

Immortal 42

Chapter 42: Mountain and River Baoding

Heaven Prison.

Watchtower.

Zhou Yifan was upset, so he came here to see from afar, and half of the imperial city could be seen before his eyes.

Feeling the infinity of heaven and earth, and the abundance of emptiness in consciousness.

Climb high and look far, open your mind.

"Huh? Master Liu is here too!"

Zhou Yi climbed to the top of the tower and saw Liu Siyu, who was wearing a green official robe, with his hands behind his back and a worried look on his face.

Liu Siyu sighed, "In recent days, the situation in Beijing has been turbulent, the situation has been treacherous, and my mind is annoyed, so I came up to see the scenery."

"Boundaries like Shenjing, where the essence of a country is gathered, have never been peaceful."

Zhou Yiyuan looked at the east gate of the imperial city, and the red walls and green tiles were dyed with golden light in the sunset: "I was here too, with the former prisoner Lei... No, it was the former former prisoner who watched Zhen Guo Gong with his own eyes. Greatly smashing the dragon's rebellion!"

Liu Siyu suddenly said: "Master Lei? So the young man named Lei a few days ago is a descendant of the Lei family?"

"Thank you sir for agreeing to this matter."

Zhou Yi shrugged and said, "I've been in prison for a long time, and I know a lot of people, so I have to take care of all kinds of feelings."

"Lao Zhou is really a treasure in heaven!"

Liu Siyu is very envious. Recently, there are many noble people who regard Zhou Yi as the guest of honor. Comparing himself in this way, he studied hard for ten years in the cold window, and he was no more than an eighth-rank petty official until he died.

Zhou Yi said with a smile: "Master Liu is wrong, you are the needle in the sky."

These words are definitely not deliberately flattering. Liu Siyu rarely manages affairs. When he is on duty, he drinks tea and chats. The two captains seem to be unintentionally doing their best.

However, the benefits of the Heavenly Prison, Liu Siyu did not lose a single penny, and even the mere jailer knew it clearly.

Such management wisdom made Zhou Yi feel more and more that he had underestimated the ancients before!

Liu Siyu asked, "Could it be that Lao Zhou has something to worry about when he comes here?"

Zhou Yi nodded and said, "Suddenly I discovered that there are too many smart people in this world, and I've been hit a bit."

The strength of being promoted to Innate Grandmaster has greatly increased, and there are many colleagues who praise and envy him on weekdays. Zhou Yi is inevitably more arrogant in his heart, and his work becomes more and more indulgent.

Zhang Xiang's plan is as straight as a bell in the morning and a drum in the evening.

Liu Siyu asked curiously, "How clever is it to make you, an old fox, give birth to depression?"

"The seemingly inadvertent soaring prices have actually affected the changes in the country's fortunes!"

Zhou Yi sighed: "The wind starts at the end of Qingping. This is the real master. Now that I have learned it, I will definitely use it in the same way one day."

"It's not always a bad thing to recognize that you are a layman earlier."

Liu Siyu's eyes narrowed slightly, he glanced at the palace inadvertently, and said helplessly: "The tide belongs to them, we are just spectators, what else can we do?"

"Love is not long, Huiji will be hurt!"

Zhou Yi said freely and easily: "Wisdom can't be compared, tactics can't be compared, and the city government can't be compared...then keep the same and respond to all changes, just ignore him, and if you die, you will win!"

"Haha, no wonder they say you are an old turtle in private."

Liu Siyu applauded, and his voice changed: "Old Zhou, do you really have no idea about power?"

"Yes! Who doesn't want to be in power, Sleeping Beauty?"

Zhou Yi smiled and said, "I almost forgot, we have already done the second half."

Liu Siyu's face was full of admiration, and he cupped his hands and said, "Have you been a 30-year-old guest of Chunfeng Tower? You've heard of it for a long time, and you've been looking forward to it for a long time!"

"It's average, it's a long time coming to Japan!"

Zhou Yi replied, "So you've already got riches and honors, so why fight for your life? Now that the situation is messed up, how can you see who will win to the end?"

"Actually, it's easy to see clearly. It's not too bad whether you win or lose!"

Liu Siyu muttered to himself, as if speaking to Zhou Yi, and as if speaking to himself.

Zhou Yi said: "Forget it, the palace has destroyed three houses, and I will go out for a while with the adults, and then come back to be on duty."

"Go."

Liu Siyu nodded in agreement, stunned for a moment, and then said.

"One day the descendants of the Liu family are in despair and find a prison in heaven. I hope Lao Zhou can also find an errand."

"As it should be!"

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The twenty-seventh day of the twelfth lunar month.

The whole country should celebrate and welcome the new year.

Because Liang Dong, Minister of War, abused the soldiers and withheld their salaries, the Beijing camp mutinied.

"Qingjun's side!"

Sun Xiangming, the former governor of Jingying, raised his voice, gathered his old troops, and led his troops into the city through the north gate of Shenjing.

The gatekeeper of the North Gate of Shenjing used to be a Beijing guerrilla. During the period when Liang Dong wanted to suppress the Jingying generals, he was demoted to the end to guard the city gate due to the small amount of money he sent.

That night.

Sun Xiangming led the Jingying army to besiege the imperial city, and the yamen and mansions all over Shenjing watched from a distance, neither helping the chaotic army nor saving Emperor Yongxing.

The forbidden army was less than the number of the eleven in the Beijing camp, and the other party had siege equipment, and soon suffered heavy casualties.

Emperor Yongxing ordered Jinyiwei and the eunuchs to climb the city wall to resist the enemy, and must resist the onslaught of the chaotic army.

With one rush, it will decline again and three will be exhausted. As long as you resist until dawn, the imperial city will not be broken, and the chaotic army will collapse and retreat.

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Taimiao, the witness of the rise and fall of the dynasty.

The temple is in the dynasty, and the temple is lost in the dynasty.

Midnight.

The Taimiao of Fengyang Kingdom was empty and silent.

The officials who were originally on duty were shocked to hear that the Jingying army was besieging the imperial city, and they all ran home to close their doors.

No matter whether the Jingying can break through the imperial city or not, there are bound to be thieves who will burn, kill and loot all over the Shenjing during this chaotic time, and it should be pushed to the chaotic army tomorrow.

A shadow flew through the night, and finally landed on the nave of the Taimiao Temple.

Outside the nave stands a large bronze cauldron, nearly one person tall, with three legs and two ears. The mountains and rivers inscribed on the cauldron correspond one by one with the map of Fengyang State Prefecture.

The Shanhe Ding was cast after Fengyang Taizu established his country.

In the ceremonies of the dynasties, hundreds of officials knelt down in front of the cauldron, and contemporary emperors offer incense.

Shadows circled around the mountain and river tripod. After trying several detection methods, it was determined that it was a solid large copper tripod, and no warning or anti-theft mechanism was set up.

The Mountain and River Ding weighs several tons, and it is extremely difficult to steal it~www.mtlnovel.com~ It cannot escape the investigation of officials even when it leaves the city.

Secondly, although the Shanhe Ding is one of the Three Treasures of Fengyang, its symbolic meaning is greater than its actual meaning.

The thieves spent a great deal of effort to steal the cauldron, which would at most embarrass the Zhao family, and if they were able to sell copper, they would earn money from selling cabbage, risking the execution of the nine clans.

Therefore, the officials of the Taimiao Temple never imagined that someone would steal the cauldron, even if it was to scratch the gold paint of the emperors of the past dynasties!

"I thought I would have to wait until Fengyang Kingdom was destroyed, and this Taimiao would be half-abandoned, but who would have encountered such a good opportunity. The north gate was wide open, the Taimiao was unattended, and everyone's eyes were on the palace."

"This treasure should be destined for me!"

Zhou Yi dissipated the shadows, revealing the appearance of a white-haired old man, even if he bumped into an acquaintance, he wouldn't recognize it.

With a short stature, he bent over to get under the tripod, and wrapped his arms around the tripod feet.

"rise!"

Zhou Yi let out a low voice, and with a rumbling sound, the mountains and rivers that had not moved for more than 300 years rose from the ground.

The mana was running, and the shadow talisman was cast again, and a cloud of black mist enveloped the mountains and rivers.

Taking advantage of the darkness of the night, Zhou Yi ran towards the North City.

Such a heavy bronze cauldron is oppressed, not to mention performing light feats and flying, even running makes a thumping sound.

Fortunately, there was chaos along the way, or thieves robbed houses, or patrolling soldiers took advantage of the opportunity to cause chaos. At the moment of gold, silver and jewelry, no one paid any attention to such noises.

At this time, the north gate was open, and only a dozen soldiers were on duty.

dong dong dong!

A large group of dark mist rushed over, bursting with momentum, like a mad bull.

"Damn!"

The soldiers on duty didn't say anything to block them, they threw away their weapons and fled in all directions.

Zhou Yi carried the Shanhe Ding out of the Shenjing City, put it on the prepared carriage, and whipped the whip all the way north.