

Immortal 89

Chapter 89: ancestors passed

Cave House No. 1024.

The door is closed.

The ox lay leisurely in the corner, snorting from time to time.

A dozen feet away.

The young Chen Yang and his younger sister Chen Ying are planting a spiritual field. The depressed mood a few days ago has become bright and cheerful due to the arrival of the owner of the cave.

"Yingzi, I will definitely break through the innate and go to the sect of Senior Sun!"

A month ago, a loose cultivator came outside and wanted to plant this spiritual field.

If you really become a homeless person, without a source of spiritual stones, it is extremely difficult to become a monk. Chen Yang tried every means to delay, but he still couldn't stop the rules of the sect, and he was about to lose the land on which he lived.

A few days ago, Senior Sun stayed in the cave and told Fang Shi that he didn't want to be disturbed.

That loose cultivator was very knowledgeable and went to rent a spiritual field elsewhere, and Chen Yang's problem was easily solved.

Chen Ying heard the words and frowned slightly: "Our family members died of illnesses one after another, and it was appointed by someone to kill them. Now it's just you and me, why don't we leave the market?"

Chen Yang slowly shook his head and said firmly.

"I will not leave, I must restore the glory of the ancestors!"

The time of a struggler is always fleeting, and in a blink of an eye, a period of time has passed.

this day.

The old-haired Chen Yang took care of Lingtian with his children and grandchildren, and every time he looked at his grandson, he would let out a hearty laugh.

Thirty years of hard training in martial arts, but finally failed to break through the innate, fortunately, there is a Lingtian rent under the name of Chen Yang, and it is easy to marry a mortal wife.

She gave birth to four sons and three daughters in a row, all of whom have no spiritual roots.

Chen Yang's blood in the early years has been exhausted, and he only prays for "Senior Sun" to live a hundred years, and these two acres of spiritual fields can be passed down for several generations.

Who would have thought that the sky would be pleasantly surprised, the eldest grandson actually has spiritual roots, and even four spiritual roots can make the Chen family prosper for a hundred years.

"You have to thank Senior Sun, he is the great benefactor of our family."

"What does Senior Sun look like?"

When his son was talking, he looked at the Dongfu not far away, and the door had been closed since he could remember, including the scalpers at the door, and there had been no changes in the past thirty years.

"This...I can't remember."

Chen Yang was sure that he had seen Senior Sun, but it was too long, and he vaguely remembered that he looked quite young.

Anecdotal rumors.

Sun Daochang is forty or fifty years old, and his cultivation base has reached the late stage of Qi training.

A family is talking.

Suddenly I heard a creaking sound, I turned around and saw the door of the cave opened, and a blue-robed old man walked out.

Zhou Yi also noticed the Chen family of a dozen people, nodded with a smile, and fell on the back of the scalper.

"Cow, go."

Clouds of smoke grew under the ox's feet, soared into the sky, and flew towards Tianyang City.

Seeing that his benefactor finally went out, Chen Yang took his grandson and was about to step forward to thank him, but only saw the back of a bull riding.

After being stunned for a long time, he lowered his head and said to his grandson.

"Do you remember what it looked like? When you see Senior Sun in the future, you must repay your kindness!"

...

Zhou Yi rode on the back of a scalper and began to think about how to practice in the future.

Thirty years ago, relying on the hundred-year-old elixir for food, he pushed the Guiyuan Art to the thirteenth floor.

Qi refining is great, and there is no way to enter.

No matter how the exercise works, it is difficult to add a single bit of mana, even if you take two bites of the thousand-year-old ginseng, it will not help.

Zhou Yi did not end the retreat, but switched to the divine cow transformation.

Perhaps it was because of the extraordinary bloodline of the scalper, or because Zhou Yi had accumulated too much elixir in his body, and the efficiency of body refining far surpassed that of qi refining.

"With my aptitude, even if the Qi refining is perfect, three or five Foundation Establishment Pills may not be enough."

"Besides, the appearance of each Foundation Establishment Pill, not to mention the sky-high price, will also trigger a **** competition. Those who are about to exhaust their lifespan, they are desperately trying to break through the divine cow's defense."

"In the end, you have to practice on your own!"

Zhou Yi has changed in various ways over the years, and inquired about the origin of the Foundation Establishment Pill, and the results all pointed to Dan Dingzong.

Occasionally, there are rumors of Foundation Establishment Dan in Fang City, but they are not regular. Some people say that they are black people who kill people and steal treasures.

It is self-evident that the Dan Dingzong monopolizes the foundation pill, and the Yunzhou cultivator has to look up to others.

"First try to find the foundation pill recipe, if you really can't find it, then you will be rewarded as a registered disciple. Time, first set a fifty-year period, and this status will almost expire!"

When Zhou Yi thought about it, the scalper had already flown over Tianyang City.

...

half year later.

In the southeast corner of Tianyang City, a new sign was hung on the street-facing shop.

There is a pub.

Behind the solid wood counter, Zhou Yi was reading the script with relish, and the guests did not raise their eyes when they came.

"The shopkeeper, what kind of wine are you selling?"

The person who spoke was a middle-aged man with strong muscles and bones, and his palms were as big as a palm fan.

The mortals in Tianyang City pursue the innate martial arts, so those who practice internal skills occupy 99%.

"Red Flame Wine, only for dine-in."

Zhou Yi pointed to the sign behind it, which said the year and price.

Chiyan wine originated from Chihong. After decades of research and proportioning, Breitling ginseng was successfully incorporated into it.

The wine is even stronger and poured into a bowl like a **** flame, hence the name Chiyan Wine.

The man was taken aback by the expensive price: "For ten years, it takes one pound of spiritual stone, which is too expensive!"

Zhou Yi smiled and said, "You can exchange something for it."

Saying that, Zhou Yi put a pen under the price and added: "I will accept everything!"

"I don't!"

The man's eyes narrowed slightly, he shook his head, and left the tavern as if he was running away.

The residents of Tianyang City have lived through several generations. As long as they stay in Fangshi and struggle, it means that there is still a legacy in the family.

Many shops in the city, like Zhou Yi, accept things in exchange. Every year, there are rumors that someone's descendants sold their ancestral relics, or made a bet to break through the innate, or went to the mundane to enjoy.

The former will be respected even if they fail, while the latter is a scorned prodigal.

Zhou Yi doesn't think so, innate is only the first step in the immortal way, and there are still thousands of calamities after that, and the family may not be longer than the mortal inheritance.

"The next thing is, wait!"

There was no celebration for the opening of the tavern, but there was nothing new in Tianyang City, and the news spread quickly.

half a month later.

Some people come to sell ancestral spirits, quite exquisite jade bottles, engraved with mysterious textures on the surface, and dazzling aura after input of mana.

"My ancestors have passed away, and there have been two real people who established the foundation. This is a treasure left by one of them. The last words of the ancestor before his death were hidden in a bottle, and if future generations have talent, they can inherit it!"

This person speaks with sincerity~www.mtlnovel.com~ sighed: "It's a pity that the descendants are not up to the standard, and they can't understand the mystery in the bottle. How many spiritual stones have you collected?"

Zhou Yi took the jade bottle with a smile, and after careful observation, shook his head and said.

"Forgive the old man's clumsy eyes, you can go to another family to have a look."

The man argued a few more words, seeing that Zhou Yi kept smiling and shaking his head, saying a few strange words and leaving with the bottle in his hand.

A few days later.

This person was inexplicably robbed, his limbs were broken, and the family treasure bottle was broken into pieces. After that, several liars in a row, as long as they have been to the pub, have suffered inexplicable disasters afterwards.

The law enforcement team searched casually, but couldn't find the murderer, so they left it alone.

Zhou Yi's tavern was suddenly quiet.

"Tianyangfang City's methods of making fakes are far less sophisticated than Xiaodan Mountain, too rough!"

Settings

The peers tried several times and determined that Zhou Yi knew the goods.

The strength of refining Qi is perfect, and he can't make black hands, so he can only send someone to talk about the rules.

Generally speaking, they are prodigal sons who sell inheritance. They must communicate with each other, unify prices, and must not fall into infighting among peers.

"Can."

Zhou Yi nodded in agreement.

The first consideration is of course safety. The shops in Zhengyang City all have backers, most of them are disciples of Dan Dingzong, and traced back to the source is the real person stationed there.

It is rumored that the headquarters of the Dan Ding Sect is located in the spiritual veins of the prefecture level, and the spiritual energy in the sect condenses into rain, which is the top cultivation treasure in the world.

The good Zongmen of the real people who built the foundation did not wait, and traveled thousands of miles to Zhengyang City, a remote rural area, obviously for the purpose of catching spiritual stones.

The second is that the words of the peers are different. Ordinary spiritual things are naturally hello and me. When encountering precious inheritance, it is up to their own abilities.

"In a blink of an eye, I have also become a class that exploits loose cultivators."

Zhou Yi shook his head lightly. He was not the character of the Virgin, and he had never thought about saving the sky or creating the universe. Most of the time, he just went with the flow.

Time passed slowly.

The business of the tavern is gradually picking up.

There is Breitling ginseng in Chiyen wine, and the quality is slightly better than that of the same price.

Zhou Yi has decades of winemaking experience, and the taste is also very good, and he has gradually accumulated many repeat customers.

this day.

Finally someone came to the door, selling ancestral spirits.

Zhou Yi had already received news from his peers, the base-building real spell notes, and the purchase price of five hundred spirit stones.

"This price is much more expensive than going to a stall outside."

The seller left after hesitating for a moment, and Zhou Yi received news not long after that, Yufa Pavilion took down the notes and sold them to other real people in other markets, at least three or five times the price.

Moreover, practice notes are a long-term business, and they are not sold once.

"These immortal cultivators have opened stores in various markets and earned more spirit stones than I expected."

"Even so, there are very few real people who build the foundation. It's enough to see that the Dan Dingzong's control of the foundation Dan has reached the point of extreme strictness..."

Zhou Yi waited for the last guest to leave, and instructed Huang Niu to look after the house, and Yu Jian flew east.

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Cave House No. 702.

Zhou Yi landed at the door, and a Taoist boy came in to report immediately. After a while, Taoist Xuanqing went out to greet him.

"Friend Sun, please come in."

Xuanqing has gray hair and looks like he is in his sixties or seventies, and his cultivation is in the middle stage of qi refining.

Zhou Yi smiled and cupped his hands: "You're welcome."

Xuanqing is a rare alchemist in Tianyangfang City. Although he can only refine Peiyuan Dan, the quality is better than that of the shop, and a bottle of elixir can be cheaper by three or five spirit stones.

Relying on the reputation accumulated by selling medicinal pills, Xuanqing launched a meeting to gather at the end of every ten days to exchange cultivation experience.

There are currently twelve scattered cultivators joining, and Zhou Yi is one of them.

The purpose of Zhou Yi's participation in the gathering is very straightforward.

in the courtyard.

The rest of the Daoist friends had already come one step ahead, and after seeing Zhou Yi, they all stood up to say hello.

"I have seen Daoyou Sun."

"At the last meeting, Fellow Daoist Sun talked about Lei Fa. After going back and thinking about it, I just felt that it was more and more subtle."

"There are some doubts, and this time I need to ask for advice."

Your words, my words, hold Zhou Yi very high.

"Good talk, good talk."

Zhou Yi has been cultivating the Five Thunder Techniques for over a hundred years, almost the whole life of an ordinary cultivator.

After being greeted, they sat down with each other.

According to the previous order, Xuan Qing first taught the pill formula, and then Zhou Yi taught the Lei Fa. The other monks each had their own strengths.

"Friends of Taoism, apart from teaching the Fa, today's poor Taoist has another matter to discuss."

Xuan Qing took out the formation flag and waved it, and the clouds rose around him: "A few days ago, Pindao went out for a wander, and accidentally found a spiritual place, which seemed to be a tomb arranged by a senior."

Spiritual ground, ancient tomb!

Zhou Yi and others frowned slightly, listening to the follow-up.

"Pin Dao originally wanted to explore on his own, but found that the formation of the tomb is complicated, and it takes at least ten people to break it."

Xuanqing said: "Pindao invites you all to come together. The relics obtained in the tomb will be folded into spiritual stones and divided equally, and the spiritual land will be owned by Pindao."

"This....."

Everyone was very excited, but they were reluctant to leave Fangshi to explore.

Zhou Yi resolutely refused: "The shop is busy, and I can't get away from it. Daoist Xuanqing should look for someone else."

"Fellow Daoist Sun, the aptitude of the poor Daoist is low. After decades of practice, he has only reached the middle stage of Qi refining, and there is no hope of building a foundation."

Xuan Qingji asked: "This time, I only want to be a clan, and open up a spiritual land that can last for a long time. As long as fellow Daoists help each other, I would like to be rewarded with the method of refining the Yuan Pill!"

Zhou Yi remained unmoved, shaking his head firmly.

The eyes of the rest of the monks flickered, not knowing whether it was the middle stage of Xinxuanqing Qi Refining, or the method of Xinxuan alchemy.

"I will not teach the Fa today, and the poor road will leave first."

Zhou Yi came to the edge of the formation, his footwork was mysterious, and he walked out of the cave through the clouds and mist.

Xuan Qing was thinking of asking Zhou Yi to come back, but seeing this scene, his eyes narrowed and he did not make a sound.

...

After that day.

Zhou Yi never attended the rally again.

After half a year, rumors spread in Fang City that Xuanqing and his party went out to explore and never came back.

"Greedy is the easiest to see through, and the easiest to fall into!"

Zhou Yi quickly put the matter behind him, and finally received his first inheritance because it opened for three years.

The seller's name was Wang Gui, and he said that his ancestors had produced Jindan Zhenjun, and that no matter how the inheritance of the real emperor, he had eight thousand spiritual stones.

There is indeed a family of descendants of the True Monarch in Zhengyang City, which can be traced back to the beginning of the establishment of Fang City, and there are only a dozen clansmen left since the decline. A few days ago, I heard that I was going to leave Fangshi and return to ordinary life, and then I contracted a strange disease.

In three or five days, the whole family died.

When Zhou Yi heard about this, he was silent for a long time. The beauty and cruelty of the world of immortals were even more beautiful than those of the world.

The descendants of the true monarch are extinct, no matter who secretly shot, the scattered inheritance is enough to trigger the carnival of the people in the market.

From this point of view, Zhou Yi was sure that it was not the Xiuxian family who made the move. Although they were greedy for the inheritance of the true monarch, they paid more attention to the safety of the family, lest the true monarch have any backhand to lead to the annihilation of the family.

On the contrary, the wandering cultivators are unscrupulous, and the road will end, and they can do everything.

"The way of life of these immortal-cultivating families is somewhat similar to mine. It has been passed down through the blood for hundreds of thousands of years, and the accumulation of family heritage in a cautious way seems to be a different kind of longevity."

Zhou Yi's thoughts changed, and his face was full of smiles: "Look at the inheritance first and then negotiate the price."

Wang Gui heard a voice, and immediately took out the jade slip.

"Spiritual Treasures".

"This formula looks familiar."

Zhou Yi read a few more sentences and determined that it was the blood refining spirit soldier, but the blood refining was only the first step, and there was more than half of it after that.

"After the blood sacrifice, there are also techniques of nourishing and smelting, which can continuously improve the power of the magic weapon. Over time, the magic weapon will be transformed into a magic weapon, a spiritual treasure, and even the legendary treasure of the sect!"

Zhou Yi has borrowed many ancient books and knows that Dan Dingzong has ruled Yunzhou for thousands of years, and there have been blue and yellow failures during this period. However, with Zhenzong's most treasured fire fan, no one dared to challenge its majesty.

"This trick... a bit tasteless!"

Zhou Yi shook his head, handed the jade slip back to Wang Gui, and said helplessly: "Even if the legendary ancestor of Yuan Ying has only a thousand years of life, the word "Long Day" means more than ten thousand years, right?"

Wang Guijing waited for a moment and said, "It's cheaper, five thousand spirit stones?"

"One thousand~www.mtlnovel.com~ Zhou Yi shrugged and said, "It hasn't opened for three years, and I have received a copy of the True Monarch's inheritance. Even if it is useless, it is only a lucky draw. "

After Wang Gui heard the sound transmission, he took out the original magic formula. The other shops had lower prices and were only willing to give out three or five hundred spirit stones.

Of course, after selling it to Zhouyi, it does not affect the resale to other homes.

Zhou Yi's eyes narrowed slightly. The dignified true monarch's inheritance and sale are so urgent. Most of the time, it is the hands-on monk Shouyuan who is eager to exchange a large number of spirit stones to buy the foundation pill.

"The dying person is the most terrifying and crazy!"

"There will never be more than ten scattered cultivators in Zhengyangfang City that meet this condition, both bright and dark."

"After a while, when the audience is lively, you will probably know who it is."