

## Immortal 44

### Chapter 44: 10 years

Stone room.

Zhou Yi turned his mana, and the Shanhe Ding appeared out of thin air in his hand.

He threw it gently, rose to the height of one person in the face of the storm, and slammed into the stone wall.

Boom!

The ground shook and the mountains swayed, and the rubble collapsed.

A large pit appeared on the stone wall of the cave, surrounded by cobweb-like cracks, extending two or three feet away.

"It's so powerful after the initial training, and sure enough, immortal cultivators can't live without magic weapons. The difference is like a martial arts master equipped with a heavy firearm!"

Zhou Yi used his blood essence to make a cauldron of mountains and rivers, and he moved it like an arm.

"However, the mana consumption is a bit large!"

In just a dozen breaths, Zhou Yi consumed most of the mana in his body. Just as he was thinking of taking back the treasure cauldron, a flash of light suddenly flashed in his heart.

Immediately, he leaped and fell into the mountains and rivers.

As such.

The mountains and rivers were flying in the sky, and Zhou Yi flew with it. The speed was not as fast as Qinggong, but he really broke away from the earth!

"Unfortunately, it's not an imperial weapon, it can only be regarded as a ride."

Before Zhou Yi ran out of mana in his body, he took the Shanhe Ding back into his belly for nourishment.

The long-lasting mana warm-up makes the blood-refined spirit soldier gradually stronger, and it is closely connected with the master's flesh and blood, and the mana consumption will also be greatly reduced when it is activated.

"Even if the spiritual soldier grows slowly, one day, it will turn into a real cauldron of mountains and rivers."

"One tripod towns mountains and rivers, sun and moon, heaven and earth!"

Zhou Yi placed high hopes on the Shanhe Cauldron. In the future, if he has spiritual materials, he will refine it into the Cauldron. Even if it takes thousands of years and tens of thousands of years, it will eventually transform into the strongest treasure in the world.

"Now that there are magic weapons, the innate masters can't stand the prestige of a tripod, can they make waves?"

"No! It's only the second level of qi refining, and it's like an ant in the world of immortal cultivation."

Zhou Yi quickly cut off this dangerous thought, and repeatedly warned himself that keeping a low profile is king, and being cautious can lead to longevity!

Pushing aside the boulder blocking the entrance of the cave.

There was a mist in the mountains, and the cold wind whistled, making the Taoist robe screeching.

Zhou Yi performed his feats of flying and flew down the mountain along the forest path.

In the past ten years, he has never been to the world. When he is thirsty, he drinks mountain spring water, and when he is hungry, he roasts wild beasts. He has really become an ascetic who is isolated from the world.

Pengshan County is not far away, and it takes only an hour or two to perform Qinggong, but Zhou Yi deliberately uses this to temper his mood.

"Masters are lonely! Only one who can endure boredom and loneliness can achieve a true longevity!"

Zhou Yi practiced in the mortal world, but he would not allow himself to sink into it, leaving the world and being independent. From the perspective of a bystander, he looked at the changes of the court and the vicissitudes of life.

This time, far from the comparison of the world, and compared with the experience of the world, I have a lot of insights.

The wandering world can maintain human nature, so as not to become a cold stone.

Retreat outside the world is to stabilize the mind of the Tao, so as to protect the fruit of longevity.

After half an hour, the official road can already be seen ahead.

The clamorous sounds of pedestrians talking, and the sound of the wheel turning, came into Zhou Yi's ears one after another, as if the soundproof glass was shattered, and the silent picture became real in an instant.

at this time.

Zhou Yi should have written a Taoist poem to express his inner feelings, which made him appear immortal.

Nai He is not literate. After walking for dozens of miles from the top of the mountain to the bottom of the mountain, he got the phrase "return to nature once in a while", and he couldn't figure out anything else.

He simply screamed loudly.

"My Old Demon Zhou, I'm back again!"

Startled a forest of birds!

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Jinglong ten years.

Laba.

White House.

Qulang pavilions, rockeries and rocks, and mansions that can be counted in Shenjing.

In recent years, Emperor Jinglong has relied more on the imperial family, and many royal families have held important positions.

As for the former governor-general, Sun Xiangming, he was beheaded to the public due to corruption of 100,000 soldiers and his family was exiled to the northern border to join the army.

After all, he had rebelled, and before he executed the nine clans, he was already the emperor of benevolence!

Emperor Jinglong followed Zhang Xiang's suicide note and used his relatives to compete with civil and military officials.

The emperor reconciled in the middle, and did not let the east wind overwhelm the west wind, nor let the west wind overwhelm the east wind, and the throne was already as stable as Mount Tai.

The sky is bright.

Chen Jinyu went to Rongning Hall early to say goodbye, chatted with Princess Rongchang for a while, and then returned to her small courtyard.

The plum blossoms in the courtyard are blooming.

The flowers are white and red, and the petals are smooth and transparent. Perhaps because the land where the plum tree is located is fertile, you can smell a fine fragrance from a distance, straight into the heart and spleen.

Chen Jinyu sat on the stool by the window, looked at the plum blossoms in the courtyard, and closed the "Wu Zhi" in her hand.

"Miss, it's windy, put on a cloak!" The maid Lvzhu came over with a blue silk cloak.

In addition to the wet nurse since childhood, the standard of the young master and young lady of the Bai Mansion, there are also four nanny who teach and guide, two big maids, and five or six servant maids who sweep the house.

Chen Jinyu just lived in the Bai family, but she was very favored by her righteous parents, so she was treated accordingly.

At this time.

There were several answers from the door.

"Hello, mammy!"

"Qingmei, is Miss here?"

"exist!"

After a while, an old woman came in angrily. She was Chen Jinyu's nurse.

Forty years old, blue shirt, wrinkled face like tree bark.

"Miss, those prostitutes in the kitchen are so outrageous, I don't even have a bowl of Laba porridge. When the second master's maid went to ask for it, she immediately brought the food box. I'm really shameless..."

The old woman howled a few times. Seeing Chen Jinyu's indifferent expression, her voice gradually became smaller.

Chen Jinyu waited for her to stop, then waved her hand: "Mother Hu, you can bring my laba porridge, just go down."

"Ah? Miss, I..."

When Hu Mama heard the words, her face twitched, and she didn't know what to say for a while.

A cold look flashed in Chen Jinyu's eyes, and Madam Hu felt that the temperature in the room had suddenly dropped a bit, so she shivered and quickly backed out.

"This greedy old guy."

Green Bamboo's mouth was flattened, and he couldn't help but muttered, the sound was just right for Chen Jinyu to hear.

"You go down too."

Chen Jinyu shook her head slightly, because she received a lot of care from her adoptive parents, for example, asking An to stay in Narong Antang the longest, for example, her adoptive father would always bring something delicious and fun when he went out.

Perhaps the value is not as good as a meal in the house, and the meaning it represents~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ makes the real master and young lady envious.

Envy is too much, it is jealousy!

"I wish I could be a boy!"

Chen Jinyu continued to recite the "Wu System", this book on military affairs, which was found by begging his adoptive father.

I am immersed in the book and dispatching troops, as for fighting with the young master and young lady in the house?

Totally boring!

Chen Jinyu knew that she was a sojourner and would leave the White House sooner or later, so why make it difficult for her adoptive parents.

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into the night.

The north wind blows.

The branches outside the window swayed, reflecting on the paper like a ghost.

Squeak!

With a slight sound, the sleeping Chen Jinyu was awakened, her eyes shining in the darkness.

"Since Your Excellency is here, why should you be a gentleman on the beam!"

While speaking, a few thin beams of light flew out, and there was a sound of slamming into the wood.

"You're a good girl, and she's very ruthless."

A figure fell from the beam of the house, with white hair and a childish ruddy complexion. The navy blue robe on his body was worn and turned white, and it has not been changed for many years.

"Breaking into a woman's boudoir, according to law, can be executed without asking!"

Chen Jinyu waved three more streams of light, and only then did she see the appearance of the hidden weapon, which was actually a silver needle the thickness of a cow's hair.

"The technique is good, but unfortunately..."

Lao Dao's voice was neither hurried nor slow, his body was neither dodging nor dodging, and he allowed the silver needles to pierce the three major points of life and death in the human middle, the heart, and the lower yin.

"...It's amazing, it's a waste of great talent!"

The voice fell, and the three silver needles couldn't move forward any further, and they were suspended in the air, as if they were fixed by an invisible force.

Chen Jinyu's face turned pale, and she couldn't help but exclaimed.

"Innate Grandmaster!"