raised his brows and said shyly, "Master Taishan has encountered difficulties?"

Emperor Tianshun is the great-great-grandson of the great ancestor. He is in his prime and strong. He has been in the court for nine years after he ascended the throne. It also coincides with the heyday of the dynasty and the great reputation of the war. He will definitely be famous in the history of the future.

If Shouyuan is long, he may be able to establish a dynasty comparable to the legendary one. It is not unusual for Emperor Tianshun to be troubled.

"Why are you so shameless!"

Princess Funing rolled her eyes and sighed, "I have inquired many ways and no one dared to say anything, but only after begging my mother did I find out that a Taoist priest entered the palace a few days ago and competed with two worshipers."

"I don't know whether to win or lose, and then my father locked himself in Shangyang Palace, and he was very haggard overnight!"

"Megatron Palace, leave floating, there are such strong men in the world!"

Bai Shiyu first thought of Shopkeeper Sun, it was impossible for two peerless masters to suddenly appear in the capital, and asked, "Which day is it?"

"New Year's Eve."

Princess Funing said: "The royal family dinner was originally scheduled by the father, but it was temporarily canceled. I thought it was busy with the siege and suppression of the rioters, but only later did I know that someone had forced the palace!"

"That day..."

Bai Shiyu showed disappointment. On New Year's Eve, shopkeeper Sun was in the tavern all the time and did not go out at all.

"Do you know the number or realm of that person's martial arts path?"

"Qi and blood coagulation pill, comparable to the previous emperor Wu."

Princess Funing was born in a royal family, and she also learned martial arts with a teacher when she was young.

"The two Taiping Palaces, which were dedicated to seclusion, collapsed into ruins. It is said that the Imperial Army used new firearms, but they did nothing!"

"Such a master of martial arts is truly admirable."

Bai Shiyu couldn't help but think of the Red Alliance. If there is a strongman of Ningdan in charge, maybe he can directly negotiate with the court and ask the workshop to improve the treatment of the people.

Princess Funing's eyebrows stood upright: "What do you mean? That person is the great enemy of the father!"

"Eh, eh, I'm just commenting as a martial artist, that Niubi ignores the laws of the country and dares to offend my old Taishan..."

Bai Shiyu hurriedly coaxed her, said a few witty words in a row, and told an interesting story about a tavern, making Princess Funing smile.

Another celebration.

at dawn.

Bai Shiyu left the Princess Mansion on the original road. At this time, the sky will be bright and there is no one on the street.

Yongchangfang is just to the east of the palace. When passing by the palace wall, Bai Shiyu couldn't help itching in his heart. He also wanted to learn from the unknown Taoist and go to the palace to leave his name.

"We can't compare in martial arts, but we won't lose in Qinggong."

"If you can take away a treasure in the palace and play with it for a few days, and then return it safely, it will be considered a thief's name!"

Bai Shiyu strolled along the palace wall for two laps, but in the end he didn't dare to turn over. No matter how fast Qinggong was, he would still be able to pass the fire gun quickly. Hundreds of lead bullets hit him, and there were several holes in his body immediately.

In the battle on New Year's Eve, most of the members of the Red Alliance died of fire guns, but it was easier for the secret agents of the martial arts to deal with them.

"Fire guns have only been around for forty or fifty years, and they are already so powerful. After two or three hundred years, who will practice martial arts?"

Bai Shiyu shook his head and was about to go back to the tavern when he suddenly caught a glimpse of a scroll of bamboo slips in the corner, tied with hemp ropes, in a rather primitive shape.

Pick up the bamboo book and untie the hemp rope.

"Book of Great Harmony... Class... Manifesto..."

Bai Shiyu is proficient in antiques of gold and stone, and he knows the ancient seals.

"...Unite!"

This is the end of the Datong Book. The following content has been changed to new handwriting and characters, and the origin of this book has been described in detail.

—Ma Zhi, the poor Daoist, was fortunate to enter the Kunlun fairyland to practice martial arts. After a load of qi and blood, he obtained the Kunlun fairy book. The immortals passed on the elder brother Qin Zhengyu to Li, the second senior brother Zhu Kang to skill, and the poor way to Si!

"Is there really a Kunlun Wonderland in the world?"

Bai Shiyu looked horrified. After two dynasties propaganda, Kunlun is now the ancestor of Wanshan.

Legend has it that on the Kunlun Mountains, there is Yuyu Qiongxiao, ten thousand years of spiritual ginseng, and a sacred tree that penetrates the sky. It is the residence of ten thousand immortals.

Continuing to look back, it was a bizarre five-element gossip diagram with a circular depression in the middle.

"Find the hardest thing in the world and place it in this array to open the door to the Kunlun fairyland!"

Bai Shiyu read the last handwriting, frowning tightly, thinking about the things in the world, stainless steel and meteoric iron should be the hardest.

"Let's not say whether Kunlun Wonderland is true or false, what was written in the front of this book is the core of the Red Alliance today, and it can be the program of all actions and propaganda in the future!"

.....

The autumn rain is desolate.

It was chilling to the bone.

The streets are hazy, and the mist is like a fairyland.

The capital is surrounded by mountains on three sides. It is originally an excellent feng shui, and the terrain is easy to defend and difficult to attack. However, with the increasing number of workshops, unexpected problems have arisen in the court.

Coal ash smoke accumulated in the air, and the wind couldn't blow it away. Sooner or later, it formed a dense fog that choked the nose.

Like the rain that fell today, it fell on the ground, leaving a circle of black marks.

It's not that the imperial court didn't find out about this, and the imperial censor often suggested moving the capital. However, Xianjing is the ancient capital of thousands of years, and it also represents the orthodoxy of Yunzhou, which is related to the rise and fall of the country.

With the installation of new firearms, the Dazhou army was in a state of disarray, and the so-called elite soldiers of various countries were vulnerable.

Seeing that Da Zhou was able to reproduce the prestige of the Dagan Dynasty, Emperor Tianshun would rather breathe smoke sooner or later than die in the capital!

today.

The imperial court posted a list of emperors, first remembering the achievements of Taizu and the emperor, and then saying how many victories this dynasty has won and how much territory it has expanded.

Subsequently, many new laws were promulgated, and with the changes of the times, many old laws were not suitable.

For example, keeping slaves, in the opinion of the imperial court, should not be considered, they should be classified as good people, and they can freely go to the workshop to work.

The full text contains hundreds of thousands of words, and more than a dozen laws have changed. In fact, the real core is one sentence: Tianshun suspends scientific examinations for ten years, and the new system of selecting officials will wait for the promulgation of the imperial court.

A few words are a big deal. The imperial examination system has lasted for thousands of years, just like a tradition implanted in the blood.

Now it is the last base of Lao Cai, the only way to compete with the new family and enter the court!

In the late period of Zhou Taizu's rule, he only changed the system of selecting officials and paid more attention to the promotion of pragmatic new families.

As soon as the imperial list came out, the crowd surged.

Tavern.

It was very lively today.

Zhou Yi stood behind the counter, listening to the roaring and arguing of the old wealthy, and went to the palace gate to give advice.

"The imperial examination, which emperor promoted it?"

"Hongchang? It's been too long, I can't remember. In the blink of an eye, a thousand years have passed and it will be abolished!"

Zhou Yi shook his head slightly, this incident can be said to be a landmark event, right or wrong, it has far-reaching impact, and it will definitely be recorded in the history books in the future. As for the old people who were furious and clamoring to resist, the final result must be to accept the reality obediently.

The new family has already mastered the army, and with the support of long guns and artillery, they will definitely seek the right to speak!

"The Dazhou royal family is quite impeccable in their work, and they have already developed a long spear, obviously they are hiding it from the outside world!"

On New Year's Eve last year, Zhou Yi went to the palace and saw the top firearms in the current court.

The forbidden army lined up, and hundreds of long guns were fired in salvo. Non-innate masters could not escape!

Bai Shiyu couldn't stop, when he heard exaggerated remarks, such as Chen Jiye clamoring to join forces to attack the palace, and quickly pointed to the sign on the table, reminding him to speak in a low voice.

"The old man has never spoken in a low voice. Back then, when Taizu hosted a banquet in the palace, we could say whatever we wanted!"

Chen Jiye paused on the fine iron crutches, and the ground thumped: "I have lived for a hundred years, and I have never been so angry. How can I meet my ancestors when I die?"

Clap clap clap!

Yang Chong opened and closed the gold pocket watch, almost breaking the shaft, and said coldly, "In the past six months, why has there been no movement in the Red Alliance in recent days?"

Since the establishment of the Red Alliance, it has been burning workshops and smashing machines every three days, until it reached its peak on New Year's Eve last year, and smashed the imperial army head-on.

Even if it suffered a \*\*\*\* massacre after its failure, it shows from the side that the Red Alliance has gained momentum, comparable to the White Lotus Sect and Taiping Road that disrupted the imperial court.

The old wealthy people laughed at Chimeng's mud-legged son, but after all, he couldn't make it to the stage. At this time, he was ostracized by the imperial court and the new family.

This is what their ancestors did. On the one hand, they preached loyalty to the monarch with the people, and on the other hand they colluded with the uprising army and esoteric religion.

In this way, the country will take turns to do it, and the thousand-year-old family will never fall.

Lu Bo frowned slightly and said, "The Red Alliance has been silent for more than half a year. I asked people to investigate secretly. It seems that they are plotting something big? The specifics are not clear."

"A big deal?"

Yang Chong shook his head and said, "What kind of skills can a group of mud-legged people have? They should be smashing a big workshop. Even if we support this crowd, it won't work."

Chen Jiye said sadly: "There will be no imperial examinations in the future, and the new family will gain power. What's the difference between you and me and Mud Legs?"

Yang Chong said resentfully, "Is that how you recognize it? The old man doesn't think the Four Books and Five Classics can govern the country, but he also knows that it is one of the foundations of our family heirloom!"

"If the imperial court dares to issue an edict, then it is fully prepared."

Chen Jiye said: "Even if you fight for the nine clans to kill, and do things on the side of the Qing Dynasty, can you really compare to spears and artillery?"

When Bai Shiyu heard this, he hurried over to stop him.

"Mr. Chen, speak carefully, speak carefully!"

"Humph!"

Chen Jiye felt aggrieved and grieved in his heart, and said, "I can't let the imperial court bully me, go back and gather the nine clans, and go to kneel outside the palace. Your Majesty's heart has left a name in history, and tens of thousands of scholars have died, which has never been seen in the history books!"

"Go together, go together!"

More than a dozen old people in the tavern were helpless after hearing the news. They came to drink when they were upset, and they all agreed to what Chen Jiye said.

Bai Shiyu did not continue to remind him, but watched with cold eyes the chaotic discussions of the old wealthy, how to imitate the ancients and how to win power without angering the court, and couldn't help sighing in his heart.

"A bunch of rabble!"

The old wealthy chaotically coaxed Wuyang and Wuyang to discuss for a long time, but in the end they did not get a result, and even the death of the family was rejected.

If you really have the determination to die, how can you come to the tavern, and went outside the palace gate as early as when the edict was issued.

There are still several cellars of gold and silver handed down from our ancestors, and there are tens of thousands of acres of fertile mines. How could they be willing to die? The old wealthy know clearly that the new family will really let the court shoot!

Instead of dying with guns and artillery and being accused of being a rebellion, it's better to keep the family wealth and continue to enjoy it!

"We are loyal to the king and patriotic, but we can't humiliate our ancestors Ming Festival!"

"..."

Reluctantly, he found a reason to comfort himself. The old wealthy were in despair, and they only felt that the future was bleak.

At this time.

The curtain of the tavern's door was lifted, and a figure came in, wearing a bamboo hat and a scorpion.

Bai Shiyu hurriedly stepped forward to say hello: "This guest officer, do you want to be on the tipples or stay in a hotel?"

"Is there room number one in Tianzi?"

"Our small business only has single rooms and upper rooms."

"Come to a room."

The visitor took off the mino clothing and hat, stretched out his hand to the door and shook it lightly, and all the water droplets dissipated in an instant.

"Please!"

Bai Shiyu bowed and led the way, took him to the east corner room on the second floor, and made a pot of red robes at the request of the guests.

First floor.

Yang Chong was amazed, that man is so handsome.

Chen Jiye nodded and said, "Such a tycoon in the rivers and lakes, the robes and hats are quite ancient, and I will have the opportunity to get to know each other and form a good relationship in the future!"

"It's unusual."

Lu Bo's eyes flickered, and there was a vague guess in his heart. For the past six months, he has been tracking the remnants of the Red Alliance, relying on the intricate relationship of the thousand-year-old family.

After a while.

Another guest entered the door, and it was a Taoist fortune-teller, holding a long banner that read "Heirs from Kunlun, the iron mouth is broken."

"Little Er, is there room number one in Tianzi?"

There was a tavern that was booming with business and was full of people~www.mtlnovel.com~ did not notice the difference in the guests.

Only Lu Bo secretly observed carefully, and found that there are especially many people who come to live in the store today, some are martial, some are polite, from those who wear long gowns to bunts in linen, from all walks of life.

Lu Bo listened with his ears pricked up, and he quickly found the pattern.

"Tianzi No. 1, it must be a secret language, it is very likely that the remnants of the Red Alliance are gathering here!"

"The court wanted the remnants of the Red Alliance, and offered a huge reward. If you can take this opportunity to make meritorious deeds, you will definitely be promoted to an official position. The Lu family may be able to take this opportunity to get out of the predicament, and it is possible to go further!"

Lu Bo glanced at Shopkeeper Sun quietly, as if he was reading the book leisurely, as if he didn't care about everything.

"Then it must have something to do with the Red Alliance, and so on. Maybe Shopkeeper Sun... Wouldn't it be too risky to provoke such a strongman rashly?"

"No matter how the old man hides it, the Lu family will be rewarded afterward, and the remnants of the Red Alliance will definitely suffer revenge!"

Lu Bo hesitated for a moment, glanced at the golden pocket watch, and told a few old friends that he had something to leave for now.

Going out and boarding the carriage, urging the groom to return home quickly, Lu Bo has made up his mind.

"What's more, there is a grandmaster in the palace to enshrine, and the old man can also invite him to bless him for a period of time by giving up some of his family wealth!"

Right now.

A sigh came from the ear.

"It's a pity that the poor Dao and the ancestors of your family have an old relationship..."

Lu Bo's heart was beating violently, thumping like boiling water, with a bang without any breath.

I will go through this part as soon as possible, cutting down a lot of characters and plots...