

Immortal 67

Chapter 67: historical reincarnation

Twenty-one years of orthodoxy.

spring.

The east gate of Shenjing City.

It is crowded with people, noisy and lively.

After the court's deliberate propaganda and guidance, the people have forgotten about Yu Qingtian, and their eyes are focused on the famous frontier general "Zhou Hong".

At the age of fourteen, he served as a guerrilla. That year was the change of Renyin, and the northern Xinjiang was defeated and the country was in turmoil.

"Zhou Hong" led 3,000 soldiers and horses, attacked the soldiers of Dayong at night, set fire to the company's camp, and became famous in the first battle.

Because of the attack, he was promoted to the sergeant general, stationed in the barren city, and resisted the Dayong army from attacking the city several times.

After the peace talks between the two countries, he was promoted to the commander of the capital, and he was in charge of the military affairs of one state in northern Xinjiang.

After more than 40 years in the two dynasties, he was promoted to lead the army to fight against Dayong all year round, winning more and losing less, and it was the mainstay of the dynasty.

The common people like heroes, not to mention the generals who protect the country's stability. They gather at the east gate early in the morning, waiting for "Zhou Hong" to lead his subordinates to Beijing to be inspected by the orthodox emperor.

Noon is approaching.

The sound of hooves was like thunder, and he saw "Zhou Hong" taking the lead in the distance.

The four columns of cavalry that followed closely behind, all black armor, seemed to be rumbling down like a black cloud, making the noisy people instantly silent.

I don't know if it was intentional or unintentional.

The fierce killing spirit made the soldiers of the Jingying shudder, and their timid legs slumped to the ground.

Hahaha!

After the people were horrified, they saw Jingying, who was usually arrogant and domineering, actually devoured.

When "Zhou Hong" was close, the people could see his face clearly. He was a veteran with white hair and beard.

He has broad shoulders and broad waist, and his armor is full of marks of swords.

This appearance makes the people feel more at ease. The folk sayings are mostly old and stronger, old people in the family are like treasures, **** is still old and spicy.

There were also different opinions in the crowd, a white-haired old man sighed.

"It looks like this, it's not as good as Duke Zhen. The old man was in his teens, and he was at the east gate. When the teacher of Duke Zhen returned to the court, he looked handsome!"

"Mr. Zhen Guogong? Which Duke Zhenguo, is he serious?"

"The one mentioned in the play is a story made up. How can anyone go south and sweep north at a young age."

"I don't understand this. Have you heard of rhetoric?"

A few young people who thought they knew it well were arguing about which one was more powerful, Duke Zhen Guo and the rhetorical "Zhou Hong".

The old man opened his mouth, not knowing how to explain.

I still remember that year as the teacher of the State Councilor, the old man was a teenager, and he deeply remembered his majestic and handsome appearance in his heart, and he still can't forget it to this day. He joined the army to protect the country because of this.

Decades have passed in a trance, and not many people still remember the great heroes and heroes in the eyes of the common people.

Street restaurant.

There were two old men sitting by the window.

A few plates of vegetarian dishes, a pot of sake, watching the grand scene on the street.

Yuan Shun took a piece of soft tofu and said with a smile: "My lord, we thought that a person like you would only be looking for immortals and asking questions, and would not care about the mundane world."

Zhou Yi shook his head and said, "Do it casually. I don't care if it succeeds or not. If I really let this old man take care of it, it's probably a dog emperor."

Yuan Shun's eyes showed envy, only the truly powerful can ignore wealth and power, just because they can get it at their fingertips.

"My lord, Jin Yiwei finally found out about Yan Shangshu. As you expected, he was really Yu Su."

"It's not hard to guess."

Zhou Yi drank a glass of wine: "Yu Su can have three ups and downs, and fight against Zhang's family, but how can he not have a few iron poles. I voluntarily fell into the imperial prison before, but I just received the favor of two dynasties, and I don't want to fall out with the emperor!"

Yuan Shun sighed in admiration: "Master Yan is really unusual. I have never had any interaction with him, and Yu Su didn't call him in prison. He was able to guess the northern border and push the boat along the way."

"Fengyang Kingdom has produced several generations of outstanding people, but it is really sad that it has ended up in the current state!"

Zhou Yi sighed: "Before the emperor ascended the throne, he read several rooms of history books and learned a lot of principles of governing the country, but no one could understand the reincarnation of the dynasty."

"Lord, when..."

Yuan Shun's eyes were fiery, and he pointed to the sky.

"This world is not simple, accumulate grain and become king slowly!"

.....

After a few months.

Edict prison.

Zhou Yi carried the food box as usual and burrowed into the ground.

At the end of the corridor, Ji Sheng, who should have been sitting cross-legged in the iron cage, actually disappeared.

Zhou Yi was suddenly startled, and Shanhe Ding appeared on his cuff, ready to blast out at any time.

When I got closer, I could see clearly that there was a thin, withered bone wrapped in the tattered Taoist robe, and the muscles were close to the bone, like a corpse drying out all the moisture.

"Finally dead?"

Zhou Yi carefully identified the withered bones and teeth. They were sparse and jagged like serrations, and the bones of the fingers were as black as ink. They really looked like Ji Sheng.

He took out the An Zhai Talisman from his bosom. After casting it, nothing was found. Then he took out the soul-fixing mirror and swept through every corner of the dungeon with his mana, making sure that there was no ghost left.

Zhou Yi sat on the steps, took out the wine jug from the food box, and sprinkled it in front of the iron cage.

This is a hard-working man, who set foot on the Immortal Dao at a young age, but fell into the plan of the Dog Emperor and was imprisoned for the rest of his life!

Push yourself and others.

Zhou Yi can think of his own longevity fruit, once exposed, what the consequences will be, and it is possible to directly trigger a war in the world of immortal cultivation.

I examine my body three times a day, be careful, be careful!

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Later in the night.

It was when the jailer was most tired that the shadow escaped into the prison.

Zhou Yi broke the iron lock of the cell, took out a death row prisoner from the prison, and came to the entrance of the second underground floor.

A strange scent drifted away, and the Jin Yiwei guarding at the entrance of the cave fell soundly asleep.

Familiar with the way, he entered the ground, slapped the death row prisoner twice outside the iron cage, and woke up faintly. Seeing the human-shaped black shadow like a ghost, he was so frightened that he cried out loudly.

"Obviously listen to what this seat says, you have your own benefits, otherwise, you will die!"

The death row prisoner turned from surprise to joy, and said, "Although the adults ordered, the young ones will obey."

Zhou Yi pointed to the iron cage: "Go inside and look inside to see if he left any relics."

The death row prisoner gestured for the gap in the iron cage, and was about to say that he couldn't get in when he saw a large bronze tripod ~www.mtlnovel.com~ rapidly growing in size between the two steel pillars.

Creep! creak...

The stainless steel column is bent to both sides, breaking the gap of the width of one's head.

The death row prisoner was shocked, and he didn't dare to violate anything, so he hurriedly went in and searched for Ji Sheng's body.

Ji Sheng was originally five or six feet tall, but his bones were shrinking like water, only three or four feet left. The death row prisoner was not afraid, and he groped the dead bones inside and out, and he found something strange.

"Sir, there's something wrong with this rib!"

The death row prisoner pulled out his rib, and his body turned purple and crystal clear like jade.

Zhou Yi noticed the change in the death row prisoner's expression, and said coldly, "But what information is there?"

"Sir, I heard someone talking."

The death row prisoner sensed the killing intent and did not dare to hesitate: "He said that he is a disciple of Dan Dingzong, who is practicing under the seat of Xuanyue Zhenren in Xiaodan Mountain. You can take this bone jade to Xiaodan Mountain and report the crime of Emperor Chongming. ."

"With this achievement, one can worship the Dan Ding Sect with spiritual roots, and without spiritual roots can establish a country and become emperor in the mortal world."

The death row prisoner's eyes flickered, and he couldn't help clenching his jade bones while speaking. Originally, he didn't believe in the ethereal way of immortality.

Zhou Yi asked, "Where is Xiaodan Mountain?"

The death row prisoner replied: "In the middle of Yunshan Mountain in Xuzhou, go into the mountain from the east for 700 li, and see the place surrounded by eight peaks, which is where Xiaodan Mountain is."

"..."

Zhou Yi was silent for a moment, then said sullenly: "Don't think about lying, old man, let others try it."

The death row inmate hurriedly promised, "Young ones don't dare!"

"Very good! The old man will send you back to the west, and reincarnate as soon as possible, so as not to continue to suffer in the imperial prison."

Zhou Yi ignored the consternation of the death row prisoner, and waved him to death.