

Immortal 46

Chapter 46: 50 Fate

"Where did the Specter come from?"

Zhou Yi took back the Baoding and circled the courtyard twice.

There are more than one places in the world where there are many dead people, such as the mass graves outside the city of Shenjing, where the corpses of refugees are piled up. It is said that the nearby wild dogs have red eyes and look like evil spirits.

There are often dead people in the Sky Prison, and there is also a fixed place to deal with the corpses.

Over the years, it has become a big burial pit.

There are twenty or thirty corpses buried in the courtyard, which is far worse than these two places, but the ghosts have transformed into ghosts.

"Those places are gloomy and inaccessible. The only difference from the courtyard...is that there is no me?"

Zhou Yi is low-key and cautious, but he is not stupid and does not know himself. Guiyuan Jue is a cultivation method of immortal cultivation. It gathers the spiritual energy of the surrounding world into the body, which may cause mysterious changes.

"Buy another yard for cultivation. This place can be seen by outsiders, and you can also hide your identity."

This Specter has already turned ashes, but maybe it will still condense. It would be bad if Zhou Yi rushed over to possess the body while he was concentrating on his cultivation.

Be careful with everything, go to the Spring Breeze Building for a few years, and you will only have money to buy a courtyard!

At this time.

There was the sound of Qinggong flying, and the middle-aged white shirt fluttered in the wind, stepping on the moonlight and falling into the hospital.

In the cold winter, he was carrying two jars of wine in one hand and a white paper fan in the other.

Zhou Yi raised his brows: "You came very fast!"

"Jin Yu went to find me, which is an old saying."

Lao Bai said, "After all, after so many years, you practiced that evil art again. I thought you died somewhere."

"Retreat is to change the foundation, and Shouyuan will make up for it a little bit."

Zhou Yi half-truths found a reason: "Chen Ya'er is not bad, if you see me and believe me, don't go to the world and die for nothing."

"It's Jin Yu, which means the beauty of jade! I went to find the master of Guozijian, and the name was given."

Lao Bai poured two bowls of wine: "Since you left Shenjing, you will never find anyone who drinks happily!"

Zhou Yi said with a smile: "Dangtang stealing saints, known as the world's best friends, and there are hundreds of responses in the rivers and lakes."

"It's different. Since I'm out of the rivers and lakes, I can't be more contaminated with it."

Lao Bai shook his head and sighed, some of which might be nostalgic for the past, but more of relief and happiness.

"Then I'll accompany you to drink until you grow old!"

Zhou Yi got to know Lao Bai in prison, and for more than 20 years, he knew that this fellow was the same person as him.

Lao Bai seems to be reckless and has stolen many treasures, but in fact, trivial matters are not leaked, and the essence is the same as Zhou Yi. There are countless Qinggong masters in the arena, and many are famous for their excellent hands and empty hands, but only Lao Bai has the reputation of stealing saints.

Because others did not do things comprehensively and cautiously, they ended up in trouble.

The only thing that happened to Lao Bai was the robbery of the prince's palace, and he ended up being arrested for the rest of his life.

Lao Bai shook his head, waved his hand to wipe off his face, and there were crow's feet at the corners of his eyes.

"We are getting old!"

Fifty years old and knowing the destiny is already a year of joy and forgetfulness, indifferent to honor and disgrace, in this era, it is already an old man!

Lao Bai is two years older than Zhou Yi, already fifty and eighty, and is approaching his sixtieth birthday!

Zhou Yi was stunned. Seeing that his few friends were getting old, he raised his head and drank all the wine in the bowl.

"Young children are old!"

"Where did Lao Zhou learn sour poetry? Even at this age, we are also fascinated by people. Many chivalrous women in the arena admire them, and they came to Beijing to pay a special visit."

Lao Bai had already looked away: "It's you, but you won't be able to find a wife when you get old!"

"Admiration? I think it is admiration!"

Zhou Yi said contemptuously: "You are too fickle, how can the princess be able to endure when the saintess of the Demon Sect are married?"

Old Bai said smugly: "Hey! I don't blame me for this, it was Rongchang who took the initiative to bring it up."

"Blow, then blow!"

Zhou Yi said, "You're so powerful, why don't you see that sword sect master sister?"

"Shuwan has a thin face and is unwilling to come to Beijing."

Lao Bai said helplessly: "I can only go to Wuliangshan every year and stay for three or two months. After all, I am the head of a famous family, and I can't be a concubine at home."

"..."

Zhou Yi endured the desire to crush Lao Bai to death, and every time he talked to him about women, he would be crushed.

No matter how fragrant the oiran of Chunfenglou is, it can't compare to the female head of the Sword Sect, the saint of the Demon Sect, the lady of the noble family... Maybe the appearance is comparable, and the sense of conquest brought by her status is like a cloud and mud!

"How has the court situation changed over the years? Is Zhang Xiang dead?"

Zhou Yi bluntly changed the subject, comforted himself secretly, and waited until the old man couldn't move, then went to find him and talked about the beauty in the world.

"In the third year of Jinglong, Zhang Xianglao died in his post, and he was given the posthumous title of Wenzhong. His Majesty carried the coffin with the gift of a disciple for the funeral!"

Lao Bai said: "As for the others, nothing major has happened in these years. Your Majesty is young and strong, and his temperament is gentle. All officials say that they have the appearance of Zhongzong."

"Gentleness? It should be called weakness!"

After Zhou Yi left the customs, he already knew the result of the peace negotiation in the northern Xinjiang. Not to mention the land ceding and indemnity, Emperor Jinglong was able to give up his face and personally invite the skeleton of the prince of the enemy country out of the imperial temple.

Because of this, Zhang Xiang went north to quickly draw up a peace agreement!

Lao Bai said: "It's not bad to be weak. His Majesty has not executed the nine clans for ten years after he ascended the throne. Everyone is doing well."

"Fengyang State has successively produced two generations of outstanding people, Wu Zhong and Wen Zhong, and turned the decadent situation in one fell swoop. It seems that the kingdom will not be defeated in a short time."

Zhou Yi had no resentment towards Fengyang Kingdom, and commented purely from the perspective of a spectator.

Even if the world were to change the world, that is, to change the batch of people to become emperors, as that person said back then, the scholars are so rotten that no one can cure them, and there should be no shortage of corrupt officials and unjust cases.

The two old men who met again in ten years have endless words to talk about by drinking alcohol.

During the period, when talking about the dead bones in the courtyard, the old white face showed a narrow look.

"Old Zhou knows who this person is?"

"Since you saw me joking, you're not a shearing thief, could it be..."

Zhou Yiruo realized something: "Is it a member of the Zhou clan?"

"You are too cunning and boring!"

Lao Bai said: "Since you left for two years, your courtyard has become a haunted house. There are strange noises from time to time at night, and most of the surrounding neighbors are scared to move away. UU reading www.uukanshu.com"

Zhou Yi nodded and said, "There is indeed a serious ghost, I just shot it to death!"

"..."

Lao Bai was speechless for a while, and couldn't help but ask, "Lao Zhou, how good is your kung fu?"

Zhou Yi shrugged: "It's only three or four stories high!"

Old Bai asked again, "Then what floor am I on?"

Zhou Yi pondered the gap between the two and said truthfully, "You are probably on the third or fourth underground floor."

"Continue talking about the haunted house..."

When Lao Bai was young, he didn't pursue martial arts very much. One was handsome and unrestrained when he practiced Qinggong, and the other was to escape to save his life.

"Five years ago, the Zhou family got the news from somewhere. They thought you died outside, so they came to Beijing to collect the house. In the end, it was murdered by a ghost. That person was still your cousin. It seems that his name is Zhou Fang."

"Do it yourself."

Zhou Yi had long since separated from the clan, and from the legal point of view, it was not the turn of the Zhou clan to inherit the inheritance.

"I've been sent away."

Lao Bai said, "Don't take too long in retreat next time, lest you have to burn paper with me."

"remembered!"

Zhou Yi nodded slightly.

Then the topic went from temples to rivers and lakes, from the south of the sky to the north of the earth, until the **** crowing three times and the sky in the east turned white.

"How many times in my life can I be so happy!"

Lao Bai got up to say goodbye, never walking through the main entrance, stepping on the wall in the air and flying away.

Zhou Yi stood in the courtyard for a long time and sighed.

"One day in the mountains is a thousand years in the world!"

Now he is just entering the immortal realm for the first time, and he often retreats for ten years. In the future, his cultivation will be advanced. Once he comes out of the retreat, the mortal world may have died for several generations.

With a wave of his hand, the mana crushed the dead bones into ashes, and fell under the jujube tree to become fertilizer.